

THE TWILIGHT ZONE



WHAT:

CORFLU

a convention exclusively for fanzine fans

WHEN: January 27-29, 1984

WHERE: the Claremont Hotel, overlooking San Francisco Bay, in Oakland, California

HOW MUCH: memberships are \$24.31 (this includes the cost of the Banquet, which everyone is required to attend, and which everyone WILL thoroughly enjoy)

WHO: our Guest of Honor is someone we all love and admire, a faan's fan, an articulate, multi-talented individual who has gone unrecognized for far too long.... You guessed it: the Corflu committee couldn't agree on a GoH, so we decided, "to hell with it--let's be democratic about this." The GoH will be chosen by lottery at a special GoH Selection Party to be held the first night of the con. ALL Corflu attendees will be eligible so, if you've always wanted to be Guest of Honor at a Major Con, this is your Big Chance!

WHO ELSE: So where's Bert Parks when you need him? We offered him the Toastmaster position at Corflu, but he told us he plans to be dead in January. Well, since we couldn't have The Man Himself, we took our cue from him: Our Toastmaster will be selected "Miss America" style. Yes, YOU will have the opportunity to AUDITION for the role of Corflu Toastmaster!

All contestants (and if you're interested, please let us know by October first) will be judged on the basis of wit, carriage, popularity, and by how good he (if male) looks in a swimsuit or, she (if female) looks in a business suit.

It should be noted, however, that Terry Carr will win this competition because we think NOBODY looks better in a swimsuit than Terry.

WHY: Picture, if you will: D is sitting across the enchiladas from Lucy at Carlos & Pancho's after the Sunday night rehearsal of The Emperor Norton Science Fiction Hour, when Lucy says, "You know, anyone who wants to run a convention has to be crazy." D considers the accuracy of Lucy's observation: She's right--and what group could be crazier than people who produce a weekly videofanzine for four years straight? D replies, "For the past year, Allyn and I have been discussing the possibility of a fanzine convention right here in the Bay Area. I mean a convention just for fanzine freaks, nobody else." To which Lucy, obviously realizing where she fits into her own description, says, "Good idea. Let's do it."

And thus are such things born.

a hotel with padded walls

There are no typos in this zine. That's because we have Corflu, and we know how to use it. Now, while none of us are great typists, we are meticulous perfectionists, so we don't mind going to all the trouble of correcting mistakes (separating stencil from backing sheet, painting out the error, blowing on the wet correction to speed drying, etc.). Besides, doing so gives us enough time to go take a leak, smoke a cigarette, have a cup of chai, or whatever, while relieving us of the pressure to get something done on time. That's why it's taken us so long to get this progress report finished. Really, we did finally decide to actually DO this con a whole two months ago!

Look, we've got till January of 1984, so there's no great hurry, right? We're busy; we've got lives to lead just like real people. But we are perfectionists. We won't even attempt a job unless we can do it right. We smoked a lot of, um, cigarettes while putting this thing together and we want something of which we can be proud to show for our effort.

But, just to keep us all on our toes, we've allowed one typo to slip through. The first reader to correctly identify the typo (page #, paragraph #, etc.) will win a Fabulous Prize to be presented at Corflu. Characteristically poor grammar and questionable sentence structure do not count--this is a legitimate typo.

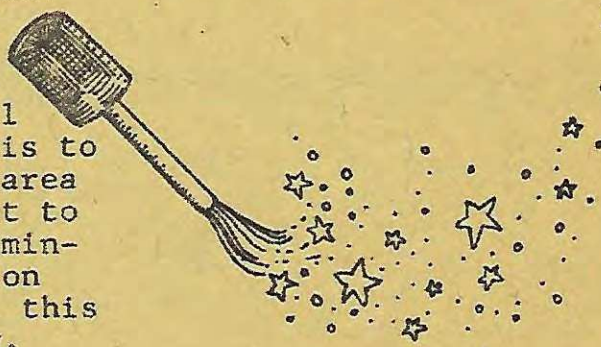
As soon as you spot our intentional boo-boo, sit down immediately and write us a nice long loc about how perceptive you are.

Now that we have that out of the way, let's talk about Corflu, the fanzine convention. Corflu is a gesture in the right direction--a convention for fanzine fans, organized by fanzine fans, and specifically designed to promote the further production of fanzine fans. We know it's not the first con oriented toward fanzine fans, but it is for sure the first one in a hell of a long time. We hope it will be unlike any other convention you've ever attended.

You've already read about our GoH and Toastmaster selection procedure, HAVEN'T you? And we'll be in a real class hotel; this is a variation from the norm of fan-ish functions. Shucks, we're even silly enough to introduce yet another science fiction/fanac achievement award! But silliest of all is our intention of turning the programming of this convention right over to you. Hey, we'll do the legwork: What you have to do is to tell us what you want to see in the area of programming, and we'll do our best to make it happen. Bold Move: We're eliminating panels. Workshops and discussion groups are the name of the game. So, this con is for YOU: Get into the act now, right?

By now, you're probably wondering who we are. We're not going to tell you.

Corflu



CAUTION....EXTREMELY FLAMMABLE
KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN - DANGER!



Allyn Cadogan chair

Allyn Cadogan didn't start out to be a subversive, much less the leader of a band of revolutionaries. How it all happened is as much a mystery to her as to the government investigators who still scratch their heads in puzzlement months after the trail they followed has grown cold.

She gave them the slip sometime after publishing the last issue of *Genre Plat*, a subversive tract, now several years old, that the government classified, not as a fanzine, but as terrorist propaganda. Now they are at an impasse.

They don't actually have a great deal of dirt on her, but what they do have is just curious enough to put her file in their Most Wanted cabinet. They know that she came from Canada, probably illegally. They know also that she's been active among the various underground groups in the Bay Area, though keeping so low a profile that they can't follow her movements closely. Her's is a difficult case, the threads of pursuit so tightly woven among legitimate mundane life that any leads they've managed to uncover have led them only to dead ends. Compared to the Cadogan case, the Hearst/SLA thing was a piece of cake.

Which only goes to show how incompetent Washington's Finest can be. Had they even bothered to watch television in the past five years, they would have seen Allyn quite openly fomenting revolution on the Emperor Norton Science Fiction Hour. They would know also that a new issue of *Genre Plat* is due Real Soon Now, and they would certainly know about Corflu, the convention of which she is the Chairperson.

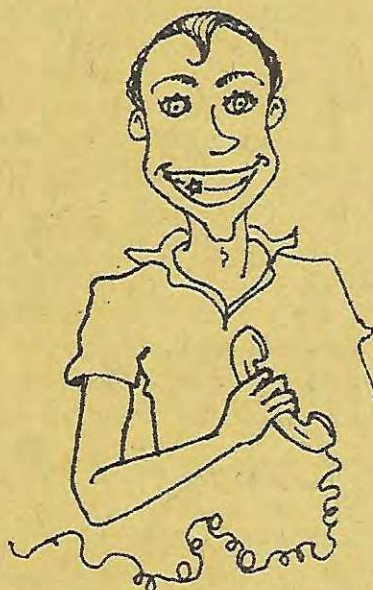
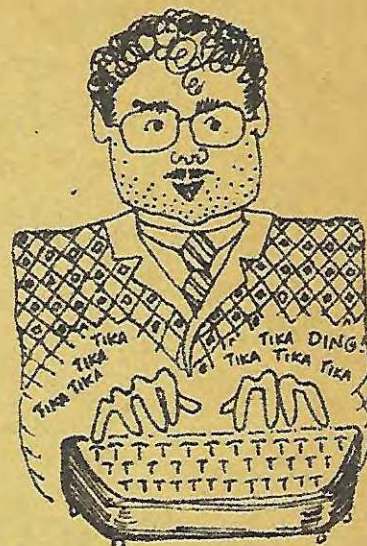
You should be aware that she is armed and probably dangerous. Approach with caution, but apprehend at all costs.

Bill Patterson:: registrar

For many of us, Corflu is corflu--a useful substance characterized by its pungent, but nevertheless effective, olfactory properties. That, however, is only part of its charm. The true connoisseur of corflu isn't about to waste the precious liquid on the patching of a botched stencil! How can one savour the delicate bouquet of a well-fermented Tempo #3487-22 (1980) by brushing it onto a gelatinous sheet of mimeo matter? How can anyone be certain of the absolute quality of a bottle of A.B. Dick A42D (1979)--a particularly unreliable vintage--without first rolling a sample of the product over a discriminating tongue? What good is a bottle of blue euphoria if one does not drink what's left over after the last page is cut?

The Corflu conspirators are fortunate to have among their number the experienced palate of Bill Patterson, a fan well-seasoned in the art of corflu sipping. Bill knows just how much aroma is acceptable upon the opening of a bottle to ensure that the fluid inside is up to standard. He knows that if the aftertaste is too sharp or too lingering, the typos will be stubborn, remaining visible in spite of the attempt at correction. In addition, he knows, on the basis of the tiniest sip, just how much is required to mask any conceivable error, and thus stretches our supply of the delicious (not to mention expensive) liquid to make certain there will be enough to go around for everyone to have their fill.

Were it not for Patterson and his invaluable expertise in this singular category, this fanzine would most certainly be riddled with typos.



Terry Floyd publicity

Terry Floyd was born either several years late or much too early, depending on how he feels next birthday. Raised by a pack of coyotes on the barren plains of the Texas Panhandle, young Terry showed little or no potential as a prairie predator, and so was exiled from the den before he could terrorize too many hen houses. Alone in a cold, uncaring wilderness, he made tracks south, discovered fandom, and learned how to use a mimeo (unfortunately, he learned only after pubbing two splotchy embarrassments he dared to call genzines), then ditto, which enabled him to churn out apazines. It seemed enough at the time.

Yet, for all this, such meagre output soon began to feel hardly more than minac, and Terry discovered he wasn't satisfied with being on the periphery. It was nearly as bad as being booted out of the coyote den, rejected by the only family he had ever known. This time, however, there was something he could do about it.

He made tracks west, following the sunset until he could go no further. Looking around, he found himself at the edge of the continent, on a thin finger of earth that jutted out like an obscene gesture at the mighty Pacific Ocean. San Francisco. The City.

Here, he fell in with, not coyotes, but fans--punks, lizards and little men. They intrigued him with their grand schemes to take

over the world, and he eagerly joined their ranks, pledging his wholehearted support to their cause. Said cause is Corflu, the fanzine convention, the first stage of a great design that will eventually put those who deserve it in positions of power.

The little orphaned coyote had found a family at last.

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X ART CREDITS X
X Cover: Kent Johnson X
X pp. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 (lower), 8, 9: Lucy Huntzinger X
X p. 7 (upper): D Carol Roberts X
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Kent Johnson artists' liason



The midwest has given much to the Bay Area. A good fifth of those automobiles that snarl commuter traffic from San Jose to Marin aren't Toyotas, Datsuns, BMWs or Fiats--they're *Made in 'Merica* Monte Carlos, Mustangs, Mercurys and Montegos. A major portion of our population, too, are refugees from the midwest, further proof that the continent is tilted. Why else would Larry Rehse, Gary Mattingly, Patty Peters or Denise Rehse be out here? Kent Johnson, however, has other reasons.

Artists live in worlds apart from the common man, in landscapes of their own creation. This does not, however, exempt them from the natural laws of the universe we all inhabit. Kent wouldn't go so far as to cut off his ears for the sake of aesthetic passion, but it is well-known that the moustache he sported when he was a solid resident of Harper House in Detroit was long ago the victim of the razor. Why? For anonymity, of course.

Kent fled his home state a wanted man, unable to prove his innocence. Those meeting him for the first time find it difficult to believe this mild-mannered man guilty of the charges leveled against him, but the black stain on his honor remains.

Ah! Those of us who know him know. Just buy him a few drinks and you'll be amazed at the transformation, you'll be amazed at the intensity of artistic fury that compels him to CREATE at the risk of his own safety and well-being, as well as that of those around him.

Kent calls it *performance art*. We call it climbing on doors.



D Carol Roberts

neoterisms

"The greater the tension, the greater the potential. Great energy springs from a correspondingly great tension of opposites."* D Carol Roberts, having planted the idea of Corflu in the rest of our minds, watched it flower into an amazing amount of energetic enthusiasm, opened negotiations with the hotel, and then went off to tend her cacti.

*C.G.Jung: Alchemical Studies

Karl Mosgofian

treasurer

Karl "Numbers" Mosgofian brings decades of experience to his position as Corflu Treasurer. Karl speaks little of his early years. We do know that he first rose to public attention as Military High Lama and President for Life of a certain Armenian Banana Republic (granted, the bananas had to be imported, and the term "republic" is used only rhetorically). It was during this phase of his life that Karl became acquainted with the principles of accounting in managing his many Swiss bank accounts. Pressed for details, "Numbers" will only smile in his beguilingly modest way and shrug, "There is money to be made in government."



Taking offense when unfairly implicated in a clerical error that resulted in the disappearance of the republic's entire treasury, Karl emigrated to the U.S. in 1962. Landing on all four feet, he was soon Chief Accountant in Angelino "Bloody Finger" Buggaluci's pasta importing business. Although Buggaluci has been accused of ties to organized crime, Karl explains that his competitors were simply very unlucky. It is quite common for automobiles to explode on ignition in the chilly New Jersey climate, and Sicilian business men, notoriously clumsy, are prone to fatal shaving accidents. Following Buggaluci's untimely death in the accidental discharge of two hundred and twelve bullets, Karl moved west, purchasing most of San Francisco's Diamond Heights district with his savings. "There's money to be made in pasta," says Karl, with a wily grin.

In his retirement, Karl came into contact with fandom when the Emperor Norton Science Fiction Hour began airing over his Viacom

cable TV system. A whiz with electronic equipment as well as with figures, Karl was soon playing a TV "switcher" as deftly as a pocket calculator. He began attending the bi-weekly fannish gatherings at the Travel Lounge and enthusiastically buying into fanzine futures. When he heard about Corflu, Karl quickly volunteered to handle our finances.

"There's money to be made in fandom," he smiles.

Lucy Huntzinger publications



Youth gone wrong has always been such an obvious sign of the times that it has begun to seem as though the times never really change all that much. Lucy Huntzinger would have fit right in with the greasy, switchblade-toting delinquents of all those teen rebellion movies of the fifties, those children of the spud society, so bored with their existence they'd do anything for kicks.

You know the type--basically a good kid at heart who might have amounted to something had she not taken a wrong turn on the highway of life, hitchhiking ~~her~~ way into the fast lane where the thrills are cheap, and the curves are dangerous.

It's an old story. She had everything--talent, looks, loving parents, a good sorority. And then one fateful day she stumbled into a NorWesCon, initially to ask directions to the Delta Sig Spring Mixer being held in the same hotel, but the fans at the registration desk thought *What a Great Gag It Would Be* to direct her instead to the fanzine room. Care-free and naive, Lucy didn't realize that she had just bought herself a one-way ticket to tragedy.

By the time she noticed that none of the fans in the room looked particularly preppy, she was already having too much fun to leave. She saw people passing around a small bottle of strong-smelling blue liquid; then Gary Farber handed the bottle to her, telling her to inhale the fumes deeply into her lungs. She hesitated, but only for a moment. "Oh, wow!" she thought, "this can't be cool, but what'll they think of me if I refuse?"

That's how it always begins: The first small thrill leads to bigger and bigger things. Soon, Lucy "Really" Huntzinger was hooked on the hard stuff. She dropped out of her sorority, moved into the Farber/Vargo slanshack, became a letterhack. At this point, there might yet have been some hope for the misguided youngster, but she next moved to San Francisco, a city beyond any chance of redemption. She fell in with Lizards and Nortonians and finally found herself agreeing enthusiastically to be part of an enterprise called Corflu.

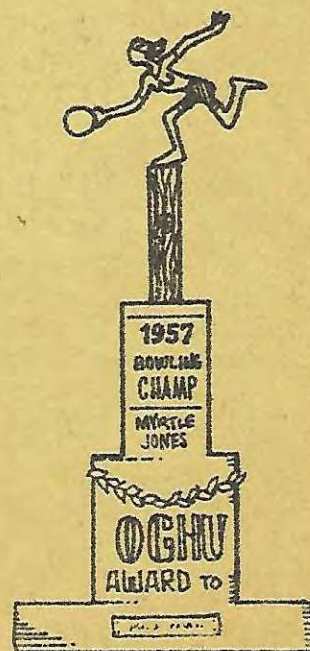
O, Ghu!

Corflu cordially invites you to attend the first presentation of the prestigious OGhu Awards, offered in the name of that sacred faanish Ghod we hold so dear, the Great Ghu. Bear in mind that the OGhu awards are genuine, no shit, real awards, and are not to be confused with the well-known hoax awards whose name sort of sounds similar.

No con is complete without some kind of presentation of awards, and the Corflu committee isn't about to be left out of the race. We feel that the ridiculous proliferation of so many awards among fandom and prodom, in the end, cheapens the value of all of them, and we, the Corflu committee, support this phenomenon wholeheartedly. After all, if we have to add Hugo categories to an already bloated list to ensure that everybody who is anybody gets one, why not go for broke?

We hold no illusions about the nature of awards or the ways one goes about obtaining them. The OGhus will be no different in this respect. Corflu welcomes its members to nominate possible recipients and suggest new categories. It should also be noted that all of the awards are open for sale to the highest bidder: If you know the perfect fan to honor with one of these attractive trophies, and don't want to risk losing it to another nominee, make an offer to OGhu Awards Coordinator Terry Floyd. By the same token, should you yourself feel deserving of an award, don't let anything like fairness get in the way of honor. As a last resort, any awards which we can't give away will be put up for auction. All proceeds from the sales will be distributed to TAFF, DUFF and the Fanthology fund, so your conscience needn't be bothered by this blatant purchase of awards.

Presently, the OGhu categories include awards for: (in a fanzine) smallest circulation, most typos in a single issue, most creative use of white space, best unjustified right margins, most creative subject-verb agreement, longest gap between issues, deadliest staples. Other categories include: most *interesting* fanwriter/letterhack, worst artist, best bheer, most creative impromptu mixed drink, the Generalissimo Francisco Franco "Isn't he dead yet (Jim)?" Award, the Ann Gorsuch-Burford Award for the most appreciated (and longest awaited) gafiation, and a special award for the best science fiction achievement award currently on the market.



Once again, Corflu encourages you to suggest more categories, nominate your favorite fans to honor, open the bidding for the hotly-contested categories, and have as good a time as possible with this fine old faanish tradition. And please don't worry about hurting anyone's feelings by nominating them. Believe us, losing nice awards hurts far more than winning bad ones.

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"...Some, very few and seen but seldom, led mysterious lives, had preserved an undefaced energy with the temper of buccaneers and the eyes of dreamers. They appeared to live in a crazy maze of plans, hopes, dangers, enterprises, ahead of civilization, in the dark places of the sea....in their persons could be detected the...determination to lounge safely through existence."

-Joseph Conrad
Lord Jim

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