



DISCORD

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY REDD BOGGS

Number 9 / January 1961

"...I HAVE THE SERPENT BROUGHT." The above masthead was drawn (after a rough sketch by the editor), designed, and plated by Richard Bergeron, patron of the arts. Many thanks, Dick.

COGITO

SCIENCE FICTION'S LAST WORDS

"Avacado [sic]," Malone muttered at random.

Burris stared. "What?"

"Nothing," Malone said shamefacedly. "An old song. It runs through my mind. And when you said that about going where I want to go -- "

"An old song with avacados in it?" Burris said.

Malone cleared his throat and burst into shy and slightly hoarse song. "Avacado go where you go," he piped feebly, "do what you do -- "

"Oh," Burris said. "Oh, my."

And thus science fiction expired, on page 146 of the December 1960 Analog, during part 2 of "Occasion for Disaster" by Mark Phillips, after a long and distinguished career.

THE DARKER DRAUGHT

Liz Taylor Dying! said the headline.

I had come into the drugstore singing to myself (the duet "Bei Männern" from the first act of "The Magic Flute," taking both roles myself, if you want to know all these little details). Outside, the sun was shining mildly, as if it were April instead of January, and I had inferred from the smug look on the face of a cleric I had passed in the street that God was in residence this silver winter's morning. The February Amazing was supposed to be on sale by now, and I was in a state of keen anticipation. Had SaM chosen R. F. Starzl's "Madness of the Dust" as the Classic Reprint? I wondered faunchingly, as I peered along the magazine rack. It was then that my eye froze on the headline quoted in the first line of this disquisition. It was as if a slip of the wand had transformed Cinderella's pumpkin into a grinning jack-o'-lantern instead of a coach. "Eddie stunned" said a smaller headline; of course I know Liz Taylor less well, but I felt a little dazed myself.

The headline was on the cover of a magazine called TV Star Parade. I thought it a little queer that a monthly magazine would have the news instead of the morning paper, but there was no room for doubt on the matter. Motion Picture, right next to this magazine on the rack, had big headlines across its cover too, asking "Can Liz Ever Be Cured?" I

shook my head doubtfully; I had heard Liz had an impacted wisdom tooth, but I wasn't prepared for this capricious turn of events. I was still worrying about Liz when I noticed the headline on Screen Album: "Debbie's Secret Fight to Save Her Children." This thing began to assume ominous proportions. Did the children have impacted wisdom teeth too?

"May I help you, sir?" asked a girl clerk at my elbow; she had been observing my numbed scrutiny of the newsstand.

"I would like a glass of water," I faltered.

"Soda fountain right down the aisle," she said, and backed away before I could throw my arm around her shoulders and be assisted to a seat at the counter. I continued my bemused inspection of the magazine rack. Perhaps the girl had been reading Uncensored Confessions, I thought; this magazine was featuring an article called "Look Out for These Men!" and perhaps the glazed look in my eye, the palsied stretch of my arm exactly matched the signs that girls were taught to beware. It's just my luck, I sniffed, to bump into such prim young maidens when the world is full of the other kind. Man's Life was featuring "Sin-splashed Woodland Camps -- Where Wanton Women Run Wild!," an article calculated to bring on a boom in pup-tents, Coleman stoves, and air mattresses.

I had made a mental note to search the wood-lot behind our house for wanton women when I saw See, and felt my interest in such matters see-saw. "The Sex Scandal Behind the U-2 Capture!" If this thing was likely to develop into an international incident I would rather not risk it. Men was featuring "The Streetwalker Who Tipped Our Battle Plans in Korea," which showed you what might happen. Real Adventure blazoned an account of "Why Our American Turncoats Go to Russia," and without reading the article I surmised that the wanton women in the Steppes are to blame. Male had "The 2400 Russian Fishing Boats That Spy on Us." The Russians must have heard about those sin-splashed woodland camps.

"May I please help you?" the girl clerk said insistently. This time I backed away from her. A woman like that would be no fit mother for my children, I realized. True Story contained "A Shocking Report on Cruel Mothers," which I was sure profiled her with considerable accuracy.

"A bottle of aspirins," I snapped, "and be quick about it. There's a plot to steal the treasury blind, according to True magazine, and this dollar bill may become worthless momentarily."

A shade seemed to have been drawn over the sun as I walked back to the car, gulping aspirins dizzily. Ten minutes at the drugstore newsstand and my day was ruined. The world hurtled on through the darkness

DISCORD: a journal of personal opinion, is edited and published every six weeks by Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland place N. E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. The first six issues of this magazine were titled Retrograde; this is issue number nine, dated January 1961. This fanzine is available for letters or sono-tapes of comment or by trade, but not by subscription. Artwork: page 4 by Arthur Thomson; page 7 by Dick Schultz. Masthead insignia by Richard Bergeron. Seven copies are left of Gafia Press Style Book, second edition, Nov 1960, selling at 10¢ each, in coin or stamps. All back issues of Retrograde/Discord are o.p.; sorry. A Gafia press publication.

till I had a happy thought. "This is a local problem," I said to myself; "we are concerned with the overall situation." The simple philosophy of this thought cheered me greatly, and I walked on with lighter step. It was a local problem, and the overall situation was the important consideration. The overall situation? My step faltered. There was one worry left in the universe, and I had learned how worries multiply. The creeps shifted as I confronted the overwhelming question: "Who threw the overalls in Mrs Murphy's chowder?" It was a question, I decided, resignedly parting my hair behind and rolling up my trouser legs, that Uncensored Confessions might try to answer some time.

THE ROUND FILE

The year 1960 was almost over before somebody in FAPA came forth with the year's most astonishing remark. It was in a mailing comment on Gemzine: "I'll have to agree with you about Caryl Chessman, although I am opposed in principle to capital punishment. In his case, the death sentence was justified because he was a sex pervert." # 1960, we must belatedly note, was the year that the First Staple War finally ended with the triumph of the SPWSSTFM. Since June Astounding/Analog has appeared sans staples. Tucker, send me some chewing gum! My ASFs are falling apart. # "Edison could never understand how anybody could write a book. He once agreed to collaborate with an author on a 'thriller' in the Verne-Wells style with 'amazing inventions never before heard of,' but the book was never finished." -- The Life of Thomas A. Edison in Word and Picture, by Arthur J. Palmer. That isn't a note I made in 1960. It's a note I've had around for seven or eight years, and is on a sheet of notebook paper which also contains notations about FAPA business (I was OE at the time) involving such people as Les Cole, Pesetsky, Spelman, Donaldson, and Stein, long gone from the microcosm. At last I can throw the note away. # Great minds in the same gutter: both Roy Tackett and Andy Young suggested that the new title of this fanzine should have been Reddrograde. # I suppose one really shouldn't complain about current conditions. History shows us that things are better now than they're going to be. # A science fiction fan is somebody who believes in progress even while the literature gets poorer and poorer and the magazines cost more and more for less and less. # The following note got crowded out of last issue, although there was an allusion to it elsewhere in the magazine. I was quaffing a bottle of Hires root beer and happened to read the label printed thereon:

INGREDIENTS OF HIRES ROOT BEER

Carbonated water, sugar, dextrose, caramel, plant extractives of birch --
sassafras -- licorice -- vanilla -- spike-nard -- sarsaparilla -- hops --
wintergreen -- pipsissewa -- ginger -- and flavor.

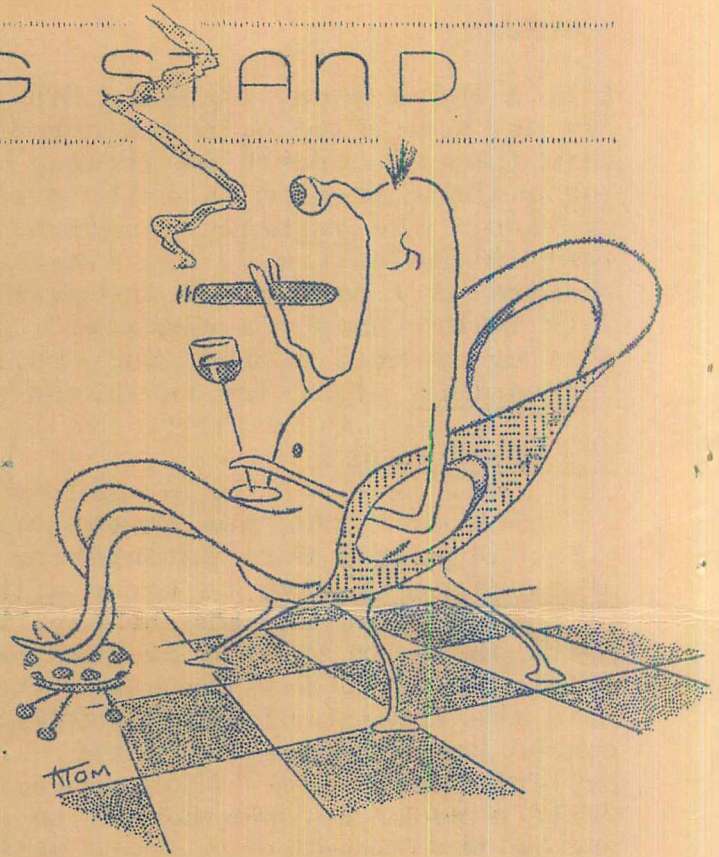
Fancy that, Hedda! No wonder I'm so frisky. I'm full of pipsissewa! # Clifford D. Simak of Minneapolis visited Detroit recently to watch the roadshow opening of "How to Make a Man," the new play based on his Galaxy novelet "How-2." The play took a panning from the critics, although Variety reported that "the ingredients for a good stage vehicle and an excellent movie were dimly perceived in the morass of meaningless talk," and Simak hopes that the play will survive to run in Philadelphia and reach Broadway. B.H.H. saw the play and thought it was "very good."

§ MEND QUICK, HARRY! §

JUCY
FRUIT

REVIEWING STAND

++++++
+
+ "Unto Us a Child is Born" 68.5aggbax +
+ "Floor of Heaven" 54.2:52.8+01.3agjeax +
+ (Both stories in January 1961 Amazing) +
+
++++++



AT THE HEIGHT of the Keller boom, a dozen years or more ago, Art Rapp remarked that kelleryarns, because they contrasted so sharply with the typical stories of the Gernsback era, must have been unusually effective in their original context. That most prosaic of openings, "Sally was sweeping the stairs," the first sentence of "Life Everlasting," must have felt as solid and weighty as a peachstone in a world of peachfuzz to the readers of 1934, smothered under tons of bad print on grey paper and lulled into a stupor by the thick unmodulated drone of unimaginative bores. (Those same bores are today supposed to have had "a sense of wonder"; it all seems some sort of bad joke that these writers, who seem less alive than oysters and turnips, should be credited with having any response at all to the world around them, but one feels less embarrassed for them than for their admirers, and for science fiction.)

"Unto Us a Child is Born" was first published in the next-to-last large-size Amazing (July 1933), along with such stories as Harl Vincent's "Cavern of Thunders" and John Russell Fearn's "The Intelligence Gigantic" (concluding instalment); in such company the Keller work must have seemed striking indeed. Though it was reprinted in the Keller collection edited by Sam Moskowitz and Will Sykora published in 1948 (dated 1947), the story makes its first reappearance in a magazine with the January 1961 Amazing. In this context, surrounded by modern (but not exceptional) works of science fiction, the story seems ensmallled rather than enlarged by the contrast, despite an enthusiastic introduction by Moskowitz ("...this masterpiece of science fiction..."). It is easy to discover that Keller's pen is hopelessly clumsy, though this must have been hard to detect in 1934, when the field was dominated by writers who made Keller look like Hemingway in comparison. But remembering that the readers of 1934 were accustomed to read science fiction for enlightenment rather than entertainment, one must suppose that even then it was obvious that Keller's story is a desperate exercise in the art of eluding the necessity of saying anything on his chosen topic.

"So we can well ask ourselves," says Keller, talking to himself in a foreword to the story (which a more conscientious writer would have withheld from the public eye, along with his notes to the milkman),

"just what these people of this new world of 2030 will be thinking, just how they will be reacting to the changes of a super-scientific era?" Mumbling such questions under one's breath may seem such obvious preparation for the work of writing a story about 2030 A. D. that one may suppose that it would never occur to a writer to set himself to the task in any other fashion. Nevertheless it seems probable that the page containing this passage fell behind Keller's desk and wasn't retrieved till the rest of the story was written, and that Keller meanwhile had forgotten the means by which he intended to attack his proposed yarn.

Strict laws of biogenesis had been followed for three generations, as a result, the prisons and the hospitals for the abnormals had been made useless. These had been converted into nurseries and adolescent homes. Thus, a man and woman, under the most strict supervision, could marry and have one child, but only the most worthy were accorded that right. However, if a man showed a real value to the nation, and it was determined that his child would also be of value, then he was allowed to marry, provided a suitable and scientifically proper woman could be found for his wife. No couple could have a second child till the first one had reached maturity and had been found to be normal in every way.

-- Thus Keller, muttering aloud once more, as he prepares to Create, still sounding like Horace Gold writing journal entries for some story excluded from the book The Old Die Rich. This passage obviously outlines a number of possibilities -- long vistas wheeling dizzily off into a blue yonder like the view from the upper level road -- and it tells a great deal about Keller that he was able to resist the lure of all of them. Once you go venturing off the familiar path you put yourself in peril, and Keller closes his eyes and goes sliding past each luminous possibility as if it were a blue iceberg full of snow and sirens.

Jacob Hubler, the hero of the story, is the inventor of a pushbutton kitchen; we are asked to believe that this is the service to the State that is rewarded by allowing him to marry. Keller doesn't choose to examine this notion. He doesn't choose, either, to consider the next possibility for a story mentioned in his outline. Hubler's mate, selected by the State as the "scientifically proper woman" for him, turns out to be Ruth Fanning, an old friend and business associate. Thus by ignoring the realities of his "biogenetic" world, Keller left it to Heinlein to consider what marriage and romance would actually be like in such a world. (Heinlein's hero in "Beyond This Horizon" is, like Hubler, an inventor; was this story a conscious attempt to write "Unto Us a Child is Born" the way it should have been written?) The Hublers' child becomes a philosopher in the folk sense of the word -- a foolish prattling adolescent -- but Keller doesn't allow us to doubt that the pragmatic society he has envisioned would consider the boy "normal in every way" and "of value" to the State.

Keller disregards numerous other possibilities as well, such as the matter of illegitimate children, and obscures points by bringing in many non sequiturs. "Do not allow yourself to fall in love, as your forefathers did," the State scientist tells Hubler; a pointlesser bit of advice in that biogenetic society cannot be imagined. Having carefully resisted every other possibility, Keller solemnly chooses to exploit the least dramatic situation of all: the one in which human nature won't change materially in at least one aspect of that "super-scientific"

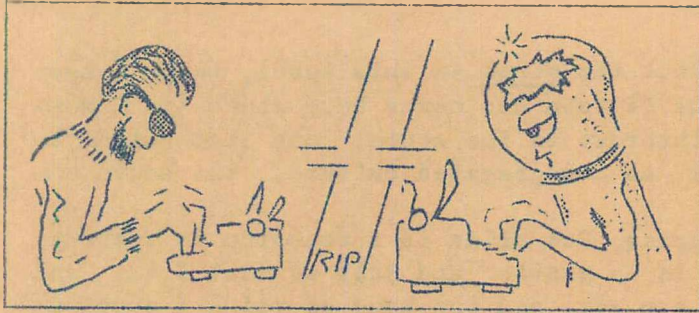
world. The Hublers, just like parents today, are saddened by the behavior of their ungrateful child, though it is a little difficult to say why parents in such a society, where the State rears the children, would be any more emotionally attached to a strange child than he is to them.

Keller's story is unpeopled; Hubler, Ruth Fanning, and their child are blank-faced puppets unskilfully jerked through their paces. Keller tries to tell the story by indirection and understatement, and let us know his characters from the way they behave, their emotions all the more poignant because of the simple recital of the facts. Unfortunately, except by merest accident, Keller never succeeds in finding the single phrase, the symbolic action, that could make his people come to life and behave like real people. He has small gift of observation and no tricks of technique to flavor his minimal effort with a semblance of life. In 1934 his stories seemed stripped and essential in contrast with the elaborately told, laboriously detailed stories that were the fashion. But today they seem merely unfleshed and barren, the product of a mind too narrow and cold to offer a field for the work of a creative daemon.

The author of "Floor of Heaven" -- T. D. Hamm -- is much too clever for me. The way I read this yarn the hero, who has seen the stars "above" him in space, is driven mad by the sight of stars "below" him when the spaceship flips end to end at turnover. But of course I must be missing the full significance of the story. Mrs Hamm wouldn't write a yarn like that. Would she? Amazing wouldn't print it. Would it? And the readers surely wouldn't swallow it. Would they? Will they?

After devoting seven lines to Mrs Hamm's essay in the art of sinking in the pros, I can hardly begrudge mention in this department to a publication that doesn't belong here, but aspires to. Mrs Hamm has taken "the gentle downhill way to the Bathos," whereas The Journal of the Interplanetary Exploration Society, edited by Hans Stefan Santesson, at least makes an effort to soar. I feel that hospitality toward this publication may be a good deed to be rewarded in heaven, and anyway I received a copy for review. The Journal is a fanzine that wants to make it as a prozine so badly that they're charging \$1.25 a copy (four issues for \$5) to pay for the doubtful prestige of print.

In the 32 indifferently printed pages of the first issue, you'll find contributions by Lester del Rey, Poul Anderson, and James E. Gunn, among others, and they've taken their assignments more seriously than you might expect -- service to the IES that is far beyond the call of duty. Hannes Bok contributes a trifle (it's nice to see a Bok illo again anyway) and Alma Hill writes a mind-boggling column ("I am a knot-headed old schoolteacher..."). There is also a reprint from the Jesuit publication America, which considers the theological implications of the possibility of discovering "human life" in "outer space." This latter article seems hilariously funny to me, but taken seriously may be useful to Jesuits hard-pressed to rationalize their position, or to sf writers who want to improve on A Case of Conscience. It doesn't sound as if it can be of much value to other IES members, however, unless the typical IES member is (as I venture to suspect) either a scientist manque or a science-fictionist harboring a guilt complex for having disappointed Hugo Gernsback. (What are you, chum?) If that's the case, such sweetly solemn sawdust as this should prove good stuffing for the mind. (The Journal is available at \$1.25 the copy from the Interplanetary Exploration society, 37 Wall street, New York 5, New York.)



A MEETING OF MINDS

MARTIN HELGESEN

I disagree with Ray Nelson [Retrogrado #6] on polytheism. From what I've read, history, archaeology, and anthropology show that monotheism is more fundamental to man. A number of superior beings may have been honored, but one was worshipped as supreme. Your quote from Alexander Pope in issue #7 provides an interesting comment on Ray's final two sentences.

I think that Peggy Sexton [in issue #6] oversimplifies the problem of pornography vs literature. First of

all, Bowdler proved that not everyone thinks that Shakespeare is fine for the kiddies. Also, most high school kids reading Shakespeare will miss most of the "objectionable" parts because of the language barrier, etc. Another objection to Sexton's law is that most people, I think, insert a proportionality constant. If a work is seriously obscene, it will probably never become acceptable, whatever its literary value.

Peggy's final sentence, "If parents take the trouble to bring up their dear little offspring properly, they have nothing to fear," is a common error. A properly brought up child is still a potential victim of a sex criminal incited by pornography. Of course there are sex criminals who do not need pornography to incite them, and there are pornography readers who are not sex criminals. However, most law enforcement authorities think that there is a connection. Another problem is the child whose upbringing is not quite as good as it should be. If semi-pornography is out on every newsstand he is likely to pick up some sooner or later, and, perhaps, develop a taste for it. When familiarity takes the kick out of the stuff on the newsstand, he can then go on to hard-core pornography. On the other hand, if semi-pornography is not readily available the child has a far better chance of avoiding it. There will be some pornography circulated, even among children, no matter how many laws are passed. However, to say that therefore there should be no laws restricting it is nonsense. The same argument could be used to demand the repeal of all laws. (Malverne, N. Y.)

EC: Norman Mailer in Advertisements for Myself contributes a telling remark on the subject of "comparative pornography." He points out that "almost every commodity is festooned with sexual symbol" in our society and says, "The bleak drift of a national sex life which depends on commodity has become so acute that it is possible the raw (that is, pure) works of pornography...are less crippling to the mind than the respectable products of the respectable economy." I vigorously agree.

JIM HARMON

I still think "Elmer Gantry" was a well-done, bold movie. Maybe someday an unexpurgated "Lady Chatterley's Lover" can be done on the screen, but not yet. The movies should be complimented for whatever spark of daring or controversy they can muster. If they made only the first part of Sinclair Lewis' novel, the Russians did the same with Dostoyevsky's The Idiot. Few people will sit through an eight-hour movie.

Of course I agree with the young fan who thought my articles on radio were silly. How can anyone have a sentimental attachment for an instrument that spits rock 'n' roll and five-minute news capsules? (Los Angeles 6, California)

JERRY PAGE

I was rather appalled at a couple of things said by fellow southerners in Discord; this attitude that the south has become a "whipping boy" and is looked down upon by the rest of the country frightens me. What is the south, a paranoid state-of-mind? Granted that the south is more widely emphasized in discussion of the racial question, I have noticed

-- unlike other southerners -- a lot said about the north in this issue, too. I have lived in the south all my life, and until the Pittcon had never been above the Mason-Dixon line. I think I have an attitude of interest in the south, one that might be labeled constructive. But I will say this: As a segregated culture, the south can only be a degenerate culture.

Sure, there's more crime among Negroes. But crime is a reaction to society, not a whimsical sort of thing. You put me in a ghetto and tell me what I can and can't do, whom I can associate with, what I can say and the tone of voice I must say it in, and I guarantee that fairly soon I'll become a trouble maker. I'll become a criminal along the lines of such notorious traitors and rabble rousers as George Washington, Tom Paine, Ethan Allen, Thomas Jefferson, and others.

One interesting point: All this ties in with some of Campbell's recent editorials. In discussing Africa he said that often what a culture needs is quite different from what they want. He cited sending the army into Egyptian villages to enforce sanitation, and education of the children. The south isn't quite that backward -- the inevitability of integration is accepted on a fairly wide plane. Probably by easing in, firmly but with understanding, the whole thing could be accomplished smoothly and without incident. TV, books, churches (and I notice a lot of churches are deciding that they have been wrong on at least one thing a week) -- all could be utilized to quietly integrate the south. I have high hopes of seeing integration in the south in my own lifetime; in fact, I don't see how things can move as they are and really avoid it, except in a few small isolated communities. (Atlanta 7, Ga.)

BOB FARNHAM

My letter regarding the colored man/white man argument recently published in Retrograde [#2] and ably replied to by Mrs Sally Kidd was, if proper observation had been made, but a satire on the racial conditions/bias/prejudice and hatreds that exist both in the north and in the south. The hoax should have been plain enough. I'd like to point out the giveaway sentence: "Some of them are lazy but most of them will work and work good." This sentence alone disputes the rest of the letter. The letter was solely intended as a rebuke to the anti-toleration attitude most southerners have.

I have already been damned to Helen Gawn by both pro and con adherents for (1) hating the Negro; and (2) not hating the Negro. I am sure surprised at the utter lack of observatory powers prevalent in fandom these days.

I DO NOT HATE THE NEGRO! A big 200 pound man with skin as black as sin is supposed to be once placed his life and body on the altar of friendship -- and saved mine from destruction. I still have that man as a friend to this day if he still lives; not long ago he lost his leg in an accident at work and I've heard nothing from him since. During the race riots of 1919 (I think it was) in Chicago I had another black man as a friend. We gave him shelter and protection from a gang of renegade whites, and my father backed it up with a pistol. Jim Erkins was his name.

During the 25 years I worked on the Illinois Central railroad, my work as station baggageman brought me daily into contact with many colored people, and I never found any serious faults in any of them but came to prefer working with colored people rather than with white. I was always able to go anywhere into any colored settlement without a fear of molestation at any hour of day or night. If Mrs Kidd will take the trouble to do so, I'm certain she can find colored railroad employees on the ICRR who will tell her what they think of the baggageman called "Sparkplug."

In the nine years I attended school I had a colored pal named Joe (last name never known). I never knew a finer person, white or black, since. I could have -- and would have -- married one of the sweetest girls who ever lived, but she was colored and refused to listen to my pleas. It would have meant ostracization by my own white race, but she was definitely worth everything. From the colored race I have always, without fail, met with honesty, truth, and straight-from-the-shoulder dealing whereas from my own kind, the so-called whites, I have received nothing but lies, de-

ceit, defamation, robbery, insults, and deprivation up till I entered fandom at the age of 37. No, I do not hate the Negro!

My letter was meant solely to emphasize the filthy and shameful conditions throughout the south as well as the north. (I have a sub to the Chicago Tribune.) Sincere apologies to all whose feelings have been hurt. (Dalton, Georgia)

FRED GALVIN

Have you heard this story? It had been announced that God was going to appear in Michigan at a certain time and place, and a large number of people had come to see Him. Of course the priests, rabbis, and ministers were there. At the appointed time, nothing happened, but the crowd waited, and after a while an old man with a white beard appeared. The people asked him, "Are you God?" and he replied, "No, I'm only an angel. I'm here to tell you that something has come up, and God won't be able to make it." As he started to leave, the people shouted, "Wait! Tell us something about God! What does God look like?" "Well, for one thing, She's colored..." (St Paul 19, Minnesota)

POUL ANDERSON

About this Greenough-Kendrith-Thane of Minneapolis bit. I am not now nor have I ever been. In fact, it seems past time that science fiction critics drop that ridiculous assumption of a writer's work being any kind of self-portrait. ("Mainstream" critics, West and Fiedler and that lot, are apparently so wedded to this obsession that nothing short of surgery will cure them.) Some few writers do autobiography, yes. But the majority have more interesting concerns. They draw on their own lives for background material; doubtless their works express their individual philosophies, or, rather, derive therefrom; but that's the end of it.

Personally I write the sort of things I like to read, and having normally catholic tastes in reading, I end up writing a variety of story types. In the flesh I am no more Kendrith than I am a financial robber baron (van Rijn), a military aristocrat (Rusch; Flandry), a smiling Machiavellian (Alak), a harried technician (Everard; Syrup), a soft-boiled detective (Yamamura), or a Hoka. Mutatis mutandis, the same applies to every other science fiction writer of my acquaintance.

Too many critics practice psychoanalysis without a license. (Orinda, Cal.)

ALGIS: BUDRYS

S2 movies. Actually, the process by which a bad movie gets made is a fascinating one, and I may someday commit it to writing. I did some work on "Dinosaurus!", and the steady downhill slide from the original high conception...the chain of insignificant compromises that ends in the catastrophic final compromise...the resultant chain of modifications that are made in the remainder of the picture to compensate for what the producer knows is a shoddy spot...the trickle of compromises that must be made to shore up the modifications...and then, once more, catastrophe, until in the ultimate end the entire raison d'etre for the film must be scrapped in a noble, excruciating decision to rise above principle in order to salvage the investment...the next picture will make up for all that is bad in this one, so now we no longer need cavil at any shortcut whatever...now we don't need a Guild screenplay; we can safely pay scab rates; now we don't need Union electricians, or Equity actors -- what the hell, the producing corporation will be dissolved at the end of this picture in any case, and the rights in the film sold to the distributor, so that none of the unions will have any recourse...and on your screen eventually appears what usually appears on your screen. (By the way, if you're interested in my contribution to "Dinosaurus!" as it eventually appeared, before my talents were consulted it was titled "Dinosaurus.")

You know, the trouble with reading John Campbell's mind is that it's too damned easy. The man has so many sides that whichever one is closest to the observer seems to reflect all there is to the man -- and then he turns five degrees on his axis, and the observer berates him for his unpredictability. However, I take a small

stab at it here: I don't think Analog is really intended to be the vehicle of Campbell's primary concern. I think Analog is intended to create a climate, but not to achieve any specific end beyond that. It may be that, with the blunting of the Gentlement Amateurs, Campbell is forced to put into Analog things he was originally going to divert into that society's official organ, but I think he would like to have one voice for specific campaigns and another for what might be described as a recruiting poster. I think Analog has for years been serving that latter function in Campbell's life plan. That would explain his suspension of all judgment on the literary value of what he puts into it, and would enable him to laugh up his sleeve at people who mistake it for a science fiction magazine. Frankly, the image of Campbell putting himself into a position where he would have to squirm is as unlikely as that of Hugo Gernsback being the man behind Reginald Bretnor.

Or, better, the image of Campbell permitting himself to remain in a position of squirmth... The latter thought may go far to account for much of Analog's evolution. But I have known Campbell for eight years, and at one moment of time I was close enough to him to see that anything I might speculate about him, even in the light of the 20 years I have known ASF, is quite likely to be wrong on some insignificant, crucial point.

You know, I find myself falling unwillingly into the position of defending Heinlein much too often. My attitude anent Heinlein and his works is exceedingly complex, and unformed in some of its fundamentals. But Don Wollheim's letter prompts me to say that the Starship Troopers controversy seems to me to have many features dependent on the goring of a favorite ox. Science fiction has for a very long time now been used to further political convictions -- as distinct from political science, an art far more difficult to grasp, though Heinlein grasps it firmly -- and no one has put up much of an objection to this feature of the field. Until now, when many of us have frothed at the mouth over Heinlein, and Bob Leman has begun a similar campaign, at 180° remove, over Mack Reynolds. In the last analysis, I think it is a good thing for the field to have its fans sensitized to the appearance of political doctrine in it; certainly, it will give pause to the many writers who like to repeat what they have learned from other propagandists, rather than observed for themselves. (As it happens, I think Heinlein and Reynolds both pass the test for having actual, rather than simulated dirt under their fingernails, but that's not the point.)

I think it is the height of disingenuousness for an ex-Futurian to complain about politics in sf. The Futurians started it, and promulgated it so thoroughly that most people who started reading sf after the 1930s are probably unaware of the extent to which the Futurian influence changed the nature of the field. For just one thing, while it takes a man of some experience and training to write accurately of any of the hard sciences, the appearance of politico-economic themes in the field made it possible for much younger writers to produce for the market, and this, in turn -- this appearance of expertise, which is not expertise but recapitulation -- may account for some of the homogenized flavor of the field as a whole.

Hugo reform. I'm all for it, particularly on the nominations end. But Starship Troopers cannot possibly be an insult to the sf novel field as a Hugo winner. One, the sf field constantly insults itself in ways so much more grievous that ST's Hugo, however arrived at, makes no material contribution to that body of insult. Two, any award that has already gone to They'd Rather Be Right cannot possibly stand as any kind of distinction for merit, except accidentally, as in the case of A Case of Conscience. And a random distinction is very little distinction indeed, if we are to consider it as a signal of literary and philosophical worth. Considered as a popularity contest, like the Oscar, the Hugo competition makes a certain amount of sense and confers a certain cachet. (Long Branch, New Jersey)

EC: It would be interesting to learn what function Street & Smith think Analog fills.

JAMES BLISH

This time I am most interested in Wollheim's remarks, though I thought the whole issue very crispy-crunchy. I can't imagine how anyone could justify the either-or situation he proposes for Starship Troopers; tho' what he calls the propaganda content of the novel is inarguably high, the sf content is anything but thin. In fact it's much more fully realized than what you'll find in most other current sf novels, especially in the hard-cover version. We ought to confront the issue here. It isn't that the book isn't sf; it certainly is. But is it, thereafter, a good sf novel? It seems to me that it is, though I no more agree with its thesis than DAW seems to.

It is far from the first sf novel I have been forced to find admirable while disagreeing with almost every word of it; and though I too wish the Vonnegut had won, I think the voters deserve credit for seeing the merits of the Heinlein even in the face of what seems to be widespread, general agreement that what it has to say is frightening. The mere facts that it did have something to say, and said it well, thoroughly qualified it for the award.

The argument that Scribner's dropped Heinlein's option and that this therefore proves that the book is bad, or not respectable, is a fascinating one to come from an editor. It assumes that one rejection is crucial, especially if the author has been making money for the firm. But Scribner's will be making money from Heinlein's previous juveniles for decades to come, so they may not have found the pain of dropping him quite so excruciating as DAW suggests. And Troopers was promptly picked up by Bill McMorris at Putnam's and used as the cornerstone of a whole new line of sf juveniles -- adding a new and major publishing house to this field for the first time in years -- so this goes to prove exactly the opposite about the quality of the novel, no? Of course it doesn't. Who rejects and who buys a work of art is no guide to anything. Out here in Stephen Crane's homeland even public librarians know that. (Milford, Pennsylvania)

F. M. BUSBY

Bob Tucker suggests separate Hugo categories for novels according to first-appearance in book or serial form: "Too many books are being overlooked because fans read only magazine serials," says Bob -- in the face of innumerable fmz letterhacks' statements that "I only buy one or two prozines a month anymore; I read most of my sf in paperback." It is true that few fans buy or read original hardcovers -- so few, in fact, that unless this source were made a separate category its entries would have no chance.

However, my own objection to Bob's idea is the nitpicking decision-making that would be required, as well as the research. So Ace comes out with a Double-Back and everybody votes it in the Book Novels division -- except that it was serialized in New Worlds. What do the tabulators do? Should they move the votes over into the serialized-appearance division? If so, how does this move louse up the point-count of the erring voter's ballot? Or how about the case of simultaneous publication? Who was first, and is this the criterion, or the sheer fact of serialization?

Don Wollheim's point is easier to meet. He would seem to feel that the Hugos should be awarded by qualified judges rather than by a sloppy ol' democratic vote (thus agreeing with Heinlein's pitch in "Gulf" and in Starship Troopers). Now it is perfectly OK to feel that a Hugo should be awarded by a board of qualified critics, so that it would "mean more." But the fact is that a present-day Hugo represents the consensus of those who went to the trouble to fill out a ballot. Starting this year, according to the vote of the Pittcon business meeting, the consensus will be that of Worldcon members only. As a member of the current Worldcon committee, I ~~obviously vote books in my head~~ am all in favor of Keeping Things Simple. Now if the Hugos were to be awarded by a qualified board of judges, our beleaguered little group would be further beset by the problem of choosing these judges. After the dust settled, we would get the disgruntled fallout of choosing such a blind biased idiotic

illiterate prejudiced corrupt capricious venal vicious bunchabastards as to give the Hugo to whoever won it. No thanks; I'd just as soon let the voters chew out each other, as now.

Starship Troopers: I'm not arguing the ideology of the story in any discussion of its merits (except for the "I like fallout" sequence, I left that part to others in commenting on the serial version). But there's no mystery about the basic premiss, which has been built up out of reason in some discussions. Heinlein says once again in Starship Troopers the same thing he was saying in Beyond This Horizon (1942): Wolves survive better than sheep do, left to their own devices. It is possible and desirable to protect sheep, but they don't and can't do it for themselves. Strip off the ways-and-means trimmings, and there's the major premiss. Sheeplike, I agree with it. (Seattle 99, Washington)

LIZ WILSON

I have the feeling that part of the trouble with John W. Campbell and others of his ilk is that they feel overly restricted by the things we call "physical laws." If we can't figure out ways around them we'll never do the things that Analog prophesies. I observe, however, that for the past 50 years or more, laws have been "broken" only in predictable fashion -- you say, "Well, I think electrons might act like waves," and then you set up an experiment that shows they do in fact. I have never heard Norman Dean et al explain how they invented their devices, but I suspect that the logic which lies behind the invention is specious. I have a theoretical physicist for a father -- I admit my eye is jaundiced. I nevertheless accuse John W. of wishful thinking.

John's editorials do serve one useful purpose: Although they may seem ridiculous, they do make one think. Takes a lot to make people do that these days. Also they agitate people, and in directions which are probably profitable in the long run.

Well, so women get all mystical when they're pregnant. What else can we do? There isn't a hell of a lot of compensation -- pregnancy is a bloody nuisance. One loses any grace she ever had, her ankles swell, she gets sick, her belly gets sore from the kicking -- and all she has to show for it is a line full of diapers. Might as well make it as romantic as possible.

Regarding Sally Kidd's letter to Mr Farnham, I'd like to point out that being scandalized doesn't accomplish a thing. I found out how difficult it could be to overcome a rather mild prejudice -- in my case against Catholics. With the help of people like Ron Ellik and some others that I have met at the Lab, I have (I think!) managed to do so. I have become all too well aware that anything much more deep-rooted would never go. Es kann nicht sein. I suspect myself of an intellectual snobbery approaching prejudice, and I see no prospect of ridding myself of that.

The other question to be asked is "What can I, as an individual, do about prejudice?" For me to crusade would be ridiculous. The crusaders of whom we read make things worse all too often. The NAACP has accomplished much -- including the attainment of a very bad name. As someone pointed out to me, "Just because a man is of different color or religion doesn't mean I have to like him." Yet I have the impression that some of the crusading groups want just that. If crusading isn't the thing, what is? Shall I bankrupt myself to buy a house next door to a Negro? Shall I make a point of sitting next to Negroes on buses or in restaurants? Shall I insist that my only friends must be Jewish or Negroes or teenagers? Or perhaps (oh HORRORS!) I should insist that my daughter marry a Negro. (No, I don't care if she does -- her choice, not mine to make). Well? What can I do about it?

I think it would be nice if you wrote comments on people's letters. What's the good of publishing your mail if you don't publish your reactions to it? (Livermore, California)

EC: Thank you for your very fine letter.

DON THOMPSON

Many a fan has written appalling and funny articles on lousy sf movies, but you are the first I've seen who reviewed a theater. It sounds like most of the theaters I've seen, more a home for old vending machines than a place of entertainment. Myself, I don't care to pay to gain admission to an area full of mechanical Silas Marners. You got off easy on the soft drink vending machine. With me, the cup comes out upside down and the drink squirts onto it and splashes me with sticky liquid. And to top it off, they run commercials on the screen urging you to buy popcorn, candy, and soft drinks between features, with the implied threat that they won't start the feature until you do.

I haven't read The Tomorrow People, but I take exception to your remarks on the rest of Judy's works. Shadow on the Hearth is a little bit too soap operais, but it has impact. I like her anthologies and blame all defects (except for the execrable fact section, which does not belong) on the field. The best is none too good these days. I like Judy, even though some of her stories do embarrass or disgust me, dwelling as they do on the excretory functions of babies.

Your comments on women writers as a group are ridiculous. You skipped from women sf writers to women writers without a pause for breath, condemning them all to novelistic obscurity. Women can and have written novels. Good novels, even. [Who, besides Jane Austen? -- Ed.] If you had kept on the subject of the sf novel I wouldn't have said anything, though I don't agree, but you can't generalize to cover all women writers.

I greatly enjoyed Blish's and Kidd's letters, though for different reasons. Blish explains some of the mechanics of writing a story around a cover and hints at ways to do it that most hacks never try. In addition to his example of Larry Shaw's making a dream out of the cover scene I recall a Judy Merrill story in which the cover was merely a painting on the wall which the hero looked at. It was in an early 1950s Future. I liked Sally Kidd's letter because she expresses my opinions so beautifully. (Cleveland 15, Ohio)

EC: Rog Phillips mentions a cover story he wrote for Amazing around a painting already bought in which the best he could do was "make the cover illo something seen on a TV screen as the hero walked through a room." Howard Browne accepted it too.

DEAN A. GRENNELL

The FM is tootling forth the Toreador song from "Carmen" by, fittingly enough, Carmen Dragon and the H'wood Bowl orchestra. From cigaret girl to Dragon Lady, forsooth. Seemeth to me you forgot several items on your musical scheissliste. As it stands, it sounds marvelously like a compilation of selections for inclusion in an LP album tentatively titled "Classical Music for People Who Loathe Classical Music." Included in your list are several of the relatively small number of classical numbers I can listen to now and then without breaking out all over siphucles. I theorize that if you'd thought of the following you'd've included them aussi:

Verdi: "Aida," both the ballet music and the march from second act; Chopin: "Polonaise" (especially by Jose Iturbi); Borodin: "Polovtsian Dances"; practically any Strauss waltz; Leroy Anderson: "Sleigh Ride"; also his tune, whatever be its name, with the staccatoid typewriter and the three-way hideous "Waltzing Cat"; any and all Rodgers and Hammerstein arias, special emphasis on "People Will Say We-uns is in Lahrve" (sometimes called "Doahn Thwow Bo-kayays at Mee") and "The Eczema Song" from "Carousel" (or as sometimes called, "June is Busty All Over").

Metzger's heading for "A Meeting of Minds" this time was real fine. (Fond du Lac, Wisconsin)

HELEN URBAN

Of course I want to receive the next issue of Discord. If I don't, I will cry. Now. Is that enough of a woman's reaction to suit you? Phooey on this whole business of women's reactions

and women's viewpoints. But Redd, I must take you to the carpet for more misspelling, and even worse, for incompleteness. On the whole I appreciated your time-lapse system for music-to-be-played-some-other-year. But please! Spelling and incompleteness. These are my corrections:

Shoot, man: "Canaveral"; Reekheart Strauss: "Mein Helenleben"; Mouseart: "Eine kleine Nichtmusic"; Chopin: "Less Sulphides"; Rip Z. Corsetsoff: "Sarah's Odd"; Choikowski: "The Nutscracking Suit"; Wagner: "Ride on a Valkyrie"; Modest Mouseorgy: "Pictures of an Exhibitionist"; Copuland: "Bully, Kid!"; Catch'imturningann: "Gay" Suite; Restpeeeyee: "The Penis of Rome"; Cop Land: "The Saloon Mexico"; Duckass: "The Sorcerer's Appendage"; Ross-See-Me: "William Told." And, unforgiveably, you left out Beethoven's "Erotica" Symphony.

You might have added a fourth to your three Campbell preachments, though it does not exist as part of the Campbell dogma but only as the inescapable inference from the three you presented: Campbell will be a superman when he can find somebody to build him a machine to make him one, even if he has to invent the man who will build it. And that is Campbell's dream. All else is subterfugitidinuous flyspecking and nitpicking.

Because (1) Campbell lives today, and so this must be the age of miracles; (2) a total breakthrough to make him a superman has to come from a basement genius because basement geniuses are dedicated to making men into supermen, and scientists are concerned only with establishing some perceptible truths within the fantastic details that daily open up before them; (3) the patent office is not in the least interested in making a superman out of JWC; therefore the patent office is his enemy, and the enemy of every basement genius.

I hope the Dean device works. It will probably take the U.S.A., all of its space and "defense" industry, and its gold and national prestige to hell and back through crash and recovery, but it will be worth it to see John W. Campbell floating over wherever he wishes to float, and gloating, a superman at last. And out of it might come the stars and a few rational non-dead men to build a clean world -- who knows. But then women are all filled with nonsense and illusion. Except that somehow or other, all of the great dreams of Man have been shown, explained, and formed by men -- but occasionally a solitary woman comes along who becomes infected by the dreaming. Well, up, up and away! (North Hollywood, California)

CROWDED OUT were letters from RAY NELSON and BILL DANNER, which are in dummy and will probably appear next issue, along with a late-arriving letter from WALTER BREEN. The response to Discord #8 was best yet and in spite of this overlong letter department I haven't been able to use even a small portion of the letters received. I'm particularly pleased with the mail from overseas -- response from Britain has heretofore been scanty. This time FRED HUNTER (N. 60°09' W. 01°08'), ETHEL LINDSAY, WALT WILLIS, KEN CHESLIN, and ALAN BURNS sent ALoC. Many thanks. Meantime, back in the States, ROG GRAHAM sent an enjoyable letter I'd've liked to run, only he said he didn't write it for publication; DICK ENEY pulled the same trick. Both MARIJANE JOHNSON and CRAIG COCHRAN want Bob Smith to know that Giovanni Scognamillo is as real as, well, Saint Sophia; Janey has a pic of the Scognamillos taken on their wedding day and inscribed to her. JACK SPEER and RISK SNEARY wrote about previous issues of this fanzine, and KEN HEDBERG caught up on the last four issues in one long letter. CLAY HAMLIN talked about that Heinleinovel and remarked that "Twilight" would be rejected by Analog and could appear only in Amazing these days. PHIL HARRELL liked the takeoff on the Galaxy ad and the article on sf movies. MIKE McINERNEY was inspired to describe a kiddy Saturday matinee in such detail that I felt uncomfortable. ED WOOD wonders if F&SF hasn't won the Hugo often enough by now. LES SAMPLE discusses integration problems. RUTH BERMAN says this color of paper, which has inspired all sorts of uncomplimentary descriptions, reminds her of a kind of candy. A kind of candy she dislikes, she adds. Hmm. Lots more letters, but no room even to acknowledge them. Thank you, 1 + all.