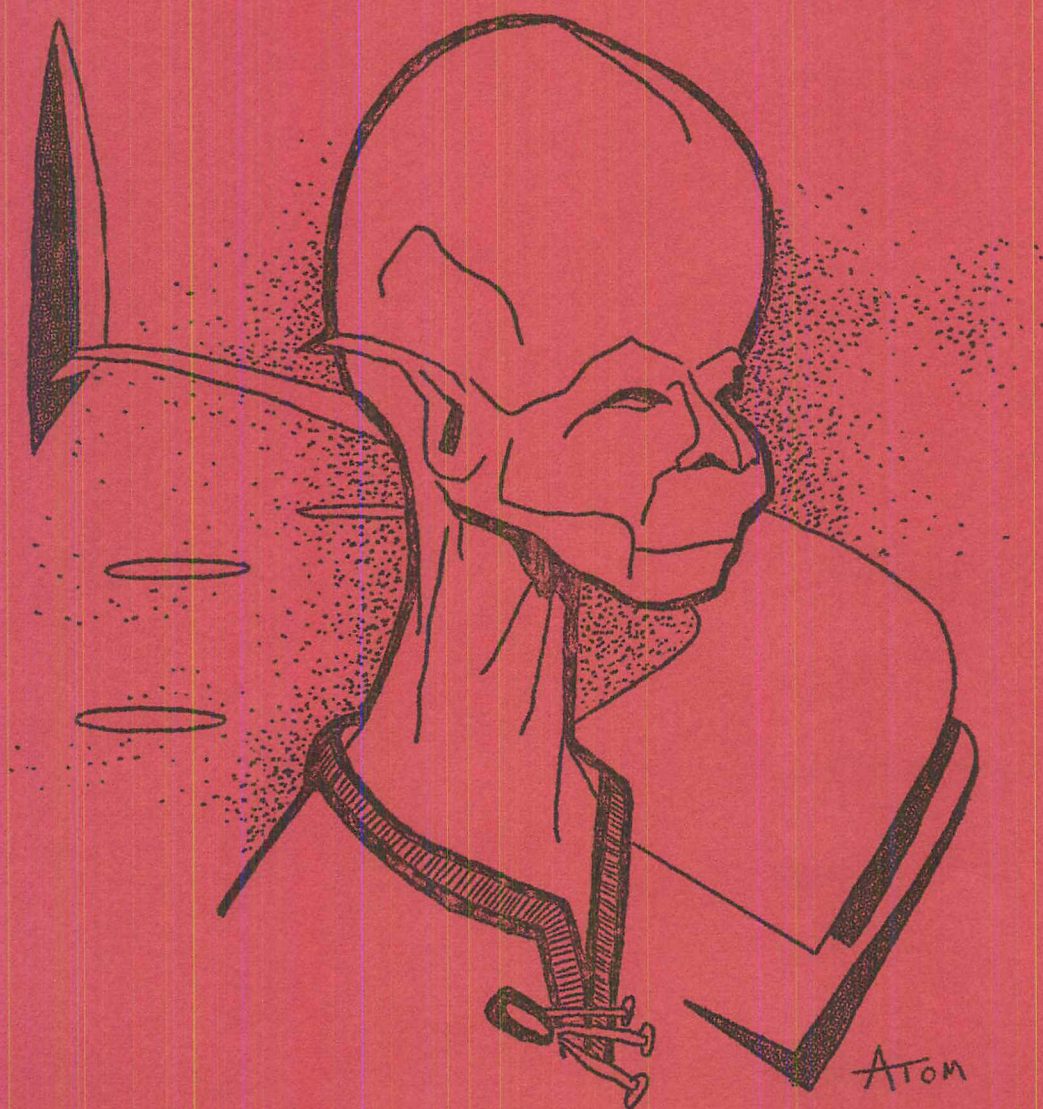


# hobgoblin 13









# HOBGOBLIN 13



HOBGOBLIN #13 is edited and published by Terry Carr, 41 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11201, for inclusion in the July 1964 SAPS mailing. A limited number of extra copies are available for fans outside SAPS, for trade, letters of comment, etc.

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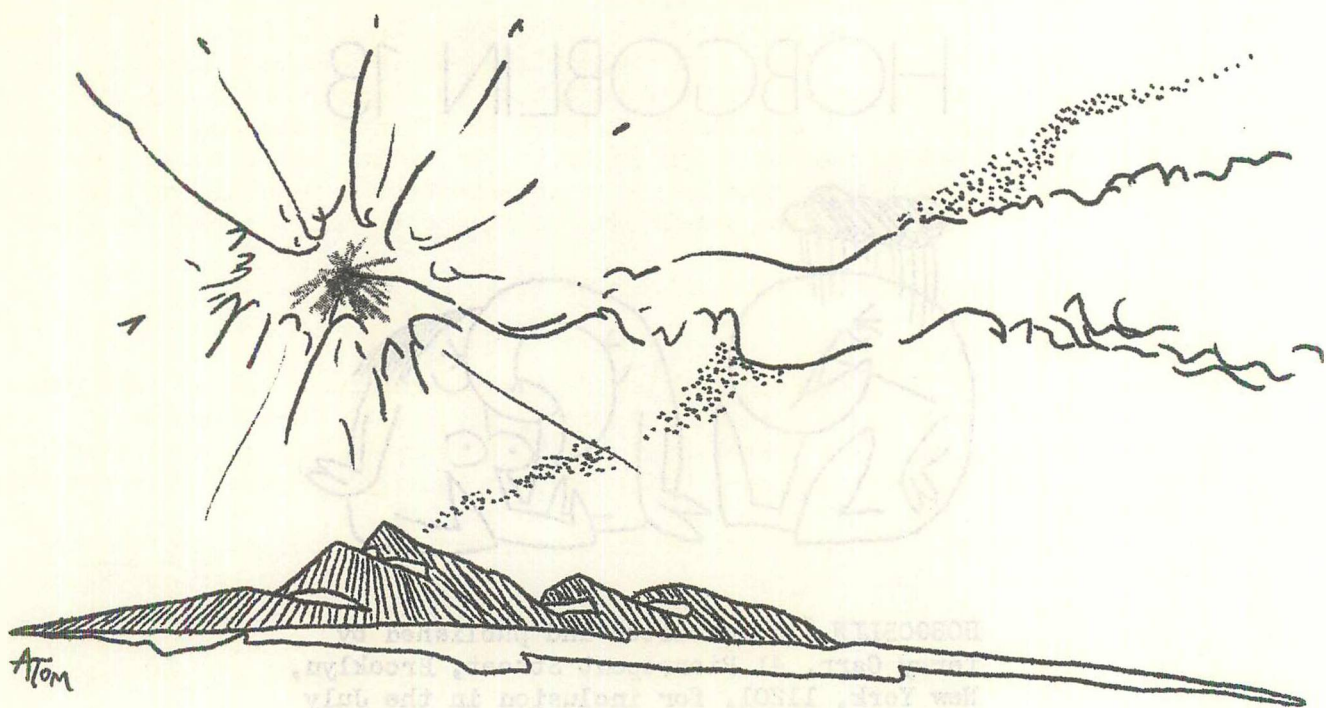
## FANSPRACH

When last I published a HOBGOBLIN, I was working for Scott Meredith Literary Agency, a job which entailed reading clients' manuscripts, handling a lot of the agency's correspondence with clients and potential clients, handling the submissions of material by a specified list of SMIA clients, arguing with editors when necessary and with authors when unavoidable, and other miscellaneous duties which were constantly coming up. I had held that job for a year and a half, and during that time there had never been, as the saying goes, a single dull moment. The job involved a lot of pressure and a lot of unpredictability; it was, in its way, fascinating and valuable to me in forcing me to learn a lot about the publishing business. However, since there was always so much needing to be done at the office, there was seldom time to read clients' scripts there and I had to do that on my own time, at home. This is a situation which is not exactly unknown in various branches of the publishing business, but it did cut heavily into my free time and thus into the time I could devote to fan and pro writing of my own.

So when Don Wollheim called me about an opening for Associate Editor at Ace Books, where there would be no work at home necessary, I jumped. We met for lunch and discussed matters like duties and salary and quickly came to an agreement. I've always wanted to get into editing anyway, and the prospect of working for a house which is so active in the s-f field was particularly attractive. I gave Scott my resignation that afternoon, and after all sorts of goings-on too painful to relate in detail (they included the necessity of turning down a very substantial raise if I'd stay, and that hurt) I moved to an office at Ace Books, where I'm dealing primarily with science fiction, and enjoying it immensely.

Anybody there have a swell science fiction novel which will rock the s-f world on its heels? We'd love to pay you some money for it.





## SAPS MENTAL HORIZONS

SPACEWARP 78: Art Rapp

I don't know any people who want more education but are unable to get it for economic reasons, but that doesn't prove much. Bear in mind that virtually all fans are middleclass types, not lower class where the economic problems really cut deeply. Most fans don't know people in the lower classes, either -- in fact, they have a well-known aversion for The Great Unwashed. It would be about as apropos to ask how many people we know who've been refused service in restaurants because of their race -- how many fans are friendly with Negroes on a regular social basis? Yet racial discrimination unquestionably exists, and so does economic deprivation. When we get a migrant worker in SAPS, or a Pennsylvania coal miner... But we won't, of course, because fandom is a hobby which takes a certain amount of money and free time. People who must use all their time just to get money to live somehow don't get into fandom. (And by and large, those in fandom who have little money are in that position because they prefer not to do the conforming required in most decently paying jobs. Or, in a lot of cases, actually because they just don't want to do the work. Economic deprivation per se is seldom a factor in fandom.)

Gad, do you mean it snows in Italy? But I've always had this idyllic picture in my mind of happy olive-skinned people singing Volare by the shores of the sunlit Mediterranean. You must be mistaken, sir.

"I wonder if making it legal will take all the fun out of life for the Burton-Taylor pair?" Well, I dunno about that, but apparently they expected it to take the fun out of the sensation-seeking fans. Burton has, as you know, been appearing on Broadway in Hamlet, and it seems that every night after the play thousands of people crowd the streets outside to see Liz drive him home. Burton is reputed to have said in amazement, "But I thought they'd lose interest after we were married. I mean, the illicit element's gone." No such luck, though; the crowds still queue up. The night we saw the play it took us ten minutes to get from the theater door to the corner half a block away, and that only with the help of mounted policemen. I found the crowds a bit appalling, but interesting. I've read about how thousands



of people mob movie stars, and have always had this mental picture of screaming, surging crowds of fanatics. The people there that night, though, were quiet for the most part, and perfectly calm. They just seemed like people who were standing around waiting for something more or less interesting to happen, and I had the feeling that half of them were there simply because they'd seen the crowd and had stopped to see what it was all about. I'm beginning to wonder about those journalists' word-pictures of weeping and wailing mobs at Valentino's funeral, or Marilyn Monroe's, etc. Maybe they were all just trying to find out what the rest of the people were there for.

The cartoons on the back were funny. More?

THE ZED 807: Karen Anderson

I got several copies of that crackpot letter from John Kumler too -- like you, o/o F&SF. Some of the copies were addressed to me, several to Carl Brandon. I didn't get any, though, when Ted White and I had that story in If, so does this mean Kumler feels F&SF writers are best suited to his message? (Maybe it's a subtle form of criticism.)

I hear from the people at W. W. Norton that Ballantine has bought A Clockwork Orange, along with some other Burgess titles. I have a copy of the hardcover, but haven't read it yet. It sounds fascinating, though. (Carol's read it, and since she knows a bit of Russian she made up a list of terms and translations. But she says there's no point in publishing it, since anyone should be able to get the meanings from context when reading the book.)

THE PINK PLATYPUS, THE GREEN GIRAFFE, AND THE POLKA-DOTTED PANDA 5: Tom Armistead

I note that you, like several other fans lately, have taken up quoting Andy Main sayings -- "Gass Out Of My Mind," etc. I approve of this. We here in New York were as usual somewhat ahead of the herd, of course, having taken up the quoting of Mr. Main a couple of years ago. In fact, we threw over the practice of quoting Charles Burbee for the pleasures of neomainspeak, and when the Willises got here expecting us to burble, "Fifty pianos, that's not too many" and "You may be right, Meyer" and so on, they heard instead, "You betchum, Red Ryder" and "That sure is a true thing there, boy."

One thing which from time to time disenchants me with fans is their penchant for tossing the word "love" around so blithely that it often loses all its meaning. Fannish relationships on paper are usually pretty shallow, a sharing of intellectual interests primarily, and even when fans in private correspondence discuss emotional matters which are really important to them they're usually intellectualized and rationalized, so that considerably less than the true personality of the writer comes through. Yet fans who have never met each other claim that they hold a true brotherly love for each other. Seems to me it's mostly just a product of fans' introversion seeking "safe" contact through the much less demanding paper relationship, together with an idealism born of insufficient experience in truly emotional relationships. I don't believe you can really love someone you know only through the printed page, and rarely through correspondence only, since you can't really know them.

SAPTERRANEAN 10: Walter Breen

I changed the names to "Edgar Barf" and "Lorna Brick" in that conrep anecdote not so much out of consideration for the girl involved as for the guy, who was quite hung-up over her at the con and whose actions as a result were probably embarrassing to him in retrospect. I happen to like the guy and didn't want to leak his name, that's all.

The bygone SAPSzine title S--- meant a different thing each issue. The first issue it meant SAPS, but the second issue it was SOUL, and I forget what it was later.

SPELEOBEM 23: Bruce Pelz

"...any organization which retains (Walter Breen) as a member without protest



may put itself in jeopardy." Of what, Bruce? That's one thing I just haven't been able to begin to understand in all the recent fooforah: the apparent fear that some people have of belonging to a correspondence and publishing organization along with someone who's been accused of illegal sexual practices. Even if Breen had been legally tried and convicted (which, as you know, isn't the case: the Berkeley police have closed the investigation without any sort of legal charge), what relevance would this have to SAPS? You mean maybe SAPS members' names would appear on police watchlists or something? Then why haven't you complained about the FAPA membership of Dick and Pat Ellington, who have been and are now officials of the IWW, an organization on the Attorney General's list? I'm not asking this as a matter of argument; I'm honestly puzzled by the apparent nonsensicality of your views.

I agree completely with your thinking on TOFF, that an Australian or New Zealand fan should stand for a US-bound trip. When/if the time comes, I'd like to see John Baxter nominated. He's impressed me as one of the most intelligent and communicative fans to come along in years, and I for one would love to meet him. Another nominee might be Bruce Burn, whose THE WANDERING GHU, a report on his trip from Down Under to England a few years ago was one of the very best fanish tripreports I've yet read. He's had a lot of other good material in OMPA, too. Unfortunately, he seems to have called down wrath upon his head recently by some startlingly sharp remarks about Ella Parker, so perhaps he couldn't garner much support. Somehow, though, I'd love to meet anybody with nerve enough to call Ella a "poorly dressed, homely, middle-aged woman" -- and, come to think of it, could Wally Weber have won TAFF if he hadn't called her a stupid clod of a woman?

Madeleine's trip report continues to be enjoyable. I was brought up short when she wrote of the bus "going round hair-unpinning bends." The expression in the US, as far as I know, is "hairpin turns," just the opposite. Both make sense, each for a different reason, but I wonder if one's a corruption of the other or if they evolved independently.

FLABBERGASTING 30: Burnett R. Toskey

You steer away from movies about Lesbianism, yet you loved Blood and Roses? But Lesbianity was a very strong theme in B&R, or at least it was in the version I saw. Seems to me I read somewhere recently that the version of B&R shown in Europe had the Lesbian theme but that it was excised from the one shown in the US. Well, it was certainly still there when I saw it in New York a couple of years ago, and I don't really see how it could have been taken out completely, since it was a basic part of the love/hate theme of the movie.

I agree with you to some extent on sf covers: I've never thought too much of Rogers' ASF covers either, and I remember Robert Gibson Jones' paintings fondly. Not only the ones featuring sexy wimmen with long hair flowing about their bodies, but also those back covers he did for Other Worlds of exotic alien-world scenes. I never thought that much of either McCauley or Bergey, though. How about Malcolm Smith? -- his interplanetary covers in the late forties were often excellently garish. Somehow, when the pulp-sized magazines disappeared and he had to work in digest-sized format, the spark seemed to go out of him.

As for the Ballantine covers for Burroughs' books, did you know that all the Tarzan covers are by Richard Powers? He's been using quite a different style there from his usual one. I once saw a circular, by the way, which Ballantine sent around to their distributors touting the claimed superiority of Ballantine's Burroughs covers over those on the Ace editions. Ace's, they claimed, were "lacking in taste, aimed at monster fans only," whereas Ballantine's had the dignity which they presumably felt Edgar Rice Burroughs fans wanted. Oh well.

There have been several daily fanzines for short periods, yes, but I remember that back in the early fifties Boob Stewart and I were discussing a fanzine to be published every fifteen minutes. It was one of those Great Ideas of Western Fan which are good for some amusing discussion. We figured that each issue would be one page long, the page being half-lettersize and consisting largely of the regular colophon. One of us could write it while the other ran off the previous issue, then we'd switch. (No provision was ever made for mailing, in our plans -- we knew the



Post Office would deliver them all a month and a half later anyway.) We imagined such lines as, "The only fanzine whose schedule is marked by an egg-timer!" and "Sorry this issue is a little late, folks: I had to go to the bathroom." Eventually the fanzine would fold, we decided, when we could no longer stave off sleep: "We regret to announce that this is the last issue of this fanzine. I'm going to bed."

Of course we never published an issue of that fanzine; that would have taken all the fun out of it.

The movie Cleopatra hasn't been particularly controversial in critical opinion, Tosk: virtually all the reviews panned it. I enjoyed it quite a bit, but that's because I'm a nut on ancient Egypt and the sets were great. I'm somewhat appalled to see that you thought Elizabeth Taylor's performance was good -- the part called for grace and grandeur, and she had about as much of either quality as a fishwife.

#### THE WILD COLONIAL BOY 5: John Foyster

I frankly don't understand why you bother publishing most of the contents of "703"'s letters, nor why you conceal his name. Who is he? What's the big secret? Well, anyway, I did like his suggestions for D-art -- marvellously sick humor. I expect that whole bit could be developed into an article which The Realist would love to print.

Pete Graham works in the same office as a fellow who's part of a theater group which periodically presents "happenings," and Pete told me a month or so ago he was invited to one. "What's going to happen at this happening?" I asked. "Well, I don't know," said Pete. "That's the whole point of a happening -- the audience doesn't know what to expect. Even the people putting it on don't know exactly how the whole thing will turn out -- it depends on the audience's reactions." "Well, don't you even have a clue?" I asked. Pete paused, and licked his lips nervously. "Well, sort of. I've noticed for the past several weeks that my friend has been collecting coffee scoops."

After the happening, I asked Pete what had occurred, but he just shook his head and muttered that you had to have been there. He seemed to have a haunted expression.

I had a swell idea awhile ago which I'm sure would make me rich if I could get some backing. It all has to do with the current fad for pop art, and the fad a few years ago for poetry readings with jazz accompaniment. My idea, see, is to get up on stage (Carnegie Hall would do) and read aloud from comic books, while The Beatles sing behind me. It should wow 'em. Maybe for a final happening-like fillip I could end the performance by throwing hundreds of coffee scoops at the audience.

#### THE WILD COLONIAL BOY 7: John Foyster

I'm against censorship too, but unfortunately you're wrong in claiming that "No man has ever shown that the reading of a book has led directly to the commission of a crime." On the contrary, censorship types will gaily quote you all sorts of gory stories about murderers, rapists and so on who told police that they "got the idea from a book". And even where books haven't led directly to crimes, it's undeniable that books do a lot to form people's opinions and characters -- as Fritz Leiber and others have pointed out, reading books is part of our life-experience.

I don't see any point in trying to argue against censorship by denying that books can influence people, because they can, and do. The question is, though, whether an atmosphere of censorship isn't in itself more harmful than the effects of the books censored. Not only because the forbidden is always more sweet and sought after, but also because censorship is an anti-freedom factor which inhibits the healthy development of the individual. And, of course, who decides what is to be censored, and who watches the watchers?

#### OUTSIDERS 55: Wrai Ballard

That bit about envelopes with delicious peppermint glue on the flaps causing you to be more prompt in your correspondence brought to mind the recent practice of glue-sniffing, which is supposed to be a great kick. If, say, the N3F were to issue to the members of its round-robin chains supplies of envelopes with the proper kind of glue, then they might have some very active round-robins going...with some rather



wild discussions, too. Eventually, fandom might become a goddam habit.

Whoever "K.L." may be (and I'm pretty sure I know), he or she is very far from being a coherent writer. Worse, heesh isn't a coherent thinker, either, and I find the "K.L." material disturbing, because I have a feeling this isn't simply the incoherence of a low I.Q. but something far more serious. I hope I'm wrong.

#### IBEX 2: Jack Chalker

The Burroughs Bibliophobes is a very amusing idea. If you're really serious about it, I'd like to see a copy of THE BULLETIN OF THE JOHN CARTER LYNCHING SOCIETY. I have a certain professional interest, of course, since I'm now Associate Editor at Ace Books, and though we don't currently have any further ERB books scheduled, perhaps if we do more we could run excerpts from reviews by your group. Instead of splashing, "TREMENDOUS!"--Richard Lupoff or "GREAT S-F ADVENTURE!"--Burroughs Bibliophiles across the cover, we could run something like, "BEARABLE"--Burroughs Bibliophobes.

I know what SMOF stands for, but I've been sworn to secrecy. If you think about it awhile, though, chances are you could figure it out. In a way, it reminds me of the time when all fandom was trying to figure out what the hell FIJAGH meant. That was when Dick and Pat Ellington were first publishing their fanzine of that title, and claiming that any true fan ought to be able to figure out the initialese. It drove both me and Ron Ellick, among others, crazy, and when Ron left Berkeley to attend the Midwescon in 1958, where the Ellingtons were also to be in attendance, I charged him with the mission of finding out what it meant. Two weeks later he returned, and I said, "Well, did you find out what FIJAGH means?" He smiled. "Yes, I did." "Well, what does it mean, then?" I asked. Ron opened his mouth, then hesitated as a startled expression crossed his face. He frowned. "I forget," he said, and grinned squirrelishly.

#### POT POURRI 33: John Berry

When you say, "he has written two spy stories which are the antithesis of authenticity and wit," don't you mean they're the embodiment of or the ultimate in authenticity and wit?

Please excuse that nitpick; it's merely my way of exorcising a similar mistake I made years ago. In one of my early Fapazines, while complaining about all the stuff in FAPA which had nothing to do with science fiction, I wrote, "There's a dearth of nonfannish material in FAPA," and Redd Boggs or somebody like that commented next mailing, "Don't you mean there's a lack of a dearth?" I don't know why, but that particular goof has made me feel silly every time I've remembered it since.

Actually, John, as far as I've seen most fans are either blasé about rockets and satellites and such or are actually bored by them. We've been reading about these things for so long that they're commonplace to us now, totally lacking the sense of wonder of anything new, and besides that the fact is much less exciting and romantic than was the fiction. It's all muddled up with propagandistic press releases, astronauts who seem to have been chosen largely by how All-American they'll look on the cover of Life, and petty political maneuvering. Where are the steely-eyed, daring spacemen of yesterday's pulps, who rode their spaceships into the cold and lonely starways and set the ships down on uncharted planets by the seat of their pants?

#### DIE WIS 12: Dick Schultz

The View From The Savoy Hotel is remarkably well done. I haven't read much of Jack London, but the style seems authentic to me, and the whole thing seems quite vivid. Is this an outgrowth of the Postal Diplomacy craze? If so, then Diplomacy has my vote as Worthwhile.

#### SPY RAY: Dick Eney

The discussion of heraldry was interesting and informative. It does offer all sorts of opportunities for fan humor and ingenuity. Why don't you work up a suggested coat-of-arms for each SAPS member?



RETRO 32: F. M. Busby

God yes, people with transistor radios blaring in the streets, on subways, at beaches, etc. etc. are one of my pet peeves. I've also seen them out in the middle of the country somewhere, where presumably people go to commune with nature and all like that, but by god there's this tinny radio blating about Sam's Used Car Lot in between records. Now, when I am dictator...

MEST 16: Ted Johnstone

I know that Pacoima is in California; I threw it in as a gag. It's a name which has always amused me in itself, and besides, as you say, it was a good way of indicating just how lost that bus driver had been. (Another of my favorite town-names, by the way, is Pahrump, which is in the Bay Area, somewhere around Rodeo. I note that in recent years it's apparently entered teentalk as a sort of synonym for Nowheresville -- it was spelled "Parumpf" in a recent Life -- but as far as I know it was Dave Rike who discovered it to the western world back about 1950.)

That Audio Fidelity recording of ionosphere static and earthquakes sounds like a gas out of my mind, as Charles Burbee would say. Another one I've seen in record stores lately, which is probably a bit less aesthetic, is something like "Sounds of Garbage Trucks". Honest. When I told Pete Graham about it, he commented that it would be the perfect record with which to test your hifi rig, because everybody is intimately familiar with the goddam noise of a garbage truck outside his window in the morning, and the sounds are engraved on everyone's subconscious.

MISTILY MEANDERING: Fred Patten

Your coverage of some of the political ups and downs of Central American nations reminded me of some of the stories a friend of mine has been telling me about revolutions in Guatamala. He worked down there in a hospital or something several years ago, and heard these stories from a then-government-official. It seems there was a people's revolution going on, gathering its forces in the provinces to march on Guatamala City. The incumbent government called out volunteers, and they all were stationed in a field outside the city, along the line of march of the rebel army. Communications not being too great, they didn't know just how long it would take the rebels to get there, and as it happened it was several days, during which the defending army camped in the field without toilet facilities, crowded and stinking. The field was a mess by the time the rebels got near. Then one of the rebel planes buzzed the field, and somebody hollered, "Hit the deck!" and everybody did. When they picked themselves up from the muck they were so disgusted that most of them went home, which turned the tide of the revolution in the rebels' favor.

This same Guatamalan also claimed that when the rebel army entered the city they had three tanks with them, rolling quietly down the city streets. It was a typical bloodless revolution; the deposed government was already on its way out of the city. The tanks clanked their way along with the regular traffic, and stopped at intersections when traffic cops directed them to do so, waited till the cross-traffic had gone, then rumbled on. Revolutions in Central America are apparently regarded as pretty much all in a day's work; these stories are no doubt apocryphal, but they give some idea of the political climate.

Invasion From 2500 by "Norman Edwards" (White & Carr) is scheduled for publication in August by Monarch Books. We did go ahead and write the book, turned it in and it was accepted without revisions. Which, considering that we largely ignored the editors', ah, rather misguided suggestions, was gratifying.

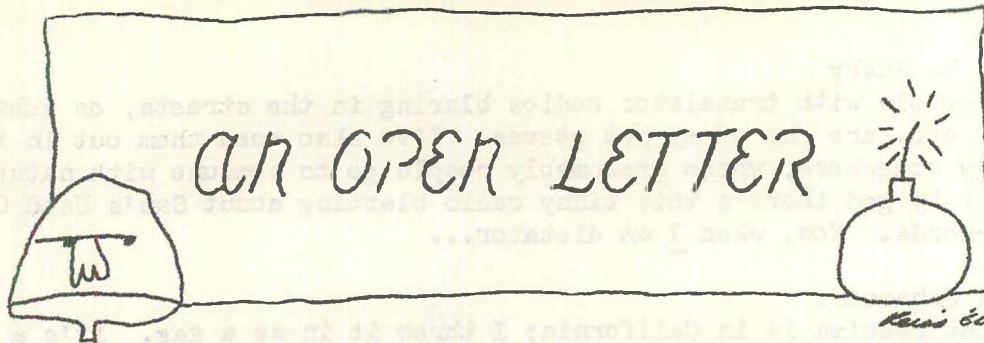
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UNABASHED EGOBOO

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- 1) And Nobody Knows They Were There by Fred Patten in MISTILY MEANDERING.
- 2) The Distawf Side by Madeleine Willis in SPELEOBEM.
- 3) The View From The Savoy Hotel by Dick Schultz in DIE WIS.
- 4) Six of the Second and Half a Dozen of the Field by Dick Eney in SPY RAY.
- 5) The Points in Question by John Berry in POT POURRI.





41 Pierrepont St.  
Brooklyn, New York, 11201

June 3, 1964

Short Story International  
240 West 40th Street  
New York, N. Y., 10018

Gentlemen:

I've been reading your magazine since the first issue hit the stands last year, and am currently a subscriber. I wholeheartedly approve of the concept of the magazine, and have greatly enjoyed most of the contents. Your choices of fiction have been remarkably good, and I congratulate you on them.

However, in recent issues you've displayed increasingly a lamentable lack of taste and intelligence in your presentation of incessant praise for yourselves in the pages of your letter column and elsewhere. I don't argue that you're undeserving of praise, merely that it's irritating that you seem to feel that your readers are unable to figure this out for themselves. I'm convinced that the reaction of any intelligent reader to a constant barrage of self-advertisement (which is the obvious intent, and certainly the effect, of your letter column) must be irritation and disgust. The publication in your July issue of Dan Jaffe's review of SSI -- which is wholly unexceptional as literary criticism and thus obviously printed not as an example of "the keen analytical ability of the critics," as you ingenuously claim, but rather as just some more self-patting on the back -- drops the magazine still lower in my estimation and, I'm sure, in the eyes of many others. Samuel Tankel's smug statement inside the back cover that "we are grateful that the field of journalism still attracts such fine minds into its ranks to pass judgment on sincere efforts" is nauseatingly hypocritical.

I was once a subscriber to Esquire, but after being subjected to the syrupy praise from that magazine's promotion department for my incredible intelligence and taste in reading Esquire, I exercised that intelligence and taste by declining to renew my subscription. If you insist on employing the same tactics with SSI, you may anticipate a corresponding cooling of my enthusiasm for your magazine as well.

I'm sure I'm far from alone in this reaction, and I sincerely hope you'll reconsider your policy regarding the tooting of your own horn. If we are to have a letter column, let it consist of comments on the stories in the magazine, analyses and perhaps even criticisms of the talent and achievements displayed there; such letters would be relevant and interesting. Otherwise, please discontinue the letters entirely and give us instead more fiction in that space, and in the space now taken up by your other self-praise.

Sincerely,

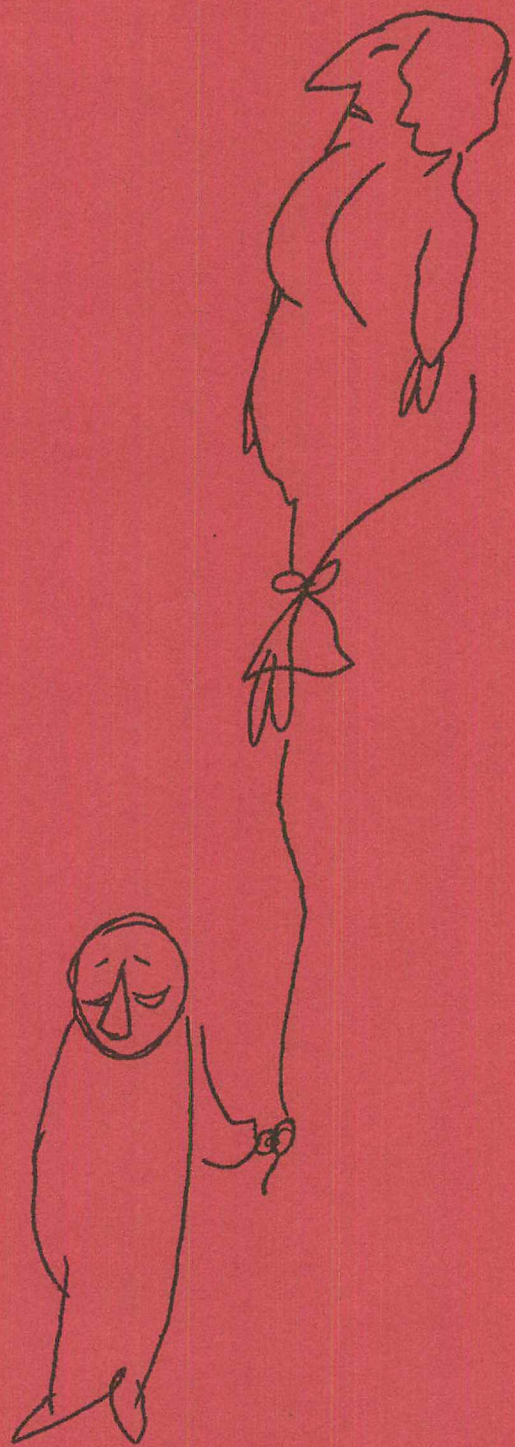
(Mr.) Terry Carr

Despite the critical nature of the above letter, in a sense it's a tribute to Short Story International, because it's the first fan letter I've written since the days I used to write in to Fantastic Adventures to tell Howard Browne how great the last Alexander Blade story was. SSI appeared on the stands late last year featuring nothing but short stories, a form of entertainment which is notorious these days for its poor sales at newsstands, and most of them by authors unknown to U.S. audiences, too. Backed by a major advertising campaign including a full-page ad in the NY Times and others on radio, the magazine seems to have gone over successfully so far. I'm pleased, because the fiction is good, and I recommend SSI despite my above cavils.









— Mom —