

Cobalt Bomb



The daily newsletter of Corflu Cobalt. "Take your aim, stake your claim". Edited, kicked about and hurled through a wormhole to the past by Sandra Bond. Friday 19 March 2010.

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WELCOME: Well, the con hasn't officially started yet, but heedlessly and recklessly, I'm beginning the first issue of the newsletter anyway...

FIRST STORY: Alun Harries spoke to me as I sat down and flexed my fingers to begin typing. "Write that down," he said. "Make that your first story of the con. You can say I think you're unfairly put upon for all the hard work they're making you do." Thank you, Alun Harries. You can come again. Even if you do mock my guitar playing.

GUFF STUFF AND SIMILAR FLUFF: The GUFF race 2010 is currently under way. To vote, either take a look at the web page:

<http://pcwww.liv.ac.uk/~lister/guff>

Or catch up with Ang Rosin. Due to equipment failure she has 6 printed ballots!

AND MORE FAN STUFF: The 2010 CUFF race has been won by Diane Lacey who by all accounts was the ante-post favourite over Rob Uhrig, who has, rumour has it, earned himself the nickname of the Flouncing Klingon. Your editor has no axe to grind in this race, but would like to proffer her opinion that FLOUNCING KLINGON would make a great fanzine title. This was the first contested CUFF race since 2003, says Catherine Crockett.

THE COOLEST GUY AT CORFLU is surely and undoubtedly Earl Kemp, who arrived at Las Vegas airport after the already considerable journey from Kingman, AZ to find himself bumped from his BA flight, transferred to a Virgin flight next day, and shunted into a hotel that did not match his standards of comfort and calm. Turning not a hair, Earl sent a message to advise fandom at large of the delay, rearranged his collection from the airport in England, and settled down to spend a night in the airport instead of the scorned hotel, with all the panache of a man fifty years his junior. Earl is now in our midst and appears none the worse for his experience, but buy him a drink anyway; he surely deserves it.

CAS SKELTON asks "If I fall asleep during the opening ceremony, just dig me in the ribs." There will no doubt be a long line to take her up on this request.

STOP PRESS NEWS: The said opening ceremony is about to begin. Your roving reporter will now sign off, go inside, and leave a couple of lines' space here for the news everyone is agog for (sorry, "for which everyone is agog"); the identity of the Guest of Honour.

Congratulations to the Guest of Honour,MARY KAY KARE!!!

HOW MANY HATS?: Ten, is the answer. The Committee raided their wardrobes and put their milliners on danger money to bring the number of hats available at the opening ceremony into double figures. Only one hat, of course, can be used to draw the Guest of Honour from, and so a random pick was made, with the lot falling upon Mark Plummer's fetching little Rumanian garden-gnome number. Mike Meara, meantime, donned your editor's Ascot-best hat with lace and ribbons, and looked disturbingly fetching...

FREE FANZINES: The current issues of Pete Weston's RELAPSE, Steve Green's THE FORTNIGHTLY FIX, and Jerry Kaufman and Suzle's LITTLEBROOK (*stop press: supplies now exhausted?*) are all available free for anyone interested on the newsletter desk (which is to the left of the registration desk). A selection of free second-hand fanzines should be available before long. Watch this space.

AUCTION ACTION: Vast amounts of Good Stuff have been donated to the convention by various kindly hands, and yr. ed. (who is now repenting her promise to do so bitterly) has produced what as far as we know is a Corflu first; an auction catalogue. Copies are available on the newsletter desk. Or ask Sandra Bond if you need one.

FREE TEA AND COFFEE are now available in the Chaucer Room. There is an honesty box for donations for this service. The convention draft bitter is also now available, though sadly this is £3 per pint and not free, and you pay the barman and not the honesty box. (Your committee can only go so far into bankruptcy for you.)

SPEAKING OF THE BAR, those who habitually lurk in that area and shun the bright lights of the programme room may not have realised that there is a bar open in the programme room as well; so you can enjoy our fab, gear programme without having to eschew beer...

AUCTION ADDENDUM: The auction catalogue referred to on page 1 is already out of date; we have four more T-shirts courtesy of Sue Mason and of Potlatch... Our intrepid auctioneers are going to be worked *really* hard.

BACON DISPLAYS LEARNING DEFECIT: Those who enjoyed James Bacon re-enact Bob Shaw's "The Bermondsey Triangle Mystery" tonight, while entertained, may also have been disturbed by James's inability to discriminate between the words "defect" and "defecate"...

JOHN HALL is not having a very good con so far. Having this morning failed to win VAST SUMS by backing a certain winner at Newbury races, due to his inability to find a betting shop in Winchester (clue, Johnny; you can bet online these days) he then went out for dinner with Audrey on foot, only to be caught in the most immense rainstorm and to return with his enormous mackintosh dripping wet. "You look like a trawlerman," a nameless newsletter editor commented, and a nameless former editor of CRITICAL WAVE made coarse remarks about "sucking a Fisherman's Friend". Mr and Mrs Hall trudged away, leaving little drips behind them.

GIMME MONEY, THAT'S WHAT I WANT: In addition to the nearest cashpoint listed by us in previous publications, we can report that there is a free cashpoint at the Tesco Metro.

THE VIRTUAL CORFLU SUITE has had up to 24 people connected at once thus far, reports a thrilled and hard-working Peter Sullivan. This will of course be put on the Corflu web site for all those 24 and more to enjoy, just as soon as your editor can place Ian Maule and a flash drive in close proximity.