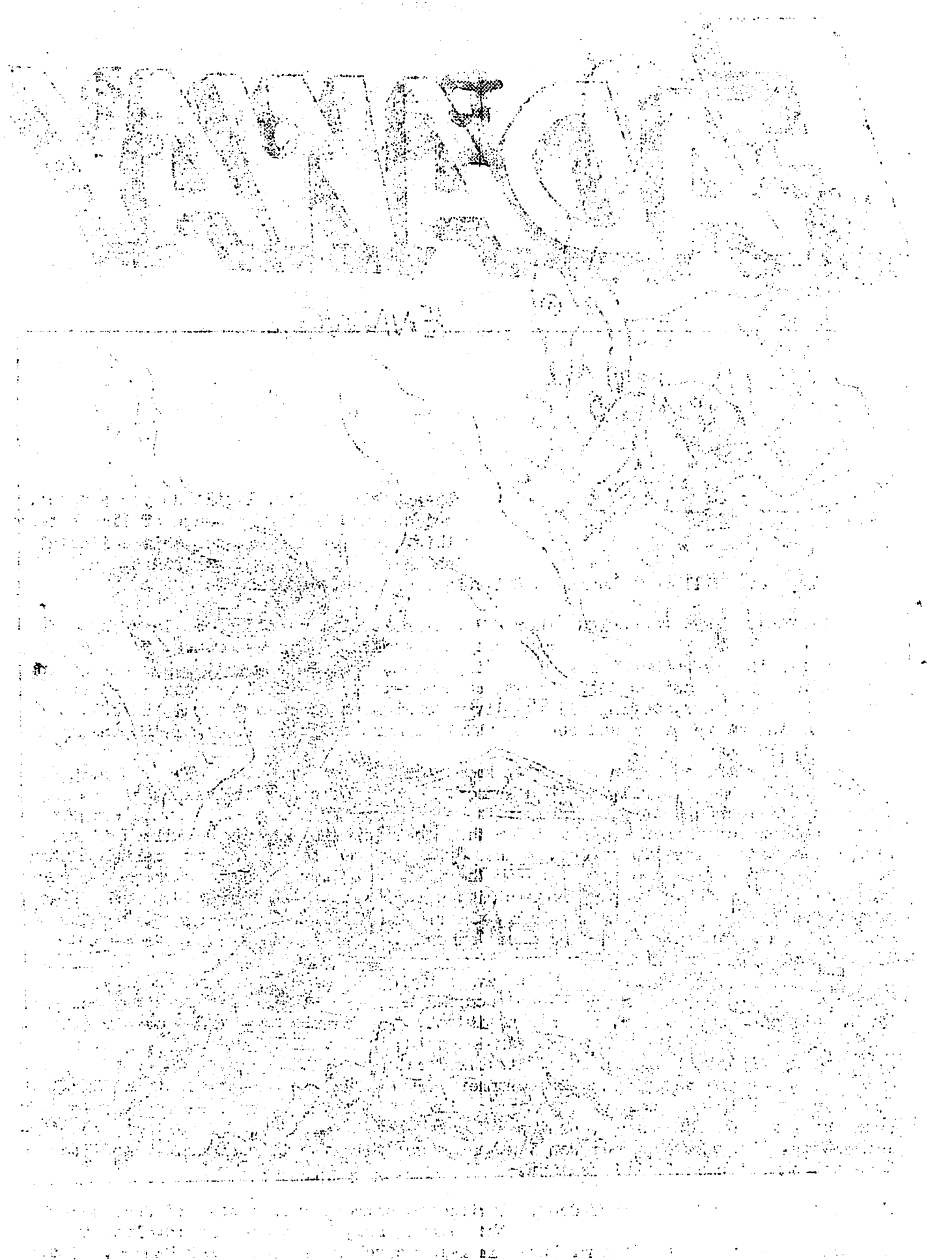
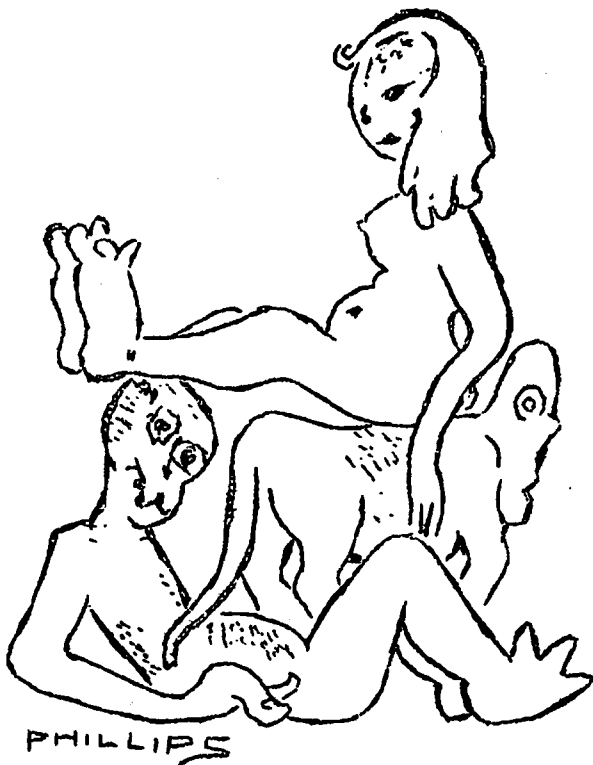


FADAWAY







Editorial

by
BOB
JENNINGS

Alas, Fair Reader, little do you suspect, but due to the long passage of Time between this, and our last issue, this editorial shall be devoted to Many Things, but

primarily, this will be a Business Editorial. Be ye forewarned...

POSSIBLY YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING where I've been keeping myself since last May. To rent away the veils of dark ignorance, I shall go thru it all in a step-by-step sort of discussion, because thy editor has been doing Many Things since last we met. First, of course, was the dull process of closing our the college year, moving all the living equipment back to Central Control, straghtening up the room and such as that. A mere few days later, I was busily engaged in my summer job.

For those of you who don't know (most of you in other words), I worked for the US Dept of Agriculture this summer, plant best control division of the Agricultural Research Section. I major in psychology, by the way. I dunno exactly what I had expected when I applied for the job. Perhaps I had visulalized in the back of my mind a massive office, manned by a hord of office workers rushing hither and fro, taking calls and reports from the mineateur army of field workers who were Out There Fighting the Bugs. The district supervisor would be inside a sub office, surrounded by six or seven telephones, all ringing constantly of course. Behind him would be a massive wall to wall map of Tennessee, with the Trouble Spots marked with red pins and the like.

Of course, allthis didn't have a thing in connection with Reality. In Reality, there were two offices, one occupied by a secretary, and the other occipied by the district supervisor, and his assistant, who was also the field worker (the only field worker). The telephone jangled quite a lot, but there was no map, no great flury of activity...in fact, it looked rather dull...

But the dept hired three summer workers, and we rushed about the middle Tennessee area in a pickup truck, manning insect traps, pausing ocaasionally to leap out into the healthful sunshine and make spot inspections for various other insect pests. The whole summer was Fun, and I got paid for it besides. I hope to take the same job again this summer.

THE DARK DAYS IN COMIC FANDOM Dept. During the summer, when I was off from work in the evening hrs, I also became involved in that dreaded offshoot of stf fandom, known in inner circles as Comid Book Fandom. I was

a roaving member, My initiation ceremonies cost me \$1, to take out a $\frac{1}{4}$ page ad in COMICCOLLECTOR (which is THE)trading fanzine in comic fandom), and with the massive response I gained from that small ad, I was off and running with the best of the herd.

Comic fandom is youthful and relaxing, and has few of the vices crotch-ity ole stf fandom has developed over the years. It is devoted entirely to comic books and comic strips, and does not concern itself with unrelated sidelights, such as political discussions or religious arguments. This, along with my job, took up most of my summer activities, and towards the end of the summer months, I decided to produce a comics slanted fanzine. I should point out here that comics fanzines sell for cold hard cash, and the asking price starts at 30¢ for a small fanzine, and goes up. They are usually dittoed, feature very short articles, lots of illos, and are stapled generally, only in the upper left hand corner. So I planned COMIC WORLD, which was 47 pages in length, mimeoed with color overprints, featured lengthy articles and many illos (the cry of the zine is "any subject worth covering is worth covering in depth and detail"), and was double stapled. It sold for 40¢ a copy, and I've still got a very few copies of the large print run left, if you are interested. Comic fandom and the job accounted for the summer.

AND THEN CAME SEPTEMBER and School again returned with its deadly cloud of gloom foreshadowing all my cheerful activities. I began to taper off the comic fandom a bit, and devoted much time to studying. I'm maintaining a decent average this year, which requires a little time. During November I produced COMIC WORLD #1, and sent it out. During these first school months I have managed to devise a Sure Fire Method of cleaning away back correspondence. I have all my mail sent to the home address, and since I return home once a week (for weekends) anyway, nothing is really delayed in reaching me, and I don't have the daily mail distracting me from Work. On weekends I return home and devote two solid days to answering all the mail. Those letters left over I carry back up to school with me and answer during the week as time permits. Extra time up at school not spent on letter answering or other cheerful collegiant activity, is spent reading stf ppbacks and hardbacks and back issues mags which have accumulated during the spring and summer months,

All this has eliminated fanac, stf fanac largely from my host of activities. Oh, I published my SFPA apazine, and maintained correspondence with several stfen, and clearaway all my unanswered letter backlog, but in general not much time of late has been devoted to stf fandom. And that needs changing. So to all you people who think Bob Jennings is dead and buried, wake up, because he's not, and he's interested in becoming involved in the whirl again.

AND SINCE THERE WAS such a gap between issue #14 and this, issue #15, the readership of this fanzine has somehow managed to grow uncomfortably large. As you will notice, this issue of FAD is rather light, and short on the page count. Mainly this is because it would cost Much Money to produce the normal sized issue of FAD, and send it out to the multitude who paid or traded for this issue. Thus the issue is light, short, but balanced (I hope).

The following people will receive next issue: Lawrence W. Jerome (16), Robert Anderson (22), C.L. Barrett (21), D. Bruce Berry (24), Lloyd Biggle Jr. (21), Ted Brooke (18), Lloyd Broyles (24), Bernie Bubnis Jr. (20), Tom Dilley (22), Don Fitch (17), Emile Greenleaf (30), Edmond Hamilton (16), Art Hayes (34), Lenny Kaye (18), Bill Mallardi (16), Ron Matties (20), Ed Meskys (17), Mom Milton (20), Richard H. Minter (17), Harry Nelson (20), Mike Oliver (17), Mike Padgett (19), Coral Smith (17), Reginald Smith (20), James Toren (17), R.F. Wald (20), These people are subscribers, and will receive the next issue. The number after the name is the last issue each person will receive. In addition, Tim Dumont, Ralph Rayburn Phillips, and Gene Tipton have material in the files, and will receive all issues up until and including the issue their material is printed in. Seth Johnson and the UCLA Library are Permanent Subbers, and will receive all future issues of this fanzine until it folds, unless they request otherwise.

If your name is not on that list, then you has best look over the list of Ways and Means following on how to obtain future issues, assuming you wish to obtain future issues, of course.

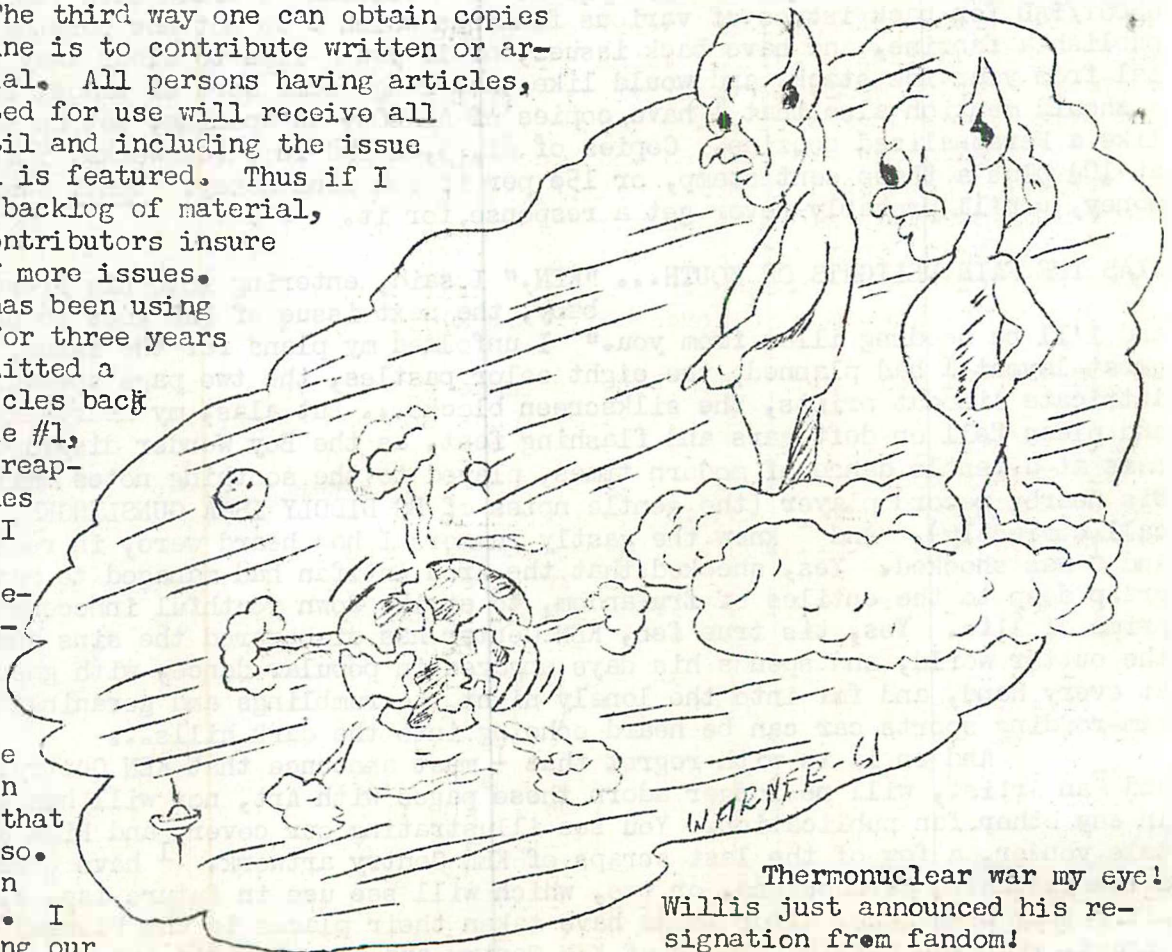
You can subscribe. This quaint fannish custom has been revised and updated and will be handled according to accepted bookkeeping methods, which have proven themselves highly sucessful for COMIC WORLD. In the future FADAWAY will be a bi-monthly fanzine. The zine will be printed the latter part of one month, and will be mailed out the first day of the next month. The next issue will be printed in late February, and will be mailed out March 1st.

Issues well for 20¢ apiece (like, we hiked our price a nickle a copy. I mention in defense that FAD is one of the last fanzines to feature a rise in prize. old subs are honored under their original rates, as always), and for the sum of \$1.00 you will receive the next ifve issues, but not the annish. \$1.25 will entitle you to the next six issues, including the annish, which normally sells for 30¢ a copy. Or if you want to, you may send money in any multiple of 20¢. Stamps are NOT acceptable. Anybody that sends stamps will receive them right back, minus one five cent stamp t which will be used to return the things.

Another Old Tradition has been revised especially for the new Policy. If you publish a genzine, I'm willing to trade with you, on a one for one basis. Any other method is unfair to persons who send in good sub money. Possible exceptions will be considered if your fanzine appears erratically, and happens to be Excellent, or nearly so. If your zine falls in that class (XERO, SI-FAN for example), I'll be happy to continue sending you my fanzine regularly, whether you respond on a one for one basis or not. I will not trade FAD for apazines (unless they be genzines in disguise, as with WARHOON And LOKI), or for any comic slanted fanzines. I'll trade my own apazine, ALABOK for apazines, and COMIC WORLD on certain conditions, for comic slanted zines.

The third way one can obtain copies of this fanzine is to contribute written or artistic material. All persons having articles, or art accepted for use will receive all copies up until and including the issue said material is featured. Thus if I have a large backlog of material, you hearty contributors insure yourselves of more issues. Gene Tipton has been using this method for three years now. He submitted a flury of articles back there at issue #1, and has been reap- ing free issues ever since. I may use all those up, some- day. All per- sons who have a letter of comment printed in the letter section will receive that issue free also.

On sample copies. I will be sending our



Thermonuclear war my eye!
Willis just announced his re-
signation from fandom!

five to eight sample copies of each issue, For Free. Persons who have already received issues of FAD in the past are ineligible to receive such samples. However if anyone would like to pass on the name of someone new in fandom, I'll be glad to send a sample copy his way. I'll send out two sample issues to each person, but unless I get definite response, the name is Stricken from the mailing list.

Oh yes, persons who Buy the next issue, kindly state what issue you want. This is #15, if you want to pay for issue #16, say so, else I'll probably mail you another copy of #15. Simply saying 'next issue' isn't enough, since with three different zines going, I'm likely to forget which next issue of which fanzine.

This is the "Brand New Policy in a closed nutshell. If you are interested in riding with us into future issues, well and good. If you aren't, this is the last stop, and time to get off. Future issues of FAD will be science fiction slanted as always, with humor of an stf nature injected. Some things you definitely won't see here, are New Trend type articles, discussions or comics or record reviews. If you want to talk about political systems, Captain Marvel, or the 1812 Overture, or other non-stfional subjects, you'll have to find some other fanzine to cater to your wants. This one won't. Next issue will contain material by Warner, Tipton, Berry, myself and Others, and should be interesting.

TWO GUNSHOTS RANG OUT IN THE DARKENED ROOM, A VOICE CRIED OUT and all knew that Bob Hennings was trying to pawn old possessions. In an effort to clean away some back stock, I now let it be known that I have the following back issues of MONDAY EVENING GHOST/FAWAWAY for sale--- I have 3 incomplete copies of issue #1 (one page missing from each copy), 3 copies of issue #4, 6 copies of #5, many many copies of #7, 2 incomplete copies of #12 (page of indexes missing from each). Issue #1 sells for 25¢ apiece, all other issues are 15¢ apiece. I'm willing to trade back issues of GHOST/FAD for back issues of various fanzines which I do not now possess. If you publish a fanzine, and have back issues, or if you'd like to clear away some material from your fmz stack, and would like to arrange some sort of trade, let me know. I should mention also that I have copies of ALABOK, an apazine, set up something like a Personalized genzine. Copies of #1, 3, 4 and in a few weeks, 5 are for sale at 10¢ plus a three cent stamp, or 15¢ per if you send money. Don't send 13¢ in money, you'll probably never get a response for it.

ALAS THE FAIR DELIGHTS OF YOUTH... "KEN," I said, entering into his Presence, "KEN baby, the next issue of FAD goes to press soon, and I'll be needing illos from you." I unfolded my plans for the issue, of the great layout I had planned, the eight color pastles, the two page spreads, the intricate linocut prints, the silkscreen blocks... But alas, my heart-renting cries and pleas fell on deaf ears and flashing feet, as the Boy Wonder displayed his prowess at a gentle dance of modern times, played to the soothing notes emitted from his nearby record player (the gentle nptes of BO DIDDLY IS A GUNSLINGER, if I recall correctly). And I knew the gastly rumors I had heard were, in reality, Truth. And I was shocked. Yes, shkoked that the Arch Antifan had managed to reach its foul grasp deep to the entiles of frufandom, to strike down youthful innocence in the prime of life. Yes, tis true fen, KEN Gentry has discovered the sins and vices of the outter world, and spends his days engaged in popular dance, with gapping women at every hand, and far into the lonely night the rumblings and goranings of his ram-rodging sports car can be heard echoing into the dark hills...

And so it is with regret that I must announce that KEN Gentry, Boy Genius and Fan Artist, will no longer adorn these pages with Art, nor will his work be seen in any other fan publication. You see illustrating our cover, and Rick Norwood's tale yonder, a few of the last scraps of KEN Gentry artwork. I have carefully hoarded a few sketches, perhaps one, or two, which will see use in future issues, and after they have gone, after these have taken their places in the Planned Future Issues, even the parting memory of KEN Gentry and his electric ink pen shall vanish from the face of fandom...

THE CURE

by
Rick Norwood

The patient on the high hospital bed pushed himself to a half sitting position, and called "Nurse!"

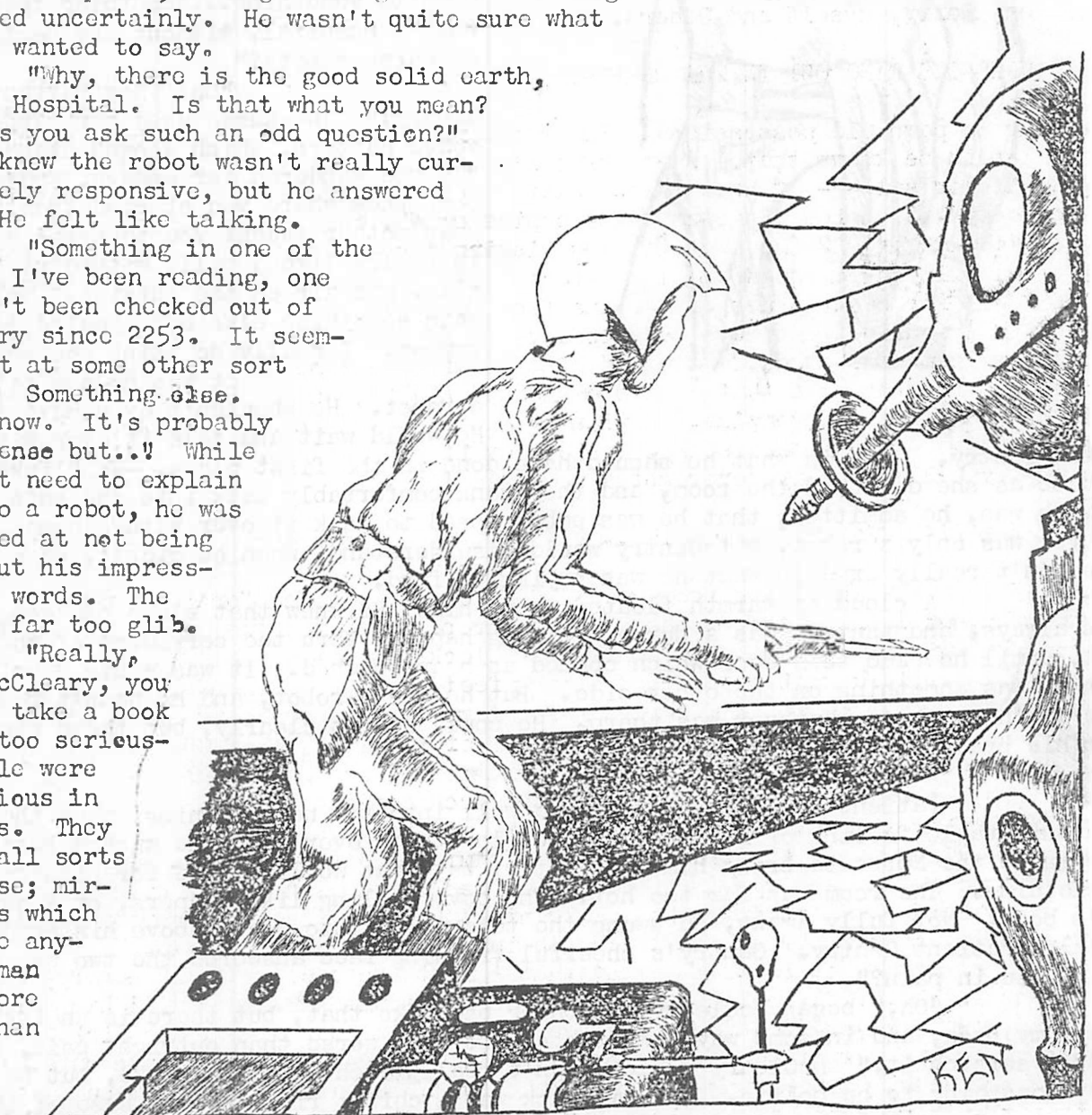
There was the annoyingly spungy sound of the tread as the nursing robot rolled rapidly to his bedside. "Yes, Patient McCleary. You are in pain?"

McCleary ignored the formal greeting, tho it made him notice the hard back of the bed, and the awkward position of his neck. "Nurse, have you ever heard of there being anything outside of the Hospital? I know that sounds odd, but maybe before the Hospital, a long time ago...or something." He finished uncertainly. He wasn't quite sure what it was he wanted to say.

"Why, there is the good solid earth, under the Hospital. Is that what you mean? What makes you ask such an odd question?" McCleary knew the robot wasn't really curious, merely responsive, but he answered anyway. He felt like talking.

"Something in one of the old books I've been reading, one that hadn't been checked out of the library since 2253. It seemed to hint at some other sort of world. Something else. I don't know. It's probably just nonsense but..." While he did not need to explain himself to a robot, he was embarrassed at not being able to put his impressions into words. The Nurse was far too glib.

"Really, Patient McCleary, you shouldn't take a book that old too seriously. People were superstitious in those days. They believed all sorts of nonsense; miracle drugs which would cure anything, human Doctors more skilled than robots, because of magic





You must be tired. How would you like a little nap?"

McCleary smiled as he traced the line of reasoning the robot had used to pick that particular answer to his question. His word "nonsense" linked with "old" to get superstition, and that with the ever present random linkage of medicine to miracle drugs, and from there to the medical condition of her patient, which in his case always indicated a little nap. If he answered the Nurse's final question either way, it would stubbornly insist on turning out the light, so he ignored it, and tried one more time. "But if you rolled around the Hospital long enough, and far enough, might you not eventually come to something...something that just wasn't Hospital, without any Doctor robots or Nurse robots?"

"Oh! Now Patient McCleary!" The Nurse used her alternate voice pattern, which showed exasperation. "If you wandered far enough, you'd only come back where you started from. Surely your mother taught you that the Hospital is really like a ball, with dirt on the inside, and air on the outside. Where would your something else be? You're just grumpy. I really do think you need a nap."

It was no use talking to a robot. He shouldn't even have tried.

He would wait and talk it over with Patient

ient Gentry. This is what he should have done in the first place. He blinked at the Nurse as she darkened the room, and then sank comfortably back into the soft bed. The truth was, he admitted, that he was embarrassed to talk it over with a human. The Nurse was only a robot, but Gentry would misunderstand, when he didn't, when he couldn't really explain what he was trying to find.

A cloud of warmth floated about him. He knew that sleep had come easily, as always, and that he was a Nurse, rolling happily thru the corridors of the Hospital, until he came to a door which opened as he approached. It was a big door, and there was something on the other side. But he was a robot, and he hadn't been programmed to think about whatever was there. He could see it clearly, but there was no place in his brain for the image to fall.

Patient McCleary had drowsed well into the next morning, when the familiar uncomfortable feeling of having slept too long came over him. He wished that he could persuade the Nurse to bring him cold water, but that would be bad for his sinuses or something. The room was far too hot. The covers clung like drapers, or a shroud over his body. Not fully awake, he swung the television into place above his head, and dialed Patient Gentry. Gentry's cheerful frowning face answered the two way pickup. "Are you in pain?"

"Oh," began McCleary, "nothing bad like that, but there is an itch all over my back, and in some ways an itch can be even worse than outright pain, if you can't scratch it." McCleary's back didn't really itch until he spoke, but he had to say something to be polite. Now his back was itching; right at the base of the spine.

He squirmed, trying to get the sheet out from under him and straighten his sweat soaked pajamas. Gentry broke in on his concentrated efforts to rub his back against his pillow. "I say, are you listening. I said that the pain in my leg is worse."

"Sorry. I'm sorry to hear that. I had hoped those new pills..." McCleary broke off. He wanted to talk about outside, not about Gentry's legs. And his back still itched.

"Eh, there's a reason this time tho, eh." Gentry sat up in bed and whispered confidentially. "There is a reason, I say. Do you hear me?"

"Yes? Yes, of course. What reason?"

"Heh, I visited the ladies' ward last night, heh. Nurse almost caught me too. But I fooled her, eh. Yes, are you listening... She was on her midnight round, and I was in such a hurry I'd forgotten all about it. So I stooped down behind the potted plant, you know the potted plant. Wrenched my back something awful, eh. She almost saw me, but she went right past me."

Gentry went on talking, but McCleary was absorbed with the picture of Gentry's fat, awkward body huddled in the corner, worrying about his back, behind a thin artificial plant which couldn't have hidden a child, while the robot Nurse rolled unconcerned on past.

"In the ladies' ward, heh. I say, in the ladies ward, are you listening? I made it all the way, without even stumbling, eh. The of course my leg was in terrible pain. Ellen had unlocked the door, because she always expects me every other Thursday. She has a bad heart, and a condition of the liver. And a weak back. And a weak back, eh. So I hobbled over to the bed. And you can see what came of it. You can see. My leg, all swollen and hurting so. I should never have tried walking, the Nurse told me I should never walk, but...here, are you listening, eh?"

"You must have gotten around the Hospital quite a lot, haven't you?" McCleary knew that old Gentry has never been further than the ladies' ward, but this was as good a way to open the subject as any.

"Why, why yes, eh. For one in my age and condition. With my leg hurting all the time that is, eh. For one of my age I should say I have. Quite a bit, I might say, tho the pain in my leg..."

"Sure, sure, and I was thinking...just thinking, wondering what you had seen, if you had seen anything unusual."

"Why, why just as I was saying, eh. I was in the ladies ward the other night, you hear, and..."

McCleary cut him off again. "No, what I'm getting at..." Not that way. Gentry would never understand a plain statement of the feeling. "I mean, if there were a new...a new disease, that's it, a new disease, where would they put it?" McCleary was struggling lamely to keep the conversation the way he wanted it.

"Put what? The disease? What are you talking about, McCleary?"

"No, put the patient. I mean, where do they put the new patients? That's it. There are new patients born every day, where do they put them?"

"A new disease, eh. Have you got a new disease?" Gentry was excited now, but about the wrong thing. McCleary's back was itching uncontrollably now.

"Forget about that. The new patients, where do they put them?"

"Why, why, you know that. They stay in the maternity ward with their mothers for twenty-one years, and then they are given a room. It hasn't been that long for you, has it, eh? You can't be more than twenty-five or so."

"My mother died in childbirth," explained McCleary.

"Oh, I'm sorry. It must have been quite a painful experience; I mean, it must of hurt quite a lot, what."

McCleary tried to reach his back. How should he know what kind of experience it had been. He was getting angry with Gentry, but he needed to talk. "That doesn't matter. What I'm getting at is, what if more people are born than die? Where do they put the others?"

"But more die than are born, eh. You can't expect old men like myself to live very long. I doubt if I have very long to live at all. And there aren't many children, eh?"

"But if there were..." McCleary was becoming more and more insistent, "listen to me now. What if there were more children. They'd need a place to put them, and it would have to be somewhere else, don't you see. SOMEWHERE ELSE!"

"Here now, what are you talking about. Hadn't you better call the Nurse?"

"You don't care about anything but your sickness. If you'd only listen you'd understand." McCleary was shouting now, "what do you care if there's a way out. You're sick! I'm not! I'm not sick!"

There was a sudden silence as McCleary realized what he was saying. He had never put the thought into words, even to himself. What would happen now. Gentry broke the silence.

"We're all sick."

"Sick. That's all you ever talk about, sickness. Can't you even talk about anything else you old fool!"

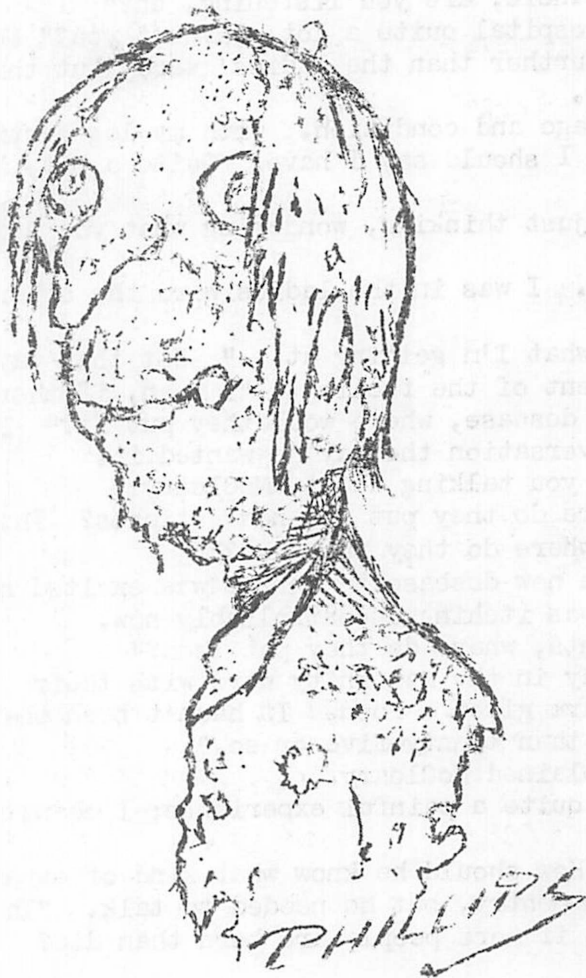
"There isn't anything else to talk about."

The conversation was somehow back to an awful calm. Gentry did understand. No, that was impossible. Gentry was a sick, foolish old man, but at least he was willing to listen.

"Gentry, listen old man. Gentry! What if I'm not sick? I was thinking. There must be some place for people who aren't sick. Somewhere. If I'm not sick, I should be there. Here I'm uncomfortable, but because I'm sick, but because this is the wrong place for me. You understand don't you Gentry? Where is the place for a well man?"

He didn't expect any kind of an answer, but he almost got one. Gentry opened his mouth to speak. The set went blank. "How about a little nap?"

The Nurse was looming over him, tall, impossibly tall. From down in the bed, the bed sinking under him, she was a black shadow on the ceiling. Out of focus, a shadow, and then below him, a little nurse. Very small. "Here now, you've gotten out of bed. Are you in pain? How about a little nap?" The floor was pleasantly cool to his feet. He braced himself against the door frame, his flabby muscles tensed. The Nurse was rolling toward him faster than he had ever seen her move. He stepped out into the corridor, saw the potted plant, saw the glowing ceiling stretched out before him. Trying to run, he could only shuffle, almost skip at times. "How about a little... You can't leave your room. Are you in pain?" He was past the ladies' ward, in another part of the Hospital. The Nurse was undecided. There was a door before him, a large door. He stopped, gasping for breath. The Nurse was unable to cope with her situation. She raced up and stood behind him. Her voice began to alternate between exasperation and normal. "WHAT DO you think YOU'RE DOING! HOW about a LITTLE nap?" He surged forward. The door opened. Beyond stretched the same glowing ceiling. Like a pit the corridor continued on into the distance. He pitched forward. "NOW REALLY, you're BEHAVING DIS-gracefully for a PATIENT! Come back here. Doctor. DOCTOR!"



McCleary was back in his bed.

The ceiling glowed above him. The shadow that was the Nurse bent and put a thermometer in his mouth. Suddenly, he wanted to talk. There was someone else here, the Doctor of course. McCleary was soaked with sweat. His muscles quivered. The Nurse bent over him and took the thermometer from his mouth. He tried to say something. It wouldn't come. He went over in his mind what he would say: "I'm not sick." And the Doctor would answer, "Of course you are." Then he would demand to be given a check-up, and they would find out that he was well. Should he wait until he was cooler? No, he couldn't wait. They would find out that he wasn't sick. They would...they would let him...let him...OUT!

He spoke. "I'm not sick."

"Of course you're sick."

"Then what am I sick of. What disease do I have?"

"We seldom find it necessary to diagnose a patient. We have learned to treat directly from the symptoms."

"Then a demand a diagnosis. I have a right to know what my illness is."

"Of course, if you insist."

It was easy. Only then came a long period of testing. McCleary began to worry. Suppose he was wrong. What if he was sick after all? He talked to Gentry once or twice, but Gentry was the same doddering old fool as ever. The tests became more and more painful. They took blood samples, bowel samples, starved him and prodded him. They fed him foul milky liquids and choking pills. Finally he was back in his old room, with clean sheets and fresh pajamas. The Nurse and Doctor rolled in, side by side. The Doctor spoke. "I pronounce you cured." The Nurse could not understand. "How about a little nap," she asked. McCleary laughed.

Two Doctors stood in the scalding sterilizing bath, steaming water splattering off their metal sides.

"What ever happened to McCleary, Doctor?"

"We disposed of the body."

"He died of his illness?"

"No, Doctor, he was cured. And of what earthly use is a cured patient?"

"Very strange case."

"Almost unique."

Chatting with mechanical curiosity, the Doctors rolled out of the sterilizer. There were patients to be tended.

---Rick Norwood.

ALABOK

Issue #3 of this SFPA apazine is now out. It contains a brilliant cover by KEN Gentry (possibly one of the last KEN covers you'll ever see), Editorial Chatter by Me, Bob Jennings, along with chapter 4 of Horns 'N Hooves, the Never Ending Saga Of The Old West. Copies of this publication may be obtained for a mere ten cents plus a three cent stamp. IF you send money only, the price is 15¢. There are still a few copies left of issues #1 and #2, both available at the same price.

Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tenn.

THE SCIENCE FICTION COLORING BOOK

story by

Clay Kimball

artwork by

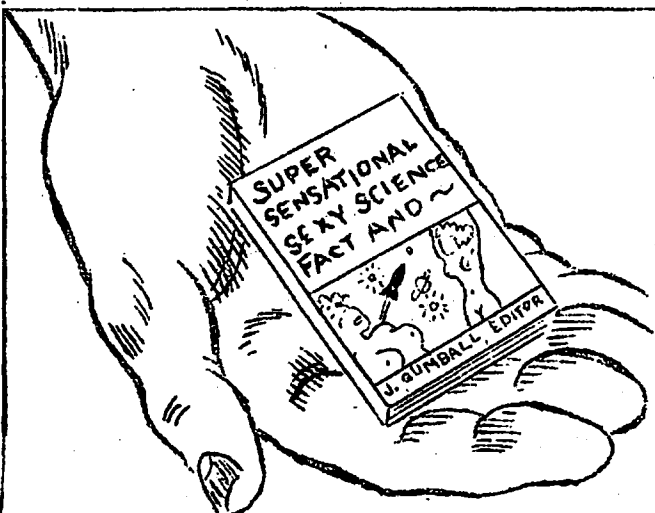
D. Bruce Berry



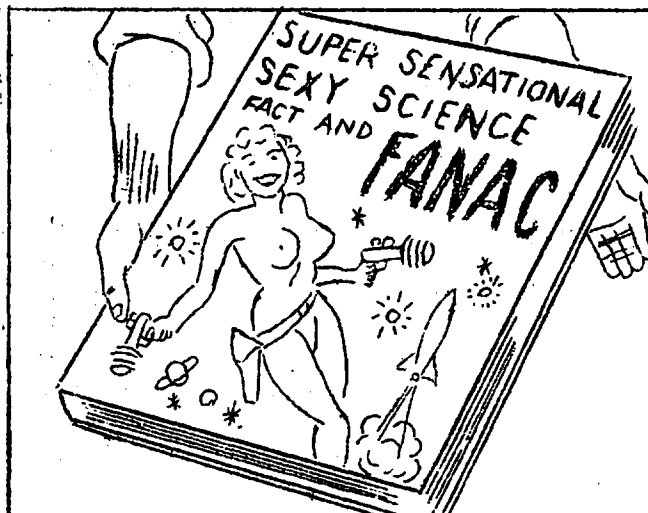
This is a fan
It reads science fiction
Doesn't it look weird?
Do you think it should be allowed
to run loose?



This is an ordinary person
See how different he looks?
He only reads about reasonable things
like sadists, rape, murder...



This is a prozine
It is full of many things
All kinds of shings
Sometimes, even a little stf



This is a fanzine
It is full of discussion
All kinds of discussion
Sometimes, even of stf



How does a promag differ from a fanzine?
It pays better rates...



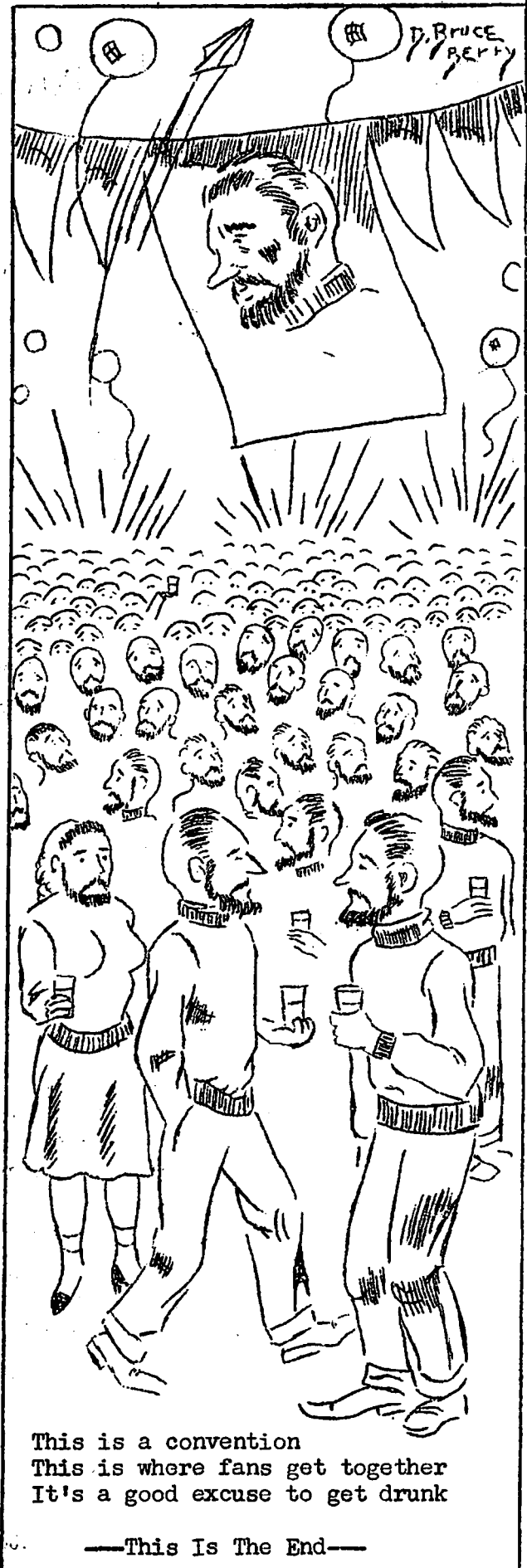
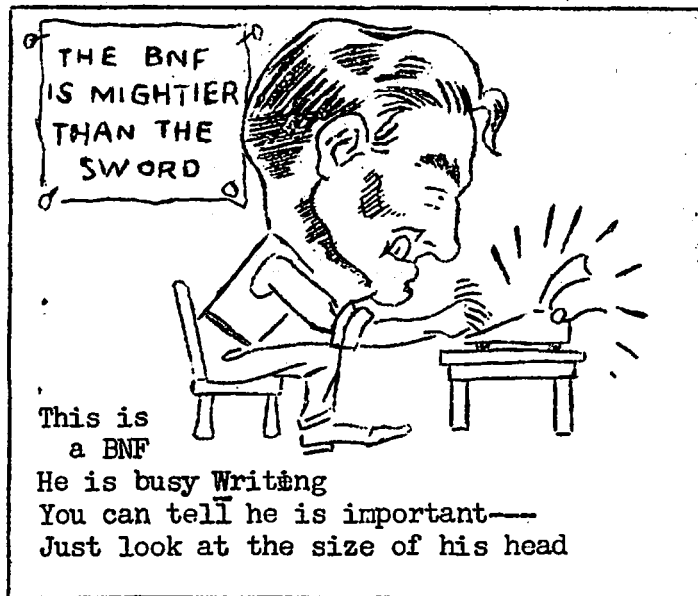
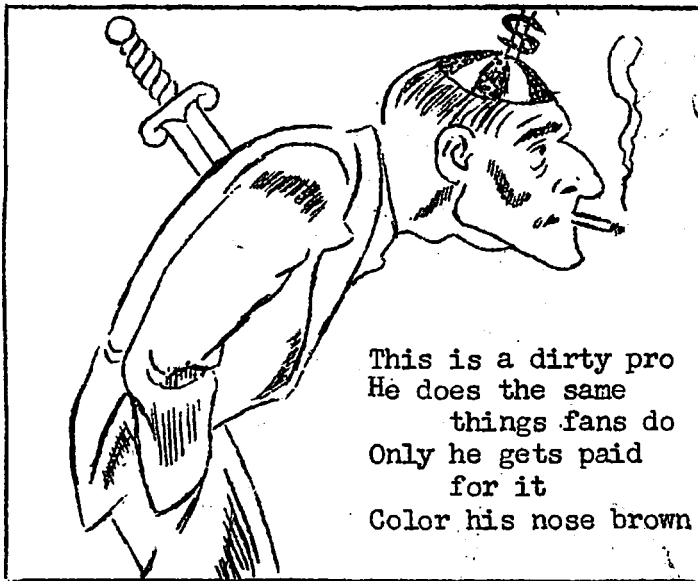
This is a neofan
Neofen are easy to spot—
They read science fiction
Color him green



This is a fan editor
He is busy cutting stencils
He is sublinating his sexual desires
He has nothing better to do



This is a critic
He is looking for a fanzine
He is looking for mistakes
They are not hard to find



THE WRITINGS OF A CONFIRMED CYNIC

by
Robert Jennings



What is science fiction?
This is the classic question which has stumped science fiction readers and fans constantly, and for which there seems to be no direct answer. Since I have a few thoughts on the subject, I might as well air my views, and lay the whole group of ideas out for your gentle criticism and opinion.

Let's start by assuming that science fiction can be defined in simple terms; in words which won't take more than a paragraph or two lengthwise, and which will, at the same time, make the essence of science fiction clear and understandable. We're assuming that a science fiction story has certain qualities which make it in some way unique and different from any other type of story.

With other types of literature the problem is a bit simpler. A western story is obviously a western story if the tale is set in a background of the historic American west. A sea story is perhaps a notch higher in complexity, but we can still find a fairly simple definition of sea stories. Sea stories are obviously stories set against a sea background, but the waters of the world must play some sort of involved part in the story for it to qualify. One doesn't classify a book as a sea story just because the hero took a ferry across to Long Island in one chapter. Surely we ought to be able to fit science fiction into a definition using the same sort of logic. There should be definite qualities which can be picked out and analyzed, and then applied to other stories as definite rules; things which will enable a reader to tell that THIS is science fiction, but THIS is not.

To begin with, what do I want when I read a science fiction story? I want a story, basically, an interesting story which will appeal to me, which will stretch my imagination, broaden my mental horizons, and give me emotional relaxation.

What don't I want from a science fiction story? I am not interested in a poorly constructed and badly written story, or a pseudo-science borderline sf tale, and I definitely don't want a sugar coated science pill. I can say in all honesty

that I am not interested in fiction dominated by Science (spelled with a capital S), and in which the story hangs thinly, if at all, on the threads of all powerful science. I want a story, in other words, and not a mass of facts which chokes plot and characterization from the fiction in science fiction.

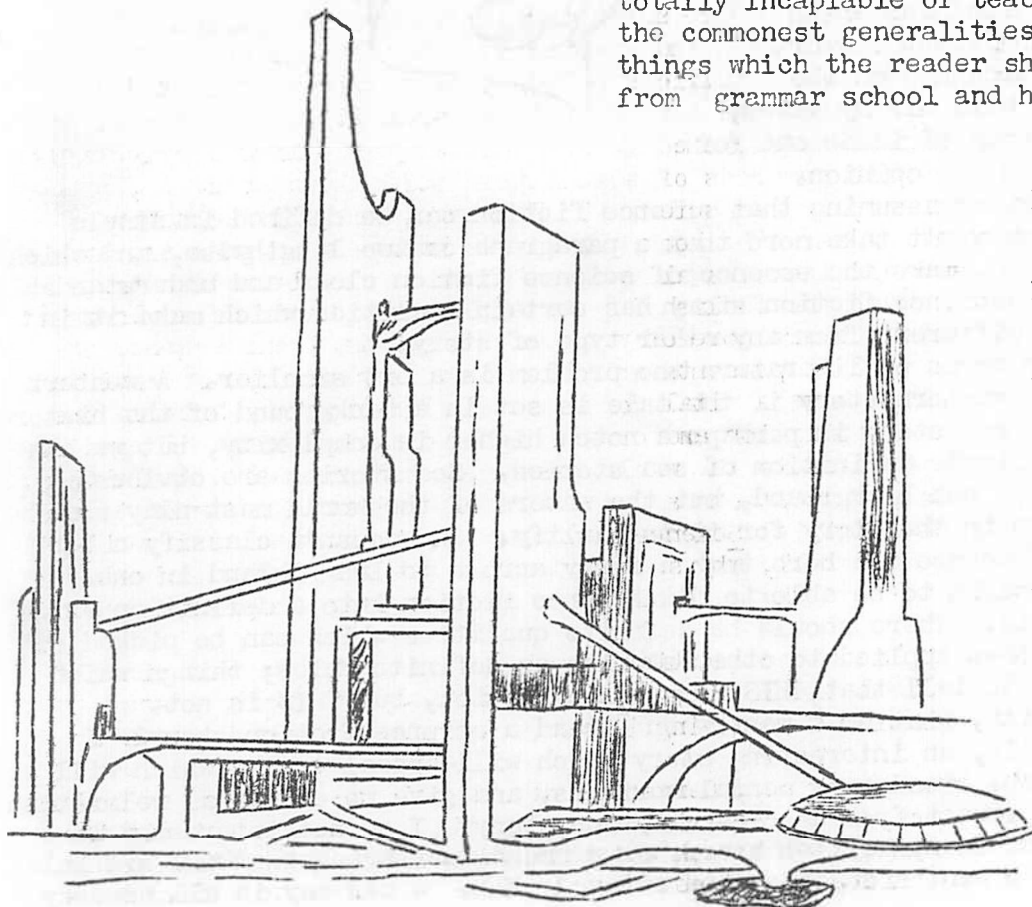
This used to be, and still is to some people, one of the major issues in science fiction. There are still people who seriously worry about the ratio of pure science in the story. There are still those people who claim that Science fiction (spelled with a capital S), should be science dominated; that it should strive to teach, or inform the reader of the many ways of Science; that it should, on the side, exercise logic and cunning to actually predict the future advancements of science thru this fictional form.

These people assume that bright young people will read science fiction mainly because they want to learn about science, and that at the least, ordinary everyday persons will want to learn science easily thru fiction form, since science is obviously the dominant force in the 20th Century, and these individuals want to keep up with the times. Some advocates of this theory have even gone so far as to suggest that scientific minded individuals read stf to broaden their own knowledge of science and technology.

I maintain that these are foolish notions to even seriously consider. If I wanted to learn about science, or even to sample it in the accepted 20th century manner, the last place I'd look would be in a science fiction magazine. There are dozens, possibly hundreds of scientific magazines floating around these days, and a good many of them are aimed at the average lay reader, featuring well constructed articles which make learning about a science as easy and interesting as watching a good mystery in TV. The question arises as to why anyone who was actually considering broadening his scientific horizons should consider science fiction, when he can be entertained and educated by magazines specifically suited for the purpose is a very good one, and one which has not been answered satisfactorily yet.

For that matter, science fiction has clearly shown itself to be almost totally incapable of teaching anything but the commonest generalities of science, such things which the reader should have learned from grammar school and high school. A reader

interested in the scientific aspects of stf would consider himself extremely lucky if he managed to stumble across any really solid science beyond that he had already encountered from other sources. The short length, and the fictional requirements (no matter how poorly organized or handled) necessitate a hasty and light coverage of all scientific topics, not to mention



making it understandable.

An outstanding example of this fact can be shown by taking a book written as Science (with a capital S) dominated science fiction, and examine it closely. Most science fiction fans have read RALPH 124C 41, written by Hugo Gernsback, father of 20th century science fiction, and the chief advocate of science dominated stf. RALPH seems to obey most of the formula-like rules laid down for science dominated stf, and certainly if any piece of fiction could attempt to lay claim to being a vehicle of science, this is it. Excusing the relative crudeness of the writing (after all, it is badly dated, and Gernsback himself admits it was written in instalments, often with a deadline looming only hours ahead of him), let's take a close look at the science in the story. The more we look, the less solid substantial science we are going to find I'm afraid, for while Our Hero was extremely wordy in explaining the wonders of the future, he seldom manages to inject real honest physical or social science into the story. Ocassionally we stumble across a wattery, rather simple explanation for a gadget that approached pseudo-science in its concept, but when it comes down to explaining how, or why, or by what and in what different ways, all questions poised and explained complete by Science, I'm afraid RALPH doesn't have the answers.

I think the more we investigate, the more we'll have to agree that for honest, sincere explanations of science, we will have to look somewhere else than sciencefiction. Even such weighty tales as BEYOND GRAVITY can only convey the barest smattering of real, solid science, hardly enough to qualify this or any other science fiction story as a teacher of Science. A science fiction story has simply not got the room of a textbook to expound on the wonders of the universe; there is a story there that has to fit in somewhere, and even when this story is merely sugar coating for a lumpy array of elementary facts and concepts, it must still be present. Size limitations and the necessity to explain in general and understandable terms also seriously hampers the all too feeble efforts of Science, pur and glittering, to be prevalent in the stories.

Surely tho, science fiction must present something, if not harsh and explaining science, surely it can produce something to deserve its title. I think it would be best to pin this down and examine it a little closer. If science fiction tales don't present true scientific knowledge, then they most certainly present scientific concepts. RALPH was a total failure when it came to teaching true knowledge and understanding of science as science, or to telling a presentable story, but it bubbled over with hundreds of speculative scientific concepts, none of which were explained in detailed or scientific language, but all fascinating scientific concepts none the less. The book postulates hundreds of gadgets, and introduces off-trails ideas and theories all watered down and explained in the simplest of terms so that even the foolish layman would comprehend the advancement made. I think this is the basichard core of what we are seeking, the essence of a science fiction story is that it presents an interesting speculative scientific concept. These concepts often have a vital role in the stories; they broaden the reader's thinking, spur his imagination and create that so-called sense of wonder.

I think this is the key to the whole business, but just of a definition, but to other basic problems and questions science fiction addicts have puzzled with. Such problems as why Gernsback styled Science dominated fiction, even when well written, didn't seem to go over well, why space opera is not considered science fiction by many readers, and even why much of our current science fiction is not well liked.

The answers to these three questions could be clarified rather simply if science fiction were defined in clear concise terms. You can hardly answer questions and considerations about something if you only have a vague idea as to what it really is.

Starting with the first one, Gernsback styled science fiction and modern science fiction (and by modern, I am referring to everything which did not fit the general Science dominated formula Gernsback established and loosely applied to his magazines), have one vast difference between them, besides the obvious differences

in writing style. In a Gernsback science dominated story, the science was expected to be the first consideration. The plot, the characters and the action trailed behind in secondary roles to the Science. In addition, the gentle art of Prophecy was also expected to be evident in the tales, and the author was assumed to have the intellect to predict future scientific wonders fairly accurately from the science he currently knew and comprehended. All too often this combination resulted in badly butchered stories, containing little more than mere incidents, or picturing the characters wandering about aimlessly marveling at the wonders Science has wrought on the far future.

Modern science fiction has simply shifted the emphasis from Science to story. Instead of emphasizing the marvels of science as the first consideration, and thus ^{risk}overloading the reader with hundreds of concepts which add little or nothing to the fictional content, writers have tended to use one or two ideas, and developed related plots peopled by human characters undergoing human adventures. People buy fiction magazines for the fiction in them. It's foolish to imagine someone seriously interested in the life, lore and history of the American west to buy a western magazine as a reference source to improve his knowledge of the subject, and in the same way it is foolish to imagine readers will be more interested in pure science than adventures revolving about science.

I think it's time we started putting the threats together, and weaved, some sort of definition, a tentative one at least. Science fiction then, if literature which is based on speculative scientific concepts. I think we can carry this one step further, and say that science fiction is literature which is based on speculative scientific concepts, intergrated into the story plot. This last addition I consider necessary to distinguish between what is truly science fiction, and what is simply a pseudo-stf imitation.

In a truly good science fiction story, the author doesn't swing the pendulum all the way back and discard science from his tale. Let's face it, if you eliminate the science from science fiction, or rather, the scientific concepts from the form, you are going to end up with something that probably fits conventional literary pegionholes, or even more lily, you're going to wind up with no story at all. Speculative scientific concepts play a major role in science fiction, because these concepts are intergrated parts of the story, and the story is expected to revolve around these concepts, or to at least use it as a fundamental and important part of the background.

Thus we have all sorts of combinations. There is the problem take, probably the simplest, and one of the most effective of stf story types. The scientific concept is the central theme, and the entire story is devoted to seeking an explanation for, about, and answer to, or a counter attack against this problem. A law of nature has been violated, there is a unique super weapon, this culture is dying, earth culture faces stagnation, something is causing endless mutation, a ship disappeared on this planet which appears normal and healthy, what makes these seemingly human creates alien and terrible, the possibilities are endless. It's possible to graft two or three sub-concepts into the tale and into the gadgets and have a rip-roaring good time trying to resolve all the complications that will arise. Add a dash of adventure to all this and you have an excellent story.

Then there is the off-center concept, in which said concept plays an important role in the background. These are the What If stories, and they seek to show, more than problem stories, the effect of something. A giant computer is suddenly alive by some weird means, what happens? Space warfare becomes practical, the sun is going nova, men evolve a super-race, again the possibilities are nearly endless. Problem stories combine well with this type also.

There are endless possibilities for story patterns and story types, but let it be noted that the speculative scientific concepts play an important part in the stories. There are, of course, stories which pass as science fiction, without actually intergrating speculative scientific concepts into their background or into the story proper. I maintain that such stories are not science fiction.

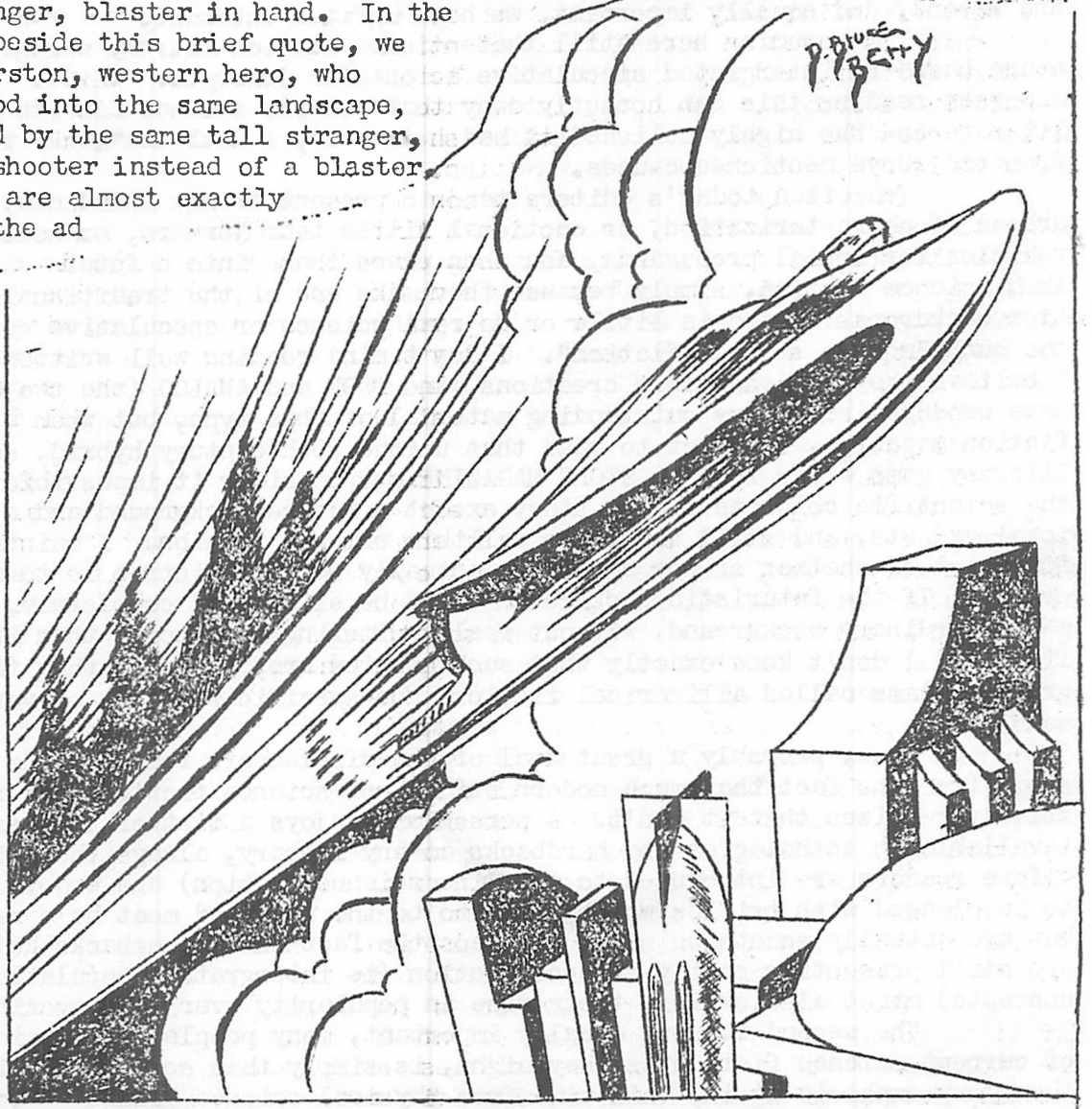
A glaring example of this type of story is poorly constructed space opera.

I'll tentatively define space opera as science fiction fiction which is very adventurous. (which is about as tenuous as you're likely to find)

Badly constructed space opera doesn't bother to introduce new speculative scientific concepts into the story. Sometimes it doesn't even bother to analyze old ones. The panorama of the future is laid out cold, a stack deck which does not necessitate the addition of incidentals, such as explanation or speculative science. All the background is assumed to be in existence from page one. If the author tells us space ships travel into hyperspace when black button X is depressed, then the reader takes this on face value, and with no explanation of how or what hyperspace operates or is. Traditional stereotyped backgrounds, complete with future science and gadgets are all too often the accepted props.

This is poor space opera, a wild adventure flashing across a backdrop of a future fantasy world. We could just as easily eliminate this backdrop, and substitute for its place, say, the Asian peninsula. For space ships let's substitute fast sports cars. The plot wouldn't have to be altered much. The tools would need changing of course, lugers for blasters, say rare jade carvings for brand new metals and drugs, such minor details as these. The point of this is that the background can be changed, without affecting the story plot or content seriously in the least. For several years GALAXY made a practice of running a subscription ad called "You'll Never See It In GALAXY". Bat Durston comes roaring from the heavens, and is ambushed by a tall stranger, blaster in hand. In the same setting, beside this brief quote, we read of Bat Durston, western hero, who rides rough-shod into the same landscape, and is ambushed by the same tall stranger, holding a six-shooter instead of a blaster. The two quotes are almost exactly the same, and the ad

pointed out that some material passing in sf magazines is nothing more than western stories with a new background. I think they show something else, and a bit more important, that some stories in sf magazines are merely adventure stories, or simple alligories, or romances, or any other basic story type, tacked



hastily and poorly into a science fiction backdrop.

Is this science fiction? I think not. I envision science fiction as a unique hybrid form of literature, one which is independent of a mere backdrop. I feel that stories which can be shifted from the future to a different setting without having to change the basic stories cannot hope to qualify as science fiction.

Let me say here that I am not implying all space opera is bad. If I have given this impression, I'd like to correct it immediately. Well developed space opera can be extremely interesting and entertaining, and is one of my favorite subtypes of stf. And it is not difficult to blend high adventure with a good science fiction theme. Edmond Hamilton and his talented wife Leigh Brackett have been incorporating the two very well for many years. But the point here is that science fiction, even science fiction space opera, has speculative scientific concepts integrated into the story plot, so as to become a working part of the tale. These scientific concepts, along with imagination, action, characterization and that elusive sense of wonder can produce superbe tales of space opera variety. STAR OF LIFE, HIGHWAYS IN HIDING and BATTLE FOR THE STARS are only three such examples.

This leads up to the last question posed, why have so many readers these days expressed open disgust for so much of our current stf? A multitude of theories have been presented, and I might as well add mine to the lot. The difficulty is twofold, I feel, first, because a lot of today's stf simply isn't science fiction, and second, and equally important, we have shifted interest.

I'm assuming here still that science fiction fits my definition: literature based on integrated speculative scientific concepts. While I don't believe a person reading this can honestly deny that today's science fiction is the most literate and the highly polished it has ever been, I feel the "lack" is stf stems from the above mentioned causes.

Too often today's editors tend to present trange incidents, or cute little dramas of characterization, or emotional little tear jerkers, or social satires, or vehicles for social propaganda, and then place these into a future setting and call them science fiction, simply because they make use of the traditional science fiction backdrops. There is little or no real science or speculative concept in far too much "modern science fiction". I don't mind reading well written literary gems, I believe they are enjoyable creations, and F&SF and ANALOG (the two chief offenders) have produced some very outstanding material of this type, but when I buy a science fiction magazine, I expect to read that unique 20th century hybrid, science fiction. Literary gems I can read in STORY MAGAZINE. I consider it impossible to purge all the scientific concepts from a story except a future background and a few traditional gadgets, and still expect to call this science fiction. I maintain that a fine test of whether or not a tale is actually science fiction is to alter the background. If the futuristic background could be eliminated completely, to be changed for a more ordinary background, without really altering the story, then it isn't science fiction. I don't know exactly what such stories are, probably they fit into that growing class called alligorical fiction; non-specific fiction, or various other names.

Thus, probably a great deal of the displeasure felt towards modern stf stems from the fact that much modern stf is not science fiction, and reader instinctively realizes that it isn't. A person who enjoys a diet of good science fiction, (available in anthologies and hardbacks at any library, always the primary source before readers are introduced to magazine science fiction) and enjoys it, isn't going to be pleased with trifles which claim to be the same red meat he's read and loved, but are actually something else. Perhaps the fact that paperbacks and hardbacks are still presenting mostly science fiction (the integrated speculative scientific concepts) might also explain their rise in popularity over the magazines.

The second reason, equally important, many people don't think as highly of current science fiction as they might, is simply that science fiction has shifted the story emphasis again, this time from physical science linked with social science to basic social science oriented tales.

In the past physical science type concepts usually dominated stf stories. Humanitarian science were certainly not avoided, or slighted. They could be most often found walking hand in hand with the physical science concepts. Science fiction is a very philosophical sort of literature, and in a great majority of cases, physical science was the means which created social change, and social science interrupted the nature and course these changes took. Physical science was a catalyst in other words, social science the tools and the explanation and the user of that catalyst.

But today there has been a very strong shift away from the physical sciences, and straight into the social sciences. Physical science is an obvious thing. It's flashy and showy, and looks important when spread in glowing terms across the printed page. Speculative adventures based on physical science look vastly more important and interesting than adventures into cultural development. Science fiction thru the years has come to be mentally accepted as the literature with the machines, with flashing dynamos, roaring rockets, clicking computers, and obedient mechanical robots. Yet today we have given up our shiny machines and our five place slide rules for a book of philosophy and a graft of economic-cultural growth. The era of social speculation has caught up with science fiction at long last, and it is crowding out pure physical science. This is a trend which can lead anywhere, and I can't honestly say whether it is good or bad, but it does make for many complexities.

This shift in emphasis makes for confusion among the ranks of readers who have been used to a diet of physical science stories. These readers find it difficult to accept such a shift, just as readers in the thirties must have found it very difficult to accept the change from Uncle Hugo's formula Science fiction, to story centered stf. It's something of a bitter pill to swallow, and many readers simply don't want to accept the idea. Instead of realizing that science fiction is changing, the cry is far too often, that science fiction is dying, instead of science fiction growing and developing like the vital literary form it is, fans scream that it is decaying into a mass of social formulas and social propaganda.

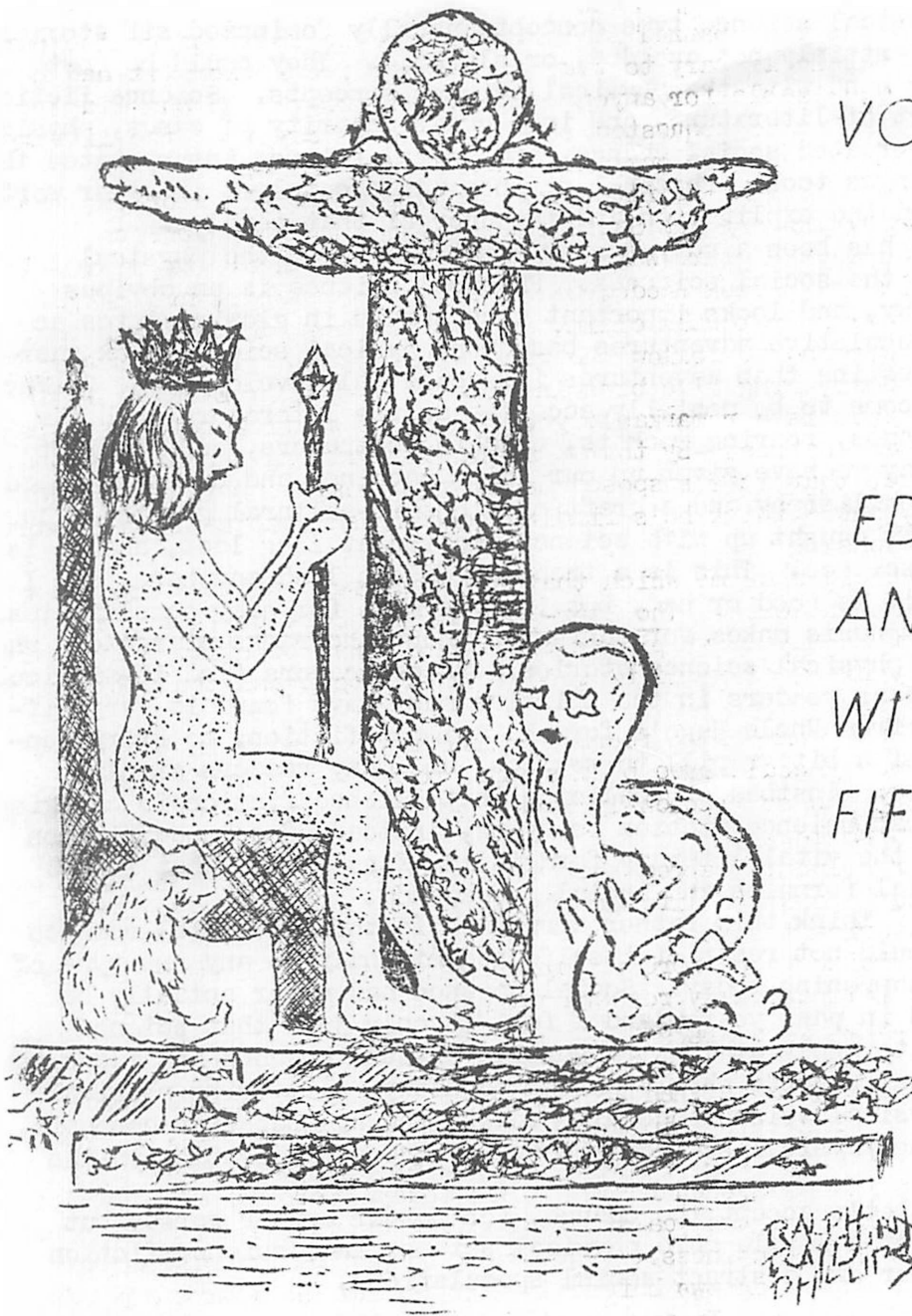
In some aspects I think this rather abrupt shift towards social science is bad. Science fiction should not restrict itself predominantly to any one type of story, and this is what is happening today. Social science had never actually be excluded or overly dominated in past years, and I feel it only just that science fiction literature continue to apply at least a portion of its thoughts and ideas to pure physical science. Social science should extend to showy, glittering physical science the same benefit physical science once extended to the humanitarian concepts, in a past day when glittering physical science received first consideration in the magazines.

In other words, let's accept the change, for better or for worse, but at the same time, let's inject a little more physical science into science fiction before we all float away on our own abstract social speculations.

So, to sum up the whole business, I think I can now definitely define science fiction as literature based on speculative scientific concepts intergrated with the story pattern. I think it's a good workable definition. Maybe you think otherwise, in any case, I'd welcome your comments on this article. Next time I'll probe various aspects of the definition in a little more depth, and present a few more problems and possible answers and a story framework.

---Bob Jennings

THE
VOICE OF THE
SPIRITS
OR—
THE
EDITOR
ANSWERS
WITH A
FIFTH



Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland

I read the 14th FADAWAY almost as soon as it arrived, and that was a month ago, so I hope that all my reactions haven't vanished from memory by now. I remember how impressed I was at the way you've learned to get almost letter-perfect duplication with respect to inking and position of the type on the page, and how I wished you could spray DDT on the tipos or find some other way of cleaning them out. They seem to be more numerous now than before, and I hope you haven't learned how to make more of them in college. You will make everyone feel much better if you explain

that they result from rushing.

TROPIC OF CANCER has been banned in Hagerstown. The chief of police persuaded the trustees of the public library to take it out of circulation (it had been kept on a restricted shelf, available for anyone who looked mature and who didn't seem to be panting with lust when he requested it), and the director of the library got so mad that he quit without even the customary two weeks' notice.

I enjoyed the comments from Hamilton more than most of his stories, including the Captain Future novels. ///High Sacrilidge!!!!/// It doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone that Capt. Future was a continuation of an old tradition in one sense. The first prozine was Frank Reedo, Jr.'s adventure series, not AMZING STORIES or THRILL BOOK as some individuals claim, and to the best of my knowledge, Capt. Future was the first prozine to follow the general pattern of the Reedo novels.

"School" was the best thing I've been in FADAWAY or MONDAY EVENING GHOST for three or four issues. This is a remarkably good piece of writing both as a piece of writing and as a parody and satire. By that I mean, the writing can stand up well even when you ignore the fact that it's supposed to be a travesty. Maybe Gary thinks he's making fun of a style, but I think he's finding good fresh combinations of words in a number of these paragraphs.

Clay Hamlin's article made me wish that someone would write a more general survey of Jack London's fantasies. The Star-Tracker, The Scarlet Plague and Before Adam are well known but I have a suspicion that there must be quite a few rare and seldom-seen fantasies by him that would be good to read about and could be sought if we knew the titles.

"A Rose by Any Other Name" also found a sympathetic reader in me. Just think of how much time and worry could have been spared today's fanzine publishers if title changes hadn't been made so frequently back in the old days, and the reservoir of good titles wouldn't be so low.

As for the letter column: I agree that a prozine review column isn't much use, both because of the short newstand life of the magazines and because of the trashiness of most of the stories today.

I've stopped promising to be more prompt about answering letters and commenting on fanzines. Maybe I'll actually respond prompter if it doesn't ruin my chances to enjoy the delights of breaking promises.

///I think it was Ambrose Bierce who defined an abstainer as a weak willed person who gives in to the pleasures of denying himself a temptation. Here here, I object to you referring to all the stories printed today as one large trashy hoap. There are some very fine stories being published in magazines today, more so than was being presented a year and a half or two years back, heaven knows. I am fast changing my mind on this pro mag review business. I sub to a couple of sf magazines, and thusly receive the issue a week or two before it appears on the stands, which makes fanzine reviewing a lot easier. In any event, it should be more logical to review pro-mags in a fanzine, than to review fanzines in a pro mag, if you are considering the "life" of an issue.

Deindorfer is undoubtedly lapping up those golden words of egoboo you passed about his article-satire. I should have mentioned in the editorial that It Still Can't Happen Here. The case of TROPIC OF C and censorship was carried into court, where it (the case) was dismissed by the judge on grounds that the charges made were ridiculous and foolish. Very likely the Supreme Court decision on such matters made slightly prior to all this mess in Nashville town had its slight effect...///

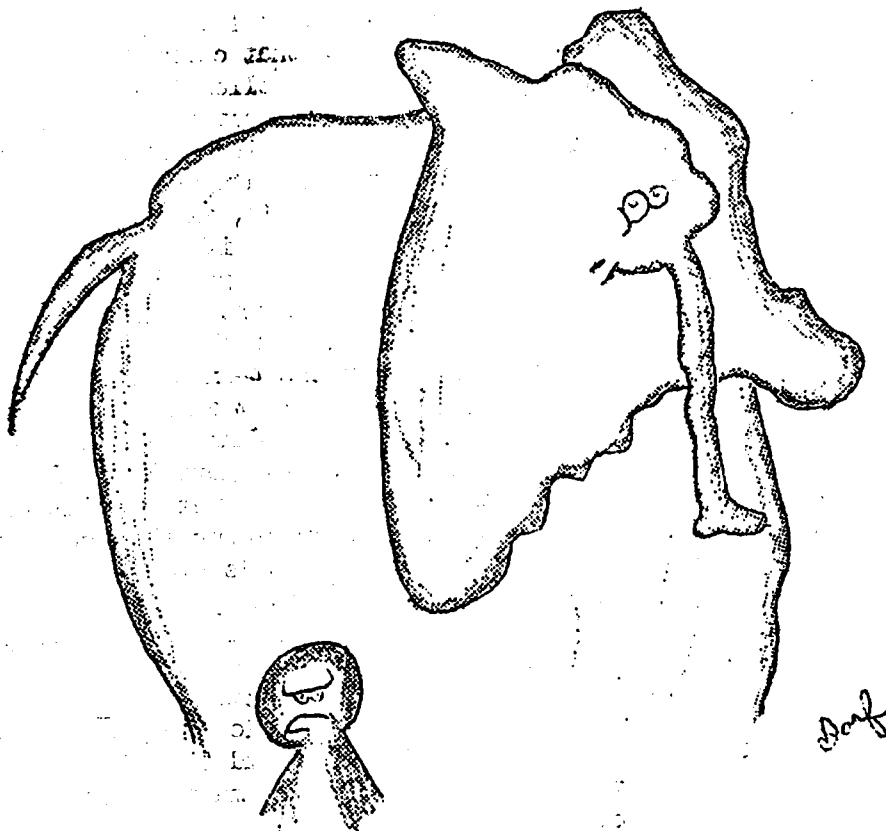
Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl. N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn.

Thanks for THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST #14, which I note is the formal title for FADAWAY #14, your "science fiction slanted fanzine". A few three-dotted comments follow.

Editorial: "And I Am A Happy Fan..." was pretty amusing. You should write in this mood more often...Good luck on your Captain Future one shot, but why

not do it right this time? I mean revise and condense, and cut out those godawful misspellings and typos. With a little work the article might be something to be proud of... don't get your bowels in an uproar about an increase in second-class mail rates. It ain't going to happen...
 ///Toll itto the USP@,
 who raise mail rates
 Jan 7, 1963.///

Edmond Hamilton was quite interesting, but despite his deprecatory comments on the original editorial format for Captain Future, I, for one, think the setup sounds more interesting than the Captain Future that finally evolved. I suppose he's right in saying that such freaks would be impossible to write about, tho.



What a lousy drawing of an elephant

Gary Deinforfer's

"School" is one of the best and finest and undoubtedly, the funniest contributions yet seen in MEG. You ought to send a copy to Simak...I loved the Coulson "review" of POINT ULTIMATE...Seth Johnson's suggestion about writing letters to SF authors and then publishing their letters of thanks is typical of the fannish gaucherie that corrupts and cheapens an idea like Blish's. No wonder most SF writers prefer to keep their addresses a dark secret. If you must write letters of comment to SF writers, you can always address them c/o the latest magazine or book publisher to print their work. But I'd hardly recommend printing letters from them, at least without permission. You might get sued.

///The CF one shot develops but slowly. Right now I'm trying to hunt down copies of STARTLING COMICS and AMERICA'S BEST COMICS which carried the comic adventures of CF. Tis hard going, but comic book fandom is producing the dusty old issues, slowly but surely. When that article is written, I'll probably go back and revise the original as you suggested.///

Mike Deckinger, 31 Carr Pl., Fords, New Jersey

Thanks for FADAWAY, which, the last time I saw it, was THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST. The new title does sound considerably better, even if at first glance it looks like a typo for FARAWAY. One thing I've noticed immediately is that FADAWAY does retain the original flavor of MEG, with all the numerous misspellings and typos. And I must say you do manage to come up with some dandies this time. Have you ever considered enrolling your typer in a grammar course?

Having TROPIC OF CANCER banned is not confined to any location. There was quite a fuss over it several weeks ago in Jersey when a number of lawmen in different counties had it removed from the stands as "pornography". This was based on

the fact that these protectors-of-our-morals had glanced thru several copies, spotted some off-color words, and immediately formed the opinion that it was harmful to us. Of course this ban is not absolute; I can point out at least a dozen bookstores in Newark, the city in which I work, that carry the volume, even tho it's supposedly taboo. And now they're after the bestseller "The Carpetbaggers" which was recently released in a 95¢ pb edition. One prosecutor contends the book should not be sold to anyone under 18, implying that there is a dividing line between 17 and 18 years of age, and just as those past the line are able to comprehend the language without being shocked, those just under it aren't, and must be protected. And again, I would have no trouble obtaining this book if I cared too, so these bans don't affect me personally, even tho I am completely opposed to this form of censorship.

How many angles can dance on the head of a pin is purely immaterial---its when debating how many can sit on the pin that the problem gets sticky.

I share your dislike for the Kennedy song. Mike McInerney showed me a copy of the Caroline Kennedy comic book at an ESFA meeting a few months ago and I nearly keeled over in laughter for it. Jimmy Dean's song comes very close, but it still can't approach the comic book. The next logical step is Caroline Kennedy dolls, I suppose, ones that walk, talk and wet. Dolls of her father shouldn't be too improbable in that case either, providing they come with a supply of pins.

I presume that Gary Deindorfer's story is meant to be a take-off on Simak and his writing style, and in this instance, he's successful in some areas, and not too successful in others. But some of his lines are cute, and the concept of a group of small chipmunk creatures standing around shittering is brilliant.

Coulson's idea of a column devoted to bad books isn't bad, tho I suppose the novelty will grow stale in time. While Jerry Sohl's output has been on a low level, I did find his COSTIGAN'S NEEDLE and THE TIME DISSOLVER to be fairly enjoyable books, tho not up to the work of the masters in the field, of course. Cleger title Buck uses too.

///Er, I hate to tell you Mike, but Coulson's "column" was meant to be a parody of Clay Hamlin's FORGOTTEN CLASSICS column. Don't feel like you're standing alone, about eighty percent of the readers who bothered to write did not catch it either. I figured the title (after all, Mislead Medocetry, done in the same lettering style as the Classics column was a good clue), and the way Coulson signed the thing (as "Sandy" Coulson; opposing Clay Hamlin), likewise the borad clashing lines, and the host of phrases taken from Clay's former columns would be dead giveaways. But apparently this was not the case. Rick Norwood claims to have discovered the exact number of angles that can dance on the head of a pin. Rick is a math major. Rick is Intelligent. Too bad I don't know how he did it.///

Ed Bryant Jr., Route 2, Wheatland, Wyoming

Many thanks for FAWAY #11. I almost didn't get it tho. If it had had to travel another day thru the tender channels of the P.O., I think it would have been molecularly collapsed. My copy has the last few pages in a condition that can best be described as wrinkled, torn, mutilated, filthy, grimy, crunched and grilched.

It's nice to see there is yet another in fandom who liked SECOND ENDING. I thought it was a truly sterling, imaginative and readable novel. But everyone whom I mentioned to thought I was some kind of a nut for praising it. In fact alot of people think I'm nuts just because I like Ferdinand Feghoot, OTHER WORLDS, David Bunch, Lovecraft, William Neumann, MAD and other unhealthy items.

GREAT NEWS FOR YOU BOB. Due to my marvelous bibliographical talents, it is now possible for me to inform you in answer to your question "How many issues of DYNAMIC SF were there?", that the answer is, of course, six. How's that for proving the ever-questing mind of E. Bryant never gives up? ///Astounding?..///

////Like, I thought everybody had forgotten that old circular... I personally thought and still believe SECOND ENDING was a Great story, one of the three best of the year, in fact. I also received letters from other people, but I don't want to add any more pages to this column, so I shall close it out. More of everhting in #16.///

FADAWAY 15

formally titled THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST is a science fiction slanted fanzine, which appears on the scene, (much in the manner of the Abonimable Snowman), once every two months. It may be had for 20¢ a copy, or \$1.00 for five issues. It may also be had by trading fanzines, on a one for one basis, or by having written or artistic material, including letters, printed herein. This comes to you from Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tenn.

Vol. 3 No. 3

ART CREDITS

KEN Gentry---cover, 6 D. Bruce Berry---7, 11, 12,
Bobby Gene Warner---4 13, 18
Ralph Rayburn Phillips---2,9,21 Gary Deindorfer---
Wade Cook---15 14, 23

contents

cover-----	KEN Gentry-----	1
Editorial-----	Bob Jennings-----	2
The Cure-----	Rick Norwood-----	6
The Science Fiction Coloring Book-----	Clay Kimball & D. Bruce Berry-----	11
The Writings of a Confirmed Cynic-----	Robert Jennings-----	14
Voice of the Spirits, or, The Editor Answers With A Fifth-----		21
contents-----		25



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