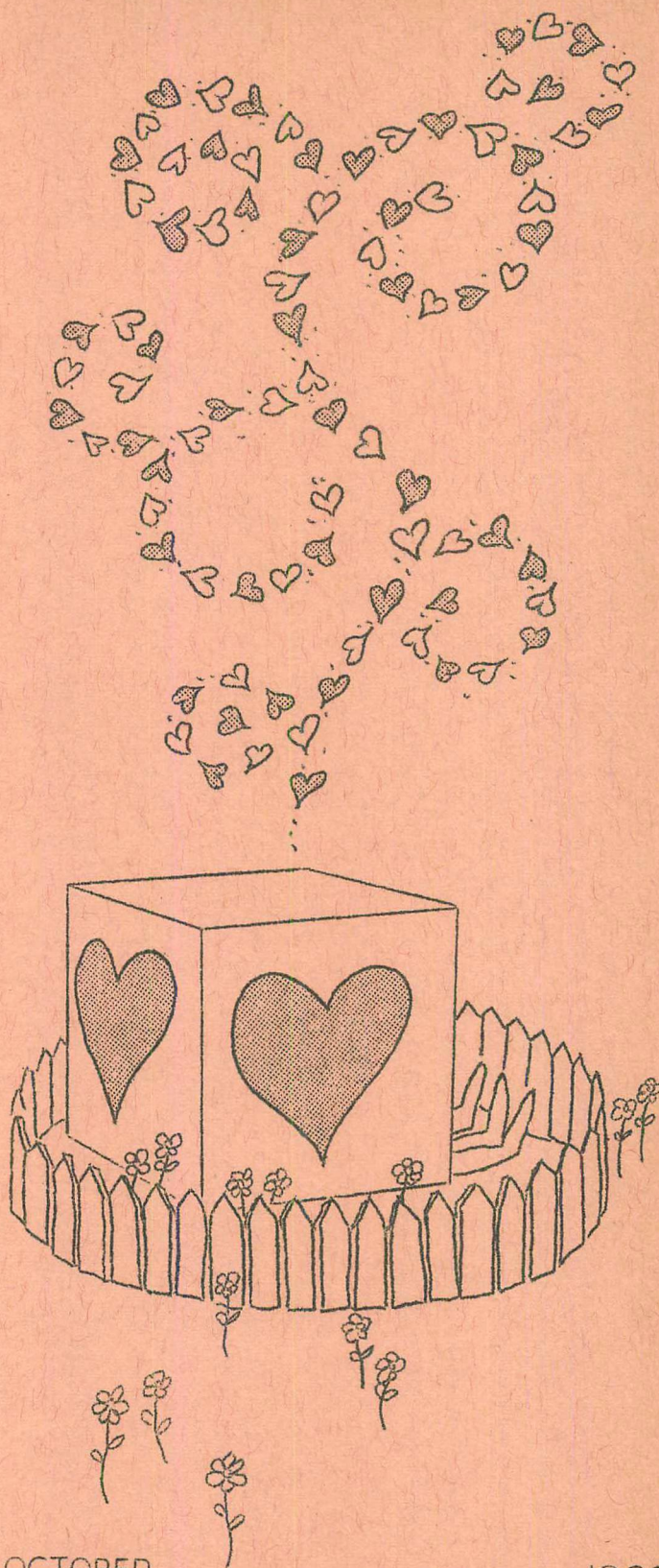


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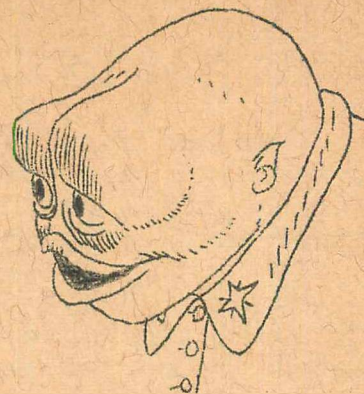
OCTOBER

1962

HOBGOBLIN

#9

HOBGOBLIN NO. 9



This is HOBGOBLIN #9, published for SAPS Mailing no. 61, October 1962, by Terry Carr, 56 Jane St., New York 14, N. Y. A limited number of copies are available for trade, and the reproduction is done lovingly on the thundering QWERTYUIOPress by Ted White.

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petit mal

A strange thing happened when Carol and I went to the Charles Theater the other night. The Charles is a movie palace over on the East Side -- that is to say, in the slums -- which shows fine old movies and current experimental shows and even, these nights, original plays. Greenwich Village has been moving east for some years now, and currently the Charles seems to rank as the farthest-east outpost of the Village. Until a couple of nights ago the theater was managed by Fred von Bernewitz, a former fan artist with a flaming red beard. Fred has long made the cinema his major interest, and he took on the managing of the impoverished Charles for an absolute pittance salary because, as he said, "I can afford it as long as I can stay on unemployment."

So a few nights ago they were showing a couple of foreign movies -- Jean Seberg in "Breathless" and Betsy Blair in a Franco-Spanish production, "The Love Maker" -- and we went over to catch them, using the free pass that Fred had given us. After the show was over we were standing in the lobby talking to Fred as everybody went home, and a tall, heavysset kid in his indeterminate teens came up to Fred.

"Excuse me," he said. "I have a rather strange request to make."

Fred turned and looked at him. The kid was wearing baggy brown pants, a dirty shirt, and leather sandals that were about ready to fall apart. His hair was uncombed and despite his size he had a look of pubescence about him. "What is it?" Fred asked.

"Well, I'd like to ask if I can stay here in the theater overnight. I mean, my mother threw me out, so I can't go home, and otherwise I'd have to sleep on a park bench or something."

Fred was nonplussed. "That is a strange request. Actually ...well, no, you can't. I can't take the responsibility of letting people stay in the theater overnight. Why did your mother throw you out?"

"Well, I had a cold a week ago, and she told me not to go out tonight because she didn't think I was over it. But I wanted to see the show here, so I started to leave anyway. She's insane! She was kicking and hitting me at the door, so I had to crawl out the back window. My little brother tried to hide my money, the \$20 I'd saved, but I got that, and I brought along my two steelie marbles too, because I used to be pretty good at marbles and I may have to take it up again. She said she was calling the cops, and when I passed the corner two squad cars were pulling up. She's insane! I want to stay here tonight, and then Monday when she's at work I'll go back and pick up my stuff and leave."

Fred went off and made a few phonecalls, trying to find out if it could be arranged to let the kid stay overnight. While he was on the phone, Carol and I talked to the kid. I told him he should try to stay with some one of his friends, but he said he was only 15 and all his friends lived with their parents and they'd call the fuzz. He asked if he could stay with us, but since we have a 1½ room apartment there just wasn't any room. Finally, curiosity got the better of me, and I asked, "Why did you take along the steelie marbles?"

"Well, I used to be a pretty good shot with them. I figure if I'm going to live by myself I'll have to have some way of earning a living, so maybe I'll have to take up marbles again."

I didn't know what to say to that; the amazing naivete of the kid was overaweing. I asked him what he meant about his mother being "insane" -- had she flown into rages like this before? No, he said, this was the first time. But she was nuts. She screamed at him and all. He was going to clear out.

So it became apparent that this was a fairly simple case of a kid running away from home with nowhere to go. I thought of calling the police to take him home, but rejected the idea. He'd have to learn for himself. I did give him a little advice: when I lived in Berkeley our next-door neighbors were a nice couple with an 11-year old daughter, and an aunt lived with them. The aunt was senile, and she gave the girl a bad time. But Connie, her mother, was always straightforward with the girl: "Look, honey, this is an adult's world, and let's face it, until you're older you can't beat them. Everything is on their side. So smile at your aunt, and be polite to her, and you'll avoid a lot of grief." I told this to the kid as we were leaving the theater (Fred hadn't been able to find a place for him to stay), but the kid shook his head. I told him there was no such thing as a professional marble player.

"Well, I guess I'll have to be a writer, then," he said, and walked down the street alone amid cheap neon. We shook our heads and went home.

== THE TRUTH ABOUT CINDERELLA ==

In the first place, her name wasn't Cinderella. Nor was it Snow White, Rapunzel, or Sleeping Beauty, though all of these names and more are associated with the same cycle of myths. The story of the beautiful young princess who married a handsome prince and lived happily ever after has many permutations, but they can all be traced back to the life of Heloise des Cendres, sometimes known as Heloise the Fallen, who was for a time a princess of Avallone.

Avallone was one of those tiny principalities which sprang up in the French Alps during Medieval times. Its origins are obscure, but as early as the seventh century A.D. it was known as a refuge for political exiles, and one early historian asserts that Heloise was a descendant of the English warrior-king Arturos, conceived during one of his unchronicled conquests. This is perhaps apocryphal; however, a battered and well-thumbed volume discovered recently in the archives of an ancient monastery in southern France purports to be the memoirs of Heloise herself, and this is the principal source for the present article.

Students of the erotic in classical and Medieval literature will not be surprised to learn that Heloise' memoirs turned up in a monastery; the Church of the Middle Ages made a habit of confiscating such volumes, with the result that at the present time the most complete collection of erotica in the world is that in the Vatican Library. Heloise' memoirs must have somehow escaped notice among the dusty shelves of the monastery; surely the volume would otherwise have joined its peers in Rome.

The millions of young girls who have dreamed over the folk-tales to which Heloise' life gave rise would probably be dismayed at her original story. Not that it lacked romance -- indeed not! -- but the amorous entanglements of the lovely young girl were perhaps a bit more earthy than most would imagine.

We must bear in mind, however, that Heloise, whether or not she was of royal blood, spent the early years of her life as a commoner. She was hired out -- which in those days meant practically sold -- to a family of miners who employed her first as housekeeper and later, when she had reached what they deemed a proper age, as communal bedmate. This arrangement led to some jealous clashes among her employers, and though we may discount much of Heloise' reminiscences on this period as face-saving braggadocio, her tale would seem to be borne out by popular myths arising from it. The refrain, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" sounds significantly familiar in the memoirs, and "Who's been eating my porridge?" evokes memories of our contemporary phraseology, "Somebody's diggin' my potatoes."

In the fulness of time, Heloise broke with the miners and ran away to town, where the court was situated. There she made her way for a year or two as a woman of pleasure, eventually

meeting even Prince Charmand. They struck up a liaison which grew ever more torrid, and eventually the prince married her. Heloise' descriptions of their relationship are remarkably specific and cannot be repeated here; however, students of Freudian symbolism might refer back to the myth of the glass slipper which was such a perfect fit.

There was a great deal of talk in court circles, of course, and Heloise sets it all down with understandable amusement. There was a rumor, for instance, that the couple had done most of their courting late at night in a secluded pumpkin patch. And it was said that Heloise had once had occasion to remain overnight at the palace and the old king, the prince's father, to test her genteel blood had inserted a pea among the bed-clothes. The princess complained next morning that she had not slept well, and the king was won over. Actually, as Heloise notes with disarming candor, what had bothered her that night had been a boil on her backside.

And so they were married. Here the story customarily ends, but of course this was merely the beginning of a great deal more. And much of what followed found its way into the popular mythos, too.

From the start, things didn't work out properly. The new princess, owing to her common upbringing, didn't fit into the higher circles of court society, so the prince took her to his country estate and brought in tutors and voice trainers and charm experts and unloosed the lot of them on the poor girl. She complained that they didn't show her the proper respect but her husband was adamant that she should study carefully with them, and she complained that he never took her out but he said that would have to wait. And so she spent nearly a year hidden away in the upper rooms of the estate house, slowly learning how to be a princess, and seldom seeing her husband.

She complained all the time, or at least (so she notes) as often as the prince came home. What kind of husband was he, she would ask, who left his wife fretting by herself all the time? Often he didn't even come home at night, and she was growing terribly lonely. She became so petulant about the whole thing that the prince stayed away more and more and eventually began looking up his former mistresses when he was in town.

For her part, the little princess seduced the gardener, John Thomas, and to the foreign languages she was learning added Welsh. She tired of him quickly, however, and had him sent away. She set about checking up on the prince, and of course considering the nature of her contacts in the town it was not long before she found out the names of the young ladies he was seeing when he was away.

And she confronted him with the whole thing one evening at table.

"You have no right to neglect me so," she pouted, "when I have worked so hard to learn to be proper for you. You spend

all your time in high living at court and with your lady friends, leaving me languishing out here surrounded by dull old men with gray beards and gray books. It's all such a bore I wonder if it's worthwhile being a princess at all!"

The prince cast a piercing glance at her from under his receding hairline (upper-class dissipation was already setting in) and replied, "My dear, I've begun to wonder if it has all been worthwhile from my end too. It seems the more you learn to be a princess the less interesting you are as a wife -- you even insist I knock before I enter your bedroom at night."

"Only because you're here so seldom that you startle me when you do appear!" she snapped at him, and a chill like winter frost fell on the house.

The prince took to staying away even more, putting in an appearance at the estate on an average of once a month. He explained that he was terribly busy seeing that travelling knights on crusades were properly entertained (for Avallone was a tiny country which depended for most of its revenue on the tourist traffic, and the court gambling tables were all-important for this), but the princess would not listen to him. She became first petulant, then resentful, and finally shrewish. She retired to her room and spent her time knitting and reading lurid romances which she ordered every month from Paris. She had no friends left, and didn't want any. She discharged her tutors and began to keep a diary, which she filled with outrageous fantasies about handsome young men on white horses. And when the prince came home she snapped at him and told the cook to burn the dinner, and locked her bedroom door at night.

Three years passed this way, and the princess became more and more bored and more and more withdrawn into herself. She went through her voluminous diaries and excerpted extracts which she titled Scarlet Royalty, or Divers Scenes From The Diary Of A Lady Of Quality. The book had a fairly wide circulation in the metropolitan centers of the continent.

Eventually word leaked out that the princess had written this book, and there was a great scandal. No one at court had even thought of Heloise in years, since she was never away from her estate, but now her name was on everyone's lips and it was generally agreed that something should be done. The old king summoned his son and told him that this matter had come to his attention and he had decided after serious deliberation that something should be done. And the prince frowned for awhile and then said that he agreed it was all quite dreadful, but unfortunately there was no such thing as divorce in the laws of Avallone, so there was not much he could do. But he did promise never to go back to the estate again. And he didn't.

Naturally Heloise was angry at all this, and she sat in her room brooding darkly. She became more and more angry the more she thought about it, and finally she went downstairs and discharged all her servants and brought a small woodstove up

to her room and locked the door. She stayed in her room for months, never seeing anyone, going out only to bring in food from the garden or the cellar stores. And she wrote bitter little poems about black roses.

At last, when almost everyone had forgotten all about her again, a handsome but dissolute prince from a neighboring kingdom came riding by. His name was Antoine; he had been banished from his own country because of his immoral behavior and was wandering around living quite comfortably on a pension. He stopped one evening to visit with an old woman who lived in the woods, and they fell to talking and laughing together so much that she invited him to dinner. While he tried to eat her gingerbread and ruefully reflected that it was obvious where she had gotten the bricks to build her quaint little house, the white-haired old gossip told him all about the lost little princess shut up in her upstairs room -- for the cackling old woman often went from door to door in the little kingdom selling apples, and she knew all the gossip worth knowing.

Hearing this tale, Antoine's eyes lit up and he asked directions from the old woman ("Follow those moldy bread-crumbs," she said) and he found his way out of the woods and went to the princess' estate. He got there late one night and scaled the wall to her room and seduced her before she quite knew what was happening.

The two of them went off together to drink champagne in Paris and hold intimate little parties for poets with wicked reputations. If we can believe Heloise' memoirs, written during this period, she finally did live happily ever after.

Two phrases on the last pages of her book again seem to tie in with the folk-myths about her. She reports that Antoine was fond of telling people that her former husband had almost ruined her, but that he had "caused her to let her hair down."

And the princess herself said that he had reawakened her to life.

-- Terry Carr

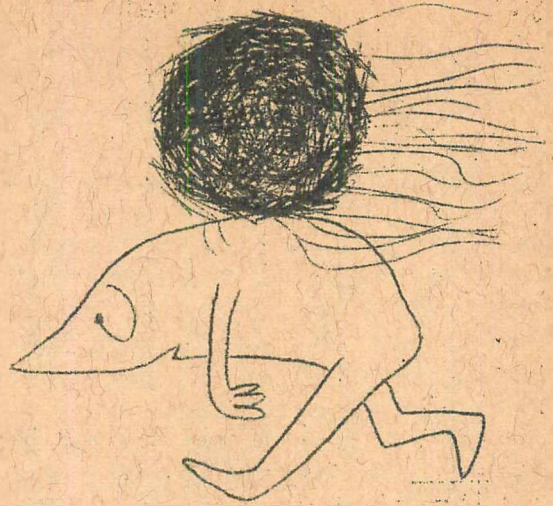
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AN INDEX OF THE FANZINES PUBLISHED BY ME
a thrilling SAPS serial brought up to date!

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	<hr/> 117
previous total:	2884
TOTAL:	<hr/> 3001

ted white :

why I won't join saps



WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP: Al Lewis - I wish you had second drafted this too; there are some very nice sections sandwiched in between several which destroy your point and impact. For instance...

Capitalizing Words Like This as is the Current Fannish Tradition is a whole lot less for emphasis than for humor. George Ade was one of the first to Do This, and he predates Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon by about fifty years. Normally one so treats a phrase which has grown cliched, and often in order to Poke Fun at it, although my usage here is more in the Demmon style, which isn't quite emphasis (in the way that underscoring is), but rather another form of whimsey. You don't seem to understand whimsey very well.

This bit about Communication certainly manages to miss the whole point of what Communication Is. (I think I shall stop Capitalizing Words now.) You approach "communication" (quotes are another means of emphasis, often more sarcastic in their connotations of humor) from the point of view of some serious mystique. What is communication? you cry, and Is it important?

Good grief, Al Lewis. Is conversation important? Do you think a bunch of people sitting around talking about things they feel like talking about should be preoccupied with the deathlessness of their utterances? That they should mentally first-draft all their remarks first? I know a fan who gives the impression of doing this. He is, if you'll pardon the word, considered rather uncommunicative. Communication is after all the ebbing and flowing of oneself with others in a mild and relaxed rapport. So there's trivia in mailing comments? As long as it doesn't bore me I don't care how trivial it may be; after all, the whole world is built upon trivia compounded. Maybe the people who're discussing engine overhauls, pistol shoots, et al, have something to tell each other about those subjects. I don't think it is obligatory that mailing comments impress every reader no matter how removed he is from the implied context with the same deathless impact. I go along with Donaho that mc's can be very worthwhile, but I don't dig Sweating It about them, worrying over Did I say something important here? or like that. Mailing comments are conversation, nothing more. And they are what gives an apa its overall personality and makes it more than just a random collection of zines.

I wish you and Dick Lupoff and all the rest like thinkers would bother to find out what "pornography" is. It is embarrassing to see grown adults with supposedly well-informed minds referring to the use of profanity or obscenity in normal fannish print as "porn-

ography." For your information, porno is material written with intent to sexually stimulate the reader, which makes graphic reference in obscene detail to sexual acts. Beacon and Nightstand Books (along with a host of other fly-by-night imprints) are sometimes known as "newsstand porno" to imply that they seek to sexually titillate, but without becoming illegally obscene. (Most of them are teasers, and actually rather tame.) I've never seen this in any publicly circulated fanzine. The "fine fannish policy to swear in print" (which I wasn't that aware of) is not associated with pornography, and at least 80% of the time isn't associated with sex or obscenity. (Profanity deals with religious swearing.) And the Cult, despite its discussion of the medical-sexological vocabulary (which is not obscene) and applications thereof, was never pornographic either.

Could you point out to me some of the "bad pornography" (and maybe a little good pornography, for contrast) "produced by these same, dewy-eyed pimply-faced adolescents who really don't know what sex is all about..."?

Actually, when I read this issue of WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP, I chuckled in a few places, but on the whole I thought it was horrible, not only from content which was pretty bad but from style as well. "You stress style too much, Ted," Terry tells me and perhaps I do but it's important.

Don't you agree?

SPY RAY: Richard Eney - It was in late 1956 (or maybe early 1957) that, in an argument with Phil Castora, "Carl Brandon" (Terry Carr) unveiled the phrase, "Careful; you're being baited." The scene was the Cult, and You Were A Member. (Or at least on the Active Waiting List.) The phrase is most often used to tip someone off that he's being Put On.

FLABBERGASTING: Burnett Toskey - My taste in women parallels yours, at least in print (I've never seen any of the girls who're attractive to you, and that's the only real test). But I have no objection to kissing lipsticked lips; sometimes it has an interesting flavor.

Friday the 13th occurred only twice in the Year Of Our Lord 1962. Why don't you have Bloch's violin and piano sonatas? The second, "Poem Mystique", is quite beautiful.

OUTSIDER: Wrai Ballard - "What ever happened to Briggs," you ask? Well, I'll tell you...

Bob Briggs was the first local fan I ever contacted at the time I lived in the DC area. Well, actually that isn't true--I met John Magnus earlier in a bookstore, but I Was Not Ready or something. Anyway, in 1954 I decided it was time to make contact with local fandom, and asked Bob Tucker if he knew of any DC fen. Bob referred me to Briggs, and I called Briggs up one Saturday afternoon.

I could barely understand him. Later I found out that in addition to a very soft, quiet voice he has the habit of murmuring in an entirely different direction from wherever he's holding the phone. However, I managed to coax from him the barely audible details of the WSFA meeting to be held the next night in Georgetown. I attended the meeting, knowing no one there except Bob. (At this time Frank Kerkhoff, Pavlat, Evans and Derry had gafiated from the club and Eney was overseas.) I think Bob had come mostly because I had called him up; he hadn't been to many meetings in the months immediately previous, I found out later,

and I don't believe he showed up at another meeting that year. I did, however, become acquainted with the Elders of WSFA (as they were known) through the club library of fmz, which was woefully incomplete of all but local publications, which abounded.

A few months later Pavlat began coming again, and the club began picking up and we started having Nuclear Fizz Parties. I recall Briggs was at the first of these I came to, because I remember ending up in the kitchen with him, both of us trying to guess the alcoholic content of various bottles without reading the labels, just by tasting the contents. Then he stopped coming altogether.

It was in the fall of 1958 or the spring of 1959 that I last saw Briggs. He started coming to WSFA meetings again, this time laden with one or two cartons each time. These cartons would contain prozines or fanzines or books, and he auctioned them off at the close of each meeting. The prozines and books didn't bring much, but the fmz did. I recall Eney, with his constantly poised checkbook, snapped up most of the best zines. The rest of us could afford only the leavings.

Briggs told us he was selling off his collection and leaving for Florida. I bought his mimeoscope (it's the one I use now), and that was the last I saw of him. I think his move to Florida predated my own move out of the area, but in any case, we headed off in opposite directions...

He was a nice guy.

I live in the city. I have never had: gonorrhoea, syphilis, or more than momentary constipation (lightly, during rare times of illness). Good grief, Wrai; where did you ever hear any such nonsense?

HIEROGLYPHIC: Lenny Kaye - You tempt me, Lenny. I might dig up those record reviews yet. I have a lot of reviews of books, records, etc., which were squeezed out of the magazines which requested them and then became too dated to use. Maybe some day I'll ship it all off to you.

I'm mildly fantisted by the revelation that you were born in 1946 --I think of myself still as a "young fan" and in 1946 I was already reading fantasy and had read my first science fiction book. You make me feel Old, Lenny. I'm also somewhat grabbed by the scoop and power of the fact that you lived next door to Les Gerber and knew his brother, Kenny. Coincidences like this seem to abound all over the damned place.

MISTILY MEANDERING: Fred Patten - I like your title. I also like the cover. This seems like an auspicious beginning for you in SAPS. (Not that I'm "welcoming" you of course; I can't do that.)

A "perfect collection" of Pepsi bottles would be impossible, and I fear even a "nearly perfect collection" would be beyond my powers. I figure that when I left my Christopher St apartment, though, I left behind a large collection. People ask me why I left behind a large collection of Pepsi bottles.

"Say, Ted," they ask, "why did you leave behind such a large collection of Pepsi bottles?" And then I ask them if they would've carried 72 cubic feet of Pepsi bottles down five flights of stairs and two blocks to the nearest store that would accept them, and they seem to lose interest in the question.

I think it was rotten that a Hugo went to the entire Hothouse series for Best Short Fiction. Of course, I also think the stories were rotten...

DIE WIS: Dick Schultz - After all the kind (if kidding) things you've said about me in past issues, the stories you've spun about my prowess with chili and all like that, I feel mean and nasty to jump on you this time, but I really feel you've gone off the deep end here, especially in your reviews of Tropic of Cancer and Venus Plus X.

First, you seem to have totally missed the point of Miller's writing. To judge from your reviews here, I'd say that any sort of honest writing about sex (and certainly the little link between Miller and Sturgeon but that of honesty) hits you the way a red flag supposedly affects a bull. You lose all perspective and start screaming, in effect, "Dirty, filthy, trash!" at the top of your lungs.

All this notwithstanding, I don't think Tropic of Cancer is a very good book. It was Miller's first (at least under his own name; he'd written one under his wife's name earlier, and perhaps others as well) and in it he was groping for a unique style and grasp which he fully realized only fifteen and twenty years later, in his magnificent Rosy Crucifixion. He was still seeking a stylistic harbor, still trying to find out what he wanted to do with a book. He was sailing uncharted seas (to carry on a slightly tired metaphor), and can be forgiven much in light of his later books.

I think it was in World of Sex, or perhaps Black Spring that he described what he tries to do in his books. He seizes a motive or theme and writes around it in a spiral fashion, narrowing down upon the point of the book. This means that the continuity of narrative is never unbroken, and never straight-forward. Often he will digress to remark, sometimes matter of factly, sometimes with mystic passion, upon the subject involved with the narrative at that point. Fully realized, this works out beautifully and is a delight to read. I lived with Miller, so to speak, taking his books in chronological sequence of narrated events (Tropic of Capricorn first, for his early life and career with Western Union as personnel manager; next Rosy Crucifixion, a trilogy incorporating Sexus, Plexus and Nexis, for the roughly six-year period when he leaves his first wife for the mysterious Mara or Mona and finally decides to leave Brooklyn for Paris; and finally Tropic of Cancer for the story of his early Paris days; the order of writing is 2, 3, 1) for better than six months. When I had finished, I felt I knew, and knew I admired the man. I wanted to meet him, but less the man he is today than the man he was at the time of the stories.

Miller writes autobiography. Names are changed, and some incidents heightened (although whether for story value or by fading of memory I do not know), but basically he is writing of life--real life--as he knew, lived and loved it. As it happens, he came from upper-lower-class origins, and lived in a lower (working) class atmosphere during most of his early years. (There was a lot less separation between the working class and the bohemians then than there is now; Miller often spanned the gap himself.) Sex, in its superficial, four-letter-word way, was an integral part of this life, not only for Miller but for his peers as well. (It still is.) Miller wrote of it. "Men's room wall phrases"? Well, who do you think created those phrases?

D.H. Lawrence lamented that English had no language such as did French for explicit but yet not vulgar treatment of sex. Miller didn't worry about it; he was vulgar when it was necessary. To say that Miller descended to "grossness" is less an indictment of Miller than of yourself, Dick. Each and every time you elevate your nose another notch from Miller you retreat another notch from the real world.

In the real world, there is more misunderstanding than understand-

ing, more apathy than passion, more selfishness than selflessness, and very little love at all. Miller doesn't say sex is Good And Clean and Beautiful? This is because for many, if not most people it is not. The Sex is Beautiful myth sprang up to replace the Sex is Sin myth, but sex is just sex: pretty much what the individual wants to make of it, and most often an egocentric outlet of very little beauty or even pleasure.

Henry Miller loved life. He loved the small, the day-to-day things of living life. He was most often exuberant despite perpetual poverty and two (at least) unhappy marriages. He was damned near unquenchable.

You consider Cancer an outdated attack upon the red white and blue US & A? Good grief! I suppose this is what comes of having a politico-militarist viewpoint, but it certainly warps your judgement. Miller was not attacking a political system. In fact, in all his writings I've never encountered any political diatribes. He was supremely indifferent to politics. What he was interested in was the way people lived, and how they took life.

He found the Americans he knew (excepting a circle of friends) to live narrow blighted lives, and, worse, to be seeking to impose this blight upon all around them. He found their morality grubby. In this, he was indicting the very sexual grossness which so offends you. Only Americans, he felt, could make of sex or a book about sex something dirty. As Albert Ellis has said, it is a queer culture in which "fuck you" is invective. (He suggests "Unfuck you!" instead.) Miller regarded sex as a natural part of life, neither exalted nor unspeakable, but to be regarded pretty much as one might regard any other aspect of his life at the moment. (He also writes a great deal, and in the same way, about food, significantly enough.)

When Miller attacked the American Way Of Life, he was attacking the whole conditioning process which has built up a national philosophy which is basically Anti-Life. Miller is Pro-Life--very much so. I suppose it is natural that someone who is so obviously a product of this conditioning, even to a preoccupation with war, Miller would be dirty, disgusting, gross, and even outdated. But even in 1962 I find Miller a breath of fresh air.

"Downbeat school of thought," indeed! Hmph.

THE SEVEN EYES OF NINGAUBLE: Larry Anderson - The Bbob Stewart illo on the bacover must be Olde indeed, to judge from the style and the signature. Now lemme see... Bbob gafiated in the summer and fall of 1954... This illo must date to 1953 or early 54 at least. Along with your micro-elite type (the only m-e I've ever found readable in ditto print), this is really nostalgic. (Reminds me of one time Bbob was digging through my old fanzine files. Of course I only have my zines filed up through 1955 or 56, but Bbob was looking at the old PSYCHOTICs, and suddenly he pounced on one of the half-sized, lithoed. issues. "My drawing!" he shouted. "He used it for a cover!" He had just, at that moment, discovered the fact. I think I'll show this zine to him the next time I see him...)

TASER IN RETRO

THE ZED: Karen Anderson - A pretty good (ie, interesting) conreport, despite its dual publication. I dug the lino particularly. Some of them were real gems.

I don't want to sound like I'm bitching again, Karen, but I get the impression that you soused yourself with liquor and feverishly maintained this state throughout the con. Is this necessary?

SON OF SAPROLLER: Jack Harness - Your Pad sounds pretty nice, Jack. Of course I'm tempted to diagram mine, too. In fact, if I have space left at the end of this column, I might. Remember when, around 1952-54, fans were all diagramming their fan dens and all? Maybe you've started another craze. I don't mind other people talking about theirs if I get to talk about mine.

Of course I have a lot more space: two floors of it in fact. And I keep moving things around. Cleaning up one room often means dumping all the junk into another. Then too, the Building Inspectors came around and told my landlord that the "living quarters" would have to go upstairs, so I've had to move my bedroom from the front room downstairs to the back room upstairs, and the kitchen is to be moved from the back room downstairs to the side rear room upstairs, which is much smaller, but convenient to the large back porch and garden. Mixed blessings, there. Because the upstairs rooms are all connected (save the side rear one) by wide arches, in order to create privacy for the bedroom I divided it into a bedroom in the back and a library in the front of the room, installing a floor-to-ceiling bookcase to divide the room, and a huge hanging black panel opposite it. The effect is very nice. But, enough of such gabble...

You shoulda read Terry's Fine Editorial; then you'd know 'twas me who did the "delicate stencilling" of the Adkins illo(s). In fact, I stencilled most of the art in that issue of HOBGOBLIN, which is funny, since Terry is better at such things than I. He stencilled all the art thish, though.

I agree that it's sad when a city looses a fannish gathering place, but it is a whole lot less sad when it's my place the city loses. Like, I could never get any work done, and I wasn't getting more than token assistance on the huge rent. I did an article on this which will be in either the next HYPHEN or the one after...called "Farewell to the Village." I was tired of running a Focal Point, anyway.

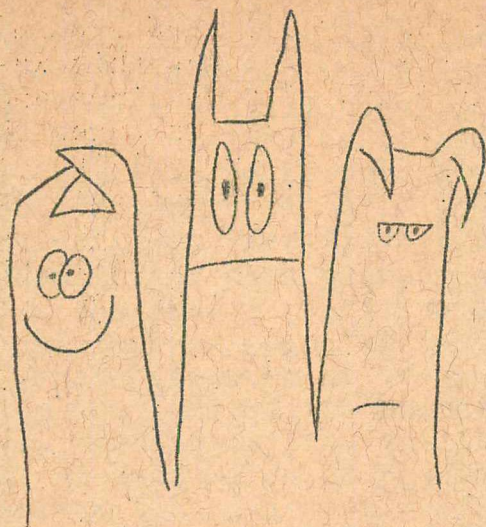
COLLECTOR: Howard Devore - I'm sorry we didn't make the Midwestcon, but we about shot our wad for the Disclave and then had to save towards the Chicon. I intended to go, up till about a week beforehand. Oh well.

Your comments to me run off into thin blue air. However, now that Willick is out of the picture, I don't think we have anything to worry about.

I thought the Chicon was lousy, and not just because you didn't introduce me, too... (An aside to others: Dean McLaughlin introduced the pros, Howard the fans. A week or two before the con I sold my first two sf stories--one with Marion Bradley to AMAZING; one with Terry to IF--so I was a borderline case. However I wasn't introduced; I was overlooked in both shuffles. At the end of the introductions, Dean said, "If I've overlooked anyone, I'll buy him a drink," and Howard added, "And if I've overlooked anyone, he can buy me a drink." "Howard," I said later, "get Dean to buy you a drink for me.")

THE END: This covers my comments on those zines I found commentable in the half of the mailing Terry gave me. I have a suspicion some of the best zines were in the other half. Oh well. As usual, some good zines (hi, Don Fitch, Ed Meskys, Lee Jacobs!) didn't inspire or provoke comments from me. And, say, LeeJ: where's the rest of the serialized Chronicles? Hah?

-Ted White



HOB GABBLIN'

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota
Adkins' portrait of you was excellent, although I have no idea how accurate a likeness it is. Unlike Buz, I have no passionate regard for "hirsute facial adornments," maybe because they remind me of that succession of two-bit Republican presidents and other crooks of the Gilded Age, but at least yours looks more kempt than most. I'd grow a beard myself if I thought I could thereby give up shaving, but I expect that to keep a beard properly shaped and trimmed is almost as much work as the daily once-over-lightly with the razor. †(The chin-beard which I had saved quite a bit of time and trouble in shaving because it alleviated the need to shave the most difficult area, that right around and under the chin. The beard is gone now, though: I got a job which necessitated its removal. These days I've joined the hordes of people you know who work or have worked for Scott Meredith. -tc)†

"Petit Mal" may be a clever title for your editorial, but I can think of a few people I'd not want to send the magazine to because of the title. I mean, you might think twice about sending a fanzine with an editorial called "Gimping Along" to a fan who was a cripple, mightn't you? †(I don't know of any fans afflicted with epilepsy; in any case, "petit mal" is not a slang term with the opprobrious overtones of "gimping along". -tc)†

Keeping a public record of your Works is a fine idea; I wish I'd thought of it years ago. I've been trying to compile a complete list of my own publications, and it's a tough job now. Luckily I recently happened across an apparently complete list of my publications up to 1952, which will help greatly. I find I don't even have file copies of some of my publications. However, a possibly more puzzling job for my biographer, I don't know about yours, is to compile a list of my fan writings. You ought to do something about keeping a continuing record of these Works too. †(The Index idea is not mine: a couple of years ago various members of SAPS were publishing such indexes. That was during one of my bad-tempered periods, and I considered the whole idea somewhat ridiculous. One day I found myself with an afternoon free and a complete file of my fanzines handy, so I made up a list which I

published for SAPS and OMPA as AN INDEX OF THE FANZINES PUBLISHED BY ME, a deliberately naive title. I thought this was a swell ploy on the people who had published fifteen zines and just had to list them all for us, particularly as the six pages that the index, with explanatory notes, took up covered my activity requirements for a six-month period in SAPS. I don't think the idea is quite so ridiculous these days, but I still have no illusions about how many people are interested in reading each installment of the list. As for an index of my fanzine writings, I made one up back around 1953 and at that time it ran to six pages handwritten (you probably have no idea how much crap I wrote in my early teens, not having remembered any of it). My fanzine collection, which is alas mostly still in Berkeley, contains all my published stuff with the exception of some filler artwork and short letters in lettercols, but the task of making up a checklist of it all strikes me as unrewarding. Which means I'll probably do it sometime; I know me, dammit. -tc)↓

Fanzine fandom has grown since the mid-1950s, and your theory as to why may be correct for all I know. However, it should be remembered that it's only grown back to what it was circa 1950. The era of the mid-1950s marked the lowest ebb, in both quality and quantity of fanzines, I recollect in all these long years in fandom. I think the quality of fanzines is higher than it ever was before, at present; I am not sure about the quantity but I suspect that it isn't much above that of, say, 1952 or 1947. ((I agree in all particulars. -tc)↓

By god, you're right! I mean about FAPA having it 2-to-1 over SAPS (and probably over any other apa as well). For a moment, at least, I'm haunted by second thoughts regarding my withdrawal from FAPA. At least I've decided not to resign from FAPA for a while at least. ((I was croggled several months ago when, explaining why you were planning to quit FAPA, you said general fanzines were so much better, and cited Tackett's DYNATRON as an example. I've always thought DYNATRON was one of the most inept fanzines in existence, and the thought of Boggs turning his back on PHLOTSAM, HORIZONS, DESCANT, and VANDY for Tackett's zine left me feeling a bit queasy. -tc)↓

Well, I didn't care much for NANDU either (Nan sent me a copy), but I think your review of it unfair and nonconstructive and not calculated to, as White puts it, bring back the Nangee of mailings of yore. Nan is very far from being a fugghead; in fact, she's one of the most intelligent, wittiest, and most personable women I've ever met. She merely is having a communication problem. As I told her in commenting on this NANDU, I wish she'd see again rather than feel. ((All of her material which has appeared in recent years -- in OUTSIDERS, ESPRIT, and finally NANDU -- has struck me as running from fatuous to rampantly fuggheaded. I agree that a large part of the problem is that she's apparently lost the ability to write a simple declarative sentence; however, this seems inextricably tied up with a slide she's made into mysticism. Mysticism turns me off every time. -tc)↓

Ted's mailing comments: The remark about Larry Harris is nicely calculated to get Ted sued. Again.

I simply cannot understand these lines about coin fandom. I'd almost construe them to mean that sf fandom doesn't have a monopoly on fuggheads. But of course the ghost of ftl would haunt me if I embraced that theory. After all, I might go on and postulate

that there were, and are, fuggheads and creeps even among stamp collectors, and Towner wouldn't buy that. {(Walter Breen, how about an article for either HOBGOBLIN or LIGHTHOUSE on fugghead-
edness in coin fandom? -tc)}

Patriotism among the younger generation is a thing unknown? This is too large a generalization to convince me for a moment.

By the most depressing of coincidences, I typed that last sentence, in part, to the accompaniment of a patriotic message by some female -- head of the American Legion auxiliary, I think they said -- who was followed by some shlub who asked in solemn tones, "What have you done today to help preserve, protect, and perpetuate American Ideals?" My answer would be, Well, sir, today I sneered at people who try to sell me American Ideals as if they were a new brand of cigarettes.

Granted that I know little about the New York Times except for what I remember from six months in 1959-60 when I subscribed to the Sunday edition (no comics!), but I take Ted's remark that the editorials were written by the copy boys with coarse-grained salt. I also deny that the Times is "deadly dull," but this is a matter of taste (and Elinor Busby recently told me that I like a lot of "pretentious" things). {(At the very time you were taking the Times, Redd, the editorials were being written by the copy boys. I first read of this in a Holiday Magazine article about the Times; what you don't realize is that at the Times even the copy boys are pretty literate, have college degrees, etc. The copy boys at that time competed, each writing up editorials on his own time, and submitting them to the editor, who thus had a huge batch of editorials ready-made to be chosen among. The paper averages two or three editorials per column, and this was a good way to fill in when the editors had no pressing Messages to The Public. Of course, the editorials at that time were as a rule dull as dishwater, and safe, safe, safe. -ted white)}

I'm alarmed to hear that Ted wants to deport me, among others. Seriously, one very nice fellow once tried to influence me to run for TAFF but I refused. And I'd refuse again, not because I'm against TAFF (I'm not) or because I'm not anxious to see Europe again (I'd like nothing better), but because I am hardly the sociable type who could "represent" American fandom, gladhanding, kissing babies, making speeches, chasing London buses, laying wreathes to commemorate half-forgotten encounters with the Piccadilly Commandoes, etc. {(Maybe TAFF could use a few less glad-handers. - ted white)} {(The only candidate I know of for the next TAFF campaign so far is Bill Donaho, who is a fine choice. But I agree with Ted: I'd like to see several fine candidates running, and you'd be a good one indeed. -tc)}

By the way, I consider it some sort of sin, on a fannish level, to chop up a reader's letter with such frequent editorial insertions as I've intruded in Redd's letter above. My only excuse is that this is being done in a Helluva Hurry and I wasn't Thinking Ahead. My usual policy favors short remarks in the body of the letter where they seem necessary, and longer discussions held till the end. Composing on-stencil as rapidly as I have been doing today, I didn't realize how long my comments were going to be. My apologies, Redd, and write again; I won't interrupt like this next time. -tc

