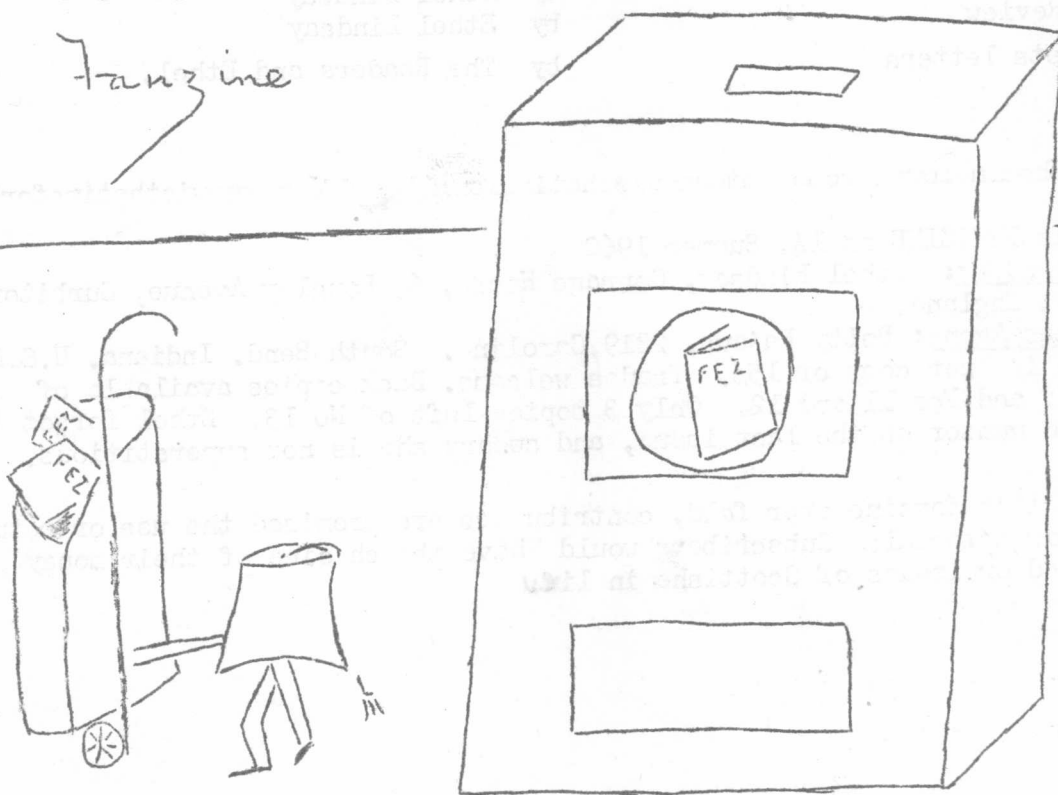


FEZ

The really
clean
Fanzine



CONTENTS



Fezitorial	by Ethel Lindsay
My Life With Cats	by Janey Jonston
Incident on the 3.45	by Smallholding
The Truth About Steve Schutheis	by Virginia Schultheis
For Better, For Worse.	by Juanita Coulson
Introducing Miriam Carr	by Bjo Wells
Fez sez..Fanzine Reviews	by Ethel Lindsay
Book Review	by Ethel Lindsay
Fez gets letters	by The Readers and Ethel.

nowisthetimeforallgoodferme nowisthetimeforallgoodferme nowisthetimeforallgo

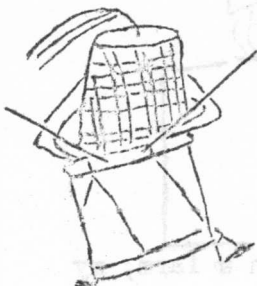
This is FEZIZINE no 14, Summer 1960

Published by: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England.

American Agent: Betty Kujawa, 2319, Caroline. South Bend, Indiana, U.S.A.

Price: 1/- per copy or 15s. Trades welcome. Back copies available of Diastaff and Fez 11 and 12. Only 3 copies left of No 13. Ethel forgot to put the number on the last issue, and swears she is not superstitious.

Should this fanzine ever fold, contributors are promised the use or return of their material. Subscribers would have the choice of their money refunded or issues of Scottishe in lieu



FEZITORIAL

I have been earnestly advised to turn this into a general zine - to no longer confine myself to female contributors. The implication being that they cannot furnish enough first class material by themselves. I have been in fandom for quite a few years now, and it is true that I have many fan friends who I am sure would respond to an appeal for material -- oh yes! I could probably dazzle you all, if I had a mind to.

But oh! I don't want to.. Femizine is not something I started three issues ago, but something to which I put my hand at the beginning of my fannish life. Most people tend to think of Femizine and Joan Carr as a whole. They forget that it was in it's pages that Pamela Bulmer, Bobbie Gray, Joy Clarke, Daphne Buskmaster and Frances Evans first wrote. They forget "Franceska" whose writings were really good.

Joan Carr cut the stencils, produced the zine and filled it with 'her' personality, but every contributor came as a result of my letters. Away back then I would write three or four letters for every item that I passed onto Joan, the bulk of "Franceska's" writing came to me in letters.

Fez isn't something I've just started - to Joan it was a fine vehicle for a hoax, but to me it was a dream, thought of first by Frances, of making an all-femme zine which would draw us closer together, and also encourage out the talent I just knew was there.

Where most editors may pick and choose to a certain extent, I must be humbly grateful for every piece that comes my way. Material has always been slow coming, and usually after many pleading letters. Some letters are never answered at all. I know one reason is that many femme fans, particularly in the States, are already contributing to their husband's zines or have zines of their own. Yet one who has supported Fez the most is Juanita Coulson who helps to produce a monthly zine. One of the first to respond was Elinor Busby who, by helping with Cry, cuts so many stencils it is a wonder she does not cut them in her sleep,

The slow response, the advice to give up, the thought of all the letters I would have to write to try to fill this issue, thoroughly depressed me, indeed I did consider giving up, I felt I was battering my head against a brick wall. The arrival of a good review by Terry Carr cheered me up, but then came 'Orion' with two critical reviews which made me 'mad'. "I'll show 'em" I vowed, and this is the result.

Yet I am not the type to stay 'mad', that will wear off, it always does. The only thing that will produce another issue of Fez, is material and some show of interest from the femm fans. If you don't want Fez- right! I have lots of other things I can do with my time. I have repeatedly said that this is your zine, it is in your lap now what to do with it. Should Fez now reach it's demise, I'll shed a tear, but damned if I'm going to worry myself grey-haired over it.

Ethel.



MY LIFE WITH CATS

I was seventeen when we went to spend summer on a farm, my Father's health had failed and we just had to get away from the city and its noise and bustle. The farm was north of Spokane, it had been lived in by an old miner, a friend of the family, who stayed there part of the time, and mined the rest. As he was an old bachelor, and not very domestically inclined, the place was in a sad condition.

Not being built for country life, I had rather a hard time of it, it seemed that every time I set foot out of doors, I managed to find a hole to fall into. There were little animals, I'm not sure if they were gophers or ground squirrels, that burrowed through the ground and came up here and there to take a look at the world. I had the knack of locating these holes and falling into them.

The folks had a wonderful time just puttering around, and Dad grew tired and relaxed. Sylvia, our dog, enjoyed it all immensely, till Toby came into our life, and then she wasn't so sure for a while!

Of course we had to have a cat, it wouldn't be us without one. As soon as we were settled, we went into a small town nearby, and inquired about kittens. We were directed to an elderly grey-haired lady who ran a hotel, and there we found Toby. He was little, and sort of scroungy looking, but with a certain perky air. The lady informed us that she would check up on our treatment of him, and that, if she didn't like it - back he came. I named him Toby on the way home, and wondered just how Sylvia would accept him. I don't remember just how the first meeting went, but I do know that for the first few days, it was nip and tuck for the kitten.

Toby was mischievous and dearly loved to hide behind something and jump on Sylvia as she passed by. After a few of these sneak attacks, Sylvia whined on Toby and really worked him over, I think she would have killed him, if we had not gone to the rescue. After that they played together and held their punches.

The summer went fast and Toby grew into a tall, angular cat, not bit pretty, but loaded with personality. He loved it when Father went fishing, and helpfully ate all the heads. Then he was suddenly converted to a city puss. On my eighteenth birthday, our little group headed back to the city. Our lives were changed drastically too, as Father had bought a suburban drugstore and we were to live in the rear of this. Quite a change after living in a nice house, but it turned out to be an adventure. Toby and Sylvia became popular with the customers in their role of drugstore cat and dog.

Toby still liked to hide and jump on Sylvia, but now it would end with one chasing the other through the store and clear back to the apartment whirling, and then reversing the process on the return trip. Many a customer would scuttle out of the way as the two of them raced past.

My Life With Cats. 2

We found that Toby was fond of Yeast tablets, and the way to flush him out of wherever cats go to, was to shake the bottle of tablets and out he came at the double. When the bottle was put on the floor, he dipped a paw in to help himself. One of the local papers heard about this, our pill eating cat, and their photographer took flash pictures, which Toby definitely did not like. The drug company making these tablets sent him a bottle of 500 addressed to "Toby, The Drugstore Cat".

When he had a sick spell, Mother dosed him with castor oil. One of his favourite places to sit was in the display windows at the front of the store. Sick as he was, and with his white shirt-front matted with oil, he insisted on climbing into the window to sit in the sun. Customers stopped to peer in at him and many came to ask about his state of health. His recovery was speeded by the get-well wishes of his admirers.

Another of his little ways was a desire to get into any open drawer that he could squeeze into. One evening Father was filling prescriptions, he took a drawer out and set it on the counter. There was an empty space behind into which Toby crawled, making his way on back behind the whole counter. Father put the drawer back, and there was one trapped pussycat, whom no one could find when bedtime rolled around. We could hear him crying, but search as we would we could not find him. Sylvia finally accomplished this by sniffing round the prescription drawers. On our opening them, out staggered Toby. Sylvia licked his nose, and once again we were a happy united family.

This state of congeniality lasted for several years until Sylvia was killed by a car on Christmas Eve. It was a sad holiday season, and I'm sure Toby missed her as much as we did. We lost our pill-eating cat to a car next summer. Busy city streets are bad for having pets, but we loved and enjoyed Toby and Sylvia for many happy years. They both left a lasting impression on our hearts.

by Janey Johnson.

.....Now don't forget Ann Chamberlain's Rubber Stamps!

For two dollars she sells...Little gold anodized pocket printers with any three lines of print.

Available from: Ann Chamberlain,
2440, West Pico Boulevard.
Los Angeles 6. USA.

British fans may order through Ethel Lindsay, editor of this fanzine.

INCIDENT ON THE 3.45



I remember that sundrenched summer afternoon, so ordinary! I remember tripping down the railway platform and boarding the 3.45 which would transport me to the town where my Grandfather lived. I remember shivering at the thought of him seeing my face, not as nature had made it, but now, for the first time in my fifteen years, adorned by my own artistic handiwork.

In my imagination I could see him, cold, stern, an early Victorian in his attitude to life. He had raised an invisible barrier between the twentieth century and himself. From behind this he ruled his entire family, and particularly his female descendants, with a rod of iron. I imagined myself facing him, resolutely defending the emancipation of women, which quite unnoticed by him, had taken place a quarter of a century before. I was determined to strike a blow for my rod-ridden female relatives.

Jumping up from my seat in the carriage, occupied only by myself, I gazed into the mirror on the wall. I wondered if I had perhaps been a little lavish in my application of chalk white powder and scarlet lipstick! It did remind me vaguely of an expanse of snow and the yawning mouth of a scarlet pillar box seen on the more uninspired Christmas cards. Oh well! easy enough to take some of it off, so thinking I stepped into the corridor and made my way into the 'small compartment' which never should be used "while the train is standing in the station". I took out my handkerchief and rubbed off some of my cupid's bow, which, on looking back, I am sure no self-respecting cupid would have owned. I then rubbed off my cheeks to my satisfaction.

When I stepped back into the corridor, horrors! - The bright sunlight had disappeared and in its place was utter darkness. I looked from the window and discovered that the coach was in a tunnel. Not the train mark you, but one single coach, and I was pretty sure I was the only person in that coach. I recalled now that while I was attending to my makeup I had felt the train moving and jolting, but had paid no attention. I knew how the railway staff loved to play with their trains before sending them on a journey. I pushed my head out the window, and a terrible feeling of claustrophobia seized me. I opened my mouth and yelled and the wind in the tunnel snatched the sound away, I heard it going feebly away into the distance like some disembodied spirit.

Suddenly a man strode into view, carrying aloft a flaming torch. As he stood beneath my window I realised it was at least ten feet down to the

Incident on the 3.45. 2.

line. "What the so and so do you think you are doing?" he demanded. I replied that I thought I had been shunted into a tunnel. "Didn't you hear them shouting for everyone to get out of the first coach?" he said. "No" I replied, and feeling that this conversation was getting nowhere, when I wanted to get somewhere, anywhere, and out of that damned tunnel, I told him where I had been.

Grimly he bade me jump down into his arms, and he set me on the tracks. He gripped my arm and proceeded to march me down the track, meantime delivering himself of a short lecture, on why people should not lock themselves in small compartments "while the train is standing in the station".

At last daylight began to filter through and we emerged into the glaring light of day. To the sound of a stentorian voice proclaiming that the train must be held up as a girl had been shunted into the tunnel, and was now being escorted out.

Every window in that mile long train was draped by forms hanging out to get a glimpse of the girl who was dim enough to allow this stupid and ridiculous thing to happen to her. As my rescuer escorted me to a carriage and unceremoniously bundled me inside, an ironic cheer went up, and I truly wanted to die.

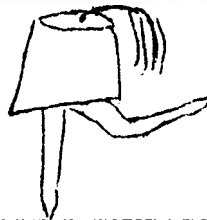
I shrank into the farthest corner while the other occupants laughed loud and long and heartily, uncaring of my adolescent embarrassment. When I arrived at my station, I ran like a hare down the platform followed by the sound of laughs and quips. By the time I arrived at my Grandfather's house, all bravado, and the desire to champion the rights of women, had vanished. I rushed into the house, and burst into tears on the ample bosom of my Grand-Mother.

Strange how a smell can haunt one's life! The smell of face powder brings back to my mind the scene of that degrading, pride-stripping day. So ever since then I have walked abroad among my fellows with my face innocent of makeup, and shining out like a beacon from frequent applications of soap and water. There is only one consolation to this - if I am ever shunted into a tunnel again, I could probably escape by the light of that beacon.

Unlikely you say? Well, doesn't lightning strick twice?

Smallholding.

This article comes to us by the good offices of Ken Cheslin, as the lady wishes to remain anonymous. All the data that I have is that she is small, her maiden name was Holding, and that she is a "crackerjack". She is also a fund of good stories, and I can promise another in the next issue.



THE TRUTH ABOUT STEVE SCHULTHEIS

I think most of you are aware of the word picture that John Berry has created about my husband -- the sharply creased trousers, shoes shined to mirror gloss, white shirt and nectie at all times. And, to some extent, this was my first impression of Steve when I met him in the fall of 1957. Where I came from, college boys were considered well dressed if their Levis were clean and their shirts buttoned nearly all the way to the top. To see someone who wore a suit coat indoors and a hat when outside (unheard of in California) struck me as the height of elegance.

To me, then, Steve seemed to have stepped straight from an ad in The New Yorker or Esquire, and this picture was not marred until some time after we had been married. Oh, I don't mean that he kept his hat on during our honeymoon, or anything like that. We were at a cabin in the wilds of Pennsylvania, and I wouldn't have expected anyone to dress other than in rough, Klondike sort of clothes. No, the illusion was shattered when we came back to civilization and settled into a more normal sort of life.

It is time that fandom knew the truth, however, even though this revelation may come as a traumatic shock to some, as it did to me. The TRUTH is: Steve's attire is really quite shabby, about one cut above that of Marlon Brando. The reason that he never takes off his suit coat is that his shirts are all out at the elbows! Perfectly good shirts otherwise, I grant you, but ripped by the laundry as the sleeves are jammed onto the board. Even when patched these nasty gashes are unsightly and must be hidden from public view. And the nectie is, of course, to conceal the fact that some of the buttons have been lost and replaced by ones that don't match. Indeed, part of the time only the tie is holding the shirt together at the top. His shoes? I have to laugh! The high polish is necessary to deflect your gaze from the generally run-down condition of his foot gear, so naturally milord must get that renewed frequently. I suppose by now you must have guessed the reason for the hat, but certainly, when you consider the cost of hair cuts, it's no wonder.

John made much of the trouser creases and an electric iron that Steve was seen to be carrying in Belfast. I'm afraid that Berry, or Bleary jumped to a faulty conclusion there. The creases stay in Steve's trousers because he has such sharp knees, but the iron --. Well, you see, Steve heard from somewhere that one mustn't drink the water when one goes abroad, and this was the only way he could think up to carry his own supply of distilled water without hurting his hosts' feelings. Sorry chaps, but the truth must out.

The Truth about Stephen F. Schultheis 2.

I confronted Steve one day with this legend of immaculate attire that had grown up concerning him. How had it started, I asked, when the truth is so obvious if one only looks. He shrugged and said it was only some conception of John's.

"You mean...?"

"Yes, I am the immaculate conception of John Berry!".

by Virginia Schultheis.

NOW, those that have not already had the pleasure...meet Virginia --

"I was born Virginia Roycroft in Los Angeles, California, on Sept. 1st. '31. and grew up in the metropolitan area, except during the war, following my father from camp to camp, which took me to such barbaric places as Texas and Florida.

After graduation from college I entered a school of nursing in Cleveland. It took a year and a half for me to make sure that I wasn't suited for nursing. Then I went home and worked in a library for a year until I was sure I was suited for that, I entered library school then, specializing in work with children.

I met Steve in one of my classes, and we got better acquainted over the typewriters. We were married the day before graduation so that all our classmates could attend, and held our reception in the student union, after convincing the poor lady in charge that our wedding was really a class function. We then obtained jobs in our respective fields -- cataloging in an academic library and children's books in a public library -- and here we are!

Although my main pleasure in life has always been reading, my choice of fantasy was more of the "Mary Poppins" variety until I met Steve. He taught me to enjoy science fiction, but I just naturally took to fandom, since I met more of my own sort of people (we're special of course) there than anywhere else.

These little fanne profiles always seem to include all sorts of statistics; so here are a few about me.

Eyes: blue

Hair: brown, turning gray in the fringe section

Height: 5' 11½"

Width: uh, just a minute while I get the tape measure;

37½"-29½"-39½"++

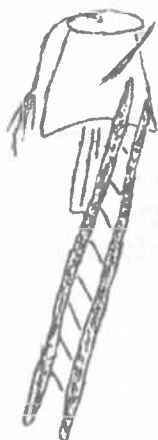
Birthmark: no, you don't want to know about that.

I guess that sums me up. Anything else will have to be inferred from reading between the lines. And there you are!

Virginia Schultheis.

+ I simply must give up those between-meal goodies!

** Ditto,



FOR BETTER FOR WORSE

At the moment, there are dirty dishes stacked around the kitchen and the floor should be swept, but I'm pecking away at a typewriter on a fan article. The non-fan wives of my acquaintance would be horrified. They Do Not Understand. They do not understand why whenever we move, my mimeo and lightscope must be transported with loving care, reposing on mufti in the back seat of the car, whilst the dishes and silverware are tossed casually into the trunk. They do not understand how I can give over two and a half rooms of a six room house to that "collection of trashy old magazines", with portions of the remaining rooms dedicated to storage of books for which we as yet have no bookcases. They might excuse the overflowing record cabinet and accompanying tape-recorder, but they rather boggle at the encyclopedia, the space theme mobile strung from the ceiling in the dining room - library, and they absolutely turn pale at the information that the large, omnious cabinet in the corner between dining room and kitchen, is a gun case full of (naturally) guns, ammunition and black powder.

We also, between us, collect stamps, coins, minature animals, photographs, and notebooks. We also need a larger house - twelve rooms should do nicely for a while.

Non-fan wives do not understand why I have yet to acquire an automatic washer or dryer, but why we purchase tape recorder, original science fiction paintings by Morris Scott Dollens, and why we spend hard earned money and even more hard-won time on something as unprofitable as a "fanzine"

These non-fan wives keep telling me I "should put my foot down and demand less of this silliness". When I explain that it is my brand of silliness as well as my husband's, they begin inching away from me. Then I occasionally wonder if I've made a mistake, if perhaps I am ready for the men in white coats, if perhaps the non-fan wives are right.

But, I don't have migraine headaches that result from being too tied to everyday tasks with no emotional release, I don't worry about purchasing a new high priced item of furniture in order to keep up with the Joneses, I don't worry about my husband being out on the town (He's home cutting stencils, writing letters, and composing fan columns), I can't complain that "We never go anyplace together anymore, sniff, sniff" because nearly every weekend we toss baby, record player, tape recorder, typer and sundry other fannish accoutrements in the car and take off for a fannish party, a visit with fan friends, convention, or what have you (with accompanying sessions whilst travelling of puh contests and "who can think up the weirdest interlineations")...You go right ahead and dust the bric a brac, non-fan wives, I think I'll go put out a one shot.

Juanita Coulson.

INTRODUCING MIRIAM CARR



When I think of Miriam, I first recall her squealy giggle that runs quickly down the scale to a full, rich laugh; and her throaty "little boy" voice.

In her stocking feet, which is usually the case, Miriam stands about five feet seven inches tall, topped by a thick shock of short, straight light brown hair. Her long bangs hang over wistful grey-blue eyes which smile out of a high-checked, sculptured face. As an artist I can honestly say that Miriam's face is beautiful.

With her tall figure and a certain young coltishness of movement, she can wear almost anything in clothing, and is likely to. Miriam is usually dressed simply in sporty skirts and blouses; though she occasionally takes off on flights of fancy in wildly colored hose and full, fluffy petticoats. She likes bright colors which set off a creamy, unblemished complexion. When she dresses for fun it is likely to be almost a costume, such as the black leotards and capris and white shirt she affected when she was still Miriam Dyches.

Norah Clarissa Veronica Van Dyke is an active, nervous girl with an urge to be creative and show something to the world. She started with a change of name, half in jest, half in earnest, for it meant a different person than Norah Van Dyke. Then she discovered fandom, and Terry Carr discovered her. Her creative urges found new outlets in homemaking and fan-pubbing.

It is the considered opinion of more knowledgeable fans than I that Miriam has contributed quite a share of creativity to fandom in her publications. As the editor of Google Publications, a periodic fanzine that changes name with every issue (an interesting, if confusing idea), she has cornered such talent as Harry Warner, Guy Terwilliger, Kris Neville, and of course, Carl Brandon. This, for a veritable neo-fanne, is quite a feat.

Paper-bird folding was at one time a creative outlet for her, and occasioned quite a bit of teasing from her friends. Persons holding a party often found their coffee tables or bookshelf lined with paper birds made of foil cigarette wrappers or newspapers. I still have two small gold foil paper birds that hang cheerfully from a string around the light fixture and turn gaily in any passing breeze. ((Well, my cat just tore one of them to shreds; he's really a jumper))

Miriam is impulsively generous with her time and hospitality. She is likely to surprise someone with anything from an unexpected hug to a book of lovely fairy tales. Often the gift is hand-made which makes it more valuable. Just twenty-one, Miriam is facing the responsibilities of a wife and the willing obligations of hostess. She has only recently learned to cook, but her spaghetti is very good, her eagerness to learn is amazing. She is ready to try, in cooking and in life, everything that is demanded of her; what else is needed?

by Bjo Wells.



Faz Sez

RCT. No 4. From: Mal Ashworth, 14, Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2 England. Available for letters of comment. No price listed. This makes a very welcome return. Contains Fan fiction by Sid Birchby, and entertaining article by Irene Potter, an article by Harry Warner in his highly readable manner, and quite a bit of writing by Mal himself. Mal is easily one of the best writers in this country, so this is a zine very much worth getting.

Brennschluss. Spring 1960: From: Ken Potter, 1, Dunsmure Rd. Stamford Hill. London N.16. Ken had the bad luck to buy ink for this which did not take kindly to his duper, better luck next time! Contains a wonderful piece by Mal Ashworth on the regulars on his bus route, a short laugh by Dave Wood, fan fiction by George Locke, two entertaining articles by Ken, one on his golden childhood, and the other on the Army, a funny and interesting article on having a bath in Japan by Don Geldart, and Irene Potter who writes just like she talks..fun to read and fun to listen. Also worth getting.

Hocus. No 13: From: Mike Deckinger, 85, Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey USA. 15 ¢ or trade. Contains: a neat and brief editorial, a warning tale on completists by Bob Silverberg, fairly readable Memoirs by Dave Miller, the "Care and Feeding of Neofans" by M.Z. Bradley, a good film review by Mike, and article on Stereo by John Tucker, Fiction by Ed Ludwig, only fairish, a very interesting article on Notting Hill Gate by Arthur Sellings, "Insight into Krishna" by Bernard Cook, two poems which I didn't like, you might, and a good letter column. There is artwork by Prosser, which I admire whilst disliking his subjects. This is a good general zine.

Nomad No 3: From George Jennings, 1710 Pearl St., Bay City, Texas, USA. Free for letters, art, trade, etc. No money. Contains: some very neat Atomillos, Lots of letters discussing old American radio and TV programmes. Has a rib-tickling description of Miriam Carr by Terry. Worth getting for this alone. Is mainly a letter zine.

Eleiades Pimples: No 1. From: it says here, a one-shot, Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois, USA. A wonderful description of just all what may happen if you write a book and are lucky enough to sell it. A view of the technical side of publishing. I found it enthralling reading. Dunno how you get this, try begging, it's a must. In this Bob advances the opinion that fandom has never properly appreciated "Earth Abides". Could be, but personally I rate it my favourite SF book, and the one I most often lend to non-fans.

Fanzine Reviews 2

Cactus No 4: From: Sture Sedolin, Box 403, Vallingby 4 Sweden: Has a three colour cover, and has red ink on yellow paper, looks very clean and clear. He has agents in every country.. Seth Johnston, 339 Stiles St Vauxhall New Jersey \$1 for 10. Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddeston Herts 7/- for 10. Contains: a rather staid writeup of an SF meeting in Sweden, some welcome news of Jean Linard, good fanzine reviews by Les Gerber, a Doddering column by Alan Dodds, and a short letter column. Very little by Sture himself, which is a pity, but his production is very good. Give this a try.

Gumby No 1: From Steve and Virginia Schultheis, 477 Woodlawn, Apt. C, Springfield Ohio, USA. Pay as you read... 4¢. Trades preferred. Contains: Nice chatter from Steve, nice illos from Virginia. Good detailed fanzine reviews. You should trade for this alright. They prefer stamps to sticky coins..

UR No 7: From Ellis Mills, PO Box 84, Lowry AFB Denver 30 Colorado USA. I get this by filling up a handy coupon that Ellis encloses for giving ratings to each item. How you get it, dear reader, I do not know. Once again, you could try begging. 'Cos the more Ellis pubs the better he gets. Contains: chat by Ellis, an exoteric story by John Berry, "Where do I get my ideas?" by E.E. Smith, an amusing article by Sid Birchby, a fannish crossword puzzle, great fun this, puzzles, a funny poem by Ellis's Mother, a loong letter column.

Speculative Review: Nos 1&2: From: Richard Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria Virginia, USA. Is a club zine from Washington. Features constructive and interesting reviews of the SF mags. The first issue had a grand review of "Starship Soldier" by Bill Evans, who is also featured in the 2nd. There is also a wonderful job done on "The Once and Future King" by Dick himself. Dick says that the first three issues are samples only, but whatever price they eventually quote will be well worth it. I consider this a must get..

Shengri-I 'Affaires Nos 48&49: From 980 1/2 White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, California, USA. 20 ¢ or trade. Editor John Trimble. The official mag of the LASTS. One of the top zines of the year, no fan complete without it. A lively zine. Features illos and layout by Bjo which are first class. This 48 issue contains: a good column by Bjo, zine reviews by Lichtman, interesting Minutes by Ted Johnston, a fine column by Ellick, fandom dissected by Coulson, and a four authored Detention report. 49 is, if anything even better, for it features a parody of Analog that had me in stitches. All I hope is that they sent a copy to Campbell. Though you too will appreciate this mightily.

Void Nos 20: From: Ted White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, NY USA. 25¢ or 1/- from Ron Bennett, 7, Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks England. Contains: Editorials by Ted (short) and Greg Benford, longer and more interesting. Greg is co-editor. An account of the Detention by Ted made extra good by his descriptions of the fans he met. The most hilarious thing in this Void is Ted's comment upon the American Legion. There are dandy zine reviews and letters in this too. Ted uses a beautiful micro-elite type. Wish he would say which typer it is.. I want one, for I can see I will have trouble getting in all the zine reviews I would like to,, and oh yes! get this.

Fanzine Reviews 3

Habakkuk: No 3: From: Bill Donaho 1441-8th.St., Berkeley 10. Calif. USA. No price listed. Started as a letterzine that just grew. Contains: Nice chat and book talk by Bill, and article on Mescaline by Al Hervey who has an impressive list of letters after his name, though I remain very unimpressed by his article. Art Castillo has something to say about "our times" but he is bound and determined not to say it simply. Zine reviews. An exceptionally readable letter column, enlivened by one from Trina Castillo who endeavours to explain the difference between 'Bohemians' and 'Beatniks', and a letter from Art on the same subject. Should you want to understand it, do read this, you still won't, but it is fascinating!

Yandro Nos 85 & 86: From: J & B Coulson, Route 3. Wabash. Indiana. USA. 15¢ or 1/- British agent: Alan Dodds. Contains: 85- a startling 'Yul Brynner' cover, two always interesting editorials, SF criticism by Ted White which is thought provoking, a fairish Doddering column, excellent zine reviews by Bob Coulson, a rejoinder by Bob Tucker to Ted White's criticism. 86- Rifle Association propaganda, not for me, I can't even throw a ball straight. Again two good editorials showing strong personalities, an article on "Methuselah's Children" by Redd Boggs, Fiction, only fair, by Bob Warner, a whopping pun by Briarton. The letter columns are enlivened by Bob's uninhibited answers. A really regular monthly this, worth a long term sub.

City of the Nameless No 138: A Seattle clubzine. from: Box 92, 920 3rd Ave. Seattle 4 25¢ or 1/- from J. Berry, 31, Campbell Park Ave., Belfast. N. Ireland. Contains: an impressive cover by Leslie Walston. Edited by J.M. Busby. Has been featuring "The Goon Goes West" a wonderful description of Berry's TAFF visit, entertaining faan fiction by George Locke, Nick Falaska writes on the 'Take me to your leader' theme, more fiction by Mal Ashworth, mm, he has written better. There are hilarious 'Minutes' by Wally Weber, and he also conducts the letter column with a baton of wit. A Top Fanzine.

Aporrheta No 16: From: H.P. Sanderson, "Inchmery" 236, Queens Rd. New Cross. London. 20¢ or 1/6. Contains: an editorial in which Sandy gives Ted Pauls a piece of his mind. Harry Warner, one of fandom's 'greats' gives fun by way of taking the physical violence used in so many thrillers, at face value. Superb Atom illos. A contest set by Viné which promises interesting results. Penelope Fandergast who manages to annoy me by implying that I had no experience before taking on Fez, Joy Clarke in her wideranging column, a humorous tale of his life as a vacuum cleaner salesman by Ken Potter, a too short column by Dean Grennell, and the Inchmery Fan Diary in microelite. Sandy hard is pressed to cut his pages down. I hope he doesn't succeed.

Hyphen No 24: From: Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownwards Rd. Belfast. Ireland. 15¢ or 1/- . Walt with a deprecating editorial that I disapprove of - who is he to say things like that about my favourite zine? Contains also: Fun about trying to write by Mal, E.F. Russell on literary criticism, the introduction of, what seems like two lively lads, to Irish fandom, Toto, a fanzine reprint item featuring the best letter that Mal ever wrote, Bob Shaw on the thrills of Shakespear production at school. Hyphen is, as usual, too blinking short for my liking. A Top Fanzine.

Fanzine Reviews 4

Retribution No 15: From John Berry. address as previously quoted. 15¢ or 1/-
Contains: a Goon story featuring Joan Carr which is ingeneous, John's careful thoughts on TAFF which I liked, a description of John's meeting with Les gerber with the result of two awesome puns. The Atom front cover depicting John back from his Taff trip is --well, words fail me, it's so good.

Psi-Phi No 5: From: Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave. Los Angeles 56. Calif. USA.
25¢ I am the British agent: Contains: Thoughts on Annishthesia by Bob, a short editorial by the co-editor Arv Underman, a wonderful Detention photo page, a chatty Detention report by Ted Johnston, the last (alas) unpublished Nebula column by Walt Willis, a short well-written piece by Jean Young, some thoughts on SF by Rog Ebert, a 'he-man' column by Alan Dodds, no wonder he dare not show himself around here, an exceptionally good letter column. It's worth the money. Honest!

Cry of the Nameless No 139: Contains: the second last instalment of Berry's Taff tale, still an excellent job, a discussion on Fantasy by Elinor which could have been improved by being longer, a column by Terry Carr in which he prophesies about the future of fandom, the best in SF reviews by Pemberton, a hilarious description of the Potters by Mal Ashworth, not a bit exaggerated more funny Weber Minutes, and a thoughtful article on fan ethics by Buz. The incredible Cry letter column this time shows how nearly all the readers were taken in by their April Fool hoax of missing Burbee pages. Top People take Top Fanzines!

Yandro No 87: The two best items are always the editorials by Juanita and Bob. This has the usual lively letter column, an SF article by Rodney Waggoner, a ghost tale by JR Adams, and a pun by Les Gerber. Bob conducts trenchant zine reviews which I admire and recommend.

Void No 21: Once again judicious use of micro-elite adds to the impeccably produced zines of Ted White. The cover shows a welcome return of Lee Hoffman, thereis always a good line-up of fanartists. There is a rather awesome, if not downright pathetic tale of Calvin Beck by Ted. There is a mystery manuscript by Ron Ellick which is amusingly intriguing. There are stimulating zine reviews, of course they may stimulate your blood pressure just a mite, but I think that is a good thing. Just the zine for a sluggish liver.

Petrograde No 2: From Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E. Minneapolis 21. Minnesota. USA. For comment or trade. No cash. Intended for monthly pubbing. Contains: Book chat by Redd, and by Jim Harmon. A Fan's Library telling of Redd's acquisitions. This either interests or bores you, I dunno which, but I like. I think most of you will too.

Fanzine Reviews 5

Innuendo No 10: From Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, California, USA. 25¢. Exceptionally neat production. Contains: The Raybin Story, which is sheer Willisgenius, Superb Bloch writing, very good Detention takeoff photos by Dick Eney, a good handful of fan descriptions by Ted White. A grand article by Harry Warner on 'The Immortal Storm'. Rhymes by Bob Leman, 'The Gay village' by Donahoe - fascinating, 'Cartoons on the Beat' by Ray Nelson - funny! and a jolly good letter column. Chockful of goodies this. Also obtainable from Terry and Ron is FAMAC, a fortnightly news and chatter zine, without which no good fan home flourishes. 4 for 25¢ or 4 for 2/- from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., North Hykeham, Lincoln, England.

Space Diversions: From Norman Shorrocks, 2, Arnot Way, Higher Bobington, Wirral, Cheshire, England. This is the last issue, a letter of comment on it will then produce the first issue of Bastion. Contains: Chatter about Liverpool doings by John Owen, too short notes by Norman, part 6 of Bennett's "Colonial Excursion" very readable, funny 'beat' poem by Will Jenkins, a Solacon Report by Terry Carr, one of the best written I've ever read, Donahoe on Bennett, Patty Milnes being her inimitable self. A bright zine, so faunch for Bastion... I also received Triode 18, which is its last issue, as Eric Bentcliffe the editor is combining with Norman to produce Bastion. Their combined talents should give some extra good reading.

SFA-Mytt: From Sam Lundwall, Box 409, Hagersten 4, Sweden. or Alan Dodds. 10 ¢ Contains: a Swedish edition and a English one, Sam appears worth encouraging, if he could spare more time to write in English it would be better.

Orion 28: From Ella Parker, 151, Canterbury Rd., West Kilburn London N.W.6. US agents: Betty Kujawa, 1/- or 75¢. Contains: report on the London by Ella, another good Taff tale by Ken Bulner, short story by George Locke, a column by Rory Fadden, competent zine reviews by Atom, Paul Dhever produces the best item, you get your money's worth with this alone, a Sergeant story by Berry, a promising new writer in Joe Patrizio, sensible words on the parent problem by Len Moffat, about here you see Ella desperately trying to keep O within bounds but a nice loong letter column defeats her. Good! Recommended.

Spoke No 3: From George Locke, 85, Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd., London SW1, 1/- . Contains: George's highly amusing account of his Officer Course, a sterling piece by Mal, the fan's entries for their fannish 'shields', a welcome welcome return of Vin's "Eggplant" column, another column by Sid Birchby, a tale of how the 'Other Half' lives by Ken Potter, and an interesting letter column. George has a good zine here. Worth subbing for.

THE ABOVE REVIEWS WERE ALL TYPED AS THE FANZINES CAME IN..no doubt many of you could have told me this was a daft thing to do..for, of course, before very long I found myself with second and even third issues of the zines in my pile. The following arrived..Shaggy No 50/Cactus No 5/Retrograde No 3/Cry No 140/Landro38/ and Apo 17...to say nothing of numerous welcome flyers with FAMAC. It seems as if never has fandom been so prolific, and I freely confess I find it very hard to keep up! Hardly ever does one receive a zine that is of poor quality. I would plead, have a heart, give us a chance to catch our breath, but I love to get them, love to read them, and heartily recommend them all.

Ethel Lindsay.



Ron Ellick,
1909 Francisco St.,
Berkeley 9.
Calif. USA

"Here I sat, reading an editorial about TAFF. It is something that a lot of people take seriously these days. something that means a lot, not only to the winner, but to his supporters, not to mention the contributors who go for weeks without root beer or other vital necessities so they can help TAFF out. TAFF, in short, is a Deadly Serious Topic in fanzines today. I read every word I can about it, and absorb them all so I can be Informed, and not make mistakes and publish falsehoods in my scrubby little newsheet. And, as I say, I sat here reading an editorial about TAFF; your editorial. I got to the point where you pointed out that Mal Ashworth was the husband of one of your contributors, which struck me as being about as good a reason for voting for him as me voting for him because he's a FAPA member--that is, it's a valid statement, but rather pointless, especially in view of the seriousness with which, as I explained above, everybody views TAFF.

Then I read the rest of that line--"the other two are still free and uncorralled" it says here.

Honest Ethel, I think you are out to awaken the sexual drive in English-speaking femme-fandom so that TAFF becomes a contest among groups of clawing, screaming, hair-pulling females as to whose man should win. I sat back, having absorbed your editorial opinions, and visualised the 1962 WorldCon in the MidWest (certain factors are changing over here, by the way - Chicago might not have the shoo-in it expected) by which time I expect the Fez attitude to have taken effect. I visualised a TAFF panel composed of four masked females, anonymously debating which TAFF candidate was their idea of a Real Man, and WHY. Then I blushed, and started thinking about something else to change the subject: since most TAFF races are decided in smoke-filled rooms instead of during the program, I tried to visualise what would go on after hours -- and you know, I blushed again. That's no way to campaign for your candidate, I told the young lady I had caught, in my mind's eye, sneaking from room to room with her shoes in her hand.

And waht's this about trying to marry off Redd Boggs? I can't remember right now whether he's married or not, but in the abstract, I think it out of place for you dagnab femme-fans to go around acting like marriage brokers. Isobel Burbee's been trying to get Howard Miller married for years- - ever sice he got out of the Navy in 1955 or so and it's an imposition on his privacy. If it didn't result in some of the

Fez gets letters 2 like some folks get termites.

most outrageous of her stories about her married life, it would be downright upsetting. As it is, perhaps you could get her to write...no, that stuff couldn't be put in a fanzine. At least, not as I visualise it: I blush. "

++Were I Weber, I should head this 'Blushing Ron Ellick'..I have had "Woman!!" boomed at me by Bill Danner, Ron Bennett and dear Achée, and now Ronel calls me a dagnab female. Coo, but fandom is exciting! Though that Ron should think I'd want to be awakening the sexual drive of females picques me. Honest --I got testimonials..++

Sid Birchby,
1, Gloucester Ave.,
Levenshulme
Manchester 15

"Well, I dunno about Eric....You say he acted the way he did in order to see his host's reactions, and because he believed in épatant les bourgeois. One hopes charitably that he had a motive in mind, but there is some evidence to the contrary. Of course, one admits that this sort of clinical investigation of one's fellow-men is absolutely splendid, but it is rather necessary to communicate one's findings. My feeling is that Eric played his little game with everyone, and confided in none. It is difficult to be an original. Read, for example, Malcolm Bradbury's 'Eating People Is Wrong', wherein it is pointed out that one ought not to dragoon 'originals' because of their eccentricity, for fear that the world will lose another Shelley, who was an eccentric to beat all. This doesn't mean that every layabout one meets in the Espresso bar has to be encouraged in his shiftlessness on the off-chance that he might develop a spark of talent. The rule is to show one's talent first and then be allowed to develop it in one's own way. Even if one becomes a second McGonickle. I speak as one who has not yet shown any sign of genius, but give me time; I am but a lad yet".

++The Eric referred to above is not, I repeat, not Eric Bentecliffe! This Eric, however, did show signs of talent, in fact his brand of fantasy in fan writing has never been bettered.++

Peter Malcolm,
12, Shepherds Brook Rd.,
Lye. Storbidge.
Worcs. England

"..your artwork I think was quite good, altogether I enjoyed it very much. I am 20. Unmarried. Any offers????????? I work for the G.E.C. in Telephone Exchanges"

++There now Peter, I have pubbed this for you. Should you get any answers, let me know. Then I can pass the information onto Ron Ellick...mumble, mumble ..going to be called a marriage broker, might as well do something to earn it

Eric Bentecliffe,
47, Alldis St.,
Great Moor. Stockport
Cheshire. England

"Juanita on WORLD WITHOUT MEN was interesting. I doubt if Phillip Wylie's treatment of this theme will be bettered in the near future. It seems from the press that an oral contraceptive is with us already..or will be once they've ironed out the side effects. However, personally, I can't see this doing all the things it could achieve as to population control within our time..at least, not unless certain religious

Fez gets letters 3

bodies start to use logic instead of dogma. I don't know the percentage of people to whom all forms of contraception are forbidden by government edict or religious dogma, but it must be pretty high..and, obviously, it's going to get higher. In case you want to print this bit, I'd best state that I'm not against religion per se..but that I do consider organised religion to be not the force for good it could be. It's difficult to read history without coming to this conclusion". ++I wonder if this is the same Philip Wylie who wrote THE DISAPPEARANCE. It is a favourite book of mine, and one in which the author says a great many wise things about men and women. ++

Dick Schultz, "Thats what I like to see in a fanzine! Someone who
19159 Helen, is not only not afraid to let there be some blank
Detroit 34. space on a page, but knows how to lay it out with
Michigan.USA artistic taste ++Thank you++ That struck me a lot,
while perusing this zine. The good taste that seemed to perfade it. But
then, you're a woman, aren't you? ++Yes++ Excursive? Didn't you mean
Excursion? ++No++

++I have just noticed that Eric Bentcliffe mentions Philip Wylie in his letter, inferring that the story Juanita was criticising had been written by him. Yet in her article she says CE Maine. Listen Eric, I am a dizzy enough dame without you mixing me up more!++

Ted White, "Your editorial was quite interesting. I find myself
107 Christopher thoroughly hung up on this TAFF business. Now, my
New York 14 USA ~~blood says, take this Tartar woman~~ common sense says
'ignore this guy Sanderson who always tried to criticise me, and pick
Ashworth or Bentcliffe, whom I can look forward to meeting and establishing
a friendship with,' but a contrary part of me says, 'it would be fun to meet
Sanderson, just to see if he'd have the nerve to say such things to my face.
..and maybe he could be straightened out.' So I really find myself faunch-
ing for all three candidates while finding it more politic to ignore HPS.
Strange. ++Not at all, very natural in fact, and I have a hunch the pair of
you would get on like anything++ Juanita's piece was too short. I would
have liked a fuller explanation of the divergences between the Woman's Point
Of View and Maine's visualisation of it. Also, how granting this oral
contraceptive, did this matriarchy come about? What happened to the men? I
naturally did not read the book--after all I had a good idea what it's
quality would be like--so these points make me curious. Maybe y ou could
persuade Juanita to a followup. ++Perhaps this letter will persuade her++
By the way, the basic idea--Beautiful Plots Bungled--deserves continuation.
Bjo's description of Elinor Busby tallies fairly well with the person I met
by that name, but I rather think the "pixie face" "elfin mouth", "perfect
heart-shaped face" bit tended towards movie-magazine gushiness which Bjo
probably did not intend. I think most people would settle for a general
description of appearance, and a more thorough approach to the character of
the person in question--although in this case Bjo did that quite well too.
After all, we know each other mostly by mail, and it is this facet of

ourselves we care about most--what kind of people we are, not what we look like. In this case I would have been happy with, "Elinor is an attractive woman who..." or something of that sort. Actually, this has been bothering me since I began reading the writeups in SHAGGY about a year back on various fans--they seemed inadequate in a way I couldn't put my finger on. I also flubbed a bit myself in describing people in my Detention report, which brought the question closer to home.. "Now this may be one of those male/female differences, for I always want to know very much what the fans I read about look like. I should think Bjo's artist's eyes colour her descriptions of fans a lot, but is it only the women who want to know about the fan's looks?++

Betty Kujawa,
2819 Caroline,
South Bend 14
Indiana. USA

"Really do enjoy the femme-fan profiles..Have only met three gal fans...The very first time with Loubel--poor Loubel--out of the night Gene and I walked in on her, she had already retired and Woody

answered the door when I, with bravery I never knew I had, got up enough nerve to visit. I tried to explain who and what I was to him, and finally mentioned the Secret Word, I mentioned I too, was a pal of Eva Firestones. That broke the dam alright! Woody beamed and shouted.."mamma! Wake up! There's a friend of Eva's here!" And Loubel was yanked out of sweet slumber to meet some strange gal, we had a delightful time. Next time we met I was halfway thru shampooing my hair when they knocked at the door, minus my glasses I groped for the door and dimly saw two misty souls on the doorstep, 'twas the Woods. That night Loubel got entertained by watching me put my hair up in pin curls--SOMEDAY we shall all meet with both of us dressed.. someday!"

My sincere thanks for other letters received go to:- Ina Showrock, Sid Birchby, Jessie Walker, Alan Rispin, Ann Chamberlain, Ron Bennett, Achee, Ken Cheslin and Jimmie Groves, Chris Miller, Betty Kujawa, and a special thank you to Terry Carr.

Book Review.

The Fantastic Universe Omnibus: edited by Hans Stefan Santesson.

Once I had got over my surprise and delight in receiving this, I admired the very handsome production, and then plunged into the the attention holding contents: An introduction by Lester del Rey, and then nineteen short stories culled from Fantastic Universe Magazine. I turned automatically to the Bloch story, "A Way Of Life" first, and enjoyed his audacious tale of fandom in the future. One can't help wondering though, what a non-fan reader makes of it all. I also enjoyed an outrageous pun ending by A.Bertram Chandler. There are also some neat fantasy stories, the best of which was "The Amazing Mrs Mimms" by David Knight. There were, I think, too many 'robot' stories, and all heavily slanted with propaganda. I don't really think that an SF readership is one that requires quite so much of this.

This book will make a handsome addition to your collection. Published by Prentice Hall at 3.95 dollars. Outside America, your best bet for obtaining it is through Ken Slater.