

NOVEMBER 1961

FAPA

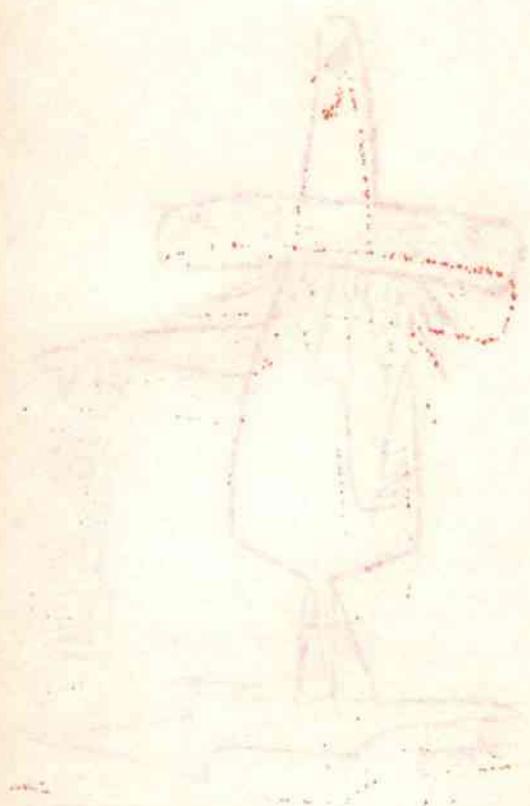
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SCIENCE-FACT+FICTION

FIVE-YEARLY!





FAPA



FAPA

# SCIENCE-FICTION

## FIVE-YEARLY

# 3

1961

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Art by Arthur Thomson; the balance of the drawings by yed.

\* \* \*

SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY is published lustrofully by the Quandry Press, a subsidiary of the New York underground offices of the Fort Hudge Steam Calliope Company. This issue is produced for the Nov. 1961, FAPA mailing, a few friends and the Fund. Dean A. Grennell is mentioned here through the courtesy of Chuch Harris. Legible pages appear through the courtesy of Dick Greenhaus who loaned the use of his typewriter which, unfortunately, was not available for the entire issue. Any communications regarding this issue should be addressed to the editor-publisher:

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New York 3, New York

Please note that if any items addressed to the above are returned to the sender bearing idiotic remarks such as "Refused", this is the work of the post office - contrary to rumors we look eagerly forward to communiques and gleefully accept them unless they're from the Sat Eve Post.

Watch for the next issue of SFFY on or about 1966. Deadline for that issue is July, 1966. DON'T MISS IT!

201-231-1111  
FIVE-DETH

This issue is  
dedicated to  
Bill Evans  
for having saved  
yed from a  
Fate Worse Than Death  
and almost as  
permanent



## HAS TED WHITE RUINED FANDOM?



The Lustrum of Great Change is upon us! We live in an era of progress and enlightenment and maturing sensibilities. As a forward thinking, progress-oriented publication, SFFY too, must move with the times, advancing ever forward, exploring new frontiers and ever-broader horizons.

In keeping with this policy of advancement and continual maturation, we proudly present several innovations in this issue, as for example the tasteful, subtle and decorous use of color, as opposed to previous gaudy garishness which, unfortunately, led some misguided misanthrops to mistake this magnificent magazine for a publication of the type commonly known as a comic book (a base canard!) Please note that there is no truth in the malicious rumors that this change in policy is due to a miserly attitude on the part of the publisher, or to Ted White's having ruined fandom, either.

Additional innovations may also be ascertained by the discriminating perusal of these pages. A myriad of new and original typographical errors are being brought to you at great expense, although we make no additional charge for them, unless you are so base as to start pointing them out, in which case we ask that you send 10¢ in cash (no stamps, please) to defray their cost.

We wish to take this opportunity to hail the outstanding achievement of the lustrum, the successful campaign headed by L & N Shaw, for the importation of Walter A. Willis and Wife to this country for the occasion of the Chicon or TASFIC or whatever it may be. Considering the commodity in question the completion of the campaign may be considered inevitable, but those of you who participated in the program planned by Shelby Vick for the '52 fiasco are well aware that the enthusiasm, activity and organization required to promote such a project is hardly trivial. The Shaws and company have thus far encouraged an impressibly remarkable show of financial enthusiasm from fandom. The minimum goal is achieved. It is awe-

(con't on page 30)

I HAD  
One Grunch  
BUT THE  
Space-Probe  
OVER THERE...

A. Young

Lorch looked at his chronoscope. An nth past zilch, it read. "Hotfout," he thought to himself, "I'm going to be late." He hurried across the frost-covered desert toward the entrance to the sub-surface conference chambers where the Martian Academy of Space Administrators was holding its symposium on planetary aeronomy. As he approached the door he knew he had come to the right place for a sign had been hung over the transom: "NASA's in the cold cold ground". He bowed briefly to the statue of His Imperial Omnipotence which stood by the doorway and went in.

As he entered the meeting hall, the chairman was already concluding his introductory remarks and rescheduling a few papers. "This morning's session," he was saying, "was to be devoted primarily to a discussion of the Hermaphrodite II probe which is to be launched next year. However, since neither Grulzak not Wogglebug is expected to arrive until tomorrow--

"One of them's here!" cried Grulzak from the rear of the room.

"Then perhaps we can have a report on the second half of this experient later this morning. The first paper, On The Possibilities of Cosmic-Mindedness Among the Terrestrials by C. DeGlar, has been withdrawn. We therefore pass on to the second paper, Physical Limitations on Terrestrial Life-Forms, by H. P. Pong.

Professor Pong plodded ponderously to the podium and presented his poorly-prepared paper. "If I may have the first slide," he said, "We will see the sort of creature which might inhabit our nearest planet. The high surface gravity will require that the Terrestrials have low, squat bodies and four or possibly six pair of legs. The corrosive gases such as oxygen favors the development of a protective exoskeleton."

"I should like to know just what the evidence is for the presence of oxygen on Terra," said a member of the audience. "Isn't it extremely unlikely that such an active element would remain uncombined with the surface material?"

"That depends on the composition of the surface, as well as the abundance of water vapor," replied Pong.

"The strange ultraviolet haze in the Terrestrial atmosphere has been ascribed to an unstable form of oxygen. Perhaps someone else here is more familiar with this problem than I am. Zorch, could you comment on this point?"

"We have been able to produce a form of oxygen in the laboratory which does absorb in the UV," said Zorch. "The question is whether the opacity is due to absorption or scattering in the case of the Terrestrial atmosphere. If it is due to scattering, the ground surface must be absorbing. We are planning to look for absorptions of ordinary oxygen in the near infrared soon. I should point out that this can be done as well from ground-based observatories as from a planetary probe."

"We are putting a high-resolution infrared spectrophotometer on Hermaphrodite II," said Grulzak. "We will be able to scan the disc of the planet with a resolution of about a fifth or a sixth of its diameter."

"But we can easily get ten resolution elements across the disc from the ground," said Zorch. "It seems to me that this is not the sort of thing that should be done from an expensive observing site like the Hermaphrodite probes."

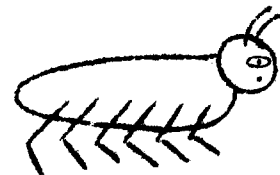
"But what you really need is the variation in intensity across the disc," said Grulzak.

"We can already do that from the ground! We expect to have results by about the time Hermaphrodite II is launched," objected Zorch.

"Perhaps this discussion can be postponed until after we have heard from Professor Grulzak on the second part of the Hermaphrodite II experiment," said the chairman.

"Tomorrow when Wogglebug is here he will discuss the first part of the Hermaphrodite experiment," said Grulzak. "What I will discuss today is the second part, which deals with the larger member of the double-planet system. When the probe is about 200 days out, it will undergo an in-flight maneuver which will put it on a collision course with Terra. At this point a capsule will be separated from the main vehicle, which will then undergo a second in-flight maneuver to put it on the fly-by orbit. We expect to receive high-resolution pictures

Probable Terrestrial  
Body Type



A. Young (3)

from both the main vehicle and the capsule as it falls through the Aphrodisiac atmosphere. The number of pictures we can transmit is limited by the data-handling abilities of the system."

"What resolution will you have?" asked Pong.

"Two hundred lines per picture," replied Grulzak. "We can store about a hundred thousand 40-bit words for transmission. We are limited by the read-in rate of the system, which will give us about six pictures as the capsule falls through the atmosphere. The last one, from a height of about a thousand paces, will resolve details as small as a fligg."

"Do you really expect such a complicated system to work?" asked Nank. "I would rather see some reliable scientific experiments carried out than this sort of thing. We need data on pressure, temperature, and composition."

"We regard the pictures as the most important part of the experiment," said Grulzak.

"A simple solar photometer would give information on the vertical distribution of the ultraviolet absorbing material," said Nank. "This is very important."

"Well, we can probably incorporate such simple things at the cost of giving up one of the pictures," said Grulzak.

"My illustrious ancestor, Confucius Pong, once said that a picture is worth 10,000 words. At 40 bits per word that is just 200 squared; I notice that he is still correct," said Pong. "I think the prospect of getting a close-up look at the surface of Terra is very exciting."

"Why do you use the term 'Aphrodisiac'? What's wrong with 'Terrestrial'?", asked Zorch.

"Well, the double-planet system has been known as Hermes and Aphrodite from antiquity," replied Grulzak. "We are in the habit of using this terminology at NASA."

"Terran or Terrestrial is much easier to say," insisted Zorch. "The planet is called Terra in all the modern literature. I don't see why you have to resort to this sort of obscure etymology."

"Well, you don't say Marsian or Marsupial, or Sunian or Sundial. We do it to keep the terminology consistent."

"It seems to me it's up to the Interplanetary Astronomical Union to decide on terminology," said Zorch.

"Well, you don't have to use it -- you can go on saying 'Ter-



A. Young (4)

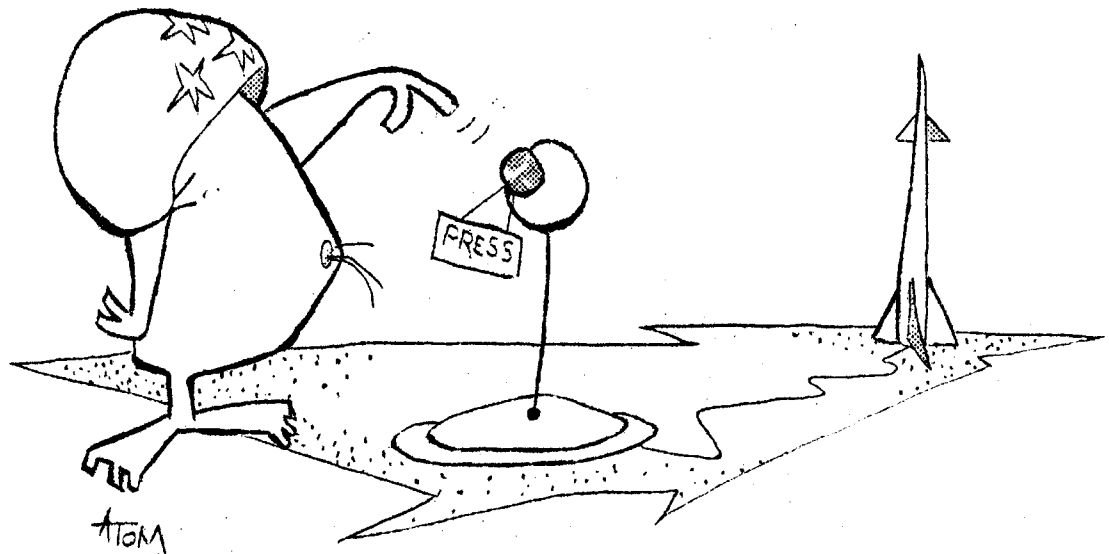
restric' if you like. But everybody at IASA is satisfied with 'Aphrodisiac'."

"Perhaps this conversation can be continued in the bar." interposed the chairman. "If there are no further questions, I declare this session closed."

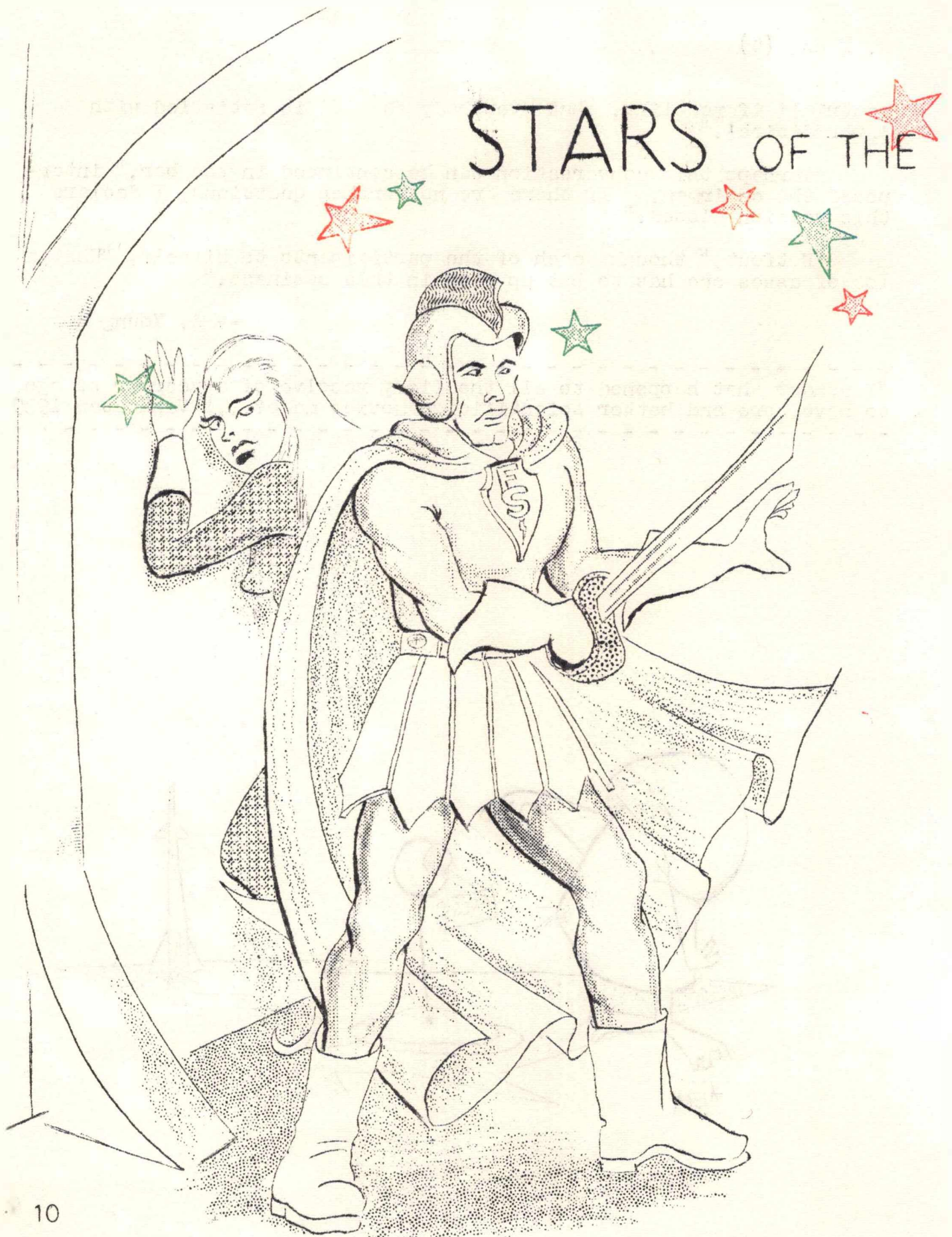
"Hotfout," thought each of the participants to himself, "What a lot of asses one has to put up with in this business."

-- A. Young

-----  
"I wonder what happened to all the fiery resolve of a year or so ago to have more and better scientificion movies made?..." VanHouten 1939  
-----



# STARS OF THE





# SLAVE GIANTS



## Second of Four Parts

### SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE:

Earthman Floyd Scrilch, interplanetary adventurer, finds himself cast willy-nilly into cosmic intrigue, a gallant but tempest-tossed figure hopelessly at the mercy of forces beyond his comprehension. Although he cannot fathom the motivations of the Invisible Chessplayer (who is himself subject to implacable compulsions arising out of the penny-a-word practices of the sort of pulp magazines in which stories like this are usually found) Scrilch goes gamely on, bloody but unbowed, wondering vaguely what the hell it's all about.

Escaping handily from an encounter with the Green Ones of Xfuz, Scrilch gets away with nothing more serious than a slashed throat administered by a treacherous priest. Jettisoned at sea, he is picked up by a pirate vessel manned by the brutal Eshb Hack, brother of Kors Hack, the priest. Revealing his identity, Scrilch is immediately assailed. Gun drawn, he steps forward to make Eshb Hack his prisoner, but the pirate leader is unconcerned by the threat.

"Quarter me this pig," Eshb Hack ultimates imperiously.

Four burly crewmen step forward to block the onward motion of Floyd Scrilch. "Out of my way," Scrilch orders. The crewmen pay no attention. They lift their shimmering swords high overhead. The four razor-keen blades descend implacably as Scrilch rasps threateningly, "Aliens, you will pay for this."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

## CHAPTER THREE



### DIRE MENACE AND DEVIOUS MACHINATIONS

Lithely stepping to one side, Scrilch easily avoided the slicing blades descending toward him. A moment later his blaster flashed purple, and the booming laughter of Floyd Scrilch vied with the thunder of the waves as four pirates were converted instantaneously to sub-etheric vibrations.

"Ho!" Scrilch cried vehemently.

"Blackguard!" Eshb Hack expostulated malevolently.

The pirate leader, incensed at the casual way Scrilch had ashed four of his finest men, drew his own sword and swaggered down the deck toward Scrilch, who stood waiting for him, arms akimbo, head thrust forward defiantly, blaster grasped firmly and confidently in his starboard hand.

Sword against blaster, alien against earthman, pirate against spacefarer, villain against hero, they confronted one another balefully.

"You first," Scrilch said sneeringly.

"Mo, you," Eshb Hack retorted contemptuously.

"You," Scrilch insisted dogmatically.

"You," Eshb Hack replied categorically.

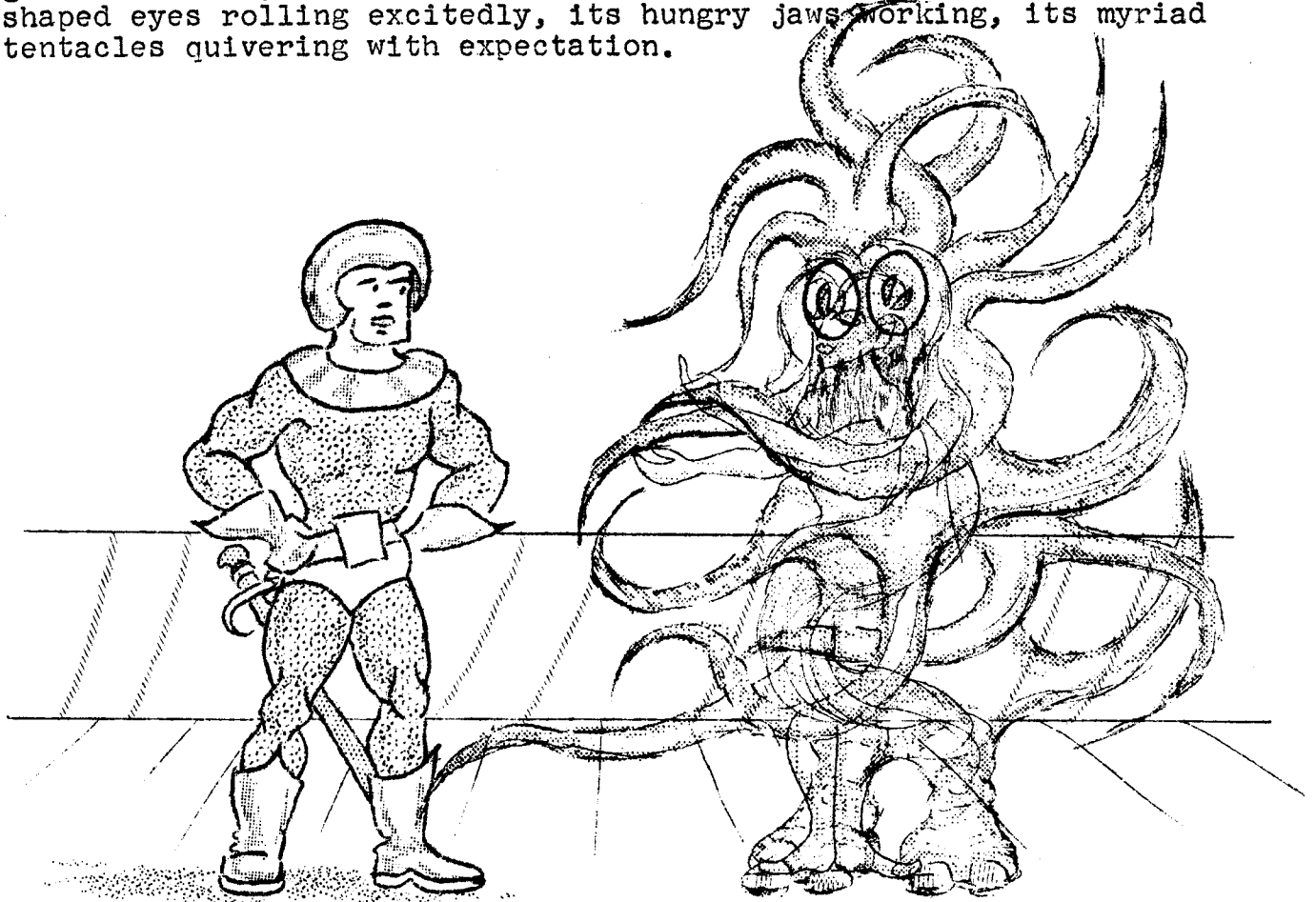
"Okay," Scrilch said. He helfted his blaster and prepared to convert the towering alien to a sizzling heap of dephlogistonized rubble. It was hardly the gentlemanly thing to do, but under the circumstances Scrilch felt that it was the most sensible action he could take. A storm was coming up rapidly, scuffing purplingly across the low sweaty horizon, and they could ill afford to haggle over matters of chivalry when in only a few moments the ship would be wallowing in rough seas.



"Yoicks!" cried a voice from the poopdeck. "Monster boarding! Monster!"

Scrilch swivelled his left eye easily in a leeward direction and was chilled to see four bluish tentacles dangling over the gunwales. A moment later the slimy hideous bulk of a zargle had hauled itself to the deck, and stood there leering grotesquely, dripping wet and giving off the foul botting smell of a thing of the sea-bottoms.

Scrilch faced it with equanimity. It came lurching toward him, a great shambling tower of bluish-purple flesh, with its huge saucer-shaped eyes rolling excitedly, its hungry jaws working, its myriad tentacles quivering with expectation.



"Watch out," said the quiet, confident voice of Scrilch's mentor, Mentor, lensing across the gulf of space to him from his hideout on far off Anemia. "It's a female, and she's in heat. This could be messy."

All thought of Eshb Hack and his pirates vanished from Scrilch's mind as he confronted the primordial prehensile predatory primeval polymorphous cephalopod that slithered across the deck toward him. For a moment, Scrilch's senses deserted him, and where the zargle had stood Scrilch now saw a beautiful damsel, nude and enticing, her

coral-tipped breasts rising and falling in eager anticipation, her shapely form pulsing with desire. The earthman, rapt with rapture, moved toward the vision of delight.

"It's a trap, Scrilch!" came Mentor's crackling mental crackle. "Don't be fooled. That's nothing but an oversize octopus with a yen for Earthmen!"

"You're wrong. It's a beautiful damsel with coral-tipped breasts," Scrilch shot back indignantly. "You know how long it's been since I've seen one of those?"

"It's an octopus, you fugghead," the Anemian insisted. "Can't you see that?"

Scripch paused, making the cortico-thalamic hesitation that has been the undoing of so many good men, and the scales dropped from his eyes. Once more he saw the ferocious zargle in its true form.

He laughed scornfully. "That's no octopus," he said.

"It is," Mentor insisted pedantically.

"I only count six tentacles," scripck informed him triumphantly. "That makes it a sexopus."

"Scripch!" came the Anemian's impassioned buzz.

But the Earthman would not heed the other's advice. Rapturously, he ripped the Lens from his wrist and plunged forward into the zargle's fetid embrace. The slaver's jaws parted.

Scripch rushed forward to bliss.

"Forgot about me, huh?" a hoarse voice rumbled hoarsely behind him.

Scripch turned.

Eshb Hack! The dread pirate leader, advancing toward him with sword on high!

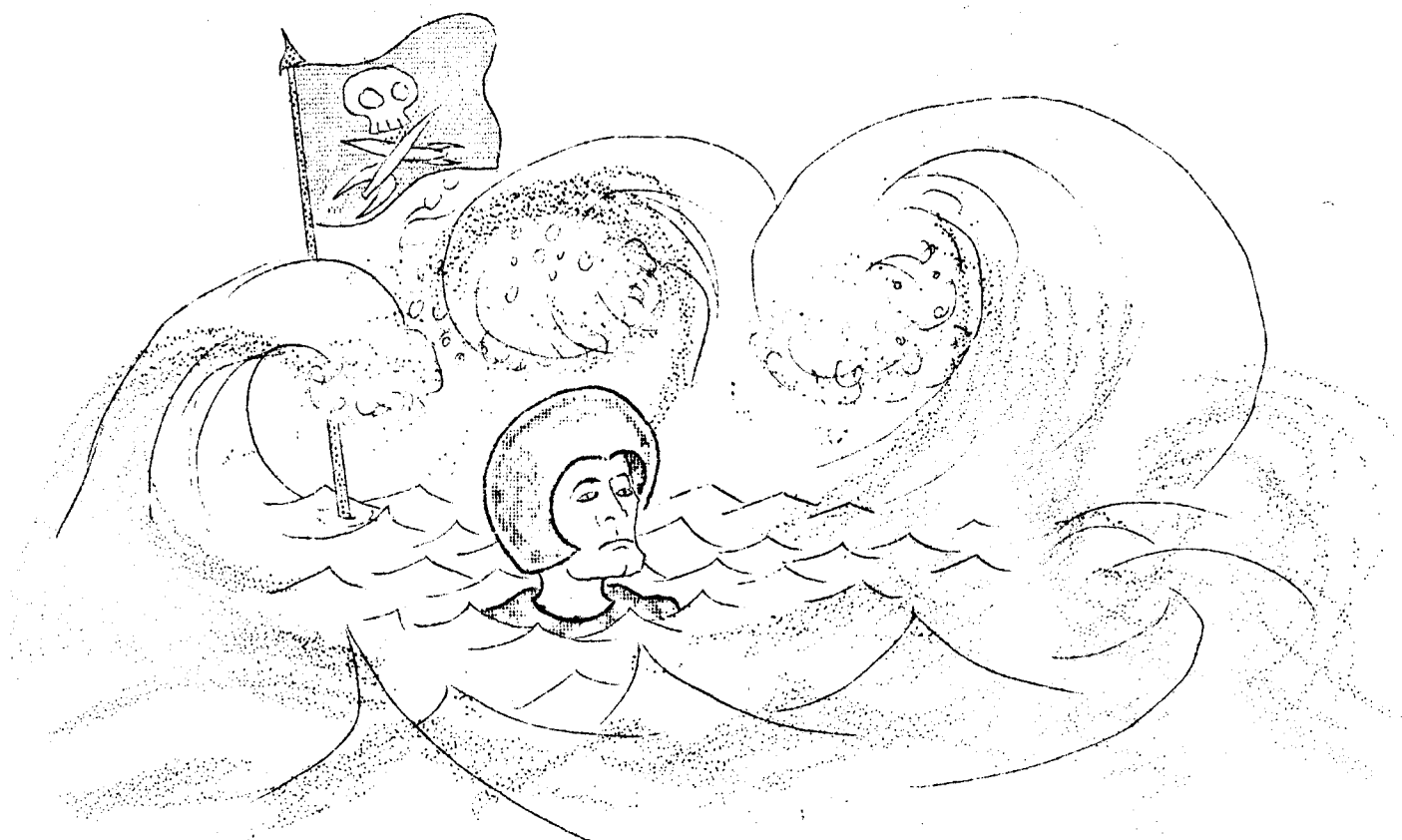
Scripch was equal to the challenge. A quick nudge on his blaster's firing stud and Eshb Hack was gone, reduced to a few drifting wisps of contragravitated anti-photons. Laughing gleefully, Scrilch kept the blaster's beam trained on the ozone-smelling void where his enemy had been.

"Take that!" Scrilch exulted ecstatically. "And that!" he ecstasized exultantly. "And that! And that! And that!"

"You damn fool, you've blasted a hole right through the ship," came the annoyed voice of the zargle. With one quick bound she leaped overboard and was lost in the rolling sea.

Scrlich scratched his forehead in puzzlement. Somehow he had miscalculated, it seemed. Water was rising rapidly. It was almost to his knees, now. He began to think that perhaps it had been a miscalculation to toss away his Lens during that silly argument.

And now the storm broke in all its malevolent fury. Scrlich stood on the quarter-deck, watching the dark ocean rising about him, watching the savage fist of the storm descending toward him, and wishing he knew how to swim.



It was a tense moment. Scrlich's jaws clenched. How was he going to get out of this one, he asked himself? Could he rely on his author? Suppose the author was a damned fool too?

The storm burst.

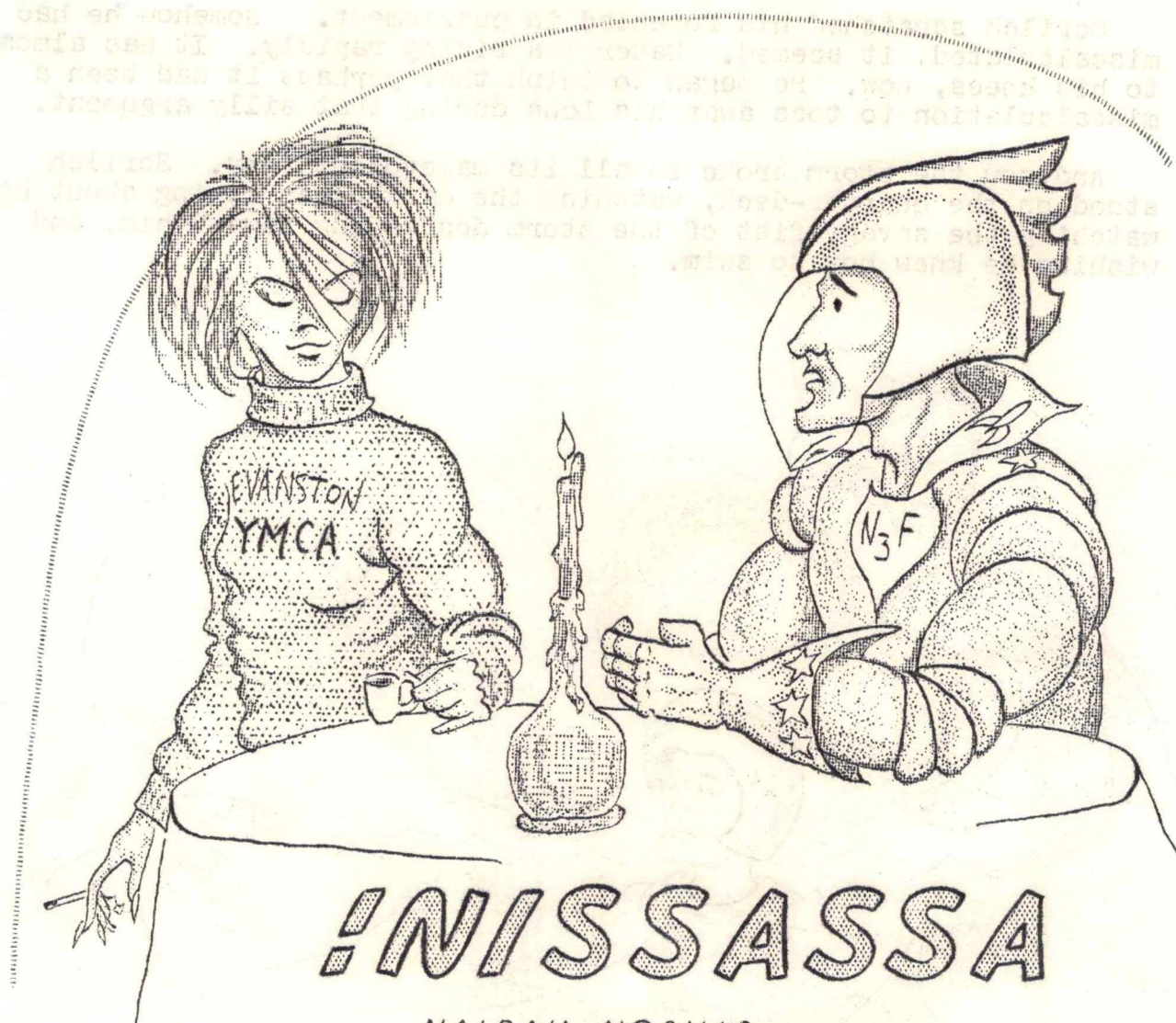
The sea rose.

Shoulders square, jaw akimbo, Floyd Scrlich waited steadfast for his doom.

TO BE CONTINUED

--Bob Silverberg

Herewith, the Second Installment of that Stirring Serial...



#### SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST EPISODE:

Floyd alone knew the dread secret of the invading hordes that would destroy earth unless he acted quickly. Only he could now save earth, perhaps the entire universe from total destruction. But like the others before him, he had fallen under Her spell, and now found himself trapped, helpless in Her power, entranced by her unique and overwhelming beauty.

Although he had struck without warning she had sinuoued to-



ward him sinuously as They came streaming across the blood-red plain. But as they disappeared into the darkness, he had known she was an esper. He had planted the shell just at the lip of the hill, right at her feet, but it has failed and he found himself engulfed....

NOW, ON THE WITH STORY...

## CHAPTER SIX

# CHAPTER SEVEN

CHAPTER SEVEN

--Nalrah Nosille

(to be continued)

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE OF THIS THRILLING  
SERIAL BY THE AUTHOR WHO BROUGHT YOU SUCH STERLING STORIES AS "COBWEB  
OF THE CITY" AND "WHO WILTS CABBAGE?"

-----  
"It certainly is a wonderful thing."  
-----

Editor's note: Those among you who may have noticed his by-line on PSYCHO, many TV programs, such as frequent episodes of THRILLER, etc., are probably wondering, "Just who is Robert Bloch?"

Few people today realize that a decade ago, this vital question was explored in depth in an obscure journal entitled, "Quandry". And, as this problem is with us today, even more than ever, and so close to all our hearts, we are reprinting herein two items from that publication, written by Robert Bloch himself, which we trust will throw some light, however dim, on this age-old mystery.

(We had hoped to bring you the first publication of the translation of inscriptions from the pyramid of Cheops, bearing on this subject, but unfortunately that work is still in progress, the translator, a Mr. Gilbert Nash, having been delayed in completion of this project by the San Francisco earthquake.)



# BLOCH DENIES ALL

"wherein Block blasts off, deftly denies all, fatally falls into self-tripped trap..."

Reprinted From Quandry #29  
May or June or so, 1953, issue

...I shall use the remainder of this space to issue a categorical denial of certain slurs and slanders which appear in Q#26. I would even make a blanket denial, but the laundry hasn't come back. Anyhow, let's get these facts straight:

- (1) I am NOT Mickey Spillane.
- (2) I am NOT a fakefan.
- (3) I am NOT Tucker's father.
- (4) I did NOT saw Courtney's boat. I didn't even

see it, let alone saw.

It stands to reason, Lee, that I've been unjustly accused all down the line here. Fun is fun, but there's a limit, you know. Just stop and think about it a moment and you'll see that these charges are absurd.



Bloch - 2

Being Mickey Spillane is in itself a full time occupation; I could never manage to do that and still have time left to go around sawing boats, acting like a fakefan--which I take it, means carrying a water-pistol but not using it on anyone--or disciplining a son like Tucker. What a job that would be!

Nope, I'm afraid these rash accusers are wrong. You know me better than that. I'm just a sensitive, wistful dreamer inspired by Calliope, the Muse of Eloquence and Heroic Poetry.

zoe muse zas agapo!

[Robert Bloch]



# BLOCH

## CONFESSES

### ALL



Reprinted from Quandry #30  
November 1953

All right. I might as well confess. You caught me with my pants down. Redhanded.

So I'm ready to tell all. Everything. Everything, do you hear? Just turn those lights off and give me a drink of water. There, you see the state you've got me in? I'll even drink water!

Let's put the cards on the table. All of them, including the ten of clubs. I might as well talk now. Sixth Fandom is dead anyway. (Seventh Fandom is dead, too, but it's afraid to lie down.) There's no use trying to conceal the truth any longer...

I was born in 1809, the son of an actor named Poe. The facts of my lufe are readily available up to the year 1849, at which time I



Bloch - 3

disappeared into a voting booth in Baltimore, Maryland.

A man resembling me emerged from that booth, in a state of intoxication, and was taken to the hospital where he died several days later and was buried under my name -- Edgar Allen Poe.

But I lived.

You see, it wasn't a voting booth at all. As you must already suspect, it was really a time-machine.

I emerged in 1865, not really knowing where I'd been in the interim. Time machines are like that: All I can tell you is that I found myself in Ford's Theatre in Washington, with a gun in my hand. They were playing AN AMERICAN COUSIN, as lousy a production as ever disgraced a convention program, and I took a shot at the actress on the stage, but missed and hit a prominent Republican. Fleeing, I broke my leg and headed for Maryland, where I hoped to take refuge on a terrapin farm. But I was cornered in a barn (apparently my new identity was that of a barn-storming actor) and the barn burned. A body was dragged out and identified as John Wilkes Booth (a distant ancestor of Bob Tucker, strangely enough: His uncle was named Projection W. Booth) and once more I was supposedly dead. But -- here it comes again -- the barn was also a time-machine and I emerged in 1889, somewhere in London. Armed only with a surgeon's knife, I carved out a brief career for myself on the bodies of 9 women, and then fled to America, leaving behind the legend of Jack, the Ripper. In America I settled down, sans knife, to a different occupation.

This occupation too, bore fruit. In the shape of mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers for such and sundry people as Bob Tucker, Walt Willis, Shelby Vick, David Kyle, Max Keasler, yourself, and others too numerous to mention.

Then somebody named Grego Banshuck, or something like that, went to work and invented science-fiction and my downfall began.

Instead of sticking to alcohol, murder, assassination, rape and other amusements, I took the fatal and degrading plunge and entered science-fiction. From there, it was only a step to 'THE SCARF' (A partial autobiography, as you surmise) and from thence I went all the way and became a fakefan.

But that's a rough life indeed. I've never solved the reason why Fate kept sending me into time-machines and bringing me back again at later dates in new incarnations. All I knew was that each reincarnation seemed worse. And this fan business was worst of all.

I began to yearn for the opportunity to step into another time-machine and escape from Fourth, Fifth, Sixth Fandom or whatever was inundating me at the time. Trouble was, I never knew HOW the time-machine might be disguised. Voting booths, barns, what next?

I spent years investigating strange privies, but no luck. I was still a fan.



Bloch - 4

Then, finally, some lucky day in 1939, I fell into an open manhole and broke my neck. Somebody (not me) was hauled out dead. But it was another time machine deal, and I escaped fandom. Lucky, lucky me!

I thought. Until I emerged from a sewer as a writer of comic books and detective fiction named -- I cannot even bring myself to put the hideous cognomen on paper!

So now you know. I am HE, and Poe, and the Ripper, and you ancestor, and a fakefan and a boat-sawyer from way back. But it's not my fault. Somebody keeps putting me into time-machines and each time I emerge in a lower, viler role.

This last one is, of course, the worst. I can't stand it much longer. I keep hanging around the fans and pros trying to find another time-machine so I can disappear and emerge in a higher incarnation, such as an anteater.

But it had better be soon. I can't take much more of this.

Apparently, there's no other way out except to find the machine, because I'm immortal. I found that out last week.

I shot myself in the belly.

It was easy.

But I kept right on living, if you can call it that. So there's only one way. Keep on looking for the machine. It might very easily turn out to be a steam calliope or a bird-bath. All I can do is look.


Anyhow, confession is good for the soul and I feel much better now. And someday I'll succeed on my quest. I'll find the machine and emerge as at least an aardvark.

Hoping you are the same,

[Robert Bloch]







# The Withdrawal

If Harry Warner had never written his "Opere Citato" columns for OOPSLA!, the whole thing might never have happened. Indeed, if he had not chosen focal point fanzines (and why there could never be another one) for what was to be his last topic, or if Craig Cochran had not run across that particular issue several years later, fandom today might still be as we knew it then. And if America hadn't been here, Christopher Columbus might not have bumped into it.

As it was, Cochran read that article at a time when he was just getting to know what fandom was about, and to form the opinions that he would probably carry for the rest of his fannish life. He was still wide-eyed, a trait left from his neo days, and had an exuberance that was still pure, no one having come along yet to tell him how futile everything was. Craig had just run into a fan who was tired and jaded, and his weaning period was filled with QUANDRYs, and VOIDS, and STELLARS and SLANTS...and OOPSLA!s. Let us not forget them, for more than any of the others, Gregg Clakins' fanzine and its Harry Warner column affected Craig's outlook on fandom. Something, some evocation of fandoms passed, in Harry's writing beckoned to Craig. The vast knowledge of the good old days that Warner's writing revealed tortured Cochran with melancholy, and some tiny spark deep in his mind burst into flame when he thought about focal point fanzines. And when he read the reasons why there could never again be such a fanzine, he was only more determined that fandom should have a focal point, even if... if...

Now, Craig wasn't so enthusiastic and determined that he couldn't agree with most of Harry's points; fandom was too diverse for any one fanzine to become a center of interest to all fans. But then, that depended on how you defined fan, and fandom. The Craig not everyone who read fanzines was a fan, not by a long shot. Most of them seemed only spectators to him, interested and literate people, but certainly not fans. So Cochran set up his own highly specialized definition: fans were people who read and (more important) published fanzines, but their fannishness displayed itself, in letters and in their fanzines, as an intense interest in fandom itself, not in politics, or Social Questions, or even in sf. It was sort of a closed circle; fandom was composed of fans, and fans were interested mainly in fandom. By this definition, fandom was very small -- about sixty people small -- and in this self-interested group, a focal point fanzine was conceivable. He selected the sixty or so fans who satisfied his definition, and decided to publish his focal point fanzine for only those sixty. Fandom was to be a closed circle in more ways than one.

In short, he was digging his own hole, and then crawling into it.

No one expected that he would succeed in pulling his 'fandom' in after him.

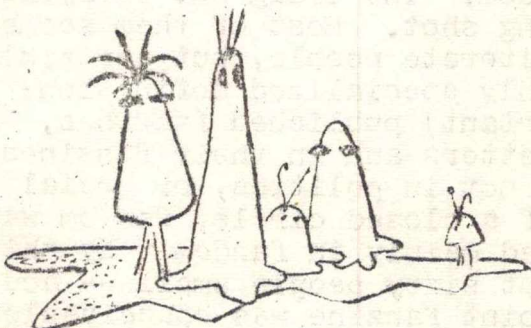
Craig Cochran was something almost unknown, even in a group of adept writers like fandom. He was a rarity, one of those people who could put down on paper exactly what he felt, losing nothing in translation. At another time, without his exuberant drive, he would have been just a mediocre writer, but in this case he had plenty of feeling to put into his writing. On a fanscene that seemed to consist mainly of a lot of 'new look' fanzines busy waving banners proclaiming that they Discussed Social Issues, his writing stood out like Dave Rike at a meeting of the John Birch Society. And tired, bored, jaded fans listened to what he had to say just because of his delivery was refreshing.

In addition, he had become fast friends with Hohn Koning while in the Cult, and just about the time he started publishing his own fanzine, FOCUS, Koning folded DAFOE. Always a lazy man when he lost interest in a project, Koning got rid of all the material he had never gotten around to publishing by giving it to Cochran. With this mass of fan-nish fiction and articles, cartoons and illos, plus his other Cult contacts, Raeburn, White, Breen, Donaho, Cochran had the material to put out several outstanding issues.

He did more than this... He published several unbelievably good issues, and then went on to draw fannish writing out of almost everyone on his closed mailing list. Instead of running down, he found himself running away... with fandom. FOCUS grew and grew. Its frequency, relaxed but beautiful appearance, and high quality material attracted more of the same. And all the while, Craig was putting his dreams down on paper, and soon other fans were dreaming them too.

Cochran didn't make it to the Seacon, but he did show up at the Chicon in '62, where he moved into a suite with Andy Main and Bob Lichtman. By this time, Craig was a BNF, both within the FOCUS circle and without, but he still had all his enthusiasm and determination. After the first day Craig retired to his suite to escape the bunches of

people that he couldn't think of as 'fans' who were pleading or demanding to be put on his mailing list. Few people got into those rooms, none in fact except the F-group, but those that came stayed for most of the con. Even Walt Willis disappeared for almost a day, and most of the convention attendees were laying odds that he was closeted with Cockran and his clan. A new legend started about a closed party, this time at the Chicon, though ironically it was still held in room 770.





Even before the con, the out-group fanatic of the circle had been dying, but after the con, and that party, the FOCUS group's interest seemed to turn entirely inward. Strangely, most of the members were more active than they had been in years, and the fannish sides of sixth, seventh, and eighth fandom existed in a wonderful mixture. A'BAS came out every year, unprecedented regularity for Raeburn, and after the prosperity that enabled him to revive STELLAR inside the Group while continuing publication of VOID vanished, it was VOID that was suspended.

It was a full scale retreat to the apas, like that which had marked the end of sixth fandom, but this time the in-group had built their apa as they went along.

General fandom, of course, was not completely denuded of fannishness. Cochran missed quite a few people that he would have, or should have defined as fans, but there was no one who was active at the time who could have been described as being interested in fandom itself who didn't soon get into the FOCUS group. There were still the neofans Craig had missed, but they didn't have any fanr-ish BNFs to lead them to "trufannishness". Their struggling attempts to start from scratch were doomed because they were a minority, and had little idea of what they were doing. The sercons and Socially Conscious types smothered them in significant issues and realistic views. Without their fannish counterparts to balance them, these types swiftly went to extremes in Serious Discussion, until general fandom no longer resembled fandom of the fifties. That was years ago; today it still shows no sign of swinging back to a more genial and relaxed society.

After a while things didn't go too smoothly with Cochran's group either. Craig himself lost that ambitious drive about the time he entered college, and then he found that fandom was a game he didn't have time for anymore, and went gafia. Of course there were other gafiations in the Group... there always have been. But after the first year or two there weren't any eager fans pounding on the doors, waiting to join the group of trufans who were the Group, and when they looked into fandom, finally, for new blood, there was none. At least, there were no fans who would have wanted Group membership. Gradually dwindling, lacking once again a focal point, the FOCUS circle broke up, with many of its members gafiating for good, and not a few sheepishly making their way back to the fandom they had left. Only, they found that they didn't fit any more, and they were used to the almost professional magazines of political comment and discussion that were now 'fanzines'. Finding that there wasn't any fandom anymore, they too, eventually gafiated.

Such was the impact of a strong personality like Cochran's on a specialized group of people, too wrapped up in themselves to look ahead to a time when that all encompassing, wildly exuberant fan might not publish his focal point any more.

Rather than admit that they themselves had gotten rather GoshWowish, most of the now bitter Group blamed Craig Cochran for destroying their

Koning - 4

hobby, and this, of all the consequences of that one fan's rather Noble ambition, I regard as the most unfortunate. Seeking a scape-goat is a natural reaction for any disappointed group of people, even fans, but it is also regrettably true that even when a logical scape-goat exists, he is rarely the one persecuted. I started this article with a long list of if's, and Craig Cochran wasn't the only name on that list... but can we blame Harry Warner for not foreseeing the consequences of an article written before Cochran had even entered fandom?

But then, I wouldn't know about that, I haven't been very active since 1961. Who am I? Well, I stayed with the FOCUS group right up to the end, but my heart had gone out of fanning before it was born. Yeah, I'm John Koning. I didn't do anything after I folded DAFOE, but Cochran send me all the issues of FOCUS anyway. He had to... in exchange for all the OOPSLA's I sent him, when he was just a neo...

--John Koning





# two novels of science

THE SEARCH, by C.P. Snow. Signet Books, #T 1864, New York, 75¢. Paper.  
THE WAY UP, by Joseph Whitehill. Dell Books, #D 353, New York, 35¢. P.

C.P. Snow is Sir Charles Percy Snow, author of a long and well-received series of novels under the general title, STRANGERS AND BROTHERS, the latest of which, THE AFFAIR, is a current bestseller. (But don't let that prejudice you.) Sir Charles is a novelist of quiet realism, deliberately avoiding dramatic incident, working for greater reader-involvement in the overall story. THE SEARCH was his first novel, in 1934, and concerns itself with a detailed and solid, if unsuccessfully realistic story which I.I. Rabi, a Nobel Prize physicist, is quoted as calling: "The one novel which I knew which was really about scientists living as scientists."

Snow is an admirer of the old Tolstoian novelistic school--the creation of a fictional world so closely similar to the real world that, ideally, the reader soon ceases to distinguish between the two, and is thus prepared to receive the author's message. This technique requires its own type of skill, which Snow had in abundance even in 1934, and a worthwhile message. We have Rabi's testimony on that.

During World War II, Sir Charles was the administrator of scientific personnel for the British Ministry of Labor. (The hero of THE SEARCH is shown as having a deep streak of administrative talent.) In 1958, as the result of what seems to have been an accumulation of years of comment like Rabi's, from people like Rabi, Sir Charles revised the 1934 version, and this later draft is the book we are discussing here.

Joseph Whitehill, on the other hand, is a comparatively young man with few honors or endorsements, except in the field of literature. (Where C.P. Snow's purely literary reputation also far exceeds his.) He is the author of an Atlantic Magazine series of stories about Able Baker, a merchant marine engineering officer who strikes me as a great deal more of a genuine human being than was Colin Glencannon. All of Whitehill's protagonists are similarly skilled--they are engineers, rather than physicists. (I suggest to you the collection of Whitehill stories called Able Baker and Other Stores, published by Little, Brown.)

So we might expect to find, between two novels by two men like Snow and Whitehill, a reflection of the long fraternal bickering

between engineering and physics, and a clear one, for Whitehill is as skilled in creating the atmosphere of on-the-spot engineering as Snow is in evoking the mood of the world of research.

THE WAY UP is Whitehill's first novel, published in hard covers as THE ANGERS OF SPRING, by Little, Brown. At his publisher's insistence, I am told, Whitehill made extensive changes in his first draft which he now regrets with what I am told is considerable bitterness. Whatever the objective truth of the matter, the fact is that THE WAY UP is a bad book, as a book. (So, in the end, is THE SEARCH.) But just as Snow is to be regarded as something other than a novelist, so with Whitehill.

Whitehill is a child of the second quarter of the Twentieth Century --which is to say he has been published in ASTOUNDING and F&SF, as in THE ATLANTIC. Being technically inclined, he has been caught up in the technological onrush of recent years. And, in my opinion, he is as well fitted to describe the way and shape of modern science as C.P.Snow, once a Physics Fellow at Cambridge, was to describe the great days when revolutionary techniques were exploding the orderly progress of physics. (And, incidentally, making it very difficult for physicists without advanced mathematical training to continue in their specialty.)

THE WAY UP is a modern American contemporary novel--that is, it is a succession of dramatic incidents. Some of them are rather obviously contrived for the author's convenience, rather than the character's. Taken in the sum, they create a chain of crises which no real life would encounter in the short period and restricted setting within which the novel operates. But this is not a fault in itself--it is merely a different technique, whose purpose is to evoke in the reader the feeling that each thing in the story would and did happen to some technician somewhere. Or, better, that this kind of thing happens to technicians--would happen to the reader, if he were a technician. This is a recruiting poster, in a way, and it hardly matters who posed for Uncle Sam. Where literary criticism can legitimately be brought to bear--that is, in regard to the question of whether each incident is credible of itself, and whether the succession of incidents is coherent--Whitehill comes off badly, as I've already said. But looking behind the technique, with its failures and successes, it's possible to see the successful evocation of a world, a time, and a feeling, and, having seen it, to compare it to Snow's on the question of which of the two is more nearly "about scientists living as scientists."

The bare plots of these stories are quite similar--and, reduced to their essentials, banal. In each case, the protagonist is a gifted young specialist making a career. He chooses to further it not by climbing higher in the established order but by creating his own amphitheater--an Institute of Biophysics in Snow's case, a special executive position within an established engineering corporation in Whitehill's. In each case, the young man slips, and then, as the book draws to a close, rebuilds or begins to rebuild his career along different lines--for "different" read "mature."

This is the time-honored "science novel" plot of ARROWSMITH, THE CITADEL, RANDALL AND THE RIVER OF TIME, THE GADGET MAKER, MY BROTHER,



MY ENEMY, and others. Other plots are possible. One wishes they were tried. But Whitehill's fleshing out of it differs sharply from Snow's, and from most of the others cited above, in two ways. The less important is that the technological portion of THE WAY UP is written like a typical 1944 ASTOUNDING novelette, as you might have surmised from the earlier discussion of Whitehill's technique.

The second difference is sharp and meaningful in a larger world than that of science fiction. It is the crucial distinction between THE SEARCH and THE WAY UP. It is this: The protagonist of THE SEARCH foresees a dimly distant day of scientific research teams, attacking physical problems like a tightly organized crew of archeologists unearthing structure of the Universe in a systematic investigation of the relationships between each brick and beam of it. But the protagonist himself is still a man of the days of individual research--he is overawed by Constantine, the archetype of the new breed, a nearly universal synthesist who sees each new discovery in its relationship to all of science, and extrapolates the next direction research must take in order for the unearthing to proceed with maximum efficiency. Neither the protagonist nor, it seems to me, Snow, really understand this. Mainly, they are conscious of their own awe, as a beginning chess player would be in the presence of a battleship's gunnery control computer.

But the protagonist of THE WAY UP lives and breathes in the world of engineering research teams attacking practical scientific problems like a tightly organized team of commandos paralyzing a city. In such a world, it is not necessary for a man to be even as profound as Snow's protagonist--it is only necessary for him to know the proper attitude, and the current technique will carry him. Whitehill's protagonist is not the pioneer that Constantine was; the ability to grasp and visualize all of 1934's coming new age is unnecessary to him. He lives in the world that is. He has the freedom of the second-generation man--once he has acquired the few axioms which represent the distillation of the lives of the first generation, he can relax, be an uncommitted or committed man, as he chooses--he even has the luxury of being able to make mistakes. Unlike Constantine, he can cut corners, play office politics, and even mature, because the welfare of the system does not rest entirely (perhaps not even partially) on his shoulders.

Both Whitehill and Snow have succeeded, in their own ways, in making their protagonists real, as people. But Snow because of his technique, has made his man real as an individual while Whitehill's is real only as a type. Which of the two is more noble, as a man, is a point made even more moot by the mist which began to obscure Snow's logic and characterizations as he labored toward the end of his first novel. But while Snow's man and his story may be more real to Rabi as he things on the days that were, Whitehill's man--and the sense that science as a discipline is now so systematized that it transcends scientists--are, I think, a much better presentation of scientists living as scientists today. And it is with all this in mind that I commend both these books to your attention.

--A.J. Budrys

Has Ted White Ruined Fandom? (con't)

some to contemplate.

But all is not over. Not by a long bow. The campaigners carry on. Getting the Willises across the ocean is only a part of the project. Leaving aside such considerations as conveying them through customers, there is still the question of what to do with them when they get here. This, too, is a major problem. Merely keeping Walt filled with malts is an expensive proposition.

All of which means, like, send money.

Don't send it to yed, though. Send it to somebody trustworthy, like:

L & N SHAW

16 Grant Place

Grant City, Staten Island, New York

In closing, we wish to point out that the reprint section in this issue has been intentional printed on a slightly tinted stock, and that the hue of the pages in question is not, as some illiterate has suggested, due to any mouldering condition of the material thereupon. Everybody knows Bloch is pickled for posterity and subsequently wouldn't mildew in any case...

----Yed

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I am swiping the rest of this page for some first person singular comments regarding the problems of production which, when I was a cal-low yout', were a Tradition.

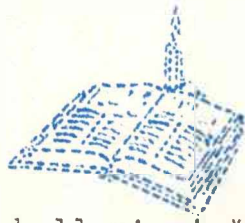
You have no idea what a problem a production like this can be unless you happen to be me, which I doubt. For instance there are things like the order I placed for colored inks which I placed some three weeks ago and which if they don't come soon won't appear in thish at all (alas!) (DEney: It would have been better and faster your way after all, I fear.)

There are things like the typewriter having withered somewhat since it was last used, with the result that the keys don't seem to meet the platen very well. I've been experimenting with ways of improving the situation, but fear that some of the pages in thish show symptoms of the problem.

And there are things like the rough draft of a brilliant editorial which I seem to have thrown away after stencilling the item it was on the back of, but before stencilling it. Wish I could remember what it was about.

Much thanks to those of you who were going to write for thash but failed to make the deadline. Deadline nextish is July 1966....

LeeH



The South shall rise! \* A rebel yeast production \* You know  
what this swamp needs? \* Who sawed Courtney's boat? \* Sin &  
Gin \* Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans \* My strength is as  
the strength of ten because my heart is pure \* Going to use  
a gun or a knife? \* Kehli has pica teeth \* Honest, Grandpa,  
do you REALLY remember Lindbergh? \* What's your bug number?  
\* Deep into the green mysterious jungle \* Ninety-nine cases  
out of ten \* But Charley got 75¢ a week! \* He's down in the  
bar \* Good humored and condescending BNF \* Get your cotton-  
pickin' hands off my plantation \* He swore like a trooper \*  
I'll have you know I'm a clean huckster, he said \* Down the  
bloody 'atch! \* How do you spell rocketship? \* WAW with the  
crew in '52 \* You, too, can be drummed out of the N3F \* Did  
you know there are cannibals living in the hold of this old  
ferryboat? \* Specifically, blue is a hue \* Picnic table 500  
feet \* Bewitched, Bothered, Bemildred and Disenchanted \* We  
also walk robots \* The bem boats are a'comin' \* Blame it on  
Bloch \* You have to get out and feel for it \* Mail a brick!  
\* Eney for TAFF, He's a solid citizen \* And then I left, to  
move to New York \* Who's got my ten of clubs? \* Chitt'lin's  
forever, y'all! \* Seeded shoulders \* Are you staring at me?  
\* Damnyankee hucksters \* Hind the lorry! \* Proxyboo, Ltd. \*  
Have you tried Sludge? \* A feather \* And she was on roller-  
skates \* I did NOT set fire to my tent \* He's neat, even if  
he is an anarchist \* We need a good Police-state Anarchy! \*  
First fandom is not dead, but it's tottering, granddaughter  
\* I am a faaan \* Baby needs new dental floss \* The voice of  
Upper Fort Mudge and Environs \* Okay, so the current is dc,  
what I want to know is, how many cycles is it? \* Tucker, so  
help me, if you come one step closer I'll slug you! \* Watch  
your head when we swing about \* What's untied? Whitsuntide?  
What's untied on Whitsuntide? Nah! \* Oh go stroke your eye-  
lids \* this phrase copyrighted by Robert Bloch 1977 \* Pish!

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