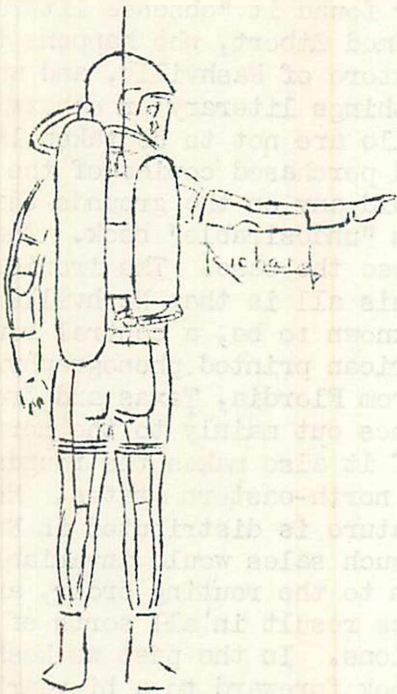


FADAWAY





Editorial

by

BOB JENNINGS

Ah, rejoice for the light of yet another editorian has beamed its golden rays upon you, oh happiest of fan readers. At last you can savor another delightful Bob Jennings Editorial, written in my usual chatty egotistical and excellent style. Since Many Things of Much Importance have happened to the editor, and since he has so many Interesting and Significant things to say, this editorial shall be a happy medium between a New Trend Editorial, and a Business Editorial. We might call this a

HALFNULL Editorial (eh, Don Fitch?), devoted to my Deep and Significant thoughts, but mainly devoted to ME, as always.

SPEAKING OF SELLING AND OF FANZINES I've got to liquidate a few back issues of this fanzine, You a collector, a completist, you just interested in stf slanted fmz? You need back issues, I've got 'em. Man how I've got 'em. I've got copies of issues number 2,3,4,5,6,7,8 and 12. Numbers 1, 2 and 3 sell for the utterly outrageous price of a quarter apiece, or the three issues for the astounding Gala Sale price of sixty cents. The excessive cost is to cover the embarrassment I will endure when you begin comparing those first three issues with the present offerings. All other issues sell for fifteen cents per, or four for fifty cents. At these Bargan Rates, how can you fanzine completists lose?

IT HAS BEEN SAID that these editorials are Egotistical. I don't deny it, they are that indeed. They are massives devoted mainly to ME and My doings. Persons who do not Approve of this are well advised to turn on to other items in this publications (thereby missing some of the earth shaking announcements I've cleverly scattered thruout this). This being the issue after the Second Gala Annish, I am going to engage in my yearly vice. Namely, you will find in the letter column this round, in addition to the usualIntellectual Criticisms and Discussions bn all matters of interest to the Keen Witted Intellectuals among our number, other things. Interspaced with all this goey lovely mixture will be found a liberal measure of egoboo. I allow myself one letter column a year to revel in my own glory, to bask in the unfiltered light of compliment and phrase bestowed on my neofannish brow. And this is the issue. I mean, annishes only come once a year, you hearty readers can endure this once a year anyway, surely...

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE... But it has. In keeping with the national trend, Nashville has arrested a worker in a local book store for selling



copies of TROPIC OF CANCER. The local police got into the action by stating that they had investigated copies of the book and definitely found it "obsense literature" A character named Zibbert, who happens to own THE book store of Nashville, and whose influence in things literary or otherwise around Nashville are not to be taken lightly said he had perchased copies of the book, but had not sold any on the grounds that he felt it was an "undesirable" book. That will about close the case. The ironical thing about this all is that Nashville is and is well known to be, a central routing point for American printed phonography. It comes up from Florida, Texas and from Atlanta and goes out mainly to the north-west. Some of it also makes the rounds downward from the north-eastern states. Not much of this literature is distributed in Nashville, since such sales would invariably draw attention to the routing order, and would doubtless result in all sorts of legal complications. In the past we Nashvillians could look forward to a bi-yearly raid, in which large amounts of the material would be siezed and burned. With this new complication in matters the entire structure of this industry may be upset. The Miller book had been on sale here in Nashville at almost every book store and at every corner drug store since the Supreme Court made their decision on the matter. There's nothing like good ole American censorship...

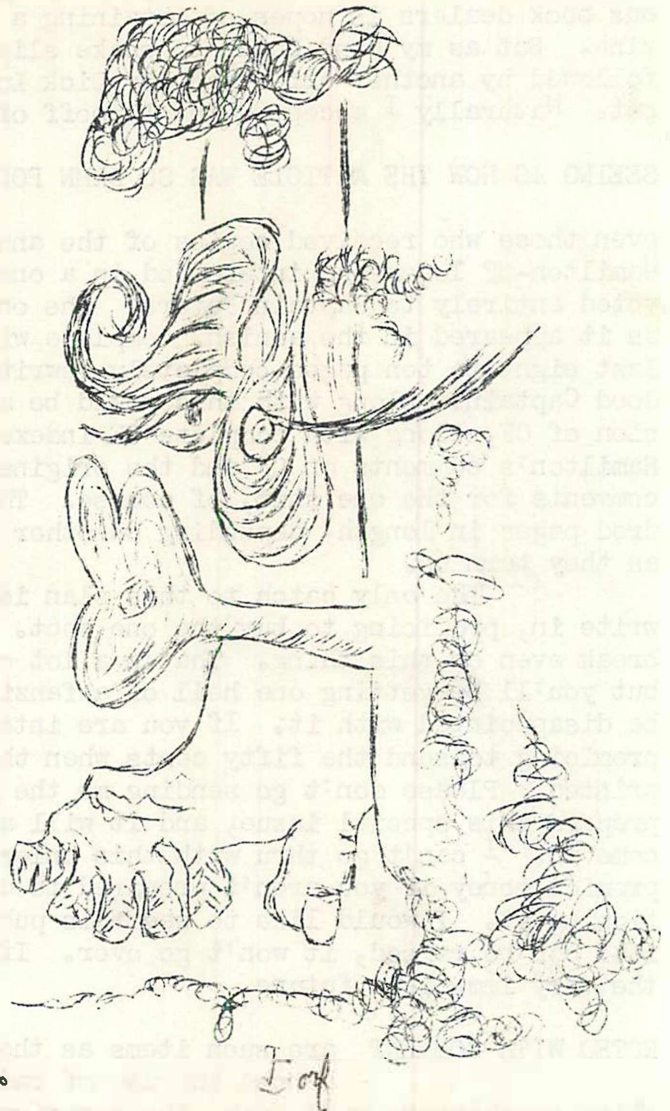
AND I AM A HAPPY FAN AND A TRUFAN thru and

thru. The thought of being away from my mimeo machine breaks my heart, at college I cry myself to sleep each night because my collection is ninety miles away from me, and only my typewriters and my stiff upper lip (see it there?) keeps me continually struggling thru his unfannish hell of college life. Each day doubting sinners beset me on all sides, testing my faith, but my Heart is Pure, and my ways are forever in the path of Trufandom. Each time I make my pligerage home, I pounce on the stf collection and eagerly devour stf for many long and happy hours. I walk thru the ranks of the infidels here with my fannish, four color, six prop fan beanie whirling in the breeze, knowing that I am a Trufan, whose only desire is to fan, happy and contented forever and ever along the banks of the legendary River Rhyme, to see six mail deliveries each day, to eternally cut fanzines stencils, receive friendly fannish letters, write articles, enjoy fanzines and stf. It sorely pains mine heart when I see about me, the unrealizing, unsaved gaping clods and their evil fabrics of Mundania, the arch enemy of mybeloved Way of Life. I long forever for the magnificent day when Ghu Almighty shall summon from his flaming mountain beside the Post Box Hills and shall declare the Holy War underway. I long eternally for my beloved fanac, to shed forever this reek and scaeriligge, for my heart is as pure as the untouched ream of paper, and all the world knows that I am a Trufan...

THERE ARE A GREAT MANY new type readers
this round. I
would suggest that everyone pause now to
take a look at the mailing sticker on the
backside of this zine. If there is a
small l there, it means that this is the
last copy of FAD you will receive unless
to do something. If there is a large T
there, it means I want to trade zines
with you. This large circulation increase
means that I'm going to be cracking down
next issue. Subbers whose subscriptions
expire this issue, please check the rates
for renewal, they changed last issue.

IT IS WITH SORROW that we must bid fare-
well to yet another
one of our columnists. Clay Hamlin's
column, Forgotten Classics, has been ab-
sent for the past several issues, as most
of you know. Word from Clay tells us that
due to other fannish activities and such-
like, he will not be able to continue the
column on a regular basis. The last in-
stallment appears in this issue. How-
ever, since the column has proved to be
so popular, we hope someone will step
foreward and take over the slot next
issue. Clay informs us that we won't be
seeing the last of him, and promises let-
ters of comment, and Material for the
near future issues.

IT IS WITH REGRET that I must announce
that there are NO more
copies of the annish left. As a matter
of fact, copies of the annish were sold
out before the thing was completely printed.
My thanks to all the kind reviewers who
thought well of the issue, but people,
there just aren't any extra copies left. Many persons wrote in to buy the annish,
long after I was sold out. They wrote such bitter-sweet, heart renting, pleading
letters (this is no joke, unfortunately), that they touched my cruel & heartless
disposition, and my cruel and cynical nature was saddened. Tales of near-fanatical
devotion to the CEptain Future stories, tales of love and devotion for all the stor-
ies of any sort written by Edmond Hamilton flowed from the tear stained envelopes.
Touching stories of how CF brought them into touch with science fiction, nostalgic
ramblings and many paragraphed pleas, asking in sorrow dripped adjectives if they
could still buy a copy of the annish. As I am one of the stoutest devotees of any
Edmond Hamilton story (with a few exceptions), and being as CF is now one of my fav-
orite stf characters, these tales of woe and suffering touched me to the bottom of
my black little heart. Often times sums of money were included with the appeals,
sometimes much in excess of the asking price (all you people who did this have now
bought yourselves short subs to FAD). I was doubtly, nay, tripily touched by these
appeals, but alas, no copies of the annish could I find to supply them. None at all.
A few of the fen I attempted to blackmail, saying that if they would but sell me cop-
ies of CAPTAIN FUTURE magazine, I would give them, free, an annish. But alas again,
none were so tempted, and none would sell me copies of CF, even for the free copy of
the annish. I then begged and pleated with them, but no one would sell me the Fab.



lious Adventures. I cursed and beat my head against the walls, and wondered desperately why I had read the set Caly Hamlin loaned me, why I had written the article. But as a true CF addict, I knew I must obtain the set for my very own. I wept bitter tears of sorrow and angrish, and prepared to sign over my soul to shifty, villainous book dealers in hopes of obtaining a few scattered issues of the Marvelous Magazine. But as my hand began to shake slightly, Rick Minter approached with an offer, followed by another offer made by Dick Luppoff, who was willing to sell me the entire set. Naturally I accepted the Luppoff offer. Such miracles happen in real life.

SEEING AS HOW THE ARTICLE WAS SO DAMN POPULAR. My fertile brain has brought forth a New Idea on how to satisfy everyone, even those who received copies of the annish. The idea is thusly. Would you hearty Hamilton-CF lovers be interested in a one shot publication, costing fifty cents, devoted entirely to Captain Future? The one shot would contain the original CF article, as it appeared in the annish, complete with the original misspellings, but with the last eight to ten pages completely rewritten to do justice to the last days of the Good Captain. Along with this would be a complete write up on the comic book version of CF, along with complete CF indexes, magazine and comic wise, along with Mr. Hamilton's comments on CF and the original article, if he is willing to realse the comments for the one shit, of course. The total effect would run seventy to one hundred pages in length, depending on other items which might or might not be included as they turn up.

The only catch to this plan is that I must have eighty of you people to write in, promicing to buy the one shot. It will take eighty fifty cent pieces to break even on this thing. That's a lot of fifty-cent pieces, and it's a lot of work, but you'll be getting one hell of a fanzine for your money, and I don't think you'll be disappointed with it. If you are interested, please sent me a letter of post card promicing to send the fifty cents when the time comes for the issue to be typed and printed. Please don't go sending me the fifty cents right now, it will take time to prepare this special issue, and it will also take time to see if the necessary promises come in. I can't go thru with this unless the quota is met. Please also, don't promice money if you aren't prepared to deliver. If in doubt, then don't bother mentioning it. I would like to see this publication thru, but unless the necessary capital can be raised, it won't go over. If you are interested, please let me know in the very immediate future.

NOTED WITH COMMENT are such items as these; that the siverign state of Georgia has banned the use of radar to capture speedsters. Now as all traveling southerners wekk know, the soverign state of Georgia is one huge speed trap. The law in that state operates on the fees system, and therefore if you are not extremely careful, you will miss the signs between shanty towns saying that the speed limit had dropped from sixty-five, to thirty. If you are not within the thirty mile speed limit (well within the limit), you are very likely to be ambushed and heavily fined. Likewise, minimum speed limits are vigerously and enthusiastically enforced. This overzealous enforcement of the speed laws has caused a tragic dealline in the Georgia tourist population. Persons prefer to avoid the state altogether, rather than go thru the hell of speed traps with its wide assortment of deputies and small town shiriffs awaiting the wary traveler with the lust of avris in their eyes. So, the soverign state of Georgia has decided to make things easier on traveling citizens, by abandoning the use of radar to capture speedsters. This will undoubtedly help some few toxrists who know the Georgia speed trap situation, but it will still play hob with the traveling innocent, and worse, it allows the local citizentry to open those engins with little fear of reprisal. And there's still the question of what a tourist would want in Georgia in the first place... --- I'll bet that not a one of you reading this, besides Dick Ambøse, and maybe Al Andrews, knows how many angles can dance on the head of a pin. --- Seth Johnson has placed an ad for his Fanzine Clearing House in AMAZING. The ad is to run for one year's time, on condition that

that it gains sixty responses. The point of the matter is this, Seth will be needing fanzines to send to those persons who are interested in fandom and answer his ad. This ad and the FCH can be expected to pull in a steady stream of new fans. The FCH, in case you don't know, is an operation whereby persons interested in fandom send Seth a sum of money to help cover postage costs, and he in return, sends them fanzines and letters, and circulates their names among faneditors. Of late the fannish fields have been much in need of replenishing, and the FCH is probably fandom's best recruiting method now in operation. It is a project that certainly deserves your consideration and help. The number of new fans brought into the fold by this project speaks for itself, and as one of Seth's FCH converts, I can personally state that if it hadn't have been for those fanzines and Seth's letters (but especially the zines), I wouldn't have remained to investigate fandom at all. Each fanzine editor reading this is urgently asked to send a few extra copies of his fanzine to Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, N.J.. You might well gain new readers for your effort, and you will be heling with a worthwhile project. --- I don't often recommend mundane type reading material. However, I would suggest that you hearty readers pick up a copy of the July READER'S DIGEST and read their article "Second Class Mail Rates Can Ruin First Class Magazines". In case you wonder about the above lines, this typer has sucessfully ripped the stencil in two places. So whatelse is new... --- Ray Palmer is now issuing a new project, titled INSPIRED NOVELS. This happens to be another pulp sized, heavy covered chap book styled magazine venture, something like THE HIDDEN WORLD. It magazine is issued quarterly, and prsumably it will contain book paper and the same size typeface used with THE HIDDEN WORLD. Six dollars will bring the reader four issues, with a different novel in each issue. Apparently the idea is to present novels which are in some way "inspired" or are "inspiring" in content. The first choise happens to be A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS, and it strikes me that the only thing "inspiring" about this widely acclaimed pot boiler, is its lack of copyright protection. The next choise, along similiar, but infinitely more "inspiring" lines should be to snap up the rights to H.G. Wells' super-failure, WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES, or perhaps the readers might enjoy rehashing the future with RALPH 124C 41 again. Anyone interested can send six bucks, or \$2.25 for this first novel to Palmer. Let me know how it comes out. --- All right Ted White, now you've got an issue of my fanzine, now let's see a VOID in return. --- Note the blanks for the Fan Awards in this issue. Please use them. Also see the Cynic's column over in the issue for commentary on this business. --- As long as I'm feeling in an all round nasty mood, might as well go into something else here. I have endured for quite some time now, Walter Breen and his never ending propaganda and opinioning revolving around roughly the same general themes. His thoughts on sex, while they often hold much good common sense, tend to overlap into everything he writes, and often this overlapping irritates me.



I grow rather weary of Breen's use of the term "squares" (meaning, of course, anyone who does not happen to agree exactly with the opinions and beliefs of one Walter Breen), and the "non-squares" (those who think as Breen does). His thoughts on emotional love and their connection with sex especially are beginning to grate on my nerves. He apparently believes that the emotion called love is a non-essential property, subjective always to the physical joys of sex. His latest comments on the subject in the latest WARHORN, a brief review and restatement of his opinions on this and several other personal prejudices and opinions combined, as been not unlike the straw that broke the camel's back. Fortunately space does not permit me the luxury of lashing into Breen's various phylisophies on the subject of emotional relationships (I fear that this might take up a few pages). To be specific on related matters, however, I dislike, Mr. Walter Breen, your blith and egomaniac methods of presenting your opinions, I dislike your breezy methods, whereby you assume consciously and obviously, that all you say must be accepted as Fact, and that those who disagree with you are uneducated, uninformed clods and idiots. And I also dislike your way of presenting your opinions and prejudices as Fact, but without bothering to back up your opinions and arguments with any supporting evidence whatsoever. This is especially apparent in your thoughts on the emotional relationships to physical sex. I suggest you run (don't walk) down to your local library, and check out a few volumes of elementary human psychology, and while you are at it, borrow a few volumes on emotional growth and emotional adjustment to the environment. I suggest, Mr. Breen, that you pay a special amount of attention to the human relationship of emotional love, and then you may turn over some pages and compare this with the human sexual act and its mental tangents. I suggest that you note the interrelationship of these two items, and also note the separateness of the physical act and the mental effects, and then I suggest that you confine your opinions to sex, the physical

thing (which you seem to know a trifle about), and not to emotional love and its overtones and meanings, which you have clearly shown you know nothing about.

--- So much for the daily gripes. ---

We need Art Work, all you hearty artists out there in fanland. The art situation was vastly worse than it had ever been, even since the first issue, a mere week ago. However Ralph Rayburn Phillips and Bruce Berry came thru with much artwork. However, I am still in need of artwork. Right at present I especially need cartoons and fannish styled drawings, as well as more serious illustrations. Like, send artwork, otherwise you may be receiving a FAD with only typed pages soon... ---

I need to borrow copies of SHAVER MYSTERY CLUB MAGAZINE for another project, if anyone has copies of this publication I would appreciate the loan of it. ---

I haven't figured out yet why the world didn't end in March, when the planets lined up right...do you suppose God made a mistake? --- I presume you've noted the gastly new song out now; PT-109, a tale about, guess what person? His initials are John F. Kennedy. I'm getting a little sick of this Kennedy-Jackie business everywhere you look. I thought the limit was reached with a Caroline Kennedy comic book, but now things look worse than ever... I close.



COMENTS FROM

EDMOND HAMILTON

Thank you very much for the issue of FADAWAY. I found it very interesting and of course the most interesting thing in it was your detailed critique of the Captain Future stories. Your judgements were generous, your criticisms honest and fair, and your whole treatment of these old tales was quite sympathetic.

Reading this has sort of taken me back twenty years. Reminiscences are rarely interesting to other people, but as you have shown so much interest in the old stories, I thought I would take the risk of boring you by setting down a number of things about their inception and writing that will, at least, show you that most of your deductions were very correct.

Standard Magazines projected the magazine in the summer of 1939. Because I had done stories of the same general type for them, they asked me to come up to New York, and talk it over. But when I discovered what they wanted, I was a bit appalled by the set-up—what TV writers today call the "format"—that they had prepared.

It was to be called "Mr. Future, Wizard of Science". At first he was to be a little man with a big head and brain, but they abated that feature. He was then to be a mutant, a sort of superman mentally who could invent anything, and do anything scientific. He was to have three companions: a robot, completely without independent mind or personality, who was not to be metal, but a sort of plastic, and was a double of Mr. Future. He was to be completely under Future's telepathic control. Simon Wright, was to be a middle-aged man with a remarkable memory—he had read everything and remembered everything, a sort of human memory bank. Otho was to be, believe it or not, a thinking jewel in a ring worn by Future.

I told them it was impossible to write one story, let alone several, about such freaks. They let me dream up Capt. Future and the Futuremen as they came out in the first story. But, alas, they insisted on a lot of gimmicks which put the curse on the earlier stories. They wanted the thing to be a sort of science-fictional "Phantom Detective" (a detective book they published). Therefore, there must be a crime and a masked, unidentified criminal in each story, complete with clues. There

must be the North Pole signal light, derived from the skyscraper signal that called the Phantom. The wonderful utility-belt gimmick, the gal interest, Ezra Gurney, and a lot of other stuff was insisted on.

So I wrote the first yarn. Unknown until I read it on publication, they gave the villain the ridiculous name of the Space Emperor, for title purposes. But as I wrote these stories, I tried to shift the set-up imperceptibly to get rid of many of these gimmicks. This accounts for some of the changes and omissions that you noted. I was trying earnestly to break out of the damned "Phantom Detective" formula and write an adventure story.

The writing of the first four or five novels was very hurried. The reason was that these first ones were paid for at starvation rates. Now, as I cherished an ambition to make my living by free-lance writing alone (and I am happy to say I have done so for over thirty years, even tho it's been a bit austere at times), I simply could not take the time at those rates to do a more careful job. The first several novels I made up a synopsis, chapter-by-chapter, of several pages. I allowed myself two days for the first chapter, as openings are difficult, and I could thus do two drafts of it. The rest of the novel was always done a chapter a day, first draft right off the typewriter, as I was also producing other stuff.

When, fulfilling their promise, they paid decent rates for the novels, as the mag caught on, I could afford to take more time and do a second draft. Undoubtedly that shows up at least in some disentanglement of the parts of speech.

Now, to answer a few questions you raised in your article. Yes, I did the departments of the magazine (not the abominable Sarge Saturn stuff, but the "Future-men" and "Worlds" columns). What did I think of the Captain Future club? Well, the editor told me that if I didn't get my novel in earlier next time, I would be black-balled! But he did finally send me a small silver membership card. The chief rules of the club were, in essence, read the mag and get others to read it.

As to the authorship of the stories, here are the facts: I wrote all the Captain Future stories, using the name of Brett Sterling as well as Hamilton, except the following three: WORLDS TO COME and DAYS OF CREATION, which were by Joe Samachson, who wrote under the pen-name of "William Morrison". THE SOLAR INVASION was by Manly Wade Wellman, and I did all the rest.

The reason for this odd tangle was that when Pearl Harbor came along, I was doing STAR OF DREAD for the magazine, but since I was then a bachelor, I figured my civilian days were numbered, so I notified the publishers that I was volunteering for induction so they'd have to get themselves another boy. They did. A few weeks later, after completing the STAR story, I went to the induction center and was rejected for a minor physical defect. Learning this, the publishers got me to come back on the job, but as they had already scheduled and ordered three yarns under the house name of Sterling, they used the house-name for a few of my own too.

Here's a funny little sidelight to the Brett Sterling name. In 1947 THRILLING WONDER STORIES published two Ray Bradbury stories in one issue, and put one under the "Brett Sterling" name. A few issues later, a fan's letter appeared—he said Sterling's story was poor, not up to his Captain Future novels at all. When I showed this to Ray he blamed near busted a gusset.

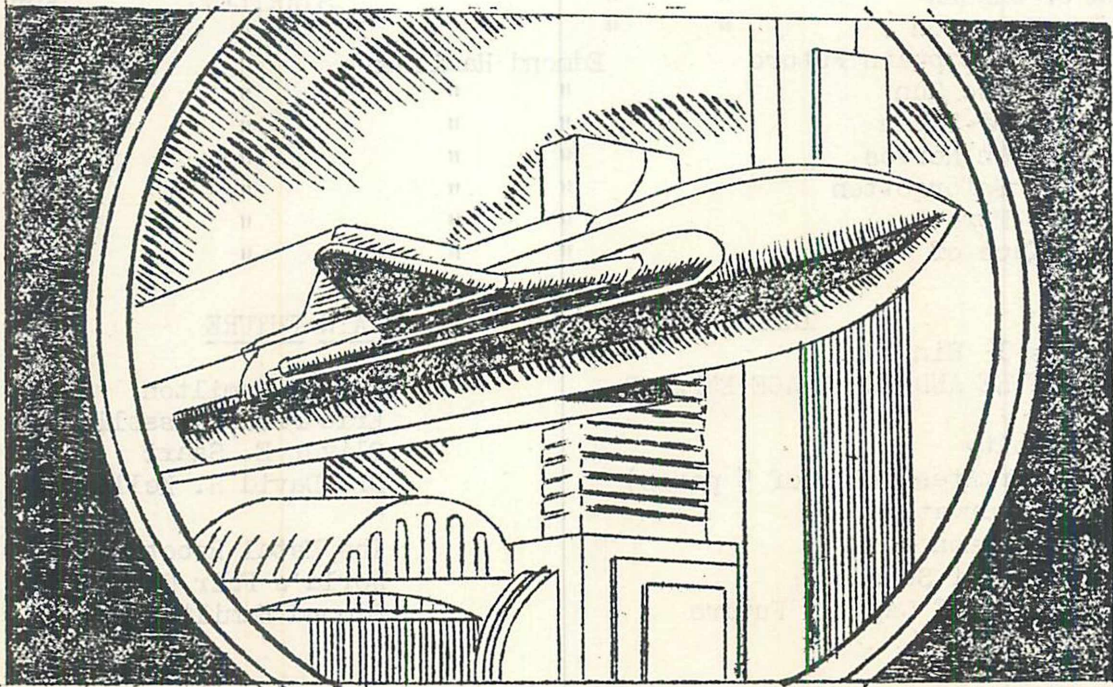
There was not much serious discussion of making the magazine bi-monthly, tho towards the end it was doing fairly well. At the time, I was not anxious to take on one of them every two months, so I was just as well satisfied. The war paper shortage, of course, killed the book.

You wondered if reader's comments influenced my choice of themes in the later CF novels. They did, indirectly. I wanted to use splacier s-f themes, from the very first. The publishers were a bit cautious. But the readers' letters asking for such themes reinforced my own plea, so I finally could spread myself imaginatively a bit more.

As to the revival of CF in novellette form—as I remember it, Leo Margulies then in overall charge of Standard Magazines, asked that I bring the character back, in ten-thousand worders. I did so. When Sam Merwin took over the s-f mags, he thought enough of them had been issued, and I thoroughly agreed with Sam, who was and is a splendid editor. I had enjoyed a recap of CF, but it was a bit hard to cramp him in to the short length,

I never had anything to do with the Captain Future comic series that Standard put out, and I know almost nothing about it. I saw the first of them on the stands, and bought it to see what it was about. I found it rather kiddish and with a little relation to my stories. In that first comic, the only one I ever saw, Cap. F was simply a space adventurer without background, who travelled with a sort of automaton-type robot called Grag—no other tie-ins to the magazine stories at all. I don't know who wrote these, how long they lasted, or much of anything about them.

Well, that's enough nostalgia for this time—but you started it with your immensely interesting article, which I did enjoy greatly. I have always had a fondness for the Captain and his flamboyant comrades, and I'm pleased to hear that he's still a little remembered.



COMPLETED INDEXES

As promised last issue, this is the final completion of the CAPTAIN FUTURE indexes, plus a correction on the CF series stories---

INDEX OF THE CAPTAIN FUTURE STORIES

(titles in capitals denote a "novel" length story, lower case denotes a "novelette")

title	author	magazine	date
CAPTAIN FUTURE AND THE SPACE EMPEROR	Edmond Hamilton	CAPTAIN FUTURE	Win 1940
CALLING CAPTAIN FUTURE	"	"	Spr 1940
CAPTAIN FUTURE'S CHALLENGE	"	"	Sum 1940
THE TRIUMPH OF CAPTAIN FUTURE	"	"	vol 2 Fall 1940
CAPTAIN FUTURE AND THE SEVEN SPACE STONES	"	"	Win 1941
STAR TRAIL TO GLORY	"	"	Spr 1941
THE MAGICIAN OF MARS	"	"	vol 3 Sum 1941
THE LOST WORLD OF TIME	"	"	Fall 1941
THE QUEST BEYOND THE STARS	"	"	Win 1942
OUTLAWS OF THE MOON	"	"	vol 4 Spr 1942
THE COMET KINGS	"	"	Sum 1942
PLANETS IN PERIL	"	"	Fall 1942
THE FACE OF THE DEEP	"	"	vol 5 Win 1943
WORLDS TO COME	"Brett Sterling" *****	"	Spr 1943
THE STAR OF DREAD	"	"	Sum 1943
MAGIC MOON	"	"	vol 6 Win 1944
DAYS OF CREATION	"	"	Spr 1944
RED SUN OF DANGER	"	"	Spr 1945
The Solar Invasion	"	STARTLING	Win 1946
The Return of Captain Future	Edmond Hamilton	"	Jan 1950
Children of the Sun	"	"	May 1950
The Harpers of Titan	"	"	Sep 1950
Pardon My Iron Nerves	"	"	Nov 1950
Moon of the Unforgotten	"	"	Jan 1951
Earthmen No More	"	"	Mar 1951
The Birthplace of Creation	"	"	May 1951

INDEX TO VOL 1 NO 1 of CAPTAIN FUTURE

Vol. 1 no. 1 Win 1940	
CAPTAIN FUTURE AND THE SPACE EMPEROR	Edmond Hamilton
Invisible	Eric Frank Russell
Around Infinity	Oliver E. Saari
The Human Termites (1st of 5 parts)	Dr. David H. Keller
Under Observation	
The Futuremen	The Metal Robot
The March of Science	World's Fair Oddities
The Future of Captain Future	Edmond Hamilton

*****--"Brett Sterling" was Joseph Samachon (William Morrison) WORLDS TO COME and DAYS OF CREATION, all others are by Edmond Hamilton

SCHOOL

by

CLIFFORD D. SYNAPSE

(Actually Gary Deindorfer in disguise)

He went walking in the early crisp morning in the Fall up the sun-burst leafed path in the autumn countryside to his House.

He walked and whistled a Fall tune and inhaled on his friendly pipe and occasionally put it in his pocket, like an affectionate, smoldering friend, while he took out his friendly pocket knife and a stick of clean autumn pine and whittled.

And good old Touser romped between his legs, all dog-like devotion and hairy friskiness. And so romped good old Fido, and also good old Blackie. And Spot, and Frisky, and Dog too.

He walked along and felt clean and good. He was in the Country, and it was Fall.

And he rounded the autumn path, filled with the bright strewn foliage of Fall, and he came to his House. And it was a friendly house, made for a country-living man and his pipe and his pipe and his whittling and his dogs.

He walked up the path of his House (like the path he had just walked upon, strewn with autumn-like leaves), inhaling again on his friendly pipe. He straightened the friendly, paint-peeling sign on his friendly, paint-peeling porch, with a bemused crinkle in his eye. It said, "Ev Rustic, Fixit-Man and Odd-Jobber." And he said, bemusedly, "Gotta fix that sign or there won't be no customers at all, eh, Touser?"

Touser yipped in agreement, his large dog eyes full of dog-like understanding and devotion.

"Also, eh, Fido, Blackie, Spot, Frisky, and Dog?"

All of them---Fido, Blackie, Spot, Frisky, and Dog---similarly yipped in agreement and watched their Master with similar dog-like ocular expressions of devotions and understanding.

Ev Rustic walked into his friendly autumn House ("Gotta fix that screen door, eh, Touser, F, B, S, F, and D?"). Ev fixed a can of beans for himself, and cans for his dogs, who ate with dog-like eagerness and then curled themselves in their favorite crannies for dog-like indolent-appearing naps.

Ev smiled, filled with happiness by the Fall, and his House in the countryside, far removed from the black, sooty, congested, cancer generating, evil cities.

Ev inhaled on his pipe and wrote his daily column of rusticity for the newspaper for which he worked between fixit jobs. He wrote of the beauty of the fall in the country, and the joys of a friendly pipe, wholesome food, whittling and his dogs.

He phoned in his column to his city room in the degenerate, dirty city, and then sat back in his friendly, creaky, Writing chair.

Yessiree, he thought, The country life. Solitude.

He thought of the time the boys of the city room had gotten together

and sent this Painted Woman out to his House

But he had told her. He had said, "I need only my House and my countryside and my dogs. Begone, Painted Woman."

And she had left, gone back to the sicknesses and malignancies of the city from which she had come. And he had laughed and inhaled bemusedly on his friendly pipe and had gone back inside his House to whittle and sing songs of the country for his dogs. "You fellas are the only companionship I need," he had told them between songs and inhalations of the fresh, pungent smoke of his pipe.

As Ev Rustic sat in his Chair, thus reminiscing, he heard Touser whinnying---also Fido, B, S, etc etc.

"Why're you guys whinnying?" inquired Ev, his eyes crinkling with interest.

Touser, F, etc etc were all peering at a tiny hole in the baseboard, casting frequent glances over toward Ev.

"OK fellas. Let's see what the trouble is (chuckle)."

Ev good naturedly ambled over to the spot at which the dogs were gathering. He bent down and saw the hole.

"Hmmm, that is sorta strange," mumbled Ev, scratching his sandy thatch and whittling and inhaling on his pipe and peering into the hole.

This hole was not an ordinary hole. It was cut into the baseboard, very sharply and clearly, as a regular pentagon.

"Never heard of mice chewin' that way," said Ev.

And then, he saw the Critters.

The Critters appeared at the hole and walked out thru it and stood in a little cluster before Ev. They were all of two inches tall and looked very much like little chipmonks. They chattered gaily at Ev.



"Well, I'll be a goldurned and roasted," said he. "They look like little green achitterin' chipmunks all of two inches tall."

"Suddenly a loud noise erupted behind Ev. He turned around. "Well, this does beat all. There's that little Motorola phonograph that Mrs. Healy gave me to patch up. It's playing color television!"

The chipmunk creatures shittered.

The dogs howled...
From the backyard.

"Now I wonder what's going on out there?" wondered Ev bemusedly and good-naturedly.

Ev walked out to his backyard.

There were the dogs, all gathered in front of a shiny machine which looked very much like a mechanical Eleanor Roosevelt.

It was excavating a hole eighteen feet in diameter in Ev Rustic's backyard. Beside the hole was a pile of white sand twenty feet high.

And over in Ev's garden the carrots were walking.

In fact, doing close-order drill under the guidance of a martial looking cantalope.

And behind the sand pile was a Structure erecting Itself. Already it was 3600 feet high, and growing upward in huge erections of a sort of translucent green building substance.

Ev ambled back inside his House.

In place of all of Ev's articles of furniture and things to be fixed were small yellow icosahedrons. He caught a glimpse of a chipmunk-critter dragging his refrigerator thru the pentagon shaped hole.

Touser, etc etc, howled.

"Goldam," said Ev.

He found his telephone--in a hall closet ("Guess the little dickens left this because on account of the cord.")

He contacted Harris of the city room.

"Hello, Harris? This is ole Ev. Yeh, the rustic, the guy that writes for your paper. Listen, some funny things are happening at my House. Yeh, Send up the Army and the Air Force and the Coast Guard and the Rotarians. OK? Thank you kindly."

Ev went out back. The sand pile was not fifty feet high. Eleanor Roosevelt was working feverishly.

The onions had formed a cavalry division, mounted upon the melons.

The green translucent Structure was now four miles high and erecting Itself with renewed intensity.

"Ev..." came a voice from behind him. He turned. There stood Touser and Fido and Blackie and Spot and Frisky and Dog in a tight, solumn group.

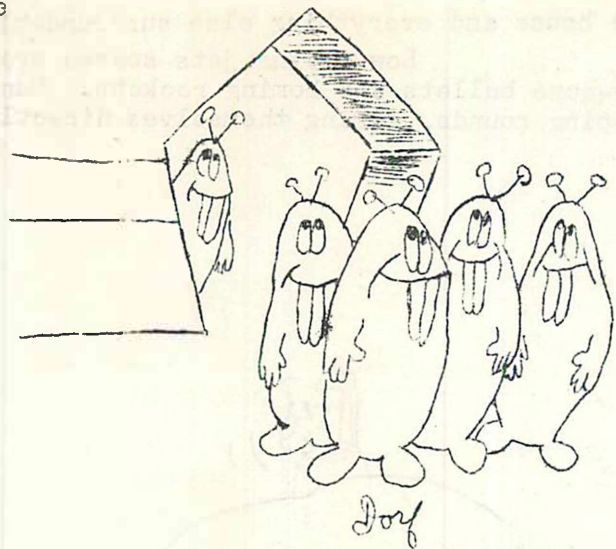
They all stood on their hind-legs and were impeccably dressed in English tweeds.

"Ev...We are leaving you," said Touser. "You were always sort of a drag. We're going to Seek Our Fortune in the city. With our newly gained articulateness we should do rather well. Farewell..."

The dogs walked off.

And the Armed Forces arrived. And so did the Press. And the Other Public Media.

Tanks crashed thru the autumn woods into Ev's backyard. Television cameras were rolled in. Generals ran around frantically looking for the toilet. Cordons of hard, steely soldiers surrounded the sand pile and the Structure, and



the house and everything else surroundable.

Low-flying jets soared overhead, delivering themselves of their machine-gune bullets and homing rockets. Nucleas missiles came thru the sky with giant ripping sounds, aiming themselves directly at the Structure and bouncing off fecklessly and unexploded like billiard balls.

In fact, none of the bullets and other weapons had any effect. It was frustrating.

Thousands of reporters clustered around Ev Rustic, shouting, "Interview, Rustic! Explanation!"

The critters chattered from inside the House.

Arlene Francis did a live remote, complete with girtle ads.

The vegetables formed themselves into a giant army.

"Mighod," gasped Chet Huntley. "A veritable marching tossed salad..."

A rumpled, rotund man with eyes crinkled in bemusement and pipe thrust in Mouth, ambled up to Ev Rustic.

"Ev," he said, "a word. I am Clifford D. Synapse, the author of this thing. Now it is about time to tie this business up. I figure your Soliloquy of Realization should come about now. Something like, 'Then all things became Obvious to Ev.'

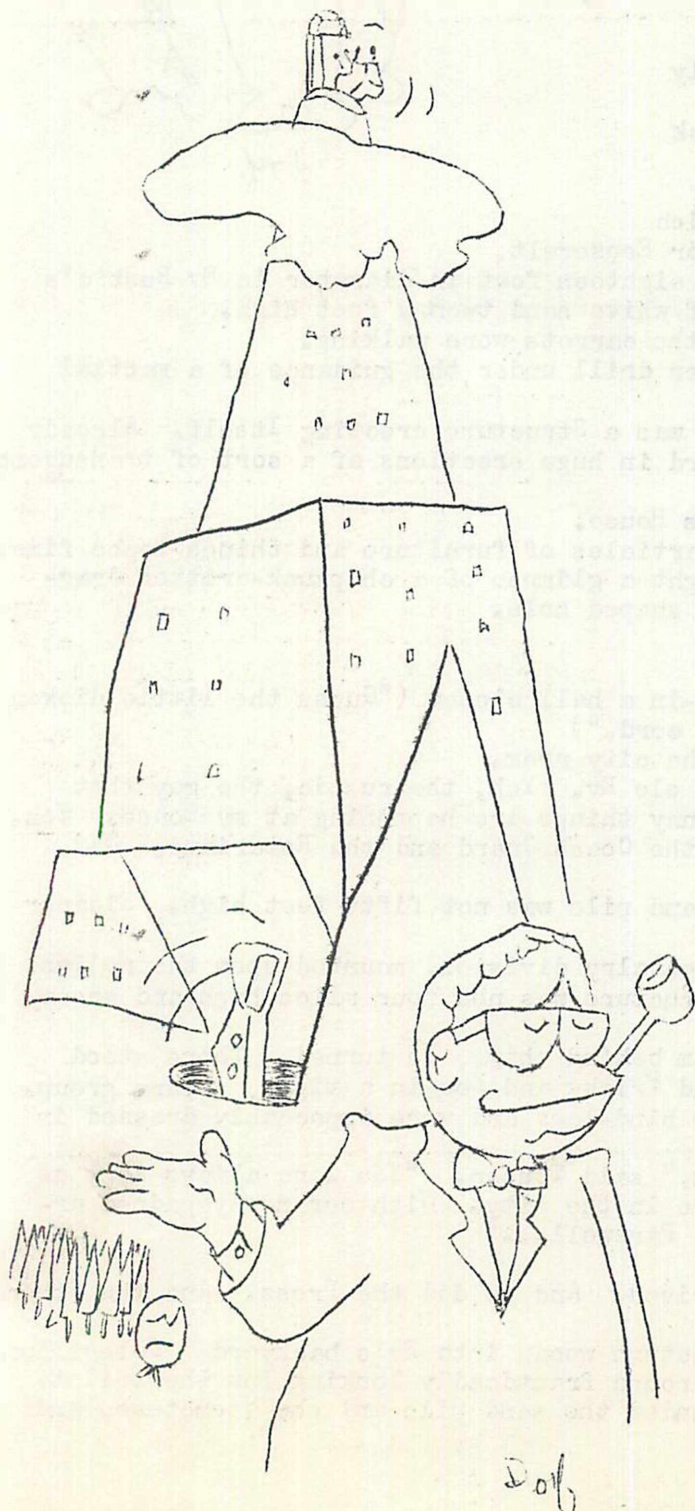
'Of course' he said, 'the sand pile, the marching vegetables the pack-rate Critters, the newly gained abilities of my dogs, the color television Motorola phonograph, and, of course, the green translucent Structure... It all ties together...

'From Somewhere beyond space, beyond time, the Teachers have come, come to take Man to School. They have deemed him ready to begin his Education, and Education towards a realization of the Meaning of Cosmic Community.

'We are Children, and the huge Structure is the School. And the Critters who exchange Queen Anne china for icosahedrons are the Teachers themselves.

'And how have we acted toward our Teachers on our First Day of School? Of course, as reluctant Children. We have exhausted our supply of weapons in one last fling. But the Teachers have known we would, so that..."

"Uh, wait a minute, Synapse. I may be an ignorant Rustic a Noble Savage, but if you think I'm

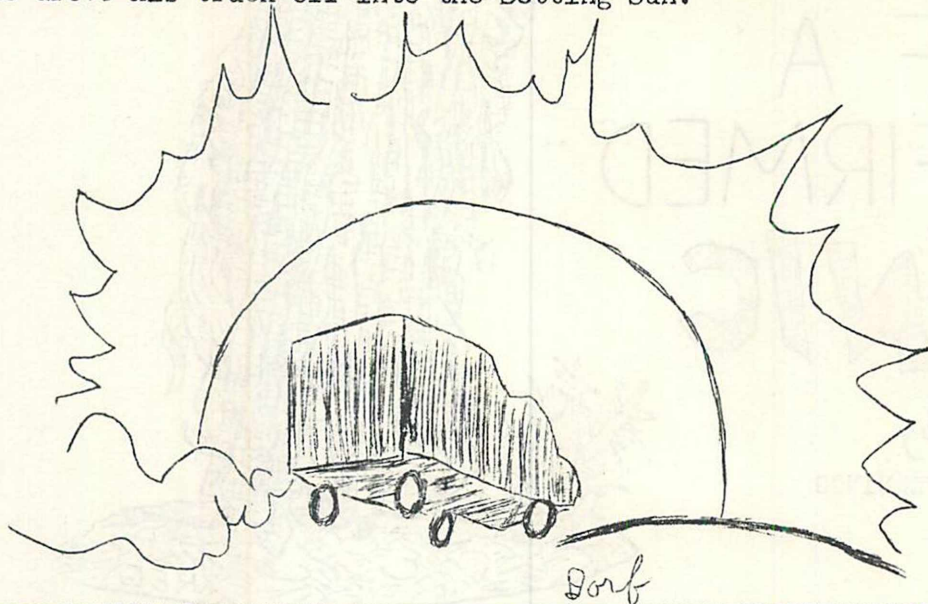


naive enough to mouth that clumsy parallel, you're hopelessly insane."

Ev Rustic hopped in his friendly panel-truck.

"Hey, we got a story to resolve! Where the hell do you think you're going?" screamed Synapse with artistic concern.

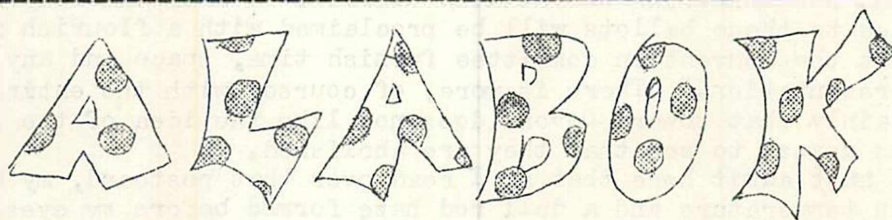
"To the dirty city and that Painted Woman. I'm the First Truant," said Ev. And he drove his truck off into the Setting Sun.



One thing you've got to say for Kennedy, he certainly believes in the Spoils Ssystem
---KEN Gentry

It's hard to imagine any Feghoot worse than any one you happen to know---KEN Gentry

6
No one thing can be considered great in itself because of itself. All things are subject to the definitions reached by the individual mind. This is as true of written material as it is of all other facets of life. The only universal definition of "quality" is the right of each individual to be pleased with those things that satisfy him.
---D. Bruce Berry



The Second Gala issue is hot off the mimeo drum. Tis your for a measly dime and one three cent stamp (or 13¢ if you wanna be that way about it.) This issue contains, among other things

A Stupendous Editiroail by ME, concerning Many Things
FANBEAST LIVES by D. Bruce Berry
THE EGG ROAST fiction by Al Andrews
HORNS AND HOLVES (A Never Ending Saga of the Old West)
THE RETURN OF SKY ALTITUDE by Ron Haydock

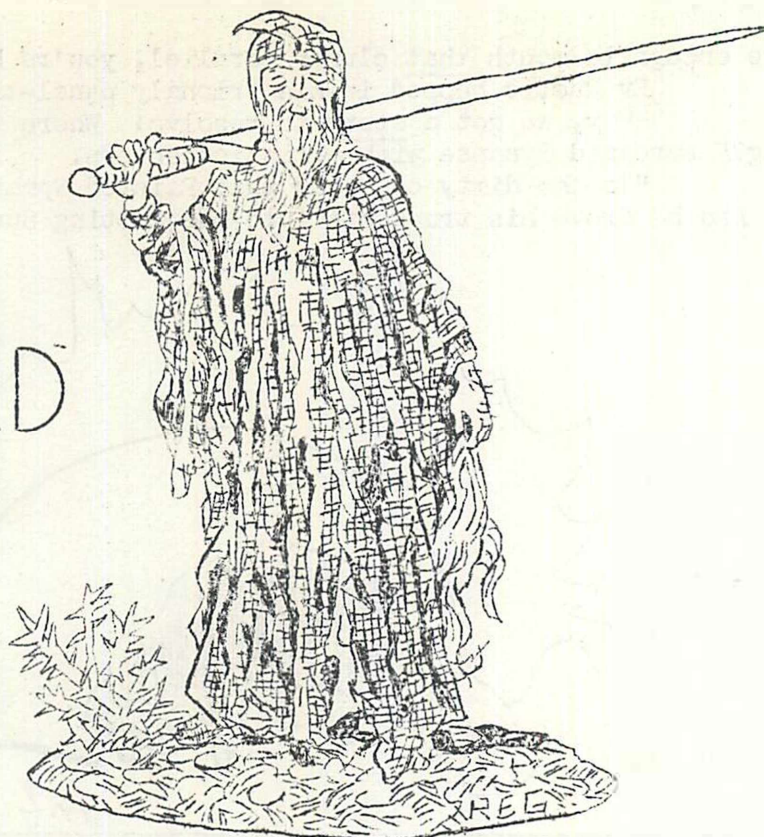
How can you allow this margelous barga to slip thru your fingers, only a dime and a three cent stamp...a few copies of issue #1 are also left

Yours from Bob Jennings, Box 1462
Tenn. Polytechnic Institute
Cookeville, Tennessee

THE WRITINGS OF A CONFIRMED CYNIC

by

ROBERT JENNINGS



I received my copy of AXE the other day, and lo, I found lurking within its folded pages, a postcard from one Howard Devore, who wanted to obtain a consensus of opinion on the Fan Awards idea. The purpose of this opinion poll is fully outlined and is plainly obvious for the fannish world to see: "It is my belief that these awards /the Fan Awards/ are neither wanted nor needed. They appear to be a one man project... Under these conditions I feel the distribution of ballots to be a form of "steamroller" designed to attract attention and force recognition for something essentially useless. I fear that any real, or imagined response to these ballots will be proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets and a demand that the convention committee furnish time, space and any needed money for the presentation." There is more, of course, with the entire general tone showing plainly that Howard Devore does not like the idea of the Fan Awards, and is doing his upmost to see that they are abolished.

I must admit here that as I read over that postcard, my blood rose a few degrees in temperature and a dull red haze formed before my eyes. I was sorely tempted to leap to my typer and pound out a long angry letter (in duplicate) and sent copies to both Larry Shaw and Howard Devore. Instead, I've decided to do it here, where it will reach both of these esteemed individuals, and a number of other persons as well.

There happens to be another project now in operation, which is, if anything, the most egotistical, ram-rodded idea ever to force its way into fandom for the past five years. I refer to the Willis Fund, whose sole purpose is to bring Walter A. Willis over from Britian to attend the Chicon this fall. One of the "objections" to the Fab Awards idea has been that there was not enough discussion of the project before it was put into effect. I wish to respectfully point out that NO prior discussion (short of an article presented in VOID) of the Willis Fund has ever been allowed. Fandom has never had the slightest chance to raise an objection, or instigate a discussion as to whether such a Fund is needed, has any place or use, is actually wanted, or how such a fund would be established and organized. No indeed, the Willis Fund is the work of a very few in-

dividuals, the same ones who elected themselves to head the Willis Fund executive committee, the same ones who "steamrolled" fandom with an overwhelming barrage of publicity, (speaking of "flourish of trumpets"), the same ones who established the Willis Fund without pausing to hear objections, the same ones, who, among themselves, decided exactly how the Fund was to be operated and organized, and what arrangements were to be made concerning it. I submit that if the self-appointed objectors to the Fan Awards were actually sincere in their moralistic objections, as they claim to be, especially in their objections to lack of discussion, or purpose, organization, and administration of the Fan Awards, they would have been very quick to criticize the Willis Fund on the same moralistic grounds. Thus far I have not heard (or read of) any of them uttering one such moralistic objection to the Willis Fund, and I doubt sincerely if I ever will.

As for the idea of the Awards being the work of one fan, this is certainly true. George Willick presented the idea, gathered opinions and support, and did encourage open discussion of the idea in his own fanzine, PARSECTION, for many months before the Awards became reality. George Willick went so far as to issue a preliminary poll, tabulated the opinions and thoughts of those fans who answered the poll, and worked these ideas into the organizational plan before he went ahead and completed his work. He has donated freely and continually of his time and money to help make this project a reality. It most certainly was the brainchild of one fan. But what difference is there, you would-be objectors to the Fan Awards, between George Willick working to help make his project a reality, and Larry Shaw, Ted White, and Les Gerber, singlehandedly launching their pet project, the Willis Fund? The difference is that Shaw, White, and Gerber, without giving fandom any advance notice or a chance to think the project over, or to discuss matters of organization and operation, brought their project into existence with more fanfare than I had ever seen created for any project in fandom before. George Willick did allow prior discussion of his idea, whereas the above mentioned fans simply decided among themselves to create a Willis Fund, and then did so. Willick presented an opinion and suggestion poll, and he heard objections and thrashed out the organizational details, before presenting his idea in the final form, and then making it into reality. The Willis Fund did none of this. Comparing on moralistic grounds I think it is plain that Willick is not guilty of these moralistic objections, but the Willis Fund executive committee certainly is.

As for a "flourish of trumpets", undue publicity, and other objections along the same lines, comparing the Willis Fund with the Fan Awards, we find that the Willis Fund publicity drive, with its nationwide "barrage" of glory-fed announcement sheets, along with the sudden and totally unexpected issuance of a new propaganda zine, AXE to keep the Willis Fund foremost in the fan-nish mind, along with the other methods of publicizing the event most certainly constitute a "steamroller" style of publicity drive. The use of gimmicks, special fanzines, auctions, even demanding (and getting) donations from conventions, regional and otherwise, along with other equally unappealing money raising ideas remind



me strongly of a patent-medicine jump-on-the-band-wagon propaganda campaign, with all the unpleasant overtones. Willick, on the other hand, saw that his idea received publicity also, however his publicity was quiet and reasonable being confined to a few announcements made in widely distributed fanzines. The Fan Awards publicity certainly can't compare with the circus-like air that surrounded the overblown Willis Fund drive. The Awards publicity drive was crowned by the distribution of nomination ballots, and the whole Awards drive was completed without the excess bellowing which characterized the Willis Fund. No door-prize like consistency was added. I personally object to the high-handed methods by which the Willis Fund has been presented, and I cannot help but wonder how those who claim to object to "steamroller" publicity drives or high-handed methods or ram-rodging a project to reality can accuse the Fan Awards idea, yet pointedly ignore the Willis Fund.

As for the worth of the Awards, I feel this is a ridiculous question. At the present time, besides the one Hugo given to the Best Fanzine of the year, fandom has no way of showing its appreciation of those fans whose writings, publishing convention planning and other fanac activities have been noteworthy during the past year. The FANAC Poll was the closest fandom ever came to presenting such a gesture of appreciation, and the FANAC Poll, as has been pointed out numerous times by other fans in other fanzines, is a short living thing, feebly remembered, and relatively unappreciated by those fans who vote on the Poll or who receive placement on it. This is especially true when the poll results are held by one fan for over a year's time without allowing fandom at large to know the results. It is interesting to note that few fans can even remember the top fanzines or fans who placed on the FANAC Poll a mere three months after the Poll has been issued. The Fan Awards will offer a tangible trophy to those persons that fandom as a whole agrees are deserving of such an honor. It shows these hard working fans that their efforts are truly appreciated by the rest of fandom. The Fan Awards are awards given to fans to show that fandom does care and does choose to honor its talented members. The Fan Awards are organized to be a long term project, the Awards will be issued once a year, each year to serve as a lasting monument of fandom's lasting appreciation of its fellow members. I think this is certainly a worthwhile purpose is is a cause worthy of the support of all fandom.

As for being "essentially useless", why don't those persons who object to the Fan Awards on these slightly-foolish grounds, apply the same reasoning to the Willis Fund? The Fan Awards are something that has been needed in fandom for quite some time now, a means by which fandom can permanently and publically recognize its outstanding fans. The Willis Fund, on the other hand, strikes me as one of the most useless projects ever devised by fandom. Willis's visit will benefit only those persons who have the time and money to attend in this one particularly convention, and except for the possibility of a Willis written con report (which will, of course, have only a limited distribution, by necessity. Or perhaps it will be sold, thereby reaping more ready cash in retrospect), there are no other results from the project. However, all of fandom, not just those persons who will benefit from the Willis visit, are being asked to contribute money and time to the Fund. The Willis Fund is a short range project, it will be completed when Willis and wife leave this country, after a visit of a few months, at the very most. The Willis Fund, is beneficial to a minority of fans, is fabulously expensive, and was instigated by a few fans with no prior discussion in general fandom of the project, yet it's strange, isn't it, that the objectors to the Fan Awards have raised no objections to the Willis Fund?

There are several reasons why I believe certain fans have singled out Willick's Fan Awards for criticism, even tho the Willis Fund and other projects & less publicity have much more at fault when it boils down to specific moralistic objections. In the first place, George Willick has a personality which might be best described as argumentative. He is snappish and sharp in his criticism, he tends to be insulting at times, and makes occasional fuggheaded statements to top matter off. I believe that because George's personality has slightly irritated certain persons (and George had made no bones about expressing his honest opinion of people and their actions), they are attacking the Fan Awards idea, without allowing themselves to consider its merits. They are attacking it because they feel they are

indirectly getting back at Willick thru his brainchild, thereby taking out some sort of childish "revenge" for supposed wrongs done them.

The next reasons may be completely wrong, but I personally doubt it. I feel that George Willick's personality and his lack of fannish statue stood in the way of the Awards. I honestly believe that if some more, agreeable, widely acclaimed fan had presented the idea, it would have been siezed on as a tremendous idea, and the ideal solution to a persistent problem. I believe th at Larry Shaw, Ted White, Les Gerber or fans equal to their status in fandom had presented the idea, it would have been accepted without question or hesitation. "In other words, I believe that most of this "objection" and criticism stems from fannish jealousy and petty egotism. It is interesting to notice here, that the first real objection to the idea came from those fans who has occassion to cross words with Willick's argumentive nature. It is also interesting to note that much of the early objection sprang up around the California area, an area which had received a bit of criticism from Willick prior to the presentation of the Fan Awards idea. From there it jumped to the Washington and over to New York, and from there to other fan regions. It is interesting to note again, that most of the noisy objectors reside on the West Coast or in the New York area, or in a sprinkling of areas predominated by fans with rather close connections with the California fancrew. There is little objection found in the states between California and New York.

It does not speak well of certain influential fans and fan areas that they allow themselves to indulge in childish and illogical objections to a sound idea, merely because of personal prejudice and egotistical jealousy, but nevertheless, I believe this to be the case. It is my belief that these same fans have deliberately set out on a campaign to influence other fen, some of whom have never seen PARSECTION, nor know the entire history of the affair, and to raise these rather foolish objections to the project. I submit that these objections have no basis in fact, and that if these so-called objectors to the Fan Awards were sincere in their moralistic objections, they would have applied the same criteria of criticism to other projects, notably the Willis Fund, which has violated thair moralistic code continually, and does so now without so much as a mummor from these self-appointed moralists.

As you may gather, I do not think highly of the Willis Fund. I object strenuously to the methods by which the project was instigated, the way it was organized, publicisized and planned. However, merely because I object to a fannish project, certainly does not give me the right to deliberately set out to destroy it. I have the common sense to realize that some people are going to benefit from the Willis Fund, and if these people want to organize and become involved in such a project, then that is their business. By the same token, I object to those persons who have no sound basis for their objections deliberately setting out to destroy a project which will have a beneficial effect on fandom as a whole, not just one segment. I object especially when these persons continue to insist that their objections are strictly impersonal and are not confided to any one project, when it is perfectly obvious that only one project comes under their fire, and at least one more, the Willis Fund, has violated their moralistic dogma.

Since I do not approve of the Willis Fund, I have no contributed, and I have not given it any publicity thru my fanzines or my writing. I have not, before this time, even bothered to growl loudly at the Fund and its operations, because, as I mentioned above, the Fund will obviously benefit some fans, and if these fans want to continue their project, then this is their business. I see no reason why those persons who hold a particular grudge for the Fan Awards cannot allow us the same curtesy. If the Fan Awards are as useless and dishonestly organized as you people would have us believe, then a systematic boycott and withholding of publicity will kill the project just as dead as any other method, all without raising false issues and substituting illogical objections. Let those who feel the Awards worthwhile push it thru on their own, and enjoy its benefits without a bunch of yammering and high-handed bawling hypocritics who hide damaged egos behind veiled insults nitpicking the issue with their stupid charges.

NOTE---I had thought that since the Award ballots were fairly well distributed, that I would not bother seding them out with FAD. I've changed my mind. You will find a Fan Awards ballot enclosed with this issue of FAD, please use it at your earliest convience. (Like, send it right after you finish this issue of FAD).

FORGOTTEN CLASSICS

by
Clay Hamlin

It is the nature of such things, that any highly successful story is immediately imitated, both in plot and in style. A. Merritt, Doc Smith, Van Vogt, Heinlein's Future History series, psi stories, Before & After the Atomic War stories, Back to the Prehistoric tales, lost races, and superhuman scientists are just a few of the authors and story themes which have been eagerly taken and have been literally written to death by science fiction authors.

Yet, inspite of these imitations, there is usually one story, or a small handful of stories of a type, which stand out above all the others. When you mention supermen, most fans automatically think of SLAN (or ODD JOHN, depending on which generation of stf you graduated from). THE TIME MACHINE, THE MOON POOL, CITY, THE SPACE MERCHANTS, the Lensmen Epic, THE DEMOLISHED MAN, and Dear Devil are but a few of the distinctive stories which have risen from the depths of an overworked theme, to emerge as recognized, definiteworks.

There is an ancient plot, now thankfully relegated to the waste basket, which might be called the End-Of-Civilization-And-A-Return-To-Savagery theme. There were lots of them once, most are now best forgotten. Those authors able to resist expounding at long and uncomfortable length about the ills of civilization which brought forth the disaster, were equally quick to use this framework to demolish the prowness of some rather nieve and idiotic hero who somehow, singlehandedly proceeded to bring back the so-called glories of civilization, while battling off his own world in the process.

From such a mass of hackeyed and overworked crud, whose numbers must reach into the upper hundreds, was sometimes found a story that somehow mastered this obstinate theme, and emerged victorious. I can think of two such stories now, vertiable gems of literary prose, exhibiting not merely extreme competence of writing, but extreme intellectual honesty in not asking the reader to accept miraculous overnight solutions, which can be effected in about that same length of time, and even suggesting vaguely that probably no more can be expected the second time round, than what was there the first.

It is not to science fiction's credit that both these tales were written not by our own practitioners of the art, but by two distinguished writers who could not even be remotely considered science fiction writers. Both of these stories attracted enduring fame when they were published, and both stories are rather well admired today. Steven Vincent Benet wrote By the Waters of Babalyon, and in 1915 Jack London wrote what is probably the unsurpassed classic story based on this theme.

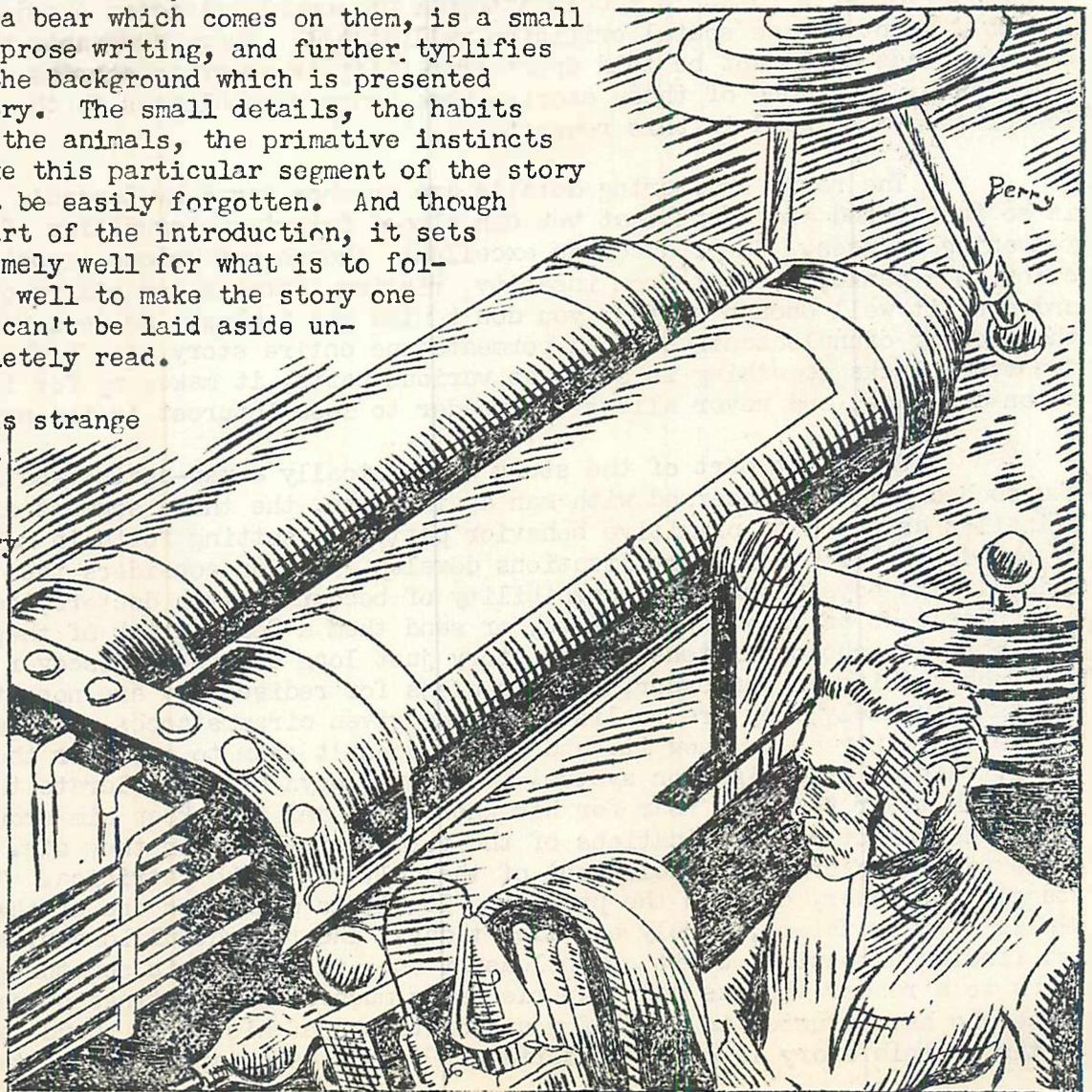
THE SCARLET PLAGUE.

Jack London was a special kind of writer, and a special kind of man also.

The true adventurer, his most remarkable trait was an almost uncanny understanding of nature and his fellow man, and the ability to communicate this understanding in one story, to his readers. It was not a peaceful thing he saw in nature, or in man. He observed a wild, savage and uncaring nature, which demanded respect, but not necessarily fear. There was a vast understanding of the meaning of nature, and of man's own place in it. He saw this all in detail, and he wrote it with a style and forcefulness that few writers are ever able to attain.

Jack London never found it necessary to contrive the conflict in his stories. He took what was already there, and presented it with all its realism, stripped bare of any gentle characteristics. This almost unique characteristic is illustrated well in the first part of this three part tale. The reader has no difficulty in actually feeling this nature, and this subtle environment, set fifty years after the destruction of a highly mechanized civilization. There are still artifacts left, roads and rails, a few buildings and bridges, but the boys and the old man who are the story's central characters, take little interest in them. Their care is strictly for the harsh business of survival. The carefully inserted scene where the boy faces down a bear which comes on them, is a small masterpiece of prose writing, and further typifies the scene and the background which is presented throughout the story. The small details, the habits and actions of the animals, the primitive instincts of the men, make this particular segment of the story one that cannot be easily forgotten. And though this is only part of the introduction, it sets the scene extremely well for what is to follow, and begins well to make the story one of those that can't be laid aside until it is completely read.

It is strange that the second part of the story commits just about every error that characterized the science-fiction story of that era. The introduction to this section is thoughtfully presented: the conflict of character between a group of young boys (young savages, more



properly), and the cruelty of their actions to an old man, who, almost completely sunken into senility, remembers better times, gives a realistic, harsh look to the background. The reader views the old man who continually tries to give the boys an understanding of all that has happened, but they neither understand nor particularly care. When the tale carries the reader to the early years after the plague, the remainder of what is left of civilized morality is almost incomprehensible to the boys. The savagery of the survivors sets the pattern immediately for the tribes that remain, and it is both unpleasant and pitiful how London shows us how very near to the animal state men remain, and how quickly they can backslide to the animal level under just such pressures as these.

Even though the beginning and end of this section contain some excellent character conflict, the actual relating of the incidents of the plague itself leaves much to be desired. It may be excusable that London's science of the year 2000 never progressed beyond the stage where an airplane could fly faster than 200 miles per hour. London in the year 1915, couldn't logically be expected to be able to predict the twists and turns that have brought us to our present situation. It may even be excusable that he has created one of the most unrealistic civilizations ever devised, since this wasn't his speciality either. But it is totally unexcusable that he picks up ever cliché he could manage to find, to present that world. At times the reader detects London's feeble attempts at social criticism showing thru, and London did not manage social criticism well at all. There are parts of his description that could not be told apart from fifty or so other stories written on the same theme. Each one of these stories bore heavy resemblances to the others, and few of them were good in this respect.

The nerve shattering details are somehow saved by London's action, which is so fast paced and adapt that you can almost forget the crudities of style and reasoning he uses. He produces an excellent, though not unique exposition of mob action in a panic, retreat from insanity, rioting, heroism and others of the same type. and does it well enough so that you don't mind his faults. He does manage to keep the feeling of unpleasantness, and permeates the entire story at a high, thruout. If the story lacks something in style at various parts, it makes up for it with imagination and pace, and never allows the reader to lose interest in the narrative.

The first part of the story was basically a man-against-nature conflict, the second part is concerned with man against man, the third segment examines civilization as posed to primitive behavior patterns, setting forth in much detail some of the depths from which civilizations develop. London considers them very low depths indeed. The boys discuss the possibility of becoming witch doctors, so they can make people do as they want them to, or send them a Death Stick if they disobey. The embryonic scholar listens to the story just long enough to discover that there was such a thing as gunpowder, and his plans for rediscovery are none too pleasant, but unfortunately they are realistic to the given circumstances. There is a total lack of morality as we know it, and London doesn't seem to care for the idea of a primitive code or obligation system. The young boys barely tolerate the old man, even with their touch of fear for his knowledge, and they keep him around only to learn what practical applications of the former civilization they can. This suggests vaguely a primitive development of the culture of the patricians. The eternal struggle for power, even on the primitive level, is doubtless one of the better examples of this theme, rarely equalled today. The thoughtful London, searching for and finding a meaning, be it an unpleasant one, to it all, is something of a surprise to a reader who has been experiencing much of his writings on nature, or to those who have trusted to word of mouth criticisms of his work. Crude as he may be at times, this story is one that certainly cannot be considered outdated today.

THE SCARLET PLAGUE is truly a memorable classic, and one that justly deserves the fame it has attained. If you haven't been fortunate enough to read it before now, do so. It's one you shouldn't miss.

MISLAIN MEMOIRY *by*

Sandy Coulson

In this column I should like to bring to your attention to a truly astounding work of fiction. I believe it would not be totally erroneous to classify Jerry Sohl as one of the most remarkable science fiction writers of our era, yet due to his few appearances in the fantasy magazines he is less well known than many other writers.

POINT ULTIMATE was first published by Rinehart & Company in 1955 and reprinted by Bantam in 1959. Thus it is a recent book, yet it is relatively unknown in fandom. Despite the fact that Damon Knight devoted almost three pages of his classic critical work, IN SEARCH OF WONDER, to it. It is perhaps the best tale from the pen of this author—largely because in his novels he used a typewriter.

As a tale of sheer adventure, this story knows no equal in the professional field. Other writers may have surpassed Sohl in the ability to promote the "willing suspension of disbelief", but few have equalled him and still been able to sell the result. Certainly no other science fiction author, with the possible exception of Charles Eric Maine, can match his record of sustained mediocrity; nine novels published and not a readable word in the lot! A truly awe-inspiring achievement.

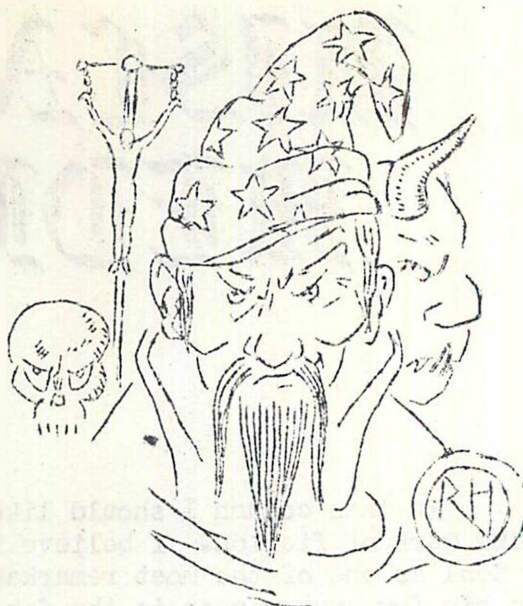
But POINT ULTIMATE is more than a mere adventure novel. It is also an essay on the essential greatness of the United States and how the worst catastrophe cannot completely destroy the thing that makes the American what he is—a stupid slob. Emmett Keyes, the hero, is a man that the reader can easily identify with. To quote his adversary, Colonel Pushin, he is "like a schoolboy who has forgotten his lessons"; what more natural identification for a fan to make?

In addition, the story explores other facets of Sohl's writing ability. In the main, it exposes his monumental lack of knowledge of carnival and gypsy life. His confusion of the two groups is a literary device worthy of Ian Fleming or Austin Hill. It inspires in the reader a feeling of unreality, a feeling of amazement at the sheer imbecility of the Rinehart & Bantam editorial staffs.

This is a book that you won't easily forget. In fact, even if you try your best you may not be able to forget it.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

by
Lloyd Biggle, Jr.



(NOTE: All fmz names in this story are fictitious, and any resemblance to the names of actual zines is purely detrimental)

A correspondent writes to me, Pete Particular is putting out a pretty good fanzine. It's called DOOM. I'll ask him to send you a copy."

By this time I have learned to ignore such threats. When I was younger, and more sensitive about these things, I several times forwarded them to the Postmaster General, but so far as I could determine, nothing ever happened that could be attributed to the usual vagaries of the U.S. Mails. So I tear my correspondent's letter into very small pieces and with almost no effort at all, I forget about it.

Nine months later (a proper period of gestation for an issue of a fanzine) I receive a package festooned with postage stamps of irregular denomination, and faint linear designs that better imagination---or eyesight---than mine could probably resolve into artwork. Because the package is too flat to contain explosives, I open it without the customary soaking, and there I find...

"DOOM?" you say.

Wrong. ANNIHILATION. The editor-publisher-lackey, tho, is named Pete Particular.

Now as fanzines go, or even among those that haven't gone yet, this one strikes me as being decidedly above average. So, blunt fellow that I am, I dash off a postcard and say so. "But why," I ask, "did you change the name? DOOM is a good name for a fanzine."

I take this epistle to the post office and drop it into the mail slot, and then I walk over to my post office box and there I find a reply from Pete Particular. He is delighted, he says, that I like ANNIHILATION. He explains that he changed the name because he wanted something more active than DOOM, and it would please him very much if I would ease his editorial burdens with a contribution(s). A 20,000 word serial would be grand, but he would be glad to have a short story, or an article, or a book review, or brief comments on what I'm working on at present, or even an old laundry ticket or two, if I have any available.

"And by the way," he says in conclusion, "ANNIHILATION is now called BLITZ."

I reply that, a writer's income being what it is, I cannot afford laundry tickets. I have sent my wife out to work, and I do my socks myself. "But why," I ask, "are you changing the name? ANNIHILATION is a good name for a fanzine."

He answers that the fellow who does his covers got tired of drawing so many letters and issued an ultimatum. BLITZ, he thinks, is just as active a word as ANNIHILATION, and he wonders if I might have an old laundry ticket or two left over from before I became a writer. I haven't, tho I am very tempted to canvass the neighborhood and borrow one for him.

Six months later the next issue of BLITZ arrives prematurely, only it is not called BLITZ. The name has been changed to CRASH, and this time I do not have to ask why. Particular explains editorially that he had planned to use BLITZ, but another fan, San Standoff, brought to his attention the fact that a fan in Sanarkand had been publishing a fanzine called BLITZ off and on since World War II, and naturally it wouldn't do to confuse fans with two fanzines of the same name. CRASH is slenderer than ANNIHILATION, but this is only to be expected of a premature issue, and the quality is still above average. I write again and tell Particular this, but this time he doesn't answer---miffed, probably, over not getting any laundry tickets. He also removes me from his mailing list, tho I do not find this out until much later. I merely presume, when I receive no more CRASHes, that CRASH has crashed.

Then, long afterwards, the name Particular is mentioned to me at a convention.

"Oh, yes," I say. "I had some correspondence with Pete. He published a fanzine---let's see---called..."

"DOOM. He still publishes it,"

"Just a minute," I say. "It was called DOOM, but then he changed the name to ANNIHILATION, and then to BLITZ---no, he was going to call it BLITZ, but didn't---and the last I heard it was CRASH."

"Well, it's DOOM now. I don't know about ANNIMILATION and BLITZ and CRASH, but for a few issues it was RUIN, and then it was SABOTAGE for awhile, and then PANDEMONIUM, I think..."

"Impossible," I say. "The fellow who does his covers wouldn't have allowed it."

"He does his own covers now. Anyway, now it's called DOOM."

"Good name for a fanzine," I say.

A few weeks after the con, a correspondent writes to me, "Pete Particular is putting out a pretty good fanzine. I'll ask him to send you a copy. It's called DISASTER."

Naturally this gives me a queasy feeling, unaccustomed as I am to sitting around waiting for disaster. But Particular has had enough of me and my laundry slips, and DISASTER never arrives. And unbelievable as it may seem, this begins to bother me.

A question slips into my mind at odd moments. "Is it still named DISASTER?" I find myself greeting each bright new morning with a bleary query, "What's Pete Particular calling it today?" The suspense builds. I send out postcards to a few fans who may be on Particular's mailing list. "What's the name of Pete Particular's fanzine?" I ask. "DOOM," replies one. "RUIN," says another. "CRASH," pronounces the third. "The last I remember, it was DISASTER," says the fourth.

None of this solves my problem, and I go around muttering, "A name is a name is a name." I even consider sending Particular some subscription money, which shows you the depths to which I have fallen, since a writer has enough of a financial problem in merely buying those prozines that contain his stories.

But I must do something, so I write to a correspondent on the west coast, who is also an attorney, and he sends a letter to Pete Particular, nicely typewritten on his firm's stationery and reading approximately as follows:

"Dear Mr. Particular: It has come to our attention that you are publishing a fanzine which bears the name DISASTER. Since DISASTER is the copyrighted name of a fanzine that our Client, E.Z. Yoik, of Istanbul, has been publishing since 1937, he has instructed us to take action as we deem appropriate."

Particular's reply, which is duly forwarded to me, is replete with apologies. He was not aware, he says, of any other fanzine named DISASTER, but if the law firm will give him E.Z. Yoik's address, he would like very much to trade with him. His own fanzine was only called DISASTER for one issue, which seems to Particular to be an insufficient basis for a law suit, and anyway, his present total assets consist of one four-hand mimeograph machine and a small quantity of ink, and his fanzine is now called CALAMITY.

I then write to a correspondent on the east coast, and he sends off this letter: "Dear Mr. Particular: I am reliably informed that you are publishing some sort of magazine under the name CALAMITY. I regard this as a malicious invasion of privacy, and I am instructing my attorney to take appropriate action". It is signed, "Jane."

Particular never replies to this one, but I have finally established reliable communication with somehow who knows someone who knows someone on Particular's current mailing list, and I hear, via this fanzine, that his fanzine is now called ADVERSITY. Some small prodding on my part results in Particular receiving letters from people in New Orleans and London claiming prior right to the name ADVERSITY. He changes the name to BLIGHT, and I arrange protests from Madrid, Tokyo and South Whiffletree, Rhode Island. This same procedure follows thru JINK, CURSE, SETBACK, MISFORTUNE, CATASTROPHE and DAMNATION, and I am beginning to worry that I might run out of co-operative correspondents before Particular runs out of names. Also I have developed a writer's block, and had to borrow money for postage.

Then, quite by chance, I encounter a veteran fan, and he says, "Ever hear of a fan named Pete Particular?"

"Had he committed suicide?" I ask hopefully.

"Pete? Good God, no! Pete's the last person I'd expect to commit suicide."

"That's what I was afraid of," I say, trying to hide my bitter disappointment. "What else has he done lately?"

"Well, he publishes a fanzine. Darned good fanzine, as a matter of fact."

"DOOM?" I ask hopefully.

"I believe it was called DOOM once."

"What's it called now?" I ask, with my finger's crossed.

"That's just it. He's come up with the cleverest idea in the last twenty years. Ever since I saw it I've been wondering why I never thought of it myself."

I sigh, and cross more fingers. "What's it called?"

"Nothing."

"NOTHING?"

"No,---nothing. No name at all. He just leaves a blank space at the top of the cover, where the name should be. Most ingenious thing I've ever heard of. What do you think of it?"

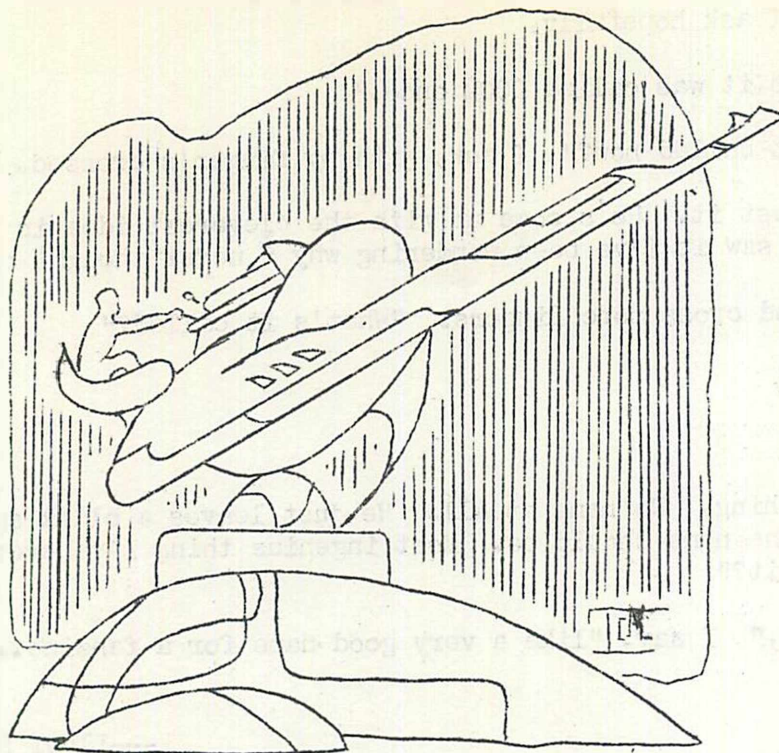
"It sounds," I say, "like a very good name for a fanzine..."

---Llpyf Biggle Jr.



Bob Jennings Wants —

material concerning Flash Gordon. Anything concerning Flash Gordon, from comics and hardback books down to bubble gum cards and cereal box flip books. If it has anything to do with Flash Gordon, I need it. Address on back cover---



VOICE OF THE SPIRITS
OR
THE EDITOR answers WITH A
FIFTH

"And he laiddbefore them a mixture
Rich in Egoboo and Praise, that they might see,
And they were happy."

Clay Hamlin, 28 Earle Ave., Bangor, Maine

Thank Jennings for finally presenting a sympathetic, critical analysis of the memorable Captain Future. It was a sad day when that magazine folded, with the day of judgement for its brothers, STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER not far delayed. Things just haven't seemed quite the same since. These days it is too much the custom to ridicule that sort of magazine, even if the writer has never had

a chance to read them.

Someone will probably suggest that these stories were just for youngsters. Not so, only a couple of weeks ago an uncle of mine, a state representative for Maine, astonished me by asking if I might have some of those magazines that I could lend him to reread. This guy wouldn't be caught dead reading an stf zine, but Captain Future he asks for by name. There was a sort of magic to the magazine, outside the bounds of logic. It made no pretensions of being reasonable; what it asked for and what it presented in full measure, was pure enjoyable excitement. There were few concessions to reasonableness, you knew all the time that nothing was going to change in the end, except for the unfortunate villains, together with a modest disclaimer from the Futuremen. But the troubles they got into, and the ways they got out of them, made a person interested, and perhaps once or twice made him wish people were like Hamilton's future stage.

It's pleasant knowing our confirmed cynic, after breaking down these magazines into their component elements and analysing them completely, can still catch the emotional feeling that was there too. They weren't too realistic, but they were sheer unblushing fun, and to me, this is half a good science fiction story anyway.

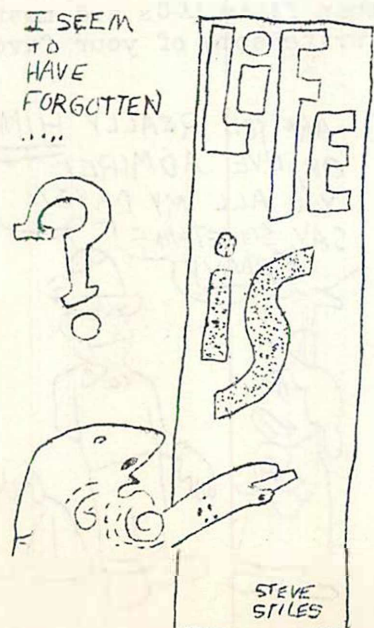
And they wonder why we prefer buying back issue magazines instead of the junk being currently presented.

To see the GHOST give up its ghost might be sort of a sad thing too. I've been reading the zine since the first issue, and writing various odds and ends for it since the second. Remember the debate about the relative merits of the old stf verses the new stf? Nice to see the editor is coming around to a different viewpoint, even if a little at a time, while still retaining the intellectual integrity to pick out only the good stuff, rather than profess it all. The recognition that there are different motives for reading stf, and that good writing is good writing no matter what its age if a fundamental advancement. And boring crud is still crud, even when presented in F&SF or ANALOG.

GHOST did a lot of good things, and many of the good qualities are still with us in FADAWAY. The recognition that nothing is more valuable to a true collector than a complete index, makes this and past issues wellworth having. I admit I'm proud to have had a part in preparing a part of those indexes, the FFM, the Buproughs and indirectly the Cap FUTURE. Indexes mean much to many people, and I presume that most of your readership includes persons who appreciate their value. But really now Bob, you should give Len Collins, the Remarkable Indexer, at least the recognition of a staff indexer for the zine. He surely deserves that much; there is an enormous amount of work that goes into making up indexes ///I know, I know, I retype them on stencil.///

There are other things that you planned which didn't work out. I recall the fiasco I was involved in to come up with a combination hecto-mimeo cover working from Art Rapp's directions. I never realized how much work was involved in a couple of hundred hecto copies, even tho the results surely would have been spectacular, to say the least. Then again, you never did get around to presenting that cover you mentioned, the moon, Mars, and the rocket scene. The other readers don't know what they missed with this one. Or that issue on FFM or the color work either. Also the idea of the Foundation for the preservation of science-fiction and fantasy. Maybe that was just TOO big, and would have taken too much work to put it over.

Lots of things did happen tho. KEN Gentry became a practicing fan artist, and you helped bring Ralph Rayburn Phillips back into fandom. And you gave us Jennings, of the Evil Eye, or the Table Mess saga, or of the humorous fannish poetry, or with critical articles on the stf field. You realized that fan like stf, nostalgic, analytical, or simply for fun. Too often these days fan and faneds lose themselves in the sidetracks of stf fandom. I'm glad you presented us with a science fiction fanzine.



You did well with this issue. The Berry cover and the Bradley story were both pro quality, naturally. The Gorman item has the proper mixture of thoughtful nostalgia and analytic thought that has become a sort of trademark for this zine.

Another trade mark is misspelling, and typos. You do manage to cram more of them per cubic inch than just about anyone, and you even seem to invent new ones. But I've learned to endure. And you still insist on jamming your pages with an over abundance of words, but this time round you have left space around well spread illos, and the pages those Berry and Dumont illos appear on read better for it.

But the most important thing in the issue for me, and from past issues is your acceptance that lots of fen are stf fans, and not fannish fans. THAT is why GHOST and now FADAWAY is probably the most important fmz to lots of us.

///Hhhhhmmmmmm boy, Egoboo Is A Way Of Life... I reluctantly pick myself from wallowing in your praise, to give the Editorial Opinion and Answer. Now if only all the readers would accept my Harmless, Entertaining, neoish type misspellings and cross overs... The Foundation idea is still on ice for sometime in the future when much more time is available. That cover and the FFM issue are still here and will be used in the future also, possibly next year (hell, I plan my fanzine in advance, leave us not laugh knowingly out there). Len Collins is of how the stf indexer, I've been desperately trying to twist his arm for written material also, but he is under the misguided delusion that he can't write...///

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J.

You did a nice editorial and certainly did a fine scholarly article on CAPTAIN FUTURE. I wonder tho just what percentage of your subscribers are interested in CAPTAIN FUTURE. But this, of course, you knew full well before going to the expense of pubbing a long article like that. It must represent an awful lot of work, and you are to be congratulated for all that research and reading.

You know, I think Gorman is right. There is a lack of space opera and cliff-hangers for juveniles in the prozines. Cele Goldsmith seems bent on making AMAZING and FANTASTIC into "adult" mags. That does leave the adolescent up in the air, doesn't it?

It wouldn't be a bad idea if you and the other faneds who print reviews and articles about prozines were to send copies to the proeds. That stuff they are interested in and the main reason, it seems to me anyway, that they lost interest in fandom is that fandom seldom discusses science fiction anymore. The idea being that they would like to know how they are doing,

And that reminds me. James Blish wrote an article in WARHOON saying that out of all the stf novels and pocketbooks he had written, he only got a little more than fifty LOCs and most of them of the cracjpot variety. Now I wonder if you could write some of your favorite authors when you read one of his books, and carbon



the letter you send him. Keep the carbon of course, and if he is courteous enough to answer, print your letter and his. It would give tone to the zine (whatever tone is). Also people tend to think of you as important as the people you write about. Thus when you pub letter from big names, the result is that you become a pseudo-big name by reflection, so to speak, and your zine will be in far more demand.

///In order, I have thought often about installing a current pro-mag review column in FAD, but I honestly don't see the use of it. Looking at it logically now, by the time the reviews appear in FAD, which is quarterly, the mags will be off the stands, and except for comparison, the reviews will be worthless. On the other hand, if I say, install a yearly column, assigned to different people, to look over the whole year's material, you get better ideas of what has been happening. If I am foolish enough to bash my brains out and my time schedule to pieces by reviewing the current-promags just in time for each issue (and I heartily assure you I am not that far gone yet), the reviews are still only good for comparison, since most people are going to buy a magazine or they are not going to buy a magazine no matter what the review has to say on the matter. So, why waste space, time, effort and paper by writing current pro mag reviews?

Next, I would really enjoy writing to my favorite stf authors and saying something about their latest work, with the ulterior motive of striking up a correspondence in the process. Really I would. Unfortunately, pro writers are not in the habit of letting their addresses be known. How many pros can you name whose addresses are available in fandom? Two that I can think of, Marion Bradley, and Jim Harmon, and both of these people are fans to begin with. The other stf authors make a regular habit (or so it seems to this person anyway, perhaps others have been more fortunate) of remaining quietly hidden in the woodwork. Some are available for personal visits only (Ray Bradbury, Phillip Farmer). Recently a third name has been thrown into the general fire, in the form of Fannish Avram Davidson, but in general, the addresses of writers are not to be found.

There is probably a good reason for that. Writers undoubtedly value their personal privacy. The question is then raised, as to whether the writers would really appreciate fan sending them letters commenting on their work. It might well be that they would consider (rightly so), the letter writers a bunch of little-talented persons criticisizing something they had no business criticisizing. Perhaps the pro authors would not really be interested in letters anyway.

And thirdly, certain names are available in fandom, but not to general fandom. James Blish, Gunn, Lownders, Knight and maybe four more are known in fandom thru the letters and articles which appear in certain zines. But the fans who hold these addresses aren't about to release full addresses. As you said, when a P*R*O favors your pages, your status jumps, and fan for purely human reasons should



prefer to keep those names to themselves, thereby enjoying the sole fruits of the P*R*O's fannish work. FANTASTIC and IF still contain some space-adventure. The change over in IF to more space-adventure brought a rise in circulation, so there still appears to be a market for it, even the material presented as such today.///

Thomas Dilley, Box 3042, University Sta., Gainesville, Fla.

Actually, Bob, you don't know what college is like until you attend U of F. The newest dorms are four stories high, and have colossal trash chutes running vertically for the height of the buildings. The maintenance men are curiously negligent in attending to the emptying of said chutes (which, consequently, means a temporary shortage of the on-campus food supply). Whenever the inmates of the first floor of any dorm open the chute to find it flowing trash out upon them, they cheerfully set fire to the refuse. At the first sign of smoke or inordinately hot air, (above 98.6), people on the second floor, the third floor and the fourth floor, open their chute doors to provide more of a draft. The effect is magical; in just a few minutes there is a flame three stories high, and most of the trash is gone. About this time, the people on the fourth floor decide they can stand the smoke no longer, and after a few minutes of stumbled out into the hall, they cough their way to the chutes, and seal the four floor openings. The somewhat heartier persons on the 2nd and 3rd floors, appalled at the 4th's lack of spirit, begin dumping more and more trash into the chute in order to raise the flame to the top story. The first floor, of course, cannot open the chute doors without filling the area with glowing embers. About this time, the resident advisors on each floor finally notice that the building is going up in smoke, and rousing themselves from the stupor brought on by confiscating booze from unfamiliar Freshmen and transfers who don't know the Florida Code, stagger out and lock the doors to the chutes on all floors (That's right---trash chutes with locks on them. This is an old Florida tradition.) Naturally, all the inhabitants of the dorm are outraged; they are being put upon; they are being denied Everyman's Right To A Trash Chute. So, as a united conscientious objection, everyone collects all the trash he can make or muster, and dumps it into the hallways. It's all loads of laughs.

By some odd coincidence, our chemistry lab instructor is a flying bug too. Right now I'm constructing the world's biggest swatter... In actuality tho, he does spend about $\frac{1}{4}$ the lab period looking at the state of the weather, to see if it's flyable. (The other $\frac{3}{4}$ ths are spent looking over the fairer elements in our lab class.)

///Tech, I'm afraid, has little to match this. There are things that happen here too (Like the time some cheerful persons put the nozzle of the fire extinguisher under our door, or the time someone tried to flood out room with the water hose, and flooded the nearby five rooms and half the hall instead, or the large size cup of urine outside the door, or...)///

Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Dr., Birmingham 16, Ala.

Fit For Salvage by Miz Bradley was fairly entertaining, but a bit scotched together here and there, and obviously a "left-hand" effort. Yet that comment is not as condemning as it seems to be at face value. In the first place, Marion Bradley is a pro (and quite skilled at that), therefore, if she has a story draft that can be worked into a good sound sales piece, no one can expect her to throw it away on a fanzine. No matter how good a fanzine is, it is not a paying market. This fact and situation forces upon Marion's work for fanzines, criticism which is true in objective essence, but unfair in subjective consideration, because the fanzine reader unconsciously tends to compare her skill displayed by her pro market work, with the lesser skill of her fan work (which is a round about method of saying it). I suppose the truly fair way would be to steel oneself to comparing her fan-work, with previous or other fan-work, but it is extremely difficult to eliminate the unconscious feedback of comparison from her pro-material. Nevertheless, as a pro, I think Marion is a most accommodating person to even bother writing fiction for fanmags.

Tim Dumont did a competent job of illustrating the story, and he did "illustrate" the story, and did not just doodle in some wild lines, which has been the bane of faneds with some artists and fanwork.

And now on to Captain Future... Bob, this is a terrible paradox,

but here one has a history-review-commentary-article on a SF hero that is complete in every aspect. And one might think ~~that~~ the author has every right to expect a wealth of comment on a work of such scope, but there arises the maddening paradox. The "everything" of Captain Future is complete, so complete that there is nothing left which I can say without being inanely redundant. You have said it all. But I must express my admiration for the thoroughness in research, ~~for~~ you must have spent have spent a great deal of time in re-reading all the Captain Future material, and then correlating its themes, characters, authors, and publication dates. It is indeed incisive and complete as any work will be on this hero.

///Actually I don't mind too much the loss of discussive comment on an article I write, just as long as it is well liked, and with my usualegotism, almost everyone liked the article (two exceptions, one with a qualifier), so I'm naturally, overjoyed.

It's hard to not compare the fanzine work of a pro author, with the pro work, one tends to let the two overlap. The story did not receive as good a reception as I had hoped for, however. As stated before, with fiction, as long as the item pleases me, then I'll accept it, Great Literature to the wayside...///

Lloyd Biggle, Jr., P.O. Box 408, Ypsilanti, Mich.

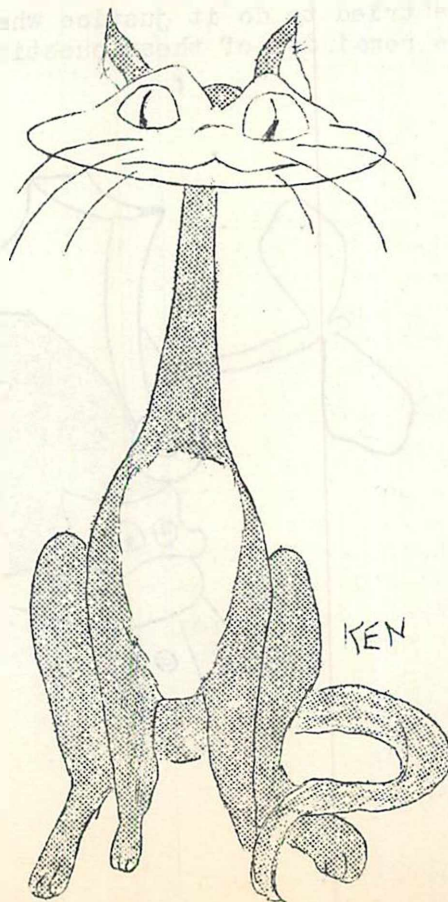
Dear Mr. Bemmings,

Congradulations! I thought it couldn't be done, but you, friend Jerrings, have done it. In the past I have been addresses as Baggle, Buggle, Beggley, Biggs, Bigelow, Bungle (this may have been intentional), Bugle, Booggle, Bissel, Bagley, and Bogg, to name only a few, but never before as Briggles. I trust that you have no objections to my passing your letter along to the archives of my favorite charity, the People-Should-Be-Numbered-Instead-Of-Named Society. The Society maintains a special Hall of Infamy dedicated to those perverted individuals who maliciously misspell names, and before a plaque dedicated to you, Bob Jerrings, can be properly unveiled, the Society will need the answers to a few impersonal questions: 1) Were you born prematurely (if so; why?); 2) Is Jellings your real name? 3) How long have you been calling yourself Hennley? 4) Have you received education beyond the second grade of elementary school (Submit Proof) 5) Are you satisfied with the name Ginnings, or would you prefer to be called something else (we supply names) 6) Was your father also named Winson? 7) Does the family name Jessings appear at all on your mother's side of the family? 8) Have you ever been troubled by correspondents misspellings the name Slantson?

If you will kindly forward the answers to these questions at your earliest convenience, I will do all in my power to insure that the name of Bill Jenkins is accorded the honor it so richly deserves.

Dr. Mr. Braggle,

I received your gracious letter today, and the thought strikes me here, to ~~waste squander~~ ~~deligate~~ some of my immensely valuable time to answer your kind massive. I have decided to ~~utilize~~ ~~misuse~~ ~~deligate~~ my time in this way, because

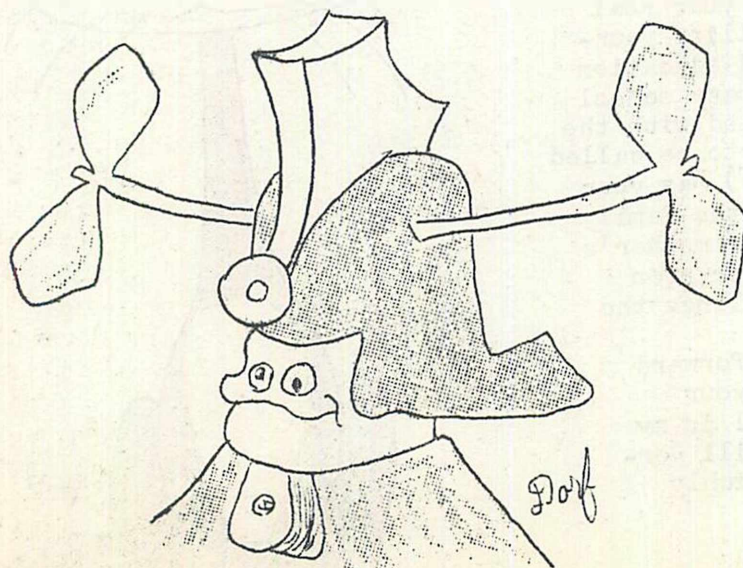


you have aroused a burning, yea, a passionate interest in this worthy and facinating Charity you mentioned, and also because I wanted to rush back the answers to the Earth Shattering questions (see enclosed sheet) posed, with intellectual fire and imagination, breath taking ingunity and concept, yet retaining a simple, direct and astonishingly understandable trait, in the latter part of your ~~note~~ distinguished letter, while the issues at hand are still fresh in my mind.

The People-Should-Be-Numbered-Instead-Of-Named Society sounds like a truely excellent Charity, a great monument to the far reaching outlook, the vast civic and national pride and integrity, the masterful abilities which have sprung up and brown to full blossom in our American Society during the past twelve years. (known respectfully as the Frivilous Fifties). So interested am I in this great Charity, this work of eternal humility and dedication to the coming greatness and true Golden Age of humanity, that I am enclosing a little something to help out the great work. Enclosed with this letter, please find one thousand dollar bill.

In answer to the varied and facinatingly interesting questions posed by the Society (I am still struck by their breath-taking vastness and scope), I can only express mute awe and humility to the magnamously talents of the person or persons who derived these inquiries, and do the best my humble attributes can muster, to answer these cuiries. In such overwhelming genius, I can but answer them fairly and honestly. These questions are truely works that shall go down in history. Far down.

To my knowledge, I was not born prematurely, tho my beloved parents, with a good natured twinkle of parental hatrid in their eyes, often swore that something must have gone wrong for me to turn out the way I have. However, they are loving souls, and I didn't want to inturrupt their sixteen hr a day working day to explain matters to them. Actually, my name isn't Jellings, it is Glark, Glark is an ancient and honorable name, well charished and passed down especially for the first born male of every other family who is indirectly descended from the third cousin of the nephew of the Grand Duke of Norway's private secretary. The name was given to me, I am told, mere moments after birth, when my loving mother behld me in all my glory, and uttered the work "Glark!". Since then I have retained the name, and have tried to do it justice whenever I can. Yes, I had a perfectly wretched childhood. The remainder of these questions are, as may obviously be seen from my well known



public record., obvious and easily answerable without me having to go into unwarranted detail on the matter. For additional information of the more routine nature, you may contact my close friend, The Mad Arab Clayton of Hamlin, who will be pleased to write you a few mystic, rhyming verses in answer to each inquiry. No responsibility is assumed for faulty translations or interperatations.

Getting back to the Society itself, (which is very difficult to do, as I don't know where it is located). I'm certain you would enjoy reading all the adjectives I have developed to describe the Society and it's tremendou purpose, however, suffice it to say that actions speak louder than words, so herein you will also

several rare and valuable articles which may be sold by the Society for huge profits. One (1) Mickey Mouse cartoon strip, a rare and/or humorous strip worth many dollars. One wore out flashlight battery, useful in chemical research. Eighty three pounds of fanzines. Fourteen Elvis records. Twenty eight penny postcards, cancelled. I'm sure the Society can make good use of all this.

PS---Wouldn't you know it, I don't have change for a five, I'll have to delay the thousand dollars until next time round.

CLOSING IT OUT HERE I need to thank everyone who wrote, space doesn't permit the inclusion of a lot of letters, but they were appreciated. You cats that haven't written yet, why haven't you? --- I had best to point out here that the Completed Index, isn't. As a matter of fact, The Solar Invasion, a Brett Sterling story was written by Manley Wade Wellman. Now you know. --- Next issue kidly people, the mailing list is going to be cut back drastically. It is simply too costly to produce issues with a circulation this large. Hence with I'm cracking down again, Money or Trade or Contribution will get you a copy, nothing else will. Check the mailing sticker on the back cover, if there is a small l beside your name, this is your last copy, and you had best do something if you further issues. -- Once more, I need material connected in any way with Flash Gordon. Anything but anything... -- From Other Letters, Al Andrews thought Bruce Berry's cover was good, for a "junkie" cover, and delivered a dissertation on the evils of drug addiction. Everyone should realize that the annish cover was actually a political cartoon. Gary Deindorfer says many things, among them that he liked the issue, that Berry art was good, that he probably wouldn't like Capt. Future, tho he has read a few Hamilton items and things he has an excellent talent for creating definite mood, coupled with a cosmic imagination. Best definition of Hamilton's style I've seen yet. Redd Boggs wonders seriously if we were "formally titled", Dick Ambrase devoted almost all his letter to comments on artwork. I'm sorry I didn't get this one in, and he still plugs for a higher price tag on this zine. What kinda nut are you anyway Dick? Bob Coulson thought the Berry cover good, also interior Berry, and wondered why I gyped so much about copyrighting fanzines. I'm a disillusioned moralist, that's why. Lenny Kaye thought I had glued the envelope shut and the zine with it. Dave Hulan wondered if all fanzines shed in the winter time, or was it just season with FAD, Dave also said now that he has read the Cap Future article he has no desire to read the stories, since he thinks its covered well. Latter query brings out the fact that he never had any burning passion to read the tales anyway. Clever. Tim Dumont comments on the artwork, and sends a picture of himself. This is interesting, he's not at all like Tim Dumont ought to look (no one ever is). I'd appreciate seeing pictures of other readers, just as long as they don't want one in return. Fred Galvin claims he's about half a year behind in his fanzine reading, and having received a letter of comment on issue #8 just a few weeks prior, from him, I am inclined to believe. Is Ed Gorman still around? Emile Greenleaf recommends DARK UNIVERSE if you haven't read it. Ron Haydock was amazed at the size and quality of the annish, which is good. Whatever happened to that tape sent you Ron? As a matter of fact, this comment is the last I heard from Ron Haydock... Since I've undoubtedly left you out.....

Before I forget it, but for Hugo ballots, I recommend that FANTASTIC be kept in mind as the best magazine of 1961, simply because it was. The contents of that year in both science fiction and fantasy were considerably better than the other contenders, including its sister magazine, AMAZING. The two serials alone, WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM and White's excellent SECOND ENDING should have brought your attention to it, not to mention the noveletes and shorts. I close here...

FADAWAY #14

(Formally titled THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST)

is a science fiction slanted fanzine which appears on the scene (much in the manner of the Abominable Snowman), quarterly during the college school year, and perhaps more frequently during the summer months. It can be had normally for 15¢ per single issue, or \$1.00 for 7 issues. It may also be had for trade fanzines, for printed contributions, including letters. This zine comes to you from the caves of Bob Jennings, Box 1462, Tenn. Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tennessee.

Vol. 3 No. 2

A listing of the staff---

Robert Jennings---Editor/Publisher
Ron Haydock-----columnist
Len Collins-----staff indexer

ART CREDITS

Mikael Holsinger---2, 6, 25, Dick Ambrose---18
Tim Dumont-----cover, 29 Steve Stiles---30
Gary Deindorfer---2, 4, 13, 14, 15, 16, 28, 31, 32, 35
Ralph Rayburn Phillips 7 KEN Gentry---34
D. Bruce Berry---10, 22
Robert Gilbert---17

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NEXT ISSUE---

Since we were so outrageously fannish this time round, next issue will naturally be very dead-serious. Material by Bill Plott, Dave Hulan, Ron Haydock are definitely planned. Others as space allows.

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R RETURN
REQUESTED

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