



# DISCORD

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY REDD BOGGS

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(ToC feature swiped from Ruth Berman's NeoLithic)

## COGITO

### I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK

Just watched the President's inaugural address. It feels wonderful to realize that after so many years integrity will again be the mode and that decency and self-respect need not hide behind a facade of complacency. What this may mean to fandom is already evident. The first faint shadow falls across Ruth Berman's Pittcon report and points out the intelligential aspects of that fan gathering rather than the physiological. Perhaps you did not notice it, but I did, and was pleased to read a report of a fanmeet which did not mention drinking...or immaterial trivia.

### WEIGHED IN THE BALLOTS

Now then, before the shadows blind us completely to anything less "intelligential" than the literary values of Profiles in Courage, let us pick up our pencils and we'll all nominate Hugo winners. Find the blue ballot enclosed with Discord this issue as a service to the readership (circulation of the ballot does not constitute an endorsement of the present Hugo system, about which I have grave misgivings) and let us begin. I assume that most of you need no help in selecting candidates for most categories, but a few suggestions to refresh your memories in regards 1960's best sf novel and best novelet/short story may be in order. Warning: these suggestions are, in many cases, set forth in the full fervor of green ignorance or purple prejudice, and this is by no means an exhaustive list of eligibles.

Best novel, 1960: Here we can list most of the eligible candidates published stateside during the year (I did not read the British sf magazines regularly). These novels appeared in the magazines: "Drunkard's Walk" (Frederik Pohl), "To the Tombaugh Station" (Wilson Tucker), "Rogue Moon" (Algis Budrys), "Deathworld" (Harry Harrison), "The High Crusade" (Poul Anderson), "Transient" (Ward Moore), "Seven from the Stars" (Marion Z. Bradley), "Hunters Out of Space" (Joseph E. Kelleam), "And All the Stars a Stage" (James Blish), "Omega!" (Robert Sheckley), "The Last Vial" (Sam McClatchie M.D.), "The Priests of Psi" (Frank Herbert), "The



Crispin Affair" (Jack Sharkey). Many of these novels also appeared in book form during the year, sometimes with altered titles.

Other important novels that are eligible: Bow Down to Nul (Brian W. Aldiss), The Genetic General (Gordon Dickson), Vulcan's Hammer (Philip K. Dick), The Secret Martians (Sharkey), Dark December (Alfred Coppel), Unearthly Neighbors (Chad Oliver), The Sound of His Horn (Sarban), The Tomorrow People (Judith Merrill), The Wailing Asteroid (Murray Leinster), Venus Plus X (Theodore Sturgeon).

Of these, Rogue Moon and Venus Plus X are perhaps the strongest contenders. It is not quite certain whether two other important novels are eligible: A Canticle for Leibowitz (Walter M. Miller Jr) and The Sirens of Titan (Kurt Vonnegut Jr). All four are worthy candidates.

Best novelet/short story, 1960: There are numerous candidates here, although perhaps few are of transcendent importance. I can't list more than a bare handful. Galaxy: "The Day the Icicle Works Closed" (Frederik Pohl), "The Troublemakers" (George O. Smith), "Success Story" (Earl Goodale), "World in a Bottle" (Allen Kim Lang), "The Wrong World" (J. T. McIntosh), "Fighting Spirit" (Daniel F. Galouye). If: "Gleaners" (Clifford D. Simak), "The Upside-down Captain" (Jim Harmon), "In a Body" (McIntosh), "Mindsnake" (Harmon), "Esidarap ot Pirt Dnuor" (Lloyd Biggle).

Amazing: "We're Friends Now" (Henry Hasse), "The Trouble With Tycho" (Simak), "Seeing Eye" (A. Bertram Chandler). Fantastic: "Doomsday Army" (Jack Sharkey), "When the Sea-King's Away" (Fritz Leiber), "The Covenant" (Anderson-Asimov-Sheckley-Leinster-Bloch), "The World-Timer" (Robert Bloch), "The Man Who Wasn't Home" (Biggle), "The Seats of Hell" (Gordon Dickson), "Status Quaint" (Sharkey), "Donor" (James E. Gunn).

ASF/Analog: "Immortality for Some" (McIntosh), "Revolution," "Adaptation," "Combat" (all by Mack Reynolds), "The Lost Kafoozalum" (Pauline Ashwell), "Sunspot" (Hal Clement), "The Longest Voyage" (Anderson). Fantasy & Science Fiction: "The Fellow Who Married the Maxill Girl" (Ward Moore), "The First Men" (Howard Fast), "Death and the Maiden" (Ray Bradbury), "Man Overboard" (John Collier), "Crazy Maro" (Daniel Keyes), "Among the Dangs" (George P. Elliott), "Open to Me, My Sister" (Philip Jose Farmer), "The Golden Bugs" (Simak), "Nikita Eisenhower Jones" (Robert F. Young), "The NRACP" (Elliott), "The Oath" (James Blish), "A Few Miles" (Farmer), "Romance in a Twenty-first Century Used Car Lot" (Robert F. Young), "The Way Out of Town" (Winona McClintic).

There's also "Need" by Theodore Sturgeon, an original short in his collection Beyond (Avon). That's one of the stories I'm voting for; the

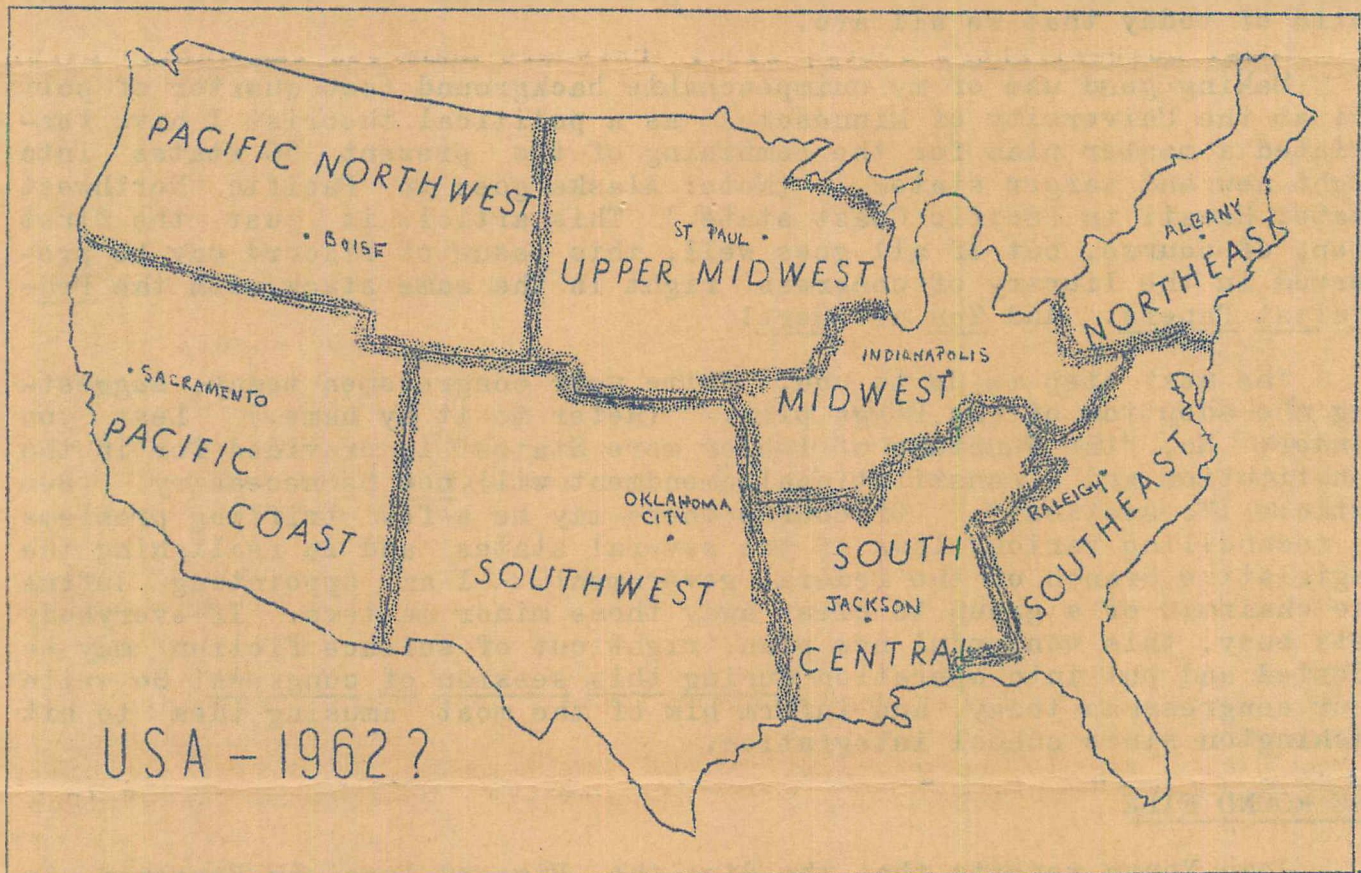
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others: "The Fellow Who Married the Maxill Girl," "The NRACP," "When the Sea-King's Away," and "A Few Miles." Certainly I'm an eccentric; what are you, chum?

"...OF THE SEVERAL STATES"

I'm sure that it was Robert Heinlein's idea. But of course it is obvious that in these days of fast transportation and faster communication the old states as presently set up are becoming inefficiently small administrative units. In one of his history of the future stories -- I thought it was "The Roads Must Roll!," but I can't find such a reference in either of the two versions closest to hand -- Heinlein casually re-



ferred to the passage of an act, sometime in the middle-distant future, by which various states were combined into larger states in the interests of governmental efficiency.

In the mid-twentieth-century the county has long been too small a unit to carry out its job in the fields of law enforcement, public works, and welfare work. It's probable that the state governments could work more effectively even in 1961 if the states were lumped together in larger units and their governments centralized. There is no valid reason for the existence of states like Rhode Island and Delaware or even Nevada, sentiment aside. Federal agencies such as the United States Civil Service commission and the Federal Reserve board operate through regional offices which hold jurisdiction over a number of adjoining states



rather than through 50 state offices. But Heinlein is the only writer I know of who has mentioned the matter in a science fiction story.

His idea seems not to have infuriated anybody, even though Barry Goldwater conservatives often seem to consider the "state" a sacred entity which can be depended upon to form, establish, insure, provide, promote, and secure all the conditions the Constitution was established to win, while the federal government is a monster which "usurps the rights of individuals and states as it grows ever larger and more powerful." I don't suppose such people would look favorably on a movement to effect "the Juncture of two or more States, or parts of States." For exactly this reason -- in the interests of good clean discord -- I think it is about time the Starship Troopers went back to barracks and let us consider this new problem like the good citizens of tomorrow in the world of today that we all are.

Making good use of my unimpeachable background (one quarter of poli sci at the University of Minnesota) as a political theorist I have formulated a master plan for the combining of the present 50 states into eight new and larger states. (Note: Alaska goes to Pacific Northwest state; Hawaii to Pacific Coast state.) This article is just the first step, of course, but if all goes well, this issue of Discord may be preserved in the library of congress right in the same stack with the Federalist Papers. And You are Here!

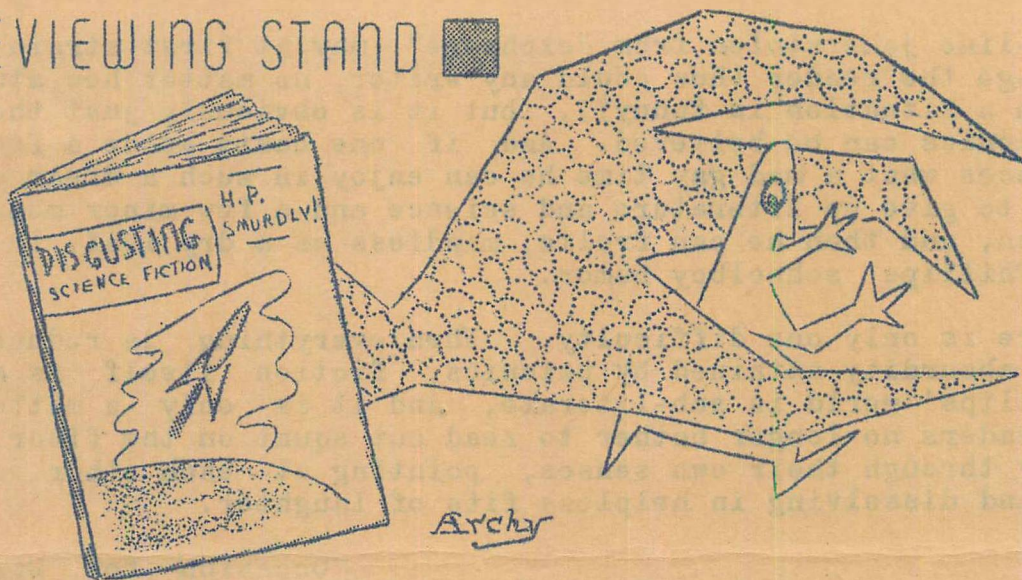
The next step is up to you. Write your congressmen today, suggesting the adoption of the Boggs plan. (Refer to it by name.) Lest you wonder: No, "the Juncture of two or more States" is provided for in the Constitution and a constitutional amendment will not be necessary. See article IV, section 3. Of course there may be a few trifling problems in reconciling various laws of the several states and in realigning the legislative branch of the federal government. I am appointing Juffus the chairman of a group to clear away these minor matters. If everybody gets busy, this wonderful new plan right out of science fiction may be adopted and put into operation during this session of congress! So write your congressman today, and inform him of the most amusing idea to hit Washington since school integration.

### THE ROUND FILE

Jean Young reports that she digs the Discord logo by Bergeron as art, but that "the family assembled pointed out in loud tones that the apple in the Garden of Eden was not the apple of discord; the apple of discord was the one Paris gave to Aphrodite." The symbol of discord in our logo is the serpent. The "apple" is the Fruit of Knowledge which remained unbitten till discord in the guise of Satan entered the Garden. # Bruce Robbins writes (with reference to my note about the end of the First Staple war): "You won't have to worry about your future issues of Analog falling apart. With the current issue, March, Campbell has put staples back in." Evidently they're experimenting, trying to decide which type of binding to use, but my copy of the March Analog still has the glued-spine binding used since June. # This is your Make Like An Actifan Kit. This mailing includes (1) Discord #10; (2) The Golden Apple #2; (3) Hugo nomination ballot; and (4) Gafia Advertiser #2-cum-mailing wrapper. Good fans will write two LoCs, fill out the ballot, and send in an order before going out to picket "Operation Abolition"!



# REVIEWING STAND



"Occasion for Disaster" (Mark Phillips) 22.8+21.7dfkcaa\* Analog, Nov 1960-Feb 1961  
 "A Dusk of Idols" (James Blish) 55.4:34.8bbiaax\* Amazing, March 1961

MARK PHILLIPS' serial "Occasion for Disaster" is less of a novel than a Feghoot that runs 79,900 words too long. Like an army cook concocting a stew, the authors have added whatever they found at hand in a plainly stocked pantry (a passage from a Campbell editorial here, a joke from the "exchange" column of the Tenafly high school newspaper there), worrying about quantity, not quality. In a recent fanzine article (Xero #3, January 1961) one half (or some such percentage) of Mark Phillips modestly admitted to having hatched various "crazy ideas" that get mixed up in his fiction. Alas for vanity! The term "ideas" properly refers to concepts or notions that exist in the mind. All the ingredients of "Occasion for Disaster" were originated many neurons away from a mind, in the tips of fingers applied to typewriter keys.

That isn't entirely true, of course. There is one idea in this novel (and its almost-as-disastrous predecessors) that may be considered an intellectual concept. One pictures this lonesome idea rattling around in Mark Phillips' mind like a dry pea as he sits at his typewriter tit-ttering immoderately at his own mordant wit. (Mark Phillips is two men, but they have only one head between them, exactly reversing the usual sf pro tradition.) It is an idea that almost smacks of genius. Here it is, stripped of metaphysics: Psionics, which seems on both first and second thought a silly pipe-dream, might look less absurd if it were discreetly removed from Analog's editorial page and stuck into a fictional context where everything is conceived in just as silly and improbable terms as psionics itself. A world in which the FBI director plays straight man

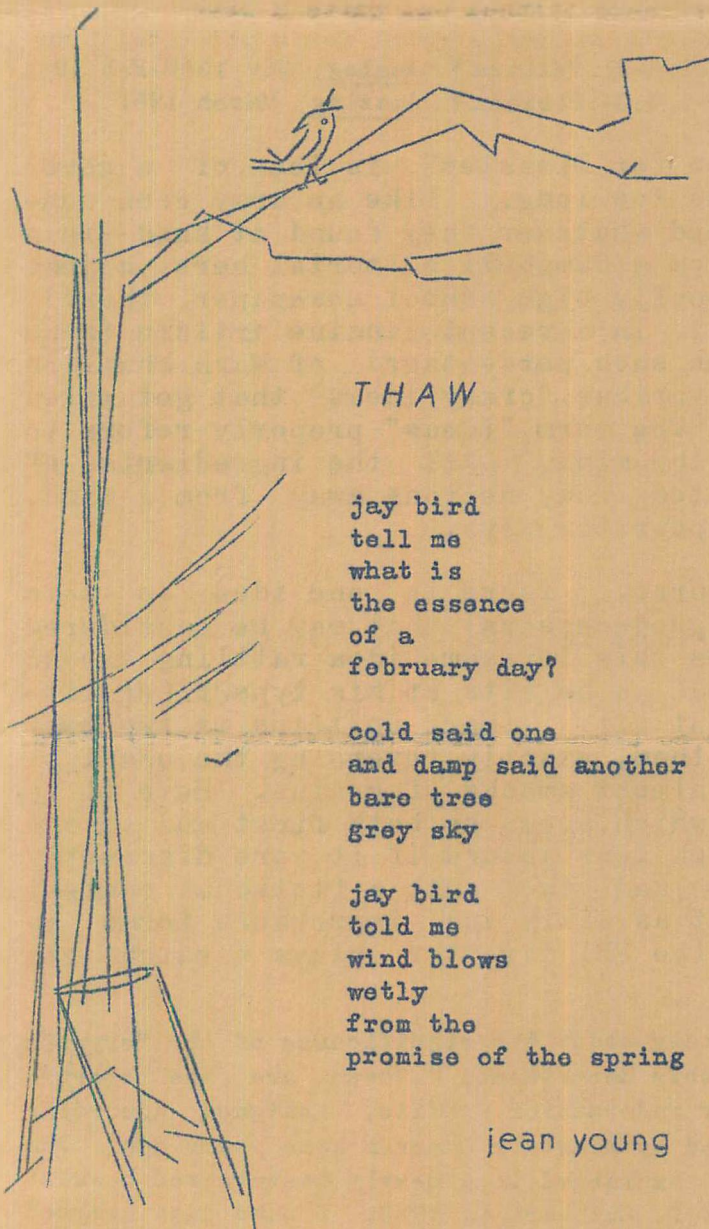
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\* Quite a number of readers have asked lately about the significance of the "cryptic numbers" listed after each story title in this department. These are the story's fantasy classification numbers and literary information profile, assigned according to the Fantasy Classification System devised by Alastair Cameron some years ago. The Cameron system is completely outlined and explained in a neatly Gestetnered booklet of 52 lettersize pages published by Chester D. Cuthbert in 1952. I have just learned that this excellent publication is still in print and available at \$1 per copy (post-paid) from Chester D. Cuthbert, 1104 Mulvey avenue, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba, Canada. I highly recommend this booklet; it is a fine piece of work, well-carried-out.



in a two-line joke stolen from "exchange" may at first strain credulity and outrage the reader (how could any writer, no matter how stupid, suppose such a situation is funny?), but it is obviously just the world in which psionics can be believed. And if one casts aside a few trifling encumbrances what a mad gay time he can enjoy in such a dream world! He has only to give up literature and science and a few minor modes of intellection, and then he can frolic, mindless as a dry leaf, in the whirl of Mark Phillips' schoolboy humor.

There is only one difficulty. When everything is reduced to the level of absurdity attained by psionics, fiction itself is subverted. Mark Phillips' world is sub-literate, and it is only a matter of time before readers no longer bother to read but squat on the floor absorbing absurdity through their own senses, pointing at each other and themselves, and dissolving in helpless fits of laughter.



THAW

jay bird  
tell me  
what is  
the essence  
of a  
february day?

cold said one  
and damp said another  
bare tree  
grey sky

jay bird  
told me  
wind blows  
wetly  
from the  
promise of the spring

jean young

"Occasion for Disaster" is not the worst sf novel ever written only because it was not written; it was excreted. But it is the most infuriating sf novel I ever read because it is so completely dishonest in every part and purpose. Ignorance of the craft, disdain for the field, can be borne, if only barely. But when the last scrap of integrity goes, one begins to wonder if it is at all worthwhile anymore to stand here kneedeep in muck holding aloft this feeble torch.

"A Dusk of Idols" by James Blish was written around the cover painting on the March Amazing. Such an assignment might have been an occasion for disaster in itself (as Blish explained in a letter published in Discord #8), if of a lesser magnitude than the assignment of writing a serial for Campbell; fortunately Blish probably hatches more ideas while solemnly chewing his way through a cabbage salad than all both of Mark Phillips could find in the library of congress, and he still puts in honest labor at the very hackiest of assignments. "A Dusk of Idols" reminds me a little of Conrad's "Heart of Darkness"; I think it's merely because Dr Naysmith, like Mistah Kurtz, acts as "an emissary of pity and science and progress and devil knows what else" in a world of night, but there may be other resemblances.



BILL DANNER

After reading Discord #8 with great pleasure I rush to my typer to report that in it is another misspelling -- a beaut of a misspelling, if I may say so. In the next to last line of the next to last paragraph on page 7 that word should be "beatifically," despite the mental images it conjures up of beards and banjos.

But this is the only carping I can do about the issue, except to complain that you said nothing about the attendance at that double bill at the Pan. I have seen only five theater movies since moving here three years ago, and on none of these occasions has the theater been more than half full. Perhaps the movie-going public will put up with anything, but its ranks seem to have thinned out quite a bit.

I was afraid for a bit that you weren't going to mention my one big

hate in the music line, but then I found it listed under 2010 A. D.: "Grand Canyon." This is one piece of pseudo-music which will bring me to the radio from any part of the house in order to turn it off. KDKA-FM (now completely automated and putting out butchered classics on tape) for a couple of years had really excellent programs. Its program leaflet (now defunct) polled listeners on their one hundred favorite works, and published a list of them. Nowhere on the list was "Grand Canyon" or anything else by Grofe, but that one horror was played more often than anything else.

I'd like to say that after a few pages I closed Heinlein's "Starship Soldier" in disgust. I've spent many pleasant hours reading Heinlein, but wouldn't read any more of that if you paid me, and I'm afraid it will tend to temper my enjoyment of any future non-military stories he might write. I'm delighted to know that Scribner's refused to publish his catalog of possible newer and more efficient methods of killing more people. (Kennerdell, Pennsylvania)

RAY NELSON

A good issue -- more or less liked everything, but the thing that really "reached me" was Sally Kidd's letter. I used to lived on Kimbark, a few blocks from 63d street in Chicago myself -- and I wish to God I was back there now.

If you ever go to Chicago you must visit that area around the University of Chicago. Outside of San Francisco there is no place on earth (including Paris) where so many different kinds of people can be found rubbing elbows in such a small area. You can cover more distance psychologically walking three blocks in the Hyde Park-Woodlawn area than you would in traveling around the world. First, you have one of the world's greatest (from the standpoint of scholarship) universities in the middle, then you have International House where students from the four corners of the globe gather, and you have 63d street, the Baghdad of the USA; the street of deals (you can buy anything there for less); the street of jazz (you can hear the real rock and roll there like nowhere else); the street of dreams (there are fortune tellers and religious nuts and saints and gangsters and mad businessmen who sell airline tickets in laundries and haircuts in poolhalls, undertakers who play swinging sax on the side, etc., etc.) Then there's the little group of ex-Worlds Fair buildings with the strange literary and artistic histories where you can still see a few scraps of a



window painted by Henry Miller -- then there's the stump of the Woodworth tree where everybody puts up notices (I've seen advertisements for mistresses up there now and then) -- and Steinway's drugstore, where Helen P. sits, huge and permanent, watching the generations of young minds passing -- and Jimmy's bar, where you can play chess or argue set theory or even look up things in the owner's reference library.

In Jimmy's bar you might meet Joffre Stewart, the beatnik candidate for vice president of the USA, or Bob Carter, the only real holy man in America, by Zen standards. You might meet Marsha Frenzel, the folk-singer artist shoemaker baker houseplanner platonic conversationalist dress-designer and all around girl genius. You might meet some of the lost souls of the Chicago science fiction club or university theater or the Chicago Maroon, or fraternity boys trying to gain acceptance among the beats. If you sit in Jimmy's long enough you'll meet every important creative mind of our times, sooner or later.

If you want to live a full, interesting life, just move to Chicago and nevermore roam farther than 47th street in the north, 63d street in the south, Cottage Grove in the west, and Lake Michigan in the east. Nothing really worth bothering with happens outside that area. (El Cerrito, California)

#### GIOVANNI SCOGNAMILLO

I have your Discord (the title alone is a complete program) number 8 here on which I wish to comment.

First, a personal note: Thanks for inserting my new address. I hope that someone will use it; someone like, say, Andy Young, who finds me interesting. Mighty swell of him, indeed, although I don't think that fen with educated general tastes are missing in fandom. Quite the contrary, I should say.

Redd, ol' boy, what's happening to you? You've banned from your near future lots of good, excellent music. Five years without hearing Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"; ten years without Debussy's "Prelude a l'apres-midi d'un faune" (Redd, are you out of your mind?), twenty years without "Scheherazade," and thirty without the "Moonlight" sonata. No, I can't understand such a thing -- and I'm not mentioning all the others which are rejected 'way down to the years 2000 and 2010. No, again. I strongly need a good, rational explanation, 'cause your arguments don't quite convince me. I'm not a musician, and you've got a better musical mind and taste than I have, but still I don't mind hearing over and over again a musical piece that I really and fully like.

So you've spent a part of your precious time seeing two scientificfictional movies. Ha! I'm a sf and a movie fan and if you put the two together what have you? None other than a sf movie fan. All right, that I am, and I'm the first to rush to the theater any time a science fiction, terror, or fantastic film is presented. But that doesn't mean that I really like them. No, I'm interested in them purely from a filmological angle. Honestly, I'm still hoping that one day I'll see a decent sf movie like "War of the Worlds," "Forbidden Planet," or "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." I do know that most sf fans are avoiding the so-called sf movies and I understand it; still I have a silly hope for better sf movies and I think it's up to the fen to help make them a reality.

By the way, Blish's letter was tops. That's a writer that at the beginning -- mostly due to my imperfect knowledge of your language -- I found a little difficult to understand, but once I persisted I discovered (I'm always late in making discoveries) a brand new favorite author. (Giovanni's new address is: Beyoglu, Postacilar Sokak; Glavani Apartimani 13/13, Istanbul, Turkey)

#### WALTER BREEN

About this business of trying to keep so-called undesirable literature out of the hands of young people, freethinker stuff rather than pornography or treasonous material. If you were speaking ironically, for some reason the irony failed to get across, and undoubtedly some of your readers will think you meant to be taken seriously. In the event you



really intended to be taken seriously I must shake my shaggy head and get out the old hammer and tongs.

Bolt the first: No matter whether it's anti-religious stuff, porno, or propaganda, a child too young to dig it will simply put it aside as a bore.

Bolt the second: A person who is really Strong in his Faith is not too likely to be influenced by one or several exposures to anti-religious stuff. A person whose faith is weak enough to be shaken by Elmer Gantry will doubtless encounter other things even in such journals as the Saturday Review (not to mention fanzines -- if he's literate enough for either) which will shake him up even more; and who is to say that this is evil?

Bolt the third: As long as I mentioned the other two classes of literature customarily banned, I might as well spell out the relevant arguments against censorship of even hard-core porno (and, a fortiori, what the Kronhausens call "erotic realism"). There are plenty of psychiatrists who will privately admit (though few will publicly say so because of the very real danger of prosecution) that reading porno is a less harmful outlet than getting some poor girl pregnant, and that the former is unlikely to lead to the latter -- it's far more likely to lead to masturbation and nobody getting hurt. The only really harmful sort of reading material in this line is the blatantly sadistic stuff which isn't even censored in this country, and this is harmful only in the sense that it gives technical information to people already sadistic, therefore increasing the probability that some poor slob (of either sex) might get maimed or killed. With this exception, the real sex crimes (rape, mutilation, murder) are usually committed by people who do little or no reading.

Bolt the fourth: As for treasonous literature, the only kind likely to do any damage is certain types of communist propaganda, and one big error in American education is failure to familiarize kids both with communist arguments and the effective refutations of them.

A preoccupation with love, sex, and pregnancy [apropos of Judith Merrill's The Tomorrow People] is also to be found in Sturgeon's Venus Plus X, and there it actually contributes to the atmosphere and the idea content. So this isn't automatically a put-down, whatever may be the merits of the Merrill book (which I haven't had the guts to try to read yet, particularly after hearing her from the ~~plppl~~ rostrum at the 1960 Lunacon). (Berkeley 6, California)

### SCOTTY TAPSCOTT

Foo preserve us! A printed masthead, with symbolism yet! Who knows what further evil such vulgar ostentation may bode. In January 1961 Boggs starts printing his logo. Then, mad with power, he gradually changes his editorial policy, finally ending up with a 40-page offset magazine selling at \$1.98 a whack, with no letter column. By 1963 he has changed the name to Famous Monsters of Fandom, started filling it with half-tone cuts and is making bucks. Ugh! A man with a Fine Mind shot to heckanall for dirty loot.

Periodically I manage to suppress my unruly stomach and glom a copy of some man's/movie/expose mag, but it's damned periodically. The trend that runs my temperature up many degrees centigrade is the business of splashing across the cover, in letters yea tall, like stenciled on as an afterthought, something like "IS ROCK H---- QUEER?" -- and then 'way back on page 81 devoting a single line of diamond-point type to saying, "No, he isn't." As I recall, Confidential got legally reamed for this a number of years ago, but it doesn't seem to have done any good.

Speaking of recipes, I have one here which I found in a package of Safeway-store lunch meat. It sez: "IMITATION BOLOGNA. Ingredients: Sheep Cheeks, water, pork tongues, non fat dry milk, beef, beef hearts, beef lungs, beef tripe, cereals, corn sirup, salt, sodium caseinate, flavorings, and sodium nitrate." Unfortunately, it was on the top of the package, and I had to throw the whole mess away. Couldn't stand to eat any of it.



Martin Helgesen's position regarding pornography, children, and sex criminals stands in need of a little examination. In the first place, documented cases of persons convicted of crimes of a sexual or pseudo-sexual nature having been "incited" to them by reading lascivious literature, if there are any, are rare enough that we may safely ignore them when attempting to give a statistical analysis of the factors leading up to the commission of such crimes. So his remark that "a properly brought-up child is still a potential victim of a sex criminal incited by pornography" is hardly credible unless we are willing to stretch the concept of "potentiality" far beyond its normal scope. The properly brought-up child is equally a "potential victim" of a rabid horse, or of a black mamba bite, in the all-embracing sense that such things do happen to human beings, and the p-b-u child being one of these, it is not impossible that one of them might conceivably happen to him. But as for its being an imminent, or even a distant, probability, that is a different matter entirely.

A number of prominent law-enforcement authorities, including that paragon of virtuous living, J. Edgar, would like to think that there is some sort of causal connection between the reading of pornography and the committing of sex crimes, and they would like to think that the committing of crimes is the effect. They have, however, not a shred of proof to back up this assumption. It stems from the basic fallacy of regarding "sex crime" as an entity unto itself, homogeneous in its structure and stemming from some unique cause the removal of which would automatically remove the effect.

I personally fail to see what is so terrible about allowing children to read pornography. Most normal children are terribly interested in all phases of the sexual experience, and are able to derive a certain amount of sexual excitement from reading even the most innocuous articles concerned with the matter. This being the case, what is so terrible about them reading things which arouse the same feelings in jaded ol' adults? A preoccupation with sex is natural among children and adolescents, whether or not it is partially gratified by erotic literature. Also, this preoccupation passes naturally with age, as new and more abstract values are discovered, regardless of whether or not it has ever been partially gratified by erotic literature. So, why the fuss?

Regarding Bob Farnham's disclaimer of racial bias: I have reread his original letter, and I must say that if the disclaimer is true, then he is possibly the worst would-be writer of irony that I have ever misinterpreted. What is there in the following passage to indicate that it is anything other than serious? "The street where I last lived in Chicago is now the center of the south side black belt; it has lost its grassed lawns, its trees and fences. The buildings look and smell like hog pens. Garbage is thrown from the windows as from a ship at sea. Let those who will take the black man. I don't want him." It should not be necessary to remind Bob that when indulging in irony the burden is not with the reader to figure out that it is such, but rather with the writer to make it apparent that he is being ironic. To accuse readers of being unobservant because they didn't "get it" is to manufacture a sop for one's own incompetence at the art of satire. (Eugene, Oregon)

#### BOB LICHTMAN

I notice you placed a "sic" by the word "avacado," as if this were some sort of unorthodox spelling. I suppose it's "avocado" in your part of the country, but it's either spelling in many places, and "avacado" is actually preferred in a few locales.

Well, goody for Bob Farnham, and let me kick him one while he's up. I don't think it's very funny to write a letter as a "satire" and then not give any hint that it is just a satire. His original letter read (I've just reread it) very serious to me, and I fail to see anything satiric about it. Fie, Mr Farnham, fie!

The new Discord logo is a disappointment to me, in a way, because I'd been expecting something more elaborate. (Los Angeles 56, California)



JEFF WANSHEL

The new heading is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, of course. Very nice.

I suppose that I have a thoroughly corrupted mind. It is at least reassuring to know that every other schoolboy is as corrupted as I am. Hell, if I want to buy semi-pornography, all I have to do is walk up to the newsstand and purchase Rogue (hi Trina!) and Playboy. In Larchmont sex (in minor form) starts early; kids start going steady seriously at 11 and 12, and if you haven't kissed a girl by 12 you are a square. 'Tis truly a pity that most of the intelligent people in our school love to go along with the pack. Nary a nonconformist in the bunch. School is beginning to change from a place of learning into a place where tight sweaters are to be shown off. I grin and bear it because there is absolutely nothing else to do. No one knows that they are being brainwashed around here, either; censorship is fine, the DAR is passable, the American Legion is great. Eccchh. MJHS is supposed to be one of the ten best schools in the country. Ghod help American youth.

I don't know much about women writers; was Emily Bronte a man? If she wasn't, you've got at least two good women novelists. And you could stick in another Bronte; Charlotte, this one.

I know what candy Ruth Berman is thinking of, I betcha! Horehound. Yes, that's right; horehound. If I said that around school some idiot would feign distaste and then laugh wildly over his wit. Despite what anyone says, I like this paper. Instead of a musty odor, it has a musty look. Don't you dare go back to pink. (Larchmont, New York)

THEODORE P. PAULS

Since I am universally recognized as the top expert in the famous Mrs Murphy's Chowder cases, I feel that your query regarding this matter deserves my consideration. It would have expedited things if you had specified just which Mrs Murphy you had in mind, for there are two important cases on record involving a Mrs Murphy.

The first is the case of Mrs Roberta Murphy of Des Moines -- March 23, 1911. There is some doubt on the question of who put the overalls in Mrs R. Murphy's chowder, but it has been definitely established that these overalls were not thrown -- they were placed quite carefully in the kettle on the stove. Dr Carl Hardhardt, professor of chowdeology at Stanford, noted in his recent book, In Search of Chowder, that it may have been Mr Murphy who committed the vile act. Mr Murphy was not kindly disposed toward the visiting relatives for whom the chowder was being prepared, and it is thought that in a moment of anger he placed a pair of his overalls in Mrs Murphy's chowder.

The second case on official record is of more recent vintage. Mrs Mabel Murphy of East Schodack, New York, served chowder to her bridge club, August 3, 1957, and the pot was later found to contain a pair of overalls. In this case, writers and lyricists are quite correct in assuming that the overalls were thrown, since later investigation showed that spots on the kitchen wall were made by splashing chowder. Interrogation of all persons present at the scene disclosed that Mrs Murphy's younger brother, Tecumseh X. O'Higgins, who suffered from a rare eye disease (myopic hyperopia), tossed the overalls into the chowder under the impression that he was putting them in the daily wash. (Baltimore 12, Maryland)

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

"The Darker Draught" and the Keller review were very good -- the former delightful, the second sensible. As a Keller fan myself, I am compelled to agree that he didn't stand the test of time. His writing was always that of a happy amateur, simple, unskilled, kind, with a twist for clever ideas. As such he was always a delight to find amid the jungle of horrible hacks.

I rise to comment on Algis Budrys' paragraph about the old Futurians and politics in sf. I wrote Algis about this myself -- we've had some correspondence --



and I pointed out the curious factor that the Futurians did indeed sponsor political actions on the part of fans up to the outbreak of world war 2, but that the Futurians dropped the subject after that. Actually the political slant in sf today developed quite independently of the Futurian influence. We never influenced Campbell (whom indeed we scorned), yet it was JWC who took ASF right into the middle of politics with his editorials and stand against atomic testing and atomic bomb stockpiling in the years immediately after 1945. The most politically subversive story ever published was the product of a non-Futurian, Ted Sturgeon, and you know it as "Thunder and Roses." No Futurian influenced this (not that it necessarily would have gone against our grain). It has been Campbell, and often Horace Gold, who have carried politics into their magazines fairly steadily since 1945 -- and I cannot honestly believe that the Futurians can take credit for this. In this sense, what Budrys said is entirely, but entirely, inaccurate.

As for Heinlein, his views haven't really changed in all the years he has been writing, and he always had the viewpoint brought out so drastically in Starship Troopers. As someone pointed out, he has always been consciously for the wolf against the sheep. My own viewpoint is that basically mankind is a herd animal, not a lone hunter, and that all anthropology will show that mankind always moves, lives, and raises his offspring in communities rarely ever less than 30 individuals in number. Our social organization from tribal days to the present parallels that of herd animals (with certain exceptions, of course). In that sense, I must continue to believe that Heinlein is simply wrong. Human society was not built and cannot be maintained by men preying on other men, but by men supporting and sustaining other men.

Jim Blish's fascination with the spectacle of an editor commenting on another's ethics is rather pointless. What he perhaps overlooks is that the editor of juvenile literature has a responsibility over and above the mere production of profitable sellers. In the case of Scribner's, an editor with ethics refused to accept this Heinlein book as fit propoganda for children growing up in a world facing the inferno of atomic war. So the editor of Putnam's, however, not concerned with that but with the sheer opportunistic chance of launching a new line by picking up a big-name writer does not deserve any great credit. One has principle, the other is a mere opportunist.

I note the comments on Campbell with interest. I'd like to make my own suggestion which is that JWC suffers intensely from frustration. An editor of a single pulp magazine for over two decades, growing older with no chance of getting out of that rut, writhing with the desire of making his mark in this turbulent world of science advance, twisting this way and that and unable to escape his predicament, it is not strange that he embraces every wild idea that comes along in hope somehow that it will lead him to the fame that constantly eludes him. Dianetics, psionics, the Dean drive, the IES, the fight with the patent office, his self-discovered theories of social science -- all the product of his social imprisonment. Does anyone remember that he took over Air Trails magazine for several issues some 15 or more years ago and tried to turn it into a science-hobby magazine? The experiment failed then, but I think with Analog he is again making the attempt. (Forest Hills 74, N.Y.)

THERE'S LOTS MORE MAIL where this came from. ANDY YOUNG's long letter will have to be held over, as will a letter from ART CASTILLO which arrived when most of this department was already on stencil. Otherwise: Old faithful KEN CHESLIN and FRED HUNTER are the only overseas fans heard from so far. But Stateside mail was good. LEN MOFFATT described a visit of Roy Tackett, Rick Sneary, Ed Cox, and Mike Hinge to the Moffatt manse 27 January and related a shocking incident involving Hinge at a dairy farm. HERBERT BEACH predicted that during 1961 Amazing will show the biggest gain in circulation of an sf prozine. ROG EBERT said I misused the term "masthead" last issue. I admit it. MARTIN LEVINE relayed newspaper reviews of "How to Make a Man" and had a good word for Judy Merrill's "SF" anthologies. BOB BLOCH...ha, end of page!