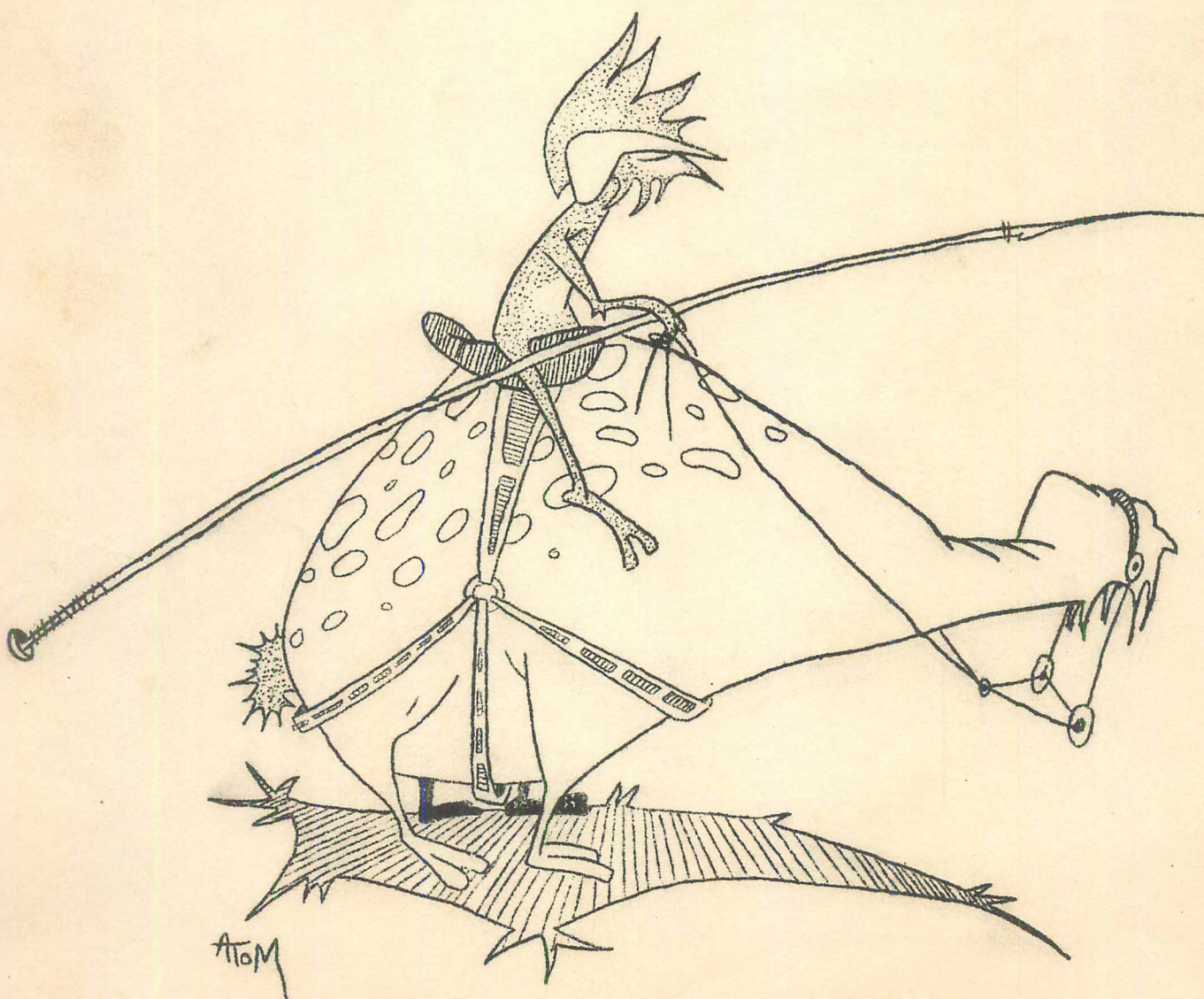
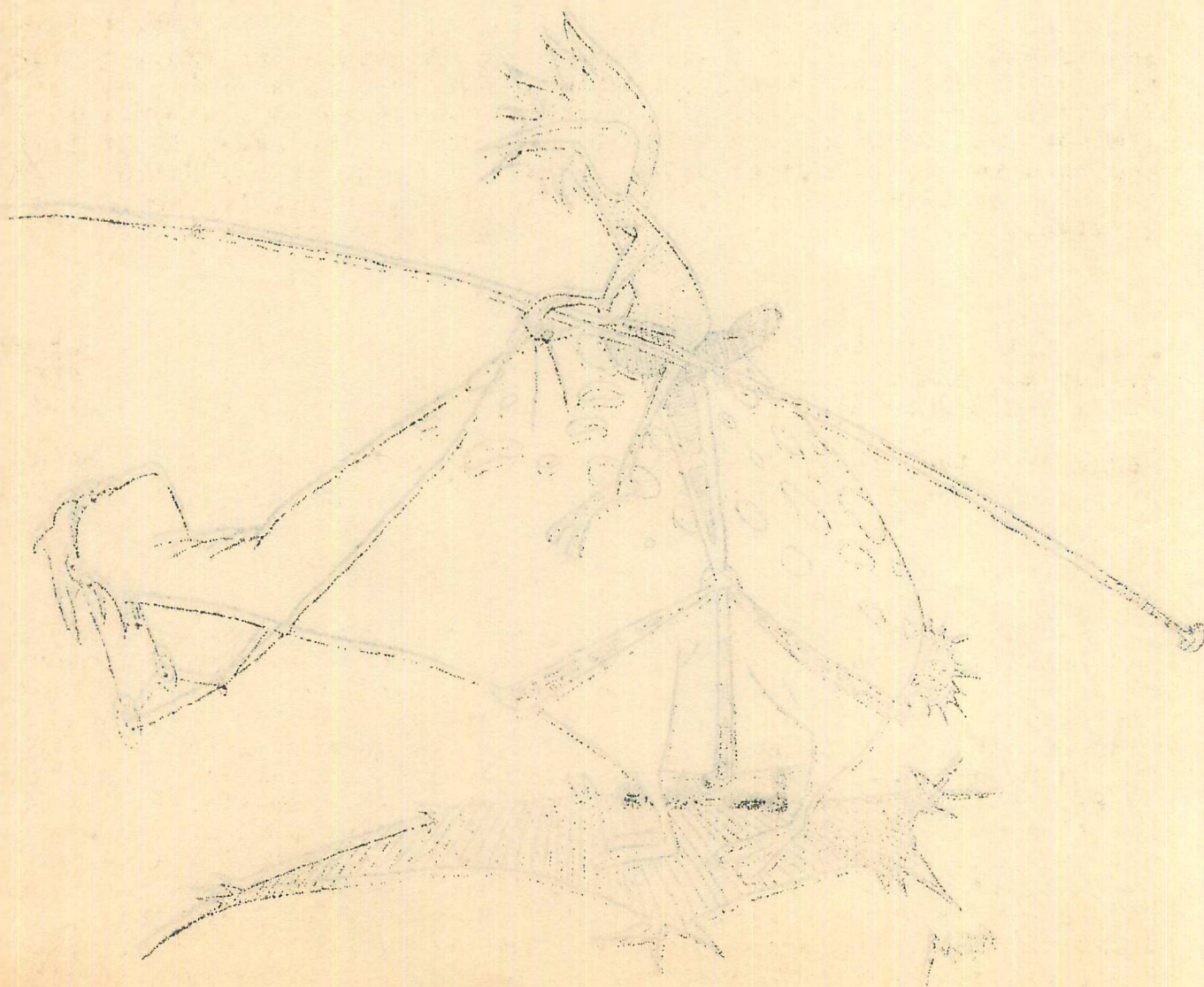
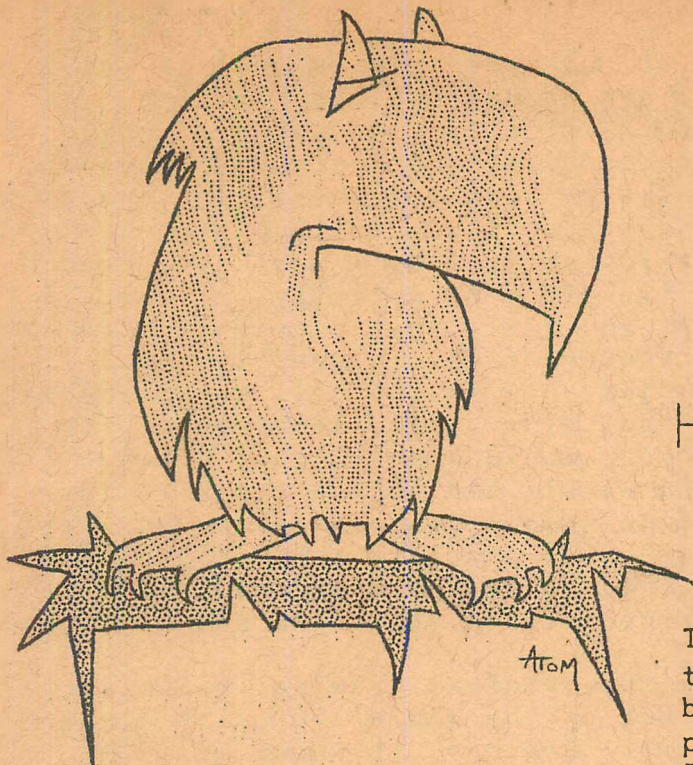

HOBGOBLIN 8



HOEGEBU 3





HOBGOBLIN 8

The fanzine that perversely sets out to prove that all deadwood isn't brilliant, HOBGOBLIN is edited and published for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Terry Carr, 56 Jane

St., New York 14, New York. The reproduction is by the QWERTYUIOPress, and if you notice any blotchiness or fading around the edges of the pages please remember that the production of fanzines is a little out of the QWERTYUIOPress' line: usually that enterprise makes its money producing mimeographed legal briefs with blanks left for the names to be filled in, and they're right smart-looking too. This issue of HOBGOBLIN is intended for SAPS mailing number 59, April 1962, though a limited number--six--are available for trade. The contents of this issue are as follows:

Contents

Petit Mal (editorial) the editor
In One Ear and Out The Other (mailing comments) Terry Carr
Why I Won't Join SAPS (mailing comments) Ted White

Cover by Arthur Thomson. Heading for this page by the same. Headings for each set of mailing comments by Dan'l Adkins. Bacover by Arthur Thomson.

PETIT MAL

And so another quarter rolls around, and the knights of SAPS, male and female, don their battle gear, drag out their cardboard-cutout coats of arms, and stride off toward the mimeos, confident in their immortality. Some of them stride off toward dittos, but they are confused and in any case probably aren't immortal. (A ruling on this question has been passed by the High Council of the Neue Hanseatic League, but that has nothing to do with SAPS so we'll pass over it.) Since the clarification of SAPS' position relative to the universe in last mailing's NANDU, we are all of us, male and female, presented with somewhat of an obligation: considering that it is now clear that SAPS mailing comments are by definition imbued with a divine spark which will one day burst forth into a sweeping flame to engulf the world and drive out the darkness of ignorance, bigotry, fear, disease, bad reproduction, and hangnails, it behooves us all (male and female) to lift our chins, thrust out our chests, flex our biceps, and

do something or other. (I used to have an idea what it was, but that was such a long sentence there.)

Anyway, I guess it's time to Put It Out again, as we used to say in Gay Ole Village Fandom. (Gay Ole Village Fandom no longer exists, you know: Ted and Sylvia White have moved to Brooklyn. I cannot imagine the formation of a Gay Ole Brooklyn Fandom, so let's not pursue the subject.)

A note or two about this issue: The heading for my mailing comments is a sketch Dan Adkins did of me one day when I was writing down at Towner Hall. Judging from the expression on my face I must have been writing a remarkably powerful, evocative piece of artistry, or maybe I was writing to one of my creditors; at any rate, that's neither here nor there. The thing is, Dan'd did this sketch of me, in pencil, and I liked it, and I said to Ted White, I said, "Ted, how in the hell could anybody stencil that?" And Ted looked at it and said...well, something obscene. Anyway, I kept wondering aloud how anyone would stencil that drawing till finally Sylvia dragged out the shading wheels and took a crack at it. After an hour or two she put the shading wheels away and shook her head (we all stood back to avoid the flying hair) and said she wondered how anyone would stencil that drawing. So then Ted sat down and said a few magic words like...well, they were obscene...and voila! he had stencilled that ole drawing.

It is a rather loose rendering of the original drawing, being largely interpretation of pencilled shading, but on the whole I'm quite pleased with it and it even looks a bit like me. Besides, it shows me in my serious constructive pose, so I decided it would be perfect for the heading of my mailing comments.

Ted White also stencilled the heading for his own mailing comments, but this was simply because all the stencilling equipment is clear out in Brooklyn and since they're his mailing comments after all I'm jolly well not making a special trip to Brooklyn just to stencil his heading. I mean, the hell with it. God, what nerve that White has.

I could really get upset if I stopped to think about it.

This is the page on which we come to the Listing of My Works. I've decided, you see, to keep my index up to date, and since I invariably lose all papers with notes or information on them I've decided further to enshrine the list in public print where it cannot get lost unless absolutely every recipient of the mag should throw it out, which is a possibility. However, it seems the best available choice, so the list will continue to appear in SAPS: I figure that you fine people can best stand it.

Anyway, there isn't much this time, so it'll be painless:

HOBOGOBLIN #7....Jan 62.....	12 pp
KIPPLE #21.....Jan 62...with Graham.....	14
VOID #28.....Feb 62...with Benford, Graham, & White.....	46
LIGHTHOUSE #5...Feb 62...with Graham.....	94
	<u>166</u>
	previous total: <u>2718</u>
	TOTAL: 2884 pp

The KIPPLE satire, of course, was primarily the work of Pete Graham, though he listed me as co-editor. And this issue of HOBOGOBLIN is not on the list because I don't know how many pages it will be. It all depends on Ted White.

One last note: I was sorely tempted to turn loose a flood of wordage at many people who made fatuous or quibbling replies to Bergeron's article on SAPS, but I decided that this kind of hassling can only lower the standards of the mailings more, so I confined myself for the most part to fairly brief remarks. I feel incredibly virtuous because of this, and I want you to know it.

IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER

MAILING COMMENTS BY TERRY CARR



SAPTERRANEAN #5: Walter Breen

I hate to begin my remarks on such a good SAPSzine with a minor tirade, but really, gang, I detest the Slashmark School of Wit. It's your chief failing as a writer, Walter, as far as I'm concerned. Such lines as "But I'll leave it to ~~Blightman~~ Blichtman..." are the lowest form of ~~wit~~ wit as far as I'm ~~concerned~~ concerned, and I wish you and everybody else would ~~cut it out~~ ~~cut it~~ cut it out ~~with a slashmark~~ ~~with a slashmark~~. Those coy little almost-slips merely display a wandering mind.

On the relative circulations of fanzines, quality or otherwise: several fans have been croggled to hear that INNUENDO #6 (the first Innish) had a total print-run of about 48, but the explanation is simple. I found I couldn't afford paper and postage for the zines normal circulation of 90 or so (that was back in the days when fanzinefandom was smaller), so I cut down the mailing list for that issue to only the absolutely-necessary trades and letterwriters. Of course, as I noted above, that isn't really possible these days; right now I'd guess an absolute minimum mailing list would number at least 125. The growth of fanzinefandom since the middle fifties is probably due to three interconnected changes in the structure of fandom as a whole. First, the world conventions of the early fifties were run by primarily non-fanzinefen; some case could be made for the fmz-orientation of the Portland and New Orleans committees, 1950 and '51 respectively--Don Day in Portland was just finishing up a couple of years of publishing his fine THE FANSCIENT, and Harry Moore in New Orleans was in contact with Lee Hoffman, Ian Macauley, and the rest of the South's rising fanzinefen of the period--but the committees which staged the Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Cleveland, and New York cons were mostly convention or local-club types. With London in '57 and later Los Angeles, Detroit, and Seattle

(Pittsburgh is an exception here) the fanzinefen got back into the act, and it brought the conventionfen and fanzinefen closer together. Coincident with this was the rise of TAFF, which very definitely made for interplay between the two factions (and for that matter, the WSFS Inc. hassle did a little of the same). So we had a large group of club and convention fans sniffing around the edges of fanzinefandom, and about that time the lettercolumns in fanzines started expanding--fanzines were offered free for comment and the fringers stepped right in to take up the offer, becoming a definite part of the fanzine scene itself as their letters began to appear. Essentially, the growth of fanzinefandom is not due to a very noticeable growth in fandom itself, but merely in a melding of factions.

How the hell did I get onto all that?

I'm not sure where I fit regarding your remarks on fen being alienated from their siblings. I have a brother eight years older than me and I think we get along fine these days, but I dunno about when we were both living under the same roof at home. We fought a lot then, and I was glad when he moved out, but I think it was a fairly normal sibling-rivalry situation. I know that he was always my idol to one extent or another during my younger life, and that once when some neighborhood kids ganged up on him and "pants" him it upset hell out of me. He tried to teach me to swim (unfortunately he tried throwing me in, which I wouldn't sit still for), he tried to give me pointers on sex, roundaboutly, and when I took up baseball he spent a lot of time teaching me. (He'd been a pretty good pitcher before he was drafted and lost the proper flexibility of his shoulder muscles during army training, and I was very definitely trying to follow in his footsteps by the very act of taking up baseball, both because I admired his skill and because my parents considered it important.) We've seen each other only seldom in recent years and have little in common besides sports, but we get along well and there are strong enough ties that when, for instance, he came to me for advice on sex after his marriage broke up it really hit me emotionally. The whole relationship seems reasonably normal to me and I wonder if I'm not an exception or whether your theory might not be too sound.

Maybe you're not yet ready to write that book on blindness across the generations, but how about an article now to give us a fuller idea of your thoughts on it and perhaps serve you as a brief outline of the longer work to come?

"Civilization is a luxury, in a very real sense; it becomes possible only when one's energies are not exhausted in the mere effort to stay alive." Yes--as witnessed by the Indians of Baja California, among others. On the other hand, what about the fact that there has been until the advent of Western imperialism no civilization in most of Africa, where food, shelter, etc. come relatively easy? Perhaps civilization was unnecessary there because agriculture was unnecessary. (The beginnings of civilization in various parts of the world are generally reckoned as beginning when the peoples concerned give up the nomadic life and settle down to agriculture.) If so, then the truism works at both ends of the scale.

Your disgusted remark about the Village Art Show reminded me that one of the local stores was recently displaying two prints; one was marked "Painting on display at Village Art Show" and the other "Painting on display at Woolworth's". They were identical.

Your mc's were easily the best in the mailing, and SAPTERRANEAN itself was topped only by WARHOON. Keep it up.

SPACEWARP #'s 72 & 73: Art Rapp

The IPSO article on time travel is for the most part merely a rehash of a whole lot of cliches. You can do much better, Art.

"What has FAPA got to match OUTSIDERS, or WHO KILLED S-F? or, for instance, WARHOON?" Well, HORIZONS is easily as good as OUTSIDERS, Kemp's

annuals are matched by such things as THE PAVLAT REPORT, THE FANZINE INDEX, QUOTEBOOK, OLE! CHAVELA!, HOMMAGE A BURBEE, etc. (major items of this nature turn up at least once a year in FAPA, usually twice or thrice), and I find it hard to place much credence in SAPS' claim on WARHOON, which has over three times the circulation outside SAPS and whose contents are primarily non-SAPSish. My opinion of the relative amount of quality in the mailings of the two apas is admittedly only a personal one, but I strongly feel that FAPA has it over SAPS at least 2-to-1.

"...most fans are as talented and competent at fanpublishing when they first enter fandom as they ever will become." Do you really believe that? Mighod, and it was only a year or so ago that Lichtman circulated a facsimile of SPACEWARP #1 through the mailing! Surely you realize that people's talents are sharpened and broadened by use, that experience is a great teacher, that people can learn things. If not, why have you so often written how-to articles on duplicating and such?

THE ZED #798: Karen Anderson

"I told everybody about the splendid time we'd had at the Heinleins', and hit such a level of euphoria that one suspicious type took a drag on my cigarette to see what I was smoking." That sounds like a Danny Curran kind of thing to do. Was it Danny?

"CIJAGH, or, Who Will Rule the Coventranian Sevagram?" makes a lovely allegory. Was it intended as such?

I like the Nelson cover, and suspect that half of fandom will blossom forth next Christmas with covers by Ray which were received as Christmas cards this past year.

COLLECTOR #28: Howard DeVore

Thanks for the reprint of "Investigation in Newcastle". George Willick was visiting here one evening and said he'd just read the entry on Degler in Fancy II; he shook his head sadly and said, "That poor bastard." I handed him your reprint of the Speer article as a matter of interest, completely forgetting about your note at the end. George made no comment on your note, but did go on to say, "You know, Degler was right--he just went about everything in the wrong way." "What do you mean, he was right?" I asked. "Fans are a superior race," George said. "Eh? Like how?" "Well, for one thing, fans are telepathic..." He seemed willing to go on and expound upon this, but I decided I didn't want to pursue the subject and started talking about something else...traditional jazz, probably.

Ole George may have just been engaging in his frequent pastime of Putting People On, but on my honor as a stefnist, the above paragraph is true and complete.

THE DINKY BIRD #1: Ruth Berman

"The Neonik Revolt" has some good moments, but on the whole it doesn't really come off. The ending has strong overtones of "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz," which isn't surprising. Gary Deindorfer claims that every second paragraph you write has something in it about the Oz books.

SOME NOTES ON THE WALLABOUT PRISON SHIPS: Alan J. Lewis

Fairly interesting stuff, despite (or perhaps even because of) its lack of a definite SAPS orientation. I'm somewhat of a nut on any and all historical subjects, so this again is a subjective reaction, but I'd trade almost any fifty pages of SAPS mailing comments for an article like this.

WAILING STREET #11: Bob Lichtman

Your extended notes on Berkeley and environs were of course quite interesting to me. Too bad you didn't stay around to get to know the area

better; you've apparently missed some interesting sidelights.

A few notes and quibbles: the News-Call Bulletin is not a merger of a mythical News-Call and another one named the Bulletin, but rather of the News and the Call-Bulletin. The latter was in turn a merger of the Call and the Bulletin; Pete Graham and I have set the date of this merger at sometime between the 1890's and 1906 in typical San Francisco style: I remembered that during the Girl in the Belfry murder coverage the two papers were separate and Pete remembered that by the time of the '06 firequake they had merged.

I miss the west coast's Mexican food. So far I haven't found a place in New York which has it.

Well, you may like Si's Charburger in the Telegraph Avenue district, but I miss the Ranchburger (or "Raunchburger," as we always called it). Nobody knows how to charcoal-broil burgers in the east either, apparently. I've had burgers that were supposedly charbroiled, out here, but they were lousy.

Your mentioning the silliness of calling the transbay bus tickets "hat-checks" was a nostalgic touch to me. Yes, how silly...but I had a helluva time thinking of anything else to call them two lines ago, so brainwashed am I by usage.

I think it's Coit Tower, not Coit's Tower. Trina told me once that when one cat moved into North Beach and asked what that tall phallic structure was and was told the name he boggled and croggled, "You're kidding, man!"

Sather (not Sather's, again) Tower is usually referred to around campus as "Sather's Last Erection". I think Sather was U.C.'s first architect.

The fountain in the Student Union square is named Ludwig's Fountain, after that goddam dog who plays in it every day. Both he and the fountain seem to have rapidly become an integral part of campus life since the area was opened a little over a year ago.

About a year ago I weeded through my apa collections and sorted out the zines I didn't want to keep. Walter Breen took them, carrying off about three boxloads in as many trips. It gave me a nice feeling to get rid of that last surviving vestige of fanzine-completism in me, and I immediately felt like a new man, purified and uplifted. (Well, sort of.) Even cynical ole Pete Graham keeps all of the FAPA mailings, neatly bound in looseleaf fashion.

"The Last man on earth sat alone in his fallout shelter. There was a knock on the door." --Lovely, lovely! Did you originate that, or haven't I been reading the mailings closely enough?

DREAM JUICE, Instalment Two: Lee Jacobs

You're driving the similes into the ground, but the punchline was good. Hope this picks up again next time; the first instalment was just beautiful.

SLUG #1: Wally Weber

I can't understand people who use multiliths and don't take advantage of their possibilities. This cover could have been done much better on a ditto, in color.

Your pagecount prediction was astoundingly close--just 15 pp. off! Which probably just proves again that applying logic to fannish realities is useless; you apparently chose the right illogic to apply to the situation this time.

You had the best mc's in the mailing, Wally, despite what I said to Walter Breen.

SPELEOBEM #14: Bruce Pelz

Except for the Rike expulsion, I think you've been a damned good OE, Bruce, and I hope I remembered to vote for you on the ballot. I have a horrible feeling that I forgot to fill in that blank, though.

You don't remember reading anything particularly outstanding by Jack Vance? Seems to me you should love "The Dying Earth," and possibly his Magnus Ridolph series would hit you right, too; you might try looking them up. (Wonder why that series was never collected into a book--or was it?)

"Of the members who have dropped out in the three years I've been around, I can think of one fanzine that I miss: NEMATODE." Well, personally I don't miss NEMATODE, because it's simply become Vol. 2 of THE VINEGAR WORM in FAPA, but I do miss GIM TREE, ROCK., Bill Meyers' zine, and the large issues of FENDENIZEN and FLABBERGASTING--the latter not for those interminable mailing comments, but for the articles on s-f which Tosk used to throw in for ballast. And I miss other stuff too, but you get the idea.

"Six months of disinterest should be enough to allow a member of any organization, when the degree of disinterest is high enough that they contribute nothing. FAPA can keep its brilliant deadwood (an appropriate term, as the active members usually have to light a fire under them before they contribute anything.)" The chances of me regaining a great deal of interest in SAPS is slight while so many members have your attitude. For the moment I'm staying because of such reliably-interesting SAPS publishers as Breen and Lichtman and the occasional flash from others.

Thanks for the CRAP checklist, I guess. I don't know what use I might ever put it to, but it's good to have such a difficult index all compiled just in case.

FENDENIZEN #23: Elinor Busby

Even as an old SAPSmember and tired you continue to come up with at least one line a mailing which delights me. This time it was: "You make an excellent point. I am sure that you are quite right. Women wouldn't like eunuchs."

WARHOON #14: Dick Bergeron

As I said above, I have difficulty thinking of this as a SAPSzine, and this is heightened by the fact that I always read Pete Graham's copy before the SAPSmailing arrives. Hence not only do I tend to think of it as a genzine which we got in trade for LIGHTHOUSE, but I also neglect to make checkmarks as I read. I'm sorry.

I think you know how much I like the zine, but I should say in addition that I think Walter's article on "Stranger" is remarkably fine and that Willis also shines this time around. So does Boggs, for that matter. I hope you published the Pournelle article as a bad example.

THE PROSE OF KILIMANJARO #2: George Locke

A fairly interesting zine, but I'm irritated at your attitude toward the African natives. "...the (white) farmers...are, let's face it, the most important people in this agricultural country..." Whether or not the natives are ready for civilization in any sense which would gratify you, whether or not their impending self-rule might be of a type satisfactory to the European carpetbaggers, the natives by the very facts that they are human and vastly outnumber the outlanders are therefore "the most important people" in the country. Your aura of noblesse oblige is so sticky that you must squish when you walk.

B*A*N*G #1: Les Gerber

The record reviews are interesting; please continue them.

And cheers for your gripes at the use of "alright" and run-on sentences; they're two of my pet peeves too.

Yes, "The Frying Pan" was for a time written by Jerry Bixby, but before him it was done by Sam Merwin, who originated the column. I always preferred Merwin's version, myself.

I wish to hell I could remember what I know about Samuel A. Peebles as a fan, but all I can seem to recall is that during the early 40's he was a serious bibliophile type active in, I think, the Los Angeles area, probably among the FANTASY COMMENTATOR/FANTASY ADVERTISER/ACOLYTE coterie. I was pleasantly surprised years ago to run across a book of his in the library where I was working.

OUTSIDERS #46: Wrai Ballard

"...26 people hitting a mailing with 368 pages in an organization our size would be the signal for rejoicing in any other fan organization." Particularly, I keep thinking, in N'APA. Quality, not quantity, is what is important, Wrai.

I've been thinking of doing a sort of updated version of Burbee's "Big Name Fan," about fandom after WWII, but I doubt that I'll ever get to it. It would have the neofan knocking on the BNF's fallout-shelter door and being refused admittance, et al. Or maybe the BNF inside just wouldn't answer because he'd be off in Coventry, having hypnotised himself with the aid of drugs.

I would never choose to fight anyone who was holding a knife when all I had was a baseball bat. The guy with the knife could all too easily take a bat-blow over the shoulders and get inside my guard. And besides, it's comparatively easy to take a bat away from someone, but you'd get yourself all cut up grappling for a knife.

You seemed to be in especially good form this time, Wrai; there were some very amusing moments in these mc's.

GIMBLE #3: Ted Johnstone

I'm sorry; this may well be fine stuff, but I just can't read it. I keep thinking of teenagers dressed up in masquerade costumes, their voices cracking on lines like, "I have a message for the Minister of Internal Affairs."

POT POURRI #20: John Berry

Thanks very much for the article on Eddie Jones and the photo of him; we know all too little of this TAFF candidate so far and every bit helps. He does seem to be a worthy enough candidate and I'll be satisfied if he wins, but I'm afraid Ethel Lindsay has a bit more to recommend her as far as I'm concerned.

Your son's treatise on "The Solar System" is quite amusing in places. I especially liked the cold scientific factuality of the line, "I don't know anything about canals."

NANDU #28 (according to Ballard): Nan Gerding

This is just Too Much; I think you may have even beat out the Coventrians for fuggheadedness this mailing. "The clans are gathering, the trumpet has sounded a clarion demand, and the knights of Saps, male and female, raise their arms for the charge to victory." "Saps as an individualistic, highly specialized group is eternal in concept and act. Let no human say differently for very long without disputing it, either by word or act or both. The light of creative thinking and human interchange can fill all dark corners, chase away all ghosts of aberration, crumble all intangible threats and leave only the brilliance of knowledge, humanity, communication, and immortality."

If SAPShood be immortality, gentlemen, let us make the most of it. Mainly, let us pass on to the next zine in hopes of something better.

Yecch!

RETRO #23: F. M. Busby

Wasn't it Dard rather than Shapiro who made the point re fans c. 1955 snubbing the good ol' pulps for the 'mature' digest zines and being snubbed in turn by the latter? Well, whoever it was, it gave me a sense of wonder. Gad, how we used to holler about juvenility in stf. It got so fashionable to decry juvenility and bem-bum-babe covers and such that you just can't find any of them any more. It was a shock to me to realize that: the crudzines that we have left are not cruddy because they're juvenile, as we used to simplify the issue; "they are cruddy that they are cruddy, it is a thing born of itself."

Your line in "Return to SAPton Place" about Big Hearted Howard's coin-operated mimeos reminded me that last year Kirsten Nelson was day-dreaming, for the hell of it, about opening a combined laundromat and coin-mimeo place in Berkeley. "All the fans could come and do their laundry, and put out a one-shot while they were waiting," she said. Of course, it would be necessary to keep the washers and dupers well-separated, else one might come home and find he had the latest issue of HABAKKUK printed on his underwear. (High rag-content stock, so to speak.) Or maybe you'd find that the SAPSzine you were doing had rather washed-out reproduction. Oh, it was quite a fantasy.

THE COVENTRIANIAN GAZETTE #1: Paul Stanbery (OE's frank)

Yeah, but where's the funnies? I wanted to see what happened to the Countess Mary Worth after she stopped the barbarians from killing women and children (that Hurt Look she gave them warmed my heart), and I miss Princess Nancy and Archduke Sluggo (not to mention the Dowager Aunt Fritz), the Emperor and the Kids, Brenda Starr, Conqueror, Dagwood Rex, and all them. How can you call this "A Journal of Civilization" when you ain't got no funnies in it?

IGNATZ #30: Nancy Rapp

"Yeah, the only thing wrong with the n3f is the pack of 103%ers who keep screaming there's nothing wrong with the n3f..." Substitute "SAPS" for "n3f" there and it still makes sense. I'll readily agree that SAPS, like any organization, has up-and-down cycles and that low periods are effectively just interregnums between highs, but it's hard to take it when the 103%ers can't even tell when things aren't going so well.

+++++

Dept. of Unabashed Egoboo:

Following Dick Bergeron's lead in WARHOON, I'm beginning a department of pure egoboo, both for your gratification and my own future reference.

The pieces which I liked best in the 58th mailing were, in order:

- 1) "The Stranger and the Critic" by Walter Breen in WARHOON
- 2) "The Harp That Once Or Twice" by Walt Willis in WARHOON
- 3) "File 13" by Redd Boggs in WARHOON
- 4) "Memoirs of an Incomplete Fan" by Dick Bergeron in WARHOON
- 5) "The Hagerstown Letters" by Harry Warner in B*A*N*G
- 6) "Some Notes on the Wallabout Prison Ships" by Alan J. Lewis
- 7) Walter Breen's quover on SAPTERRANEAN
- 8) "CIJAGH" by Karen Anderson in THE ZED
- 9) "Diggin the Blues" by Earl Kemp in SAFARI
- 10) "Glendalough" by John Berry in POT POURRI

The best mailing comments, as I said before, were by Walter Breen.

And easily the best zine in the mailing was WARHOON, which is not surprising.

Dept. of Signing Off:

Just because I didn't comment on your zine doesn't mean I necessarily didn't like it. Or vice versa.

MORE MAILING COMMENTS-



WHY I WON'T JOIN SAPS BY TED WHITE

Terry mentioned that we've moved to Brooklyn. We have--almost. The story is a complicated one, but what it boils down to is that upkeep on Towner Hall/Metro Mimeo plus our Greenwich Village apartment became a bit more than the pocketbook could stand. One reason is (don't laugh, BHH) several moochers and bad-check artists, one of the latter of whom is named Larry M. Harris. Of the former, the one who caused me the most trouble was a coin dealer who theoretically rented office space from me and in actuality owes me considerable back rent. One of his cleverer tricks was to break the padlock off the door after I'd locked him out for nonpayment of rent. My experiences with him and various other coin dealers/fans in the area have been equally sour, and I can see why Walter Breen is becoming quite disgusted with the breed of vermin who infest that field to an increasing extent these days. Me, I wouldn't touch another with a ten-foot pole. But back to Brooklyn... After much searching through the Proper Channels which had found us nothing, a fluke of luck was ours once more (I've had unfailing good luck in the apartments I've found) and we snapped up a seven-room duplex in the Bay Ridge area of Brooklyn. This place has space like we've never had before; the change is from five rather small rooms (and no closets) to seven huge rooms on two floors, and it's great! So we've moved Towner Hall over to the lower floor, but we haven't moved our living quarters yet. Which explains why I make half-hour trips to Brooklyn every time I want to cut a stencil or type a letter. And, why Terry doesn't.

FLABBERGASTING: Toskey - As a matter of fact, yes, I would like a copy of your "Lectures in College Algebra." Through school I was a top student in math, but upon graduation I forgot nearly everything. Refreshing my memory would be a Good Thing, and doing so with your book would be even More So. (If your offer is limited only to SAPS, send a copy to Terry, who will surepticiously turn it over to

me on a dark night.) ## My night vision is not very good, and I get a rather boxed-in and cut-off-from-reality feeling when I drive if visibility is not as good as can be. This mean that I abhor driving at night in rain, and dirty windshields bother me greatly. I have a sort of underriding fear that I'll come upon something too suddenly and not be able to act in time. (This nearly happened, once, during a freezing rain on the Wash-Balto Pkwy. My Jaguar's backwindow and outside mirrors were covered with ice, making rear vision impossible. I came suddenly upon a car, disabled I guess, parked right in my lane. There were diffused lights in my interior rear-view mirror and I had no way of knowing how close behind me any other cars might be, and no way of knowing which lanes they might be in. I had to switch lanes to avoid the parked car, which of course was unlighted, and I was in mortal fear of being hit. The semi-icy pavement made it difficult to maneuver, but I relied on the handling qualities of my car, and sped up as I changed lanes so as to avoid if possible being hit from behind. Nothing happened, but I was charged with adrenilin for quite some time thereafter.) This wasn't what you were talking about, which was where you focussed your eyes during night driving, of course. I've read that changes of focus now and then are a Good Thing to combat eye fatigue. What annoys me is the car which always maintains a steady distance ahead of me on a parkway or turnpike at night. I get semi-hypnotized by the red tail-lights, and tend to lose conscious control of my car. Once or twice I've had near crackups because the car ahead rounded a curve and I followed the lights instead of the road. I vastly prefer to drive on roads with no one else in sight. ## I'm surprised you never saw an IQ test before. I mean, really. I've gone over the test you took, armed with an answer sheet, and frankly I disagree on at least three of the "correct" answers. Unfortunately, although Mensa's test is best for measuring high IQ's (since it's more difficult), it is a British test, with built-in disadvantages for those of us who don't speak British English, and it has never been standardized in this country. So actually your score means very little since you're not British. In order to validate it, the test has to be standardized in this country, and a new distribution curve worked out. (Most likely in that case your score would be higher, since it's harder for you to make 151 than it is for your British counterpart.) ## 152 is not the admittance level--156 is, or so I've been informed. Let's you, me, and Elinor form a "one point shy" club...

A. MERRIT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE: Meskys - You seem to be a typewriter collector. You remind me of when I first discovered that odd typefaces existed and I scoured Washington and Baltimore seeking out cheap old typers with strage faces... These days I'm fairly satisfied, but I would like a good italic-faced typer, and IBM's "golf-ball" typers fascinate me. A shame they're so shoddily engineered. ## I seem to have read much of this before... ## My Detention Report was first-drafted in September 1959, and second-drafted/stencilled in March 1960. I saw nothing by Kemp until after I had written and published my report. The foulup of communication with DC is something I can't answer for, since I was living in Baltimore, but when I queried some fen there later they knew nothing of Kemp's unreplied-to letters. I don't doubt he wrote 'em; what happened to them is something which still leaves me curious but is by now a moot point. A recent letter from Pavlat mentioned that I was quite right about his feelings at the time; he felt that the Big Noises in the club were going to unload all the work on him and this left him feeling rather cool to the idea. He says that things look much better this time, however.

HOBGOBLIN: Carr - I still confuse this title in my mind with Fred Smith's HEMOGOBBLIN in OMPA. ## Terry began typing on my new Gestetner-width stencils before I could explain to him that the margins printed on them were too far out on each side. Then Pete went and ran off most of the stencils while I was at the Phillycon, and he didn't realize that the silk screen on the Gestetner was masked for conventional stencils, so between the two the outer edges of the text suffered pretty badly. Oh well.

IGNATZ: NanRapp - It seems to me that a change of inks would do wonders for your mimeoing. ## I may be naive, but I didn't know that "the tv shows seem to be broadcast nowadays to fit nothing smaller than a 21 inch screen..." It was always my impression that the same picture appeared on any screen, only reduced or enlarged in size depending on the size of the screen. You mean on bigger sets you get to see more picture? Gad, think of those poor unlucky few who still have seven and ten-inch sets and don't get to see anything but the actors' adams apples... ## There's an excellent book out, SEXUAL PLEASURE IN MARRIAGE, a pb, which in addition to a lot of very good advice will tell you all about "69". Look up the chapter headed "Postural Variations."

RETRO: FMBusby - You have to have pretty waxy stencils to go without cor- flu by your method, Buz, and even then it isn't infalible. I refer you to Walter's mcs in NULL-F #22 for examples. ## Nobody in his right mind should buy Gestetner stencils when the same quality of stencils, made to fit Gestetners, can be obtained more cheaply from Polychrome (who makes them for everyone else), Heyer, or Speed-O-Print. Top quality stencils cost me \$1.80 a quire, wholesale... ## I've heard an awful lot lately about this "draft-dodging" business which has centered around the fact that clever (?) draft-dodgers are "bragging" about their successes. Personally, I've seen no one "bragging" in print, and heard damn few in person, and I do know several, one of whom is a highly respected fan. On the other hand, I've heard a lot of loose charges about bragging, most of them from Richard Eney. This entire fracas started (in the Cult) because Eney kept insisting that Jack Harness had become a dirty feelthy Scientologist just to draft-dodge, and was bragging about it. This wasn't true, of course, on either count. When I spoke up, infalible Eney immediately branded me (in FAPA) as bragging about draft-dodging (in fact, he said I started the discussion, just to give you an idea of his accuracy), despite the fact that throughout the whole Cult discussion and much of the following AXE and FAPA discussion I was a classified 1-A. Eney's other main opponants (in the Cult and elsewhere) have been Norm Metcalf and Walter Breen, both of whom have served ~~time~~ in the Air Force. On a local level, I've heard more opposition to the draft from guys who've had it (Ivie, Parker, etc.) than anywhere else. Now you start in on guys who brag about outwitting the ol' draft board being "just too damn much!" but still I've heard none. Have you? In fandom? How about naming names. If the guy has been bragging, he won't mind. ## Draft issues are much muddier than you'd have it, especially during peacetime. A few ideas not previously tossed out: young man in early twenties with wife and unsettled home gets drafted: kaput. Cynical kids leaving high school full of hatred for their society and a frustrated feeling of total inability to exercise any control over it, even sometimes sympathetic towards countries our country opposes (digs Cuba, resents US's shoring up of S.A. dictators; not Communistic yet, but out of sympathy with US's actions, especially when contrasted with lofty claims): not in the slightest bit willing to help support a peacetime army. ## Hmmm. How many of the Gang (you, Shaw, Coulson, Leman,

Eney, Rapp, Calkins) went into the armed services during a time of war or fighting, feeling patriotic even if with a few misgivings on a personal level? I wonder if a difference in attitude isn't evident because in such a case a draftee or enlisted man can at least identify a goal and help work towards it with an end in sight. Goals and work may still be there, but if so it's a whole lot less obvious. And, for all the Young Conservatives upon the land, I've noticed a great deal more who defy classification: the Disenchanted. (I suppose this deserves its own elaboration, but I'm not in a mood to write an essay just now. If I were, I'd detail the process of disenchantment with society which starts when kids answer boxtop ads and get puny replicas of the prizes they were promised, and how when they grow up--as they grow up--they discover more and more of the lies behind society's facade. Few of us in SAPS, FAPA, or fandom in general profess to Believe in our elected government, but the older ones among us still preserve more patriotism. The country has been tarnished; it's abused the reasoning facilities of its people too much. Patriotism among the newer generation is a thing unknown. I miss it myself; I had it once too...) ## Coswal was at Cleveland, in 1955. ## Your "no small triumph" gag leaves me limp...

THE COVENTRANIAN GAZETTE: Stanbery - Well, unlike other Stanbery publications of the past, it's legible.
But it's no improvement.

SAPTERRANEAN: Breen - The trouble with THE EROTIC IN LITERATURE is that the author condones what he calls "hard core pornography" in every time and culture but our own. Oh well. ## Andre Norton has written a number of stf books with the protagonist a "non-respector of 'civilized' values, lone-wolfing it in a battle with hostile tribes or nature", though for "tribes" read humans & aliens. TIME TRADER was one of the best of these, beginning with a young criminal. ## Bravo for your condemnation of "random-element music." It reminds me of the discussion in the Cult a while back of paintings produced by bugs dipped in paint and left to crawl across a canvas. Only, such paintings might well be interesting to look at, while random music (that I've heard) is pretty much an out and out bore. ## A very fine zine, but one I've grown too familiar with to answer in detail.

FENDENIZEN: EBusby - Even as an old SAPS member and tired you continue to come up with at least one line a mailing which delights me. This time it was: "You know, in general I am a most passionate fan of hirsute facial adornments, especially on men..."

WARHOON: I don't think WARHOON is that finely balanced; I think if you had to you could remove the SAPS comments and the zine would not unduly suffer. In fact, it might be better. ## I envy you for printing Walter's article. He wrote it under my nose, and I moaned at the thought that it would slip away from me to be printed in WARHOON. However, Walter's habit of compression still shows up here; if I'd edited it I would've loosened up the style a trifle.

RESIN: Metcalf - I think you're out of your mind. "If I could afford the gas bill and was able to secure time off I'd be touring the southeast every weekend. Once you become used to riding a motorcycle you don't have any trouble." Except the fact that not all the southeast maintains temperatures in the seventies during winter, and as far south as Virginia it can get down to zero, which is Too Damn Cold to be riding about on any kind of open vehicle.

THE PROSE OF KILIMANJARO: Locke - Frankly, I'm revolted by the tone of this, and it's scant recompensation to know that there's at least one Ugly Englishman out there relieving the work-load of the Ugly Americans. Feh.

NANDU: Gerding - What a lot of purple writing! Where's the Nangee I recall from my last visit in SAPS? ## "And remember - a fanzine is a fan-zine - it is not just a fannor just a zine, but a combination of both." I don't want to disabuse you of any cherished notions, but for all this pseudo-Ray Palmer language analysis, "fanzine" means "fan magazine," and "fan" modifies "magazine". That is, "fanzine" means a magazine published by, for, or about fans. A zine is a magazine is a fanzine. ## Terry has "Jeezus" and "Grok" (NYC definition) scrawled in the margins here, and I'm surprised only at his terseness. "So there all ye decriers! Ye have wasted your breath and filled your lungs with nothing but hot air and mumbly-jumbly..." Who, did you say?

POT POURRI: Berry - A sapphire stylus? Good grief. Get yourself a diamond stylus, John; it's cheaper in the long run. (If they're still more expensive in Gt. Britain, have a stateside fan get you one; I paid \$2.50 for my last one, and it was excellent.##I'm afraid your record reviews don't excite me greatly, but there's a great temptation in me to reply in kind; I have at least half a dozen unpublished reviews, several of which were too fiery for publication professionally. (Mine are jazz record reviews, of course...)

OUTSIDERS: Ballard - Your line about a plonker using a "plumbers friend" being too horrible to contemplate is one of the top items of the mailing, Wrai. ## I suppose this is as good a spot as any for apologizing to you about using your letter in the last VOID. I know you said that when you think of your letters being published it freezes you up and you don't write any. And I know I promised not to print your letters if you'd only just write a few anyway. But that sneaky TCarr, when my back was turned, went right ahead and printed it anyway. He is without shame; "It was a damnfine letter and deserved to be printed," is what he said when I taxed him on this point. "But--but, what will I say to Wrai Ballard?" I asked him. "Tell him he writes damnfine letters and it would be a criminal act on our part to refuse to share them with the world," was Terry's reply. And you know, I think he's right, Wrai. So don't be too angry, huh?

SLUG: Weber - The news about Seattle hotels being booked solid during Century 21 is not terribly surprising, and I for one am glad that the Seacon did not coincide with it. I seem to recall making a few points along this line in 1958, and I damn well recall reitterating them when the more fuggheaded elements here in NYC wanted a "Faircon".

TTT REVISITED: Jacobs & Cox - "Who is Richard Bergeron"--well, I've met the entity which calls itself Richard Bergeron exactly once, when it took on enough ectoplasm to visit Towner Hall last summer. It seemed amazed at all the fanac and utensiles for same. "Richard Bergeron" has no phone, or if it does has an unlisted one. It is never home. It once tendered us an invitation to visit it at home but apologetically broke the invitation by mail at the last moment. You want to know what I think? Well, I recall a column by "Richard Bergeron" in John Magnus' long dead SF, in which "Bergeron" mentioned the "RB" division of Proxyboo Ltd. I don't remember all the details, but I do seem to remember that Proxyboo Ltd. was/is responsible for all the "RB's" in

fandom. I think it is more than coincidence that as fandom's biggest "RB," Robert Bloch, gaffed for mundac a new "RB"--"Richard Bergeron"--became more and more active. Evidence? That which I have already cited, plus the fact that WARHOON is simply too big, too good to be published by one single real fan...

THE BALLARD CHRONICLES (inst. 4): Jacobs - You're marking time in this episode, but the final line is a real canoe-tipper, as Pete Graham would say...

SAPRISTI: Main - Beg to correct: CASINO ROYALE was the first James Bond book. ## I don't know much about artificial insemination, but I suspect that a dildo would hardly be necessary. The dildo's use has been greatly exaggerated in pornography, and is (I understand) rarely used among lesbians. ## You'd be surprised at the number of "hard-core" lesbians who want children; as Walter pointed out (somewhere) it's a frequent theme in the less sensationalistic pieces of lesbian fiction. The urge for motherhood is apparently capable in some cases of becoming distinct from the desire for the opposite sex. (In fact, I may have been overly cautious in so qualifying that statement, but wothell; no doubt I'll get jumped on from both sides...)

~~LA/BCH/EMZ~~ WATLING STREET: Lichtman - I think Washington DC has an ideal newspaper setup: the conservatively liberal morning POST & TIMES-HERALD, and the liberally conservative evening STAR. Both papers are quite literate and give wide-spread coverage to all types of news; while nominally one is Democratic and the other Republican they agree on most non-partisian issues such as integration (they're for it). Both are quite modern, and print color photos, and while the STAR has only three pages of comic strips, the POST prints five pages of them. (The few remaining are to be found in the tabloid WASHINGTON NEWS, a Scripps-Howard scandal-sheet.) For balance and readability, I've never found another city's papers which could touch them. The situation here in New York is ridiculous: nine dailies, and all of them fragmented in approach. The TIMES is accurate and deadly dull (although the editorial page is improving; used to be it was written by the copy boys--no fooling!), the POST is Jewish-liberal oriented and contains the best features and practically no news, the DAILY NEWS is quite lively (the best headline writers in the country) and local, and the editorial page gives me a pain whenever I mischance to see it. The remainder are second-rate imitations like the HERALD-TRIBUNE (of the TIMES), or the DAILY MIRROR (of the NEWS); or they're just blah, like the JOURNAL-AMERICAN and WORLD-TELEGRAM. To get a decent coverage, you have to read the TIMES, NEWS and POST, and mentally juggle them into balance. Foosh. ## Yes, I salt my food quite heavily, too. I wonder why. Are our taste-buds deteriorating? (Is there a Bill Donaho in the crowd?)

THE DINKY BIRD(s): Berman - This is some of the best stuff I've seen from you, Ruth, and I like it.

COLLECTOR: Devore - Well, it's nice to know we are really agreed on one point, so I hope it doesn't bug you too much if I disagree with you on another: the Fan Awards. I quite agree that naming the awards "Forries" was foolish (I wrote a letter to Willick about this last fall), I thought the (junked) statuette was horrible, and I don't think Willick is qualified to run the show, but I dislike seeing these reasons being used to torpedo the whole idea of the Awards. Despite all

the fuss surrounding it, there is an awards committee, so that full control does not lie with George. It bothers me to see this out-of-proportion opposition to both awards and Willick, particularly when uttered in the same breath. Willick is not the awards are not Willick. As to your objections: the "Forrie" name has been dropped. The "four armed sword-weilding monster" has been dropped. So what--aside from Willick's none-too-pleasant personality--still irritates you about the Awards? I'm bugged about this because of what I am beginning to suspect is another move on the parts of various groups in fandom to disown fandom for fun & profit. It bugs me like hell when a group courts fandom for three to five years for a con, gets the con and finances it from fandom's pockets (at a price which has assured from \$500 to \$1,000 worth of profits at the last two cons), and then dumps fandom into the background when putting on the con itself. (No, I'm not talking about you, BHH, or the Detention, which did none of these things--except maybe to court fandom a bit, which there's nothing wrong with--nor am I talking about Buz or Wally or Tosk and the Seacon. Both cons were fine cons which didn't ignore any particular group in fandom or prodrom.) But when it comes to another ghoddamn Bigger & Better con with 60% overlap double-programming and idiot panels on Sex & Stf, coupled with IQ tests, and the con is actively opposed to the presentation of Fan Awards (but not, presumably, to another private--and far sillier--award, the Big Heart Award)...where was I? That's a pretty tangled sentence. Anyway, I see what, from this distant viewpoint, looks like some pretty prejudicial actions and viewpoints, and they gripe hell out of me. Sorry, Howard; you just touched me off. ## INVESTIGATION IN NEWCASTLE was reprinted in GRUE a few years back, but it's nice to keep it in circulation...

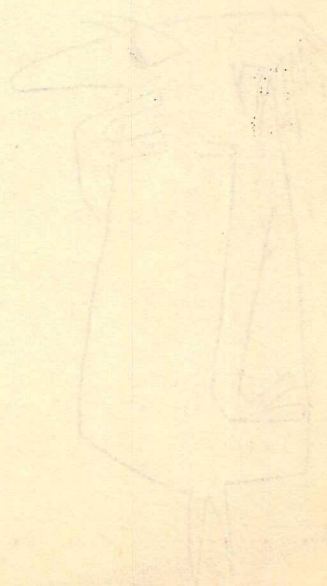
SPELEOBEM: Pelz - If I make less comments on this than I might, it is because I thoroughly read the copy you sent me directly and didn't think to checkmark that one. Skimming over this copy looking for comment-hooks I may have overlooked some. ## Am I the only one who still wishes for the TAFF (or Special Fund) victory of Chuque Harris, James White, Vinç Clarke, and all the old HYPHEN crew? I'd like to see Bob Shaw again too, and Mal Ashworth, and...how about fans from other countries like Julian Parr or Rolf Gindorf or (fill in your own choice). And as for Americans, why are people like Grennell, Boggs, Tucker, and others being overlooked? I've been trying to talk Tucker into standing, and I think there's a chance he will. And, I still think Terry Carr should run again. If once-defeated fans will not run again we loose one or two for every one we send over. That hardly seems fair. ## There's one commodity left for the flagging Auction Bloch: GIRLS. Why not auction off femmefen? (If you did it during the masquerade while some are in scanty costume, you might even increase already spirited bidding...)

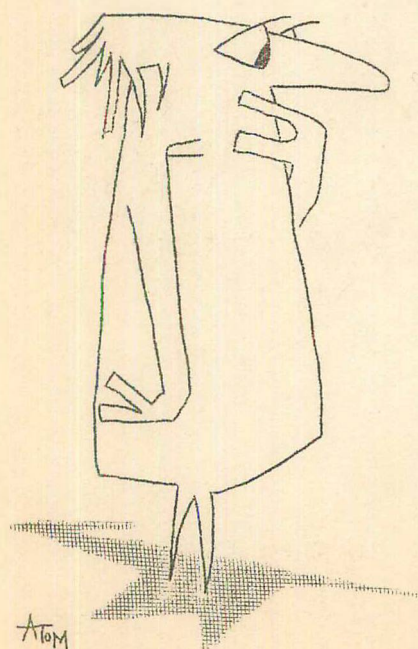
THUS DIES ANOTHER SAPS MAILING... Zines not mentioned were simply those which inspired no check-marks, for any number of reasons. The length and type of my comments is rarely indicative of the quality or length of the zine I'm "commenting" on, which I'm not always, so to speak...

-Ted White

Who sawed Courtney's boat?

THIS WAS BEEN HOBGOBLIN 10-5





THIS HAS BEEN HOBGOBLIN n° 8