

Cobalt Bomb

#2

The daily, YES DAILY DAMN IT, newsletter of Corflu Cobalt. "He's got no tabasco, his life's a fiasco". Sandra Bond applies the blindfold and smothers the victim's cries. Sunday 21 March 2010.

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IN THE HEAD'S STUDY: "Didn't you say this issue was going to be out on Saturday?"

"Yes miss. Sorry miss."

"What happened?"

"It were that Linda Krawecke, miss. She made me do it, miss. She made me do whatever it was I done. So anything I done, miss, is totally her fault, miss."

Unless it was really cool; in that case it was *totally* me all along

THERE ARE NEVER ENOUGH BADGERS: Overheard at breakfast, fan wearing Corflu Badger t-shirt to curious daughter: "No, Marianne, Corflu goes back *much* further than 'Badger, badger, mushroom'."

Bondage bondage bondage bondage bondage bondage mushroom mushroom!

KILLED HIM A FAKEFAN WHEN HE WAS ONLY THREE: Word filters back from the World Beyond Corflu that Fess Parker, most notable for his 1950s role playing Davy Crockett ("King of the wild frontier!"), has passed away. Your normally atheist editor finds herself hoping that his soul ascends to heaven, purely and selfishly so she can use the pun "Fess up".

WINE-DARK TEES: The ancient Greeks, as all erudite scholars know, thought the sea was the colour of wine. We modern types know it's deep and blue. Also deep blue are the Corflu t-shirts, which remain on sale at the registration desk; £10 for short sleeves, £15 for long sleeves, all with Harry Bell's fannish knight grinning at you. Mediums are sold out; L, XL and XXL remain at the time of writing.

I COULD SO TOO ANSWER: Your editor is pleased to report that her team, BBBBW (which stands *of course* for Bill Burns, Berry, Bond and Weston; what were *you* thinking?) triumphed in the Saturday quiz despite base and ignoble attempts by Rob Jackson to rig it by calling it the Quiz With Questions Even Sandra Bond Can't Answer. Although she will confess that Tony Berry got all the skiffy and movie ones for her.

FANZINES: spotted so far from John Coxon, Lilian Edwards, Fishlifters (joint), Claire Brialey (solo), Doug Spencer, Dave Hicks, Doug Bell and Christina Lake, Ian Sorensen, Jim Mowatt, Nic Farey (his fanzine's here even if he isn't) and Colin Hinz (who ran off the last page of the first NOVOID in 19 years at the con itself). Any more for any more?

WELL, HERE'S ONE MORE: For Kat Templeton even watching the virtual con suite isn't

enough; she's decided to put out a Corflu one-shot despite not being at Corflu. She needs contributions! Wouldn't it be nice if those of us lucky enough to be here were to rush them – even if only brief – to Kat: katster@retstak.org is the address. (Katster@retstaK.org? Ooh, I see what you did there!)

AND HERE'S ANOTHER: Eager young John Coxon is so charged with Corfluvian energy that he is reported to be working on a fanzine about the convention already. I wonder if he'll get it out by close of play? Go, Johnny, go!

AND YET MORE: The Mallory suite will today be hosting a bunch of old fanzines that didn't make the auction but that their donors don't want to take home. There is also a large box of back issues of ERG and other ephemera from the collection of Terry Jeeves, courtesy of Terry and of Caroline Mullan who transported them to Corflu. Search through and select to your heart's content, then make whatever donation to whatever fannish cause (including the honesty box by the coffee machines) your conscience may dictate.

SPEAKING OF THE AUCTION: it went well. There was far too much good stuff for us to be able to cram it all into the hour allotted, even with auctioneers Peter Weston and Alison Scott working on danger money, and runners such as Mary Burns and Mary Kay Kare running up and down with winged feet. Largest bid, your scribe believes, was the £50 which secured an original, full colour Arthur Thomson piece for Alison Scott. The fate of lots that couldn't be squeezed in remains to be decided, and will be communicated as soon as possible.

CHECKOUT: on Sunday for those leaving tonight is **11am**. That's only seven hours after the last fans staggered out of the bar on Saturday night.

If you ever hear a coughin' sound, you'll know somebody's got a cough

GIANT FLYING PLIERS: Your editor is pleased to confirm that no giant flying pliers have been sighted over Winchester this weekend. Rumours that other giant utensils have been spotted are, it is believed, the result of unchecked gossip based upon a misunderstanding of Tobes saying "Cor, I got massively hammered last night".

UNATTRIBUTABLE QUOTE: On arriving at the Rimjhim restaurant on Saturday night: "Someone should tell them Jhim Linwood dropped the fannish H from his name years ago".

BOUNCING BABY BOMBS: The Bonnie Bairns photographs have been moved to the front of the registration desk. Still time to pit your wits against the camera. Hurry, hurry!

CORFLU SALUTES: Nic Farey and the Vegrants for arising from their pits at 5am local time purely in order to be able to enjoy the banquet by proxy. We shall have to give them a good one.

A SALUTE ALSO TO: the unnamed fan who got up at 3.30am local for our first panel on Saturday. "What's more disgusting still," reports Peter Sullivan, "is that they did this not by staying up all night like proper fans, but by *going to bed early*." Milky drinks and Sudafed consumption in California have rocketed.

GOH SPEECH: "Will plunge all fandom into war," reports an Unidentified Source close to Seattle. We await, all agog...