

**HOBGOBLIN**

# Hobgoblin

This is HOBGOBLIN #17, April 1985, produced for the Spectator Amateur Press Society and maybe a few intimate friends and likable strangers by Terry Carr, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland CA 94611. Entropy Press #384. Founding member: fwa. Illos and most lettering by Bill Rotsler.

---

If you can remember the sixties, you weren't really there.

-- Robin Williams

---

Do any of you ever have dreams that are so good they wake you up? (No, I don't mean that kind, you sex-crazed pragmatist.) I mean the kind that are so interesting you have to wake up so you can write down the outline on paper. Usually this happens to me when I realize what I'm dreaming would make a hell of a plot for a science fiction story, so I get up in the middle of the night, start making notes, and invariably I then realize that this story I've dreamed is by some other writer.

I don't mean stories other people have actually written, but rather, stories with their kinds of backgrounds, their ideas, their moods, their plots...stories that only they could properly write. Once, for instance, I dreamed a Heinlein novel -- it was pretty good, too; wish he'd write it. Another time I dreamed something that was obviously by Stephen King -- kinda creepy, but I don't get scared by stories.

Last year I dreamed I was living in a fascist police-state where the giving of awards was outlawed. I knew it was a fascist state rather than a Communist one because the Communists love to give awards and such. I once saw a TV documentary about birth control in China: towns in which no families had more than one child apiece were presented with awards among much hoopla. And of course Al Capp made the Russians famous for giving HERO awards.

So there I was, dreaming about this police state where awards were outlawed, and SFWA was holding its Nebula Banquet in a secret underground cave. (We were all eating rubber mushrooms.) Suddenly an entire wall of the room lit up and a man's face appeared there; he began thundering at us about what traitors we were, and a bunch of storm troopers suddenly blocked the door.

I was the toastmaster, and I thought fast: I announced that all of the Nebulas had been won by No Award.

Gene Wolfe fainted.

And I woke up, grabbed pencil and paper, and began to scribble rapidly -- till I realized this story too was by somebody else. It was by George Orwell.

I didn't have any such problems when I was toastmaster last year at Corflu, the first annual fanzine fans' convention, so I thought I'd reconstruct my remarks from the rough notes I'd made beforehand. Eyes right! You will enjoy!

# CORFLU TOASTMASTER'S REMARKS

at Corflu I, January 29, 1984

Because I'm the first person who gets to talk to you this afternoon, I want to seize the opportunity to be the first to say here that I think this has been a great convention. I have to admit, in fact, that I've been surprised by how very enjoyable it's been -- I expected to have a good time this weekend, but I thought that because Corflu was so different from any other con, because it was an experiment that no one's thoroughly tried before, inevitably there'd be a number of foulups and programming ideas that would turn out to be mistakes. But as best I can tell, everything worked. I'm amazed, I'm pleased, I'm grateful, and I worried all weekend how I'd be able to do the traditional toastmaster thing of insulting the committee.

But the business meeting this morning changed all that when they announced that the convention is running \$1300 or \$1400 into the red. Hey, come on, we've heard that scam before; it's known as the Baltimore Shuffle. Besides, it's the committee's own fault -- if they hadn't rented that DiamondVision screen to show the world premiere of George Romero's Metropolis II, they wouldn't have this problem. Don't get me wrong -- I did like the soundtrack by Boy George. But I wasn't impressed by the Samurai remake of Things to Come -- let's face it, John Travolta was lousy in the Raymond Massey role. The car chases were pretty good, though.

I have a suggestion for how to keep next year's Corflu from losing money. The thing to do is to combine it with a Clarion-style conference on writing for fanzines -- invite lecturers to come and teach how to meet the proper fannish standards, and to worship Willis and so on. Be sure to invite Harlan Ellison to come and explain the esthetic innovations of Seventh Fandom, and the athletic abilities of dogs. He's going to be the Guest of Honor at this year's Westercon, and I'm sure he'd be glad to take up a collection for us there. I'm told that the Westercon committee is planning to show, in Harlan's honor, a special presentation of the outtakes from The Oscar. I'll bet that Harlan will be delighted to kick down the screen himself.

Next year's Corflu is going to be held in Napa, but they lied to you about exactly where in Napa it'll be; the truth is that it'll be in the Napa State Hospital for the Mentally Gafiated. The rumor that Martin Morse Wooster will be the toastmaster is also wrong, I'm afraid -- actually it'll be Dick Bergeron, who will appear via satellite TV.

As long as I've got a captive audience, I'd like to plug the revision in the fanzine Hugo rules that I'm going to propose at the worldcon this year. We've just voted in a new category for semi-prozines, but I think that makes things more complicated than they need to be. Instead of giving Hugos in the semi-professional category, which will confuse most Hugo voters, let's just give an award for Best LOCUS Editor of the Year, and one for Best Dick Geis of the Year, and so on. The rest will take care of itself.

I have another suggestion I want to make, too, though this isn't anything that will ever get voted on at a worldcon; it's much more suitable to bring it up here at Corflu. I want to propose a motto for fandom. I know, that's disgustingly sercon and you wouldn't even dream of discussing such a thing unless you were in Jerry Jacks's room at 4:00 in the morning, in which case your mind would be totally wrecked (especially since Jerry doesn't have a room here this weekend). But let's face it, fandom as it manifests itself at worldcons -- I'm speaking of those 6,000 or so fringefans who pay \$75.00 at the door to spend one day discussing literature with people dressed in costumes to look like Jacqueline Lichtenberg -- that other fandom already seems to have a motto even though it's not official yet; it's "There Ain't No Such Thing as a Free Lunch," which you've got to admit is pretty subtle and intellectual, not to mention good for con committees. I wouldn't want trufandom to get upstaged, so I've been thinking a lot about this and the other day the perfect motto for us came to me: "If You Don't Like Crottdled Greeps, Why Did You Order Them?" Have another bite of your weird dessert and think about it.

There's been a lot of talk during this con about special fanzine projects -- there was a discussion of Fanthologies, for instance. But there are a number of other special projects either in the works or already done. Last night Robert Lichtman showed me an advance copy of the anthology he collected from a fanzine he published ten years ago, THE BEST FROM FRAP, and I've been hearing about some others like that. Ted White, for instance, is editing THE BEST FROM STICKY QUARTERS -- he figures that if he uses microelite type he can save money by getting it all on the back of a postage stamp. Dave Hartwell is already negotiating to buy a stock of it for Waldenbooks.

We come now to the time when I introduce the Guest of Honor for Corflu. As you know, we chose the Guest of Honor by picking a name out of a hat last night, and the winner was Pascal Thomas. I think he's the perfect Guest of Honor for this convention, because I'd never met him before last night. That typifies Corflu for me, because I've met so many fans here I hadn't known before. Do you realize that there are probably a dozen fans here for whom Corflu is their first convention? I can't imagine how weird this weekend must have been for them . . . but everyone I met was having a good time. It's proven to me something I've often written about in fanzines even when I didn't really believe it, that the hardcore of fandom is made up of a lot of fascinating people who have nothing in common but the fact that they read. (Some of them still read science fiction, but that's not something you should automatically assume.) Surely I don't need to belabor the point -- you've been meeting whacko people all weekend, so you know that even a convention as specialized as this one attracts a wide variety of personalities.

Pascal Thomas is one of that weird variety, and God knows what he's thought up to say to you since last night. I'm too curious to wait any longer, so let me now introduce to you the Guest of Honor of this convention, Pascal Thomas.

[Pascal, who is originally from France and has a fairly strong accent, employed a translator at first, but after a few minutes Pascal dismissed him. I don't understand enough French to know just what the problem was, but after Pascal shouted and banged his fist on the podium, his translator explained, "Mr. Thomas brings greetings from the friendly people of France, who admire the United States and especially its foreign policy."

[A little later, he translated "merde" as "best-seller.]"

# The Letter Col

HOBGOBLIN isn't likely to have a lengthy letter column at any time, because I don't send out copies to many non-SAPS members. But I did send the last issue to Ted White because he's an old and good friend, and he responded with a loc. So that issue may have set a record: it got 100% response.

TED WHITE, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church VA 22046

It was Truly Neat to get an actual Fanzine in the mail from you, Terry. It was a nice job, too, and a sign (if one was needed) that you've not lost your touch, and that properly used an office copier can produce a fanzine that simply looks like an impossibly impeccable Gestetnered fanzine. The letterguide headings are an inspired touch -- I assume they came from old (mimeod) issues, but there is always the possibility that you created them fresh, on-stencil, and had Lucy or someone run them off for you. (But I opt for your having copied old headings onto white paper and pasting them onto your master copy.) The two ABD-guided logos look like ones done with my equipment; the "Saps Mental Horizons" is a title I don't remember and a standard (non-ABD) guide, rather crudely shaded -- could it be reprinted from an old (late 40s, early 50s) SAPSzine of someone else's? (Well, these were comments no one but you, Dave Rike, and I will care about, I guess....)

I put a checkmark in the margin beside your comment about Dave Rike getting a mimeoscope from Robert Glenn Briggs. "Boy," I thought, "Briggs must've been giving them away by the truckload!" Because, as we both know, I have a mimeoscope that was given to me by Robert Glenn Briggs, fakefan. In fact, I still use it -- mostly for proofing (vainly) egoscan stencils. But then I read on a couple of pages and there you were correcting yourself and my mimeoscope became the only one (that we know of, anyway) given away by Robert Glenn Briggs, fakefan. I prefer that.

The more they unravel Freud the more they confirm my gut feeling of twenty-five years ago that Freud was incredibly blinkered by his culture without either realizing it or compensating for it, and that he tended to rationalize his own hangups as virtues. Ultimately, I expect his importance will be more as an opener of doors than as an accurate describer of what lies beyond those doors.

I saw Xanadu. My daughter insisted I take her. I got Real Sercon and hoped I'd make it through the movie. Actually, I enjoyed it, mildly. It had a neat California-Deco look, Olivia Newton-John rollerskated around with electronic colors flowing after her (she reminded me vaguely of Sylvia), and Gene Kelly had a fine cameo, as did the Tubes. Frankly, I don't remember much of the plot, but a few disconnected images remain with me.

These days I take my daughter to much better movies. We thoroughly enjoyed Purple Rain (which I've seen three times in theaters and will buy as a video cassette next month), for instance. Since then, we've seen Revenge of the Nerds, Buckaroo Banzai, and Repo Man.

It is possible to walk fifty yards from this house and find oneself surrounded by trees, birds, grasses, and flowers, with no houses in sight. The silence is problematical: the squirrels and some of the birds are quite noisy (the crows in particular), and now and again comes the distant sound of a lawnmower engine, a dog barking, or (more rarely) a chainsaw. You should really visit here sometime.

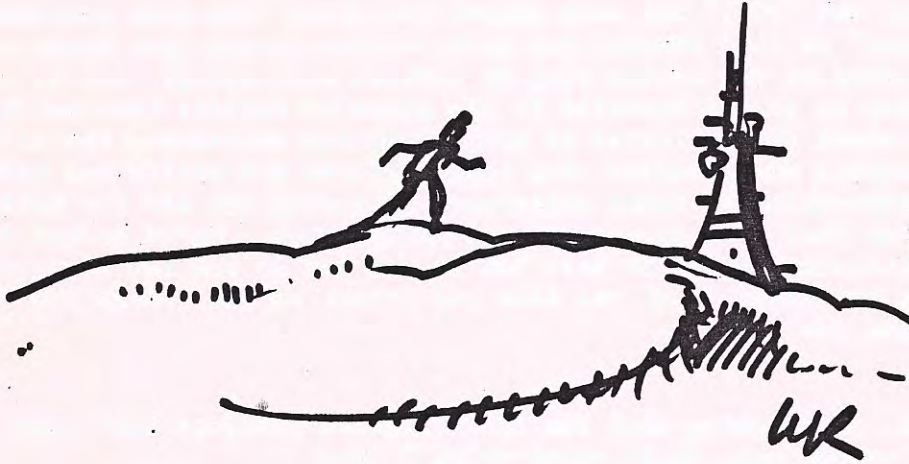
Synthesizers vs. "conventional instruments" and Will They Become Obsolete?: I don't know any musicians who draw distinctions between synthesizers and other electric instruments, and I don't know many musicians who make large distinctions between acoustic and electric instruments. Like a drummer who adds a VW hubcap to his kit because he likes the sound, the musicians I know are concerned with the sounds they can produce, and not a lot about the type of instrument that makes the sounds (except how much it costs).

My feeling is that what synthesizers are becoming (more and more as they become or are linked to computers -- and there's now an industry-standard computer linkage, MIDI, for synthesizers) is the kind of instrument that anyone can play and sound good on. This democratizes music in a healthy way: no longer is technical skill nearly as important. Anyone who has music in him/her can express it. In the end, of course, it comes down to how good your music is, not how well it's played, so what this revolution will do is bring us more good music, rather than less,

since many people can't express the music they think and some of them will be able to express it at last.



Fascinating to read your mention of talking music with John Magnus in 1954. John was incredibly eclectic, but time has borne out his taste: he was very fond of Sun-period Presley and had all the singles. He loved Buddy Holly, and used to play one of his songs (the melody of which is running through my head right now, with snatches of the lyrics, but no title comes to mind) every morning when he got up. (John and I shared an apartment for several months. There was a hallway, but no closeable door, between our rooms, so I got to hear the records John played when he got up every morning at 7:00 or thereabouts. John liked to play them loud, but eventually I got back to sleep after he left.) When I first met him, John was going to Oberlin and talking about Dave Brubeck's concert there (released on Fantasy). He liked jazz. And it was John Magnus who first played me recordings of Ernest Bloch, Luening & Ussachevsky's tape-recorder music, and the French Musique Concrete. I wondered at the time about his in-



terest in Presley -- I was then a jazz snob, although I liked Little Richard and Bill Haley -- but in general I thought Magnus had an excellent and surprisingly well-rounded taste in music. The quote you remembered for all these years (thirty, to be precise!) is one I often heard from John, and, like you, I had to agree with it. (Although I've never been able to summon up a positive emotional response to either folk music or c&w, I am willing to concede that there must be good stuff in there amongst all that shit somewhere.

I have a dishwasher. I'm amazed that you -- with all your other higher-tech toys -- don't. The question of Who Does the Dishes is one which has messed up a lot of relationships over the years, but the invention of the dishwasher has ended that situation to the relief of all. I found my first dishwasher standing at a curb, inquired about why it was being thrown out (and found out it had been replaced by a built-in model in the newly rebuilt kitchen), and happily scavenged it. That was in 1971. In the course of the next few years I had large numbers of houseguests (sometimes as many as four or five at once), and my marriage broke up, but doing the dishes was never a problem.

I'm a little surprised at the nature of some of your comments to Bill Austin: you betray a holdover of early-fannish ignorance which should have been displaced by your own subsequent professional experience. I'm referring to lines like "The editors often told fans they wouldn't pay attention to fans' opinions because fandom constituted only about 1% of their readership, but a number of them did go to the expense of trimming their edges in response to fannish requests, and by the early '50s most were getting rid of the ladies-in-brass-brassieres on their covers."

You know, of course, that despite the myth of the times the pulps did not have their edges trimmed in response to requests from fans. They had their edges trimmed when the publishers in question decided it was a necessary move -- one of the last spasms before the death of the pulps, actually -- and was not in any respect an editorial decision. It was also applied across the board to all the magazines in the pulp chain -- not just the sf magazines. I mean, I don't think the fans had that much interest in The Phantom Detective, but its pages were trimmed the same time as those of Startling and Thrilling Wonder. Equally, Doc Savage and The Shadow went to trimmed edges when Astounding and Unknown did. (There were no bedsheet Doc Savages or Shadows, but there were bedsheet Shadow Annuals and annuals for some of the other mystery titles. And of course Doc Savage and The Shadow went digest the same time Astounding did, too.)

What you've offered up in rebuttal to Austin's (accurate) point about "the

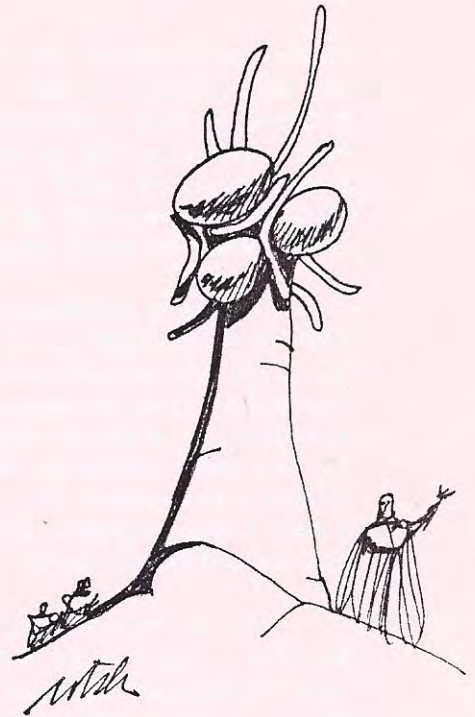
big publishers (of the '40s)" not only misses his point (the pulp publishers weren't "the big publishers" of that decade, you know -- they ranked just above comic-book publishers, who occupied the bottom rung of forties publishing), but is really just Conventional Wisdom as it was Revealed in the pages of fifties fanzines by those who knew nothing about the realities of publishing and envisioned the sf magazine editors as aristocrats who presided over large offices and staffs and made all the decisions about everything in their magazines, including the ads for Rupture Easer. You and I both know that this is not the way things were. We've talked to the generation that preceded us and we know how it was for us and for our contemporaries. It amazes me when you forget what you know and revert to the things you "knew" when you were a teenaged fan.

[You're right in assuming that the lettering guide headings last issue came from previous issues, copied onto white paper which I then trimmed to size and Scotch taped into place on the issue's masters which were then recopied for the final product. The "Saps Mental Horizons" heading, though, was one I'd originally done at your place with your equipment, and if it seemed crudely shaded that was because the original shading -- crosshatched shading-wheel work -- was a bit subtle and it didn't translate very well through two copyings.

[As far as I know, Freud is already considered important mostly as an innovator rather than as a perfecter.

[We do have a dishwasher; it was built into the house when we bought it. But after a couple of years it broke down, and we just didn't consider it important to have it fixed: dishwashing has never produced important arguments between Carol and me because neither of us particularly minds doing dishes. So we -- mostly I -- did the dishes ourselves for many years; for me it was sort of like you cutting the grass, a purely physical act that allowed me to let my mind roam free and consider stories and articles I wanted to write. Since the last HOBGOBLIN our financial situation improved to the extent that we decided to have the dishwasher fixed, which we did. We then had the entire kitchen repainted -- our cats had scratched away much of the wall-paper -- and during the process an unlucky and then lucky thing happened: the painters caused a small fire in the kitchen that ruined much of the stove and burned parts of the countertop and nearby cabinets. As it happened, just enough of the kitchen was burned to require that everything in the kitchen had to be rebuilt because the countertops and the wood for the cabinets couldn't be replaced because no one now can match those patterns: so the whole damn thing had to be replaced, all the countertops and every cabinet door.

[The painters were all twenty- to twenty-two-year-olds, and all Hispanics, so what were the odds on them being able to cover the enormous cost of repair and replacement? But in fact they were insured, and their insurance money took care of it. Today, a couple of months after the fact, we have damn near a new kitchen. You should see it; it's beautiful.]





YOU DRAW AND  
YOU DRAW...



PEOPLE SAY  
"WOW" ABOUT  
THE ONES YOU  
YAWN OVER

AND IGNORE  
THE GOOD  
ONES, USUALLY



YOU GET TO THE POINT  
WHERE YOU THINK YOU  
CAN'T TELL GOOD FROM  
BAD



I LIE - YOU ALWAYS  
KNOW THE GOOD ONES



IT'S THE  
OTHER  
PEOPLE  
WHO DON'T  
KNOW

WR

*This excerpt from Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth, Part Two, was  
printed by Crispin & Jan Elsted at Barbarian Press on March 2nd & 3rd, 1979, as a keepsake for visitors to the  
University of British Columbia Open House. The types are Goudy Hand Tooled & Blado.*

¶ Thou hast most  
traitorously corrupted the youth of the  
realm in erecting a grammar-school: &  
whereas, before, our forefathers had no  
other books but the score and the tally,  
thou hast caused printing to be used; &  
contrary to the king, his crown and dig-  
nity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will  
be proved to thy face that thou hast men  
about thee that usually talk of a noun, &  
a verb, & such abominable words as no  
Christian ear can endure to hear. ❧ ❧