

HOBGOBLIN 10

This is HOBGOBLIN #10, April 1963, published for SAPS and Redd Boggs by Terry Carr, of 41 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn 1, New York. Illos by Bill Rotsler and Arthur Thomson. Mimeography by Ted White and QWERTYUIOPress.

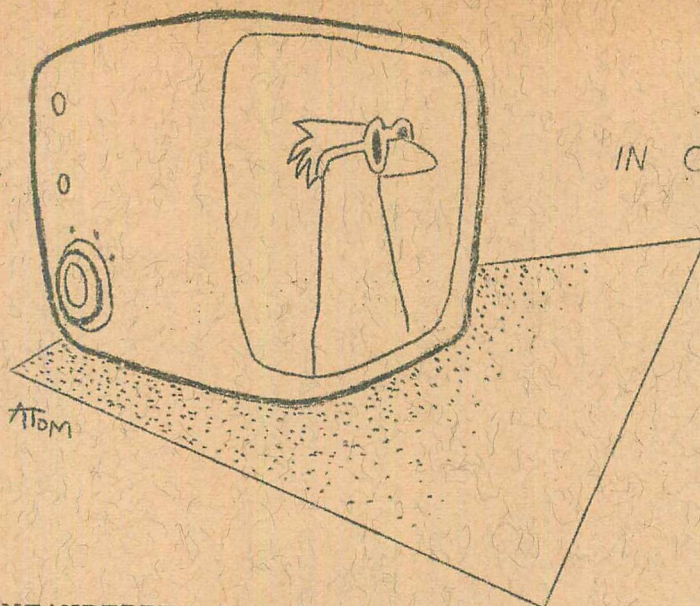
This issue just about didn't appear. Having been busybusy these past months I haven't been able to get to SAPSac until the last minute -- and when I was on the second stencil of this zine (page one of the mc's) my electric typewriter went on the blink. You'll note that the S's and A's on that first mc page and on the page with Boggs' letter aren't too well-cut. Well, the "A" finally gave out altogether as I finished my comments to Fred Patten, and though I suppose a SAPSazine written deliberately to omit the letter "A" would be novel and amusing I just didn't feel like trying it.

Hence I'm using Ted White's Underwood for the bulk of this issue, which is just as well, I suppose, since this typer cuts a better stencil than mine anyway. (I have the same machine as you, Karen Anderson. By the way, do you have an automatic carriage-return on yours? We don't, because we found that it cost about \$100 extra, and that's a luxury we just can't afford.)

This issue's installment of the Index of My Works is a bit short, I'm afraid. I've been busybusy, as I said, so all I've got to list is:

HOBGOBLIN #9.....	October 1962.....	17 pp.
DIASPAR #10.....	February 1963.....	5 pp
		22 pp
	previous total:	3001 pp
	TOTAL:	3023 pp

I think maybe next time I'll write some faanfction. When I was writing faanfction before doing any professional fiction-writing I really paid damn little attention to story-value, characterization, and so forth. I just wonder if I could write better stuff now that I've been forced to study the mechanics of storywriting. Perhaps we'll see, next issre.



IN ONE EAR AND
OUT THE OTHER

mailing comments
by terry carr

MISTILY MEANDERING 3: Fred Patten

I don't think I ever had a teacher who made a practice of reading stories to the class. When I was first attending school, though -- my very first class -- we had a teacher who told us a story every day which tied in with a letter of the alphabet, so that we should, like, have Motivation for being interested in learning the alphabet. I thought this was just great and never missed a day. The only story I remember had something to do with this messenger, see, who had to hurry to the guard on duty at the top of the stairs in the turret of a castle. So he ran and ran up the stairs, every now and then pausing for just a moment to glance at his watch -- which was going "t-t-t-t-t-t-t" -- and then hurrying on up the stairs, so that when he finally got to the top he was panting, "h-h-h-h-h-h-h." I tell you, today's stories don't have that old sense of wonder.

You're usually so neat about your layout that I'm as surprised as I am bothered by your commission of Layout Error 37X, which is putting an illo or title in the middle of the text and continuing the lines of text on either side. It's a practice that should be suppressed in fandom with an Iron Hand, and if I were SAPS OE you can be sure offenders against the Layout 37X Law would have their page-credits docked.

Bjo's cartoon was just the sort of thing I was afraid of when I told those nuts in Berkeley that "'64 Frisco or Fight!" wasn't a good slogan to use seriously. (I intend to write up the whole story of Berkeley's worldcon bid in the next LIGHTHOUSE. There's quite a story behind it.) Had L' remained in the race those spoofing cartoons of Bjo's would have done a lot to demolish the Berkeley bid.

DIE WIS 7.45: Dick Schultz

"The First Tears of Winter" shows talent, but it also betrays the fact that you've never sat down and figured out how to write a story -- because this just isn't a story, Dick. In the first place, there's no protagonist: each section skips to a different viewpoint-character, which means that we're never with one character long enough to get interested in him, identify with him, and hence get caught up in the action. This is a serious handicap right away (particularly in a story this short), but added to it is the fact that there's just no plot. The military

command has to wipe out these raiders, see -- so they do, and that's that. I'm afraid I just never got interested in it.

WARHOON 18: Dick Bergeron

Lowndes' article is very good, but I'm puzzled at his interpretation of Paola's gesture at the end of the movie. It seemed quite clear to me when I saw that final scene that the girl was asking Marcello if he'd teach her how to type -- she'd mentioned earlier, as Lowndes notes, that she wanted to learn typing. But Marcello can't hear her, and doesn't realize what she means by her typing motions. I interpreted this to mean that he had thrown away his last chance for salvation, in that he'd learned the futility of the path he'd taken, and now a young innocent was asking him for guidance and it just didn't occur to him that even though his own position was hopeless he still had the opportunity to guide others away from it. (The fact that she wants to type, I think, suggests that she wants to move towards his way of life -- perhaps not as a writer, but at least away from the country and toward urban life and the jumble of the civilized city.)

Walter Breen has a peculiar penchant for taking the least original ideas in the world and explaining them with a kind of wide-eyed innocence, as though he thinks his readers have never heard of them before. One standout case in point is his presentation here of the mossy dictum that science is empty at best and dangerous at worst when not guided by religion or an ethical system. Walter needn't have quoted Art Castillo on this point: he could as easily have quoted nearly any letter-to-the-editor in The Saturday Evening Post, the New York Daily News, or the Oakland Tribune.

L'Eclisse, I think, is a fairly simple film. The eclipse of the title is the dullness of the girl's life and personality when she's between loves -- which for her are apparently the only meaningful kind of human relationship. This of course is her weakness, and it's clear that her new lover is a straw at which she grasps reluctantly and yet desperately. He won't be able to satisfy her for long, and at the end of the movie, when their love is at its height, at its brightest, we pan in on the cold light of a streetlamp; it fills the screen with the cold future.

COCONINO 2: Owen Hannifen

Your comments to Dick Schultz about his obvious non-pacifism are remarkably acute. They could be carried further to apply to most everybody in the Coventry circle, but I think Schultz is the most militaristic (read: covertly hostile) of them all.

And your comment on Don Ford's last OMPazine ("Mighod! And we sent THIS as a representative of US fandom!") echo mine precisely.

Lanctot's artwork remains among the most interesting stuff in the mailings.

SPY RAY: Dick Eney

You may well be correct in calling Walter Breen for "unsupported statements" -- I don't recall what he said -- but in such a case it behooves you not to commit the same error, as you do in the very same paragraph: "There are sound sources of information which indicate that sterilization of the planet is not possible with present stocks of nuclear weapons..." What

sources of information, and what are the arguments and evidence?

NIFLHEIM 2: Dave Hulan

Lancer Books is not now nor has it ever been a publisher of sex books -- at least not of the Beacon type. They have a pretty good line of paperback originals and reprints -- for instance, they brought out Herbert Gold's THEREFORE BE BOLD. I don't find it so surprising, then, that their science fiction is mostly quite good stuff. (By the way, even Beacon isn't a good example of the mainline sex book houses. Beacon's cover paintings are much better done, their blurbs at least pretend that the stories are novels which just happen to be sexy -- rather than vice-versa -- and they insist on a little originality in their stories. Also, they seem to be the only publishers in the sex book field who issue contracts on their books rather than just accepting a manuscript and paying for it cold. Beacon specifies who has the various subsidiary rights, which at least indicates some interest beyond the initial sales to dirty old men at the newsstands.)

I got one copy of LOKI and liked it -- and reviewed it in TROLL CHOWDER; a rider with AXE. I'd like to get more, and since I'm now replacing Dick Lupoff as AXE's regular reviewer you can count on fairly regular reviews of the zine, if not direct comments.

Your description of the differences in effectiveness between the phonics and word-recognition systems is excellent.

And I'd be interested to see your exegesis of "The Truth about Cinderella," to see if you caught all the references. Some of them were to sources other than mythology.

OUTSIDERS 50: Wrai Ballard

I've just realized that even as a kid I never had a fantasy world. We played a lot of games involving imagination, but they were all on fairly standard cops-and-robbers or western bases, or on occasions Superman/Captain Marvel stuff, with towels used as capes, etc. I'd suspect this indicates a basic lack of originality and creativity in me, except for the fact that from the time I was quite young -- 7 or 8 years old -- I was studying cartooning and then writing.

This leads me off onto a sidetrack thinking about creativity and neuroticism. It seems to me that one of the planks in the Coventry-and-other-fantasy-worlds platform/rationale is that the creative person is just naturally neurotic to some extent or he'd never have the motivation to imagine unreal characters, places, situations, etc. for his stories. In particular, the Coventrians have pointed to Branwell Bronte as the creator of an elaborate fantasy world, apparently with pride. But Branwell Bronte was a third-rate artist whose life was exceedingly unhappy, and I certainly hope the Coventrians don't intend to emulate his life. I think Bronte was a good example of the syndrome traced by Kubie in NEUROTIC DISTORTION AND THE CREATIVE PROCESS: i.e., neuroticism is not a precondition for creativity, but on the contrary it works against it. Effective creativity necessitates control of the process, and neuroticism undermines this control -- and inhibits true creativity too, I think. I know, from my own experience, that I've written my best stuff during good periods of my life, and during periods when I've felt insecure I've had a lot of trouble doing any writing at all, let alone good writing.

Does the foregoing make it sound as though I consider the Coventranian business essentially neurotic? I hope so.

I remember The Open Road For Boys. When I was 8 or 9 or so my family and I were visiting friends in a small town near Mount Shasta, California. We were there for a week, and I discovered a whole cache of Open Roads collected by my second-cousin, who's five years older than me. I read them avidly, and since this was during my cartooning period I was particularly fascinated by their cartoon contests. Remember them? They'd print a cartoon in which a character was in a peck o' trouble, and the readers were to send in cartoons showing how they got out of the trouble -- winners got \$25 or so. I did up answers to a lot of those problem-cartoons (conveniently ignoring the fact that most of the issues were a couple of years old, and thus the contests out of date). The only one I remember was the one in which a caveman was menaced by a huge bear, a saber-toothed tiger, and a huge boulder bouncing down the hill right towards him. My solution had the boulder missing him, conking both the bear and tiger on the head, and bouncing off -- I drew a smiling face on the boulder and had it saying, "I was a bouncing baby!" Pretty bad, eh?

I'd like to see a collection of THE BEST FROM SAPS. I don't suppose Eney would want to tackle another such project right now, but either Lichtman or Pelz should be able to do a fine job if they wanted.

MEANWHILE: John Foyster

Your tracing of the movement of literature from gods to giants to the common man is interesting, and valid to a large extent -- but it's full of holes, as generalizations must be. One of the most important holes is that you ignore the fact that the first novels were about common people rather than gods or even giants. PAMELA is generally considered the first novel in the strict sense, and it's definitely a story of a commoner. JOSEPH ANDREWS was another early one, and the same applies here. Even DON QUIXOTE, which is either one of the last of the epics or one of the first novels, is oriented much more towards realism than heroism -- it is, in fact, a satire on heroes (as is JOSEPH ANDREWS to a large extent).

I definitely do not buy your suggestion that Antonioni's characters are giants rather than common people just because "they represent 'La Condition Humaine'." It's absolutely standard in serious writing to use the protagonist to represent all humanity, and this definitely includes the writers of realism.

I think the general movement towards realism and the "common man" in fiction can be attributed to two prime causes. First, as literacy has become more and more widespread and "common men" have become the majority of any book's readership, there's been more and more necessity to come up with characters with whom these readers could identify. Second, sociopolitical conditions in western culture have been changing rapidly particularly during the last half-century or so, so that these days there isn't the immense gulf that once existed between the "common man" and the aristocracy -- thus the average person can feel somewhat more importance in his own life. The emphasis is now placed on the person rather than his station in life, whereas, say, a hundred years ago there was a heavy tendency towards the kind of thinking that said only the higher classes led lives that had any meaning.

(I don't want to overstate this position -- there's still a wide gulf between the average laborer and the rich man -- but it's mostly these days a gulf in their stations--rather than their feelings of their own worth.)

I was mildly gassed by your excuse for not putting out a bigger SAPSzine this time: "I have almost nothing to do till February. And I'll be damned if I'm going to spend my good, free time writing or publishing a long SA'Szine." That's a twist, and an ingenious one!

RESIN 12: Norm Metcalf

To be specific, "Christopher Anvil" is Harry C. Crosby, Jr. He lives in upstate New York, and I think he had more than one story published under his own name.

SPELEOBEM 18: Bruce Pelz

Is that heading for the Leiber article by Howard Miller?

Getting Madeleine's trip report was a brilliant coup. A few comments on this first installment, which was very good, of course: It was I who suggested that Walt go with Eney while Madeleine went with us, and bighod I want credit for this particular bit of Solomonizing. The actual mixup about who was to meet the Willises must be laid at the Shaws' door: they had originally delegated Ted White to meet them at the airport and bring them back to the Shaws' place. The feud between Shaws and Ted then began growing under the surface (Ted didn't know anything of it, nor did I, until the day the Willises arrived) and apparently the Shaws sent Eney off to do the job instead. However, they didn't tell Ted of this, even when he talked with them the night before. It's not surprising, then, that there were two delegations to pick up the Willises at the airport. The contention that "the New York group" (who's that?) had "agreed not to invite (the Willises) to any private parties so that there would be no jealousy" is utter nonsense: the schedule of parties at the Wollheims' didn't call for open parties by any means, and the way Ethel Lindsay was kept under wraps during almost her entire stay in New York further negates the thesis. (I hear Ethel was puzzled and somewhat upset at not getting to meet more of the New York fans, by the way.)

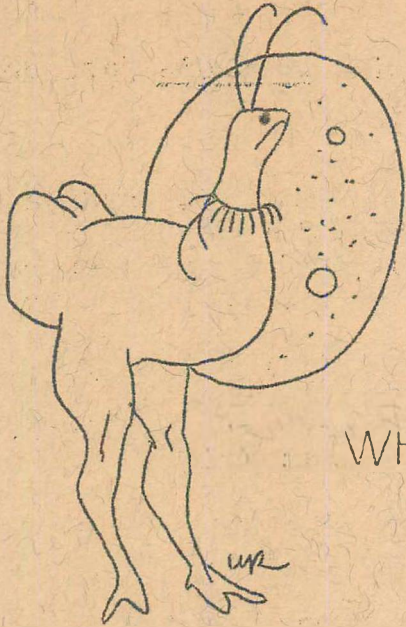
It's Henry Dupree, not Walter.

SAPSites I Have Met: 24 of the 36 members (all but L. Anderson, Armistead, Ballard, Berry, Eklund, Foyster, Girard, Hulan, Patten, N. Rapp, Schultz, and Smith) for 67%. Both Invitees. 6 of the 13 Wlers.

DEPT. OF UNABASHED EGOBOO

I most enjoyed:

- 1) "Fafhrd and Me" by Fritz Leiber in SPELEOBEM 18.
- 2) "The Harp That Once or Twice" by Willis in WARHOON 18.
- 3) "Fellini's Inferno" by Robert Lowndes in WARHOON 18.
- 4) "Fen Den Freude" by Karen Anderson & WBreen in THE ZED 802.
- 5) "If You'd Only Listened To Us..." by Fred Patten in MISTILY MEANDERING 3.
- 6) "The Identification of Leif Eiriksson's Vinland" by Norm Metcalf in RESIN 12.
- 7) "The DistAWF Side" by Madeleine Willis in SPELEOBEM 18.
- 8) "The Fifth Column" by Walter Breen in WARHOON 18.



I suppose it's time for a new rationale for this column's title, and the one which pleases me best is this: Why should I join SAPS when this form of vicarious membership is more easily available? And more enjoyable...

SPELEOBEM 18: Bruce Pelz

I haven't seen enough of Art Rapp's recent material to know about him, but as far as I'm concerned Tuck-

WHY I WON'T JOIN SAPS

mailing comments by ted white

er and Boggs are still turning out "great stuff." There may be less of it, but, barring an occasional letter which may get printed, their stuff still has that finely honed quality which I admire.

Terry has caught most of the errors in Madeleine's report (which I hope we'll be seeing further instalments of), but I do have a couple of comments. She says, "I wonder where Ted had intended to take us," and the answer was, exactly where Eney had intended to take them: Staten Island. Noreen, in a burst of fannish humor, had sent both Eney and myself to pick up the Willises and take them to Staten Island for dinner, to which I too had been invited. As I understood it (and considering the multilevel faction-splitting going on which I wasn't aware of at the time, it is entirely likely that I was wrong in this), the Wollheims made their dinner offer at the last minute and it had not been planned. The meal was made up of several different meats (which I enjoyed), which makes me think they hadn't planned on one and had simply gotten out what they had. The plane had been delayed by a couple of hours, of course, and had the Willises gone straight out to the Shaws they'd not have gotten there until after 9:00 pm--too late for Noreen to have a big dinner. I thought the Wollheims did the best possible thing, smoothing over the impending breach caused by Noreen sending two delegations, and all like that, and the conflict over dinner dates for the following night upset me considerably.

I am shocked at the revelation that the Shaws had sent a cable warning against my dinner invitation. And, like Terry, I knew nothing of any agreement against "private parties."

On the whole, though, I hope this sudden resurgence of the old New York spirit did not dampen the Willises enjoyment of their stay too much.

RETRO 27: F.M. Busby

I enjoy well-done space-opera. I enjoy AMAZING best of all the current stfzines. I think Keith Laumer is keen. But I trust this has not so dented my semi-objective critical senses to the point where I cannot make allowances for my biases as say "I dug X more than Y but Y is the better book." I think F&SF is better than AMAZING.

I have no gimlet eye. In fact, I'm a notoriously sloppy researcher. And when zines are separated by the passage of months and appear (for me) in different contexts, I often miss cross-references.

MISTILY MEANDERING #3: Fred Patten

You played "Bill's jazz collection"? Bill Donaho's jazz collection? You're kidding.

COLLECTOR: Howard Devore

Congratulations on the Hudson. I once owned a 1949 Hudson and was very pleased with it. It's always been my ambition to pull an Alger and buy up old Hudsons of about that vintage and rebuild and keep running at least one of them. But I'm afraid I'm short on storage space around here.

Ask anyone who helped me move from the Village how many boxes of magazines, books and records I had. Several trailer-loads. I had over fifty pear-boxes full of books, magazines, comics and fanzines, plus any number of cartons. The pear-boxes are great: paint them black and they stack up into a nice set of shelves.

\$25.00 is pretty good money for the sale of a short story to an anthology. It's not niggardly at all. I've heard of people getting as little as \$5.00 or \$10.00.

(I'm writing to space; having only this stencil and one more to use, so I'm afraid I'm getting pretty terse in my comments. Oh well.)

RESIN #12: Norm Metcalf

You miss the whole point of advanced cover dates. They aren't there because the publisher thinks they look nice; they're there because they are what the distributor goes by. The date on the cover is the date they go off sale--theoretically. Of course some publishers have pushed their dates further ahead in order to glean an extra sales period upon occasion...

OUTSIDERS 50: Wrai Ballard

Well now, let's see... I started reading SAPS mailings with about mailing 30--back when Grennell and McCain among others were members. I recall McCain resigning, in fact. At that time I was reading Good Ol' Robert Glenn Briggs' copies.

Then there was a slight hiatus until Jack Harness moved to DC, whereupon I read his mailings. I recall some young upstarts named Pemberton or something had just joined, and a guy named Toskey was coming on pretty strong. In fact, he, and some others, came on so strongly that I had a powerful urge to make some comment on the fact and somewhere around 1956 or 57 this column was born.

I wonder if maybe I'm the oldest illegitimate "member" of SAPS?

NIFLHEIM 2: Dave Hulan

Back in the days when the Wormwood Scrubs met nearly every night at the Elmwood in Washington DC, we used to play and discuss cards incessantly. The nucleus of our group were Harness, Phil Castora, Bob Burleson and myself--the three of them at various times all living in the Wormwood itself, and I commuting from nearby Falls Church. We invented countless varieties of Hearts (including one played with both a regular and a pinochle deck--this when there were more of us--three queens of spades could be deadly) and a variation on "500" called Triple Whammy.

But these days the only thing people around here play is Risk.

Apparently you aren't aware that Lancer books is owned by the same fellow--Irwin Stein--who used to publish INFINITY. Larry Shaw produced at least the first two, and probably the first four of Lancer's SF Library titles before he went to join Regency in Chicago. The latest title, Asimov's STARS LIKE DUST, has a better binding, too. (As Terry pointed out, Lancer is not a sex-book house, either.)

Yes, there is a George Jennings. George was a Dallas fan who entered fandom via (I think) EC fandom in the mid-fifties, along with quite a group of other Dallas fans who followed after Mike May and his EPITOME. George published several so-so issues of, I think, TACITUM, joined the Cult, and gafiated. In 1959 he re-entered fandom, began publishing SPECTRUM, a superior fanzine, and rejoined the Cult. However, college gave out, he began working for a radio station, and more or less had fafiated by 1961.

GLORY ROAD is entirely separate from PODKAYNE OF MARS. The latter was rejected by F&SF (it's about Heinlein's least significant work in the last fifteen years) and the former not only accepted but scheduled to begin appearing this summer (July issue, I believe).

I suppose this is as good a place as any to throw in the fact that I'm now first reader for F&SF. It's strictly part-time work, and it means I'm the one who sifts through the slush pile, but it has its rewarding moments.

SPY RAY: Richard Eney

You'll find Warner's two articles (on copyright and libel) in VOID (pause for dying laughter)...probably issues 13 and 15, if memory serves.

YEZIDEE #2: Dian Girard

It's strange to encounter a catty remark such as "...you live in New York don't you? Anything would smell better" coming from a resident of The Home of Smog. Cast the beam from thine eye...I can handle my mote fine.

Your "stencil" didn't go to pieces despite the underlining... but then, it couldn't. It's a master. (The difference is easy: a stencil must have openings for ink to pass through; a master acts as a plate and reproduces an image from the same side it appears on. This applies to a wider range of printing techniques than simply mimeo and ditto, of course.)

FLABBERGASTING #24: Burnett Toskey

Phillips is one of the biggest labels in the world--it's just that until recently they didn't release in this country on their own label. The Phillips concern makes Norelco brand electrical stuff too... it's a Dutch based company.

Urania is a dead or inactive label. Any stuff you see on it is clearance stock. Period is pretty dead, too. And MGM dropped its classical catalogue entirely (a pity; they had some very good out-of-the-way stuff).

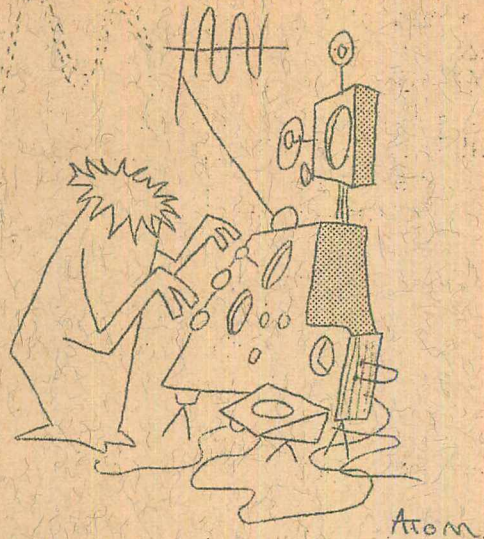
Mathematical ability runs in my line too. My maternal grandfather was a mathematician, and both his sons were (are) mathematically-oriented engineers (working for Westinghouse and Union Carbon & Carbide, respectively, in pretty important positions). I was strong on math until my senior year in highschool, scoring straight A's and have a strong interest in and liking for math. Then, suddenly, I lost all interest and affinity. I dunno why.

Good luck with your fungus.

CASINO ROYALE is the very first James Bond book. It is pretty much the least significant. Try MOONRAKER or FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE for the pre-"funny" James Bond. Bond is killed at the end of the latter, but was obviously too popular to stay that way, and it was when he was ressurected that Flemming stopped taking the series seriously and began naming lesbians "Pussy Galore" and like that. Foosh. Anyway, read the new one, ALLIGATOR. It's a gas.

-Ted White

a letter from redd boggs



REDD BOGGS, 444 South Burlington, Los Angeles 57, California

I suppose I'd better write a letter of comment on HOBGOBLIN #9 because I have just read the issue and discovered that my letter was the only thing therein worth reading.

This isn't entirely true, of course -- only mostly true. And I'm forced to say it because it is in keeping with my new image. Yes, like Ted White of some time back, I have a new image. I'm not sure how to describe mine. Offhand I'd say my new image was that of an overbearing nincompoop. But I was told, not long ago, in all seriousness, that I should be less "humble" about my "BNFship" and only this afternoon I finally realized that this advice was not only reasonable but absolutely excellent. I phoned Gail Daniels and happened to mention that Lee Jacobs damn near succeeded in getting me drunk Sunday night on 16 quarts of beer guzzled on an empty stomach. She remarked, "I'd like to see you drunk." That is one of the most damning statements anybody ever made about me. It's time for a change.

"The Truth About Cinderella" was -- remember my new image -- about as interesting as Dick Eney's "land of Akrea" material in STUPEFYING STORIES #57.

Well, I suppose I'll have to admit that Ted's comments were excellent, especially the ones about Miller, but most of my remarks are inspired by my own letter in "Hob Gabblin'" (oh my god, that's a title worthy of Ray Higgs).

Scott Meredith? I was over at Jim Harmon's the other day, sleepily reading a Jack Vance short story (in my capacity of literary editor of Nova SF) while listening to Harmon chitter-chatter with Tom Scortia on the phone. Suddenly I heard Harmon remark, "Well, Scott Meredith is sort of a semi-legendary figure, like Betty Crocker." I thought this was sort of funny. If you don't, you must admit that I dropped names like mad in this paragraph.

⚡(The barbs on the Cinderella article and the former "Hob Gabblin'" title were lovely, and I'm sure you'll go far with your new image. As for Scott Meredith, he is sort of semi-legendary, and in fact when I first went to work for the agency I wasn't absolutely sure he existed. It was over a week before I met him, though each morning I'd find a little note on my desk from him about some aspect of the work done the day before or the stuff to be done that day. He does exist, though. -tc)⚡