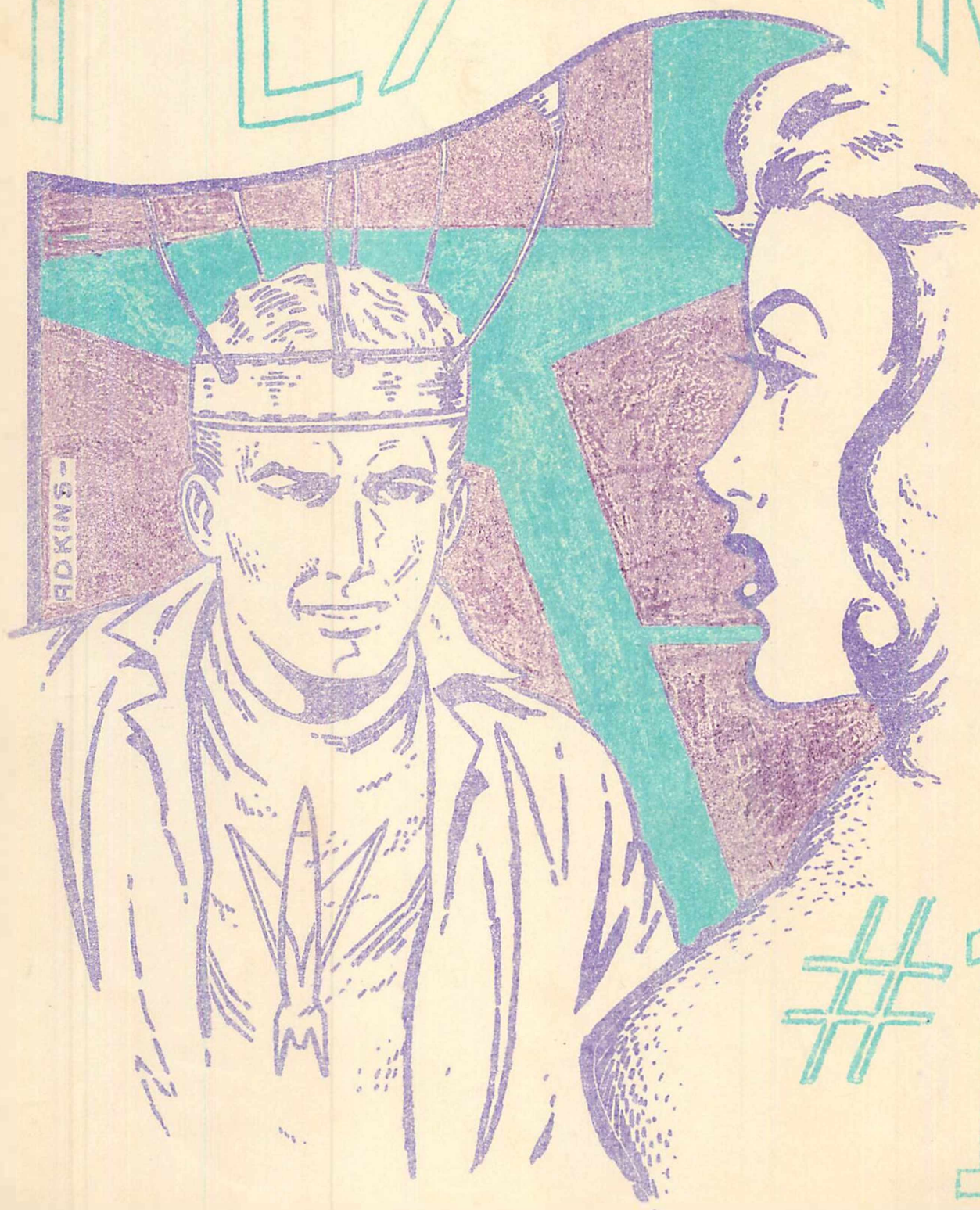


# FLAFAN



ADKINS-

#1







# FLAFAN NO. 1

out circa September, 1957

## Art

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FLAFAN is pubbed by Sylvia Dees,  
whose lair lies at 840 Magnolia  
Avenue, Daytona Beach, Florida,  
(U. S. A.) and is FREE for con-  
tributions and/or trades and/or  
letters of comment. Otherwise,  
FLAF (how's that for an abbrevi-  
ation, BJ?) is 20¢. Subscrip-  
tions heartily discouraged. Af-  
ter September 16, you might try  
P. O. Box 4082  
Mallory Hall  
University of Florida  
Gainesville, Florida  
(USA)

THIS IS  
A  
NON-PROFIT  
PUBLICATION.

(Didn't plan it that way--just  
how it's turned out so far!)

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what it's

# WHO IS SYLVIA?

a sort of  
editorial...

In a recent letter Alan Dodd mentioned that "Robert Coulson, when reviewing Guy Terwilleger's TWIG once, referred to Guy as 'this kid'--it turns out later on Terwilleger is 32 years old, married, and with a daughter."

Well! Seems things like that really do happen, so egotistical as it is, this editorial is going to answer the question posed in the old poem/song title "Who Is Sylvia?"

Not "Who Is Sylvia?", but "What is she" seems to be worrying the lil' character in the lower left corner; it is a bit disconcerting to have three bems leering at you. But don't worry--I'm neither bem, bema, nor any other kind of extraterrestrial, but a real, live, human girl!

I'm 17 (feel free to call me "this kid"), 5'5", slight build (32-20-32), tip the scales at 98 (British readers, that's pounds, not stone!), dark blonde hair, blue eyes.

Guess you'd call me an omniverous reader, but, of course, I'm a deep-dyed sf fan. I like music, too, 'specially classical.

Right now I'm at that "dead period"--out of high school, but not yet in college. This September, though, I'm headed for the University of Florida in Gainesville, and, no doubt, my fannish activities'll slow down then. Snif.

2

Science is progressing fast,  
But here is my prediction:  
That science never will catch up--  
With science-fiction!





I work part-time as copy girl at our local newspaper, can speak Spanish, play the flute, and have a fat little dachshund named Littlebit, who at this very moment is doing his best to demolish some stencils on my bed.

There! I've chased him off, but he doesn't look one bit repentant!

Always happy to get mail, so why not drop a letter down this way and tell me all about yourself (if I don't already know you) and say what you like or don't like about FLAFAN? Probably'll print some of the most interesting letters in a lettercol for the next ish of FLAFAN, so please mark "personal" on any part of your letters that's not for public consumption.

For those who wish to send bombs and poison pen letters (this

\*\*\*\*\*  
MURPHY'S LAW: If anything can go wrong, it will.--Jean Young  
\*\*\*\*\*

means "poisoned dust", too. Tilda), the address is 840 Magnolia Avenue, Daytona Beach, Florida. After September 16, write: Sylvia Dees; P. O. Box 4082, Mallory Hall, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida, U. S. A.

foof snurfle foof snurfle foof snurfle foof snurfle foof snurfle foof  
He was strange and horrible as he ate me.--Jerry Merrill  
foof snurfle foof snurfle foof snurfle foof snurle foof snurle foof

Oh, when will this madness end?

Now!



Your Flafan--  
Sylvia

Science is progressing fast,  
But here is my prediction:  
That science never will catch up--  
With science-fiction!



Editor's note: The story you are about to read is false; only the facts have been changed, to present a story. Its inspiration was a news broadcast of the Russian plans to put up a bigger and better satellite than ours and to do it first. It absolutely does not relate any experience of a certain A. Young nesting at 10 Summer Road in Cambridge. For the sake of those who accuse Larry of writing "articles", this is FICTION, 100% FICTION.

# Space War

by Larry  
L. Stark,  
3rd

As he wandered through the corridors, past endless stretches of offices, Andrew T. Young thought how much "T-8" reflected the workings of the military mind. The very anonymity of the sprawling building seemed typical . . . of the air force in this case; and the inescapable combination of identically-shaped barrack-lengths into grotesque architectural patterns was oddly natural, too. Military minds never seemed to get beyond the building-block simplicity, no matter how complicated the structure they proposed.

Now why the hell does a Colonel want to see me?, wondered the astronomer as he counted off the room numbers.

At last he found the proper cubicle, and an efficient young secretary led him to a large, hearty-voiced officer who rose from his desk and extended a hand with almost eager charm.

"Ah, good afternoon," he beamed. "Have a seat, Dr. Young. M'names Johnson . . . Colonel Ned Johnson. You received my letters?"

"That's why I'm here. But it's Mister Young; I haven't finished my doctorate yet. Your letters were a little vague, Colonel."

"Well, I'll be frank with you, Dr. Young; I can't talk in specifics just yet; you must understand this. I'm not making any concrete suggestions, any proposals that bear weight, or even approval. I'd just like to inform myself, so to speak, about the IGY and the Project Vanguard experiments."

(Ah hah!, thought Young. The ol' boy's finally coming to the point.) "Just what about Vanguard did you want to know, Colonel Johnson?"

"You haven't given up on the idea, have you?" The smile indicated some knowledge of the problems of the project.

"Oh, we're still plugging away at our little basketballs; we're not quitting just because the Russians put their big 'medicine ball' up and made it stay. We may change some internal instrumentation. Of course it's disappointing not to be first . . . but we'll still add information to the IGY with our experiments."



"I know that," chorled the Colonel. "In fact, you must be aware that the air force has considerable interest in the entire project, not only in the information you expect to collect--the meteorological data in particular--but the progress of the rocket experiments themselves."

(Hanna. He seems to know a lot about the project already, thought the astronomer. Wish he'd ask whatever he wants to know.)

The colonel continued. "We'll all learn a lot from this; I imagine after the first couple of shots, the Martin people ought to have a lot of new ideas about controlling rockets." (So, that's his interest, Young thought, the engineering problems.) Then why the hell does he want to talk to me? "They're pretty accurate with them already, aren't they, Dr. Young?"

"Mister Young," the astronomer murmured again. "Well, it's not precisely my field, but they're pretty accurate. Accurate enough to get the thing up where we want it, anyway."

The Colonel's face sobered a bit. "There's one thing I've been wondering about, Dr. Young. One thing a lot of people seem to be wondering about: Do you think it will be where we want it?"

"I don't quite see what you mean."

"Well, of course I'm not an expert on such things," the Colonel hastened to explain. "But it does seem odd to me that the Russian satellite is not only bigger, and it was finished first, but they have it up so much higher than any of ours are expected to go."

The astronomer waited a bit.



wondering which of a dozen reasons for the project's decisions he ought to bring up first: "The instrumentation of the two satellites is extremely different," he began, "and the kinds of information we hope to obtain will be best gathered . . .

"And that's another thing about their big tub-of-guts that bothers me," the Colonel went on, picking up momentum. "We know what they say was put into the Russian satellite; but have we any way of knowing whether there might not be some other instruments included . . . something they'd prefer we knew nothing about? This whole business of that big Russian sphere sitting up there, perhaps for years to come, has me concerned, Dr. Young. And, it has a good number of my colleagues in the defense department concerned, too."

The astronomer received an ominous look, and felt that somehow he, himself, had been implicated in this foul Russian scheme to worry the defense department. "If you're concerned, Colonel, why don't you talk to the people in charge of Project Vanguard: I'm sure they'd be more able to help than I can. I've worked so little on the project."

"Well, you see, Dr. Young," the Colonel grew intimate, "Those most concerned over this state of affairs are not in positions to deal as directly as that. In fact, some talk about it has met with severe resistance higher up. Our little talk this afternoon is certainly not an official questioning of Project Vanguard's affairs by the air force. It's just, as I say, that some people are concerned, and I thought perhaps it would be a good idea to talk to someone who knows more about all this than I do . . . informally, you understand."

"Yes, I guess I do see, Colonel." (That probably means that the Colonel and the entire defense department would call me a liar if I mentioned this little informal talk.)

"In fact," the Colonel continued more deliberately, "a few colleagues of mine were thinking of raising just this question in a couple of popular articles . . . to kind of let the people know there is a difference of opinion. Aah . . . you do think we could get one of our basketballs up as high as the Russian satellite. I mean, if it were thought necessary and if the first few American satellites accomplished their low-altitude mission?"

The astronomer shrugged. "If the first few satellites get up at all, I can't see any reason why later ones couldn't be made to go higher."

The Colonel smiled. "Good, good. That was one of the things that made my friends hesitate. Of course," he paused, "there might be some danger of collision between the two satellites . . . but I suppose some ways might be figured out to prevent that."

The astronomer stared at him quietly for a moment. "There might be ways of preventing a collision," he said evenly.

"Good, good! Then there's really not much to worry about then, is there? I'll tell my friend to go ahead with his article idea. I believe it was Post or Readers Digest that was interested in it . . . this will make him breathe a good deal easier about it." The Colonel



rose and extended his friendly hand again. "Thank you so much for your cooperation, Dr. Young."

"Glad to help, Major Johnson," the astronomer said.

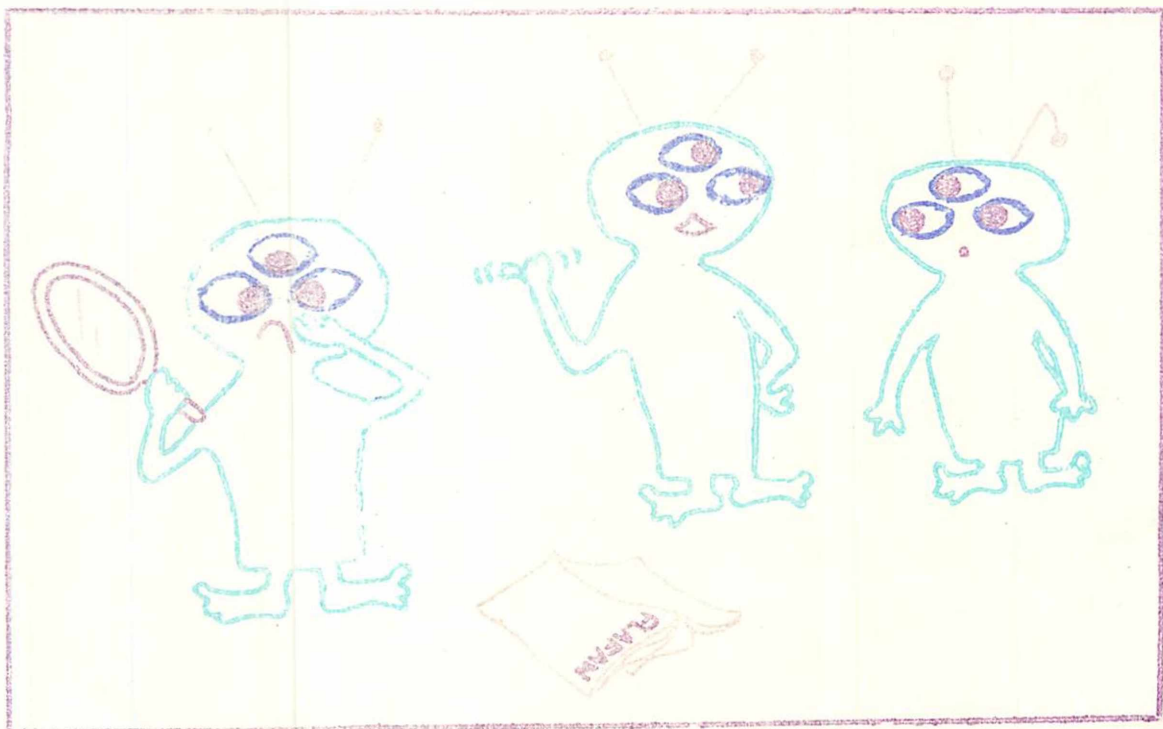
"Er . . . Colonel Johnson," the air force man corrected.

"I'm sorry. Good afternoon."

In the hall, Mr. Young thought that perhaps his parting had been a little abrupt, but it didn't worry him much. Better seem an uncivilized scientist than get caught in that miasma of foggy thinking for longer than at all necessary. The "clever" stupidity of the man amazed him. What he was really hoping for was the destruction of the "menacing" Russian satellite . . . about as possible a thing as shooting jellyfish at one another from opposite sides of the Atlantic and expecting a hit.

It was all, of course, the fault of those "crafty" Russian astronomers. Mr. Young remembered the only Russians he'd ever met--two friendly little men at the Lund Astronomical Conference who were bubbling over with their own private projects. They spoke German, mostly, got roaring drunk over memories of "the good old days at Heidelberg", and never seemed to be conscious of politics at all.

But "Dr. Young" resolved not to worry too much about the extension of the cold war into space. The military was in full control of the situation--and all problems are simple to the military mind.



"Poobsh went cross-eyed from reading FLAFAN!"

# DODD-ERRING AGAIN

ALAN DODD



A thing that has always struck me about these times of the future has never so much been concerned with the practical things of the future, but rather the little things--excuses for instance. Will the husband of the future still be able to use the old excuses of "staying up with a sick friend" or some such tale, or will he maybe have to renovate his tale for the wife of the future?

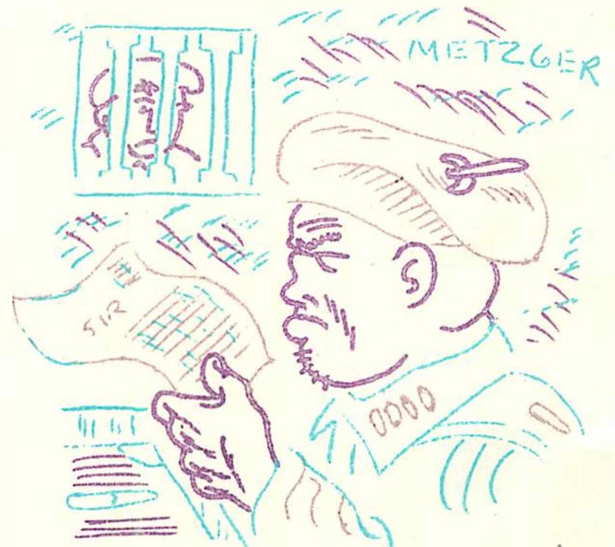
But away from wives for a second and to business. What kind of a written excuse is likely to be accepted by the future boss of a construction firm who finds a letter by an employee who has been sick.

Will it be a fantastic thing involving a broken-down rocket or tripping over a Venusian tentacled plant? Or will it be something quite small and quite believable? And what is more to the point--will it be a variation of an old, old excuse.

Come with me for a second and flip through the files of the Personnel Officer of the future. Let's look at just one:

Dear Sir:

When I arrived at the rocket site, I found that very high winds during the night had dislodged some metal struts from the top of the ramp, so I rigged up a beam with a pulley at the top of the structure and used an empty steel drum to hoist all the struts





up to the top again.

When I had fixed the ramp, however, I had a number of struts left over. I hoisted the drum back up again and secured the line at the bottom and then went up and filled the drum with extra struts. Then I returned to the bottom and cast off the line.

Unfortunately, the drum containing the metal struts was now heavier than I was, and before I knew what was happening, the drum started jerking me off the ground. I decided to hang on, and halfway up I met the drum coming down again and received a severe blow on the shoulder.

I then continued to the top, banging my head against the beam and getting my fingers jammed in the pulley. Meanwhile, the drum had hit the ground and broke its bottom, spilling the struts all over the ground.

I was now heavier than the drum and started down again at high speed. Halfway down, I again met the drum and received severe injuries to my shins.

After I had hit the ground I must have lost my presence of mind, because I let go of the line. The drum then came down, striking me another heavy blow on the head and putting me in a hospital for three days.

I respectfully request five days' extension of leave.

Yours faithfully,

Joe Smith  
Goonera Space Site 13

I guess there are just some things that don't ever change . . .

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A news flash on my television just now reports the Nepal government charging nearly \$1200 for a permit to hunt that mysterious creature, ~~The~~ Abominable Snowman. Why, that's twice as much as you have to pay for a permit to climb Mount Everest.

It seems incredible that a mere government should charge for permission to hunt what might quite easily be some harmless extra-terrestrial that has been stranded here for years.

As Rick Sneary once mentioned to me, "I tell you--them flying saucer men are never going to understand us." Perhaps one may forgive the Martians in future years should we ever land on their planet, if they just decide to declare it open season with a license to shoot Earthmen.

After all, it's rather like scalping--we started it first, didn't we?

Hand me my Abominable, the lawman, I sense, friend--but don't forget, the government says I'm only allowed to shoot him in self-defence,

So, how do I decide when he's hostile?



I once knew a man who had to pay for the privilege of receiving light and air.

No--he wasn't a prisoner at all--he didn't even live in a cellar, but he did live in a house close to a small station up North. Then one day he got a letter--from the District Estates Surveyor of the railroad.

"I understand you are now the owner of such and such house and I would like to inform you that the previous owner entered into an agreement for the privilege of receiving light and air from over the railroad's adjoining land, and I shall be pleased to hear that you wish to enjoy the same privilege.

"The acknowledgement in respect of this privilege is 2/6d per annum."

A problem there somewhere. To pay for breathing? To pay for space--for air?

It turned out to be a simple solution after all. The company merely wanted him to pay to stop them from building up against his house and windows to stop the light and air from coming in--at least that's how he worked it out.

I still ain't so sure. But he took the easy way out--he just paid up.

After all, what's the equivalent of a mere thirty cents for the privilege of breathing?



# HOW TO SELL YOUR SF STORY

by Sylvia Dees

At last, you can sell your science-fiction story! Yes, by my amazing new method, taught to me in the mysterious Orient by a cult of ancient Indian and Tibetan sf writers, you can replace such impos-  
tors as Assimov, Sturgeon, Tenn, Sheckly, Anderson, Simak, Pohl, Blish, and all the rest of those fakers! My method is guaranteed to get your story accepted by the prozine of your choice. All you have to do is follow these easy instructions:

Step 1: WRITE A SF STORY. Now, it doesn't have to be a good story; in fact, it can be a downright terrible story. With my method, it really doesn't matter what you write, so you might as well write the kind of story that editors detest. And, of course, you submit your mss. scrawled in pencil on cheap yellow foolscap. Oh, if you try hard, you can write a really lousy story!

Step 2: FIND OUT THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE EDITOR OF THE PROZINE YOU WANT YOUR STORY PUBLISHED IN.

Step 3: SELECT ONE OF THE FOLLOWING SURE-FIRE PLANS, AND PUT IT INTO ACTION:

PLAN A--Kidnap the editor's wife. After a few days of peace and quiet, he'll beg to publish your story just to keep you from sending his wife back to nag at him.

PLAN B--Bribe his neighbors into playing Elvis Presley records at full volume during his sleeping hours until he's batty enough for the Napoleon-factory. (This doesn't take long, because sf editors have very little mind to loose in the first place.) Then, offer him your story. By this time, he'll be nuts enough to accept anything.



PLAN C--Plant a tape-recorder in his psychia-  
trist's office (every sf editor has a psychiatrist)  
and record the editor's next couch-session with the  
skull-doctor to find out what he's done in the past  
that he's trying to hide (every sf editor has some-  
thing he's done in the past that he's trying to hide),  
then, merely blackmail him into buying your story.  
Simple, no?

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Of course, you editors know I'm really just  
kidding . . .

Campbell: Why are you looking at me that way?  
Gold: What are you doing with that knife? Quinn,  
put down that rope! Boucher? Lowndes? You don't  
really mean to use that gun . . . do you? Not you,  
too, Larry Shaw! . . . No! Keep away from me! . . .  
NO! NO! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA . . .



# WITCH'S WOOD

BY JEAN YOUNG



The grey mists of a thousand eyes  
Are staring, one by one  
At those who dwell in Witch's Wood  
Where lavender the sun  
Was setting, day by day, and night  
Might come upon the scene  
And grey birds flutter through the dark  
Of yonder yestere'en.

*jean*



Left over from snothes...

by JEAN YOUNG



Snothes gumbled. It was absolutely unfair that on a beautiful bright day like this he should not be allowed to quirkle. The snun shew, and all the world was full of gay, happy laughter, and here he sat, all meer-champ.

They told him, of course, that it was for his own good--they always told one that, and what it meant, naturally, was that it was for their own good.

Outside, the snun just pounded down like fury; oh, it was one of the most heartbreakingly beautiful days he'd ever seen. There were others outside, too--some quirkling, some gambiting, some pranting on the hill--all having the time of their lives.

As he sat and moped, big tears started to form way down in his hypogloTTis; he fought them heroically, but they worked their way up and filled his pretty violet eyes and rolled down his free cheeks, finally splashing onto the cold, cold floor.

Once he had started, there was no stopping, and he sobbed and sobbed as though his grif would break. The floor became thoroughly wet, and still he could not contain himself. A puddle began to form, and it spread and spread, until the whole tiny cell was a couple of inches deep in tears.

Finally, his storm of weeping subsided, and he fell into an exhausted sleep in one corner. A small door opened then, and hands reached in and finally lifted him out and set him outdoors. Of course, the snun wasn't shewing as brightly anymore by then, but they weren't aware of that.

Inside, a trap door appeared in the cell floor, and the flood of tears began to drain out; and far underneath, in the dimly-lit cellar, one by one they dampened the clothes, with wavelets of water left over from Snothes.



# SPLendid DERELICTION

by  
**JOHN  
BERRY**

F. B. I. Special Agent Mark Reynolds flipped his trilby hat onto the peg above the coat stand in his office. He sat back on his chair, balancing it on the two rear legs. He lit a cigarette, looked at his "IN" tray, and saw the single sheet of paper. Blowing smoke pensively through his nostrils, he reached for it and read it:



MEMORANDUM

Date: 27th June 1957

From: Chief Agent S. K. Turner

To: Special Agent M. Reynolds

Subject: Suspected unlawful activities--Robert A. Jackson, 24, postman, 264 47th Ave.

Classification: Top secret

For Report: Immediately. Treat as most urgent.

Brief Details: It has been reported from a reliable source that the above-named is suspected of unlawful activities prejudicial to the security of the State. He is employed as a postman in the South-West of the city, and in this capacity he has been seen tampering with the mail. On several occasions he has been seen to read various unclassified items, and once he was observed to make written notes. Jackson volunteers for the longest route, and frequently returns to his central postoffice to check back considerably after schedule. The postal authorities have asked the F. B. I. to deal with the case. It is essential that this man should not be aware that he is under observation, and for this reason, extra care should be taken not to give him any cause for suspicion.

(Signed) S. K. Turner,  
Chief Agent

Reynolds stubbed his cigarette thoughtfully. He opened the bottom drawer of his desk and pulled out his .38 Police Special. He checked the ammunition clip in the butt and snapped it shut with a confident click.

He retrieved his trilby, pushed up the brim, and left his office.

\*\*\*                      \*\*\*                      \*\*\*

Two hours later, he sat in his automobile, which was parked against the pavement in a wealthy residential area. Reynolds flipped through the street Directory and found that quite a lot of influential people lived on the avenue, among them being an official of the Censorship Department, a Treasury official, two police officers, and a local politician.

Reynolds guessed he had been chosen for this job because of his past experience in dealing with the Communists. He suspected that his chief thought the postman was a minor Red convert, being utilised solely to take sneak previews of letters in the hope of picking up something really important. It appeared that there was plenty of scope for such activities.

The F. B. I. man replaced the directory in the glove compartment, opened a newspaper, and studied the comic strips--at least, that was the appearance he gave. Minutes later, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Jackson, the postman, approach him along the avenue.

To even an alert observer, it would have appeared that Reynolds



handed over the large brown envelope.

"I'll be back," said Reynolds, smiling now that he had collected the necessary evidence. He swung on his heels, returned to his car, and drove furiously to his office.

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The same night, at 8 p. m., the three met in Reynolds' office. The F. B. I. man sat behind his desk, grim of visage, and Jackson and the youth sat side by side opposite him.

On the polished table top between them, seemingly aware of its own importance, lay the envelope and its contents.

They all stared at it with mixed emotions. Reynolds gave the postman a sharp glance.

"And you admit interfering with the United States mail during its transit?"

The postman looked down.

"I guess so. But I . . ."

Reynolds looked at the boy.

"Did you give that postman, or anyone else, permission to examine your mail before you received it?"

The boy looked at the postman, then shook his head.

Reynolds spread his hands. He looked at Jackson once more.

"I, myself, kept you under observation this morning," he said grimly. "I saw you open that envelope, read the contents, replace it, then leave it at number 178. I've a cast iron case against you. Do you wish to say anything about it?"



Jackson turned white.

"There's not much I can say, is there?"

Reynolds raised a hand. He took a deep breath of cigarette smoke, then he gritted his teeth, as if he had finally made up his mind. He got to his feet, crossed to the door, opened it quickly, looked right and left, closed it tightly, and returned to his seat.

He beckoned the other two a little closer.

"I've spent all afternoon reading this document, and I've no need to tell you how important it is."

He gave Jackson a cynical, twisted grin, as he spoke to him.

"I'll send in a report to my superior saying you were merely checking that the contents didn't fall out of a torn envelope, or something like that."

Jackson smiled in relief as if he couldn't believe the good news.

Reynolds stubbed his cigarette, then whispered to the others.

He tapped the copy of THE OUTLANDER on his desk.

"Tell me, you two," he said anxiously, "do you think that Sneary will manage to get South Gate in '58, after all?"



modestly inspecting his fingernails.

"Really!" exclaimed Merrill.

The Captain's eyes took on a cold look. "Right now, I'm looking for Black Bart, the biggest Pirate of 'em all. And when I find him . . ." Steele smiled and patted the blaster at his hip meaningfully.

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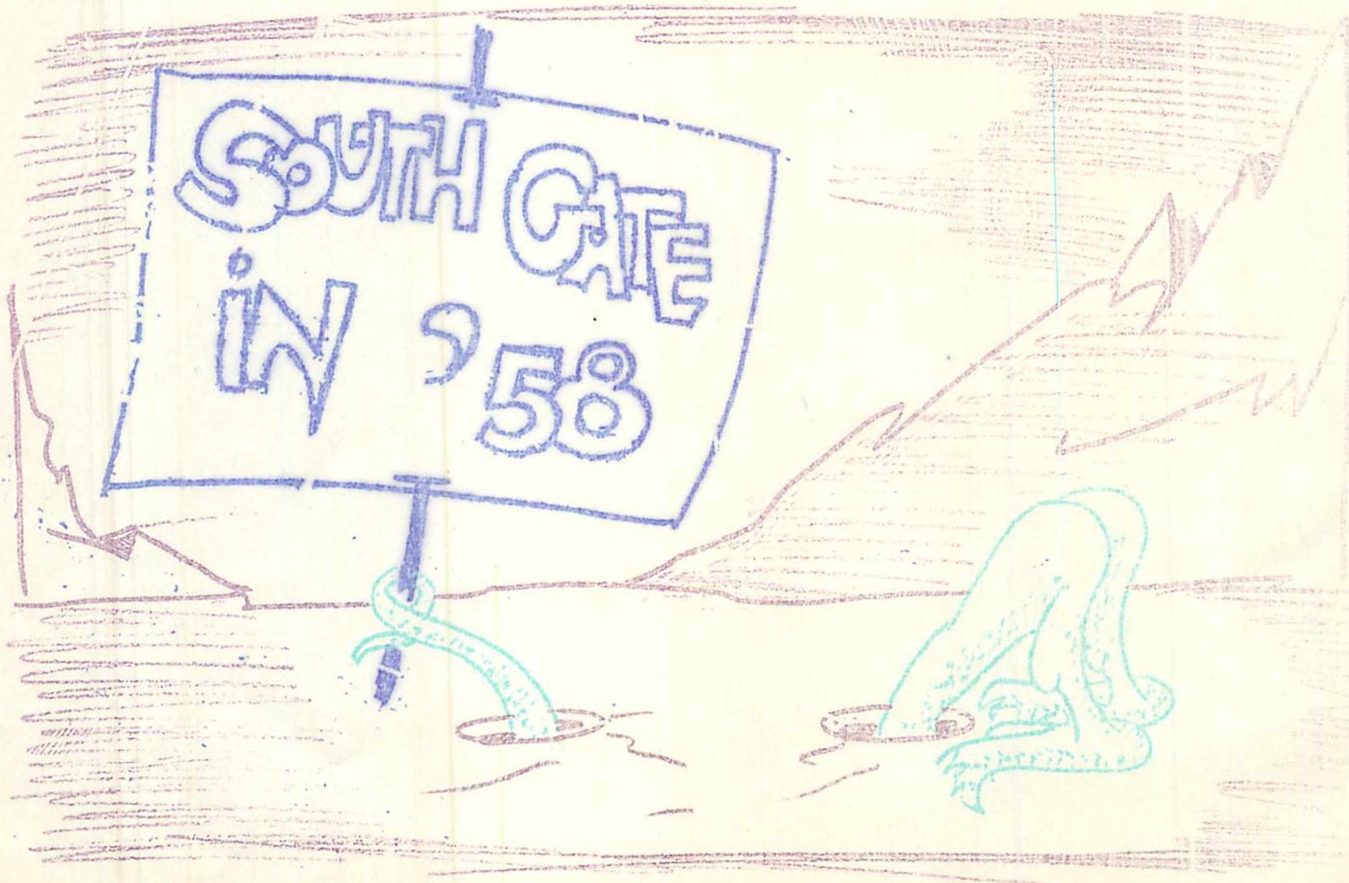
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# BLASTER

W SYLVIA  
DEES

"Hold it, Mister!"

Henry Merrill stopped, put down his briefcase, and turned toward the threatening voice.

An ugly blaster was leveled at his chest.

"I'm Captain Jim Steele of the Space Patrol," said the voice behind the blaster.

"The Space Patrol!" said Merrill with astonishment.

"Yep. Lookin' for Black Bart," said the Captain gruffly. "Thought you might be him, for a moment, but I see now that you're just a businessman."

"Oh, yes indeed!" Merrill agreed hastily.

"Sorry if I bothered you," apologized Steele as he holstered the menacing blaster.

"That's quite all right, Captain," answered Merrill. "It always pays to be careful."

Merrill picked up his briefcase. "Uh--care to walk with me, Captain?" he asked.

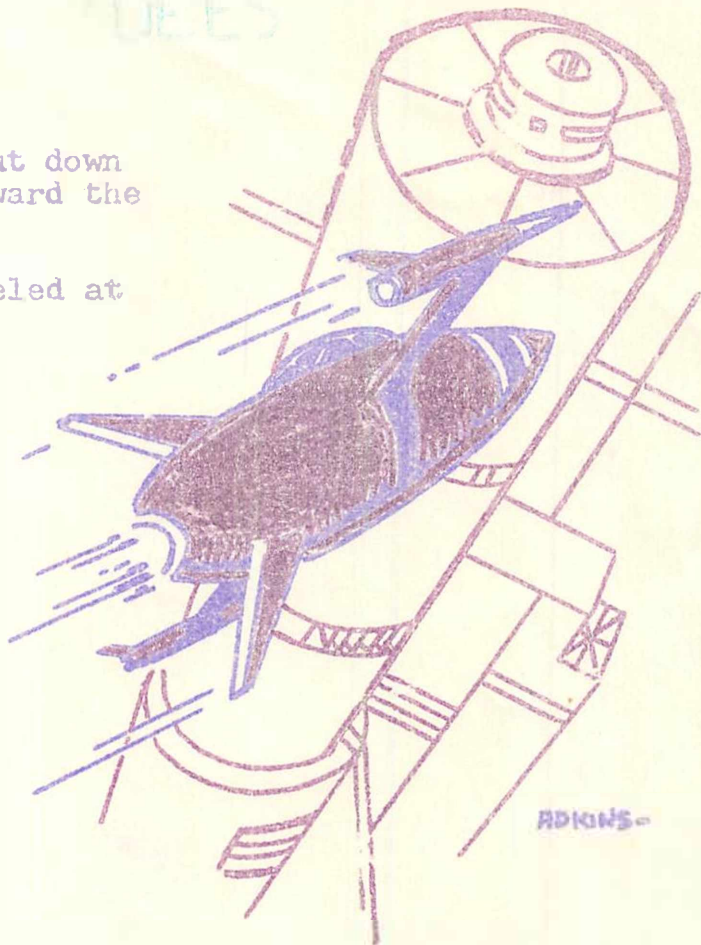
"Sure," grinned Steele. "Goin' that way, anyhow."

"How's the Patrol doing with the Space Pirates?" asked Merrill as they started off.

"Oh, just fine. I met a whole fleet of 'em off Jupiter last month," said Steele. "Blasted 'em to bits--singlehanded," he added, modestly inspecting his fingernails.

"Really!" exclaimed Merrill.

The Captain's eyes took on a cold look. "Right now, I'm lookin' for Black Bart, the biggest Pirate of 'em all. And when I find him . . ." Steele smiled and patted the blaster at his hip meaningfully.



"You must have an exciting life in the Space Patrol!" Merrill remarked.

"I sure do," replied the Captain. "See this?" He pulled up his sleeve to reveal a white scar on his arm. "I got this in a fight with a Venusian swamp-dragon! The crittur attacked me when I was ten miles away from my ship and armed only with a knife. I took care of him though!"

The two wall'ed on in silence for a few moments.

"That's a mighty fine gun you've got there, Captain," said Merrill.

"Thanks. But it's not a 'gun'--it's a blaster," corrected Steele, drawing his blaster and giving it a few impressive twirl in the air.

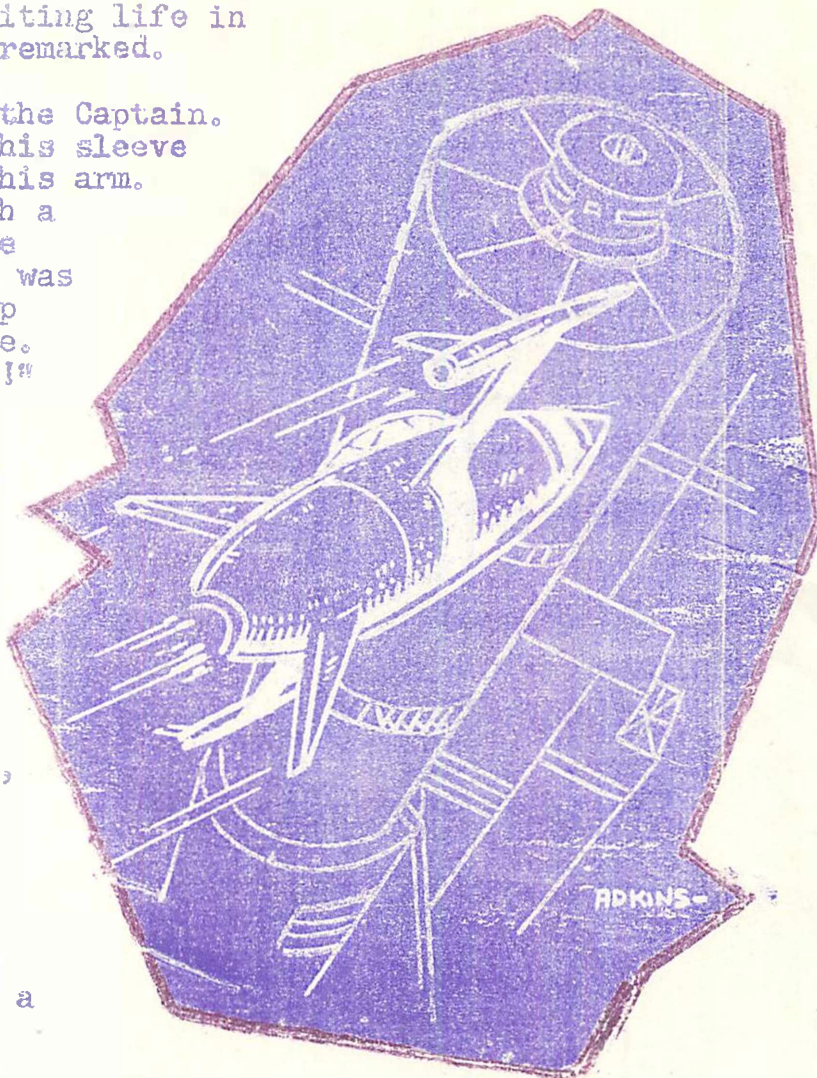
"Well, this is where I turn off," said the Captain, stopping in front of a white frame house.

"Glad to have met you, Captain Steele," said Merrill warmly as he walked away. "Good luck! Hope you can catch Black Bart soon!"

A woman stepped out onto the porch of the white house. "Jimmy--time to eat!" she called.

"All right, Ma. I'm comin'," answered the Captain.

And 11-year-old Jimmy carefully replaced his toy blaster in its holster and scampered into the house to eat his supper.



A HORROR STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING WHICH IS FIVE WORDS LONGER THAN  
THE SHORTEST HORROR STORY EVER WRITTEN

The last man on Earth sat alone  
in a room. There was a knock on the  
door.

It was the last woman.



For the connoisseur of the weird, this strange and  
slightly Bradbury-ish little story

# FORGET ME NOT

by

ATILDA  
ROMANOFF

It was early March. Twilight was wrapping a soft, dusty veil over the city buildings as Elmer got into his car and started home. It was a lonely drive home, but Elmer enjoyed it, as he liked to muse to himself and to his steering wheel in that misted blue time of day--twilight.

All day long he worked at a stuffy desk taking orders, quietly, from his boss and his boss's son. Every night he went home to a gloomy, shaded house half a mile off the main road to take orders, quietly, from Laura and the cat she affectionately called Beelzebub. Yes, he liked this lonely, quiet drive; for forty-five minutes a day he was the master of his car.

But today was different, for today Elmer had out-stepped his usual routine; he had allowed himself the small pleasure of purchasing flowers--not for his wife, mind you--but for himself. He was a conservative little man, and bouquets of flowers had fallen, long ago, into the conservative category. He was not ordinarily given to whims--Laura had taken that out of him--but today . . . today it had been a flash of blue on the moisy, crowded street; a flash of blue and the memory of a little girl: *Margorie*, with her black braids and her startling blue eyes; she was laughing and singing again, while she ran across the sandy beach toward him. That

was that little tune she was always singing? Something about forget-me notes.

"When to the flowers so beautiful the father gave a name,  
There came a little blue-eyed one, all timidly he came . . ."



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"When to the flowers so beautiful the father gave a name,  
There came a little blue-eyed one, all timidly he came . . ."



"Forget-me-nots?" the little woman had asked from behind the blue sprays. Elmer had realized that he had stopped and was staring wistfully at the flowers.

"Forget-me-nots?" she had repeated hopefully, holding out a handful. "Only ten cents a bunch . . ." His hand had reached involuntarily for his pocket, and he knew that today was different.

He had hummed the remembered tune all the way home; he was still humming it when he got out of the car:

"Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,  
Alas! I have forgot'.  
The Father kindly looked at him  
And said, 'Forget me not',"

He quieted, however, when he reached the front door and looked ruefully at the wisps of blue; Laura would not be pleased. His shoulders were slumped as he turned the knob with a quick, nervous gesture.

The familiar scene greeted him: The large, chilly room was almost bare, lighted only by a candle; the shades were all drawn. Laura preferred this dim light when she was working with her ouiga-board. She was huddled over the table, as usual, her hands moving restlessly over the heart-shaped piece of wood. Beelzebub was in her lap. Without looking up, Laura said, "You're late."

"Yes," Elmer mumbled. "I . . . uh, I . . ." She had turned around and was frowning now.

"What's that you've got there? Flowers?"

"Forget-me-nots," he said softly.

"When to the flowers so beautiful . . ." He could hear Marjorie humming as clearly as if he were eleven years old again, in Cape Cod, with a crush on the little blue-eyed girl next door . . .

"Hmpph. That's a fine way to do with your money; always throwing it away on some silly little thing . . ." Laura switched on the light and shuffled toward the kitchen. Her bulky form vanished through the doorway, and a yellow glow lit up the other room. Elmer watched distastefully.

"Messy," he thought; then he started. It was not like him to indulge in critical thoughts of his wife; he had always accepted her supreme rule quite meekly. Since their marriage, he had led a rather "yes, dear" existence. But tonight he found himself crossing to the kitchen door, carrying the little bouquet gently.





"I like forget-me-nots," he said.

"Well I don't," she snapped, slamming two plates on the sinkboard so that they rattled loudly.

"Can't stand 'em. Stick 'em in a jar tonight and take 'em to work with you in the morning--I'll throw them out if you leave 'em here."

"I like forget-me-nots."

"Dear Lord the name thou  
gavest me,  
Alas! I have forgot.  
The Father kindly looked at  
him . . ."

But Laura was at the ice-box, pouring milk into a dish. "Here Beelzebub," she called. "Come get your milk like a good kitty . . ."

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The dinner, Elmer decided with the new boldness growing in him, was miserable. And then he realized that dinner was always miserable; he just hadn't allowed himself to admit it before. Hating lamb stew was another thing he had forgotten. As a boy he had always hated lamb stew, no matter how good the cook was. Laura was not a good cook, and she fixed it day in and day out. He felt unreasonably pleased to be so suddenly displeased with his wife's meals. He leaned back, tilting his chair and feeling a bit reckless.

"Let's have a roast chicken one of these days, just for a change."

Laura yawned. Her mouth was greasy, and her blouse was buttoned crookedly up the front. "You know I hate chicken."

"Oh . . . yes, I . . . I forgot."

Neither of them moved to leave the table. A silence fell over the room, interrupted by Beelzebub's sharpening of his claws on a chair-leg.

Elmer's glance wandered to the jar of forget-me-nots on the window-sill. *They were eleven and hunting for bird's eggs. She was so pretty with her neat black pigtail and her blue eyes; such blue eyes . .*

"He said with meek and timid voice, yet with a gentle grace:  
'Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me, Alas I . . .'"



"What are you humming?" Laura's voice bit into the picture harshly.

"Oh . . . was I humming?"

"Yeah. Da-da-da-da-da-dum-dum-de--like that. What is it?"

"Mmm, just a little song I used to know:

When to the flowers so beautiful the Father gave a name,  
There came a little blue-eyed one . . ."

"Silly words," said Laura, patting another yawn.

He winced. "They aren't silly."

"Silly," she repeated. "You're getting daffy over flowers."

"I like forget-me-nots--what's wrong with that?"

There was a sudden crash. "Prmmreowr!" said Beelzebub from the window.

"My flowers!" said Elmer. They lay among the shattered fragments of glass, their stems cut, their petals smeared into the floor. "My flowers . . ."

"Poor Beelzebub," Laura cooed. "You might have hurt yourself!"

Elmer looked up, trembling. "Poor Beelzebub!" He screamed it. "Poor Beelzebub. That infernal cat! He did it on purpose!" He ignored the warning glint in Laura's eyes. "I'm getting rid of him," he yelled. "I'm getting rid of him and that ouiga-board! I'm . . ." He stopped suddenly, shocked.

All was quiet. Finally Laura stirred.

"We-e-ell," she breathed into the cat's fur, rubbing his ear fondly. "We can't have that, can we, Beelzebub?" She put him down and walked to the desk, taking out the ouiga-board. She touched her fingers lightly to the ouiga piece. Beelzebub gave a contented purr and waved his tail triumphantly.

"What are you doing?" asked Elmer nervously. There was no response. "Laura!" He started toward her, but he never reached her. A deafening crash drowned out his screaming. For a moment the room was terribly bright, and there was a sulphurous smell.

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It was mid-May. The night was shroud-like over the house. The room was lighted only by a candle, and the woman was huddled over the table, working a ouiga board. Occasionally, she stopped to pet the cat in her lap.

In a dusty corner, under a window, lay a heap of dried stems mottled with a grey that had once been blue--blue as a little girl's eyes.



# Going Faaaannish



FLAFAN welcomes trades and accepts all fanzines as such, but I can't review everything that comes in (even though I'd like to). I'm really grateful for all the fanzines you've sent, and if you don't see your fanzine reviewed here it's only due to lack of time and space and not because I don't appreciate your sending it.



Hmmm. There seems to be a good deal of blank space between here and the Rotsler nude at the bottom of this stencil. Now, where'd I put those fillers? . . .

Darn. Can't find 'em.



Well, down there apiece looms the lil' pencil warning-line, so I'd better get on with the reviews. . . .





A BAS

Boyd Raeburn  
9 Glenvalley Drive  
Toronto 9  
Canada

#9, irreg., 25¢, 37 pp.

I've a sneaky suspicion that Boyd's zine was named A BAS just so it'd be mentioned first in fanzine reviewcols that run alphabetically. Smart. And so it is. Nonetheless, A BAS is a darn good fanzine. In this, which came out way last November (A BAS is very irregular), Bob Tucker tells of some curious letters he's got in response to some of his books, Harry Warner, Jr., relates his meeting with the semi-mythical Claude Degler, BoSh speaks of firelighting and his "sercon

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Keep Florida Green--bring money

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talents", and Rich-Alex Kirs writes of sardine-oil suicide and fans-meet vampire. Also featured are some excerpts from some of Kirs' very uninhibited letters, a witty Derrogation, a sercon article by Bloch on the public's lack of response to some books, films, etc., and acceptance of others, the revealing of a document found in a tomato can which reveals the Truth about William Shakespeare (his real name was Mickey Spillane!), and poems by Wlat Liebscher and Jean Young. A BAS is a little sparce on illos, but with all this good material, who can complain?

FOR BEMS  
ONLY

Jerry Merrill  
and Paul Cook  
632 Avenue H  
Boulder City, Nevada

#5, 1/4 ¢ per page (?!), 55 pp., digest size.

FBO's 8 1/2 by 5 1/2 size is a little variety from the conventional letter-size fanzines, but the extra-smallness of the pages coupled with its extra-thickness gives FBO the disconcerting habit of folding shut if I don't keep both hands on it. FBO--the fanzine that fights back. . . . My copy's mimeography was somewhat messy. Layout and illos not as good as they might be. Material from fair to very good. . . . John Berry's "Inter Alias" abounds with typically Goonish humor and just goes to show why John has such a well-deserved reputation. I never cease to marvel at John's prolificness--and, strangely enough, his stories are consistantly good. "Time Out" didn't impress me highly, but I enjoyed "Bubble Dance", in which Alan Dodd perishes in soapsuds (that is, I enjoyed the story, not the fate of the Only True Dodderer). The FORBIDDEN PLANET controversy comes up again in "Malice in Movie Land". Liked Jerry Greene's fillum revoo of THE MOLE PEOPLE--the bhoys didn't have a single nice thing to say about the movie except for the "cute" monsters!



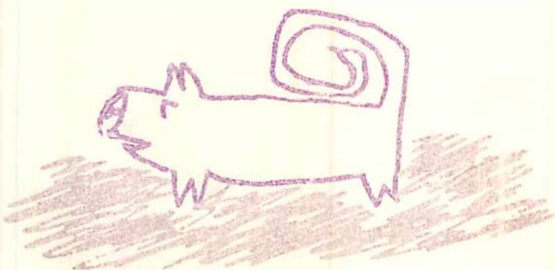
Yes, MEUH #1 has 100 pages; even 40 more pages than its predecessor, MEUH #0! MEUH is easily the most unusual fanzine I've seen in a long time. Due to his short acquaintance with English, Jean's style of writing is a bit incoherent, but delightfully different. MEUH averages about 10 typos and/or visible corrections per page, which almost made your auld (18 yrs.) editor go gaffa trying to read it. . . . In his 29-page Mycon report, Ron Ellik, surprisingly enough, doesn't tell about his fabulous hitch-hike journey across the country, but mostly tells about the people and things at the con. (I've heard some very interesting theories as to how Ellik is gonna get to the Loncon this year.) Terry Jeeves' version of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" in mangled French- and-English was hilarious. Other items by the ever-productive John Berry, FLOY-bhoy Ron Bennett, Jerry (The Bam) Merrill, Jean Young (and in French, too!), Lars Helander, Jan Jansen, and Alberta Leek. MEUH winds up with a huge lettercol with letters from just everybody.



PLOY isn't spectacular, but a nicely informal-type fmz with generally average to good material. #9 features Pheonix's tale of his attempts

I absolutely despise interlineations. ~~as~~ Anon.

to find an aquarium in Bolton, a take-off on DESTINATION MOON-type movies by Dave Jenrette, PLOY-bhoy Ron's getting a job in a carnival, John Berry's investigation of the kilt, the troubles of Bob Coulson and friends with meeting-mixups, and an autobiography (?) of Pete Daniels. Terry Jeeves' "The Us-forms Are Among Us" describes the fanned's dream--an automatic machine that writes, prints, staples, envelopes, stamps and mails a fanzine with almost no trouble to the ed.





RETRI-  
BUTION

John Berry  
31 Campbell Park Ave.  
Belmont, Belfast  
Northern Ireland

RET's loaded with off-beat humor, mostly fan-fiction dealing with those fantastic investigators of fans and fandom, The Goon Defective Agency. The stories are satirical and loosely based on fact. (John says, "I stick to the truth, and merely varnish it a little.") In

I do have fangs, only I keep them in most of the time so as not to  
make some of my friends jittery--George Metzger

Berry's "The Non-Shaver Mystery", John and friends acquire beards because Marilyn Monroe, who's appearing in Belfast, likes men with beards. Archie Mercer investigates an attempted assassination of Cecil, Ron Bennett's faithful elephant, in "The Trail of the Rogue Hunter". "Real Gone Goon" by F. M. Busby deals with the Seattle-brance Goon's troubles in finding something to investigate, and the Goons carry on in the year 2113 in "A Chance of a Ghost" by BoSh. RET's repro is perfect, the layout is pleasingly planned, and Atom wields an unusually skillful stylo with the illos.



## THE TRUFAN

klpniec sryoptite fro clhoB

# SATA ILLUSTRATED

#6, 25¢, 41 pp.

The most striking thing about SATA is its fabulous illos and beautiful repro and layout. Associate editor Dan Adkins does most of the illos, and quite a few are of pro quality. Unfortunately, the same can't be said for the two pieces of fiction. "Blue Jungle" was far too space-operatic for my taste, and "Sirens of Venus" seemed too silly for satire. However, John Mussell's article on booms and busts in

prozine sales proved somewhat interesting. SATA deserves credit for being one of the few fuzs devoted entirely to sf, but it could do with some improvement on the "f" part.

## SCIENCE FICTION PARADE

Len J. Moffat  
5969 Lanto Street  
Bell Gardens  
California

#5, free for letters, 15 pp.

At last we know what loyal South Gate rooters look like! The cover shows three of them. VOTE FOR says the little hairy one. THE GATE says the one-eyed cactus-y one. IN '58 says the big blob-y one. Blob-y's coiffure is the "casual wind-swept look" which only Atom could capture (see p. 27 of VOID #10 and p. 31 of RET #7 for further examples of South Gate-ers with this exotic hair-do). Hmmm. Wonder which one's Sneary . . . Rather short "Prozines On Parade" this time,

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Gik-seksy! . . . Sounds like a Rotsler-zine!--Larry Stark, 3rd  
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but meaty. I don't think "Double Dome" should've been rated so low, George. Sneary's back with "Fanzines on Parade", and look!--he rates his own fanzine "6"! Steve Tolliver takes two half-pages to give his definition of alien culture--" . . . one in which I am different and out of place"--and Harry Warner, Jr., axes Ray Palmer in a scathing article. SFP is outstanding for its reviews covering the sf field, both pro and fannish. One thing, though, pages and pages of typed material, no matter how interesting it may be, look rather formidable with nothing but lil' typed headings to break them up. A few inside illos would do a lot for SFP.

## THE SCIENCE FICTION ALPHABET

Allen Glasser  
241 Dahill Road  
Brooklyn 18  
New York

Free, 5 pp.

Not a fanzine at all, but a souvenir Nycon publication which runs through the alphabet in clever verse. This publication gives both the 1933 and 1956 versions--and I have to admit that I've never heard of some of the 1933ers! If you haven't seen SFA, though, why not drop Allen a card and ask him if he's got any left?

## THE SCIENCE FICTION WORLD

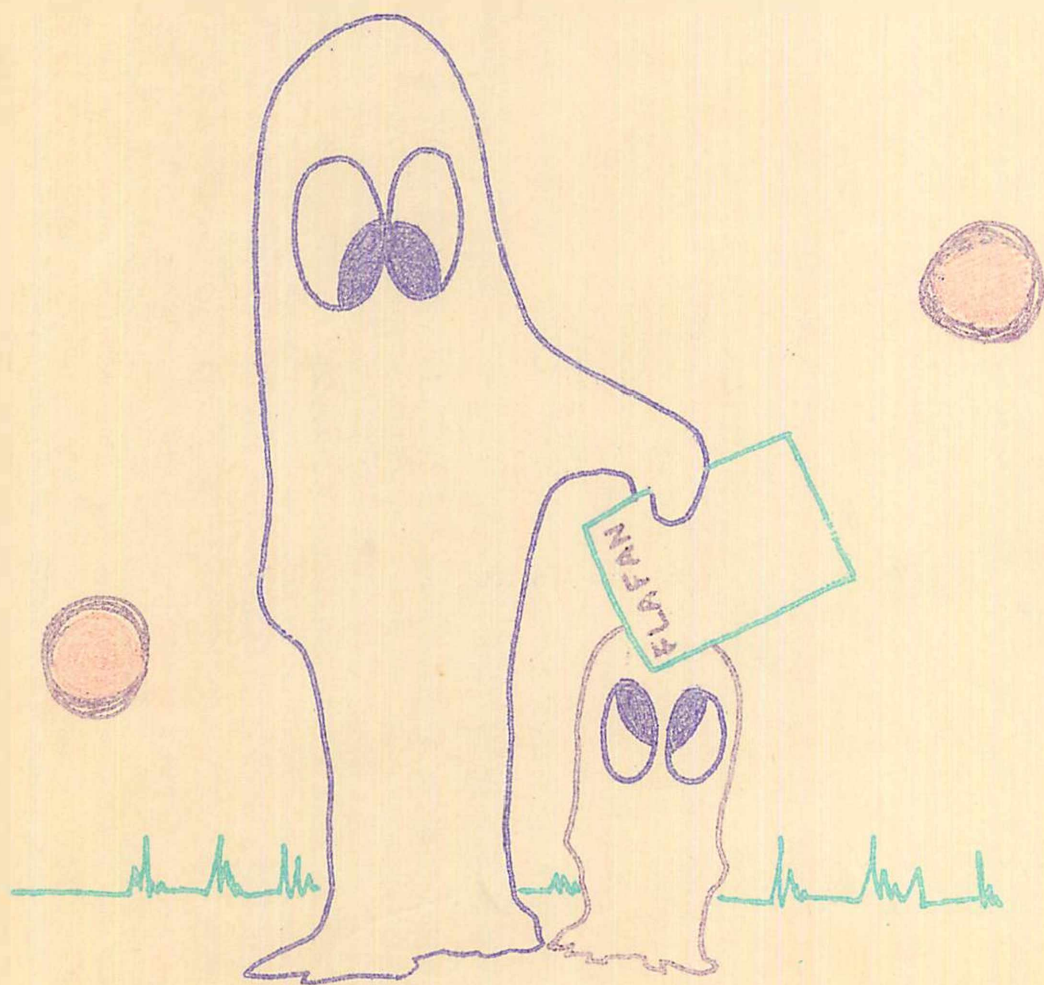
Gnome Press  
80 E. 11th Street  
New York 3  
New York

#5, 10¢ (Hah!), 4 pp.

Up in the corner it says that SFW costs a dime. This is a lie. Actually, SFW is a publisher's Thing which is mailed free and comes wrapped around a Gnome Press ad. Why should I mention a Thing, then? Reason: The editors are none other than the Bobs Bloch and Tucker and







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