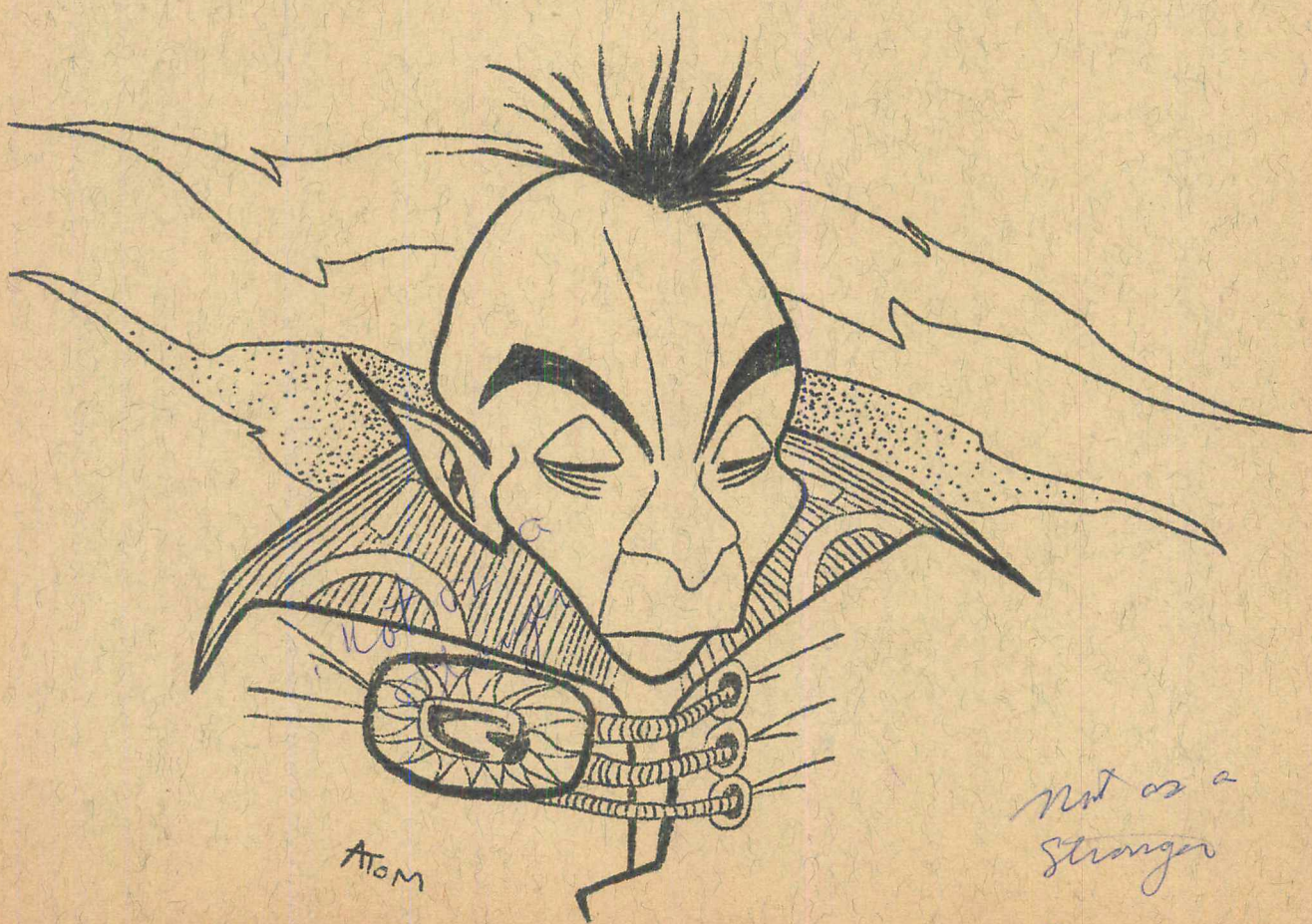


Hobgoblin no. 7

January 1962



Not as a
Stranger

and

Andersonville

Hobgoblin



HOBGOBLIN #7, January 1962, is published for the 58th SAPS mailing by Terry Carr, 56 Jane St., New York 14, New York. A limited number of copies will be available to non-SAPSmembers, of whom there are a limited number who would be interested. The duplication, as is usual these days, is by QWERTYUIOPres.

It makes one want to, you should excuse the expression, grok all over it.

HOBGOBLIN was the title of a series of six issues of a FANAC rider that I published in 1959 and 1960; the contents were all fanzine reviews, usually at some length. Having folded that venture (and more recently filled the gap with a long but irregular column in HABAKKUK and occasional reviews in forthcoming VOIDS), I decided to continue the title in SAPS. There is no damn reason for this except that I like the title.

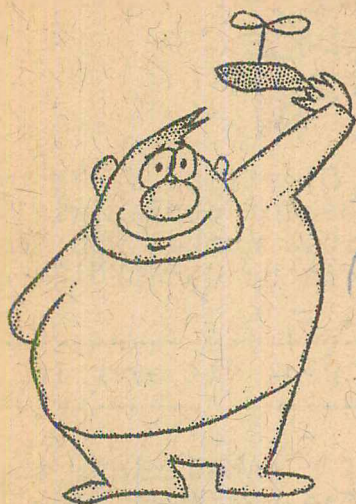
RAGNAROK is, of course, folded. Both Miriam and I were amazed and gratified to see that it placed as the top SAPSzine last year. In fact, this--combined with the fact that last year our KLEIN BOTTLE came within one point of beating out HORIZONS for #1 FAPAZine--left us with such a powerful feeling of what-do-we-do-for-an-encore that we characteristically gave up and dissolved our coeditorships. That is to say, we split up.

HOBGOBLIN will probably never be the top SAPSzine. It will be a casual, composed-on-stencil fanzine, composed mostly of mailing comments and ramblings. This issue the mailing comments are handled by Ted White, who eagerly requested permission to include said comments in this hyper minacazine. Why, the moment the last mailing arrived here, Ted White looked through it and kept murmuring, "Grok, grok, grok..." Of course, he uses the term in a somewhat different sense than the original. Then he asked if we could be mailing commentbrothers.

Frankly, I don't think it's because he loves SAPS. I think he just wants to go to bed with my fanzine.

A couple of mailings ago I published my BRIEF INDEX OF FANZINES PUBLISHED BY ME. For my own future reference (surely to god you're not interested in all this?) I'm going to carry it up to date here. I could just type it out on a sheet of paper, but I'd lose it...just like I lost my own copy of the BRIEF INDEX... and had to borrow Andy Main's. So I'll enshrine it here in public print:

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IT CERTAINLY IS A WONDERFUL THING

Look out, gentlemen: I'm going to say a few words about the Sense of Wonder. It's not that I'm a Rock of Gibraltar or anything; it's just that I read slowly.

I really do. I don't know what my reading speed is, but I do know that it's slower than anybody else I know. As a matter of fact, when I was in grammar school and first learning to read I got put into a remedial reading class because I was so long in getting the knack of reading. I was there for about a week and all of a sudden A Light Dawned and in one day I was transformed from an illiterate into a voracious reader. It was a wonderful experience. To this day I'm not sure exactly what happened, but I may have figured it out. Several years ago, when Rudolph Flesch's "Why Johnny Can't Read" first came out, I read it and was appalled at the claims therein that our schools had abandoned the phonics system (teach 'em what the letters stand for and let them sound out the words) and children nowadays were often unable to make out words which they had not been specifically taught. I paid a visit to my former grammar school and spent an hour talking with the principal, who told me that the San Francisco school system taught reading by a combination of the phonic and more "modern" word-recognition systems. At the time I had been there they had been all excited about the then-new word-recognition system and that had been standard; only more recently had they gone back largely to phonics. Apparently what happened was that they tried to teach me by the "modern" method and when I drew a blank there they put me in a remedial class where they explained phonics to me and immediately it was all clear. It makes sense.

When I came out of that remedial class back into my regular class I was suddenly a star pupil. I skipped the high third grade and was still near the head of my class, and I remained so right up through high school, where I was a member of the Honor Society. It wasn't, of course, simply that I could read as well as or better than my classmates; a large part of it was the enormous self-confidence that I gained with that lightning-like flash of insight when I found out what words actually were. And attendant with that was the drive given me by that wonderful, exciting, sudden, unexpected understanding...I wanted to experience such insights again, and I applied myself to do so. I got them when I ran into fractions, decimals, geometric theorems, Chemistry experiments and the like, and I remained a top pupil.

In my last year of high school I started going to pieces intellectually; I got overconfident and lazy. I was in my fourth year of French by then, and I never studied; coasting on what I already knew and what I could intuitively

grasp, I let my grades fall from straight A's to B's and sometimes even C's. It was the same in most of my other classes, too. And when I got into college, where the curriculum and competition was harder, I kept backsliding. I took up Spanish and studied it for two years with a B average. Spanish is an easier language to learn than is French. My Spanish teacher told me several times, "Mr. Carr, you should be a straight-A student; why aren't you?" I would just smile and not say anything; I don't think it was necessary. We both knew that mostly I was just lazy and getting discouraged. Education was not coming as easy for me as it once had, and I hadn't learned to apply myself fully; the result was declining grades and a growing lack of enthusiasm.

I was even having trouble with English classes, where I had always been a straight-A student. Oh, I pulled mostly A's, but some B's were creeping in. And when I left junior college and started at the University of California, things rapidly went to hell; within the year I was on probation because of low grades. The whole thing came to a neat climax when I decided to concentrate more heavily on English classes, my strongest subject; I flunked half of them and drew no better than a C in any. The fact was that I just couldn't handle all the reading entailed. One of those classes was a study of Great Western Novels; in one semester we were to read some twelve novels, starting with "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," and "Finnegan's Wake". I just gave up on that. And so I was out of college.

This happened almost coincidentally with the time I married Miriam, and the weeks that followed another light dawned for me...a somewhat less joyful one this time. Being with Miriam when she was reading showed me in no uncertain fashion that she read at least twice as fast as I. I started checking around and discovered that everybody read faster than I.

The fact is, I subvocalize, and this is usually death on one's reading speed. I've had several long conversations with Bill Donaho, Walter Breen and others about this, comparing reading-speeds and retentive abilities, and it seems that there is only one difference in effect between slow reading with subvocalization and fast reading without it: he who subvocalizes is much more aware of an author's style and the rhythm of his words. Several people have remarked on the way I can parody an author's style; believe me, it often goes beyond that. I've often found myself unconsciously writing in somebody else's style just because I've been reading that author's stuff that day. (Wrai that's how I ended up doing mailing comments to you in your own style once a couple of years ago, I read your zine and found myself thinking all day in your style.)

I've sort of been checking this theory of mine ever since--the most clear example of it is Donaho himself, who reads three times as fast as I do, without subvocalization, and who is absolutely style-deaf. A few weeks ago I thought I'd run into an exception: Carol Stuart reads about two to three times as fast as I do, yet she is quite style-conscious and is excellent as parodying. But when I discussed it with her she said she does subvocalize, so apparently the theory holds up. (Carol also apparently reads beyond her effective reading-speed, because she says her retention of material is often poor.)

How about you other members of SAPS? How fast do you read, approximately (how long did it take you to read this fanzine?), do you subvocalize, how good is your retention of material? And, attendant with this: were you taught to read by the phonics system or by word-recognition? I'm really interested in these questions.

But anyway, I said at the beginning of this that I was going to write

about the Sense of Wonder, and I really am going to. I don't know why I had to get sidetracked on the subject of reading-speeds; all I really wanted to say was that I read slowly. I do, you know. Read slowly, I mean.

Sometimes I come to the point slowly, too.

Anyway, I was writing to Buck Coulson last week and I said to him, I said, "Buck, it's just occurred to me that in the past six or seven years I've read only one count 'em one of the major novels in the s-f field, that being 'Venus Plus X'. I am going to remedy that situation." So I went out and bought a copy of "Canticle for Leibowitz," and borrowed copies of "Rogue Moon" and "Stranger in a Strange Land".

Well, I started reading "Rogue Moon" and got bogged down; the intensity of the pacing was artificial and the character-motivation was just unbelievable. Carol was reading "Stranger in a Strange Land," and somehow I just couldn't work up much enthusiasm just then for "Canticle".

So I picked up Robert Graves' "King Jesus" and right now I'm in the middle of it.

You know, there are two kinds of books that I, as a slow reader, love. The first is something like Sturgeon's "Some of Your Blood": fairly short, and fascinating. The kind of book most people read in one sitting and I read in two. The second is a long novel that's rich in background detail, fascinating in theme and scope. The kind it takes me two weeks to read and I love every page of it. "King Jesus" is this kind of book. It has a Sense of Wonder stronger than any s-f novel I've read since...well, let's see. "The City and the Stars," I guess, or maybe Vance's "The Dying Earth".

And it has, for me, a Sense of Wonder for the very same reasons science fiction sometimes has a Sense of Wonder. A couple of years ago in YANDRO Marion Bradley wrote a column about how the techniques of science fiction writing are not confined to s-f itself; I agree with her. And I think Robert Graves' novels employ much the same approach as a lot of the best s-f. In fact, the resemblance in technique and approach between Graves and Hal Clement is extensive.

You know the Clement formula: take a situation (Earthmen on a high-gravity planet, or alien trying to find one of its kind--a creature who can enter a human's body microscopically and control his mind--when it's hiding on Earth) and develop it fully to its logical extent, considering each detail. Clement mocks up his problems and explains his solutions fully as he goes along; it makes fascinating reading.

Graves does much the same thing. Given: Emperor Tiberius Claudius Drusus Germanicus, generally considered a literal idiot. Problem: write a novel based completely on historical documents illustrating your opinion that Claudius was actually a shrewd and competent man. The result: "I, Claudius," one of the most fascinating historical novels of all time, followed by "Claudius the God," bringing the story to its conclusion.

Given: two epic poems, "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey," supposedly

written by a legendary blind poet named Homer. Problem: write an authenticated novel illustrating your contention that "The Odyssey" was actually written by a minor princess five hundred years after the time of Homer. Result: "Homer's Daughter," another fascinating historical novel.

And, in the case of "King Jesus"... Given: Jesus Christ, an apparently obscure carpenter of dubious parentage whose effect on the world was enormous and whose life as chronicled is filled with unexplained gaps, contradictions and logical absurdities which have been the delight of nonbelievers ever since. Problem: reconstruct the story of his life in a way which will explain the absurdities, gaps and contradictions and make clear how such an obscure person could have such a great effect on the world.

So we get Joshua son of Abiathur, grandson of Herod the Great, son of Miriam daughter of Hannah -- Miriam the heiress of the Michal line, who is the daughter of a Levite of the House of Eli. As the grandson of Herod he is the heir apparent to the political sovereignty of Israel; as the son of Miriam he inherits the religious crown. Couple these with prophecies of a coming Messiah, mix in some court intrigue (as you must when dealing with the court of Herod), and you have an infant whose parentage must be kept secret and who is born not in the palace but instead in Bethlehem...not in the palace because his life is forfeit if his identity is known at court, and in Bethlehem deliberately to fulfill the prophecies of the Messiah.

Graves does all this with a wealth of detail, quotations and explanations worked into the story. As usual, he writes it in the first person...but not, as in the Claudius duo or "Homer's Daughter," in the first person of the protagonist. The chronicler of this story is Agabus the Decápolitan, who writes c. A.D. 90, thereby enabling Graves not only to get a reasonably contemporary view of the events depicted but also to provide a reasonable motive for the historical explanations occasionally added. And also, I might add, to provide for some beautiful Sense of Wonder touches: "And in emulation of Zacharias's poem she composed a lullaby for him which is still current at Ain-Rimmon, where I myself heard it sung by a village woman to her fretful child..."

The degree of verisimilitude achieved is astounding, and it is half of the double-barrelful of Sense of Wonder. As in Clement's "Iceworld" or Lewis's "Perelandra," we are right there in a world we have never seen and never can see physically...a fascinating, colorful world. This is, as Ted White just pointed out when reading the stencils so far typed, the same technique on a more sophisticated level as that of the Oz books and many other examples of the best of children's fantasy. And it is, of course, the same technique as that employed in the Lord of the Rings trilogy, Gormenghast and others.

The other half of Graves', and anybody's, Sense of Wonder is the fascination of the logical problem itself. Graves has set himself a task and he is taking us with him step by step in his solution of it. We've all seen the same thing done time and again in much of the best science fiction: Charles Harness's "Fruits of the Agathon," Hubbard's "To The Stars," and many more. In science fiction it's called scientific extrapolation; in Graves it could be called the same, if you'll grant that

history is a science; actually, it's historical interpretation.

Offhand, I can't think of any other Sense of Wonder techniques that work on me. Certainly the dystopia theme-and-approach (naive young man in extrapolated future society--the garbagemen have taken over the world--meets girl from the underground who explains to him...) has no Sense of Wonder for me. Time-paradoxes usually do, but it's so difficult to find a good one...which is probably because so few are written these days...which in turn is probably because basically there's only one time-paradox (you go back and kill your grandfather so how did you ever get born, or you go forward and bring back this statue from the future and leave it where you picked it up later, so who sculpted it in the first place or the last place as the case may be) and it's been written often enough by now. Alternate universes/timetracks are usually nice and often Sense of Wonderish, but they employ for that Sense of Wonder historical extrapolation, don't they? Robot themes, at their best (ie, Asimov), are problem stories.

Tell me, is there another Sense of Wonder technique besides extrapolation and attendant techniques and verisimilitude in an alien world?

* * *

This is, as I warned you on the first page, a composed-on-stencil fanzine; considering this, I hope you'll pardon the wretched composition of the above article. Actually, it started out as a set of ramblings and began to look like an article and then just got out of hand. But that's fanac for you.

I didn't mention on the first page that the cover is by Atom, that the headings for the first page and this piece are by Ray Nelson, and that the heading for Ted White's mailing comments is by Dave Rike. I think I will stick on a back cover too, and it will be by Dan Adkins, who dropped by while I was writing this with a sheaf of drawings. (He had the sheaf of drawings, I mean; me, I was just sitting here composing on stencil, as you can tell, can't you?)

And I sort of ran out of room at the bottom of the first page where I was engaged in the fascinating and space-filling practice of Listing My Works. I meant to total the pages listed there...it comes out to 186. Adding that to the 2,532 pages listed in the original INDEX, I get a current total of 2,718.

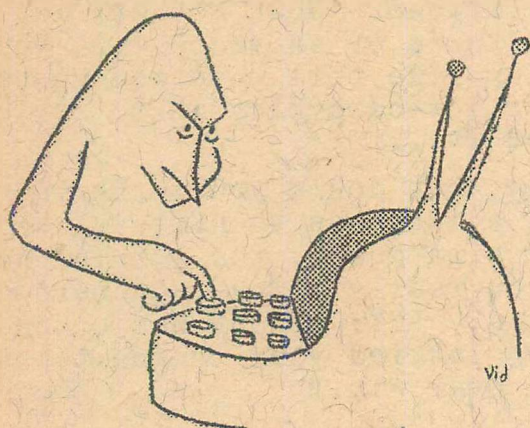
Which doesn't count this issue of HOBGOBLIN, of course. I don't know how many pages this will have, because Ted is still writing his mailing comments and he says he doesn't know how many pages he will do. I keep asking him, but all he says is "Grok".

Grokking Ole Ted White.

But anyway, the total number of pages in this goddam index isn't important. I didn't publish all those pages anyhow, you know...most of the zines listed were done in collaboration with somebody else.

But it sort of looks impressive.

-- Terry Carr



a New Trend article by ted white

why i won't join saps

The last sterling installment of this column appeared four or so years ago, in either Jack Harness' SAPROLLER or Phil Castora's ENZYME. At the time SAPS was waxing strong, and there was an undercurrent grass-roots sort of feeling that SAPS was far superior to FAPA. This was most frequently expressed by those who hadn't seen a FAPA mailing, of course. I found it moderately annoying, since I was firmly convinced that the reverse was true, and in typical TWhite manner, I sat down to do mailing comments under the above title. It was my intention to roast hell out of SAPS, but unfortunately I was forced to read a mailing, and thus encountered the Busbys, Wrai Ballard, and other fine people. So I never quite achieved the originally desired effect.

When Jack Harness and Phil Castora left the DC area, I was without an outlet (as well as mailings to read), so I made a desperate move and applied for membership. You can see how much my mind had deteriorated.

Fortunately, sanity reasserted itself in time, and I missed my first mailing, and was ejected again into the hard cruel world. Tch.

Since then I've toyed with the idea of reapplying once or twice, and staunchly fought the impulse down. I sat out SAPS' latest Golden Era (although I skimmed the huge 800-page mailing--and I can't help thinking of that having been Fool's Gold), and now, if the current mailing is any example, we're back where we started. SAPS is in a doldrums, and here are my typically hostile mailing comments again.

Try to think of me as Kindly Ol' Ted White in the role of Devil's Advocate...

FENDENIZEN: Elinor Busby - If one thing has shocked me upon my return to reading SAPS mlg's, it is your disillusionment, and minac, Elinor. Good grief! I mean, here you are, one of the cheery spirits whose enthusiasm created the Giant SAPS of recent yore, and here you are, burnt out and talking about leaving. Oh well...see you in FAPA.

THE TATTERED DRAGONETTE: Nancy Rapp - This is probably the best thing I've seen by you in five years, Nancy. Hooray! (At this rate, my carefully planned curmudgeoning is gang aft agley, or something.) (What did I say?)

POTPOURRI: Berry - I wish I had been able to work my way into this; it is obviously nearer and dearer to your heart than RET

I did glance over your Canasta article though, since I used to be a red hot card sharp...when I was fourteen or fifteen. What bothers me, John, is that you say you've only been playing three or so years. Do you think it is right to write about something like this when you've been playing for less than five years? ## Your low-card ploy is so obvious that everyone I used to play it with used it...

MEST: Johnstone - Yeah, I dig Ian Fleming, but don't you think there's just a bit too much of a muchness to him? Like the villian who is smothered under tons of bird guano, the lesbian named "Pussy Galore," and all like that? Do you really think that sort of thing would appeal to staid ol' Redd Boggs? FYI: Signet has upped the price of the books to 50¢ now, dammit. ## I tried your tongue-twister on Pete Graham just now, and he stumbled over "in."

SAFARI: Kemp - Yes, it was a great trip out. I got to thinking about our drive to Seattle; about all the aggravation of starting late, worry over the fact that the car had not been serviced, and the tires were in poor shape, our desires to take it easy and See It All running flush up against the pressures to Catch Up With The Group--- as I say, I got to thinking about all this. And, despite all that I dug it greatly. I fell in love with the idea of rolling across alien countrysides, cutting through lava beds, dipping from endless flat plains down into mountainous territory, and most of all the great change one keeps driving through. It was great. I felt horribly disaffiliated when I returned to New York. My apartment looked strange, and I found little taste for picking up the life I'd left. Naturally, in a week or so this faded away, but that trip did shake me up again and do a lot for me. I'm looking forward to the next west coast con! ## Going through Glacier Park was strange... In 1948 I spent two weeks in Glacier Park, so I knew what it was like, but not having driven through it myself, my orientation was greatly different. This time, just to complicate things, there was a heavy cloud-bank which formed a definite ceiling overhead. As we drove up the Going-To-The-Sun Highway, we came closer and closer to it, until we were enmeshed in it and driving through an extremely heavy fog. We missed most of the vistas that way, but I rather dug it--it was an Adventure. So was the snow we encountered in that same cloud bank...

THE SPELEOBEM: Pelz - After a rather disastrous Midwestcon, I evolved a theory which has held me in good stead for fan and non-fan parties. The general idea is to Have Fun at Parties, right? For me, fun at fan parties (at Cons, most especially) means good conversation, fangab, and like that. My tongue meanders trippingly over itself when lubricated, so this is a drag for fangab. Ergo, pepsis. On the other hand, being a withdrawn and inhibited person, I rarely enjoy non-fan parties where I know practically no one. However, enough alcohol to produce a glow uninhibts me nicely, and my only problem is one of trying not to make an ass of myself. Consequently, few fans have seen me drunk. Not too long after Terry Carr came to New York, we were all invited to a party thrown by a Columbia U. type and peopled with more of the same. Terry and I did the best we could with the vodka and orange juice provided, and every so often would pass each other, beaming & weaving, and chuckle a punchline to one private joke or another to each other. It was, temporarily at least, a gas. I recall listening to Terry solemnly telling a young Brooklyn chick, "I am a serious young novelist, looking for material. Tell me all about yourself." Just then he looked up, saw me, and we both broke out into gales of laughter. The poor girl never figured it out, even when later I put my head in her lap, gazed soulfully up at her and said, "I am a struggling young

jazz critic, and I need material for my next record review. Tell me all about yourself."

PSILO: Jane Jacobs - Well, I have a small sign over my typer, which reads "Grok we must, for a Growing Coventry"... ## "Bjo-Barana Eolwen, Queen of Trantor, took pity on my unhappy state, and made me the governor of a small province in the Trantorian Empire, a small nomadic state filled with wild and wooly Mongols, and gave me the happy job of making them into 'a troop of well disciplined, useful boy scouts!' Great! So now the blood-thirsty, loot-happy nomads raise Morgan horses and beef cattle for Barana's pleasure, and usually hold of on the looting, usually. Well, at least now they don't brag so loud about it. What the hell, we don't kill women and children." Bully. ## "You know there are people who would certify the whole Coventry group..." "Those of us who are in Coventry are quite frankly two people ... The others go through life with a sort of vague dissatisfaction, never knowing how to be what they want to be, and sometimes they end by imagining they are Jesus Christ, or Franklin D Roosevelt, or Ambrose Beirce." Some people grow up, too, instead of playing at being other people. The condition you describe sounds like classic paranoid schizophrenia. You describe it beautifully.

DREAM JUICE: Lee Jacobs - Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful...that is, except for turning this into a three-month cliff-hanger. The radio-station sequence is an unparalleled gem.

TOLETAN: Henstel - Russia was never quite that much of an "imperialistic empire." For most of its history Russia was overrun by savages, and part of other empires. I should say that if anything Russia has a national inferiority complex about its past position in the world. In Russian movies (particularly Eisenstein's), one finds this constantly reiterated. Russia was the backwater of Europe, uncultured, superstitious, poor, exploited. The main reason for the common people's embrace of Communism at this date is that, by one way and another, Russia has ceased to be an insignificant backwater and has become a (if not the) major power and has grown more wealthy. This the Russian is quite proud of. ## However, I doubt the "Commies" the HUAC hunts (or those reputedly fought by the Birch Society) are spies. Most are home-grown dissillusioned idealists without any great intelligence, or intellectuals of the thirties gone seedy. The spies are much too clever for bumlbers like the HUAC or Welch. And if caught they will be found by the FBI or another governmental agency professionally competent in counter-espionage. But then, you already know this...

CCON: Eney - The con report is a cataract of lies and deliberate falsehoods-by-ommission. ## There is probably no connection between fandom's Al Toth and the comic book artist unless (our) Toth was a professionally skilled artist before 1947 or so, when that name began appearing on the Green Lantern stories and other DC features. I was intrigued, though, when I first encountered the name Toth in reading some old fanzines...

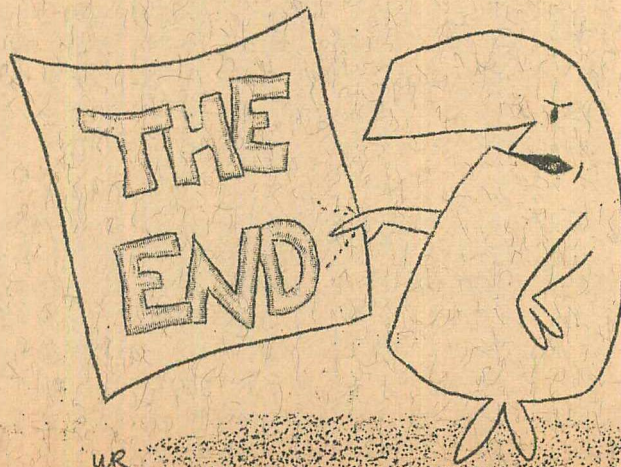
COLLECTOR: Devore - A fascinating writeup on Sinuk. I wonder why it is that the Misfits attract so many kookie types who later achieve the somewhat dubious fame of newspaper noteriety? Various of the Misfits have been telling stories about such characters for many a moon, until it all kind of takes on the trappings of legend. ## I was one of those to whom DETENTION #5 was shown, and I concur with the opinion that they wouldn't have helped the campaign a bit. Individually, there's a lot of nice stuff, but too much is too strong.

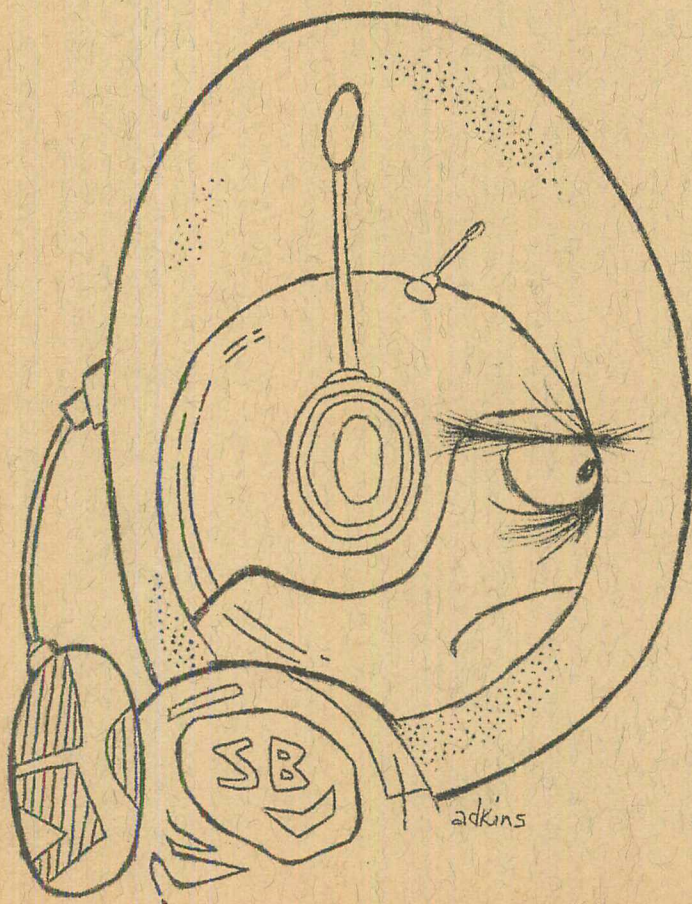
WAFTAGE: Ryan - One of the best zines in the mailing, even if you have adopted an affected style of writing for much of it. ## Yes, Ellison's GENTLEMAN JUNKIE is a Good Book. I was around while it was being put together; Harlan tried to sell it to various New York publishers during the summer of 1960 and every time he wrote a new story that he liked, he'd include a carbon in the ms. for the book. Which is why the book is so cram-packed. "Enter the Fanatic" was written in our living room, during a Futurian meeting, as I recall, with Harlan reading what he'd written to the assemblage every so often, and asking for ideas. "What happens next?" he would ask, and someone would say something, and Harlan would think of something, and off he'd go again. Several of the stories, such as "Lady Bug, Lady Bug", relate to events of that summer, and include fans as characters. One of them (title forgotten), while written much earlier uses the Nunnery group: Donaho, Ellington, and all. But, a good book, even without unravelling all the Secret Puzzles. ## Silverberg did not introduce numbered fandoms; the honor here must go to Jack Speer, who broached the subject in 1939. And I'm sure that Silverberg, in attempting to bring Speer up to date, had no idea what a holacost he was unleashing upon fandom... ## ROGUE MOON was not "reprinted" or "solicited" by Gold Medal after its publication in F&SF. The novel was written for and sold first to Gold Medal, and that company graciously allowed its prior publication in F&SF--with one condition: that Budrys' own title ("The Death Machine") not be used.

DIE WIS: Schultz - The dream of huge apazines printed in five colors by QWERTYUIOPress is a lovely one, and here's hoping it comes true. I need those four color-change kits pretty badly, especially at the prices Gestetner charges...

AND HERE WE LEAVE the beautiful land of SAPS, the golden sunlight arching over the distant cloudbank, raising a multitude of dancing lights upon the ocean, and cutting great shafts across the sky of purple prose... It was my misfortune this time to have to try commenting on zines as I read them, picking each up as I came to it, and often lacking any feeling of inspiration. This column has been hacked out on Andy Main bem's typer over a period of roughly a month, with all the resultant changes of styles of writing and mood. The first two pages were run off by Terry Carr and Pete Graham while I was at the Phillycon, and before I could go over the stencils and make corrections. Likewise the underinked margins can be attributed to an unskilled operator at the controls of the mighty QWERTYUIOPress. Oh well. Foop and goodnight.

-Ted White





THIS HAS BEEN HOBGOBLIN No 7