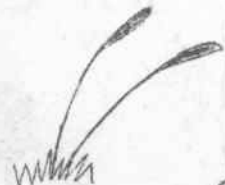
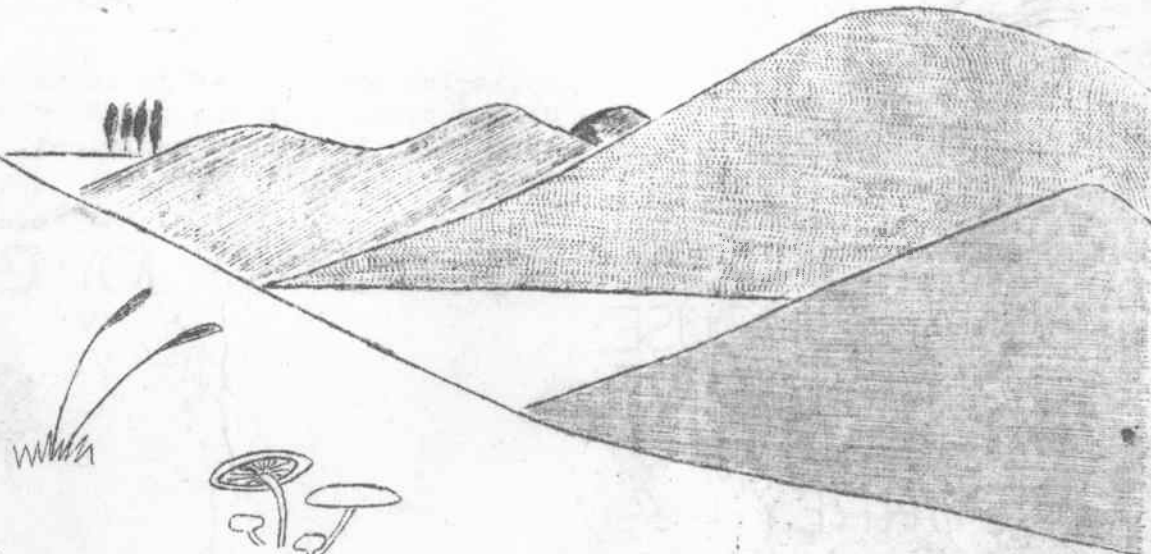


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Femizine



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G FEMIZINE

AUTUMN 1959

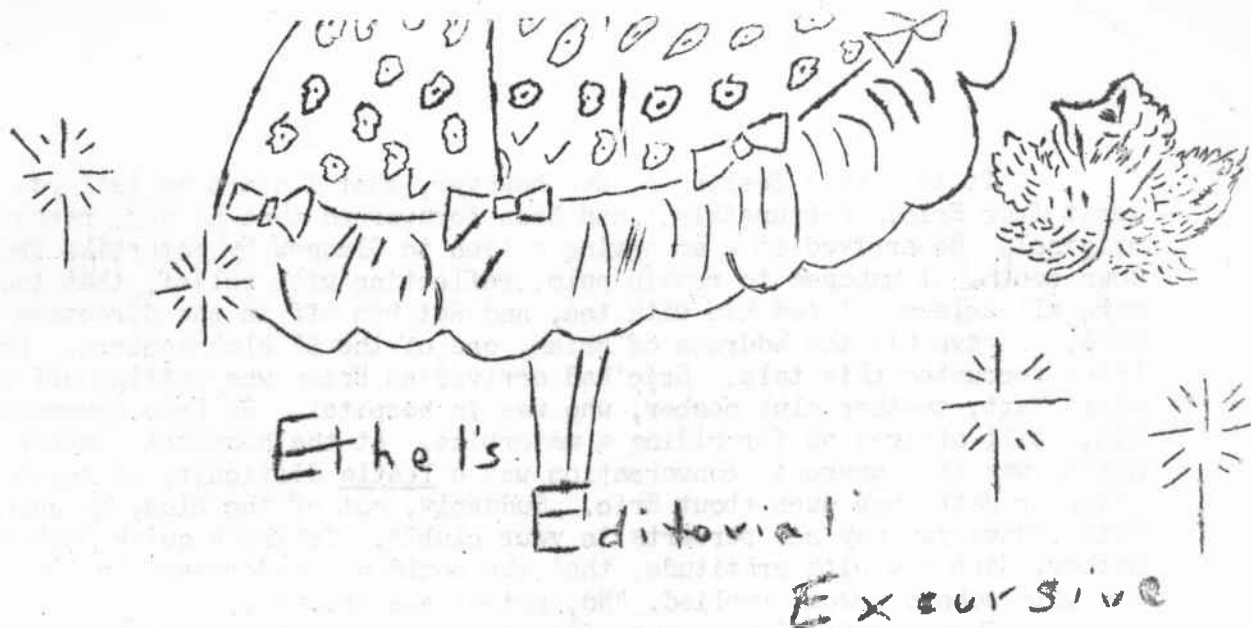
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Apologies are offered in advance for any slight creases in the pages. The paper appears to have been badly cut.

EDITED BY
ETHEL LINDSAY
COURAGE HOUSE
6, LANGLEY AVE
SURBITON
SURREY
ENGLAND

COVER BY JOY CLARKE



As you will see in the letter column, Harry Warner thought that a femme's zine should have more frills and flounces. Whilst puzzling how to draw a frill, far less a flounce, I scanned some women's magazines. There too, curiously enough, the headings have a masculine appearance. Well...see above..

In an effort to get Fez on a quarterly basis I have acquired the kind help of Joy Clarke in it's production. Whilst I continue to stencil out she has done the duplicating. With this division of labour we hope to get out a Spring issue next. Kindly note that the operative word is hope.

Once again we introduce some femme fans, and I am glad to hear from the letters, that you like this idea. I suggested to Bjo and Djinn that they write about each other. Bjo came through with flying colours, but Djinn still tarries. Meanwhile Bjo has been seen in London in the film "The Genie", and we were all mighty impressed by her dancing ability, cute face and smashing figure. It is about time too, that the idea ..Sadie Shaw's..of asking femme fans to give the real lowdown on their acti-fan husbands, came into force. In our next issue we shall commence. Fans who would rather not have their wives take part in this series, are informed that women are often open to bribes, providing they are lavish enough.

I have not got a husband to give the lowdown on, myself, but I can offer the experience of an unattached femme in fandom. My entry was via letter writing. At 2 and 3 in the morning, whilst my patients slept, I wrote and wrote, and started a formidable correspondence. Among them was John who lived in nearby Edinburgh. He suggested coming through to see me, and we arranged to meet. I found to my surprise that I was sitting an/oral examination. Obviously he believed that I, as a woman, could not be seriously interested in SF. I managed to hold my own, but I did not think it could last for long, as I never had paid much attention to the technical details of space flight. What happened after they got there was what interested me. He suddenly said, "I must try to get a telescope before next year" and looked at me with a 'that will stump you expression'. "Oh yes," I said casually, "when Mars is nearest to Earth". My! but the look of deep respect that I got, and that from the sole piece of information that I had retained from an Asimov article, read the previous day..

There was another John in County Durham who was so conceited he thought my only reason for corresponding with him was in search of a husband. This correspondence became very acrimonious once I had realised this. I had to end it abruptly as I was in danger of bursting a blood vessel.

It is with a feeling of awe however, that I start to tell you of my visit from Eric. Fortunately I had been forewarned that he was, rather an original. He arrived at 2 am having driven to Glasgow by motorbike from down south. I managed to remain calm, reflecting with relief, that the staff were all asleep. I fed him with tea, and set him off in the direction of the YMCA. I gave him the address of Brian, one of the SF club members. Brian later recounted this tale. Eric had arrived as Brian was setting off to visit Matt, another club member, who was in hospital. So Eric accompanied him, still attired as for riding a motorbike. At the hospital, Matt's mother was also present, conversation was a leetle difficult, as neither Brian or Matt knew much about Eric. Suddenly, out of the blue, he said to Matt.. "Have you any sex perverts in your club?". Taking a quick look at his mother, Matt saw with gratitude, that she could not understand Eric's accent, and with superb aplomb replied, "NØ, not at the present.."

That evening I went out with Eric, once again I was put through a searching questionnaire, my likes, my dislikes, my taste in literature, in painting, what did I think of this subject, what did I think of that? My! I never had it so tough from Sister Tutor. My ability to remain unruffled was deliberately tested too. In a cafe he calmly put the sugar spoon in his pocket, in a pub a remark in a clear voice drew all eyes to us, from a book stall, he walked away with a book under his arm. Mind you, I passed the examination, and I even, in a kind of way, have a certificate to prove it. Eric was an original alright, but I would not like to leave those memories of him, without adding that he was, although erratic, the possessor of a formidable brain. He was very generous and kind to me.

Now shall I go on and tell you all about the London O? Och no..... here discretion shall be the better part of valor! I have done, ladies, it is your turn now. Here are a few of the things I yearn to know.....
Elinor..what does Buz do that irritates you the most?
Miriam...does Terry sleep with his beard in or out?
Madeleine..what does the man say when you get a letter, and he doesn't?
Daphne..do you ever feel the urge to hit Ron with a hammer? and why?
Mrs Bloch..would you care to take part in this series? oh golly! if you only would!

Mrs Tucker..the same exclamation applies to you.
and to so many others....

I want to thank the femme fans who have contributed to Fez in this issue, and in the past. I also wish to thank the femme fans who really mean to contribute, who any day now, will sweep the dishes off the table, and sit down to write. For your intentions ladies, we thank you. Of course if you translate them into action, why! that will be nicer still!

Ethel



Introducing.....

Ann Chamberlain.

Her home is in Los Angeles, she says she is of English descent, her grandmother came from Kent. She is married, her husband's name is David. Her first fan letter was published in Amazing Stories in 1946. She attended the Solacon, and is a member of N3F. She studied metaphysics, psychiatry, and psychology..."just checking up on myself, sort of.." she says. In her desire to study people, she once took a job selling papers on a street corner. She sent me a story which I criticised on the grounds of being too brief, and without sufficient detail. She wrote back explaining that a news reporter she knew had always told her "its too wordy, boil it down!" She then, very obligingly, added the details. This is one of the stories she was told while she was at that street corner, being what she calls a "newsie".

THE STRANGE STORY OF MARY VICTOR LEADBEATER.

I first met Mary in Miami, during 1952, when I began to sell newspapers on a street corner there. Why I was there, or selling newspapers has nothing to do with Mary's story...except that a newsie meets all kinds of people, and hears all kinds of secrets. We lived in the same house, her door was just down the hall from mine, but we hadn't spoken till she saw me on the corner, where I had my newstand. She was poor, so she couldn't sue anybody for calling her daft - and it is true that Mary had this phobia about crossing an ironwork bridge.....if we looked at our feet we could see the water flowing underneath, - and cars going over the bridge made a gruesome sound, and Mary would want to hold my hand.

She was hungry (and it was my mealtime anyway) so we went to a coffee shop, where she gave me her confidence, as she had many times before on other matters, but this time I was startled.

"I feel I can tell you, but no one else would believe me. I had twins, they lived only two hours, but they did not look like human children. They had little wrinkled, ages-old faces, and pointy ears! They looked like little dwarfs or elementals. They were buried quietly. A few days after the burial I was sitting under the big tree in my front yard, when something tugged at my skirts. I heard a wee voice whisper...."Don't you know us, Mama? I am Jaqueline." I was frightened and ran into the house, and tried to forget what my senses told me was true. Later though, they came to me in a dream. They told me that once every two thousand years they had to have rebirth, however brief, and I had been chosen this time".

Well, that is the story that Mary told me, and I was shown a photograph of them in their coffin. You don't have to believe it, and there's no particular point in trying to prove it. Mary knows it happened and that'senough.

Introducing Lynette Vodruska.....

She was Lynette Mills, but is newly married to Toni Vodruska. Their home is in New Zealand, and they are energetic members of New Zealand fandom. I cannot give you a word picture of her as yet, I am hoping she will supply us with one soon. I read somewhere that she is 16, but I await confirmation of that. I have long admired her art work, and am proud to display some of her talent upon this page. She supplies a wealth of intricate detail, and it has taken two days of careful stencilling to reproduce it here. She is busy engaged on a fanzine of her own called "Slink".

Lynette and Toni can only be called dyed in the wool Trufans, for ...to date...they are the only fans who published a one-shot on their wedding night..



JOY CLARKE

&



ELLA
PARKER

Walt looked out of the window and sighed - "It's a soot day. It might make the place look a bit pleasanter for this pair. D'you think we'll ever sell it?"

Madeleine looked at him, balancing four plates and an eggcup in one hand and trying to balance a squirming Bryan across her hip with the other.

"Well, d'you know, I think it's just that they've got to like it of themselves. We can't do more to make them like it - we've cleaned the place over and hidden the more outrageous fanzines from view - not very successful, though, was it? Remember how all those VOM's fell out, covers upwards, when that Minister opened the cupboard door to see how deep it was inside? It was a picture, his face, to see all those nudes! And I was so sure we'd tucked them all behind the big box." She giggled. "Did you cut the lawn, though? That's the first thing they'll see."

Walt nodded. "Mmmm. I did it while you were bathing Bryan last night. Look." Madeleine did so.

"Oh, and the hedges you cut, too - that's good. There's no more we can do now, anyway. I'll take Bryan away to Clonlee Drive and leave you to show them round."

* * * * *

"Th' top o' th'morning to you", lilted the man standing on the doorstep. "Mr. Willis?" Walt nodded. "My name is Mahoney and this is my wife."

"Come in now, won't you?" said Walt. At that moment, a "SPI-I-I-INGGG!" sounded in Walt's ear.

"What was it you said, Mr. Willis?" asked Mahoney, looking a little worriedly at Walt, who was hurriedly pressing himself flat against the glass panel of the door. Walt gulped.

"I said....I said...er...'step in', Mr. Mahoney...that was all."

"Oh." Mahoney and wife walked into the hallway, and waited while Walt shut the door, very gently. As he did so, he ran his finger down the newly-formed crack in the glass panel. "Now how did that happen, I wonder?" he thought. As the door shut, the glass slowly slid out of the frame and collapsed on the porch. Walt glared at it. As he turned away, his eyes bulged and his head shot back to stare once more through the gaping panel... the grass was again 3" high at least, and the hedges looked like a five o'clock shadow that had not been dealt with for 48 hours. He groaned.

"I'll get that replaced tonight, Mr. Mahoney - I must have knocked it too hard against the wall."

Mahoney smiled gingerly - "You want a doorstep for that."

"Er...yes...we hav...we had one" said Walt, glaring down at the floor. The doorstep leered up at him. What was the matter with him? The house seemed to have an evil life of its own. A man's home was his castle, though Walt, and then, despondently, but this one looks like rooking me...oh well.

He showed the living room and the den to the two Mahoneys. Mr. was not visibly impressed, but Mrs. fell in love with the large pantry off the den.

"We generally save the den for the feeding of guests and ourselves we eat in the kitchen just round the corner here." Walt turned to lead the way down the

passage. At the corner, he goggled. The passage had lengthened from its usual three yards to an imitation of a corridor stretching to infinity. Determined not to be overcome, he thumped the side of the staircase. "Stop your fooling, can't you for once?" he muttered. The corridor shrank halfway to infinity. The Mahoneys looked at each other. "Are you quite all right, Mr. Willis?" Mrs. Mahoney breathed. "That was quite a nasty knock you gave your hand."

"Hand? Oh yes, it's all right. It was inertia and centripetal force and all that you know...I wasn't thinking and as I turned the corner..." He tailed off at the blank looks on their faces. He took a deep breath, a good grip on himself, a firm stand and tried again. "I'm sorry. It must sound as if I'm babbling but my hobby is science-fic....er...science and I tend to run on with technical terms at times. Do forgive me, won't you?"

"Oh, a scientist," Mrs. Mahoney was obviously awed. "So that's it." She headed down the passage to the kitchen. Mr. Mahoney and Walt trailed after her. The corridor seemed to stretch and stretch. "Mr. Willis," came Mrs. Mahoney's voice from up front, "your kitchen is rather a long way off, isn't it? Especially if you've got visitors, you don't want the food to get cold now."

Walt mumbled dejectedly. "Oh, do you think so? Perhaps it doesn't seem so far to us now we're used to it."

Suddenly, he felt the tension give, and they were in the kitchen - the fire glowered in the range and, as Mrs. Mahoney walked across the room, Walt saw a corner of a carpet lift itself in front of her toe and flick at her. As she stumbled, Walt rushed forward and grabbed her arm.

"Thank you - so silly of me...I must have stumbled over the carpet." She looked at it. It lay there, meek and innocent, but Walt could have sworn it quivered slightly.

"Sit down now, won't you, and I'll make a pot of tea. I need one... that is, I usually have one about now, and I'm sure you could do with one." He vanished into the scullery.

When Walt brought the tea in, the two jerked apart guiltily. "Oh, well," thought Walt, "there's another sale done for. Oh, dear."

When the couple had supped their tea, they stood up. "I know we haven't seen all the house, Mr. Willis, but we can't stay any longer just now. May I ring you?"

Walt nodded. "Yes, you've got my number, haven't you?"

Mahoney looked at him askance. "Yes, I've got it, thank you. Well, we'll be away."

* * * * *

Walt put the light out as he climbed into bed. "You know, Madeleine, I don't think this damned house wants to be sold. It's like those stories about the robot houses that fall for their owners and wouldn't let them leave. Why, for heaven's sake, should it like to be fanned in? What's so special about us - I mean apart from our usual opinion? There were all those times John Berry banged into the wall when we were playing Ghoddminton, but did anything happen? The house just stands there and takes it, but let some poor innocent mundane type come along and just lean on that spot and what happens? Marilyn Monroe falls for him along with a chunk of the plaster. And the trouble today...oh, I don't like to think about it...it's as if the house thinks of us as a sort of Magnificent Possession".

"But what do we do now? Give up all hope of selling it?"

"I think we'll have to, unless it's to another lot of fans. At least we can't say it hasn't got character. But I'm not going to worry about it now. I just haven't got the energy, what with replacing that glass, and recutting the lawn and the hedges. It's just one damned pain after another. Goodnight."

Somewhere in the still night, a deep comfortable settling-down occurred, a creak of "Ha-aaar-mooooon" oozed from the cracked attic door, and a soft breath, as of the essence of duplicating ink, spread through the rooms. The fanzines gently fluttered their pages and 170 slumbered. Tomorrow, after all, would be just another day.

The Mind OF A MORON

DIANE
BERRY

I don't read many fanzines, because, having two children and a moron to look after, I just don't have the time, but I've gathered that John writes a lot of stories about his mythical character, the Goon, and John, through this character, tries to show great deductive powers.

I strongly doubt that details of one disastrous investigation have ever been revealed. It was really a simple case, and yet he arrived at the wrong conclusion through a simple lack of logic and observation!

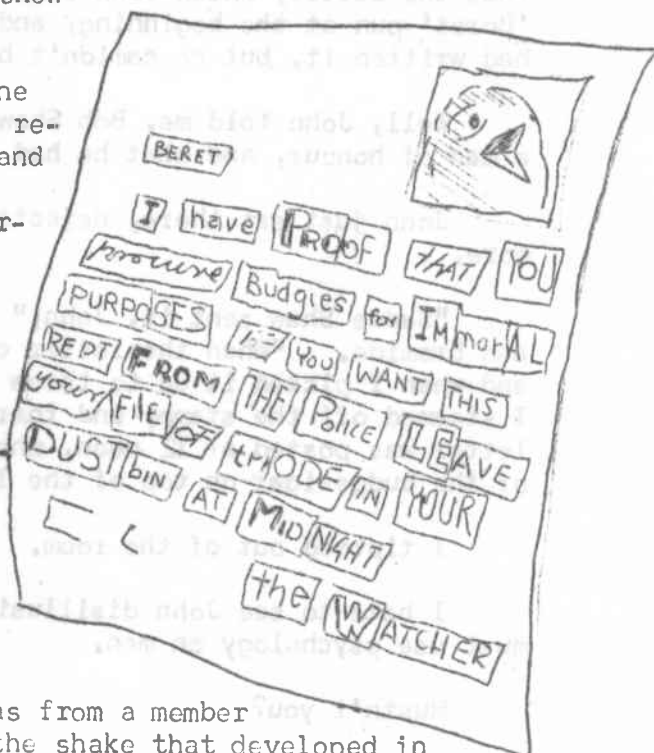
It was like this.

One day, about three years ago, he received an anonymous letter. One of those complicated ones, composed of funny little bits of paper with individual letters stuck on to form words.

I have the letter in front of me now (John's at work, and I know exactly where he hides it) and it reads thus:-

John realised in a flash that it was from a member of Irish Fandom, and I'll never forget the shake that developed in his hands as he read it.

That night, at about 11 p.m., he pedalled in the direction of the Upper Newtownards Road. He returned at 3 a.m. the next morning, smelling highly of kippers.



He told me, without shame, that he'd hunted through the Willis Dustbins and discovered a pile of illustrated magazines with letters cut out of them. He was triumphant, because he explained that Bob and Sadie Shaw were living at the Willis's, and that the name 'Shaw' was scribbled on the back of each of the magazines, obviously by the newsagent from whom they ordered the magazines.

Next evening was an Irish Fandom meeting night, and John seemed quietly elated as he rode away.

I waited for his return, and he told me a sorrowful tale when he eventually arrived back. He said that on some minor pretext he'd sneaked into the Shaws' living room, and saw a tube of SECCOTINE on a shelf. This, he said, completed his case. He told me that he rushed upstairs to the fan attic and interrupted a ghoddminton game, where he publicly accused Bob Shaw of sending him an anonymous letter by Her Majesty's Mail. He detailed the proof, and then waited for the accolade which he thought due to him after the magnificent denouement of the case.

John sobbed as he described the majestic way Bob Shaw got to his feet and swore by everything holy and unholy that HE HAD NOT SENT THAT LETTER. He said that even if John was a detective, he'd slipped up this time. Bob said that the letter, which John displayed, was a work of genius, especially the 'Beret' pun at the beginning, and he would've been only too pleased to say he had written it, but he couldn't because he hadn't.

Well, John told me, Bob Shaw had sold him his typer, and therefore was a man of honour, and what he had said was obviously true.

John just sat there, dejected, and I couldn't keep him in suspense any more.

"Sadie Shaw sent it, John," I whispered, fetching him a glass of water and bromide. "When the letter came, you threw the envelope on the carpet, and when I picked it up to throw it away, I saw lipstick stains on the flap. I steamed off the stamp, and there, also, was a trace of lipstick. The letter was posted at 12 noon, when Bob would be in his office, and the picture of the budgerigar on top of the letter is from this week's 'Woman's Illustrated'."

I tiptoed out of the room.

I hate to see John disillusioned... you see what I mean, girls... you must use psychology on men.

Mustn't you?

DIANE BERRY.



POT LUCK

BY JOY CLARKE

A very great number of fanzines have arrived since the last issue - since the last issue, too, there have been a number of complaints that I'm only reviewing the good magazines. But, after all, when the only zines one has been receiving ARE good, what else can one do? It used to be, in the old days, that the first issue of a fanzine would be a cruddy semi-illegible hodge-podge (whatever happened to Nancy Share, I wonder?) - maybe even handwritten - but nowadays, what happens? The first issue of a fanzine turns out to be as impeccable as the general run of fmz, as for example:

SMOKE: George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London. S.W.1. 1/- a copy 'but letters of comment, trades, material, artwork, or information on old s-f books preferred'. This would have been called the 'definitive edition' of the reports on the Londers who visited Cheltenham S.F.circle, for both Ken Bulmer (London) and Bob Richardson (Cheltenham) have long reports therein. Bob's, however, is marred by certain inaccuracies which doubtless will have been corrected by letters to the editor from those concerned. John Berry's treatise on fan-heraldry should spark off much in the way of comment. The cartoon serial, though well-drawn, is neofannish in concept. Vin/ Clarke (Eggplant), Ivor Mayne (fmz Reviews) Penelope Fandergaste (Book Reviews), Fire (letter column) and odd, hysterically funny fillers by George himself fill out 35 pages. Although No. 1 is now out of print, No. 2 is currently being run off and if you want a copy, you'd better get your bid in quickly. This is a highly recommended zine. Of course, the editor received training from one of the old hands at the game - which helps when putting out a first issue. If you can't do that, the next best thing is to try the method used by the editors of:

LES SPINGE: Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, and Peter Davies, 12 Shephers Brook Rd, Lye, both of Stourbridge, Worcs. No charge for No.1. These two, not possessing a duper, sent their stencils to Ploypress and had it reproduced for them by Ron Bennett. This is one way of ensuring that the magazine will be legible if nothing else. Unfortunately for those who want blood, this did contain something else - a deliciously tongue-in-cheek thesis on "Skyhooks". Peter has a story which, while having holes in the plot a spaceship could fly through, is no worse than some stories now being professionally published. Bob Tucker sends a billet doux (how does he find the time?). Ken reports on his first visit to the LC. The main disappointment to me is the lack of identification of the writers (who are 'Spider' and 'Smallholding'?) For a first issue, this is way above anything produced in the old days.

Which is more than one can say for:

NORTHLIGHT NO.7: Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2. No charge. In spite of all the practice the editor has had, this is of much poorer quality than LES SPINGE. Offset and blank patches mar the legibility. The editor relies mainly upon attacks on well-known-fans to bring in material (rebuttals) to fill up the zine. This issue, for instance contains Terry Jeeves "Case for the Defence" of the BSFA Brumcon - why should he have had to waste time on this? - and Sandfield's editorially-unchecked fictions about the London Circle. The letters are the best part of the zine and, until the editor can find other ways of filling his zine than by using libels which require refutation, he is very wise to make no charge. This can only be called the poor fan's CONFIDENTIAL, though that magazine's repro at least had some recommendation. Don't bother with this one.

FANAC: Terry Carr (& Ron Ellick) 70 Liberty Street, #5, San Francisco 10, California. or Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln. 25¢ for 4, 50¢ for 9. This zine, though appearing less than its former fortnightly, is still for those interested in the non-professional aspects of fandom - to coin a word - 'indispensable'.

S.F.TIMES: 18-36 129th Street, College Point 56, New York, or through H.M. Johnson, 16 Rockville Road, Broad Green, Liverpool 14: 10¢ or 9d per copy, \$2.40 per yr, 15/- for 20. This zine has appeared fortnightly for the past 18 years(!) and though it deals mainly with pro-news, contains advertisements which are of interest to the fannish-minded. Both these fortnightly zines are recommended highly.

SKYHACK: Ostensibly by Cecil Bennett but he hasn't any spare copies. A hilarious take-off, with a London fan-ed strongly under suspicion, of the genuine

SKYRACK: Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks. 6d a copy, 6 for 2/6 or Bob Pavlat, 6001-43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md. This is a must for British fen if you want to know what's going on. Don't ask Ron for SkyHack, though: you might get clobbered.

HUNGRY NO.1: Alan Rispin, 35 Lyndhurst Ave, Higher Irlam, Manchester, Lancs. No charge. This is more on the style of the old time first issues but once again, legibility is the keyword. This one-sheet effort is to establish Alan's name as an editor but, as you would expect, you can't get much into two pages. However, he does introduce himself, and threatens to produce a second issue. So if you would care to find out who he is and whether he'd consider sending you the next issue, write to him. Also any ed with a spare copy of his zine is asked to send them to Alan. The boy is willing: encourage him.

RETROGRADE: Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. Trade or letter of comment, no cash. No. 1 from the old "Dean of Fandom" himself. Completely fascinating and if, as an oldtimer yourself, you have dropped away slightly but would like to hear from Redd again, ask him for this. It's worth it for the piece on McCarthyism in fandom alone, to which a loud HOOOOORAH.

AMRA: Box 682, Stanford, California. 1-20¢, 5-\$1, 10-\$2. Beautifully lithographed zine particularly intended for Conan fans. Superb illustrations.

STEFANTASY: Bill Danner, R.D.1, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania. Is really a FAPA mag but if you ask for it nicely, you might perhaps get a copy. "Slurp" by Bob Tucker, is the highlight of issue 43. You never know what is coming in a STEFANTASY, so get on Bill's mailing list fast.

OUTWORLDS No.1: Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.
Letter of comment, trade, contribute or 25¢ per issue. Now, this is more like a first issue, for in places the repro is absolutely lousy. However, if there's one thing I have a weakness for it is fan travelogues and this issue contains one by Ted Johnstone, together with a reprint of a Leman faaan story, Harry Warner (need one say more?), LeeH Shaw on 'I remember Keasler', Bill Danner with a glossy (impeccably printed) page on letterpress, Lee Moffatt and Terry Carr. What a line-up for a first issue, even tho' some are reprints. Incidentally, there is more to the lofc and contribution side of things than is mentioned above, but get it and read about it for yourself.

PSI-PHI No. 4: Arv Underman (with Bob Lichtman), 5304 South Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 56, Calif. 15¢ or 1/- a copy, 50¢ or 3/6 for 4. The editors prefer lofc, trades, contributions or all three. This is still in glorious hectocolor on glossy paper. Best thing this issue is Wally Weber's Westercon report, while it also has a further report on the filming of "The Lord of the Rings".

REVOLUTION: John Koning, 318 South Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio. A complicated system of exchanges is worked out but try sending some money and John will send you something. This is the second of the DWE publications - the first was DAFOE - and is a model of what a new fanzine should be. Highly recommended.

PHANTASIA: David M. McCarroll, 644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada. Apparently no charge, but artwork and contributions are required. This contains an appreciation of Henry Kuttner by Marion Zimmer Bradley and, whoopee, more Harry Warner. Repro not yet perfect but he's on the way.

QUID No. 1: Vic Ryan (and Al Swettman) 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois. UK agent: Don Allen, 12 Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 15¢ or 1/- a copy, 50¢ or 3/6 for 4. Ellis Mills went rambling, fanzine reviews, homebrewing, and ubiquitous Alan Dodd, Jim Moran's epitaph to Betsy, and a Mike Deckinger story that telegraphs its ending fill 16 closely typed pages. A good effort for a first issue, but a certain amount of improvement is needed.

PROFANITY No.6: Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida. 15¢ a sample copy, after that write, trade or contribute. You'd be well advised to send for that sample. The cover is a series of photographs and hides a well filled fanzine that gets bigger and bigger each time it comes out. One photo on the cover shows Alan Dodd...I thought cameras couldn't lie? (All right we can argue about the lying of cameras another time - but I always believed Alan to be a fictitious character.)

All the following, which through times gone have made their name for good material and fine repro, are recommended. It is needless to review these: all are welcomed gladly in every fannish home and only occasionally is there room for any criticism - usually of a lapse of judgment of the editor. If you can afford it, get the lot.

RETRIBUTION No. 14: John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland. 1/- or 15¢ a copy or trade. Important for the reprint of Poul Anderson's speech at 1959 Worldcon in Detroit.

HYPHEN No. 23: Walt Willis (27 Clonlee Drive - for safety's sake - he might move by the time you get this), Belfast, N.Ireland. Walt used to charge for this but no price given in the current issue, which is Bob Shaw Appreciation Zine No.2. Try 1/- but don't miss it.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES Nos. 44 & 45: 2548 West 12th St., Los Angeles 6, Cal. 20¢ a copy or 6/\$1, lofc or trades. The covers to these two are superb while in 45 Feiffer-category cartoons by Bjo run all through and is of outstanding quality.

YANDRO: Buck Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana. Monthly. 15¢ or 1/- a copy, \$1.50 or 12/- for 12. British Agent Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. This is such a regular zine that the one I review might be out of print and another 2 out before this issue reaches you.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS: Box 92, 920-3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Washington, or John Berry (see Retribution). 25¢ or 1/9 a copy, \$1 or 7/- for 5, \$2 or 14/- for 12. Honestly, THE BEST monthly in fandom.

APORRHETA: Sandy Sanderson, 'Inchmery', 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE.14 1/6 or 20¢ a copy, 8/- or \$1 for 6, 15/- or \$2 for 12. Trades 1 for 1. Modesty forbids more in this review column.

TRIODE: Eric Bentcliffe (and Terry Jeeves) 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. 1/6 or 20c a copy, 4 for 5/- or 6 for \$1. Impeccable repro.

OOPSLA!: Gregg Calkins, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. 15c a copy 2 for 25¢ or 4 for 50¢. British readers should send money to TAFF Administrator Ron Bennett (see Skyrack) who will credit it to TAFF and get Gregg to send you issues to match your donation. Best in the current issue are Walt Willis and Harry Warner. It is sad to see Gregg printing a sniping article by a deceased fan - after all, who wants to argue with someone who can't explain what he meant to say. This is one of those lapses of judgment I referred to back there.

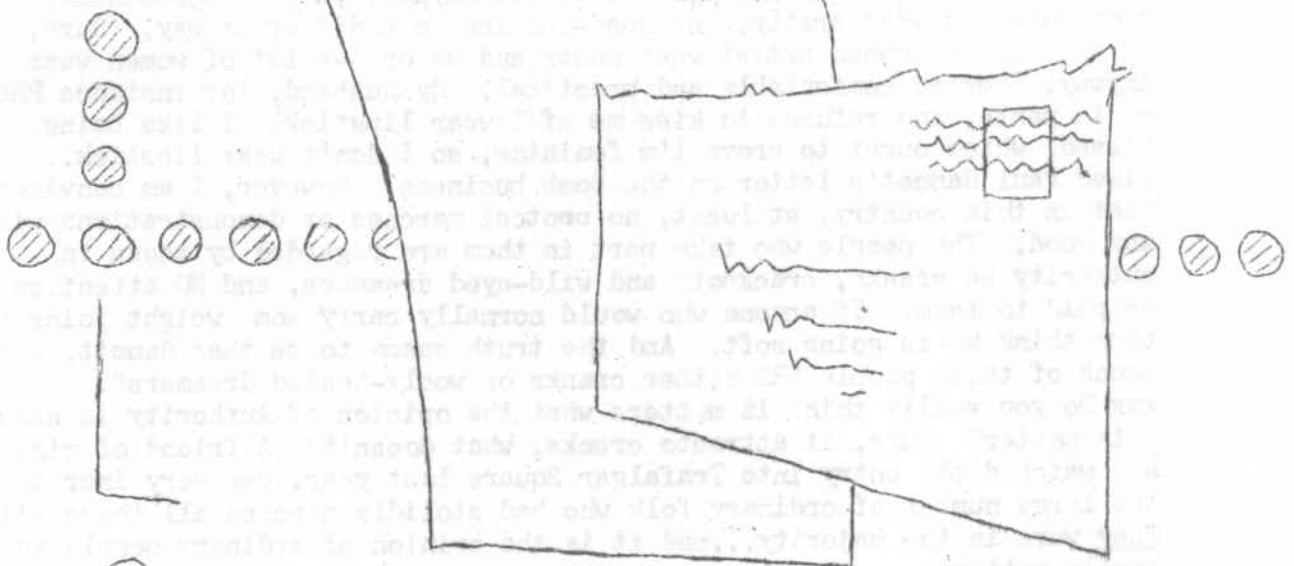
TWIG ILLUSTRATED: Guy Terwilliger, 1412 Albright Str., Boise, Idaho. 20¢ each, 6 for \$1. Artwork in these are superb and it is well worth getting for this alone.

ORION: Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London N.W.6. Believed to be 1/- a copy. In US, Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Ind. Repro was poor this time - Ella was hampered by a new second-hand duper and some odd fans - as she says, very odd.

FIJAGH: Dick Ellington, P.O.Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, N.Y. No Charge. Cover design spoilt by spreading it across both back and front. Much of interest but the article on Peyote gave the same feeling to me that I would experience if someone were to publish an article, with addresses, on how and where to get a cheap abortion. Ho-hum. This spoilt an interesting fanzine.

INNUENDO: Terry Carr (see Fanac), trade or lofc only. Only thing wrong is slight amount of see through - but who cares with stuff this good?

FANCYCLOPEDIA No.2: Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Rd, Alexandria Virginia or through Sandy Sanderson (see Aporrheta). \$1.25 or 8/6 per copy. This is the mustest must there ever was. That's all for now. Emz for review to Inchmery.



Jean Young, The Ivory Birdbath, 11 Buena Vista Park,
Cambridge 40, Mass. USA

The thing I really wanted to talk about, however, was this bit about "great women artists"..What about Marie Laurencin? You couldn't call her the greatest, by any means, but I like her work. What about Paula Modersohn-Becker, who was one of the really important precursors of German Expressionism. There was Sophie Taeuber-Arp, Jan Arp's wife, who did many things, and whose work I have seen and admired in the Philadelphia museum. As I recall, she did at least some paintings in the De Stijl manner (like Mondrian), as well as collages of various sorts, and experiments in collaborative paintings/collages/what-have-you. There are lots of women in the shows, contests, galleries and so on in this country at the moment; it's hard to say if any of them will be great just as it is hard to say about the men. I strongly suspect that Grace Hartigan will last, and possibly L.Rice Pereira (whose work does not stand out too sharply in my mind; I am still quite new to the World of Art, like, and I don't always match up artist with painting too well). I'm sure that Vieira da Silva (Portugese living in Paris) will last. She is my favourite of women painters perhaps. Angelica Kaufman I can't place, but her name somehow has unpleasant associations, and I suspect I can't stand her work. I loathe Grandma Moses, but then, I don't care for Primitivism (except in Rousseau, the painter, who somehow gets through to me) About whether women artists are feminine: I've met a number, although no really very famous ones. As a rule, I'd say they weren't soft and cuddly and cute - they were tough (it

Sid Birchby,
1. Gloucester Ave. Levenshulme
Manchester. England.

"Betty Kujawa's piece on the ghost of the would-be alchemist really got me. It seemed very pathetic to read about. Maybe old-age is in itself pathetic. I can never decide about this: one old man may be quite happy: the next, pathetic. What's your experience, Ethel, from your hospital work? Would you say old age is pathetic? I think maybe that when an old man (or woman) knows that he's going downhill physically and mentally, he'll like as not be a jolly old boy and manage to get a little fun out of life even to the end. But when he knows he's had it, and broods over it, that's pathetic"

xxxxx From what I have seen, I would say that old age is only pathetic when it is lonely, and on the whole women can look after themselves better in lonely old age than men. Old age is like death, you really cannot generalise. Each one faces it in his own way. Some fight it, some weep over it. xxxxxxxx

Walter Willis,
27 Clarke Ave. Belfast. N.Ireland.

"At last after ten years I have a new excuse for not having written a letter of comment sooner. You see Madeleine had started an article for you and I figured I would send my letter with it: you as a Scot will quite understand that it was impossible to use two stamps when one would do. Every now and then I would shout at her When are you going to write that article for Fez so that I can send this brilliant letter of comment which is simmering in my brain? and she would take out the typer and frown over it for another hour or so but she didn't seem to be getting much further so I took her off to Donegal for a month to see if that would help, along with the typer. Unfortunately the children got to hear about it so we had to take them too and we were forced, much against our will, to go out in the sunshine and bathe and run about in the fresh air and horrible things like that when we would both rather have been indoors thinking things to write in FezxxxxxxxTHE BLARNEY OF THE

IRISH!!!xxxxxxx So after all we're back home again with the article still unfinished and Madeleine occupied looking after me most of the time again. I feel awful eating her wonderful meals when I think of the time it's taken from her fan writing---I can barely force myself to eat four of them a day. Do you think I should take up with some other woman to give her more time? "

xxx I am no feminist in the militant sense..but I have been brodding over this letter. The cunning fox! Should I answer 'yes' to his question, Madeleine not only would never write for me again, but she would probably come over with blood in her eye. Should I answer 'No', he will go on selfishly occupying her time. Men! Don't worry though, ladies, I brooded some more, and came up with a fiendish scheme of revenge, can't tell you here though, he's listening.xxxxxx



Bjo Wells,
980, White Knoll Drive,
Los Angeles.12. California.

around? Says, "...with her big SEX build-up, Bjo may be a disappointment in person...." Well, how unchivalrous can you get? (as I sit here in my VERY sexy housecoat, my sexy locks hanging in my eyes..got to trim these bangs..) It all started as a gag, of course, after a female who shall remain nameless accused me of trying to make every man I met fall in love with me. She'd just taken Psychology 1A in college, and was having too much fun delving into folk's actions and "inner reactions" for us to spoil her fun. So, the Pure Sex Platform developed, and seemed good for a gag....and everyone got in the act. Somehow, Ted White takes it as a personal thing that I have a figure; and when the guys found out that he could be baited, they started quoting all sorts of things! So far, I'm credited with 36(!)-20-35, 33-22-36, and other silly numbers. Each time, this boy screams loudly. It was fun for a while, but I'm tiring of the game. Actually, for the record, I'm 26 years old, 5'4" tall, weigh 118 pounds, and measure (because the hospital helped to put an inch round my waist) 34-23-36. Now that's official, because my mother makes my clothes to these measurements. Those figures aren't top secret; the guys just get kicks out of making up their own numbers"

xxx What intrigues me is the inference that it wouldn't be very nice for a gal to want every man she meets to fall in love with her. Coo! To me it sounds like a lovely thot.xxxxxx

Rob Bennett,
7, Southway, Arthurs Avenue,
Harrogate, Yorks. England.

"Liverpool fen have, I think, a soft spot for Patty Milnes, and rightly so. She's a fabulous personality and I'd like to see you draw her out of fannish semi-retirement to write for you. She's the sort of conversationalist I could listen to all day and some day I must go over to Maghull to see her and Frank once again. The last time I was there, I almost fell in the canal and was fired at by that Arch-Fiend Norman Shorrocks who used weird atomic fireworks to set my hair (almost) on fire. Patty, though, is worth knowing better; as one who lived in the next street from her for a year, I can say that YOU SHOULD GET HER TO WRITE FOR FEZ"

xxx For Fez's sake, let's hope that Ron has done here a good job of persuasion, C'mon now Patty! Can you resist this?

Mal Ashworth,
14, Westgate, Eccleshill.
Bradford.2 England.

"..Well, I always enjoy your personal ramblings you know, and Bobbie's poem and Pat Ellington's autobiography were both fine examples of their type, and it was just like Olde Tymes having WIGWAM back. And then, I remember, I wanted to pat Dorothy Ratigan on the back for talking considerable sense in her article on WOMEN - particularly when she said; "Whether you agree with me or not, I say that man is biologically the dominant factor..." I agree; and I like to think that it isn't just because I am a man (so I was told anyway) either. In any event, most of the women I have ever talked to whom a man would call 'real women' seem to have agreed with this point of view too. Yippee, we're top dogs! "

Dick Eney, 417, FT. Hunt Rd.
Alexandria, Va. U.S.A.

"Tsk, I found out last time (when the matter came up in the Share sister's HODGE-FODGE) that it's murder to mix in when femmes are arguing over whether or not they are superior to males.

" Just read TWIG, and Ted White is at it again! How can anyone exercise a sense of humor with people like him around? Says, "...with her big SEX build-up, Bjo may be a disappointment in person...." Well, how unchivalrous can you get? (as I sit here in my VERY sexy housecoat, my sexy locks hanging in my eyes..got to trim these bangs..) It all started as a gag, of course, after a female who shall remain nameless accused me of trying to make every man I met fall in love with me. She'd just taken Psychology 1A in college, and was having too much fun delving into folk's actions and "inner reactions" for us to spoil her fun. So, the Pure Sex Platform developed, and seemed good for a gag....and everyone got in the act. Somehow, Ted White takes it as a personal thing that I have a figure; and when the guys found out that he could be baited, they started quoting all sorts of things! So far, I'm credited with 36(!)-20-35, 33-22-36, and other silly numbers. Each time, this boy screams loudly. It was fun for a while, but I'm tiring of the game. Actually, for the record, I'm 26 years old, 5'4" tall, weigh 118 pounds, and measure (because the hospital helped to put an inch round my waist) 34-23-36. Now that's official, because my mother makes my clothes to these measurements. Those figures aren't top secret; the guys just get kicks out of making up their own numbers"

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.....Introducing Djinn Faine

.....by Bjo Wells.

On September first, 1959, Virginia Faine was twenty-one years of age. This should come as a small surprise to convention-goers who have been buying Djinn a cocktail or two for the past several years, under the honest impression that she was at least twenty-two.

Although she has been too restless to finish college, Djinn often bowls unsuspecting persons over with her wealth of knowledge, gained from books of every subject. In several years of near-isolation in the desert where her mother and grandmother operated a small restuarant-bar, Djinn's only real companions were the books she ordered by mail or asked visiting friends to bring to her. She can quote books at the drop of a subject, and draws on her almost photographic memory to add interest to every conversation.

Often Djinn finds complaint in that men seldom "admire her for her fine mind," as we jokingly tease her. But this is not hard to understand; for few men get over the initial impact of meeting the girl in person.

With mid-back length blonde hair piled high in a French knot, large blue eyes, and a five feet, nine inches tall Junoesque figure with strikingly long legs, she can literally stop traffic. Most men are quite content to watch the scenery and never worry whether it has brains or not.

In personal habits, she smokes steadily, reads constantly, loves classical music, and goes misty-eyed over small critturs; human or otherwise. She favours electric blue, copper, and pale creme colours, with black as a good basic for clothing.

In discussions of philosophy she is an idealist; in a game of chess she is erratic but good; and in every case, Djinn's sense of humor and overwhelming laughter is infectious. Being young and impetuous, she often forgets herself in a heated argument and tries to win her point with sheer lung-power. Opponents find themselves outdone there, and have to remind her of this; another subject of our teasing.

Djinn also enjoys foreign movies with a message, emotional books, and a good talk on any subject. She is a creature of whim, suddenly deciding to buy a handful of carnations and distribute them to lonely-looking old ladies; or buying a wild gift for someone for no particular reason.



When she settles down long enough to write, Djinn can turn out not only good poetry, but nice short stories. Fritz Leiber and Paul Anderson have read examples of her work and encouraged her to write more. Many of us hope that as Djinn comes into legal adulthood and her emotional maturity, she will realize the dreams and ideals that she has held for so long; and that she will do something with the latent talents that wait only for external action to bring another sensitive writer into this old world.

Since the last Wigwam a great deal has happened here in London. I was somewhat over hopeful about the future of the revived London Circle which in its revitalised form can be said to have scarcely survived its own birthpangs. I'm not going to go into detail about this here since I regard it as an internal matter far too complicated for the space at my disposal. However

we are now back to our unorganised organisation of the revived LC as suggested by Ken and Ted at Christmas, 1958 with a meeting on the first Thursday of the month; but with the cash side on the basis of subs being collected only when a project is in the air. At present the Globe is being refurbished and I hope that this will either precipitate a change of meeting place or at least serve to relieve the gloomy atmosphere which the decorations of the Globe seem to cast on the surroundings before we even start.

Pamela A General Election has come and gone. It's odd how here in Great Britain the average person takes a keen interest in politics and yet very little argument seems to take place in fnz on this subject. For myself, I was relieved to find the Conservatives returned if only because I regard them as the lesser evil. This doesn't mean that I agree with their policy - I disagree with a very great deal of it; I should say that my ideals are more liberal than anything - but it seems to me that far too many Labour supporters lack that vital ingredient, common sense, simply because they are far too preoccupied with a vicious class hatred. Admittedly, in the past there has been a very great deal of justification for this hatred; but nowadays it is quite disproportionate.

The sort of attitude I detest is that typified in an incident at Croydon no so very long ago. The Conservative Council said that all Council house dwellers with a joint income of £20 or over should be given notice to quit. Immediately there was a storm of protest from Labour supporters about being unfair to the needy. There wasn't a spark of sympathy from Labour supporters about the people on the waiting list, with perhaps two or three children and only

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one income of about £10-12 a week, men who couldn't put their wives out to work and whose need was so much greater than those with grown up families, so that the wife could go out to work.

When I see the number of spanking new cars outside these Council houses which we, as ratepayers, are subsidising - because we subsidise their rents so that they can buy the cars - I can't help feeling that someone, somewhere, should learn what 'needy' means. Not that I think the working man should not run a car or own a television set - merely that if he can afford these things then he can afford an economic rent and the subsidised houses should go to those who really need them. Someone, I know, is going to come back at me indignantly with the point that it is only because their wives go to work that these people can afford to run cars. But surely it is the duty of every individual to support himself and do everything in his power to see that he is not a drain on the community so that there is more left for those whose need is greater than theirs. It seems that some people are prepared to save and work hard and continue working for the capital outlay and running costs of a car or some other luxury, but not to pay an economic rent for the high standard of living accommodation which they seem to regard as a right.

These same people will be very quick to envy in the years of their retirement, those who struggled to purchase their own houses and after going without lots of luxuries for 30 odd years, can retire to a pleasant little cottage, with, if they are lucky, a little nest egg of profit from their larger house to help out their pensions. I'm not saying that house ownership is easy, it is difficult to get a mortgage if earning say £10 a week, but with a wife working and living in a subsidised Council house it should be possible to save the initial capital, for a cheaper, older house. It is, of course, these very people who scream hysterically about the 'rights of the working man' when what they really mean is 'Fair shares for all - but fairest for me (so long as I'm all right Jack)'. I'd like to see a Government really go to work on helping the working man to help himself raise his standard of living. If people expect a high standard of living accommodation they should be prepared to make some effort towards this end themselves - not expect others to pay for it.

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Another thing we mustn't overlook of course is the fact that not everyone wants to take on the responsibility of house purchase. I'm all for the NHS and National Assistance and Council houses and flats (for the needy, not the lazy) but that doesn't mean that people shouldn't be encouraged to fend for themselves. A Government is not a benevolent fairy Godmother, which collects pennies from heaven, to subsidise food clothing and housing so that people can spend more money on a tele, a car and the dogs. Taxes are always resented, without it being realised that the money for Social Services has to come from somewhere. To soak the rich isn't the answer because the idle rich will simply leave the country and take their wealth with them or we'll reach the point where there are no longer any rich to soak and we'll eventually smother the urge to better oneself and lapse into apathy. Somewhere there has to be a middle line and I think the Liberals have it, particularly with their ideas on co-ownership in Industry which could help engender a sense of responsibility in an employee towards his job, his country, the community and himself, which is sadly lacking amongst too many British working people. And vice versa, of course

§ § §

The site and time for next year's Convention has now been settled as London at Easter, with the difference that it will be run by the BSFA. From the accounts we have had of the Birmingham Con - BSFA sponsored and run - which almost invariably sing the praises of the gathering, it seems that the BSFA should do right by the Old Smoke. This is a welcome sign in fandom - the growth of a body willing to take on conventions as part and parcel of its fanning and to provide an association that, although the members may change from year to year, will have the traditions of successful cons behind it. This tradition we here in London have had since the early days just after the war - and before, of course, and I am very happy that the BSFA is now going to have a crack of the whip. Another good facet of this is that they will have the advantage of calling on people outside London as well as the stalwarts of the BSFA in London. One last word - owing to maternal commitments there is a possibility that I shan't be there to meet all our friends. However, I shall do my best to pop in for an hour or so, at least.

Pamela Bulmer.

* * * * *



EDITOR

Ethel Lindsay,
Courage House,
6, Langley Avenue,
SURBITON.
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AMERICAN AGENT

Betty Kujawa,
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United States of America.

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A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy Hogmanay
to ye a'

