

# FEWWWE FATALE



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The young man leaned against the wall at the street corner, in Seattle. He wondered at the meaning of it all. When you got down to essentials, he thought, as he watched the passers-by going about their business, and the hooting automobiles with their swearing drivers, what was it all about? He tried to take his mind out of its normal plane. Human beings are very funny if you looked at them in a detached way. If you tried to pretend you weren't human, but an outside observer taking notes. Take women! Why did they wear shoes with needle-pointed heels, something completely devoid of practical reasoning? Why did they prostitute their faces by the addition of paints and powder and grease? Take men! Some shaved, some not .....some slouching....some with their shoulders braced back...one

by the opposite wall drunk as hell....some with ostentatious jackets.... gaudy ties...suede shoes....a big percentage smoking....wearing spectacles ....some with darting, shifting eyes.... the person who just passed me obviously effeminate.....what was The Meaning? Some men black ...brown ....yellow....white....their hair grey...brown....black...red...just how could it all be explained? Hell, he smiled to himself, if I wrote a science fiction story, and described an alien race with all the diverse features of homo sapiens, I'd never sell it! I certainly would not!

The young man laughed out loud., pushed his hands into the pockets of his jerkin, and turned homewards.

The girl rushing round the corner collided with him, and as he hadn't completed his turn, and was still engrossed in his thoughts, he lost his balance and fell backwards. His left elbow jarred on the concrete sidewalk.

He looked up at the girl. She was maybe his own age, nineteen, and her eyes were wide open with dismay. Several passers-by sniggered ....one or two made verbal asides which suggested he may have done something to deserve his predicament.

"I'm so sorry," she cried, "I am late for an appointment, and I .."

"Forget it," he murmured wryly, getting to his feet and rubbing his elbow, "I was in a daze myself."

"Are you sure you're alright?" she asked. Her eyes were wide. They were blue eyes, and big. He looked into them and smiled. She smiled in return. She was pretty, her hair fair, her lips ripe and full. Cute dimples. He tried to stop his eyes working out whether she was 36½ or 37.

"You've dropped your books," he grinned, and picked them up, handed them to her. He retained his grip as she took them in her hands...as their fingers touched he noticed they were surprisingly cold. "Come in here and I'll buy you a coke," he said.



She looked uncertain, and he rubbed his elbow and frowned slightly, and she nodded.

He sat opposite her at the small table in the drug store, and gave her the benefit of his strong white teeth. She said her name was Marie - Marie Adams, and asked his. They talked for twenty minutes ...rippling conversation, each delighting in the other. She nodded coyly at his suggestion to see the new Sinatra film at the movie a block away.

"But I have to go now," she said. He thought her eyes looked misty, but happy- definitely happy. "I'll see you outside at seven."

She blinked her eyes once, twice, and walked-hell, no - danced out of the store. She wasn't too tall, and he sucked his breath inwards between his teeth as he noted her slim waist and shapely legs....

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Jeeze, Sinatra could sing. But SING ! And he sure looked mean, and ....and then the young man felt a thrill - that thrill- shoot through him as Marie reached for his hand. He hadn't missed a Sinatra film for years, and hell, he could always come and see the movie tomorrow, or the day after. He looked sideways at Marie, and saw she was looking at him, and in the darkness her face seemed to glow. He reached to put his arm round her, and he was almost certain that in some inscrutable feminine way she moved forward to make way for his arm a split second before he'd made up his mind and collected sufficient nerve to carry the manoeuvre out.

And Sinatra sang, but he didn't hear a thing, her head was on his chest, and her hair ( and how beautiful it smelled ) was in his face.....

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"You must go home now," she pleaded, " my mother will be home soon, and...."

He was aflame, and he saw that she too was trembling. He eyes held a strange look ...he'd seen it once or twice ...Kim Novak in Pal Joey when she'd looked at Frankie ...the girl he met at the college dance last year....

Her hands pushed against his shoulders.

"Please go, please," and yet her fingers gripped the fabric of his shirt, and her lips parted slightly, and they were red and moist.

With pounding heart, and a dry feeling of realization in his throat, he forced her almost roughly back onto the soft cushion. Her eyes were wide, her mouth slightly apart, and her arms twined round his neck.

He looked down at her, and tried to forget his fathers advice. Hell. And that music on the record player, softly seductive. She must know.....

He pressed his lips on hers tenderly, and then harder and harder and suddenly he pulled himself away.

"What's ...what's wrong, dear ?" she sighed, her eyes half closed.

"Jeeze, I've got to get my saps mailing to Busby by tomorrow morning," he breathed.

"The s-a-p-s mailing to - to Busby ?" she repeated slowly in awe.

"I don't understand. I - I - " She straightened her dress over her knees, and did something to her hair like women always do.

"I'm behind with my minimum requirement," he explained, making a futile gesture with his hands.

She stood up, crossed the room and switched off the record player.

"Just what is wrong with you ?" she asked sarcastically.

"I edit an apazine called The Militant Malingerer - it contains a mixture of humour and serconism - and Busby told me that my 33 copies must be at his house to-morrow morning, otherwise I shall be kicked out of SAPS for not maintaining my quota."

She brought him a glass of water and opened a window. The cool evening breeze brushed her hair across her face.

"When I met you this afternoon," he continued, "I was making mental notes for my editorial. I planned to stencil it and duper tonight. But I met you - and took you to see the movie, and I forgot about it."

"So this saps business is more important than me. Well..."

"No no," he said hastily. "I'm too late now, anyway. My duper at home makes much too much noise for me to crank at this time of night. I guess I may as well be resigned to my fate. Ghod, the utter ignominy of it. Banished from SAPS."

She smiled...a strange inscrutable smile. She crossed the room switched on the record player and piled half a dozen Sinatra records on the turntable. The opening bars of 'All the way' carressed the room. She lay back on the settee.....

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He telephoned Busby next day, but could get ny reply. It occurred to him that he should cross town to see F.M, but, hell, good ol' Buz wouldn't cross him off the list for one lapse. He sighed regretfully, wished he'd sent his two dollar due last week, when it had occurred to him. It might have made a difference. But it was too late. The deadline had come and gone. He wondered what the Spectator would say ?

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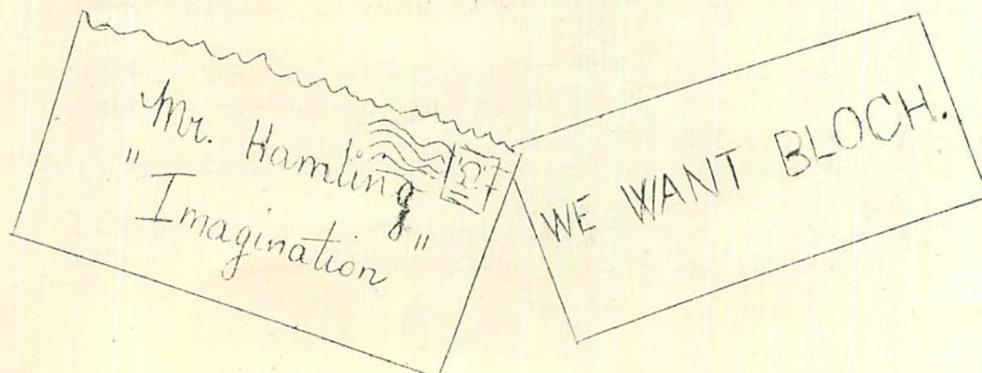
The SAPS mailing arrived the following day. With nervous fingers he flipped over the pages of the Spectator, and saw with horror his name in the banished column - a reject from the SAPS organisation for non-payment of dues and failure to keep to his minimum page requirement. Hell. That meant he was finished. There was nothing left now but to wait until he reached the top of the FAPA waiting list - he was only 47th.

Filled with remorse and regrets, and cursing his chance meeting with Marie, which had been the direct cause of his decline as a SAPite, he nostalgically perused the rest of the Spectator, looked casually at the top of the waiting list to see who'd been elevated to take the place so ingloriously vacated by himslef.

He saw with mounting realization that it was a certain Miss M. Adams, of 639, 4th St W, Seattle !!!!!

John Berry.

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One afternoon recently, I was forced to endure a harrowing time at the house of my wife's maiden aunt. Poor soul, she was kindness personified, but after two and a half hours looking through her album of Victorian relatives, I bowed, slunk away, looking hopefully for something interesting to ease the sense of frustration I was enduring. I searched the house unsuccessfully.

Musing, in my depressed state, I walked into the drawing room, slumped in a chair, and thumbed nervously through a pile of magazines resting on an ornate piano stool.

I yawned several times.

Womens magazines.

Crud.

In utter desperation, I picked up the final item, a thick book called FASHION AND THE WOMAN. It

was very thick, over 300 pages. The paper was thick and creamy. I would estimate that at least 80% of the contents were advertisements. And, suddenly, I found something fascinating. These adverts interested me. I had found a new world... a new field of discovery.

Mind you, it wasn't a morbid interest in undies. Oh no. As you would expect, adverts for panties, girdles and brassieres, etc, abounded. Of course, you all know that I am a married man, and such mundane garments interest me not at all.

No. Look at it this way. I like writing. My education left a lot to be desired, but....I like writing. And sometimes, I find difficulty in formulating descriptive phraseology, in getting just the right words to convey my meaning.

Believe me, I learned a great deal that afternoon from some of those adverts....such choice morsels of literature.

Look. I copied some down. Read them, gently, let the words drip from your tongue like honey :-

'Leafy light lustre....burnished brilliance with a glitter of raindrops.'

'Sleek satin seen through the exquisite tracery of rich lace.'

'The gleaming, vibrant copper-red of just-ripe rowan berries.'

'It does a firm job, lifting, gently rounding, and, with cool precision, modelling....you feel only cuddled comfort, cossetted confidence' (That's my favourite.)

'Flower prints burgeon in a summer garden profusion....swirling greens, blues and corals make wavering, underwater patterns on shimmering silk.'

Lovely, lovely, don't you think ?

I investigated further. I made another discovery. Lot and lots of new words. Honestly....just bursting to show themselves in their full glory in the pages of some fanzine. Use 'em, please...if you know what they mean :-



proselytising  
burgeon

marquissette  
djellabah

batiste  
pristine

And new colours.....woooosh. Have a couple :-

thunder-grey  
wild rice  
coral reef

Eldorado nude.  
yarn-dye grey  
cerulean blue.

acqua  
virgin pink

Etc.

But I must confess that a feeling of nausea swept over me when I surveyed the girls, so called models, who wore the clothing on view. Let me explain that I am a devotee to the Marilyn Monroe/Jane Russell/Anita Ekberg Cult. My ideal measurements are 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ -23-37 (Miss Ekberg). Yet the girls in this book, chosen to wear masterpieces by Dior, and others equally as famous, were some of the most unfeminine females it has ever been my misery to witness. Taken overall, they resembled skinned rabbits. Their busoms were negligable, in some cases non-existant, and in one case, I swear, in-growing. I did turn to one page, and espied a pretty girl modelling a brassiere. I classified her immediately as 37, and looked below at the blurb for confirmation. Alas. Utter frustration. The blurb explained that :-

"it is in needlerun voile-lined marquissette...with the softest down-like lining to the cups to compensate for the smaller busom."

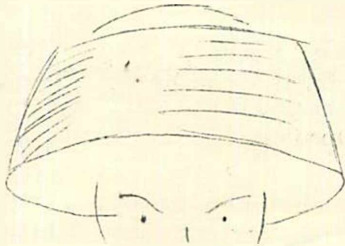
Pheew !

A large percentage of these girls also sported particularly long and repulsive looking necks., and their insipid heads, with pouty lips and unvirginal eyes, peered round like strained radar scanners. Some models, for some reason I can't even begin to fathom, insisted upon leaning back at an angle of 45 degrees, with their side silhouette, as you see on the right there, resembling a capital letter 'S' inclined to the left.

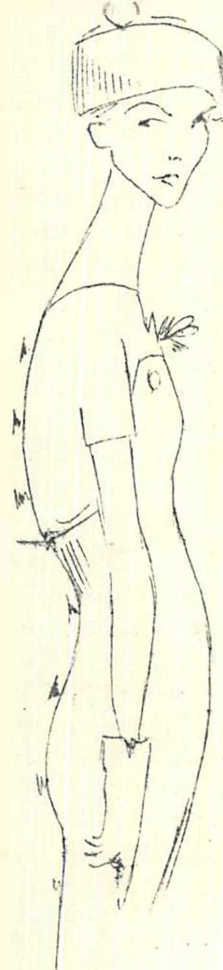
Even that I could forgive.

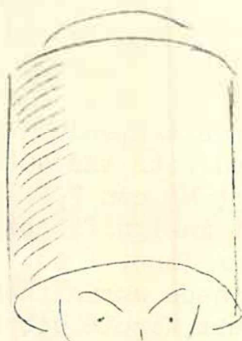
BUT THE HATS !!!!!!!!!

Look. I can take a joke. Just take a quick peek at the selection I've portrayed below and on the next page:-



This is described as ' a high crowned beige felt hat.' Even more developed on this particular theme is the complete and utter monstrosity top left on the following page. I just cannot understand the mental make-up of a woman who would wear it.





It is described thusly :- ' a deep inverted dome, its crown of white pique, its down-swept brim of organdie.' Struth !



That thing above is utterly repulsive, isn't it ? 'Big, casual,' it explains 'the brim turned back like a dustman - in stitched caramel-coloured satin.' And do you know what happened ? My wife purchased one, and made ME pay for it.

The faces of very few of the girls, to a certain extent, compensated somewhat for their unnatural figures. Yet the few pleasant featured girls all had a stereotyped look. No dark wild flashing beauty .....no teenage exuberance.....no throbbing innocence. The expressions could not help but portray pure impatience, and a sort of enforced enthusiasm for the garments they displayed. The few girls who deigned to smile, revealed white teeth clenched tightly together, surrounded by over-rouged lips, making the general effect one of a vindictive snarl.

Ugh.

Looking at the situation squarely in the face, my own conclusion is that it is agonising to think of all that nice creamy paper being put to that use. I know half a dozen fan-eds who could use it to much better advantage.


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All the same, on reflection, I think I'll go and visit this maiden aunt again.....and take a thick notebook with me.

John Berry.

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**IT** This is not a fanzine review. I want to tell you about 'IT', Hans Sidens fanzine, because I really think it to be the most original item dropped into my letter box for years. It sparkles, and as you'll read in a minute, it sparkles literally. On the first page, he says bluntly 'DROP ME A LINE OR DROP DEAD'. Half way through the issue is a wonderful and /or horrible full page reproduction of the face of the monster in ' I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN'. Two thirds of the way through is - hold it - an ASPRIN powder attached to the page. Siden says you've 'earned it'. Turn to the last page, and at the bottom right is a match., with the subtle hint that you use it. IT is written 90% in Swedish, but even with that, is a fascinating insight into an imaginative faneds mind. If Hans has any left, try and scrounge a copy. Hans Siden, Dänmervägen 6, Gothenburg C, Sweden.



# MAILING COMMENTS (unexpurgated)

## THE SCALPEL

This is my first review column. I'm putting my heart into it, bhoys, and I can say with all sincerity that I was tremendously impressed with the 40th mailing ( My own P.P.1 was the most insignificant thing in the mailing. I must re-iterate once again that it was a last minute job to catch the deadline. Most of it was typed directly on to stencil, without any preliminary notage, a thing I never normally do. Please forgive its brevity and sub-standard qualities ) The publications were all extremely well produced, the artwork was of a high standard, and the general quality of the material was exceptionally high. In my

humble estimation, (and I'm speaking as an OMPAite of some active service) SAPS is collectively superior to OMPA. Even looking quickly through the bundle of pubs, it is quite apparant to me. Also, much more individual pride is taken, for example, the professsional-type printing in SPECTATOR and FLABBERGASTING; and the multi-colour covers of FENDENIZEN, SATURDAY EVENING GHOST, RETRO and WANS BURROW INGS. That latter reminds me, this SAPS mailing is also memorable because at last I've actually seen a legible NGWzine. Now to operate :-

VONSET | Neat and tidy, but a 100% comment zine. This bears out my grudge in P.P.1. Honestly, Ray, you've taken the easy path.....

SATURDAY  
EVENING  
GHOST. | A good title, Bob, as the contents show. D'you know that poem of yours on the inside back cover turned my eyebrows, moustache and receding hair grey overnight ? The illo of the decaying arm wasn't so bad. At first I thought it was a plan view of the tributary of the Mississipi. But that poem. Very morbid, son.

POOR  
RICHARDS  
ALMANACK. | Liked the lino-cut on the front cover very much. Now, you're going to the other extreme with your mailing comments, aren't you ?

RETRO. | Nice cover, Buz, and the issue is so thick, too. You Seattlites are most certainly the most prolific group I've ever been in contact with. It is fantastic, all these big page issues you produce, and with CRY coming out monthly, besides. Glad to see Bemmy is still making with the vocal quips. Ah, budgies.....

FLABBERGASTING. | I've got to hand it to you, BRT. This seventh issue, together with the previous six you so kindly sent me, makes a fascinating file. It kept me entertained for hours. The vast range of subjects you write about astounds me. You are definately of considerable intelligence, your Topology for Babies proves it. Don't know how I'm going to



to get rid of this squint. You're hot stuff on mathematics, aren't you? Return to Life reminded me somehow of one of the stories from The Decameron of Boccaccio. (I've got the illustrated versions.) Was it inspired from an EMSH cover from an old GALAXY some years ago?? What do you feed Garcone on?

The SOUND  
of DRUMS.

Joan, you're comment prone too, aren't you? Nice to read the pocket biography. I certainly won't bawl you out for messy work. A mimeo is as fickle as a woman and needs love and affection and plenty of attention and always the wind in the right direction in order to perform efficiently. You will soon be a tru-cranker, never fear.

AGHAST.

Clever cover - by ESMOND ADAMS yet. More ESMOND ADAMS illos inside, too. How can you afford to pay this boy? AGHAST is very presentable, William. I regard an issue like this as being the bulwark of the apas. Thank you.

FOOT.

Oh come now, Marty. You shouldn't boast that these four pages represent your total SAFS offer for one year! Tut tut. RAPP makes this worthwhile, though.

THE GRIPES  
OF RAPP.

This I like - a lot. Say, Art, someone mentioned to me sometime ago that you composed a short poem about the GDA, and pubbed it. Send me a copy, pul-heeze?.

GEE ZEE.

Frankly, G.M, I was a mite disappointed. I've heard a lot about you and expected page upon page of cryptic observations.

CREEP.

Alas, Wally, I've just published the GDA INDEX, and now it's too late to enter your story in the appropriate place. Looking forward to the Soames -v- GDA epic in CREEP 17. That illo on the bottom of page 5 is clever.

STAR  
ROLLER.

Wonderful front cover, superb layout, excellently executed strip cartoon, fascinating Harness line illos. This issue is a gem. However, Jack, with reference to your comments on FENDENIZEN I must leap to the rescue of my fellow Englishmen and take you to task for your remarkable statement 'In England a number of high officials are homosexuals.' I should very much like to know from what source you obtained your facts. Presumably you are thinking of Burgess and McClean. I can assure you that if indeed and English high officials are inclined that way, it certainly wouldn't become public knowledge.

MAINE-IAC.

I my frustrated moments I could possibly be tempted to accord a vote of thanks to the author of Pity the Childless Couple, but in my normal plane of semi-bewilderment I would regard it as being ultra-cynical. The Childless Couples I know are dull, unexciting, frusty - but definately rich. Oh, er .....????

WANS BURROW INGS.

This Battle of the Ghods, Norman, are you sure the basic plot isn't stolen from a recent IMAGINATION? This is the first NGWzine I've been able to read, as I think I said elsewhere.

NANDU.

Utterly fascinating. I wish my I.Q. was 150 or so more.

PENDIENT.

What do you feed Garcone on, Elinor ? Thank you for the Dept of Old Jokes. Here is my contribution :-

' At about the same time every night, a man would open the door of the hairdressers shop, count the customers, and rapidly depart. This went on for some time, and the proprietor became annoyed and somewhat puzzled. He directed his young assistant to follow the man the next time it happened.

Sure enough, that night the door opened, the man quickly counted the customers, and hurried away. The assistant dropped his clippers and followed closely.

He returned in half an hour looking very crestfallen.

"Well," asked the hairdresser, " where did he go?"

The assistant looked embarrassed and stuttered.

"Where did he go ?" thundered the hairdresser, and the assistant gulped audibly, and backed away and told him.

"The man went to your house," he said.

That should close the Dept; Mrs.Buz.

VOICE OF  
THE PROPHET.

Ray Nelson indeed ! Good boy. Liked the reference to the Dietzes in 'Living the Hard Way'. I look forward with anticipation to more ramblings from the Proph.

GHU-SAPLEMENT.

Did you know that the Bust and Bottom controversy was in OMPA early this year ? I feel that your comments on page seven would have been edifying to the great majority of OMPAites. I like to see a fan specialising !

TEDDY BEAR.

Honestly, when I saw the names Kyle, Raybin and Dietz on the second line, I flipped over to page 4 and that was interesting.

COLLECTOR.

It is indeed an unpleasant sign of the fannish time when a fan has to print a small statement in capitals to the effect that although he travelled with the Kyles, it ' does not mean that Detroit has taken sides in the WSFS controversy'. Instructive Con report, though.

OUTSIDERS.

Re your comments re ABBERRATION re Silverberg ( are you with me ? ) I agree with you entirely, as you will have no doubt gathered from reading my SCOURGE OF THE LANTHAII in P.P.2. I'll write personally about the constabulary.

SPECTATOR.

So clear and concise, a great improvement over Miss Shares excessive complications over the past year. I think it was because of the rather slap-dash appearance of Nancy's SPECTATORS that this SAPS mailing has so confounded me with its so unexpected brilliance. I've spent several happy hours this last few days reading the splendid collection of magazines, and in truth I can say that I think I know the rest of you as well as I know the Busby's and Weber and ESMOND ADAMS.

I have to start on my OMPazine VERITAS soon, and I shalln't forget to tell them how superior I think SAPS is, and what a great deal of care and attention has gone into every contribution. They'll never believe there is such a thing as a fifty page apazine. It'll shake the very foundation of OMPA !