

Tynecon III - The Corflu

Brother
Ignatius,
beware of
doctrinal
error

Illuminated
manuscripts
always
require
three staples

Mlea culpa,
Brother
Theodore

Thank
Heaven
he didn't
see the
letter
column



Programme Book

TYNECON III - THE CORFLU

The Vermont Hotel, Newcastle Upon Tyne

March 27th - 29th, 2015

SOUVENIR PROGRAMME BOOK

CONTENTS AND CREDITS

Welcome by Pat Charnock.....	page 2
Programme Summary.....	page 3
Meet the Committee.....	page 6
Then: The Gannets by Rob Jackson and Rob Hansen... .	page 10
A Gannet Timeline.....	page 14
Two Gannets by Ian Williams & Ian Maule.....	page 18
Corflu Daze by Ted White.....	page 20
Corflu Fiftyby Rob Jackson.....	page 23
Rude Dancing by Geri Sullivan.....	page 25
Members.....	page 30
I Spy: Newcastle & Gateshead.....	page 31

Front & Back Covers by D. West

Special thanks to Martin Hoare for Technical support

WELCOME TO TYNECON III - THE CORFLU PAT CHARNOCK

I've made several false attempts to start this piece. I agonised over becoming chairperson in the first place. Alan Dorey was supposed to be it, but family matters meant he couldn't give Corflu the time he thought it deserved, so he regretfully left us. And then no one else wanted the job, they just wanted to do their own bit. So here I am. And I'm delighted! After all, I'm leading an amazing team with impeccable fannish fanzine capabilities and wonderful ideas. This will be my fourth Corflu, two in the US and two here in the UK.

Alan, thanks for starting us off so well.

And I wasn't sure about the choice of a name for this Corflu. As soon as it became apparent that Newcastle was the most likely venue, the ex-Gannets on our team seemed to be filled with missionary zeal to recreate Tynecon. The first Tynecon in 1974 was my second convention, the one where I felt a bit more comfortable, where I knew a few more people, and I had a really good time. But I'm not a fan historian, and I didn't want to recreate an Eastercon or a Mexicon where a Corflu should be. I know better now - this is definitely a Corflu, all the way from its GOH selection to its Sunday banquet, or lunch, or whatever it is we've decided to call it this year. (You expect me to know everything?)

You'll be hearing more about the Gannets in this souvenir book and in the super fanthology that Rob Jackson has put

together. If you don't know about them already, they were a fan group that got together in the 70s just down the road from Newcastle in Sunderland. They moved on from a front room to the Gannet pub, and were a very active group, publishing fanzines and running conventions.

You'll find that the first thing on the agenda is a stroll of discovery around Newcastle and Gateshead on Friday morning led by Harry and Pat Bell. They are also compiling a list of local restaurants and eateries, and Pat will be happy to share her knowledge of the local area. On Friday afternoon we move indoors for the programme and it all kicks off at 2 pm. Don't miss the GOH selection at 5 pm, but do please tell us if you don't want your name to be in the hat. We've programmed in generous meal breaks, to allow for the socialising that is such an important part of Corflu.

We hope to be able to stream a lot of programme items on the Corflu UStream channel for the Virtual Consuite. There may also be a roving UStreamer who will come amongst you for a chat. Our supporting members are important to us, and we'd like to try and give "We'd like to try and give our absent members a true flavour of this year's Corflu, even if they can't be here in person."

I hope you all have a great time. --- Pat Charnock

TYNECON III - THE CORFLU PROGRAMME SUMMARY

See the pocket programme leaflet for information about participants in each item, other special events, and any of the changes to this schedule that we're hoping to avoid in defiance of all conrunning experience.

FRIDAY

2 – 3 pm: Fifty Shades of Fandom

Not many of us came into fandom as fanzine fans; fanzines were something we discovered once we were here. Our first programme item will be a discussion of what attracted us all into fandom in the first place and what areas of fandom we actively participate in still. We'll also look at whether there is a core community within fandom any more, what are the happening areas, and has the media representation of fandom turned us all into geeks?

3.30 – 4.30 pm: A Rainbow in Somebody's Clouds

We might think that any idiot can produce fan writing, even if some of us also think it takes a special kind of idiot to do it well. But fan art remains a rare and enviable talent for those of us who can only write the words that fit around it. In a year where *Chunga* #23 has taken a step closer to proving that fanzines are becoming delivery mechanisms for artwork, a panel of fan artists discuss their own influences and inspirations – in fandom and without.

5 – 5.30 pm: Meet the committee and Guest of Honour

Who are the reprobates who are trying to show you a good time this weekend? Come along to get prepared to dodge the committee when they're looking around hopefully for a volunteer, find out the latest news on the fun in store and the secret password that will let you access it and, most importantly, be assured that you're not the Guest of Honour. Pat Charnock assures us that none of the committee are allowed to be in the bar – so no one else is either.

(Dinner break)

9 – 10 pm: Just A Minac

At Corflu 31 in Richmond last year, four apparently willing contestants submitted themselves to the tender mercies of Sandra Bond to prove who was most able to talk on various fannish subjects for up to a minute without hesitation, repetition or deviation. Some of those who took part, some of those who missed it, and even some of the audience were keen for a rematch; now there's just deviation and hesitation to go...

10 – 11 pm: Fanzine launch party

It's Corflu, the convention for fanzine fans. Some of us will have produced new issues of fanzines for this very occasion, to share the love or save the postage; some might even have returned to the fold. And *Tyne Capsule*, the official fanthology of Tynecon III: the Corflu, is celebrating many things Gannety. So let's pub our ishes in style, whether that style is to distribute with abandon or to sidle up to people looking diffident, and read a few choice snippets. It's a launch party, so there's a free drink in it for you too.

SATURDAY

11 am – midday: Before Gender Parity: the early days of TWP (The Women's Periodical)

When Linda Krawecka and Chris Atkinson set up TWP in the early 1980s, they gave British fandom a successful forum for women while re-introducing and popularising the APA as a format for fannish expression in the UK. Over thirty years later, we look at how and why TWP took off so successfully – was it the message or the medium? Did the women of British fandom need a women-only APA, how feminist was it, and what was the impact on British fandom as a whole?

(Lunch break)

2 – 3 pm: Kev Williams presents... Gannet Fandom

A short film depicting who, what, when and why the Gannets – followed by questions and arguments about what really went on.

3.30 – 4.30 pm: Between the Armadillos

From the early '90s to the mid-2000s access to home computers, desk-top publishing software, and relatively cheap and convenient production methods like photocopying put fanzine production within easy reach of most

fans. The period also saw the rise of the internet, social media, e-fanzines and online groups. What were the classic fanzines of the age, and did they reflect the technological advances and new ways to communicate?

5 – 6 pm: We Get the Fandom We Create

How does the way we behave contribute to the fandom and situations we experience (and complain about), and how can we create and contribute to the fandom we want to exist (or to continue existing)? Corflu 50 delegate Geri Sullivan encourages us to get thinking, before we go back out there and get creating again.

(Dinner break)

9 – 10 pm: I'm Sorry I Haven't A Corflu

The antidote to panels. Four players are given silly things to do by Dave Hicks, with some of them set to music.

10 – 11-ish pm: Auction

We have plans for your money, and indeed for what you need to fit in your luggage on the way home. Turn up, bid up, cough up...

SUNDAY

1 – 2 am: British Summer Time begins

Add an hour to whatever you use to tell the time, and so everyone loses an hour's sleep – especially those of you who haven't gone to bed yet...

10.30 – 11.30 am: On the Road: writing the ultimate trip report

Trip reports are still alive and well despite the internet, but why do we write them and who actually reads them? Are fannish trip reports an intrinsically flawed medium as the best stories are the ones you can't tell, or are they oral history in the making? And why do we still insist on our fan fund delegates writing trip

reports, when they could simply tweet their progress?

11.30 am – midday: Group photos

Why, this is fan history, nor am I out of it. Do you want to remember who was at Corflu? To increase your chances of appearing in someone else's con report? To prove you were definitely not somewhere else at the time? Here's another way to document the convention for posterity, and watch each other try to get everyone in shot at once and then rush to upload the photos to their social media of choice.

Midday: Lunch and Awards Ceremony

The culmination of the formal Corflu programme will aim to see you fortified with more food before the final festivities get under way. The Guest of Honour will have the

opportunity to tell us what's on their mind, and we'll also have a few words from our Corflu 50 delegate, the presentation of the FAAn Awards (comparable to the Oscars at their best), the selection of the Past President of fwa, and site selection for Corflu in 2016 – in some order which might even be this one, to further heighten the element of suspense.

Mid-afternoon: Outside the Corflu Bubble

Some sort of outdoor excursion which could include a self-guided version of Friday's walk and/or some craft beer... Indoors (once we find some craft beer!) if wet.

Evening: Dead Dog in the Goat and Gusset

Alliteration and alcohol abound.



Art: Harry Bell

GRAHAM CHARNOCK: *A word of warning. You should study these pages carefully, and be very scared at the kind of people who are in charge of your destiny at Corflu 32. They are wild and driven, they will stop at nothing in their conquest of the Vermont Hotel with the sole aim of providing pleasure over the weekend of March 27th to 29th. They will work tirelessly to reduce the delegates to gibbering idiots, capable of only wandering the corridors like lost souls looking for those mythical room parties where once the Ancients like Bob Tucker trod. Trespass amongst them at your peril but under no circumstance wake them from their enthralled sleep after the hour of 2.00 am.*

WE CONTROL THE HORIZONTAL... WE CONTROL THE VERTICAL... WE ARE THE COMMITTEE



PAT CHARNOCK. She's the Chairperson. She has two children and two grandchildren and yet can still find the energy to put on a Corflu. Look upon her works and despair. Editor

of acclaimed fanzine WRINKLED SHREW, she has recently become a fannish revenant and produced the stunning quality fanzine RAUCOUS CAUCOUS. Her con-running experience has involved her in helping run at least one Worldcon and several lesser ones. She was Fan GoH at Yorcon in Leeds in 1979 where she startled people by banging her tambourine.



JOHN HARVEY. John blames the Gannets (via Tynecon in 1974) for dragging him into Fandom. Such was their evil influence that he's been to and

helped organise more conventions than he can remember. He's even been known to produce a fanzine or two. So traumatised by fandom he's fled the country and now lives

somewhere in deepest, darkest France. Some say it's the wine but we know otherwise.

This time he is our webmaster and, along with help and guidance from Martin Hoare, will mastermind our Virtual Consuite. He plays a mean Telecaster. Call him 'The Iceman'.

ROBERT LICHTMAN. As the "Forgotten Man of the Committee," it's been my pleasure this



past year to receive memberships from fellow North Americans – two of them even Canadian! – for Tynecon III - the Corflu.

Nineteen of the 85 members have traversed through this portal, not quite twenty percent but who's counting. Since in my write-up in the second progress report I mentioned there were only fourteen, I wonder if my exhortation there "to encourage any Americans reading this who have been procrastinating about taking out a membership to do it now" had the desired effect, or if they **were going to do it anyway.**

I didn't feel in any way "uniquely qualified" to serve as US Agent – it's not that challenging –

but perhaps my nearly thirty years as Secretary-Treasurer of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) made it an even more mindless task. My duties there involve maintaining the treasury and, perhaps more important, tracking members' timely payment of dues and of performing their annual minimum activity to retain their membership.

If there are any Corflu members reading this who might enjoy a change of pace from the fast-moving world of e-fanac, FAPA offers a leisurely refuge in the form of quarterly mailings of printed fanzines. Ample room exists on the membership roster. If this interests anyone, please contact me at robertlichtman@yahoo.com.

Meanwhile, as the only committee member who won't be there to say this in person, have a great time at Tynecon III - the Corflu!

MIKE MEARA. Mike is a late by-product of the secret wartime genetic engineering labs, which were later taken over by the British Government and formed the basis of the original National Health Service. Culled as a result of budget cuts, he somehow survived and was raised by meerkats. For many years he experimented with mind-expanding rugs until a passing carpet-salesman pointed out the misprint.



In the early 1970s he discovered fandom, and dallied with it for a while, but by and large it failed to dally back. As a result, he became increasingly silky*, eventually going into self-imposed exile in the late 1980s. During his twenty-year absence, he discovered the elixir of life, but the only existing sample was mistakenly identified as a urine specimen, and poured down the drain

by an Albanian gynaecologist. The effect on the biosphere of this as-yet-unrecognised

catastrophe will start to become apparent around 2020. The next UK Corflu will be very different.

Having discovered that cheap French wine works almost as well, in 2008 he made a triumphant return, recruited a crack team of PR experts, and is now one of the most successful, admired and loved characters in all fandom. Or so his PA keeps telling him. (In truth, he's the same-sized frog. It's just the pond that has got smaller. But don't tell him that.)

* I think this is another misprint. Perhaps "sulky"? - ed.

(Mike will be leading us all gently through the formalities of the FAAn awards.)



GRAHAM CHARNOCK.

Born 1946. Discovered sf. In charge of New Worlds slush pile for a short time. Produced PHILE and helped wife produce WRINKLED SHREW. Wrote and recorded with Mike Moorcock as one of

Deep Fix. Wrote a few short stories. One of the Secret Masters of the Astral League. Produced publications for Seacon '79. First Corflu was Quire in Austin. Drinks a lot.

CLAIRE BRIALEY. Co-edits *Banana Wings* with Mark Plummer, which will turn out to be fortunate for narrative continuity. When she's feeling even more gloomy and introspective than usual she Publishes another issue of *No Sin But Ignorance* instead. She sometimes does bureaucratic things for fan funds, occasionally runs conventions and then gives up conrunning again, and is currently the Official Bloody President of ANZAPA which makes Mark the First Bloke. She's the sort of science fiction fan who still reads science fiction and the sort of fanzine

fan who still enjoys fanzines, but doesn't do those things often enough.



MARK PLUMMER. His ambition is to hold a license to crenelate, and has been ever since he learned that that's a thing. He co-edits *Banana Wings* with Claire Brialey. Their fanzine is now old enough to buy them a drink and yet it never does, so what's that about? Occasionally, Mark gets to polish Claire's Hugo. If it were the other way around you'd think that was a euphemism. *Banana Wings* has been variously acclaimed to be too long, too serious or too worthy. It was once popular with the Welsh, and might be again if it were crenelated.

(Claire and Mark have responsibility for Programming along with Christina Lake and Doug Bell. Blame them when it all goes wrong.



DOUG BELL. Although born on the remote Scottish island of St Kilda, Doug Bell was in fact raised by a pack of wolves in Upper Silesia. At the age of 20, Doug gave up a promising career in academia to tour the world as the keyboard player in the alt.folk band *The Aardvark's Annual Picnic*. As the writer/creator of the hit comic book *Bigfoot Viking*, his time is currently spent overseeing the numerous spin-off toys, beers and film adaptations. The latest

issue of Doug's fanzine *Unreliable Narrator* will be launched at Tynecon III: The Corflu.

CHRISTINA LAKE. Christina Lake accidentally picked up fandom at university and failed to shake it off, so became a fanzine editor, a six-year old twin and a TAFF winner. In the 1990s



she spent a year travelling round the world in the hope of partying with as many fans as possible. She now works as a university librarian in Cornwall and occasionally co-edits

the fanzine Head! with Doug Bell.

JOHN NIELSEN HALL (UNCLE JOHNNY). has looked after the finances of both this Corflu and the previous one. He is old and tired. His



fannish career began in the 1960's, when, after a short sojourn in California, he produced two issues of ZINE. There may have been worse fanzines around at the time, but ZINE didn't really

stand out from them. Later he wrote copiously for noted fanzines of the early '70s such as ZIMRI, as well as being one of the earliest Ratfans and making regular unflattering appearances in BIG SCAB. At about that time his private life became a bit notorious and he eventually disappeared from view to become an accountant and after bumming around the sub-continent, a Buddhist; the two things being surprisingly compatible. In more recent times he has produced eight issues of MOTORWAY DREAMER, a high concept genzine now on its last legs, and dabbled in techno and electronic freakiness. His first Corflu was Las Vegas in 2008, but basically he doesn't do cons. That's why he's somehow part of the committee for this one.



HARRY BELL.

Winner of more fannish awards for his artwork than most of us have had hot dinners, he is our Artist in Residence. Along

with his movie-star wife **PAT BELL** (Search IMDB for Pat Mailer) he is also in charge of local liaison with the Hotel, and organizing our Friday Morning Amble through the historic city of Newcastle Upon Tyne.



RO B JAC

KSON. Read Clarke and Wyndham at school then as a medical student at Oxford in the early 70s: forgivable? Wrote

stories for Sfinx; more study in Newcastle & became a Gannetfan. Tynecon committee in 74; took over MAYA (became Hugo-nominated genzine). Committees of first few Silicons (Geordie relaxacons) & Seacon 79 (UK Worldcon). Moved down South, married another fan (Coral – previously Clarke). Reviewed fanzines in Matrix 79-81; publications for Mexican 2 and Conspiracy, the 1987 Worldcon. Consultant psychiatrist in Chichester 83 onwards; 3 kids; gafiated till 2001 –Greg Pickersgill's Memory Hole e-list revived contact. Loved it again, especially Harry Bell's IntheBar. Publishing Bellissimo!, fan pubbing again with INCA, Corflus, IntheBar gatherings and Ploktacon all great, especially now I am retired. Is fandom addictive? My two most active periods in it have bookended a career as a psychiatrist specializing in addictions.... in the 1980s.



(Rob is our main Hotel Liaison man. If you have any complaints or compliments be sure to seek him out personally.)

SANDRA BOND. Discovered SF through Panther Books with Chris Foss covers at a



tender age and has been a sucker for knobbly spaceships with rivets all over ever since then. Discovered fandom in 1987 just in time for the British worldcon that year, which I was possibly the only person to enjoy throughout and find no fault in (ah, innocence!) Have maintained a constant presence in fandom since. I prefer my conventions to be Awfully Big or else Small and Cosy, so have made recent British worldcons while rarely showing my face at Eastercons; first convention committee was Mexican III, 1989, first Corflu was Corflu Blackjack, 2004. Editor of QUASIQUOTE, BOGUS, JIANT and certain other fanzines best left buried in the compost heap of time.

(Sandra's Jiant Brain has absorbed more fannish lore and history than probably exists even in every known dimension of the multiverse. This time around she will be handling the running of the Auction)



Art: Dan Steffan

THEN: The Gannets

As adapted from Rob Hansen's THEN (edited and with linking material and conclusion by Rob Jackson)

One first-timer enchanted by *Scicon* 70 as his first con, despite the con's faults, was Sunderland student librarian Ian Williams. Fired by enthusiasm, Williams returned to his native Sunderland and, in June, formed a new SF group in the North-East. The group's founder members were Sam Smith, the recently degafiated Harry Bell, and Williams himself. They met regularly in the front room of Williams' home until the end of August, by which time the group had grown to include Jim Marshall (no relation to the 1950s fan of the same name), Ian and Thom Penman (no relation to each other), and Ritchie Smith, and had outgrown the Williams front room. At this point the group called itself the North East Fan Group (NEFG), but it was soon to move its meetings to the pub that would give it its true name.

In September they started meeting on Tuesday evenings in The Gannet, a Sunderland town centre pub. Founder member Sam Smith disapproved of pubs so dropped out, but Harry Bell's fiancée, Irene Taylor, became a regular, and Ian Williams found another local fan called Ian Maule in the *BSFA Bulletin's* new members list and invited him. So, in October, Ian Maule joined the NEFG.

NEFG's first fanzine appeared in November 1970. *Maya*, edited by Ian Williams, was a relatively sercon fanzine, messily duplicated but showing a great deal of promise. Of particular interest was a fanzine review article by Graham Boak which presciently pleaded the need for a renaissance in fannish fanzines following

the late 60s' PaDSzine era of identikit imitation prozines.

Though none could have known it, British fandom had turned the corner and had already attracted most of those who in a few short years would make the 1970s one of the most fertile and exciting periods British fandom has ever known.

Distributed with *Fouler* 5 in March 1971 was a single sheet flyer/fanzine including a tongue-in-cheek advertisement plugging Pickersgill for the 1971 Doc Weir Award. As Ian Williams later explained:

"The ad purported to be 'inserted by the Gannet Science Fiction Fandom & Drinking Association', which was untrue as until then we'd thought of ourselves as the North East Science Fiction Fan Group. When we saw that, we realised that we had been well and truly named. Boak had suggested 'The Monkwearmouth Mafia'. That had never seemed right, but Gannetfandom did."

April 1972 saw Ian Maule take over the editorship of *Maya* 3, the group's fanzine, just in time to be distributed at *Chessmancon*; this was a substantial improvement over the Williams-edited issues in that it was actually legible.

Maya 5 in December 1972 continued that zine's improvement and featured a 'Goblin Towers' column by Ian Williams (whose nickname, 'Goblin', derived from his diminutive stature) on how he got into fandom. January 1973 saw *Gannetscrapbook* 1, with a compendium of

small zines from Gannets such as Ian Maule and Williams, Thom Penman, Harry Bell, newcomers Rob Jackson (ex-OUSFG) and Henry Pijohn, and expatriate Geordies Gray Boak and Mary Legg.

In the 1973 *Ompacon* con-bidding session, the choice was between a Newcastle convention run by Gannetfandom and a multi-media extravaganza in London run by Bram Stokes. In the event, Stokes virtually threw away the convention with his performance at the bidding session and so Gannetfandom were awarded the 1974 Eastercon. They announced that Bob Shaw would be their GoH.

In June '73 Harry Bell put out the first issue of *The Grimling Bosch*, his first fanzine since his return to fandom. It was small, chatty, and would be infrequent.

A month-long (23rd October – 25th November) SF festival was held in Sunderland in 1973 as part of the larger 'Wearmouth 1300 Festival' being held to commemorate the anniversary of the 673 AD birth of the Venerable Bede and the founding, a year later, of St. Peter's monastery in Wearmouth. Called 'Beyond This Horizon', the SF event featured people such as Aldiss, Brunner, Blish, and a range of critics and editors. Gannetfandom were also involved, having been asked to organise a symposium of North East writers on Wednesday 31st October. The festival brought in Kevin

Williams and Rich Loughton as new members of Gannetfandom.

Tynecon '74, the 1974 Eastercon, was held at the Royal Station Hotel in Newcastle (be) and A5 size (subsequent issues would be A4). During Jackson's editorial tenure, *Maya* would become the fanzine with the biggest circulation of any in the country, and the most internationally well-known British fanzine of the 1970s. Fannish and

over the weekend of 12th-15th April, registration was 504 with a final attendance of over 400. At this time *Science Fiction Monthly* was a major recruiting sergeant for fandom. Guest of Honour was Bob Shaw, Fan GoH was Peter Weston, and other notable attendees included Samuel R. Delany, Roger Zelazny, Brian Aldiss, Chris Priest, Anne McCaffrey, James Blish, Don Wollheim, Michael Moorcock, Mark Adlard, Ken Bulmer, James White, and John Brunner.

Tynecon '74 is commonly held to have been a classic Eastercon, one where almost everything went right, and whose tremendous end of con party sent the attendees away on a real high. Bob Shaw rated the event a 'five-bed convention', while Brian Aldiss was seen at one room party bouncing up and down on a bed with such enthusiasm that he broke it. Bob Shaw's GoH speech was hugely praised and presaged his famed Serious Scientific Talks at cons in later years. The winners of the Gollancz/Sunday Times SF Competition were awarded their cheques by John Bush of Gollancz. For years after, *Tynecon* was the yardstick by which all other British conventions were measured.

Exhausted by *Tynecon*, but buoyed by its success, Gannetfandom lay low for a few months after the con, but in September Ian Williams produced the fourth and fifth issues of his personalzine *Siddhartha*, and Ian Maule produced *Maya* 6. This was Maule's last *Maya*, but the fanzine would survive, going on to its finest hour under the guidance of a third and final editor, Rob Jackson. In February 1975 Rob published *Maya* 7, his first issue as editor. It was lithographed (as all his issues would be) in equal measure, it would attract articles by well-known fans and pros and eventually be nominated for a Hugo.

1975 also saw the Gannets launch a formal science fiction group, NESFiG (North East

Science Fiction Group), which organised regular talks or film showings and produced 22 newsletters before eventually petering out in 1978. This recruited a number of new members, most notably Dave Cockfield.

June 1975 saw Ian Williams' *Goblin's Grotto* 1, whose contents included a transcript of Bob Shaw's *Tynecon* speech. Dave Cockfield joined the ranks of Gannetfandom's fanzine editors in October with *Atropos* 1.

Harry Bell's cover for *Maya* 9 depicted a neo, a trufan, and a BNF, representing the mythical three stages of fanhood. *Maya* was highly regarded by this point, particularly by the Americans, but unfortunately in straining to appeal to an international audience *Maya* usually steered well clear of anything likely to provoke controversy and its contents were often blander than British fans around since the heady days of *Fouler* had come to expect.

At *Mancon* 5, otherwise regarded as one of the worst organised Eastercons ever, a rare highlight was an unofficial item on Saturday afternoon in the form of a soccer match in a nearby park between 'The Ratfan Dynamo' and 'The Gannet Flyers' refereed by Bob Shaw. There was an 'Official Souvenir Programme' produced which included helpful descriptions like these:

"Admire the nerve of little Ian Williams as he gets lost amongst his opponents' legs... Watch Harry Bell regret his large double-curry breakfast... After witnessing this team you'll know what made Newcastle Brown."

In his column in *Maya* 11, Peter Weston told the story of his first contact with fandom. The issue also had Bob Shaw's Eastercon speech, 'The Return of the

Backyard Spaceship' illustrated by a newly arrived Scottish fanartist, Jim Barker, and 'The Revenant', Walt Willis's return to the British fanzine scene.

Mancon aside, 1976 was a good year for cons and two more joined the convention calendar. This first of these was *Faancon*. *Silicon*, which was organised by Gannetfandom and held in Newcastle's Imperial Hotel over the weekend of 27th-30th August 1976, appeared on the surface to have a lot in common with *Faancon*, both small socials for fanzine fans rather than SF discussion, but there the similarity ended. *Faancon* was totally unprogrammed, but *Silicons* were programmed to involve most of those present in fun and games: a weekend-long party. There were eventually nine *Silicons*, held over August Bank Holiday every year till 1985, with only 1979 being missed out in favour of that year's Worldcon, Seacon 79. They became legendary for their activities ranging from damp-squib rocket launches to a Fannish Appendages slide-show quiz and games such as Fannish Fortunes.

March 1977 was a classic month for fanzines. It saw among other zines the publication of Harry & Irene Bell's *Tocsin* (containing a piece from Harry Turner on the pre-war Manchester Interplanetary Society's brushes with the law).

Maya 15 (June '78) was the final issue. Though Jackson announced his intention to publish another before the year was out, his impending move to Surrey and marriage to Coral Clarke (whose impact on male fan libidos in her early Fancy Dress appearances had been comparable to that achieved by Kate Solomon later in the decade), and his subsequent mortgage, were demands on his time and money that spelled the end for *Maya*.

1978 and 1979 saw various active members move away from the area: Robert Day, Rob Jackson and Dave Cockfield and later Ritchie Smith, so Gannetfandom was soon to find itself with its smallest membership in years.

Fanzines appearing in November 1979 included *Out of the Blue*, which was the new fanzine from Gannetfans Harry Bell and Kev Williams. The beginning of the 1980s also saw new titles from established fans such as Ian Williams with *Chimera*, and Harry Bell with *Snorkel*. *Out of the Blue* ran for five issues; published infrequently (usually in a last-minute rush for that year's *Silicon*, if the editorials are to be believed), it nevertheless contained some of the finest fanwriting published in Gannet zines.

At the '83 *Albacon* bidding session Kev Williams had announced Gannetfandom's intention to put on *Tynecon II* in 1985 whether or not they won the vote at the *Seacon* 84 session. Kev Williams had published a convention manifesto in *Out of the Blue* 5 which formed the ideological core of the *Tynecon II* bid, for an Eastercon limited to an attendance of 350-500 and stripped of content aimed at media and other fringe interests, focussing on high-quality fannish and SF programming.

Sure that *Seacon* 84 (an overblown and under-organised combination of an Eastercon and a Eurocon, held in the Brighton Metropole complex) was going to be the shambles it ended up being, Greg and Linda Pickersgill contemplated an alternative. Abi Frost had previously suggested that fans of written SF and fanzines ask to be considered as a special interest group – she suggested Mexican fandom – catered for like all other fringe groups.

The Gannets agreed to join forces with the London fans and stage the con a year

earlier than they had planned. They still wanted it to be called *Tynecon II*. So, over the weekend of May 25-28 1984 (the decision having been taken not to proceed opposite *SEACON* 84 after all, for the benefit of those who wanted to attend both), *Tynecon II: The Mexican* was held at the Royal Station Hotel in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, site of the original *Tynecon*. Well-run and innovative programming was more satisfying than *Seacon* 84 despite a lower attendance and hence tighter budget. Though it was meant to be a one-off, popular demand led to further *Mexicons* including a second, equally successful one in Birmingham two years later.

Tynecon II: the Mexican, and the last few *Silicons*, were the last regular activity associated with Gannetfandom as a group. Since the departure for the South of fanzine fans such as Ian Maule, Rob Jackson and Dave Cockfield, and a lessening of contact between Harry Bell and Ian Williams, there was less impetus to produce fanzines. The departure of Kev and Sue Williams for the South of England in 1986 led to a gradual dispersal of many of the remaining members, and Harry Bell and others remaining around Tyneside kept meeting on a less regular and mainly social basis.

The remaining members thought fondly of themselves as the “rump Gannets,” but the main creative impetus had faded. Though Harry produced a single issue of *Pie in the Sky* in 1992, and Ian Williams a start of a second series of *Siddhartha* in 1996, it was really time to draw a line and consider the group as history. It would take the advent after the millennium of new ways of communicating, notably e-lists and other web-based formats, to spark new and different forms of creativity.

-- Rob Hansen & Rob Jackson, March 2015

A GANNET TIMELINE

Ur-Gannets (*Ian Williams's front room, June-August 1970*)

Ian Williams, Sam Smith, Harry Bell; also Jim Marshall, Ian Penman, Thom Penman, Ritchie Smit

Gannet Mk 1, The Gannet pub, Sunderland; Sept. 1970-March 1974

Activity (*fanzines unless otherwise indicated*):

Ian Williams, Harry Bell, Irene Taylor, Thom Penman, Ritchie Smith, Jim Marshall, Judith Ahl (*last two marry & move away 73*), Ian Penman, Ian Maule (from Oct. 70), Terry Welsh (72), Dave Douglass (from late 71), Henry Pijohn (from Aug 72), Rob Jackson (from Nov 72), Dave Bendelow (from early 73), Kevin Williams (Nov 73*), Rich Loughton (Nov 73*), Dave Hutchinson (after Nov 73*)

Ian Williams: Maya 1 (Nov 70), Maya 2 (Easter 71), SF Arena 0 (Aug 71), 1 (? 72), Siddhartha 1 (Dec 72), 2 (May 73), 3 (Oct 73).

Ian Maule: Maya 3 (Easter 72), 4 (Aug 72), 5 (Dec 72). Paranoid 1 (Apr 72), 2 (Jun 72), 3 (Dec 72), 4 (Apr 73). Maule's Well 1 (Dec 72), 2, 3 (both May 73), SF Arena 2 (? Spring 72: spoof).

Ian Penman: Oracle 29 (late 72; *last issue of comix newszine*); Armageddon 4 (*comix*; ?73)

Thom Penman: King Con (Apr 73)

Collectively: Gannetscrapbook 1 (early 73)

Harry Bell: The Grimling Bosch 1 (June 73).

Harry Bell, Ian Maule: Twonk's Disease (Dec 73).

Convention bid: Successful bid at Ompacon ('73 Eastercon) to hold the '74 Eastercon in Newcastle (Tynecon '74).

External event: Beyond This Horizon (SF arts festival in Sunderland)

* - recruited following *Beyond This Horizon*

Gannet Mk 2, Ceolfrith Arts Centre, then The Imperial Vaults pub, Sunderland: March-end 1974

Activity (*fanzines unless otherwise indicated*):

Ian Williams, Harry & Irene Bell, Ian

Convention: Tynecon 74 is largest Eastercon to date (following new recruits to fandom via Science Fiction Monthly), Royal Station Hotel, Newcastle

Maule, Rob Jackson, Dave Douglass (*moved away 74*), Kevin Williams, Rich Loughton, Dave Hutchinson, Thom Penman, Ian Penman, Ritchie Smith, Henry Pijohn, Dave Bendelow, Annie Mullins (from after Tynecon), Dave Cockfield (from late 74)

Ian Williams: Siddhartha 4 (May 74), 5 (summer 74).

Ian Maule: Maya 6 (Sept 74), The Thoughts of Chairman Maule (May 74)

Formal SF group: North East Science Fiction Group (NESFiG) started late 74. Meetings with external speakers (authors etc) every month or two; 22 issues of NESFiG Newsletter not listed separately here, ending 1978

Gannet Mk 3, Printers Pie, Bacchus & Duke of Wellington pubs, Newcastle: 1975 to mid-1977

Activity (*fanzines unless otherwise indicated*):

Collectively: Gannetscrapbook 2 (Feb 75)

Ian Williams, Harry & Irene Bell, Ian Maule (*moves to London Jan 75*), Rob Jackson, Kevin Williams, Rich Loughton, Dave Hutchinson, Thom & Cath Penman, Ian Penman, Ritchie Smith, Dave Cockfield, Henry Pijohn, Annie Mullins, Brian Rouse, Alan Isaacson, Andy Firth (from late 75), Sue Pearson (from early 77: *later marries Kevin Williams*)

Ian Williams: Goblin's Grotto 1 (June 75), 2 (Nov 75), 3 (Jul 76). Siddhartha 7 (March 76)

Harry Bell: The Grimling Bosch 2 (Mar 75), 3 (Apr 75), 4 (Oct 75), 5 (Mar 76). Tocsin (Mar 77)

Rob Jackson: Maya 7 (Feb 75), 8 (Aug 75), 9 (Nov 75), 10 (Mar 76), 11 (Aug 76), 12/13 (Jan 77)

Kevin Williams: (with Neil Jones): Durfed 1 (Apr 75), (with Henry Pijohn) Bland (late 76)

Dave Cockfield: Atropos 1 (Oct 75), 2 (Feb 76) 3 (Aug 76)

Convention: Silicon 1 (programmed relaxacon: Imperial Hotel, Jesmond, August Bank Hol 76)

Gannet Mk 4, Duke of Wellington: mid-1977-end 1979

Activity (*fanzines unless otherwise indicated*):

Ian Williams: Siddhartha 8 (Aug 77)

Kevin Williams (with Neil Jones): Durfed 2 (Jul 77).

Harry Bell: Kamikaze (March 78); (with Kevin Williams) Out of the Blue 1 (Nov 79)

Rob Jackson: Maya 14 (July 77), 15 (July 78)

Dave Cockfield: Atropos 4 (Jul 78)

Ian Williams, Harry Bell, Rob Jackson (*moves to Surrey Aug 78*), Dave Cockfield (*moves to London Nov 78*), Kev & Sue Williams, Andy Firth, Ritchie Smith, Robert Day (from 77: *moved away mid 78*), Mike Hamilton (from 77), Annie Mullins, Ian Penman, Neil Hepple, Sue Richardson (both from late 79, via Seacon). *The 1977 breakup of Harry &*

Irene Bell's marriage caused considerable change in the fabric of the group, with many no longer attending

Andy Firth: Fledgling 1 (mid 78), 2 (78?), 3 (mid 79?)

Collectively: Gannetscrapbook 3 (Jan 78), 4 (Mar 78), 5 (Jun 78), 6 (Feb 79).

Honour: Harry Bell is Fan Guest of Honour at Seacon 79, the 1979 Worldcon

Conventions: Silicons 2 (Imperial Hotel, Aug 77), 3 (Grosvenor Hotel, Jesmond, Aug 78)

Gannet Mk 5, Duke of Wellington: 1980-end 1982

Activity (*fanzines unless otherwise indicated*):

Ian Williams, Harry Bell, Kev & Sue Williams, Neil Hepple, Sue Richardson (later Hepple), Andy Firth (*moves to London 80*), Arnold Akien (from 80)

Ian Williams: Chimera 1 (Jan 80), 2 (Jun 80). Siddhartha 10 (Oct 80), 11 (Jan 81).

Harry Bell, Kev Williams: Out of the Blue 2 (Aug 80), 3 (Aug 81), 4 (Aug 82),

Irregular attenders: Annie Mullins, Ritchie Smith (*married Annie 80, but divorced in mid 80s*); Ian Penman, Mike Hamilton, Thom & Cath Penman

Harry Bell, Ian Williams: More Beans (Oct 82)

Harry Bell: Snorkel 1 (May 80), 2 (July 80)

Collectively: Gannetscrapbook 7 (80); Gannsible (late 80).

Conventions: Silicons 4, 5, 6 (August 80-82, all Grosvenor Hotel, Jesmond)

Gannet Mk 6, Hudson's Bar: 1983-end 1986

Activity (*fanzines unless otherwise indicated*):

Ian Williams, Harry Bell, Kev & Sue Williams (*move to Wokingham Jul 86*), Neil & Sue Hepple, Annie Smith, Arnold Akien, Mike Hamilton, Ian Bambro, Neil Thompson (from 83), Dave Wilkinson (from 83), Jayne Whittaker (from 83), Alison Harding (from Oct 84). (*Kev & Sue's departure resulted in a gradual loss of cohesion & interest*)

Harry Bell, Kev Williams: Out of the Blue 5 (Mar 83).

Ian Bambro: Somewhere Before 1 (Jun 84), 2 (Aug 84)

Conventions: Silicons 7, 8, 9 (August 83-85, all Grosvenor Hotel, Jesmond)

Nucleus of organising group of Tynecon II: The Mexican, May 84, Royal Station Hotel, Newcastle

Gannet Rump, The Bacchus/Duke of Wellington/Bacchus: 1987-2001

Activity (*fanzines unless otherwise indicated*):

Harry Bell: Pie in the Sky 1 (May 92)

Harry Bell, Alison Harding (*till her death in Feb 88*), Ian Bambro, Arnold Akien (*Small group meeting in Central Newcastle most Saturdays; ceases by 2001*)

OE, Gannet APA, Blue Hotel (89-95: contributors Harry Bell & John Barfoot, & expats Mike Hamilton, Dave Cockfield, Ian Bambro, & others)

Ian Williams: Siddhartha vol. 2 no. 1 (July 96), 3:1-3:8 (2008-2010)

More recent activity:

Harry Bell: Founder & Moderator of IntheBar e-list, 2004-date

Get Harry! Fund (via IntheBar e-list) supported Harry attending Corflu Quire (2007, Austin, TX)

Gannet expat activity (*fanzines unless otherwise indicated*):

Mike Hamilton: Fan Exiled from Tyne Zine 1981; Drifting Soul issues 1 & 2, 1981-1982

Rob Jackson: Complete BoSh, vols 1 & 2: The Best of the Bushel, and The Eastercon Speeches (collections of Bob Shaw fanwritings), both 1979

The Transatlantic Hearing Aid (Dave Langford's TAFF report), 1986

Bellissimo! (Harry Bell art fanthology, for the Get Harry fund), 2006

Inca 1 (1979), 2-11 (2007-2014).

Con publications: Channelcon (1982 Eastercon, jointly with Coral Jackson); Mexicon 2 (January 1986); Conspiracy 87, the 1987 Brighton Worldcon.

Chair of Corflu Cobalt organisers, Winchester, 2010; hotel liaison, Tynecon III: the Corflu, Newcastle, 2015

Ian Maule: Checkpoint 63-73 (Dec 75-Aug 76), Paranoid 5-21 (co-edited with Janice Maule, 1975-83), 22-24 (2010-12), Nabu 1-13 (co-edited with Janice Maule, 1977-83), Barry B. Bongyear's Skiffy Mag (1981).

By British (fanthology edited with Joseph Nicholas), 1979

Web & internet support for Corflu Cobalt, Winchester, 2010

Note: Most 1900s dates shortened in pages 1 & 2, to save space.

A GANNET REMEMBERS

by Ian Williams

Spring 1970, age twenty-one, and after failing abysmally at teaching I took up a student friend's offer and went to live in London with him and three of his friends, sleeping on the floor of their flat, eating egg fried rice from a takeaway at 10p a portion because I couldn't afford anything else, and doing temporary work. When the young woman living upstairs was threatened by our landlady her friends came round, one of whom turned out to be an out of touch fan who invited me to go with him to the monthly SF meeting. There I met Mary Reed, like me from the north east of England and therefore a kindred spirit who made me feel very welcome. Next month she introduced me to Gray Boak and the next day together we attended the London-held Eastercon Sci-con 70 where I met people like Peter Roberts, Greg Pickersgill, Roy Kettle and drunkenly talked to a drunken Michael Moorcock. This all resulted in me concluding: **I have found my people.**

So I promptly went home to Sunderland and, apart from receiving and loccing some fanzines, vegetated for a couple of months before getting a job as a library assistant, and deciding to try to form a local SF fan group. A duly placed notice in a BSFA publication, an old friend, a friend of a friend and, thanks to Mary Reed, Harry Bell and his fiancé and we were set to go. Home locations covered South Shields, Gateshead and Sunderland and as the whole thing was my idea we decided to meet in Sunderland and chose the Gannet, a quiet modern basement pub in the town centre.

Within four years the Gannets (as named by Greg Pickersgill "the Gannet fandom and men's drinking society" or something like that) had, if not exactly taken over British fandom and thanks to new recruits like Rob Jackson and Ian Maule, certainly made a major impact. Our written and artistic contributions flooded (I may be exaggerating somewhat) British fanzines and our own fanzines were numerous, starting with Maya edited by me then Maule and then Jackson, and my own long-running Siddhartha (about 30 years with long breaks - another one is due sometime this decade). We held Tynecon 74, the highly praised Eastercon. Fandom and the Gannets (and its sercon spin-off the North East Science Fiction Group which held talks by SF writers) became the centre of my non-work life and stayed that way for pretty much the next decade and a half. Good times mostly and I wouldn't change it.

But things do change and here I am somewhat apprehensively attending my first con after a gap of over 20 years.



Art: Harry Bell

A GANNET REMEMBERS

by Ian Maule

Who would know that through that innocent door labelled "The Gannet" in Sunderland's shopping arcade lay a subterranean bar that would be the beginning of my adult life. Down the angled stairs, past the Gents and Ladies doors on the right, past the courting couples lounge bar to the left (little did they know what lay further ahead) , down, down, down until it felt the very Earth had devoured the mortals daring to venture to these hidden depths. Ahead lay another bar, the Lair of the Dwarf. Charles Dickens wrote of the French Revolution: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, "

All four epithets could be applied to The Gannet and the fans it nurtured in its depths.

It was the best of times because we all came together as a family of like-minded individuals, spending not just the normal Tuesday night together, but often weekends away "having fun" as only a family can. It was the worst of times because, well, I confess to being sick in the Gents on a number of occasions. I blame the Vaux beer and not the 14 vodkas I downed on my 19th birthday.

It was the age of wisdom because I like to think that we all grew to maturity together, shared our likes and dislikes and became adult enough to appreciate points of view other than our own.

It was the age of foolishness because we did foolish things (14 vodkas!) together. Walking 10 miles as a group to catch a train only to realise we had the departure time wrong and had to wait two hours for the next was just one instance that immediately came to mind.

I could go on, but I believe Jane Austen should have the last word.

"Think only of the past as its remembrance gives you pleasure."

Ian Maule 2015



Art: Grant Canfield

GRAHAM CHARNOCK: *Ted White's name has been synonymous, if not with the very first Corflu (which he describes here), at least with each subsequent Corflu as soon as they became an established tradition, and certainly with all of those I have attended. Ted has consistently been ready with advice for every Corflu committee and is pretty much the go-to guy for many a desperate programmer (Oh, that didn't turn out quite right... but suffice to say Ted and I arm-wrestling was a programme item at the very first Corflu I went to... so Pat Virzi, at least, must have been pretty desperate). You might not get to arm-wrestle Ted in Newcastle but if you want to spend a couple of hours in good company and with good conversation you don't have to look much further.*

CORFLU DAZE by Ted White

I blame Lucy Huntzinger.

I met her at the 1983 Westercon, where we immediately started Talking Fandom as I hadn't with any new fan in years. (That she was female and attractive didn't hurt, but I was really attracted to her fine fannish mind.)

We ran into each other again at the Worldcon a few months later, in Baltimore. "Ted!" Lucy said, "There's this brand new convention for fanzine fans next January, and you *have* to come!"

Frankly, it sounded like a harebrained scheme. A convention just for fanzine fans – in 1984 (the Orwellian year we'd been anticipating for decades)? Like most fanzine fans, I still attended the Worldcons then. Plus, another convention on the west coast? I'd just been to northern California for a Westercon (which I was

attending annually then, hanging out before and after most of them with Jerry Jacks and enjoying San Francisco with him) and expected to go to another the following July. How many times did I want to fly out to California?

"But, Ted!" Lucy said. "You *have* to come!" She grinned at me. "Please? Pretty please?"

She wore me down over the course of that convention. Every time I saw her I could count on hearing her say, "You're gonna do it, right? It's got a great name – 'Corflu' – and it's gonna be a *great* convention!" Lucy often spoke in italics in those days. "You gotta come, Ted!"

Well, of course I did. The fact that the first Corflu was being held in the same hotel that had hosted the 1968 Worldcon, a slightly ramshackle, somewhat upscale

building with “character,” didn't hurt. Good memories from 18 years earlier.... And I ended up staying for a day or two before and after with Jerry.

That first Corflu was itself a bit ramshackle.

This can be excused, because the con's organizers, a trio of whom Lucy was one, were trying out something brand new. They didn't want to copy other conventions. Corflu was not going to be a scaled-down Worldcon. But what *was* it going to be? It was an experiment.

One element of that experiment was a Sunday banquet, the price of which was part of the membership fee. By doing that, the organizers assured that virtually the whole membership would be present, and they could give the hotel (or, at some later Corflus, an outside restaurant) firm numbers.

This was an innovation. In the Good Old Days of earlier Worldcons (with memberships under 2,000), there was always a banquet (at which GoH speeches were heard and Hugo Awards presented), but you had to buy a banquet ticket, which was separate from the (then low) membership fee. Con chairs fretted the sale of those banquet tickets until the last moment. And in 1956 Dave Kyle had famously over-guaranteed ticket sales by a whopping 100, causing a minor financial catastrophe.

Corflu avoided such potential headaches. A good call, as it turned out.

Another innovation was picking the GoH from a hat. I was initially skeptical. So was Terry Carr, who was given the task of picking that name from an actual hat. He

kept pulling out slips of paper that said “Mike Deckinger” on them. Terry remembered Mike from the early '60s when that fan lived in New Jersey, and then gafiated. So he dismissed the idea that Mike was a Corflu member or in attendance. (And I think he tossed the slip with Mike's name back in the hat each time he drew it.) He didn't know Mike had moved to California and *was* there.

The idea was that we're all peers at Corflu. We're all equally deserving. And, of course, when our names were pulled from that hat Friday the egoboo was all but canceled out by the realization that in a couple of days we'd have to make some kind of GoH presentation at the banquet. Some of us handled that better than others. And some of us turned out to be so fearful of the “honor” that, following the precedent set by Frank Lunney, they Paid Money to have their names removed from the hat. Nonetheless, the vast majority of GoH presentations have gone over well.

A third innovation was the programming. In keeping with the times, it was multi-stream, with different program items going on simultaneously. But uniquely, these different program streams all took place in one large room, in different groupings.

This was an innovation that did not work out, as Terry and I realized when we hosted a workshop on stenciling. Stenciling – cutting art on stencils, using lettering guides – was even in 1984 a dying art. Few, if any, were using computers yet, but more and more fanzines were being Xeroxed or otherwise printed by commercial copying companies.

Mimeography was no longer as widely used in fandom. Those who still used mimeos usually electro-stenciled their art. And no one showed up for our workshop.

But right across the room Dave Hartwell was leading another discussion. I no longer recall its topic, but it looked like the participants were having fun – more fun than Terry and I were having. So we abandoned our workshop and joined Dave's group.

Another aspect of these programming streams was that they weren't panels or speeches. They were workshops and seminar-like discussion groups. People sat in circles and were encouraged to participate. This at least seemed more appropriate to a relatively small and intimate convention. The multiple program streams were dropped at the second Corflu (also run by the founders), but seminar-like program items did continue, and to some extent still do.

There was a room set aside for typewriters, stencils and mimeographs and some brave souls actually produced one-shot fanzines there at that Corflu. But one paid a price for doing this. Every time I poked my head in that room, someone like Sharee Carton was sitting there alone at a typer – missing the rest of the convention, often in the evening, when the parties were in full swing. It was a proud and lonely thing. I don't think actual fanzine production at Corflu persisted much past that first Corflu, although the subsequent widespread use of computers made doing fanzines at the con much easier – especially if the zine occupied only one side of a postcard.

There was a sense that I think we all shared by the end of that first Corflu, that we were fannish pioneers, boldly going where no fan had gone before. And, by the end of that con I was convinced that my skepticism had been misguided, and Corflu was a con I wanted to continue to attend.

Mistakes had been made, but the overall concept was a good one. It worked. Corflu was in our blood.

We all owe a lot to Lucy. Her fannish flame may be dimmer now, but it has never been extinguished, and she still pops up from time to time at west coast Corflus.

And Corflu is still working, more than 30 years later, having become truly international in 1998, in Leeds. Every year I'm asked if I enjoyed that year's Corflu, and I always say yes. No matter how the con is programmed, I see old friends and meet new friends and have a great time.

Hoping you are the same – Ted White



Art: Dan Steffan

THE CORFLU FIFTY

A Fan Fund Specially for Corflu

ROB JACKSON: In February 2007, just after Corflu Quire in Austin, Rich Coad set up an email list inviting fanzine fans to join *“a group of donors, each willing to donate \$25 or £15 per year, for the express purpose of bringing persons to Corflu who otherwise could not attend. This idea grew out of the successful funds to bring Bruce Gillespie and William Breiding to Corflu Titanium and to bring Harry Bell to Corflu Quire. At Corflu Quire additional names were mentioned for fans we would like to see at Corflu but who are unable to attend for a variety of reasons.”*

This list is called the Corflu Fifty. Though it may not have fifty actual members yet, those on the list have been very faithful in donating cash to support travel by deserving fans to each of the six Corflus held since. The target has been \$1250 each year, to help a fanzine fan who has earned the respect of their peers and would really be welcome at that year’s Corflu, but couldn’t otherwise make the journey. Though we don’t actually have fifty members (yet!), we have achieved that target through both the core donations and extra fund-raising efforts.

Rich Coad set the group and the e-list up and for the first three years or so was US Administrator. After Curt Phillips spent a productive three-year spell as US

Administrator, he handed the role back at the time of his TAFF win in 2014, and Rich resumed his previous role. I have been the UK Administrator since the group started. The Corflu Fifty’s recipients are chosen through discussion on the group’s email list – the_corflu_fifty@yahoogroups.com (if you’re typing, note the underlines as separators). Then Rich and I collect the cash together from the membership about six months before the trip, so the recipients can make their travel plans and get best value from advance bookings.

Beneficiaries so far:

Year	Winner To	From Venue
2008	Steve & Elaine Stiles Corflu Silver	US E Coast Las Vegas, NV
2009	Curt Phillips Corflu Zed	US E Coast Seattle, WA
2010	Earl Kemp Corflu Cobalt	US Arizona Winchester, UK
2011	Dave Hicks e-CorFlu Vitus	UK Sunnyvale, CA
2012	Shelby Vick Corflu Glitter	US E Coast Las Vegas, NV

2013	Rob Hansen	UK
	Corflu XXX	Portland, OR
2014	Dan & Lynn Steffan	US W Coast
	Corflu 31	Richmond, VA

And happening now:

2015	Geri Sullivan	US E Coast
	Tynecon III: the	Corflu
	Newcastle upon Tyne, UK	

We have four times managed to support Transatlantic trips, and twice supported couples to travel within the US; but this

current year is as expensive as any we have ever supported, given the increasing price of air travel. So please all, get your fund-raising boots on.

If you not only want to help out financially, but also to help influence who gets the group's support next time round, please join!

Go to:
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/the_corflu_fifty/

where there should be a Join This Group option.

THE JOY OF FANZINES

GOSH WOW, YOU MEAN
THEY'LL ALL WRITE
IN SAYING HOW
WONDERFUL I AM?

YES YES, OF
COURSE, SURE,
ABSOLUTELY,
DEFINITELY

"UNBELIEVABLE" THEY
WILL SAY, "STUNNING,"
AND "NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE IT"

AND IF YOU PUT A COPY
UNDER YOUR PILLOW
THE FANZINE FAIRY WILL
TAKE IT AWAY AND
LEAVE YOU AN AWARD

THOUGH MAYBE NOT
A HUGO FIRST TIME
YOU HAVE TO BE
REALISTIC



Cartoon: D. West

GRAHAM CHARNOCK: *I first met Geri Sullivan at the Doubletree Hotel in Austin, Texas, on the occasion of Pat Virzi's Corflu Quire in 2007. It also happened to be my first Corflu, and, for me, a model for all Corflus I have attended since and certainly for those I have helped to administer, in that it was characteristically full of warmth and fellow-feeling. A large part of that was down to Geri, who was immediately welcoming and accepting. But the clincher came upon leaving, when I was just about to head out for the airport and feeling a bit lost and unloved and post-con miserable. Geri was in the lobby and waved goodbye at me, and I waved back. Then she did the beckoning thing, and I soon found myself in the grip of a warm friendly hug. It was the best of all possible endings to a great Corflu. I'd feel clumsy attempting to list all Geri's fannish credentials and achievements; she can tell you about them herself, but knowing her, she probably wouldn't. I was honoured by being included in her Hugo Winning fanzine SF Five Yearly and will thank her eternally for this little part in being able to share in her Hugo glory. Corflu Fifty decided to appoint her recipient of their award this year, and I'm sure all of us attendees will all be eternally grateful to them.*

RUDE DANCING WITH GERI SULLIVAN

It's a conversation that's stayed with me for 20 years. Twenty years this 28th August, to be exact.

The setting: we were in the residents' bar at Glasgow's Central Hotel, somewhere in the vicinity of 3am going on later. It was more than a tad drunk out. The end of Intersection, the 1995 Worldcon, was near. We'd partied hard night after night; there was only whatever might pass for a Dead Dog still ahead, and many would have left by then. So there we were, too drunk or too much a victim of FOMS (Fear of Missing Something) to do the sensible thing and go to bed. The fannish diehards slumped in the chairs were determined to eek every possible drop of

desperate fun from our time together. Especially as long as there was alcohol to be found. The bartender called for a last round some time earlier, but that just meant we had to look at other options. Jack Heneghan made the mistake of storing a dozen bottles of bheer in my room a few nights earlier. He at least had the grace not to be surprised when I later told him we drank it all that night. We might have emptied the mini-bar, too. *The fans:* Greg Pickersgill. Me. Pam Wells. A handful of others; I don't remember any of them joining in.

Memory obscures how it started. Somehow it came to pass that Gregory was holding forth on **plodding** and **trudging**, explaining to me

in his Pickersgillian way that those were the only choices Brits had for making their way through life. That most of the time, people just plod along, doing those things people do, making a living, paying the bills, step by plodding step.

‘So what’s trudging then?’ I asked.

‘It’s a lot like plodding, but it’s done with *purpose*. You’re actually trying to achieve something. You often don’t succeed, but at least you’re trying.’

Greg continued along these lines, holding out that trudging was morally superior to plodding, but that there was honour in both. I wasn’t buying it. The honour, sure, but not the rest. Yes, those are two ways, two metaphors for moving through life, but they’re not the only two. Far from it.

‘But what about **dancing**? I’m dancing through my life.’

‘You’re an American. Americans have choices Brits don’t have. Our only choices are to plod or to trudge.’

I turned to Pam Wells. Maybe she was just placating the drunks, but she truly did seem to see both perspectives. She confirmed that, yes, from what she knew of me, the dancing metaphor fit. Yet she saw Greg’s point, too. Dancing wasn’t something she associated with Brits; plodding and trudging often seemed to be the only options available to the people of her land.

You can do it like it’s a great weight on you or you can do it as part of the dance.

– *Calligrapher Jae Leslie Adams*

The conversation stuck with me long after I sobered up. These 20 years later, I’m still dancing my way through life. Sometimes it’s a dance of agony, other times of joy. There are sedentary passages, long hours when the dance takes place butt in chair, all my energy and attention on creating a layout, making a design sing. And, yes, there are pieces of the dance that look a lot like plodding, a lot like trudging. For years, I danced my way deeper and deeper into debt, spending as if every year was my best business-wise, then really letting loose when an especially good year followed an especially dire one. I let myself buy new things rather than pay down debt incurred when my income didn’t cover my basic bills.

I used to say I got the worst of both my mother’s and my father’s financial sensibilities; these past seven years, I’ve owned up to the fact that no matter what sensibilities and habits I started with, I have only myself to blame (or credit) for the ones seeing me through adulthood. As a dance, living within my means and climbing out of debt is agonizingly slow: even one step forward is too often accompanied by a sudden slide back. Steps, tiny steps, the smallest of steps, taken again and again and again. Movement over time. But even that long, hard slog is lightened along the way. Welcome opportunities send me soaring back into the skies I once flew so frequently and now I’m even back across the Pond thanks to the Corflu Fifty. I didn’t know that I’d ever be able to return, and this after hopping over pretty much every three years from my first trip in 1989 to my most recent one in 2002. Last July, Rich Coad called as I was driving along the Ohio Turnpike toward

Michigan. My surprise and curiosity quickly turned to delight as he asked if I'd be this year's recipient and travel to Corflu in Newcastle. 'Yes! Yes! Ohmighod, Yes!' The thrill is still with me these many months later, building as each piece of the plan dances into place.

Too often, the dance itself is at risk of devolving into a juggling act as I struggle to keep up with everything I add to my dance card, but my Minneapolis fannish roots run deep and Nate Bucklin's song helps keep me on track:

*All my life I've had a left foot; kept it moving
every chance I got
Get it pounding like a pulsar; maybe faster or
a little less hot*

*And a right foot, two arms, and a body and a
feeling for a rhythmic groove*

*And I've got a lot of friends and neighbors,
and we've all been learning how to move*

*I just want you to know that we kept on
dancing*

Right on till doomsday morn

*I just want you to know that we kept on
dancing*

Clear through till Gabriel honked his horn

*Till the moon fell and cracked the skylight
And the sun came shining through*

*I just want you to know that we kept on
dancing,*

What else was there to do?

Indeed.

Nate is a Floundering Father of Minn-StF (the Minnesota Science Fiction Society). He wrote

'We Kept on Dancing' in 1981, and I was in the room when he first played it. It was my first Minicon; I didn't know Nate or most of the other people there. This guy broke a guitar string, left the room to replace it, and came back announcing he'd written a song. That seemed astonishing enough, but the fact that it was a good song, a solid song, blew me away. Then an hour or two later, he broke another string, left the room, and returned, announcing he'd written *another* song. Everyone in the room laughed, and I thought the whole thing was an in-joke. Surely no one wrote a song every time a string broke?

Only that night, Nate did. And now, next week at Minicon 50, he's releasing a new album that Jeff Schalles is producing.

Nate's been through hell and then some these past few years. I wonder what metaphor he'd use to describe how he's moving through his life, and whether it's changing as he ages. I wonder that for myself, as well. My literal dance changed dramatically after I broke my foot in 1997, and there's a lot of uncertainty about just how I'll dance through the realities and consequences of my life's decisions in the years ahead. But the first 60 years have left me with the expertise that comes from experience, and I'm confident (or foolishly optimistic) that I'll somehow make my way through whatever the future brings. And if the dancing metaphor no longer fits then, I'll find another.

*Dance rudely, if you will; the only
damnation is to stand still.*

– From 'Ends' by Poet John Calvin
Rezmerski

Turning back to 1995, the Monday night Dead Dog brought one last opportunity to get thoroughly pissed (in the English sense), and I

enthusiastically did exactly that. Eventually, a group of us set off in search of the night's parties, which were in another hotel. I remember staggering along the streets of Glasgow with Ted White, and probably Frank Lunney, and a handful more of the usual suspects, both Brit and American. No Gregory, though. I don't remember seeing him again after those wee hours in the residents' bar.

The parties in the other hotel were lame, or perhaps they just didn't fit our mood. It was probably the lack of booze. I think I crashed relatively early that night, but it didn't stop me oversleeping the next morning. The hangover that had eluded me following the previous five nights of heavy drinking caught up with me in spades after the sixth. No surprise, really. Before Intersection, I had no idea I could get that drunk for that many nights running. One or two nights at a convention, sure. Especially since decades earlier I'd learned to pace myself, maintaining a happy-drunk state by alternating bheers with water or caffeine after feeling the buzz of the first few.

My hangover wasn't exactly conducive to the mad dash to pack and catch my morning train to the ferry to another train to a taxi and finally to 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Norn Iron, where Walter and Madeleine Willis were expecting me. But I somehow made it through the cruelties of travel, and it was as good as ever to be back in their company by the time I arrived.

On my first visit in 1989, Walter and Madeleine drove me up to Portstewart, escorting me 'to visit various picturesque ruins, like James White', as Walter had put it in his very first letter to me. In 1992, Walter was still in the early months of recovery following a ruptured aortic aneurysm.

Traveling to Portstewart was out of the question, so James took a taxi down to Donaghadee to visit while I was there. In 1995, I planned my own daytrip by train, heading up to Portstewart to see James and Peggy and have lunch at the Edgewater Hotel as we'd done in 1989. James also promised a trip to Morelli's ice cream for a Knickerbocker Glory before I headed back to Walter & Madeleine's that night.

The afternoon before going up to Portstewart, I walked the short distance along Warren Road into Donaghadee as I'd done in earlier years. Upon my return, I passed Walter driving toward town. 'I'm off to the ATM to get some money,' he explained. 'I'm coming with you tomorrow.'

Color me dubious. I wasn't at all sure his heath was up to such an outing. I walked into the kitchen and asked Madeleine what she thought of the idea.

'My husband is running off with a younger woman!' she shrieked, waving her arms for effect and repeating herself through her laughter.

The bottom line was simple. It wasn't necessarily wise for Walter to come along on my visit with James and Peggy, but his mind was made up. There was nothing to be gained by further discussion of the matter. Madeleine wisely knew that; I soon picked up on her cue.

The next morning, Walter drove us the few miles to the train station at Groomsport. We then caught a train to Belfast where we had something of a wait at the tracks for the train to Portstewart. I filled the time by telling Walter about the late-night, drunken conversation with Greg, explaining as best I could about plodding, trudging, and dancing

as metaphors for moving through life. Walter allowed as how dancing sounded more attractive than plodding or trudging. He was quiet for a few moments, then said, ‘I prefer to stroll.’

Strolling gave him time to see what was along the way, he explained, while still moving forward, going somewhere. It fit the Walter I knew, and I only wish he were still with us today. I wish I could share this article with him, and that he was hale and hearty enough to be at Corflu, too. He would have been 95. But dementia at the end of his life took him from us a few years before his body followed, so in many ways his passing was a blessing when it happened at the end of the horrible 12 month period that took Vinç Clarke, Chuch Harris, and James White before finally claiming him. And so the fannish generations pass. Those of us who remain are plodding, trudging, dancing, and strolling our way into the future, into the new.

How are you moving through your life? After reading a draft of this article, Randy Byers said he’s wandering. I’m especially interested in hearing what words other Britfen use. Are ‘plodding’ and ‘trudging’ common? Do our respective cultures beyond fandom affect our choices? Do they seem to make a difference at all? Or does it all come down to individual variation, as I think it does? Let’s talk about it over a pint or three. Since we’re at Corflu, perhaps there are other metaphors to be found. After all, back at Corflu 6, I was the silkscreen, while Fred Levy Haskell was the crank, Ken Fletcher the stylus, and Jon Singer the waver rollers. And Corflu 3, my first, was run by the Desk Set, with rich brown, Ted White, Dan & Lynn Steffan as the chair, table, lamp, and blotter.

Now you might think I’m making a statement

About the dancing frame of mind

Maybe telling my own life story

Being just a little less than kind

*Or taking a cheap and easy chance to sing
another silly song*

*Or you might think I’m being profound again
but you would still be wrong*

*I just want you to know that we kept on
dancing...*

Songwriter Nate Bucklin

Coda: I’ve digitized about 20 hours of Minneapolis Music parties from the 1980s, including Nate singing ‘We Kept On Dancing’. Minneapolis Music isn’t filk, it’s fannish and some professional musicians doing tunes by the Grateful Dead, Byrds, Springsteen, various folk artists, some originals, and more. If you’d like the mp3s along with a pdf of the song list, please borrow a flash drive from me at Corflu or ask me for the Dropbox download link. It’s not a fanzine, but at least it’s *something* I can share.



TYNECON III - THE CORFLU MEMBERSHIP LIST

As at 24th March, 2014

S = Supporting member

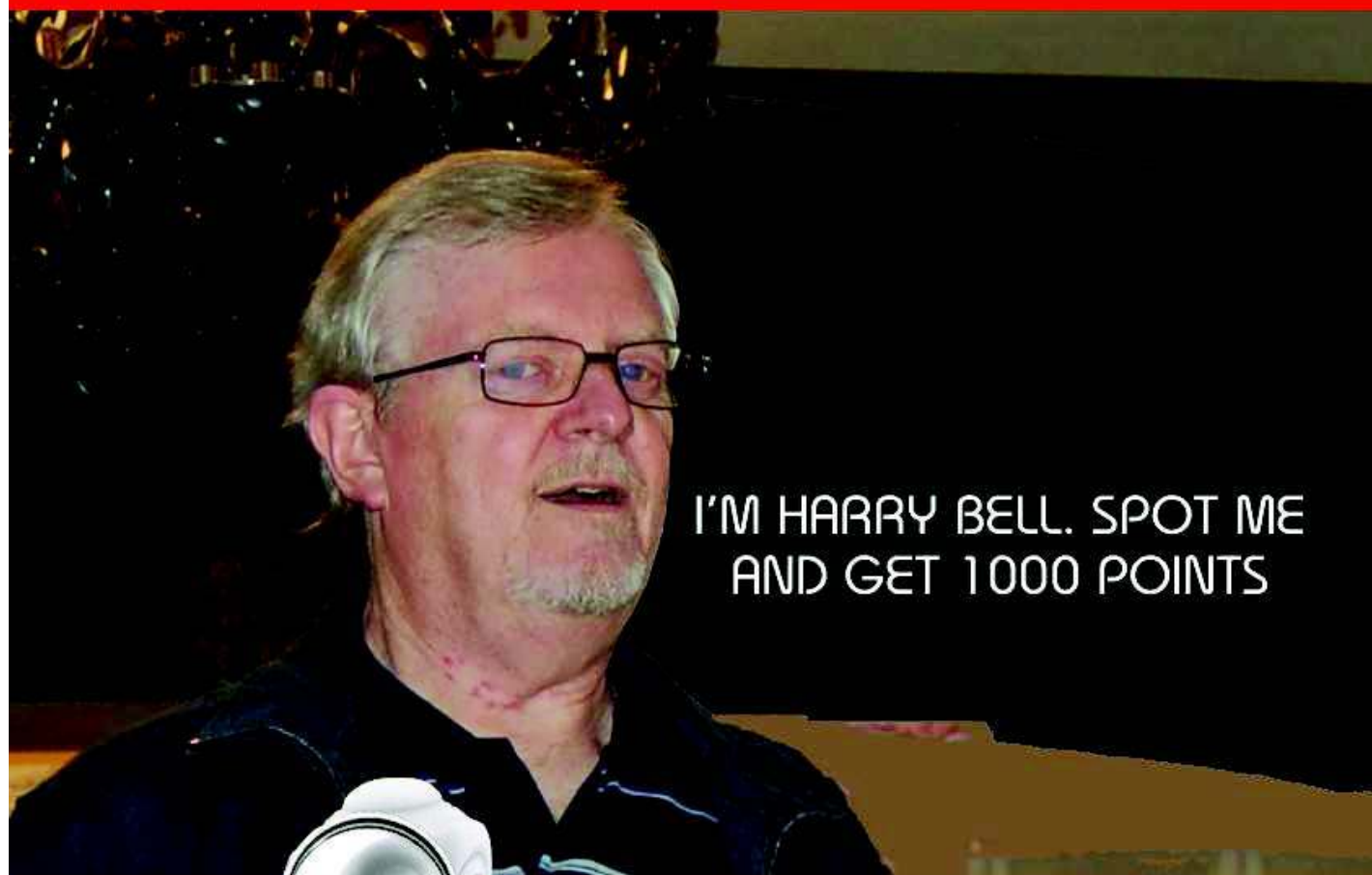
Sat = Saturday member

51 Tom Becker	41 Miss Fairchild	21 Jim Linwood	3 Nigel Rowe
15 Doug Bell	6 Nic Farey (S)	22 Marion Linwood	56 Yvonne Rowse
61 Harry Bell	65 Keith Freeman	7 Frank Lunney (S)	4 Ron Salomon
62 Pat Bell	9 Ron Gemmell	13 Gary Mattingly	53 Alison Scott
84 John D Berry (S)	59 Dave Haddock	67 Mike Meara	24 Cas Skelton
35 Tony Berry	38 Judith Hanna	68 Pat Meara	23 Paul Skelton
64 Sandra Bond	57 Rob Hansen	28 Farah Mendlesohn	55 Ian Sorensen
17 Claire Briailey	32 Eve Harvey	66 Nick Mills	46 Douglas Spencer
80 Bill Burns	33 John Harvey	26 Mary Ellen Moore	50 Spike
81 Mary Burns	85 John Hertz	25 Murray Moore	20 Elaine Stiles
54 Steven Cain	69 Dave Hicks	30 Carrie Mowatt	19 Steve Stiles
	78 Martin Hoare		
	85 John Hertz		
73 Jack Calvert (S)	74 John-Henri Holmberg	29 Jim Mowatt	71 Ian Stockdale
58 Avedon Carol	79 Kim Huett (S)	82 Bruce Newrock (S)	63 June Strachan
11 Graham Charnock	5 Gary Hunnewell (S)	83 Flo Newrock (S)	43 Geri Sullivan
10 Pat Charnock	14 Rob Jackson	37 Joseph Nicholas	44 Peter Sullivan
8 Rich Coad	42 Jerry Kaufman (S)	39 Audrey Nielsen Hall	76 R-Laurraine Tutihasi (S)
47 Dave Cockfield	75 Roy Kettle	40 John Nielsen Hall	77 Tobes Valois
45 Julia Daly	16 Christina Lake	52 Brian Parker	2 Pat Virzi
12 Alan Dorey	34 Dave Langford	36 Curt Phillips (S)	1 Ted White
48 Martin Easterbrook	72 Ruth Leibig	18 Mark Plummer	27 Kevin Williams
60 Lilian Edwards	31 Robert Lichtman (S)	49 David Redd (S)	70 Ian Williams (Sat)



£2.50

NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD



I'M HARRY BELL. SPOT ME
AND GET 1000 POINTS



I SPY

It's a cold grey Sunday morning in Newcastle. The clocks have gone forward so you have an extra hour of daylight to play with. If you can drag yourself away from Ian Sorensen playing piano in the lounge why not take an amble round the city and try our Ispy challenge and see how many points you can score. (No cheating!)



Grey's Monument to Charles Grey, 2nd Earl Grey built in 1838 in the centre of Newcastle upon Tyne, England. It was erected to acclaim Earl Grey for the passing of the Great Reform Act of 1832 and stands at the head of Grey Street. Earl Grey had a tea named after him and will earn you **60 points**



This is the car park that featured in Get Carter where Carter hurled the property developer Cliff Brumby to his death. It's demolished so you'll need a time machine to find it and award yourself **1,000,000 points**. Go on, you can do it.



The iconic Sage Centre in Gateshead aka The Fat Shiny Slug. Walk across the new swing bridge to appreciate its full majesty and claim **80 points**



The Baltic Contemporary Art Centre, a refurbished flour mill in Gateshead. Go there for a shot of culture and claim **40 points**.



Shola Ameobi, You will have to go to Newcastle United FC to spot him and earn **100 points**



Girl being sick in the Bigg Market. A common sight so you can only claim **50 points**



The Newcastle Swing Bridge. Claim **50 Points**, **100 points** if the bridge is swinging. **200 points** if you are swinging.



he Theatre Royal. Fancy a spot of real culture as opposed to one of Andy Hooper's dramas. Pop in and claim **120 points**



A tribute to the composer of "Blaydon Races"
If you can find this plaque you deserve **200 points**



The Think Tank, a notorious Newcastle night spot. Visit to claim **100 points** and maybe pick up a girl and take her to the Bigg Market for extra points.



The Metroradio Arena. Don't ask me but claim **200 points**.



Haymarket Station on the Metro. Just go there. You know you want to. **80 Points**



Plaque celebrating the High Level Bridge. Harder to spot that the bridge itself, so worth only **75 Points**



The South African War Memorial in the Haymarket-Worth **120 points**.



Anthony Gormley's famed 'Angel of the North'. If you arrive on the train from the South you can't miss it and can claim **80 points**.



The Vampire Rabbit above the ornate rear door of the historic Cathedral Buildings, facing the rear of St Nicholas Cathedral. Tremble in fear and claim **300 points**



You'll find this plaque to England & Newcastle legend Bobby Robson on the Quayside Walk of Fame. Claim **120 points**.



If you miss this you really aren't trying. Thus worth only **20 points**

Anon came
Sir Mimeo to
Castle Corflu

