

From an idea by
Henry Turner

FEMIZINE

Spring

1960 - 0

CONTENTS

Cover by Joy Clarke
Page 1....Editorial..by Ethel
" 4....Of Beautiful Plots Bungled by
Juanita Coulson
Page 6....Elinor Busby, a Profile..by Bjo Wells
" 8....Norman Shorrock..by Ina Shorrock
" 9....My Life With Cats..by Janey Johnston
" 11....Liverpool Party..by Sheila Ashworth and
Margaret Picken
Page 15....Pot Luck..by Joy Clarke
Page 18....Letterbox..Readers Letters.
" 21....Last Minute Thots..by Ethel.

Illos:- Page 5..Juanita Coulson
" 9..Joy Clarke. Pat Ellington
10..Frances Evans
15..Joy Clarke
17..Rostler..a man..eck!
20..Juanita Coulson
22..Bjo Wells.

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Editorial

by
Ethel

If you want to get ahead..get a Fez...
especially our new Spring model..

I have managed to produce this issue myself, with the exception of the stencils for Joy's article, which she very kindly sent to me already cut. Because material came in a bit sooner this time, I was able to get through the work much quicker. To those of you who contributed my heartfelt thanks, and to those who intend to do so soon, my earnest and polite urging to 'get a move on'! The quicker the material comes in, the quicker the next issue.

I am very pleased to present another Profile by Bjo, and promise a third in the next issue. Her first seemed to please many of you greatly. I quote from Ron Bennett's letter.. "My experience of pen pictures is that they are usually slanted, and usually slanted to present the best of a person, ignoring the faults. This was really a well thought out analysis of Djinn. You must get Bjo to write for you often. Like a regular column?" My own sentiments entirely.

Pamela is not represented in our columns this issue, as she has been rather busy on such domestic matters as producing a baby girl of 7 lbs. on March 7th. I am glad to say that Mother and Baby are both doing well, and Father came through it very well! Fez hopes that Deborah Bulmer will inherit her parents writing skill. Fez believes in looking ahead.

Ina Shorrocks has taken her life in her hands and presents the lowdown on her fan husband. Any other brave femmes in fandom? The unmarried male fans appear supremely unworried by the thought of this series, but see the letter column for some married views.

We have a new contributor, Marijane Johnston to welcome into our midst, I shall let her speak for herself.. " I have red hair and hazel eyes, and do my space travelling by wheelchair, due to Arthritis which I've had since I was eight. Got through two years of high school when the chair caught up with me, but have always been thankful that I made it through school. Discovered fandom in 1956 and haven't come out of my daze yet. I joined N3F and sure have been glad I did. It's opened up a whole new wonderful world for me, and I've met more wonderful people!...I'm sort of floundering my way through getting used to using a

typer. My hands are pretty out of shape and I use two pencils and beat away at the keys with the eraser ends". I did not quote the last bit to beg pity for Janey, a thing she would despise, but to demonstrate that apart from having red hair, enthusiasm, and a love for cats, she also has indomitable courage. "Courage is the greatest of all virtues, for without it we have no security for keeping any others".

I have some news for you about Ann Chamberlain, she makes rubber stamps. Her rubber stamp shop consists of several lead type fonts and a vulcanising machine, plus some moulding and mounts and knob handles, rubber cement, a saw, sandpaper, a ratchet and soft raw rubber, which comes in huge rolls. Mentioning these instruments gives some idea of what she has to go through to make rubber stamps. The typechase, once it is filled with about six orders is inserted between the loose plates, one of which gets exceedingly hot when levered into position. This makes the first mould from which the stamp is made, - and then, placing the mould in another typechase, inverted, the heat is again applied to form the final rubber plate. This rubber plate can be glued to any firm surface and used with rubber plate ink pads. Readers in the States who are interested in buying these from Ann should write to her direct. Folks over here who are the same way can order through me. She sells little gold anodized pocket printers with any three lines of print for two dollars. She also makes the very generous offer to fan editors.. "I am giving one pocket printer to each editor who gives a good ad.. in at least one issue of his zine.. though it really should run to twelve issues. Just a one line plug is sometimes sufficient.. stick it in or tag any article with.. and Ann Chamberlains rubber stamps! whether it seems to fit or not. The less it fits the funnier it looks and the longer it is remembered. I had a note from Bob Coulson with an order, smilingly (I presume) saying he was brainwashed into it"

In the beginning Fez was an idea in Frances Evan's mind as a device to put the scattered minority of femme fans in touch with one another. This is still the most fundamental of it's aims, and the other is to encourage them to write. As the editress, I do not think of Fez as being 'my' magazine, I think of it as belonging to the femme fans and myself as it's guardian. Were Fez an ordinary subzine, I would have less difficulty in obtaining material, for I would have all fandom to draw upon, and one must admit that the men are more prolific in writing as they are in numbers. I already have my 'own' zine, which I publish in Ompa, so I do not feel that I need use Fez in any way to assert my own personality. Therefore when I come to discuss a fannish subject like TAFF I want to clearly differentiate between the views of Fez, as I can convey them, and my own personal views.

Fez thinks... the three candidates are male, so any of them would be a 'jolly good show'. Fez, you see, is very much in favour of the male sex. Fez likes males - because they are not female, because Fez "enjoys being a girl", because Fez would not enjoy this half as much if there were no males around to tell her how cute she is...

Fez sees - that the candidates have a lot in common - apart from being males - all three good fans, all three personable, all

three Northerners, all three convention-goers. Eric and Sandy have been more active than Mal, but in compensation, Fez would hazard that Mal is the best writer of the three. Sandy and Eric also have a head start on Mal for length of time in fandom, they both started out as members of the Manchester SF Club. Mal, however, is the husband of one of our contributors yet that means that the other two are still free and uncorralled - and so the see-saw goes!

Fez twiddles her thumbs distractedly and will probably end up by going eeny, meeny, miny, mo!

Writing in my capacity as a private fan, I should vote for Sandy. To be chosen for Taff would, I know, mean a great deal to him, He is very much wrapped up in fandom, all his interests stem from it. He gives what free time the Army leaves him to fanning, which is why his output is so large. Going to America, attending an American convention, meeting all those fans he has only read about, would be to Sandy what winning a fortune would mean to a non-fan. I think also the American fans would find him a surprise, and many mental pictures of him would be jolted. He has energy and enthusiasm, he is still young enough to become filled with a crusading zeal, and not yet quite old enough to concede that people do not like to be told they are wrong. He has faults, who hasn't? He is honest, and if his honesty could use a little more tact, at least it has never lacked courage.

Taff is a great honour, a fact that is sometimes lost sight of amongst all the electioneering. Were Taff to be awarded to a fan because he 'deserved' it, very few fans would be eligible. This is in the nature of things, there are no greater numbers of perfect people in fandom than in the mundane world. I could not, in all honesty, say that any of the three candidates 'deserve' to win Taff, nor am I the type to produce fulsome praise of Sandy as my own particular choice. What I can say is this - I personally believe that Sandy is the one who would most appreciate the winning of Taff. Providing he did not die of excitement before he got there, I think he would be the one most thrilled to find himself among the Americans. Full of enthusiasm, he would photograph everything he saw, and record every word. As he has been involved in quite a deal of controversy, I think it would do good for the American fans to meet him. I think it might clear many misunderstandings. I think it would also do Sandy good to go to America, I think the experience would make him a better fan.

Taff was meant as a vehicle to increase understanding between both sides of the Atlantic. So, should it help to clear misunderstandings, and make a fan a better fan, I cannot conceive of any more rewarding result to the generous fans who contribute to Taff.

Now a final word to my dear femme fans, please girls, I need material to fill this 'ere up! Won't you please send it to me without my having to write you three pleading letters first - time spent writing them is time lost to the stencil cutting...thanking YOU.

Not forgetting a final word to our male readers- boys! tch, I mean MEN. we like letters, we guarentee to giggle appreciatively at your wit, and put it in the letter column...thanking YOU.

Etha/.

of beautiful plots bungled by juanita coulson

Generally speaking, it is a pleasure to read science fiction. There is a delight of escape, the joy in seeing interesting ideas provocatively treated, and occasionally the overwhelming sensation of: "What a magnificent idea - why couldn't I think of that?"

And usually you conclude that even if you had thought of it, you could never have handled it so well - said conclusion being the main reason you are a reader and not a writer.

But now and then, and all too frequently of late, the reverse of the coin is seen - a provocative idea is badly mishandled by the writer, leaving the formerly humble reader with a sensation of: "Well, maybe I couldn't improve the writing too much, but I certainly wouldn't do such a bad job as that!"

A case in point, and one with a particular significance for feminine science fiction readers, is Charles Eric Maine's WORLD WITHOUT MEN. Just pose as a "what if?" question to any woman the possibilities and extrapolations of a world wherein a perfect and fool proof contraceptive is cheaply and universally obtained. The mind would boggle for a moment, then leap to tremendous, and very practical, plot designs. I submit that no woman would construct from this plot basis the world painted by Maine.

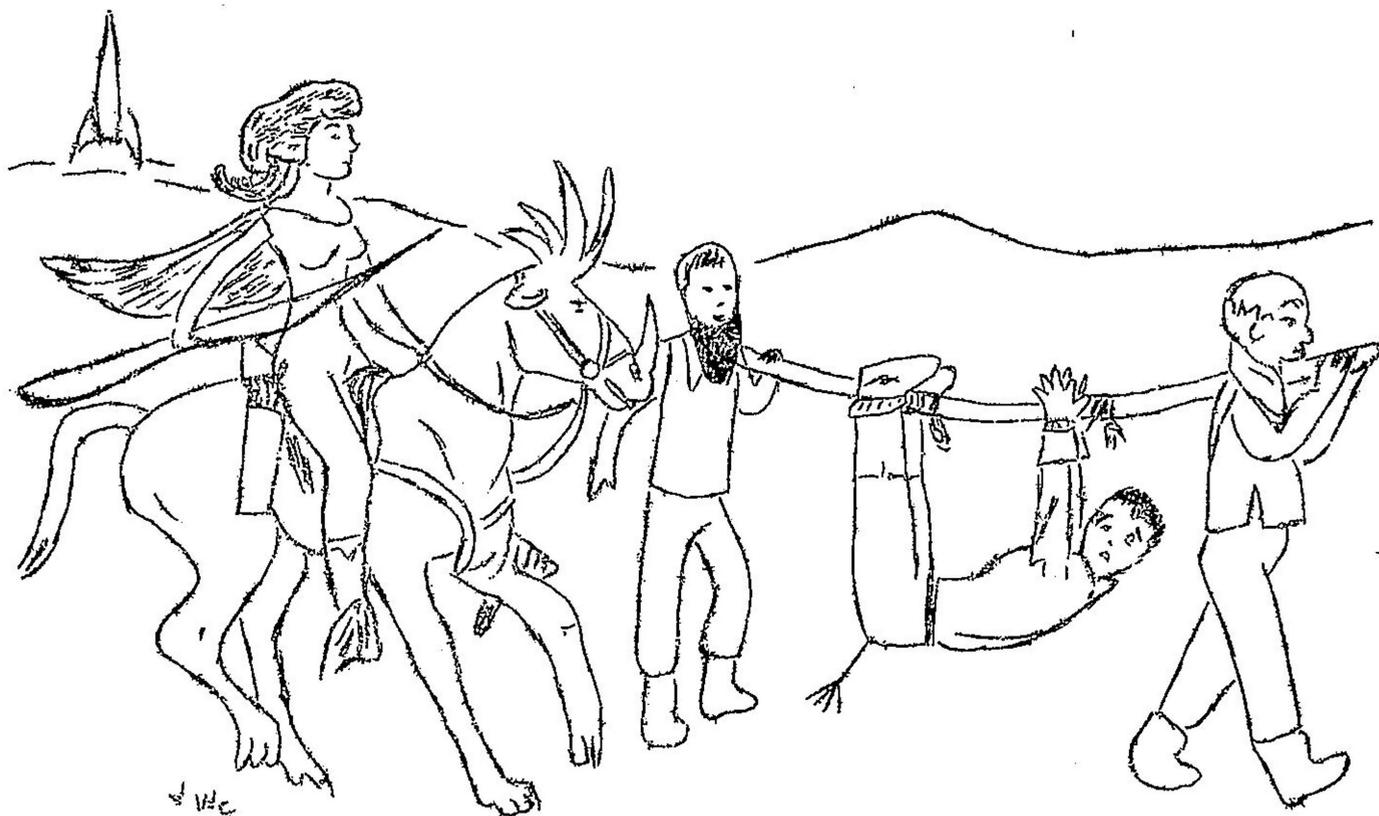
In WORLD WITHOUT MEN the author seemingly takes this postulate as an excuse for sex license and extrapolates an evolutionary twist that goes against the grain of logic - and science. His most inexcusable failing, excepting the go-nowhere writing, is in the field of feminine reactions. As Maine conceives the plot, women are completely masculine in their sexual appetites, world-controlling ambitions, and destructiveness.

Now, feminine reader, just consider for a moment - what would be your reactions if you had at your disposal a 100 per cent fool proof, no side effects contraceptive, to be taken orally? Most women would agree the main change would be in mental health; pregnancy could be regulated to occur at the most opportune times, and in the interim a woman, with the elimination of the overwhelming fear of unwanted pregnancy, could become a more loved and loving spouse. Perhaps some women would abandon themselves to promiscuity, but psychiatry suggests the women who would do this are mentally sick in another fashion, and would probably perform in this manner whether or no the mythical contraceptive were available.

But aside from the practical feminine reactions (which the male reader should remember are always basically monogamatic and child-oriented) there is the very world-shattering extrapolation that universal population control would then be within the reach of every backward and economically poor nation. Population control on such a scale would enable these nations to raise their standards of living to the point of near utopia without the ever-present drawback and threat of being inundated by vast numbers of people and set back in their progress by famine and lack of supply.

All of these and many more are the truly thought-provoking concepts that spring to mind when the postulate of foolproof contraceptive is advanced, and they are ignored by Maine for the titillation of contrived bedroom scenes and ridiculous scenes of power-mad matriachs killing off noble men who divine their evil purposes.

Whether Maine sold out his artistic soul for the promise of a few lurid story bucks, or whether he simply has a twisted concept of what contraception means to a woman, this writer cannot say. But the entire novel *WORLD WITHOUT MEN* is a horrible example of a beautiful plot idea horribly bungled.



Juanita Coulson

.....Introducing Elinor Busby.....
by Bjo-Wells.

A small brown haired girl with glasses holds a place in my memory and in my heart as one of the greatest people I've ever been privileged to meet. She has hinted, in vain, that she's not exactly a "girl", but this I refuse to believe. FM Busby has a child bride, and I'll listen to no more about it!

Actually, at a guess, I'd say that Elinor Busby is about my age (ha! now work that one out!) and looks as if she'd have trouble getting served in a bar, too.

About five feet three inches of neatly dressed gal walked into my hospital room in Longview, Washington, and invited a total stranger into her house to recuperate from the Western-bound accident that I'd been a party to. I accepted readily, for I was not yet up to a 1500 mile trip home, and Djinn was not ready to even leave the hospital. So a few days later, I found myself sitting in a flowery, sunny back yard, holding a plate of spaghetti in my lap and being introduced to Nobby and Lisa (dashhounds by trade) and wondering how I could be so lucky.

My luck held for almost two weeks. During this time, I was not allowed to do any helping, was served coffee constantly, and filled to overflowing with affection and gratitude for the Busbys. So this will not exactly be an emotional report!

Elinor loves fantasy stories, especially good childrens' fantasies, and the Tolkien stories. She introduced me to Nesbitt, thereby making my resting periods much more interesting. With a lively interest in all goings-on around her, and avid curiosity about events beyond her own activities, she was an interesting person to converse with, and exchange ideas with.

She loves to cook, and has an impressive collection of well-used cookbooks of the gourmet genre. Since she grows her own herbs, the cooking is further enhanced with their freshness. Cerulean blue, verging on turquoise is her favourite color, with russet a close second. Since the dogs are deep russet colored, they are singularly pleasing to her sight.

She loves animals and would probably have a houseful of them if Buz didn't set his foot down. As it is, they have Nobby, Lisa, and a small green parakeet. It doesn't talk yet, but they have high hopes for it.

Elinor's hospitality is unbounded, yet she is the type of woman who will say what is on her mind, and she doesn't mind saying so when someone or something has displeased her. In this, one always knows where you stand with her, which

is very comforting to such as me. She can call a spade a spade and be a lady about it, which, at times, is more than I can do.

She is an "inward" person, and reacts to humor with a smile rather than a laugh; yet you always know when she has enjoyed a display of humor, and she often shows a surprisingly wry humor of her own. Surprising because she is quiet, and somehow you don't expect quiet people to pop out with something. Her smile is infectious and sunny, and starts a day out in a cheerful way; something I han't done in years.

Trouble is taken in stride, quietly like the rest of life, though she's far from reticent about talking over either problems or fun with close friends, she isn't exactly the "cry on everybody's shoulder" type, either.

Her generosity with time (a valuable commodity to anyone, especially to a fan) is amazing, and slightly incredible, for she also manages to keep a tidy house (in which any fanzine, article for the next CRY, or stencil can be found, with a minimum of search - amazing in itself), keep clothes washed, starched, and freshly ironed and still have time to kaffee-klatch with an invalid visitor.

She has a pretty, pixie face, with deep-set brwn eyes, straight nose, and wide elfin mouth. Placed with a perfect heart-shaped face, her thick, shoulder-length brown hair sets off her features like a frame. She has a small, sturdy figure, nicely tanned, and graceful hands.

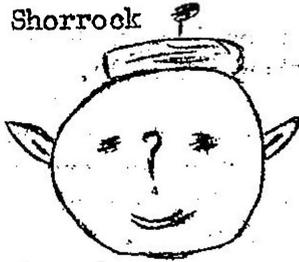
Elinor and Buz are a fine couple, mainly, I think, because of their generosity, and their ability to actually talk to one another and others. I hope to visit them again soon, and very sincerely hope that they regard my house as their house when they visit California; they are that welcome that I'd even farm out my cats so they could bring Nobby and Lisa with them.

And I look forward to another series of long conversations with an honest, straight-talking female who says what she thinks, and who is secure enough in her own femininity to be friends with another woman. And that is Elinor Busby.

Bjo Wells.

There will be another profile by Bjo in the next issue.

Norman Shorrock



by Ina Shorrock

I received Fez, and having read the note on the back and the hint in your editorial, I did just what you said, pushed the dishes to the back of the table, and got out the typer.

So you want the lowdown on husbands, huh? Well now, let me see, what can I tell you about Norman! ...but of course! That he talks in his sleep! This, I believe is supposed to denote a brilliant mind, .ha! I wish I had a tape recorder in the bedroom so that I could prove it to him

He really does say the most queer things, and has the craziest conversations with himself. This is rather annoying, like listening in to one side of a telephone conversation. You don't know all the story, or dream, as it were,

Sometimes you can guess what he is dreaming about. When the snips you hear are "Stan, put those lights over there" then it's filming. "This plug is loose, fix it will you" could be either filming or recording. But when its "Now then Nancy, don't do that it's dangerous, you will get hurt" it makes one wonder. Nancy is the type who brings out the protective instinct in men.

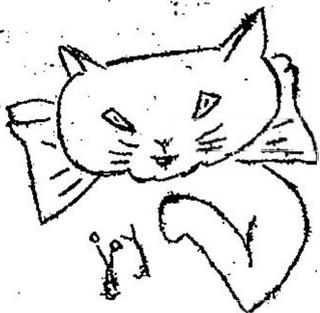
With the help of the Lasfas boys, Norman built a monster. It resided in our garage for 12 months and left room for nothing else. The first person to be scared by this monster was the woman who delivers our groceries. It was raining and I was out, so she decided to leave them in the garage. It was dusk and as she opened the door it was facing her, hanging about three feet in the air, with ropes she could not see. The yell she let out was heard miles away. Now she leaves the groceries on the front step, rain or no:

There have been many other victims since then. Fortunately the neighbours have grown used to the noise of someone being scared by monsters. This one's ghost now haunts our local woods, where it was foully done in by a group of fans.

Life with Norman means life with the Lasfas boys, as they seem to spend as much time here as at their own homes. I am thinking of getting a larger house, and making it into a hotel for fans, it might be more profitable! All of them are easy to feed, having large appetites, male and female. Fancy male and female appetites, I wonder what they would look like,

It is not a dull life!

Ina Shorrock.



CATS IN MY LIFE

by
JANEY

Twentyfive cats is a lot of cats! That is the humber of frisky felines that has passed through our house and hearts. Both my parents and I were born cat crazy. The first that I remember hearing about was Poiken, which is Swedish for boy, he was tiger striped and a nice pet. He got mean tho as he grew older and had to be taken to the pound.

Next was a perky little black and white given to me by a veterernarian friend. He came in a Christmas box, complete with a red ribbon round his neck. This same vet was to be of service to us many times in the following years. This kitten was a real cutie, but turned out impossible to housbreak. He soon acquired the name of "Dirty Dick", after a current radio character. One day my Mother threw her hands up in despair and declared he had to go. My Uncle was given the job of taking him off and they started out in a cloud of Model T. dust. Uncle was quite a daring driver, and somewhere along the line he turned a corner on two wheels and the door flew open. Out fell, flew or scrambled Dirty Dick, who was never seen again.

Tiger striped kits were always my Mother's favourites, but our next also had four white feet, so naturally was named Boots. He was a fat serene puss and loved to ride in my doll buggy. I dressed him in doll clothes and he would sleep in the buggy for hours. When nature called he would fuss till I took the clothes off and then disappear. Pretty soon he would jump back into the buggy for more napping. I recall one day when I was pushing the buggy up and down the road, with the sun visor down to protect his eyes, a lady asked if she could see my doll. Before I could explain, she had peeked under the visor, only to see a furry face peeking out at her. She was startled but recovered her dignity and admired my 'dolly'. I do not remember what happened to Bocts, but he was quite the talk of the neighbourhood. He had a little cat house, and Boots could be seen lying with his head and shoulders sticking out of this little green and white house, with real glass windows! He really was a privileged cat.



The next three can be grouped together as they were with us for a short time only. They were also tigerish and named "Catherine" and "Peter The Great". A few days before we were expecting my two cousins to arrive for a visit, a third kitten arrived on our doorstep, immediately dubbed "Tiger". I was delighted at the prospect of us each having a kitten to play with. My delight was short lived as on the day that company arrived all three kits turned up missing. That tramp "Tiger" had lured our two innocents off, and that was the last we saw of them

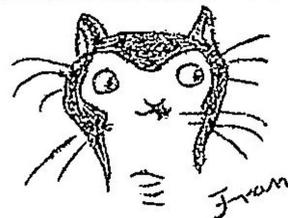
A friend who was almost a fanatic on cats gave us the next, a Maltese who was called Smokey. She had taught him to shake hands, sit up, roll over and jump through anyones arms. We have taught all our cats this last trick, but never got any further. Smokey was a beautiful cat, a rich Maltese colour with just one tiny white spot high up under his chin. He was too good to be true it seems, and got sick and died, which broke my heart I had to learn young to accept the fact that cats, as a rule, do not live long. Instead of mourning we got another right away. Yet we were not hard hearted and they were never forgotten and each held a special place in our hearts

So along came Mickey and Minnie, and surely there will always be somewhere a Mickey and Minnie! Poor Minnie lost all her nine lives under the wheels of a car, and shortly after Mickey found the same fate. Unluckily we lived near a busy street. Mickey was the only cat we had who liked to drive in a car, he loved it and would curl up contentedly in the back seat.

We became known as soft marks where kittens were concerned, Mewing sounds from the back yard showed us a tiny kitten where someone had obviously dropped him over. He was crying like a baby calliope, so a saucer of milk was produced. Whilst he was slurping up the milk another cry wafted in. I stayed and kept the mite from drowning himself and Mother went to investigate. Back she came with another pint sized puss. From a soap opera the orphans were named Cecil and Sally

My Father now began to bemoan that we never had a dog, so Mother and I gave him Sylvia, she was part shepherd and part cocker spaniel, and we found her a quiet and well behaved dog. Of course Father was delighted but, as so often happens, Mother and I found we had the caring and feeding of her. Sylvia was a pretty red, about the same color as my own hair. Mother and I were never fond of dogs but we grew to love Sylvia. Shortly after this my Father had a nervous and physical breakdown and was forced to sell out his share in a downtown drugstore partnership. It was decided that we would spend all summer on an old ranch located some 120 miles north of Spokane, up in the mountains and near the Canadian border. We packed up bag and baggage and headed North.

to be continued.



Liverpool party by
Margaret Picken and
Sheila Ashworth

SHEILA: Of course the weekend flew past before I could turn round and so here I am with a handful of hazy memories of the LaSFaS Christmas/New Year/Norman's Birthday Party. To make matters worse I hadn't any idea that I would be called upon to write about it, so instead of sitting and spying upon people to see what they were doing and saying I just joined in and helped to do and say things. Now here I sit at the typewriter burning my brains out trying to remember who said what and did what and even who was there. We all met in the Hanover Hotel in Liverpool and went to a wonderful Chinese restaurant for a meal. There was born the Ashworth/Roles Identification System. There was an enormous party of us, and many we did not know. There were fans from Sheffield, Manchester, Harrogate, Cheltenham, and of course the LaSFaS. Mal picked out a fan who was sitting with his back to us and after much consultation we decided his name was Wally. He was wearing a tweed suit so we titled him Woolly Wally. Another fan with a beard was christened Bearded Bob and we tagged someone else as Tail Tony

Margt: When I walked into the bar at the Hanover I counted 27 heads. Let's see if I can put names to those heads. First Cheltenham, Eric & Margaret Jones, Frank Herbert, Peter Maybe, Audrey Eversfield, Bob Wally, Tony, Geoff, (I forget their surnames) Keith Freeman. Of others there was Ron Bennett and Liz, the Ashworths, Terry Jeeves, Joyce with Eric the Bent, Alan Rispin with his friend Dave, Ken Gheslin. Of LaSFaS there were John Roles, Eddie Jones, Norm Weedall, Les Johnston, John Humphries. Later came Stan Nuttall, John Owen, June Curtis, Nancy Pooley, Kitty Dowdale, Ted and Joyce Collins, Jeff, Peggy, Patty and Frank Milnes, with the Shorrocks, a grand total of 40. It was a convention in a house!

SHEILA: Everyone started drinking and dancing and eating and talking. After a while we settled down to watch some Chaplin films followed by a film of the LaSFaS on holiday in Barcelona. Everyone sat on the floor, except Mal and I who sat on a chair, John Roles who sat in a chair, Geoff Collins who sat on John, and Joyce who sat on Geoff, and Peter Maybe who sat on Mal's foot. They were a great success, the films, fans cheered and hissed and shouted "Harrison". Afterwards dancing began again.

Margt: While the films were on Ina laid out food in the kitchen, there was also a small barrel of beer, so business was brisk. Norman started to do some filming, and fused the lights, I must say the male feu made the most of this opportunity. Later Ina took over filming and got some shots of Norman being wished a Happy Birthday. After standing on a chair filming

for a while she complained that she felt like the Statue of Liberty and was too hot, so Frank Milnes commenced to take her skirt off. She yelled for help and all the boys ran to Frank's aid. She had them fooled though, as she was wearing a pair of red shorts underneath. Seems she knows these fen at party time and was prepared.

SHEILA: Patty Milnes was quite disgusted with me because I didn't drink anything stronger than Cream Soda. She came with two glasses of red stuff that Mal took one horrified glance at and promptly poured into my glass. He thought it was Cherrade. I took one drink and gave him it back, it was Vin Rosa. Patty was very good about it and brought me some lemonade. Ron Bennett and Mal were concocting a Manhattan Screwdriver. Tall Tony was hopping on a chair waving a camera around, he said he was waiting for some action, so it was decided to unboot the Booted Boy. He came from Cheltenham and was wearing blazer, jodhpurs and enormous knee length riding boots. The femme fans didn't seem to think he could jive properly in boots so it was decided to unboot him. It was done very gently, of course; fans grabbed his head, his arms, his feet, Tall Tony went on hopping, I went on laughing and the Booted Boy went on screaming. It was whilst he was suspended in mid air that Joyce sat on his stomach and everybody just pulled and heaved and tugged in so many different directions that it's a wonder he didn't disintegrate. He was shouting all the time and eventually it came to the notice of the milling mob that his boots were fastened round his knees. Everyone dropped him and when the straps were unfastened they returned once more to the fray. He was dragged round the room several times, tossed up and down, pulled once more in all directions and then it was done. The last I saw of his boots they were standing on the path outside the front door in the early morning dew.

Frank Milnes and Mal had a very interesting conversation...

Frank :You know (Long pause, drink from glass) I (another long pause) am completely divorced from the rest of my fellow men. They mean nothing to me.

Mal :I envy you. That is a state I hope to attain one day.

(Long pause whilst Frank looks quizzically at Mal)

(Long pause whilst Mal looks quizzically at Frank)

Frank :You know I might be able to help you (Another long pause for drink and looks and things)

Mal :Do you think so? How?

Frank :Well, if you give me 100 guineas (Pause whilst Frank looks even more quizzically at Mal) I will see that after about 10 years YOU will be able to put the letters M.P.G. after your name.

Mal :Er.....what do the initials stand for?

Frank :Norman's Bloody Soft.

I'll give Mal his due, he's a tryer. He tried to pin Frank down to an explanation of how M.P.G. could mean that. But Frank was off on other things. He told us very confidentially that he worked for the City Council, although which City we never found out. He also let us into the

dastardly things which the County Council do. He told us in shocked tones that the County Council pull down Bridges. Can you imagine anything more terrible than a County Council that pulls down Bridges? Nor do they stop at that, they make Holes as well. Sometimes they even stoop to filling Holes, and we agreed with Frank that he was better off working for a non-bridge-pulling-down-Council than a holemaking-filling-bridge-pulling-down Council, and that such Councils were to be avoided at all costs.

As at any other party, some people fell by the wayside. As they dropped one by one, Patty Milnes would sit by their side and say "Do you know they are ABSOLUTELY dead. They don't know a thing. It's just as if they had had an anaesthetic. Do you know you could cut off their legs and they wouldn't know. Have you a saw or anything?" Fortunately there wasn't a saw handy, otherwise there might have been a few angry legless people next morning. Patty has the most taking ways. Pete Daniels who turned up about midnight flaked out on the landing. Ina found him there, shivering, so, being kind hearted, she covered him with a blanket. Later, Patty, who was hunting for a blanket for herself, came across Pete and as he was "dead! - he won't feel a thing" uncovered Pete and took his blanket and left him to freeze once more.

MARGT: The party was still going well at 2 am, then some of the LaSFas lot headed for home. Kitty lost her shoes though. Later Ina found one in her son Roy's toybox, and the other on the top of a wardrobe. Kitty, like Cinderella, had to go home without, and she never did explain how they got there, the meany.

SHELLA: It was a little while later that Patty decided it was time to go for a walk to the woods. Mai and I were the only ones who could be talked into going, so we trooped upstairs to get our coats. When we came down, various fans sympathised or laughed at us for allowing Patty to drag us out, and when we finally found Patty, there she was, minus coat, dancing and completely oblivious of the fact that she had ever wanted to go for a walk.

People started disappearing and being replaced by mattresses and Mai and I peered into the front room and discovered lots of people either sleeping or going to sleep. There were moans and groans when we announced that we were going to join the ranks in the front room, but Ina of the kind heart made room for us next to her. Everyone had just settled down when the door burst open and Norman Shorrocks poked his head round

and asked Ina if she knew that Patty was cooking sausages. Ina didn't, and as they were for breakfast Ina went to the rescue and we never saw her again till next morning. Some fans stayed up all night playing brag.

MARGT: At 8 am I found John Roles, Ken, Alan and Dave in the kitchen washing glasses and cleaning up in general. Ina made tea in a huge 8 pint teapot. She saw Nancy off, who had to go to work at 9 am! Ghod!

SHELLA: When Mai and I arose, there was a lovely smell of breakfast, and after gazing enviously at the four lucky people eating we went upstairs and queued for the bathroom. There was only room for four at the table but eventually we managed to be among the four. Joyce and Audrey were washing up and one had to be very careful, otherwise they took away one's plates and things before you'd even finished.

Eddie Jones, Alan Rispin, John Roles and another fan were playing brag on a pile of cushions. I asked this unknown fan who he was. He said he was

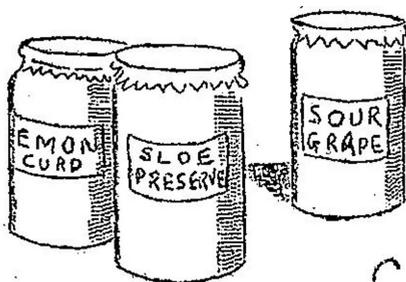
Wally. I was surprised and happy about this because the night before Woolly Wally had completely disappeared. It turned out that it was only his overcoat that was woolly. Ina came and joined us and confessed that she had burnt a loaf of bread whilst making the toast. Patty and Frank Milnes had gone to relieve their babysitter. Frank had been rather a forlorn figure, wandering round looking for his pullover which he eventually found on the floor under a chair, and then wandering around looking for his jacket. The brag school was still going on and we just lay and watched it. Seemed a most boring game. They just sat there with their cards in their hands, plonking pennies on the little heap in the middle, until they dropped out one by one. Then they dealt again and repeated the whole performance. Gradually all the fans drifted into the front room and it was decided to go to Liverpool in search of food. For a while it was bedlam, fans dashing here and there, gathering together bags and baggage and when everyone was ready we split up into two groups. We went by car through the Mersey tunnel. It was the first time I had been in it, and when I asked, quite innocently, how they kept the water out, Geoff Collins, who was driving, grinned and said "They use Chewing Gum". In Liverpool we all joined forces once more and went to the Golden Palace. John Roles ordered Egg Foo Young. As we weren't sitting at the same table we couldn't see what it was like but John looked rather surprised when he saw it. The Cheltenham fans decided to leave for home as soon as lunch was finished and we all stood around outside saying goodbye and then we watched the cars until they disappeared into the distance.

As there was about an hour left before we all had to go for our respective trains we trooped up to the LaSFaS club room. It's on the top floor of a fairly tall building and as we puffed and panted our way up numerous flights of steps we saw just outside the clubroom a male torso, minus arms, legs and head. Mal asked if it was a member who hadn't paid his dues. Inside the clubroom we huddled under Norman's floodlights and sipped brandy from a communal bottle. Mal tried to drink from the LaSFaS Russian beer jug and succeeded in soaking his overcoat and the towel kindly lent by the LaSFaS who knew very well that he would get wet. This jug is full of holes round the rim so that as soon as you tip it up to drink the liquid runs through the holes. There is a way of drinking from it and remaining dry, but it wouldn't really be fair of me to say how it's done

Then it was time to go and we made our way to the station saying goodbye to the LaSFaS and Terry, Eric and Joyce who were catching their train from a different station. Then John Roles, Mal and I set off through Liverpool to our station. We said farewell to John and then boarded our train. It was lovely and warm and there was a funny little man sitting in one corner. We settled ourselves down into two corners facing each other. The train moved off and somehow I felt very drowsy and I was thinking about the party and the next thing I knew my head gave a terrific jerk and from afar I heard the funny little man saying to Mal "Tha naws, lots o' fowk 'ave central heating i' ther aahses" and then his voice faded out and I slept again.

BOTH: Yes, it was quite a party!

POTLUCK



by
Joy
clarke

Well, the column is going to be a little different this time: and I don't mean the micro-elite. I'm going to let some of the things in the zines set me off haverin'. First, because we haven't received all that many zines this time; second, because some things need additional comment. So here we go, pats & pans alike.

STEFANTASY: Wm. Danner, Skraug_hbault Press, R.D.1, Kennerdall, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Bill issues this as a FAPazine which is one of the reasons FAPA is such a joy to belong to: if you do, that is. Bill has a wacky satirical, perfect-to-my-taste sensayumor and these little zines contain plenty. Printed, with fascinating covers: this time an Atomillo in solid colour: yet. Watch out too for little throw-away lines. And for such common-sensible statements as: "There can be no freedom of religion if it does not include the freedom to have none." No, I won't tell you what else is in it - except Grennell - just you write Bill and ask for a copy.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS: Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington, USA, 25¢ (1/9d) or 5 for \$1 (7/-). British Agent: John Berry, see **RETRIBUTION**. Since last FEZ, the 10th Annish of CRY rolled in complete with full colour back cover and an index to full 10 years. Cry is the top fanzine of the day, biased as I am in favour of APZ. Berry's trip report continues, Pemberton (thank heaven, I thought we'd never see him again) does another column and also a Constructive piece on TAFF in his own personality of Buz Busby. And, even while I typed this in first draft, another issue rolled in. I haven't read it yet but it contains Ashworth (a TAFF candidate this year), Berry, TCarr, Elmor and more, not to mention a fine letter column. Cry has recently started to use a very nice stipple finish coated paper for its covers and it looks great.

SPECTRE: Bill Meyers. No. 5 arrived and information has reached me that it folded with that issue, hence no address. The folding is unfortunate since it contains a piece of "fiction" by Ted White, which he was told the Detroit Committee did not want publicised. But you know TEW - the biggest foot-in-mouth expert either side of the Pond.

It is getting to be a bad habit these days for fan to take someone's words, expand, twist and enlarge

on them to make it appear they said something you disagree with: and then write a juicy libellous piece blasting them for saying something they neither meant nor implied. This is what happened here. It is unfortunate, too, that it also happened with the last OOPSLA; as mentioned in last FEZ.

Is something wrong with the way fan interpret words these days? How can a phrase such as "It seemed to be" be deliberately twisted to mean "there was"? Have dictionaries and the proper use of words gone out of fashion? Are we, like Humpty-Dumpty using words only to mean what we want them to mean? Let's revert to our love of semantics and not read in to other fan's words things they never said, never meant and had no intention of meaning...and let us get back to the days in which a fan could write something in his fanzine without having to worry if a hefty damages lawsuit is going to be slapped on him.

mi Monthly No.3: Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches.hire. mi has been introduced as a flier with Skyrack so as to present Eric (another TAFF candidate) to fandom - or rather, to those fans who don't know him. Very competently, he started by answering in Nos. 1 & 2 the quiz recently circulated by Lynn Hickman of JD/ARGASSY, mi is now turning into a review zine but this time was sadly spoilt by the back of the sheet. Not Eric's fault, he found he'd run out of stencils at a crucial moment, but the typing over a Wrotsier illo made it very uncomfortable to read. No price mentioned but write Eric.

BHISNI'LLAH: Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave, Goleta, Cal. This came out as a dittoed one-shot on one side only - and pale green which was extremely difficult to read. Andy asked for contributions as he wants to put out a zine of this title and is "getting impatient to pub and I've decided to put out the first issue with what I have on hand" since apparently his earlier pleas didn't bring him much material. As Lehrer says. "Just what I needed...how nice".

Now it's all very well to call for contributions like this but look, Andy, have YOU done any work for other faneds first? Have you written for them, cut stencils, collated, stapled, or helped address them? Or have you just sat back and decided "I want to put out a fanzine - I'll ask for material"? I don't know but, if you haven't helped others, you can't expect them to help you. Show what you and a few close pals can do and then, if it appears it could be good, people will send you material. But don't just say "I want some ego boo - do the work for me, willya".

And when you've got your first issue together, let me see it...I may perhaps like it.

YANDRO: Bob & Juanita Coulson, R.R.3, Wabash, Indiana. or from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. 15¢ or 1/- each or 12 for \$1.50 or 12/-. [Most interesting ramblings by Juanita, rumblings by Buck, Dodderings, Adkinings and readers grumbings. Somehow, Yandro seems to be gaining a warmer atmosphere - the kind I prefer in my fanzines and, because of this, Yandro has risen much higher in my estimation. It had previously lacked the personal touch: maybe because, like Triode, the repro was so impeccable you didn't feel it was a fanzine and therefore it seemed less personal. But I very much welcome the more friendly Yandro and think you'll like it.

Usually Alan Dodd does a film review therein but

he hasn't this time. So using that as an excuse I'm going to do one here instead...or rather, just comment on two which I'm sure most of you will have seen,

ON THE BEACH Now, I've heard criticism of this film based on the idea that "Well, if it were the end of the world, there'd be a lot of violence. But they didn't show any here, so it wasn't a good film because it wasn't realistic."

My contention is that this film had the effect it was intended to have for the very reason that it eliminated the violence: throughout, the whole atmosphere was permeated with a quiet despair, the lost privileges (such as fishing in a quiet private stream) and the lost chance. Even the principal love affair was necessary. No woman would want to identify with a girl who could not face ugly facts, but to identify with someone in the throes of a great love...ah, now that is ideal. If rioters and other violence had been shown, no one would have identified with them ("Oh, we wouldn't act like that - it's not real!") so the whole atmosphere would have been smirched.

I think the film set out to bring home to everyone just what might happen. I think too that it succeeded just because of those very faults that any critic could pick in it.

I feel the most moving scene of all was when Fred Astaire, as the scientist, explained in the submarine just how it had happened. The cold shuddered through me as I thought how possible and close the whole likelihood of its happening NOW to US, just as he described.

The film made its impact too, precisely, deeply and frighteningly. Have you ever heard an audience leave a film in utter silence with a cold, introspective look on its collective faces? The hush, the lack of shuffling even to escape the Anthem, the almost frightened huddling together was impressive, and INSPIRING: at last, people were beginning to realise that it could happen...if not as pleasantly in such a pleasant land, at least as inevitably...as wastefully...and as finally.

It should be required seeing for everyone - and I am staggered the "Establishment" permitted it to be shown. Hooray for Kramer!

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH. This was a gloriously hilarious wonderfully photographed spoof of a film. It was so obvious that the thing was never intended seriously: Mason gloried in his hamming and the trick effects! They were wonderful...the travelling mattes were superb. Were those just frilled lizards enlarged or lizards fitted with special fake spines? They were damned good. And the Carlsbad Cavern shots were magnificent. I'd love to have a copy of this for private gloating over. A superb film - provided you don't look for an exact copy of the book, or other minor faults, but just take it as it was so obviously intentioned - a delightful bit of fun everyone enjoyed making.

When you see it, take careful note of Mason's big speech at the end. Remember those ghastly "Man must not meddle with things that...blah blah blah" in s.f. films, time and time again? Well, Mason knocks them right off their little pedestals - Man must search, and seek and find...just like "Things To Come". I nearly stood up and cheered.

It's a glorious film.

fmp NEWSLETTER: Dave Rike, 750-60th St., Oakland 9, California USA No Charge.

Dave suggests acting as a "fan agent" in the same way as Scott Meredith does for the pros. It's an

interesting good idea: get this and see if he can help you or you him.

NOMAD George Jennings, 11121 Tacosa Drive, Dallas, Texas. Three weekly. This is in a delightfully restful pale green paper with dark green ink. I like. The one I have here is No. 2. It gets off to a hilarious start with George and Bob Stewart asking in a bookshop for s.f. Then a double-whammy by George, and Bill Donahoe on their meeting. Then letters and bits. Get it.

SMOKE George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1 1/- (15c) etc., or 1/2 lb of flesh. This is No. 2 but No. 3 is due out about now. I strongly suspect George of having learned from Hyphen, as there are little digs like this 1/2 lb of flesh gag all over the place. George tried the experiment of Black headings with Blue text...it wasn't too successful. Next issue should be all black. Archie is on about the London Symposium, Harry Warner writes about pennames, Vic Ryan, Berry, AndYoung, Ivor Mayne, Sid Birchby, Viná and others are all represented... this is good meat for the money. Get.

ORION 24 Ella Parker of 151 Canterbury Rd., West Kilburn, London, S.W.6 as if you didn't know. 1/- or 15c. US agent Betty Kujawa, 2819 Carolina, South Bend 14, Indiana. With such phrases as "I'm hell-bent on annoying you" and "I figured you could do with some more scrap paper in the house", you will be able to see the sort of thing you're liable to get here. Rory Faulkner, Honey Elliot (the two oldest femme-fans ever) Enever, Berry, Thomson, Mercer and letters make a big issue and the BloodBank donor is Alan Rispin. Admitted the repro this time wasn't all it could have been but Ella is still battling a refractory duper: next time the new ELECTRIC GESTETNER (you hear me, you Yanks? Gestetner-electric - NEW !!!) will be on the job. It should be a honey.

PROFANITY Bruce Pelz, 980 Figueroa Terrace Los Angeles, 12, Cal. 15c or trade, contribute or comment. Looks like Bruce and Dave Rike (see above) - Bruce is discovering lost documents of fannish historic interest: This alone makes Prof worth the price. This, together with the undermentioned, I have only just received, so more than a brief mention would not be fair: a more reasoned review next issue in the summer. I've only one fault to find with this and that is the statement that no TAFF candidate has ever stood twice for TAFF...have you looked at our present candidates, Bruce?

UR & XANADU REVIEW: T/Sgt. Ellis Mills P.O. Box 84, Lowry AFB Station, Denver 30, Colorado. I've never known Ellis to fall down on a 'zine yet...ask for it.

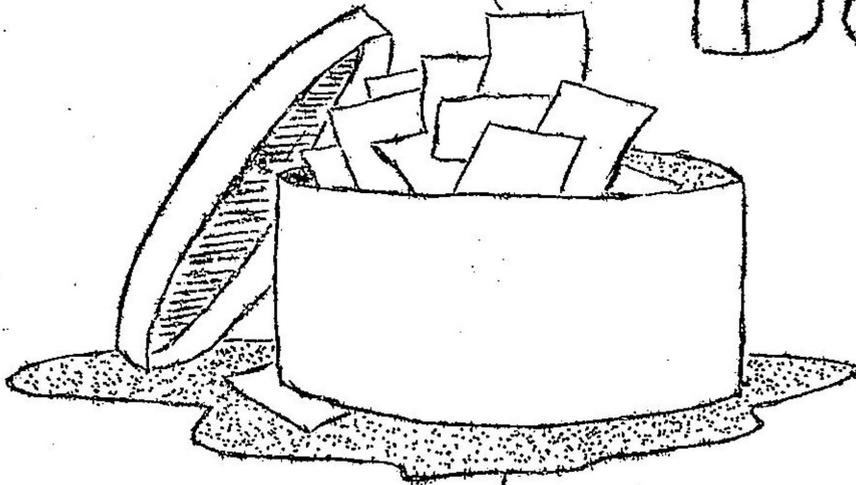
RETRIBUTION 15 John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belfast, N. Ireland. 1/- each. John gives a very fair summary on current TAFF candidates - except that Sandy has done a lot of Convention work and Club work too, tho' I must admit that everyone tends to forget that: cutshone by his farao in fanzines, I assume. Not read the rest yet, but it looks to John's usual high standard.

INTERIM: Gregg Calkins, 1484 E. 17th S., Salt Lake City 5, Utah. Notable for Walt's Harp that Once or Twice.

(* should get together)

LETTER

Box



Redd Boggs,
2209, Highland Place, NE
Minneapolis 21, Minnesota
USA,

.. "I am impressed by the quality of the humor in Fez. It's odd enough to find a galaxy of humorists like Willis, Shaw, Berry, Harris and Clarke, White, Ashworth et al, all operating at once in the British Isles. It's even odder that the femmes over there have turned out to be equally witty. Why, it's like discovering that not only Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael were all painting at the same time in the Cinquecento but that their wives were also great painters. In fact, it's even stranger than that. Jean Young says there are some good women artists, but if there are, they're undoubtedly more numerous than good women humorists. Many women are appreciative of humor, but very few have a creative sense of humor. Over here we've had a lot of great femfans from Marion Z. Bradley to Bjo Wells, but probably the only one who carved a niche for herself as a humorist is Lee Hoffman. Over there it seems that every fan took care to marry a witty woman....." .. "the Significant Material in Fez is contained in your editorial. The dangers to fandom resulting from the activities of such people as Clod Degler, George Wetzel, Calvin Thomas Beck, and others diminish in retrospect as we confront this incomparably more perilous situation in which Fez will publish "the real lowdown" on actifans as told by their wives. Was Götterdämmerung ever heralded so casually? "The last fan on earth sat alone in a room. There was a knock at the door." That is a horror story indeed! It was probably the postman, bringing a new issue of Fez!" (Are you married Redd? If so, do let your wife read this issue. If not, why not? E.L)

Walter A. Willis,
27, Clonlee Drive
Belfast, N. Ireland

"...the artwork has taken a turn for the better and the cover certainly provides the required feminine note. It looks exactly like a sampler, and I don't mean just sew-sew. Joy may never be another Atom, but she'll do until Heather grows up. Your editorial was fascinating with it's True Confessions, but on behalf of the male sex I'd like to protest against this projected series of exposures of male fans by their wives. I think it's unfair, because you know we'd never dare to retaliate, and besides think of all the marriages you might break up. Of course I admit it might be the other way about because even the most happily married couples have misunderstandings that might never be cleared up until one of them does the sort of article you suggest Elinor Busby should write. For instance in our case there's the affair of the toothpaste. On our wedding night when I went to the bathroom I found Madeleine had not replaced the cap on the tube. I clutched the towel rail and tried to be calm. Walter I told myself try and forget all the books you've read about marriages that founder on this rock. Be tolerant, broadminded, forgiving: she is a nice girl and may make a good wife and mother even if she doesn't replace the cap on the toothpaste. Try and see it from her point of view. I did, and began to adjust myself to it rationally. After all, I reasoned why replace the cap? It only has to be taken off again, a double useless expenditure of energy hastening the final extinction of the universe through entropy by probably as much as a couple of seconds. If the tube isn't used often enough the toothpaste doesn't harden anyway. I argued so well that in a few minutes I had completely convinced myself that Madeleine's attitude was logical and right, so I left off the cap myself. So it went on for fourteen years until one evening I picked up the Ladies Home Journal (I always read the article "Can This Marriage Be Saved" because it reminds me of the London Circle) and found a questionnaire Madeleine had filled up about marital difficulties. She had answered yes to the question do you replace the cap on the toothpaste. I taxed her with it. You don't, I pointed out reasonably. Well I would, she said, only you always come to the bathroom after me, so I leave it off for you. You should talk anyway, I've never known you replace it yet, you slob. " ((Now, if Madeleine writes as entertainingly about Walt..figuratively speaking, I rub my hands with glee! Nor do I believe that this series could break up any marriages. All the femme fans are far too intelligent to write other than with tact and wit))

Harry Turner,
10, Carleton Ave.,
Romily, Cheshire

... "You're persistent, aren't you dear?
But we've definitely given Fandom up - the collection of fanzines is passed on to the others who are carrying the torch, and the Romily Fan Veterans are Things of the Past, You might see some developments in the distant future since Philip is building up a collection of science fiction, and Bill and Robert have been laboriously producing single issues of fannish-type newspapers: but for the present there is no hope." ((Sob, sob, sob, sob))

Sheila Ashworth,
14, Westgate,
Eccleshill
Bradford 2.

"I suppose you have written little notes to me on the back of the 11 previous issues of Femizine. This is the very first letter of comment I have ever written in my life. About writing for Fez. I would love to except for one thing. I never know what to write about. I sometimes feel that I could write something and I sit at the typewriter and gaze for ages at the blank piece of Paper. After about 10 mins I get fed up of looking at the piece of paper which is still blank, so I take it out and go and do something else. Sometimes I even write something on the paper, but usually the idea fizzles out after about 4 lines and after about 10 mins I get fed up of looking at the piece of paper with about four lines on it so I take it out and do something else. Sometimes I even fill a sheet of paper and after about 10 mins I get fed up of looking at the filled piece of paper.

so I take it out and give it to Mal and he looks at it and says "It wants polishing" which is a polite way of saying that it isn't any good and then he files it away upstairs and we dont say anything more about it. @ once had an idea for a title. This is very unusual because if I do manage to write anything it is always titleless. But here I was with a Title. So I started to write a matching article. Then a fever possessed Mal and I and he decided to make up a one shot round it. I wrote and wrote and wrote and then suddenly---I stopped. Mal bullied, coaxed, pleaded threatened bribed, but it wasn't any good. I had just stopped and stopped I stayed. If I was new I suppose that I could write an article introducing me. But everyone knows me. I have been sort of connected with Fandom for quite a long while. I've never done anything but I have been there. "

((Now that we have persuaded Sheila out into activity, lets hope she stays out! I remember meeting her at the first Kettering con before her marriage. She was a pretty, quiet girl, escorted by Mal wearing a doting expression. I have a sort of vague feeling that I was one of the fans who warned her against taking up with such a character but she was a brave, courageous gal, and anyway I think she was confident of taming him. Its a fact that he has been a lot more polite to me since he got wed,)) ((Like, see next page..))



Mal Ashworth, "Now -- reluctant as I am to drag you once again who lives at through the Law Courts I have to inform you that you are the same address to be cited as co-respondant in my divorce on the grounds as Sheila. of having seduced my wife into reading fanzines. I hope you have a good defense. And reading Fez I have to admit that you have a good defense; it is enough to seduce anyone - into reading it that is. I have considerable fellow-feeling for you (I suppose that is possible? I mean...) over your experiences with Eric and I think you couldn't be nearer the mark than you are with your summing up "Eric was an original alright". He once met Sheila and I at the bus station, guided us to a nearby cafe (riding and wheeling his fierce-looking motor bike up several One Way streets in the process; which is an ordinary sort of traffic offense I suppose, but it was enhanced slightly by the fact that he often did it on the pavement). When we were seated in the cafe he started to talk in a loud voice about prostitution and homosexuality in Ancient Greece, interlarding (I didn't really intend that as a pun on Greece but since it's there I suppose one should make the best of what might be regarded as a Gratuitous Grace (I didn't intend that half pun either, but...))...as I was saying, interlarding his conversation with such piquant asides as "I could fall for Alcibiades myself". Yes, Eric was an original all right. "

((Eric did this deliberately of course, to see if the person was one of those weak characters who worried about what 'they' thought! A sort of ordeal by the feeling of all eyes turning towards you, squirm slightly, and you..lost face.. Mal is rather an original himself, in one of her letters Sheila said apropos of his remarks upon her writing.."Miss Lindsay, you will never know what I go through.." I am fervently hoping she is going to do a 'husband low-down' for me. I owe that Mal Ashworth one... He once tried to have me transported to Siberia just because I mistook him for Brian Burgess. I was saved by Judge Harris and Lawyer Terry Jeeves. Mal was sentenced instead to quite a variety of penalties...to which he paid not a blind bit of notice, Sheila tells me he didn't even take the cold baths))

As the page numbers roll on I regret that I cannot run any more letters, but thanks are due to..Ina Shorrocks, Sid Birchby, Jessie Walker, Alan Rispin, Ann Chamberlain, Ron Bennett, Archie Mercer, Ken Cheslin, Jim Groves, and Dick Schultz. Your comments are being passed on to the contributors.

In the future I shall be doing the fanzine reviews myself. After reading Joy's latest reviews, I decided that she was more of a columnist than a reviewer, and when I suggested this to her, she agreed, and said she would prefer to do a column wherein she could range at will. I am rather pleased to be doing the reviews myself, as I do appreciate the many wonderful zines which pop through my letterbox. I have tried faithfully to write a letter of comment upon each one, but since I have undertaken the editing of Fez, my letters are becoming later and later.

The result of this is that today..5.4.60..I received a Shaggy before I had time to write a thank you for the last issue, a deplorable state of affairs. I promise to review each zine that comes to me.

I sometimes see in other zines a statement to the effect that the views and opinions of the contributors are not necessarily those of the editor -- usually in conjunction with a controversial article. I have never required such a statement myself, having always thought that this was rather obvious, however just to be on the safe side...

THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF THE CONTRIBUTORS ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE EDITRESS.

The alternative to this would be to perhaps occasionally employ some form of censorship --a practise which I abhor.

I have got this issue finished in time for the Easter convention thank goodness, will now start working on the next issue, and whilst I am at the con will keep my eye open for a femme fan to write it all up for you.

Ethel.



You are receiving this issue because:
You are Scots, you may comment -
 Your contributed, many thanx.
 You commented, bless you
 You reviewed, Ghod bless you
~~You~~ subbed, above and beyond the call of
 fannish duty and are due..D.,more issue
 I hope you can be lured into contributing
 I'll think of a reason

*Ted
4/25/60*

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Bj