



CORFLU XXX PROGRESS REPORT Number Two



APRIL 2013

WHO →

WHAT →

WHERE →

WHEN →

HOW →

you + us

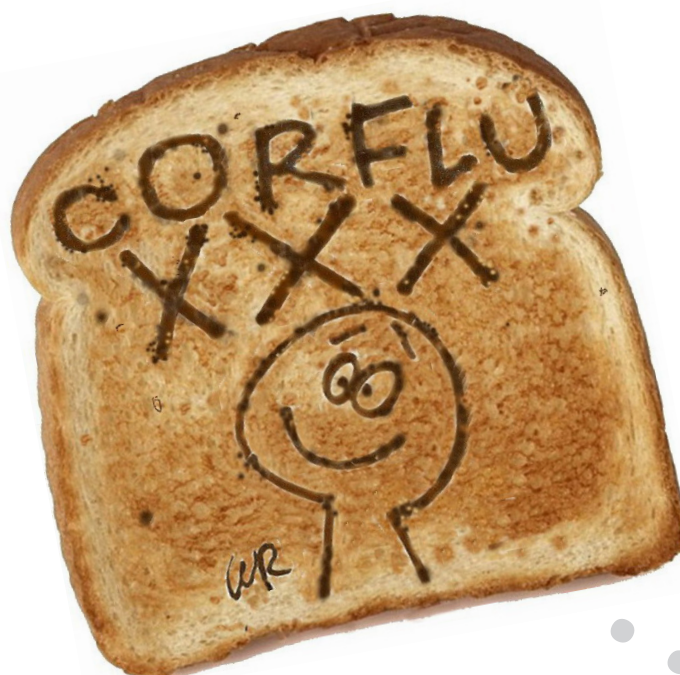
CORFLU XXX

Portland, Oregon

Red Lion Hotel Portland – Convention Center
1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232

MAY 3–5, 2013

www.corflu.org



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CORFLU XXX: PROGRESS REPORT Number Two is the official organ of the 30th Corflu convention, to be held on the weekend of May 3, 4, 5, 2013 in Portland, Oregon. It is being sent to all paying members of CORFLU XXX and made available to all potential members at efanzines.com (thank you, Bill Burns). For more information about Corflu, please visit our website at www.corflu.org or look for us on Facebook. Please direct all inquiries to Dan Steffan at dansteffanland@gmail.com or write to 2015 NE 50th Avenue, Portland, OR 97213.

ART CREDITS: Grant Canfield, William Rotsler, Arthur Thomson, and someone with the obvious pseudonym of “Dan Steffan.” ♦

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Oops, We're a Little Late...

Chairman Dan

THE LAST MONTH before a Corflu is a bitch. I had forgotten how much stuff there was to do. So many details, so much chaos. Before you know it the schedule has begun to slip and then, just as you're about to get caught up, some Real Life thingee pops up – like a ruptured water heater or a health scare – and you're behind schedule again. Damn. I take it back, the last month isn't a bitch, it's three of them.

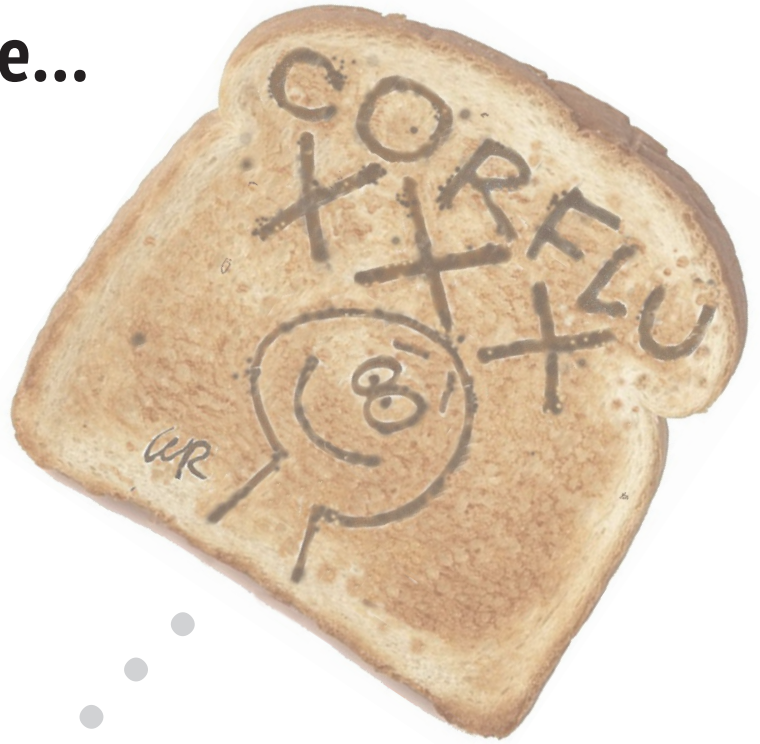
So anyway, we're a little late, folks. It's really my fault. Everybody else was still on schedule, but they couldn't do much without me. Andy's done a tremendous job with the FAAN Awards and organizing the Fanzine Flea Market. Randy has kept a firm hand on the ship's rudder and would have brought us home in record time if I hadn't neglected to provide him with the wind to fill his sails. And John, our noble designer, has been graciously available with his valuable time. He has been anxious to apply his world class skills to our humble little progress report, but until I wrote words like these he has had little he could do. Nevertheless, I've been so pleased and proud to have them on the CORFLU XXX team this year. I literally couldn't have done this without them – and visa versa.

And, of course, there's our Secretary-Treasurer, the mighty Mz Lynn. She has had to do everything the boys have done, plus handling all the convention's money and having to sleep with the Chairman, on top of everything else. Talk about duty above and beyond... There would have been no 2013 Corflu without her.

Fortunately, I appear to have caught up again. Or to put that another way, we seem to have gotten this progress report together in time for it to reach our members before they start getting on planes to come here. That's a good thing, but it doesn't really mean I've caught up. But I'm working on it, you betcha.

So here it is at last. Our second and final progress report. Whew! I don't know how Arnie Katz does this over and over again, week after week. He must be a Slan or something.

See you in two weeks, everybody. In person. ♦



Here's the Plan

Chairman Dan

WITH CORFLU XXX lurking just off camera, I thought that our members might appreciate some hint of what to expect from the 2013 convention. Even though the con itself doesn't properly start until Friday, Mz Lynn and I will be opening the con suite doors to welcome you all to Portland at around 5:00 PM on Thursday, May 2nd. We'll be fully stocked for your arrival, with local brew on tap and a Jacuzzi full of iced beer and soft drinks.

There won't be any formal programming on Thursday night, but we will have your badges and membership bags available for you to pick up, if you simply cannot wait another friggin' minute to see if we published anything this year. (We have, by the way.)

We hope that those of you who are arriving early will take advantage of the MAX train and the streetcar lines right outside the hotel's doors to begin exploring the city and find yourselves a table at one of the many great eateries and brew-pubs around town. Your membership packet includes a detailed guide to just those type of foody places, recently published by *The Portland Mercury*, one of our two weekly newspapers. Your packet will also include, I believe, at least four maps of the city that highlight many of Portland's restaurants, stores, and public buildings – as well as our public transit system – and whatever else Mz Lynn has dug up for you. (She and a friend are going tomorrow to pick up six boxes of things for the packets, I kid you not.)

The con will formally start at 2:00 PM on Friday in the St. Johns Room on the fifth floor of the Red Lion Hotel – it's the same floor where the bar is located (open 4–11 daily). Registration will officially begin at that time and place – we'll just pretend that fairies gave out badges on Thursday night – and members can pick up their badges and their bright red membership bags from the smiling Steffan behind the table. This year's T-shirt will also be available at that handy location and our auction tables will be open for bidding.

There will be two panels on Friday afternoon, including a panel about the early days of Corflu, featuring some of the people responsible for those

conventions, including Corflu's surrogate mom, Lucy Huntzinger.

At 5:00 PM we'll be gathering everybody together to take bribes and choose this year's Guest of Honor, using the usual hat trick method. The timid should consult our Official Director of Pay-offs, a Mr. Lunney of Zionsville, PA, for the going rate for all name-in-the-hat exclusions.

After the Guest of Honor realizes that it's too late to get out of it, we'll be closing down shop and adjourning for drinks and dinner. In order to give our members plenty of time for dinner, we'll be taking a three-hour meal break on both Friday and Saturday nights, beginning at 6:00 PM, so that everybody has time to head out to dine at virtually any restaurant in town. It is our sincere hope that everybody will take the time to visit one of the city's many amazing restaurants during your stay in Portland.

After dinner on Friday we'll be presenting a round-robin recital of selected highlights from 30 years of Corflu reports, organized by Andy Hooper and featuring a gang of fannish orators.

Following the completion of our experiment in Corflu nostalgia, there will be a margarita party in the con suite hosted by Lucy Huntzinger in tribute to Corflu's other mother, Allyn Cadogan, who passed away on April 16th. Lucy says that she and Allyn hatched the idea of the Corflu over a round of margaritas in 1983 and it only seems right and proper that we remember her in a likewise fashion. But it won't be a solemn occasion because we're also going to be celebrating Corflu's 30th birthday that night and there will be CAKE!!

Saturday's events will start quietly and softly at around Noon at the St. Johns Room, where we will once again be offering registration services and an afternoon of panels, the kind that fans like. The auction tables will once again be available all day long for looking and bidding. We'll break for dinner at around 5:00 PM for another long meal break.

However, at the same time that dinner break starts, we'll be setting up a new Corflu experiment, the Fanzine Flea Market. Commencing at

5:30 PM, the flea market – a sort of fannish huckster room for fanzines – will offer our members a large quantity of fanzines for sale at pre-set prices, so you should bring your want list with you, if you’ve got one. (And if you don’t, maybe you should consider making one.) The flea market will remain open for shopping throughout the rest of Saturday evening, even after the programming resumes on the other end of the room.

After dinner, we’re going to be trying another experiment in Corflu programming, called “My First Time.” This will not be a panel, per se, but something closer to theater in the round. In a weird way, “My First Time” will be part personal confession and part survey. If successful it will enable us to share our history and our anecdotes in a communal way that will, hopefully, entertain and enlighten.

No, don’t run. It’ll be fun, really.

Here’s how it will work. As you enter the St. Johns Room on Saturday night, each member of CORFLU XXX will be handed a card that contains 10 questions about some of the “firsts” in their lives. What was the first SF book they read? What was the first fanzine they received? What was the first convention they attended? Et cetera. Inspired by discussions in the pages of a certain e-group that shall remain nameless, called InTheBar, “My First Time” asks the members of this year’s Corflu to share stories from their lives, based on 5 of the 10 questions on the card they were given as they came in the door.

Each person will, in turn, share their own version of those same facts and offer an anecdote or story that may inspire further conversation amongst the participants as they explore their common experiences. It could be a story about the first author they ever met, or the first band they saw live, or the first record they bought. Every set of answers will be unique, but when we combine all of those singular moments together, we should end up with a broad spectrum of common experience amongst us. Our so-called group mind, if you will.

Hosted by Michael Dobson, this will be an unprecedented chance to share stories, laugh at ourselves, and, hopefully, come to appreciate those things that make us each unique and yet part of the tribe. Oh, and one more thing. Mr. Dobson is just a pawn in this game of fannish

group therapy. He has no influence over the running of the event or who does or does not have to stand up and answer the questions. But just to make it fair, I will be the first one to pick my 5 firsts and share them with you all. And I’m prepared to take questions, too.

After the conclusion of our programming day, it will be time for another night of con suite fun. Your hostess for Saturday evening will be the charming Geri Sullivan (of the design firm of Toad, Sullivan and Idea, LLC) who will assure that the food and drinks and the conversation will continue flowing until her damned tiara falls off. Oh, and there may be cookies, too.

The convention’s table auction will also conclude on Saturday night, as we close up the St. Johns Room at 10:00 PM. The winning bidders will be able to pick up their purchases and settle their bill the next day, at the end of the Sunday banquet.

And speaking of the banquet, it will be held in the Windows Sky Room on the fifth floor of the Red Lion Hotel on Sunday morning. Doors will open at 11:00 AM, with our breakfast buffet commencing soon after. The menu will include fruit juices, coffee and tea, fresh fruit, assorted muffins and breads, Red Potato-Leek au Gratin, scrambled eggs, smoked bacon and sausage links, vegetarian quiche, cinnamon roll French Toast with syrup, and the Windows Salad (with spinach, apples, Bleu Cheese, candied walnuts, and Champagne Vinaigrette).

After everybody has stuffed themselves – I will be checking plates – we’ll start in on the day’s other festivities: a few assorted remarks, the GoH speech, the selection of the Past President of FWA, the site selection for our 2014 convention, the presentation of the 2013 FAAn Awards and the Lifetime Achievement Award. This year the FAAn Awards will be presented by Portland’s own David Levine and Kate Yule, known far and wide for their excellent *Bento* wrangling and occasional visits to Mars.

We will have the Windows Sky Room until 2:00 PM on Sunday, so we won’t be hurrying folks along or telling anybody to wrap it up. We will also have a computerized photo booth set up in the banquet room – providing it will fit into the hotel’s elevator – where we hope our members will happily make fools of themselves and pose for

embarrassing pictures with their friends and their enemies alike. After the con, we will make copies of the picture-booth CD available to our members so they will have proof, should they need it, that they were actually in Portland that weekend. The CD will also be useful to folks back in East Ham or Las Vegas who weren't able to make it to Stumptown this year, but still want to be able to see what we were up to.

The con suite will reopen around 3:00 PM, after the Sunday banquet's conclusion, for those who don't have to catch a plane or just can't bring themselves to leave the hotel after all that food. Later that same night, the Dead Dog party will commence in the con suite at about 8:00 PM, where we will do our best to kill the last of the liquid refreshment and any brain cells that have managed to escape the weekend's wrath. And then it's the Big Adios. See ya next year. Buh-bye!

For more details about what we have planned for this year's CORFLU XXX, you just gotta come to Portland! ♦



Rob Hansen

Peter Weston

I RECENTLY WROTE that Rob Hansen is ‘our Bede, our Roger Bacon’, which probably confused a few in the Overseas Territories who are not entirely familiar with either of those two old BNFS. But to recap, ‘the Venerable Bede’ (to give him his full job-title) was a Northumbrian monk who from 700 A.D. onwards wrote a number of fantasy trilogies which shed light on a period of early English history that would otherwise have been unknown. Roger Bacon, of course, you already know about, since as keen science fiction fans we’ve all read James Blish’s *Doctor Mirabilis*. Haven’t we?

However the point I’m trying to make is a very real one; without Rob we would know almost nothing about British fan-history, whereas thanks to him we know just about everything. Take our first fan-meeting, for instance – organised by Wally Gillings, it was held on 27th October 1930 in the house of George & Mary Dew, at 32 Thorold Road, Ilford. Six people were present and tea and crumpets were served at 7.30 pm.

These days every British fan with the slightest self-awareness (and many Americans, too) will be familiar with Rob’s fan-history, first published in four volumes as *Then* and later transferred to his website. It’s a truly amazing thing, and something of a minor miracle that it ever came to be written.

Now let’s back-track nearly fifty years, to my own first convention. By today’s standards it was a pretty hopeless affair but nonetheless it made a very deep impression. I was hooked; I wanted to know more. How long had these conventions been going on? Nobody knew. My pal Cliff Teague had the mad idea that we neos should produce some sort of ‘history’ of British fandom, but no-one was interested and we quickly abandoned the project.

Like the Anglo-Saxons of Bede’s time we were living in the eternal present, only vaguely aware of past greatness and for the most part evincing little curiosity about our lowly state. And for some reason our time-spans were peculiarly telescoped so that someone like Ken Cheslin, who’d been around for just five years or so, was considered to

be an ‘old fan’, while fanzines from the late fifties – if you could find them, and you couldn’t – were regarded as ancient relics.

A few years later I made a much more determined effort to pin-down this ‘convention’ business and nagged dear old Ken Bulmer – who we thought was a very old fan indeed – into writing-down all the past events he could remember. He didn’t do a bad job of it, only forgetting Kettering in 1957 and his timeline is still the basis for the current Eastercon numbering sequence. But Ken himself had only come into fandom in the late forties. Who else was there? What about Ken Slater? Or the other bookseller, Ken Chapman?

Yes, back then everyone in British fandom did seem to be called ‘Ken’! But I’m serious; in the sixties it seemed impossible that our fannish history could ever be retrieved. Nothing had been written down, everything appeared irretrievably lost. In the early seventies Peter Roberts made a brave attempt to research our origins, but after a promising start retired, defeated. Slightly later a fan named Terry Hill tackled the same problem with only limited success. Cue for entry of Rob Hansen, stage left.

I first saw him at the 1975 Seacon. It was his first convention. He wrote,

“I was a beardless youth of 20, clean-limbed and eagle-eyed (it would be another year before I started wearing glasses), a virgin and, so far as I knew, the only SF fan in Cardiff, Wales. I was an impoverished trainee draughtsman and my finances were tight. As a first-timer who knew no-one else at the con I had taken the committee’s advice and allowed them to set me up sharing a room with another first-timer so there would be at least one person there I could talk with. He was Welsh, wore glasses, and had thinning hair and an acne-scarred face. He was also elderly – he had to be all of 30 – and smoked smelly French cigarettes. Try as I might I can’t recall his name.”

I don’t think Rob and I spoke, or if we did I have no memory of it, but I noticed him on the dance-

floor on the Sunday evening and thought he was a pretty sharp-looking character. He had dark, curly hair, wore a striped suit-jacket and blue jeans and was making some good moves. Not many fans can dance, so if any unattached women had been present Rob might have done well for himself that night!

That aside, after Seacon he quickly got in with the in-crowd, first with the Manchester people and the Newcastle 'Gannets' (Rob Jackson was an early correspondent), then with the Rat-fans (Greg, Roy Kettle, Graham Charnock, etc), and a year later published *Epsilon*, first of many fanzines. In no time at all Rob was deep into British fandom, helped by the fact that he is one of those rare fan-ish types who can draw as well as write. But we still had no direct contact with each other; by this time I'd become unhappy with the arrogance of the Rats and their sneering contempt for anything that had happened before they came along, and thought he was merely one of their more junior members.

Unbeknown to me, however, Rob was different. Almost alone among fans of the period he had already become intrigued by the same back-story that had defeated his predecessors.

"Getting hold of a copy of *All Our Yesterdays* was where it began," he said, "then *A Wealth of Fable* (it was quite a few years after this I finally scored copies of *Immortal Storm* and *The Futurians*). Reading the Warner stuff, and in particular his sections on UK fandom, left me wanting to find out more."

Rob moved to London in 1980 and by the time the 1987 Conspiracy worldcon came along he was on the subcommittee for the fan-room, and was asked to submit ideas for fan-room publications. He suggested a 'history' of UK fandom, and the result was a useful 40-page booklet titled 'The Story So Far'. I thought it was excellent but Rob was less happy, saying it drew primarily on secondary sources. "I appreciated its inadequacies," he said, "and the idea of expanding it into something worthwhile grew in my mind."

The fuse had been lit! Previous efforts at compiling a comprehensive fan-history had failed because no living fans seemed to have more than

hazy recollections of times past. Hearsay was useless – what was needed was a real old-timer with a good memory, someone who had kept all their paperwork. Such a paragon had actually already appeared and was waiting in the wings. Enter Vince Clarke, stage right:

"I honestly can't remember the circumstances of our first meeting," Rob writes, "I suspect it was at a One Tun meeting, but I can't be sure. It was Terry Hill who got Vince back into fandom. He was trying to do some research on Walter Gillings, got hold of Vince's address, and contacted him. Vince found himself being drawn back in, so he started Kent TruFandom with Terry, and I started attending meetings over there. Vince gave me some help with 'The Story So Far', and soon afterwards we started working together in earnest."

Vince Clarke had been one of the most active fans of the fifties until personal tragedy caused him to quit abruptly in 1960. We all knew that. What we didn't know was that he had kept everything – his fanzines, his correspondence, in a perfect time-capsule waiting to be re-opened. We also didn't realise that he had started fanning way back in the nineteen-thirties. So when he found Rob was receptive Vince was only too pleased to fan the flames:-

"Imagine my surprise after the convention," wrote Rob, "when Vince casually mentioned some sources he hadn't told me about previously. It was October, and I'd been telling him what a shame it was that sections on the '30s & '40s in TSSF were so inadequate, and how I wished I'd been able to find out more. Shortly thereafter he sent me the first in what was to be a large number of packages of photostats over the next few months."

The first duplicated, 40-page volume of *Then* appeared just six months later in March 1988, followed by three others over the following five years, for a massive total of over 270 pages. *Then* was a perfect case of the right two people being in the right place at the right time – Rob couldn't have done it without Vince Clarke, and vice versa. Finishing a long-term project like that says a lot for Rob's determination; in the process he became British fandom's #1 Historian. So it's fitting that

Vince willed his archive over to Rob and it now rests safely in the cellar of his house in East London, snug in an impressive system of racks and storage boxes.

Apparently I was particularly enthusiastic about the third volume ('the sixties'), which Rob handed out at Mexican 4 in the spring of 1991, and by now we were certainly in contact. According to his report:

"One of those who features prominently in its pages, Pete Weston, was delighted when I gave him his copy. 'What a fine fellow you are, Rob', he said, putting his arm around my shoulders and hugging me chummily. 'Let me buy you a drink. Let me buy you two drinks.' He would buy me drinks all weekend."

It wasn't just about ego-boo; I was thrilled that someone had finally put my formative fannish era into proper perspective. Since then we've worked on a number of projects together and Rob has become one of my closest fannish friends. We've had a lot of fun with old photographs, for instance. We can now recognise old fans from pictures of the backs of their heads, or identify a location by a crack in the wall or particular microphone. With the Kettering cons we had masses of undated pictures of essentially the same people in the same hotel over four successive years, but we managed to put them in order by comparing details of Terry Jeeves' ties, Ina Shorrocks' hairstyles and so on (though it didn't help that Archie Mercer always wore exactly the same outfit, every year).

But enough of that. You probably want to know something about Rob himself, whether he's changed very much since his TAFF trip in 1984.

Well, the dark, curly hair has faded a bit, of course, and I don't suppose he's done much dancing lately but otherwise he's the same, friendly chap he's always been. A bit alienated from current fandom, perhaps – aren't we all? – and likely to sit in the back row at London pub meetings, but definitely one of the good guys, one of those who still care. I guarantee he'll enjoy Corflu immensely. ♦

Corflu Snapshots

Rob Hansen



MY ONE AND ONLY previous visit to the West Coast took place in 1984. The occasion was my TAFF trip, and I was attending that year's Worldcon, L.A.CON III, held in Los Angeles, and for many years after the biggest Worldcon there had ever been. That was 29 years ago, and I was 29 years old. Which means it's been half my lifetime between West Coast visits. Half a lifetime? That's not too many. I've changed a bit in the interim, of course. I like to claim I'm now more like a Norse god - ie. balder.

Back in the for us more prosperous days of the late '80s/early '90s, Avedon and I attended quite a few of the early Corflus. A quick look at the con list I keep reveals we attended those in 1986, 89, 90, 93, and 94, as well as the two UK ones. I wrote conreports on several of these, but what single 'snapshots' come to mind when I think of each of them? Let's see...

I may have waited 29 years before visiting the West Coast again, but it was only two years after my first trip that I set off for the US once more, this time with Avedon Carol, whom I'd married in the interim. And the convention we headed to that time was Corflu III – our first – held that year in Tyson's Corner, Maryland, and run by a committee whose number included Dan & Lynn Stef-

fan. Whatever happened to them, anyway? One of that Corflu's innovations was the 'live fanzine'. While the idea of a performance-as-fanzine was an interesting one it had one major flaw; namely that there was no way you could bundle up the participants and store them in a folder alongside your other fanzines. Not a problem now, of course, when it could be recorded and every con attendee given a DVD of the performance at trivial cost. Clearly this was an idea ahead of its time.

The 1989 Corflu in Minneapolis was significant for being the first (and I think only) ever visit to the US by the great Chuck Harris. Geri Sullivan and the other Minneapolis fans were all fine and generous hosts. Just how generous can be gauged by the fact they laid on a limo to get Chuck & Sue Harris and Avedon & me from Geri's house to the convention on the opening day. First it ferried us all to local SF bookstore 'Uncle Hugo's' where many fine works of literature were purchased, then onto the con hotel. I doubt many people have ever arrived at a convention in such style.

"How did Chuck take the limo?" Patrick Nielsen Hayden asked me afterwards.

"As his due," I replied.

The 1990 Corflu saw us in New York, along with a contingent of other UK fans attracted by the then-cheap airfares. I could claim this con sticks in my mind for my having to get up and give a eulogy for my recently departed friend Arthur Thomson. It was an honour to do so, but I fumbled it badly. Unfortunately, though I manage OK with others beside me I hate being on a stage by myself and always dry up when that happens. But in truth what I most remember is that it was at this con I got to meet fannish legends such as Sam Moskowitz and Julius Schwartz. It was also where I had an encounter with a famous literary figure. One afternoon Moshe Feder was leading a bunch of us off to a restaurant somewhere and, as is his wont, was regaling us with his knowledge of pretty much every building we passed.

"And right around this corner," he intoned as we reached said corner, "is where Kurt Vonnegut lives."

And who should be walking towards us as we rounded the corner but Kurt Vonnegut himself!

1993's Corflu 10 was held in Madison, Wisconsin and was the second time I'd visited that city, the first being when Avedon had been a WisCon GoH

several years earlier. It's a testament to the quality of the convention that I thoroughly enjoyed myself there despite suffering a raging toothache. A dental visit when we got to New York confirmed to be an abscessed tooth.

And finally there was the Corflu Nova, held in Washington DC in 1994. Dan & Lynn Steffan were involved in that one, too – clearly these people are gluttons for punishment. When I think of this con I inevitably think of the delicious tomato juice with red peppers that made for a great bloody mary. The reason it comes to mind is because Dan and Ted White, the Bert and Ernie of fandom, plied me with so much of it that I inevitably fell asleep...as they intended. I was woken by the end of a felt-tip pen touching my face.

"Don't you guys know anything?" I said, shaking my head sadly. "I understand you wanting to revive an old British fannish tradition by drawing on the face of a sleeping fan at a party, taking photos, and publishing them afterwards, but it's only canonical when that fan is Joseph Nicholas."

You'd think they would have known that.

I hope to write a report on CORFLU XXX. Like its predecessors, I'm sure it will have one particular take-away moment or event, the 'snapshot' that first springs to mind when I remember the con. I wonder what it will be? ♦

[MARCH 2013]

PHOTO ON PREVIOUS PAGE: Rob Hansen (*left, gracefully reclining*), closely observed by Moshe Feder (*center*) and Ted White (*right*), at the 1986 Corflu.

The Twiltone of Lucy M. Huntzinger

Lucy Huntzinger

Let us go then, you and I,
Where the zines are waiting, ready for new fen
Like the Spirit of Fandom in the well known fable;
Let us revive certain oft-repeated tales,
The reinvented wheel
Of fannish nights in Berkeley's best hotel
And sercon fans with eyes like oyster-shells:
Speeches you follow 'til you realize they're made
Of nonsensical French
Tempts you to an overwhelming question....
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
It's Corflu 1, let us revisit.

In the room the fanboys come and go
Talking of slans and mimeo.

There's Ted White...There's Terry Carr..
I shall do this one-shot, then go find the bar.

Shall I set my beanie spinning? Will hash brownies make me fat?
I shall pay to keep my name out of the Guest of Honor hat.
I have seen the trufen texting. New LOLcat?

I do not think that they will LoC my zine.

We will linger in the Tower of Trufandom
Each sensitive fannish face one big gosh wow
Till all our yesterdays are here and now. ♦

With apologies to T.S. Eliot

This Mortal Coil

Dan the Corflu Obituarian

A CONVENTION PROGRESS REPORT may not be the ideal place to discuss the mortality of man or fan, but as it is my only venue for such exposition at this time, I am going to do it anyway.

Though fandom is a place that most of us discover in our adolescent teen years, it is not a place of stasis. Despite its reputation, it is not a Peter Pan-like kingdom where nobody ever grows up or a hidden niche that the weight of the world seems to ignore. It is, however, a universe that celebrates its own history and acknowledges its predecessors and pioneers. It affords many of us the unique opportunity for a kind of personal continuity that follows us from those adolescent years right up to the end of our days. In many ways that is what Corflu is all about. And it is especially what this year's Corflu is all about.

While Corflu has regularly tipped its hat to the fans and fanzines that have come before us, the con has also kept a relatively low profile when it comes to the untimely passing of members of our tribe. But as this year's con looms before us we are particularly feeling the sting of death's humorless slap.

Fandom, as we know it, is still less than a hundred years old and we have been privileged during that time to continue to have quite a few of our pioneering founders in our midst. That fact has been a gift to fans like me. In my 40+ years as a fan I have met and known many of the people regarded as the innovators and heroes in our little cosmic watering hole and I have been very grateful for it. It is not often in life that one is able to befriend somebody whose creativity and reputation has sparked your own creative expression and ambitions. It is not often that you can have a beer or a conversation with the people who laid the bricks in the road that you yourself now walk upon.

But fandom is funny like that. It is a small tribal family where even the obscure among us can find themselves remembered for their contributions to the lexicon of the community long after they've moved on to other real-life pursuits. The old LASFS used to parlay their fannish meme, "death

will not release you," as a kind of a threatening jest, but now – though our small enclave is still more than a decade away from its centennial celebration – it has become a promise of sorts.

The shadow of mortality began to envelope this year's Corflu at the end of February when news of Richard Geis's death was finally announced to the public nearly a month after the sad event itself. It hit me hard because I had harbored hopes of enticing the reclusive Portland resident to come out of hiding and make an appearance at our con. He was America's most recognized faneditor, with a mantle full of Hugo Awards to prove it. Alas, it was not to be. On February 4th, at the age of 85, after years of health problems, Geis dodged Corflu by going to the big con suite in the sky. Nevertheless, fandom will remember him for years to come as one of the best of the best.

Exactly one month after the announcement of Geis's death, to the day, came word of Paul Williams's death on March 27th. Paul became a fan in his adolescence, publishing fanzines from his home in Massachusetts and later from his college dorm room where, in 1966, he published a new type of fanzine devoted to his love of rock and roll. Little did he realize, as the pages of the first *Crawdaddy!* rolled off of Ted White's mimeograph, that he was giving birth to a new form of music journalism – one that would inspire other fans like the late Greg Shaw and non-fans like Jann Wenner to follow in his footsteps and create an industry that would go on to make millions for many people who were not Paul Williams.

Paul never lost his connection to fandom, despite his time away. His continued love of SF allowed him to eventually play a major role in promoting the works of Philip K. Dick and Ted Sturgeon after their deaths. He continued to pop up at conventions throughout his life and he maintained many fannish friendships, even while continuing his career as an essayist and author. In the early '80s he helped facilitate the publication of the first issue of Robert Lichtman's *Trap Door*, which included the first installment of Paul's

own occasional column, as well as an article from yours truly.

A few months after attending the 1995 Corflu in Vegas, Paul suffered a horrible bicycle accident that resulted in traumatic brain damage that would lead – after a decade of apparent recovery – to the early onset of dementia. The last five years of his life were spent in institutional care, when his condition became too much for his family to manage.

Over those final years his once bright countenance was reduced to a flickering ember hidden inside a physical receptacle that could no longer express his zest for life or his celebrations of joy. He died with his two oldest sons at his bedside and a legacy that will evade most of us when our own time comes.

Eight days later, another member of our tribe – albeit one who left his fannish family behind him for far greater recognition – passed away. His name was familiar to most modern people as one of the great film reviewers of his time, but make no mistake about it, Roger Ebert was one of us. He began writing in fanzines and became an active participant of fandom's silver age. He too spent the last decade or more battling the most invasive forms of cancer, which would eventually rob him of his face, his voice, and much of his livelihood. But thanks to the internet, he continued writing about his life and his loves – which occasionally touched on his fannish years and his continued enthusiasm for the genre that birthed him – including a wonderful introduction to the book, *The Best of Xero*,* a collection of fan articles from Dick and Pat Lupoff's legendary fanzine of the same name, to which he was a contributor.

Many around the world have mourned his passing, but here in our little island of mimeographed memories, he remained one of ours – a guy who once sat at Walt Willis's feet.

And now, just yesterday as I write this, we have yet another passing of note: the death on April 16th of one of Corflu's founders, Allyn Cadogan. In 1983, Allyn, Lucy Huntzinger, and Shay Barsabe came up with the original concept for Corflu during a conversation about the marginalization of fanzine fandom. A year later they went on to present the first Corflu in Berkeley, California, and the rest is, as they say, history.

Allyn was also a faneditor. In 1977 she and a few

of her friends from Vancouver, BC (including the late Susan Wood and a young cartoonist named William Gibson) published the first issue of *Genre Plat* – the only fanzine ever named after a type of tooth pick. Later that same year Gibson sold his first short story to *Unearth*, a semi-prozine, which eventually led him to global fame and recognition for his fiction. Gibson continued contributing to her fanzine even after Allyn moved to the Bay Area. She continued publishing *Genre Plat* on her own and in collaboration with Grant Canfield, with whom she was briefly involved, for several more issues after that.

In the years that followed the founding of Corflu, Allyn drifted in and out of fandom when the responsibilities of motherhood and marriage demanded it. She was living in Arizona at the time of her death. Despite her gafiation, she never forgot her fannish stepchild and made a surprise appearance at Corflu Zed, the 2009 convention held in Seattle. She was instantly recognizable by her trademark gap-toothed smile and her cutting wit and everyone was pleased to see her, little realizing that it was her farewell appearance in fandom.

Like the others mentioned in this memoriam, the old LASFS adage applies to Allyn, as well. And to help us all remember her and her role as one of Corflu's Mamas, there will be a margarita party held in her honor at this year's CORFLU XXX, hosted by our convention's other surrogate mom, Lucy Huntzinger. The party will commence in the con suite at 10:00 PM on Friday, after the final program item of the day.

We would like all of you to join us on that Friday as the tequila flows in memory of a woman without whom there would be no Corflu, let alone a 30th Corflu. Stop by and have a drink and a piece of birthday cake with us as we all raise a glass to Allyn, Dick, Paul, Roger and all the others who have left their lives behind them in the mimeo ink soaked pages of old fanzines. We owe them that much, don't you think?

And finally, with so many memories confronting us, there is only one thing left to seriously ponder in anticipation of this celebration – do I want salt with that? ♦

* Still available from Tachyon Publications:
www.tachyonpublications.com/book/Xero.html

Remembering Allyn Cadogan

Lucy Huntzinger

FAREWELL to one of my oldest friends in fandom.

Allyn and I met shortly after I moved to San Francisco in 1982. She invited me to participate in the fan-run public access television show *The Emperor Norton Science Fiction Hour*. It was, of course, half an hour long. We spent a lot of time at coffee shops and restaurants getting to know each other. She had been in fandom a lot longer than me and I was impressed by the many stories she had and the big names she had met. She was from Bandon, OR, by way of Vancouver, BC. I was from Seattle, WA. We were the two Pacific North-westerners among our friends and it created an immediate bond.

Both of us had crushes on Karl Mosgofian who also worked on the show, mine nothing more than a gee-he's-cute, hers serious enough that she asked me one night at a party at Rich Coad and Stacy Scott's if I would mind if she asked him out. Go right ahead, I said, I have my eye on that attractive new physicist in town. She eventually married Karl. I eventually married my physicist. We used to laugh about it in later years: so sensible, so respectful, so unlike most women who fancy the same guy.

She was my co-editor, along with Sharee Carton, of the fanzine *Convention Girls' Digest*, a light-hearted, fun, girly fanzine at a time when that wasn't what most people were doing with fanzines. I admired her previous zine, *Genre Plat*, which was far more serious and constructive about science fiction and fandom than I could ever manage. I had margaritas with her and Shay Barsabe one night in 1983, lamenting the marginalization of fanzine fandom at the big conventions. I felt I had come to it too late, that I'd missed the golden age. I wish, I said, we could do something about it, but you'd have to be crazy to run a convention. Light bulbs went off over their heads. One margarita later I was a founding member of Corflu, the Fanzine Fans' Convention. We hoped it would become a tradition. I don't think in our wildest dreams we expected to attend CORFLU XXX.

After she married Karl and they started their

own business, they eased away from fandom a little. We shared a house in the Castro District for about a year. The rent went up and I moved to Oakland while they moved to Rohnert Park. They had a child. Allyn still came to conventions and parties occasionally, but she was focusing on getting a college degree (Sociology? American Indian studies? It was never clear to me what the final degree would be in, but she was a voracious learner). She was also making jewelry and going to pow wows (she was part Lakota and had spent time with her family "on the rez" in South Dakota when she was growing up) and being very creative with her hands instead of with words. She and Karl divorced after they moved back to the peninsula. We met for coffee a few times. She told me about taking her son Kelly camping in the Canyon de Chelly, sneaking a tent in and loving the silence of the desert, cooking over a campfire, watching the crows in the sky and listening to the coyotes talk across the distances.

I didn't know she finally moved to Arizona, but when Karl contacted me last week I was so happy to hear she was in her beloved desert these last few years. We'd fallen out of touch because Allyn was not one to call a person up or make much outreach, but she was always delighted to see her old friends. I last saw her about five years ago at a party at Allen Baum and Donya White's house, one of their Solstice parties where anyone and everyone shows up. It was good to see her, good to talk to her. She seemed ageless, though she'd be the first to tell you she wasn't. She was wickedly funny, generous, enthusiastic, artistic, smart as hell. She was a very good friend.

Goodbye, Allyn. I send my love as you take the next steps on your journey. ♦

The Cool Kids

Andy Hooper

WHEN DID I finally have the chance to meet Dan and Lynn Steffan face to face? I think it has to have been in 1990, at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City, where we had gathered for Corflu 7. Of course, I had been reading Dan's fanzines, marveling at his incredible comic and graphic art, and reading a small ocean of ink about him in the pages of other people's fanzines for the better part of a decade at that point. I confess that early on in my fannish career, I wondered if Dan might be some sort of fabulous hoax. After all, how improbably lucky for a stone trufan to possess a surname that could be pronounced "STF-fan"? But by the time our paths finally crossed, we had been corresponding for some time, and I had become aware that he was just as real as you can get.

He was stretched out in a chair in Ted White's smoke-wreathed room, listening as the focus of the Group Mind produced another adventurous monologue weaving a tapestry of seemingly random fannish references into a narrative memoir of driving across Appalachia to reach the bucolic setting of a long-past Midwescon. The litany was broken long enough to introduce me to the other neurons present, including rich brown, Frank Lunney and Catherine Jackson, and Dan and Lynn Steffan. They were far more willing to interrupt Ted than I, having heard the story every year since 1971. Dan made a point of letting the others in the room know what I had published (several issues of *Nine Innings* and *Spent Brass* at that point), and was so complimentary and charming toward me that by the end of the conversation, I had agreed to host a Corflu in Madison, which I contributed to just three years later. At the time, I hadn't remembered the friendship between Dan and my fannish mentor in Madison fandom, Jeanne Gomoll, and that he had already visited and loved Madison in the past. But from the moment I met him, I was working to get him to visit again.

By the time that happened, Carrie and I had moved to Seattle, and had to attend the Madison Corflu as out-of-towners ourselves. Getting to hang out with Dan and Lynn again was one of the

highlights of the weekend for me. I even roped him into a trivia game, where his team had to sit patiently while Bob Tucker got to answer several questions by delightedly blurting out "Me!" After a bit of negotiation with the Lynches and Alexis Gilliland, it was duly determined that the following Corflu would take place in the Washington DC area, so regardless of what happened at the convention, we were looking forward to seeing the Steffans on their home ground. When we told them that we planned to tour some Civil War sites in the area, as well as my old haunts in Morgantown, West Virginia, they immediately invited us to stay with them after the convention.

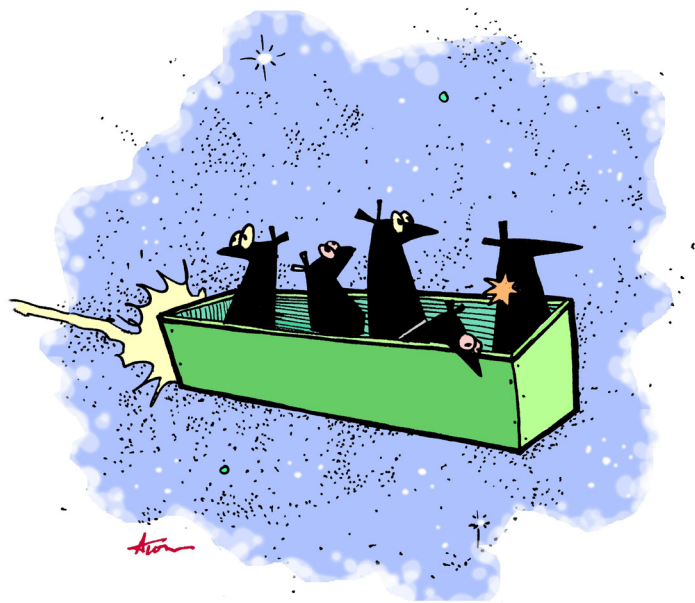
Dan and Lynn may be the sweetest and most low-key hosts I've ever encountered in fandom. They were happy to go out, but equally so to stay in. They were completely comfortable dealing with our jet-lagged West Coast time sense, letting us sleep in gloriously late in the morning. (I should point out that for the first two days of our stay, the Steffans had a second couple sleeping on their living room floor. Barnaby Rapoport and Nevenah Smith had also lingered in town after Corflu, and as they had remained on their convention-weekend schedule, tended to sleep well into the morning. This didn't faze Dan and Lynn in the least, who cheerfully let them sleep, stepping over them when they wanted to leave the house.)

I remember a trip to an Indian restaurant – there is always a dinner at an Indian restaurant – and a party at Ted White's legendary home in Falls Church. Mostly, I remember sitting and talking, in their living room, in their leafy front yard, at one of several brilliant local restaurants they introduced us to. I wish I could explain what it is that makes them such perfect company. I just have this sense that Dan and Lynn are two of the "cool kids" that I've wanted to hang out with all my life, and they have a particular gift for making you feel like you are one of the cool kids too. When it was time for us to take our excursion to the west, I hated to say goodbye, but I was also relieved to let them return to their daily routine before we all collapsed from the effects of too much desperate fun.

We had some memorable adventures of our own on the loop into West Virginia. I saw the house I lived in as a six-year-old outside Morgantown. We gaped at the immense gorge of the Gauley River, and walked the “Field of Lost Shoes” at the New Market, Virginia, battlefield. We explored a mountain “short cut” in the quest to return to a Hardee’s restaurant where Carrie had forgotten her purse. But that part proved fortuitous, as it led us by a roadside stand where some local ladies were selling hand-made quilts. The prices were low enough that we didn’t hesitate to buy one for Dan and Lynn; it was well under half the expense of staying in a DC-area motel for two or three nights! It made me feel like such a grown-up, buying a gift for friends that had put us up with such generosity.

When we came back to town, it was time for one of their group’s regular Saturday Night parties; but the presence of a number of fans still hanging around a week after Corflu gave the event the sense of a reception arranged especially for us. I believe Terry Hughes was there, and Ben Zuhl, and Steve and Elaine Stiles had driven back down from Baltimore. I believe Avedon Carol was the real guest of honor for the evening, but all the out-of-towners felt like the party was meant for their benefit and a supremely fannish coda to Corflu. In my memory, the events of the evening and that week are jumbled together with flashes of shadowing Dan on his TAFF trip to the UK in 1995, and more recently, visits to quirky and wonderful Portland, where Dan and Lynn are still two of the best hosts fandom has ever produced. It is entirely in character for them to have organized this, their third Corflu in the event’s thirty-year arc, and to open the party to nearly a hundred friends and correspondents. Even now, I’m not positive I know all the things they have planned for the weekend. But I know whatever they have in mind, they will look supremely cool doing it, and if you are willing to play along, they’ll make you feel like you’re cool too.

In an admitted nerd festival like fandom, that’s a power that you don’t encounter every day. Be thankful that it rests in the hands of two such generous personalities, prepared to share their fascinations – comics, tattoos, Bowie – with anyone cool enough to listen. You can always count me in, daddy-o. ♦ [4/20/2013]



Hotel Hoedown – the sequel

Dan the Corflu Concierge

YES, WE HAVE NO HOTEL ROOMS?

The deadline for our convention room block came and went on April 2nd, by which time we had nearly sold out our estimated allotment of rooms for CORFLU XXX. I congratulate everybody for being diligent and making their room reservations while the rooms were there to reserve. Your efforts will only enhance our ability to put on a memorable convention – *he said with *ahem* confidence.*

Not that everything has gone smoothly, mind you. Our members from the UK, for instance, discovered that the designers of the Red Lion Hotel's new website had apparently refused to consider the idea that anybody outside of North America would want to make room reservations at their hotel. The site asked them to select their home location from a pull-down menu that included *only* the 50 US states and the Canadian provinces. Without selecting one of those, they could not make their reservations.

When I talked to our hotel representative about the problem on the phone, I could practically hear her roll her eyes. The new reservation website had been nothing but a nuisance to her and her co-workers since the day it had popped up on their computer screens, she explained. There had been a lot of complaints, she said. I told her about the problem that those pesky folks from 'Urope had been having and I swear I could hear the sound of her palm as it slapped her forehead. That was a new one, she said.

She thought about it for a moment or two and then suggested that our British members should "game the system." Tell your members to lie and register as Oregon residents, she said. Won't that screw up their mailing addresses, I asked. She said that it wouldn't matter because any communications between our members and the hotel would be done via e-mail. She was right. And now we have almost a dozen people coming to the con who live in and around the "London, Oregon" area.

Some of those same people had made plans to come to town on Wednesday, but found no rooms available at the Red Lion Hotel. That had

been directly my fault because I had not put any Wednesday night rooms in our room block – it simply hadn't occurred to me, I'm afraid. Fortunately, they found another hotel for that first night in town before I even had a chance to look into the problem. I'm thankful for that.

A handful of members who waited until too close to the reservation deadline discovered that we were all out of Thursday night rooms, too. (We're sharing the hotel with a team of Olympic-level athletes who will be competing across the street at the Convention Center during our con.) But there were rooms available for that night at the Motel 6 that's across the street from our hotel. Fortunately, about 10 days later, the Red Lion staff were able to free up some Thursday night rooms and were able to provide them to those who had missed out the first time around.

As of two days ago, it appears that everybody who wants a room for the 30th Corflu has got one. However, if there is anybody out there at this late date who needs a room, I believe there are a few still available at our con rate of \$99 a night, if you're lucky.

If you are one of those looking for a last minute room for CORFLU XXX, I suggest that you try calling the Red Lion Hotel Portland – Convention Center [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232] at 1-800-RED LION (1-800-733-5466) to make your reservation. Mentioning "Corflu" should still get you the con rate, but don't be surprised if the operator says the reserved rooms are sold out. Keep trying just to secure a room for your selected dates at whatever rate they may offer you. We can probably convert it to the \$99 rate after you've checked in. Using the website is probably a futile exercise at this point and everyone, including our hotel rep, encourages the use of the phone at this late date.

And remember, *all of you*, any cancellations must be made before 4:00 PM on the day prior to your scheduled arrival to avoid a one day room charge. Check in time is 3:00 PM and check out time is 12:00 noon.

And just as a reminder about what all of this

fabulousness is going to cost you, I've broken it down like this: All rooms at the 2013 Corflu will rent for \$99 a night – with no limit on number of occupants per room. While there is no sales tax in Oregon, there are still some standard hotelier fees that are going to be added on to your bill. There is a 13% hotel guest tax that is added to your nightly cost. This brings the cost of each room to \$112 a night. Granted that can't compete with Vegas rates, but it isn't too bad for a place with trees.

The final fee that the hotel has insisted on is a phantom fee, of sorts. When you check in, the hotel will ask all of their guests for a \$20 daily deposit on their credit card (or in cash, if you prefer) for each night you stay in the hotel. This fee is reportedly to cover any potential incidental costs that a guest might have during his stay, like damages. If no incidental costs are accumulated, the credit will be applied to your final bill. This is a bit of a pain, but in the end it shouldn't cost you anything if you've avoided being in any way incidental. Apparently, hotels like the Red Lion – who host a lot of athletic teams and summertime tour groups – get a lot of damage and they created this system to help cover their losses. For us it should be no real problem, other than an inconvenience.

YOU CAN GET THERE FROM HERE

One of the things that makes the Red Lion Hotel so ideally suited to being a great Corflu hotel is its location, which should allow our members to get maximum enjoyment of all that the city of Portland has to offer. On one side of the hotel there is a stop for the MAX-train – the city's primary public transport system – and on the other side of the hotel is a stop for the city's new East Side trolley car route. Both of these clean, modern public transports will take any and all Coflucians directly into downtown Portland and beyond. For \$5 a day, you can ride anywhere you want to go: to the center of the city – a block or so from Powell's Books, for instance – or to the world famous Rose Test Gardens for a spectacular view, or the nearby Japanese Gardens for zen quietude, or to the Portland Zoo to visit our new baby elephant.

The MAX train can take you downtown to the city's famous food cart lots for everything from gourmet peanut butter sandwiches to fine Thai cuisine, or take you to visit one of the dozens of top quality restaurants, brew pubs, book and

record stores that dot Portland's streetscape and then allow you to simply hop on the train and ride directly back to the front of your hotel.

And remember, those of you who will be taking the MAX to the hotel from the airport or the train station, the hotel has generously offered to deduct the price of your MAX fare from of your room bill as a courtesy to our members. So save your ticket and show it to the nice people at the desk when you check in.

FROM THE TRAIN AND BUS STATION

Our local Amtrak station – a beautiful relic built in 1905 – is in Northwest Portland, near the Willamette River, which separates Portland's East Side and our hotel from Downtown and the West Hills [Union Station – Portland, 800 NW Sixth Avenue, Portland, OR 97209].

Directly adjacent to the Amtrak station is the downtown Greyhound Bus Station, for any fans who decide to leave the driving to *Them* [Greyhound Bus Station – Portland, 550 NW Sixth Avenue, Portland, OR 97209].

Getting to the Red Lion Portland – Convention Center [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232] from either the train or the bus station is relatively simple. We recommend taking the local MAX train [trimet.org/max/] to the hotel. The MAX trains are Portland's most convenient way to get around. The MAX Light Rail station nearest the train depot is located approximately a block away, along side of the bus depot, at NW Sixth Avenue & Hoyt Street. (Another station is nearby at NW Fifth Avenue & Glison Street.)

Catch a GREEN LINE train East (towards Gresham) and take it 2 STOPS until you reach the *Convention Center* station. The Red Lion Hotel is right next door to the station. The fare will cost you \$2.50 for a one-way ticket (\$5.00 will get you an all-day pass). As an extra courtesy to members of CORFLU XXX, the hotel has agreed to deduct your light rail ticket cost off your room bill, so be sure to present it to them during your stay for the discount. The trip will take you about 10 minutes.

For those of you who would prefer to take a taxi cab from the Amtrak station, the cabs are usually lined up outside the station and the trip to the hotel will cost you approximately \$15.00.

FROM THE AEROPORT

The Portland International Airport, known to businessmen and baggage handlers everywhere as PDX [www.portofportland.com], is located in North Portland [7000 NE Airport Way, Portland, OR 97218], on the outskirts of the northeast part of town. It is marvelously attractive and modern and has a reputation as one of the country's most traveler friendly airports.

Getting to the Red Lion Portland – Convention Center [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232] from PDX is nearly as simple as the trip from the train station, only a bit longer. We recommend taking the local MAX train [trimet.org/max/] to the hotel from the airport. The MAX Light Rail station at PDX is located just outside the Baggage Claim area. It is an endoftheline station, so Corflu travelers will have to try *really* hard to get lost coming into the hotel from here.

Catch the RED LINE train West (towards Hillsboro) and take it 10 STOPS until you reach the *Convention Center* station. The Red Lion Hotel is right next door to the station. The fare will cost you \$2.50 for a one-way ticket (\$5.00 will get you an all-day pass). As an extra courtesy to members of CORFLU XXX, the hotel has agreed to deduct your light rail ticket cost off your room bill, so be sure to present it to them during your stay for the discount. The trip will take you about 20 minutes.

For those of you who would prefer to take a taxi cab from PDX, the cabs are usually lined up the a center lane outside the Baggage Claim area. The trip to the hotel from the airport will cost you approximately \$35.00.

ON THE ROAD

If you are driving a car to Portland, you will most likely be spending most of your time on I-5, the primary interstate highway that runs through Oregon from California to Washington. The trip from Seattle will take you around 4 hours, due to heavy traffic and occasional construction along your way. Under ideal circumstances the trip should be a little over 3 hours in duration, but you should always expect some delay along the way. Nevertheless, be sure to take a few moments and pull your nose out of that crumbling Ace Double that you're reading in the back seat and note the passing sites in the distance, like Mount Ranier and Mount St. Helens and the former site of the

giant Hanford nuclear power plant – there's still a crater where they blew it up.

Those working their way up from California should be sure to oogle the primitive beauty of the Shasta and the Siskiyou Mountains as they whiz by your windows.

FROM WASHINGTON: Take I-5 SOUTH into Oregon. Once in the Portland area, take Exit 300B towards OMSI/Oregon City. Keep LEFT and follow the signs for Oregon City and then follow the sign for Belmont Street/Grand Avenue. Travel EAST on SE Belmont Street for approximately 5 blocks and then turn LEFT onto NE Grand Avenue. Travel NORTH on NE Grand for approximately 18 blocks. The hotel will be on your left in the middle of the block [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232].

FROM CALIFORNIA: Take I-5 NORTH into Oregon. Once in the Portland area, take Exit 302A at Weidler Street. Merge onto NE Weidler Street, traveling EAST for approximately 4 blocks, Turn RIGHT on NE Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd, traveling SOUTH for approximately 6 blocks. Turn LEFT on NE Holladay Street for 1 block and then turn LEFT onto NE Grand Avenue. The hotel will be on your left in the middle of the block [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232].

The hotel has kindly cut their regular parking charge in half for CORFLU XXX member's cars, reducing the cost from \$12.00 a night down to just \$6.00 a night. Local street parking is difficult for overnight stays because so much of the surrounding area is zoned to prevent congestion in the convention center corridor, so while parking for free is always preferable, it will probably be much easier for drivers to take advantage of the discounted parking.

As with any questions or problems concerning this year's Corflu, please feel free to ask questions or let us help you with any problems you may have. I am always available to our members at dansteffanland@gmail.com.

See you all soon. ♦

Sidebar (info 'n' stuff)

Chairman Dan, membership steward and beater of dead horses

THE CORFLU XXX T-SHIRT

This year's t-shirt will be available for purchase at the registration table in the St. Johns Room starting on Saturday afternoon. The shirts themselves are 100% cotton tees in muted gold, with our logo printed in red on the chest and the words "Boom-chicka-wah-wah!" printed on the back. Available in M, L, XL, and 2XL, the shirt will cost you only \$15 each.

Because of the vagaries of producing a T-shirt for Corflu, we have only ordered 40 shirts for sale at the convention itself. Depending on demand for the shirts, this may be enough to satisfy our needs. But if it isn't and we end up selling out of shirts during the con, or we run out of a particularly popular size of shirts, we will be taking back orders for more the T-shirts, which will be produced after the con and mailed to anyone who wants one.

Our silk screeners, Atomic Gription Screenprinting & Design, have agreed to have our screens ready for a reprint and will let us order small quantities of shirts to fill whatever demand there might be for these oh-so-stylish pieces of fan apparel. These back orders will be shipped to members a few weeks after the con itself wraps up. They should arrive just in time for you to wear them when you meet the new Pope or some other equally meaningless relic of another era, like the Queen or Gary Busey.

PRINT DOESN'T LIE

CORFLU XXX, like all the Corflus before it, celebrates the fanzine as the ultimate fannish fetish object. We love fanzines, their history, their writing and their art. Back in olden timey days, during the decade that surrounded World War II – when conventions and fan clubs were few and far between – fanzines were practically the only connection between the many like-minded groups of bookworms and proto-nerds who made up the ranks of fandom.

Nowadays, the incredible world that the internet has put at our fingertips has made old fashioned fanzines seem quaint by comparison – an

archaic form of creative communications that still relies on paper and ink to exist. Hell, before long there will probably be an iPad or Kindle app for downloading old fanzines to read online and we'll all be able to send those boxes of crumbling pulp in the basement to the Third World to use as toilet paper. By then it will probably be so politically incorrect to print your fanzine on paper that we'll all be required to plant a damned tree every time we pub our ish, just to keep the friggin' ecosystem in balance. (Damn you, Al Gore!)

Before we know it, paper will probably be illegal in the United States. And then where will we be? When it becomes a crime to publish a fanzine on paper, only criminals will publish fanzines on paper. Well, we here at CORFLU XXX say, *hell no!* Publish or die! You'll only take our fanzines from us when you pry them from our cold, ink-stained fingers.

After that, what's next? No more staples? Or maybe they'll they just try to control the number of staples were allowed to have. Does anybody *really* need long staplers that hold 50 or more staples at a time, they'll ask? And surely those huge staplers that can handle fat, 100-page issues, will *have* to go. Nobody needs 100-page fanzines anymore, they'll say. Hell, using those kind of staples would probably require planting two or three trees – and possibly a hedge and some shrubbery (and maybe a nice little fence) – to restore the balance of nature. Remember, they'll say, only god can make a tree, but any 8-year-old Chinese factory worker can make an iPhone, so *put away that axe, Jophan!*

Some recent Corflus have folded under the iron fist of paper etiquette and have managed to avoid producing any official publications. But not us. Not CORFLU XXX! We are not only boldly publishing an official Corflu anthology this year – *Eklundia Stories*, *The Complete Fan Fiction of Gordon Eklund* – but we're also producing a second official publication. Yes, you heard me right. We're spitting in the face of modernity to bring you *The Tattooed Dragon Lives!*, a brand new collection of vintage and unpublished cartoons and

artwork by William Rotsler. Now *that's* what I call fanboy rebellion in the face of benign neglect – or something like that.

And they'll both have staples, too. Yeah, you heard me. Lots of staples. Some copies will have so many staples that you may need pliers to read the damned things. Hundreds of staples in every – What? Are you sure? Oh, okay.

Mz Lynn says that our fine publications will have just the regular amount of staples, arranged in the regular places, and that I need to take a Xanax and calm the hell down. Still... *Arrrrrr! Grrrr! Publish or perish!* We have nothing to fear but the return of crudzines.

Both of our official publications will be waiting for you in your bright red member's packet at registration. We hope you enjoy them – *WHILE YOU STILL CAN!!*

THE HISTORY OF THE CORFLU T-SHIRT

I announced last time my intention to put on a display at this year's convention of all the previous year's Corflu T-shirts, but I'm afraid my search hasn't gone particularly well – not even Ted White, the only man who's been to every Corflu, has all of the shirts in his collection. Some of them are harder to find than Chris Garcia's proof-reading skills.

Nevertheless, I will still be presenting an exhibit of some kind, featuring the shirts I've been able to dig up. But I wanted to mention here that if anyone wants to bring a shirt or two from their own dresser drawer or Hope Chest to add to the others, it would be greatly appreciated. Each shirt will be labeled with their owner's name to assure their safe return at the end of the weekend. I'd appreciate your help.

THE 2013 CORFLU TABLE AUCTION

This year's Corflu auction will be different than in past years. Instead of a traditional auction with an auctioneer, we're going to be trying something less conventional – no pun intended. We're going to have a table auction.

This style of auction is conducted more like an art show than a call-and-response kind of auction, which some fans feel has gotten tiresome over the years. Instead of the old school hold-it-up-and-bid-on-it auction, we're going to have our auction material displayed on tables in the St. Johns

Room, where each item – collectible fanzines, original art, and fannish artifacts – will have its own bid sheet. On display throughout Friday and Saturday, our members will be able to inspect the items at their leisure and make written bids on whatever catches their fancy. Whoever has the highest bid on any item at the end of the auction on Saturday night will be the winner.

Of course, this will mean that bidders may have to keep track of the auction's progress throughout the weekend and amend their bids – depending on the interest in any given item – as they go along, but that shouldn't be too difficult for the Cosmen of Corflu to do (or Coswoman, if you happen to be married to Bill Cosby), don't you think?

Bidding will cease at the close of Saturday night's program and a list of winning bidders will be posted before the Sunday banquet begins. Buyers will then be able to pay for and pick up their purchases after the conclusion of the afternoon's food and festivities. What could be simpler?

MEMBERSHIPS R US!

While this year's CORFLU XXX is just around the corner – (I see you Tripp L. Excess. Put that thing back in yer pants.) – it may be worth mentioning that, of course, memberships in this year's con are still available.

Anybody who has yet to join, but wants to, can still send Lynn a membership at her PayPal account at lynnspx@comcast.net. Attending memberships are still \$65US/£40UK and supporting memberships are \$15US/£10UK. Your attending membership will get you full access to all parts and parties at this year's convention. A supporting membership will get you a copy of your name badge as well as the convention's official publications – and maybe we'll throw in a few of the maps so you can see where you weren't.

In our previous progress report and advertising we had been throwing around the idea that the At The Door price for attending memberships might increase to \$75, if we found it necessary. But I'm happy to announce here that the attending membership price will remain at \$65 for the weekend. (We decided to just say NO to a rate increase.)

We are also offering a Saturday only membership for anyone who's curious, but not convinced

that this is the con for them. Or maybe they just can stand only so much of our middle-aged fannishness. Anyway, Saturday Only memberships are \$20 at the door. This will get you admission to the day's activities and the evening's parties, and a membership packet with all the goodies included. A Saturday membership will not, however, include entry to our Sunday morning banquet and awards ceremony.

So if you're Jophan Come Lately, you won't be penalized for your tardiness and we'll let you into the con for the same price as we would let in any normal person. Saturday people are obviously not normal, but we'll let them in, too. Cash is preferred, but we'll also take a check, provided you have at least 35 forms of I.D.

Yes, we're Corflu, the Open Convention! (Hey, you, Tripp. That's not what that means. Close your raincoat, dammit!)

THE 2014 CORFLU

Next year's Corflu appears to be in the hands of a group of fannish confederates who, though separated by geography, have become united in their commitment to take their stand in Dixie-land and present a bid to hold the 2014 Corflu in Richmond, Virginia. A committee of conspirators, including Nic Farey, Ken Forman, and John Nielsen Hall, have selected this fine old southern city because it's the one place that will make y'all say: *I wish I was in the land of Corflu, old fans there are not something something. Look away, look away, look away, something something.*

This exclusively East Coast location will be a fine place for our next gathering. Lynn and I regularly went to tattoo conventions in Richmond when we lived in Virginia and we always thought it would be an interesting place for an SF convention. Randy Byers, all around nice guy and spokes-model for the bid, will make a presentation to the membership after the banquet on Sunday. Everybody wish him luck, even though he won't need it because the bid is – at press time – unopposed. *Look away, look away, look away, something something.* Yeah!

WHILE YOU'RE IN PORTLAND

There are a few other events taking place in Portland during Corflu weekend that may be of interest to our members. If you're in the mood for

a festival, Portland's 29th Annual Cinco de Mayo Fiesta will be taking place throughout the weekend at Tom McCall Waterfront Park. Presented by the Portland Guadalajara Sister City Association, the festival celebrates Latin and Mexican music, dance, food, and culture. And there will be a full carnival midway with exciting rides and things to eat that will rot your teeth. For more info: cincodemayo.org/.

Also taking place that same weekend is the HP Lovecraft Film Festival, held at the vintage movie palace that gave my neighborhood its name, The Hollywood Theater. The HPLFF features amateur horror-film makers from all over the country, as well as horror authors and comic creators. This year's festival will feature a restored director's cut of Clive Barker's *Nightbreed*, the premier of *The Valdemar Legacy*, described as a love letter to the world of Lovecraft. For more info: www.hplffilmfestival.com/.

Portland Playhouse's live stage presentation of Ursula Le Guin's award-winning 1969 novel *The Left Hand of Darkness* premieres on Thursday, May 2nd, for a month's run. The play will be in production throughout Corflu weekend, with tickets ranging from \$10 to \$35 a seat. For more info: portlandplayhouse.org/season-five-we-the-people.

HELLO, I MUST BE GOING

Well, that's it for today's "Sidebar." I know that I have probably forgotten at least two important things and probably another couple of unimportant things. Hopefully, none of them will interfere with your enjoying your visit to Portland. Hell, I've already paid for the banquet and reserved the kegs, so at least you'll have something to eat and drink while you're here. As always, if there is anything super important that just can't possibly wait until you get to town, please feel free to contact me at: dansteffanland@gmail.com. I probably won't be sleeping much for the next two weeks, so you'll probably even get a reply. Who knows, stranger things have happened.

Like what, you ask? Well, how about this?

Many years ago during a visit to the pre-Disneyfied version of New York City – think back to when you saw *Taxi Driver* – Lou Stathis and I were riding the subway home from a late night show at Hurrah's. It was a hot summer night and

the subway car stunk of humanity and spicy food. Lou elbowed me and told me to follow him. There was no time to think about it. Lou was a man of action and by the time I'd figured out exactly what he'd said to me, he was already half way down the car.

I darted after him. The train swayed from side to side. I swayed from side to side, too, but we were out of synch. The car was crowded and I had to push my way through the people in order to catch up with my fearless leader. Lou was thin and angular. His body was architectural and he moved with the same rhythm as the subway train. He moved like New York itself. I, on the other hand, was not New York. I was from out of town and every move I made seemed at odds with the jerking motion of the train.

As I pushed through the sweaty bodies, I caught sight of Lou at the end of the car, his shoulder pushing against the exit door. "Excuse me," I barked at the other riders who had no intention of giving me safe passage. "Sorry," I said as I bumped into a woman. "Sorry," I said as my arm hit somebody's briefcase. Then I felt a hard blast of hot air hit me – Lou was holding open the metal door that led to the next subway car.

I had to pick up the pace, I told myself. I tried moving faster, but I wasn't nimble enough to dodge the many human obstacles in my way. Elbows and knees jutted out at me. I tried to slither past them as Lou had done, but my architecture was a lot different from his and before I was able to reach the door I hit something. I was still moving forward, but my foot was caught and before I knew what was happening I'd begun to pitch forward. And down I went.

I had stepped on somebody's foot. I stepped on it hard. The floor came up to meet me, smudging my hands and knees with greasy filth. That's when I heard Lou's cackling laughter. He was still holding the door open and the hot air was still flooding into the subway car. I got up as quickly as I could and, for the first time, looked over my shoulder at the man whose foot I'd just tripped over. He returned my gaze with withering rage.

Then I felt something tugging on me. It was Lou's hand pulling me towards the door. I followed his momentum, walking backwards towards the front of the train, my eyes still glued on the hypnotically angry man. I stared back at

him until Lou pulled me between the subway cars and the roar of the train brought me back to Earth.

The silence in the next car, as the door clicked shut behind us, was deafening. Unlike the previous car, this one was brightly lit and had fewer passengers. "You look like you've seen a ghost," Lou said.

"It was that guy back there, the one I tripped over," I replied.

"What about him? He looked pretty pissed," he said.

"He ought to be pissed," I said. "I stepped on his foot."

"That happens to me all the time," Lou explained. "Don't let it bother you."

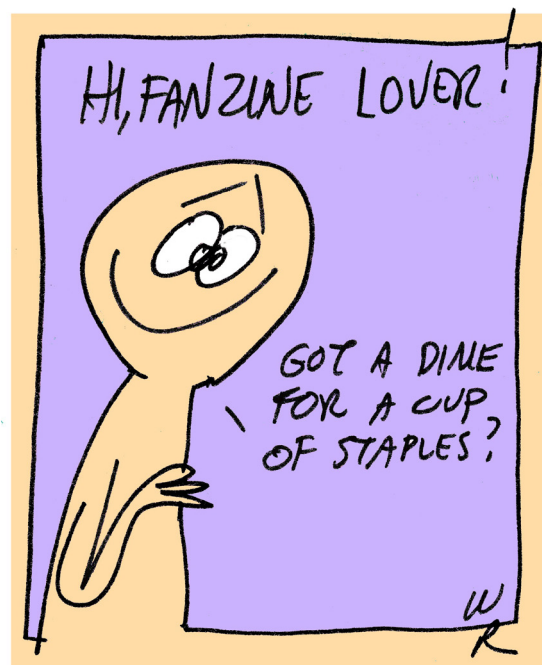
"But you don't understand," I sputtered. "He only had one leg!"

Lou Stathis laughed all the way to the next station. "So why didn't you apologize to him?" he asked between fits of laughter.

"How could I?" I replied. "It was totally my fault. If I had been looking where I was going and hadn't been so clumsy I might have been able to – but I just couldn't. I –"

"I know," Lou said. "Unlike that guy you tripped over back there, you didn't have a leg to stand on."

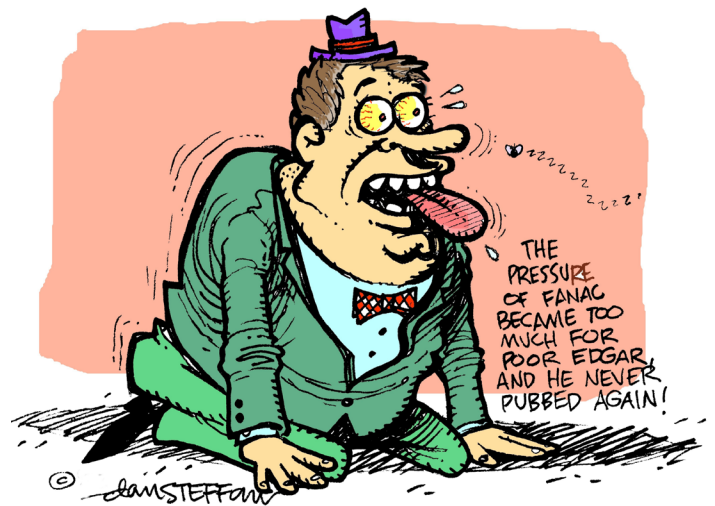
And I didn't. So watch your step when you're riding the MAX train in to the hotel from the airport – you never know who you might trip over. Stranger things have happened. ♦



The Fabulous CORFLU XXX Fanzine Flea Market

Andy Hooper

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Corflu's main program area will temporarily become a fanzine sales room, a place where Corflu members can sell and trade fanzines and place bids on choice items in the fanzine auction. We plan to devote three full tables to auction items to benefit Corflu, and three more tables are reserved for members to sell their own items, and a single table reserved just for items meant to benefit one or more fan funds. Sales Manager Andy Hooper will be there to collect money and watch over your stuff while you browse through other people's stacks. Think of it as an antique mall for trufen! The table auction and fanzine sales will both be wrapped up Saturday evening, so we can return the room to its normal configuration for the Sunday Brunch. If you want to participate, all you need to do is create price tags, or some other way of showing that the fanzines belong to you, and how much you want to get for them. You may donate some, all or none of your profits to the Corflu treasury – the table space is free! We figure that attracting more people to look at the auction items will make the convention something on the deal. Several fans have already expressed an interest in participating in the sale, but there is definitely room for more. Want to prune your collection? Have old copies of your own zine you'd like to liquidate? Want to donate something to TAFF or DUFF and have all the money go directly to the fund you prefer? This is your chance to do all of those things, as well as checking out treasures hauled out from the vaults of your friends and correspondents. ♦



CORFLU XXX Membership List (As of April 17, 2013)

001	Ted White	A	048	Jerry Kaufman	A
002	Pat Virzi	A	049	Suzle Tompkins	A
003	Geri Sullivan	A	050	Linda Deneroff	A
004	Robert Lichtman	A	051	Roy Kettle	A
005	Carol Carr	A	052	Kathleen Mitchell	A
006	John Harvey	A	053	Kim Huett	S
007	Eve Harvey	A	054	Rich Coad	A
008	Claire Brialey	A	055	Stacy Scott	A
009	Mark Plummer	A	056	R-Laurraine Tutihasi	A
010	Nigel Rowe	A	057	Mike Weasner	A
011	Spike	A	058	David Levine	A
012	Tom Becker	A	059	Kate Yule	A
013	Arnie Katz	A	060	Rob Hansen	A
014	Joyce Katz	A	061	Eileen Gunn	A
015	Frank Lunney	A	062	Jack Calvert	A
016	Earl Kemp	A	063	Gary Hunnewell	A
017	Michael Dobson	A	064	Jeff Schalles	A
018	Dixie Tracy-Kinney	A	065	Doug Bell	A
019	Jay Kinney	A	066	Christina Lake	A
020	Terry Kemp	A	067	Pat Charnock	A
021	Aileen Forman	A	069	Graham Charnock	A
022	Ken Forman	A	070	James Charnock	A
023	Gary Mattingly	A	071	Shell Rees-Jones	A
024	Patty Peters	A	072	Eloise Charnock	P
025	Sandra Bond	A	073	Gordon Eklund	A
026	Woody Bernardi	A	074	Lucy Huntzinger	A
027	Art Widner	A	075	Victor Gonzalez	A
028	Milt Stevens	A	076	Tamara Menteer Gonzalez	A
029	Carrie Root	A	077	Alan Rosenthal	A
030	Andy Hooper	A	078	Jeanne Bowman	A
031	Hope Leibowitz	S	079	Andy Smith	A (Sat. only)
032	Murray Moore	A	080	Chris Wrdrnd	A (Sat. only)
033	Mary Ellen Moore	A	081	Karen Schaffer	A
034	JoHn Hardin	S	082	Mike Ward	A
035	Jacq Monahan	S	083	Ian Sorensen	A
036	Rob Jackson	A	084	Greg Trend	A
037	John D. Berry	A	085	Audrey Trend	A
038	Teresa Cochran	A	086	Bill Burns	A
039	James Taylor	A	087	Mary Burns	A
040	Petrea Mitchell	A	088	Elinor Busby	A
041	Chris French	A	089	Kate Schaefer	A
042	Steve Stiles	A	090	Glenn Hackney	A
043	Elaine Stiles	A	091	Pamela Davis	A
044	Mike Meara	A	092	Terry Floyd	A
045	Pat Meara	A	093	Grant Kruger	A
046	Randy Byers	A	094	Lenny Bailes	S
047	Jim Caughran	S	095	Jim O'Meara	S

BEGIN INDICIA

THIS PROGRESS REPORT, just like the last one,
was brought to you by:

DAN STEFFAN | Chairman, artist,
voice in your head

LYNN STEFFAN | Secretary-Treasurer,
diamond dog, spider from Mars

JOHN D. BERRY | Typographer, designer,
man in a fedora

ANDY HOOPER | FAAn Awards Administrator,
patio daddy-o, man in a fez

RANDY BYERS | Nag, copy-editor, cheerleader

ENDICIA

GOT QUESTIONS? HAVE A REQUEST?

Please direct all general questions about
CORFLU XXX to Dan at dansteffanland@gmail.com. For all questions about convention member-
ships and payments, please contact Lynn at
lynnspx@comcast.net.

Have we forgotten something? Is there
something special or unique that you would
like to know more about? Is there something
we can do for you? Drop us a line. ♦



BOOM-CHICKA-WAH-WAH!