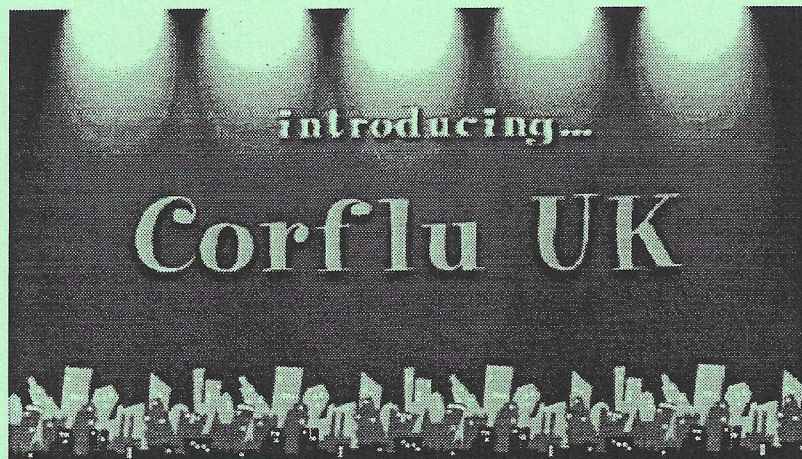




Corflu UK Progress Report 2

Too Much Information

by christina lake

This is the second and final PR for the 1998 Corflu, the convention that aims to see a cross-fertilisation of British and North American fanzine fandom and live to tell the tale.

The Story So Far

Since the last PR, Alison has given up smoking, Christina and Debbi have failed to go clubbing together in Leeds, Lilian has published at least three legal text books and Ian continues to be paid to exploit school children in the West of Scotland. Oh, and we're all still talking to each other (just!) and still plan to put on the best damn convention of 1998.

To this end, we have been debating fanthology concepts, negotiating food deals with the hotel, tossing around programme ideas (like cabers, you might even say, given the Scottish origin of three fifths of the committee), drinking red wine (or was that Anne Wilson?), and indulging in Ian's favourite part of conrunning – signing up new members (we now have 109).

On the programme front, we have secured the services of that dynamic duo, Dave Hicks and Mike Siddall, stars of screen, stage, and Novacon's very own "Tony Berry Experience", for an evening extravaganza wistfully entitled Mike and Dave Go The Full Monty (or, as Lilian would have it, Four Weddings and a Willy).

On a less frivolous note, we have commissioned Greg Pickersgill to sort through the Memory Hole for fanzines to auction at the convention. In the meantime, British fanzine editors might like to bring along some of their rarer issues to tempt out those American dollars for the usual fannish good causes.

We also have Martin Smith lined up to provide us with some recreational sports (who could resist?). Martin is currently considering a cut-down version of cricket for the traditional Sunday afternoon sporting engagement (cricket is

not a sport – Alison).

Still on sports, there's talk of taking a party of fans to a British football match (first division Bradford City play Birmingham City on Saturday afternoon), if we can find anyone streetwise enough to keep the party out of trouble (that would be me, then – Alison).

On the Monday after the convention we're hoping to bring you Jim Trash's Amazing Charabanc Tour of landmarks of Yorkshire, including Haworth, home of the Brontes, and maybe even the Bingley chippie where D West buys his chips and mushy peas.

And, don't forget my fabulous fortieth birthday party, Saturday night – featuring sex, drugs and rock n'roll – or

CORFLU UK is to be held on the weekend of March 13–16 at The Griffin Hotel, Boar Lane, Leeds LS1 5OA.

Committee: Lilian Edwards and Ian Sorensen (co-chairs), Alison Freebairn, Debbi Kerr, Christina Lake.

Membership rates: UK £25 attending, £5 supporting (cheques payable to Corflu); US \$40 attending, \$10 supporting (cheques to Karen Babich).

Convention address: membership and all queries: Ian Sorensen, 7 Woodside Walk, Hamilton ML3 7HY (email: corflu@soren.demon.co.uk)

North American agents: Karen Babich and Nigel Rowe, 5224 N Glenwood Ave. #3, Chicago IL 60640. (email: karenb@well.com).

Web: <http://www.imi.gla.ac.uk/corflu>

at least two of the above!

There will also be some kind of entertainment on the Thursday evening before the convention to welcome our American guests – maybe a typical Leeds pub group meeting. Or a party. Or both. We'll let you know.

I'm going to be getting in touch with all our American visitors over the next couple of weeks to find out who'll be around (you've been warned!). Oh, and we don't mind if any British fans want to show up too!

For all the latest information please look up our all new, all singing web page at <http://imi.gla.ac.uk/corflu> which contains lots of links to the fannish pages as well as tourist info on Leeds, Yorkshire and the UK.

Hotel Information

You read it last PR, you'll read it again in our travel information, but just in case anyone wasn't paying attention, let's say it one more time – the hotel is less than two minutes walk from the railway station. Yes, that is the railway station where the trains from Manchester Airport arrive. Relax. Cancel that taxi. Pay a passing Big Issue seller to carry your bags. And the best news of all, there are still rooms available at the hotel, so get those booking forms in now! As time is short you may prefer to email your requests to Debbi Kerr (sd_ankh@msn.com) and she will pass them on to the hotel.

Please remember to state 1) Your name and your sharer (if any. Please state if you want us to match you up with a sharer and give details), 2) the nights you will be staying, 3) the type of room required, with a second choice, 4) any special requirements.

Travel

Lucy Huntzinger, now relocated to California, has volunteered her services as travel agent to sort out flights to the UK. So, if you want a friendly voice on the end of the line, and someone who understands why you wish to travel to Leeds in the middle of March, call her up.

She now works for Ladera Travel, and her number is 1-800 774 3222, call

toll-free any time between 9 am and 5 pm Pacific Standard Time.

FAAn Awards

Corflu UK will be hosting the 1998 Fan Activity Achievement Awards (FAAn). Vote now for Best Fanwriter, Fan Artist, Fanzine, New Fan and Letterhack. Awards to be presented at the Corflu banquet on Sunday .

Award administrator Andy Hooper is accepting votes by post, e-mail or even phone. And if that's too difficult, just fill out the enclosed form and send it back to the Corflu mailing address – and we'll make sure that Andy receives it. And remember, anybody is eligible to vote! Voting deadline is March 1st.

T-Shirts

We have commissioned a design by Nova Award-winning artist Sue Mason for the traditional Corflu t-shirts. But we'd like to avoid making too many, so could you please please please write or email us if you think you will want a t-shirt. OK, we know you don't know until you see the actual thing, but you can be sure they will be a very limited edition and the envy of fans worldwide for years to come. So, PLEASE, give us some idea of how many we should get made, and what size if *other than extra large!*

Newsletter

The convention newsletter is going to be handled by those chucklesome boys and girls behind Plokta, *writes Alison*.

Plokta, in case you haven't heard of it, is the fanzine for those with Superfluous Technology.

They would like all like-minded fans to bring their superfluous technology to the convention, presumably to achieve a critical mass in a corner of the bar. The resulting gestalt will then spit circuitry at Sorensen before creating the first ever non-alcohol fuelled publication to be produced from a Leeds locale. Won't that be exciting...

So dig out those digital doodads and don't forget your laptops – Plokta needs YOU!

Cool Britannia, 1998

or, why we all hate the Teletubbies

When I asked my friends and family what I had missed in my year away, and what was "in", the most common answer was Teletubbies, *writes Christina*.

Teletubbies, I managed to gather through the streams of amused disinformation (why did I imagine this was some kind of political satire?) were men dressed in furry suits with TVs in their stomach who pranced around for the amusement of children, shouting "eh oh!" and displaying every evidence of drug-addled weirdness.

Could this be the sum total of British artistic achievement in my absence, I wondered?

Not at all. Apparently I had cunningly contrived – almost – to miss The Spice Girls. I left America just in time to avoid the encroaching wave of Barbie Doll look-alikes, made it out of Australia barely aware of their universal culture-engulfing presence, only to be informed enthusiastically by passing Brit travellers in remote parts of Asia that they were, really, godawful. And that I wouldn't be able to avoid them when I got home. (And by the way, which is your favourite?).

Which just goes to show that crap culture travels faster than any other kind.

It took a bit of prying below the surface to get a recommendation for TV hit "This Life", the tale of a household of 20-something Glasgow lawyers bonking each other. And when that finished, the stylish collage of London life in the 90s, "Holding On", a TV show so cult that only Lilian and I were watching it, probably didn't make the headlines in Timbuktu either, but was that rare thing, an intelligent drama that didn't fall into soap-opera-ish excess (unlike, for example, Jimmy McGovern's *The Lakes* which used every melodramatic trick in the book).

The Spice Girls aside, the only changes on the music scene in my

absence seemed to be that Britpop was out, and no-one needed to ask the question "Blur or Oasis?" any more.

In fact, the new Oasis album, despite the hype (all-night queues, front page stories in the quality dailies, scenes of hysteria which would be eerily echoed a few weeks later for the launch of Elton John's *English Rose*) turned out to be a non-event. More genuine interest surrounded the release of Portishead's long awaited second album (which, err, does sound a lot like the first), while I couldn't seem to switch on the radio without hearing something by The Verve and Bristol's ongoing domination of the music scene was confirmed by the unexpected success of drum and bass band Reprazent in the Mercury Prize

Even without *The Full Monty*, the British film industry would have looked vibrant to a person just returned from Australia. There is, I promise you, only so many articles in the *Sydney Herald* about the movie *Shine* that you can read before you want to tell the Australians to move on and make another film.

Whereas our stripper friends from Sheffield seemed, momentarily, to be part of a wave of viable British movies, like *Shooting Fish*, *Bean*, *Mrs Brown and Mr. Green*, all playing at the local multiplex. Will it continue?

No, judging by *A Life Less Ordinary*. They'll probably all sign-up for lucrative location shoots in America, lose track of their British roots and join the meaningless entertainment brigade.

Politics, needless to say, dominated the national psyche when I returned. But the road from election euphoria to outraged disillusionment was a very short one.

Despite all New Labour's hard work at distancing itself from its past, people will keep insisting on judging policies first and foremost in terms of their appropriateness to the old idea of a Labour government. So no points for making students pay University fees, or

cutting benefits to single mothers. And whilst the Independent on Sunday valiantly campaigns for cannabis decriminalisation, Labour Home Secretary Jack Straw refuses to believe there should be a debate, even after his son was copped in the act of dealing the very substance down his local.

After six months home, I've found that Britain doesn't look so very different, after all. No-one watches our new TV channel (the imaginatively named Channel 5), the privatised trains still don't run on time, and even the mourners for Princess Diana can't quite remember what it was they were all so worked up about. But that's winter for you.

Come the Spring (or even the new season's TV schedules), and who knows, what trend will come along to displace our chubby pals, the currently omnipresent, not to mention chart-topping, Teletubbies.

In an attempt to discover if I had grasped the zeitgeist of the year in Britain, I asked my fellow committee members to list their top cultural icons for 1997. Here's what they came up with :

Lilian

Here's my top ten cultural ubiquities of 1997 (by no means all icons and in no particular order)

1. TeleTubbies, or what the nation's brats did (not - fill in the blank) get for Xmas
2. Velvet scarves. (Or what *I* didn't get for Xmas.)
3. "This Life" and all its participants, esp Ferdy and Anna!
4. The Holy Guild of Diana worshippers
5. Dolly the chenille sheep
6. Ewan McGregor (Mr Ubiquitous himself. Have you noticed that how good a Ewan McGregor film is inversely proportional to the length of his hair in it?)
7. Fly on the wall documentaries (or why after years of complaining about "aliens beam down to Glasgow" press reports, fans can now go around complaining "so why didn't they mention the Eastercon on that Adelphi hotel programme, eh??")
8. The Verve. Can we go back to

comparing Blur and Oasis now please?

9. Robert Carlyle. Who is infinitely cooler than Ewan McGregor and takes his clothes off rather than his hair.

10. And finally one for darling co-chair Ian...70s revival, flares, Bee Gees and all.

Ian

Top of the list has to be Spike Parsons for her wonderful "see California in 2 hours" tour during my day trip.

Next comes Vincent Hannah, a journalist and broadcaster who died in the summer. His wit, warmth and humour made politics almost enjoyable. Sadly missed.

Humphrey the cat. Never has so much been written by so many about so small a creature. Expect him to make the cabinet when Harriet Harman resigns.

The Spice Girls, as a single entry. A pop phenomenon just oozing with talent - a talent for making money at any rate.

Caroline Quentin for making a fridge stuffed full of Maltesers a peak viewing commonplace and not a secret fetish.

Luc Besson for finally producing an SF movie with more visual style than Bladerunner, and making it funny too.

The Scared Weird Little Guys, an Aussie duo who take the art of the comedy song to new heights.

Pete Atkin, for making it onto the Web and onto CD for the first time in 25 years.

Whatever big corporation ousted the Baltimore worldcon from their chosen dates allowing me to attend Bucconneer inside my holiday time.

Last, but not least, Alison Freebairn, Christina Lake, Lilian Edwards and Debbi Kerr - the Corfloozies - without whom I'd be taking all the blame myself.

Debbi

Not really sure about this, will it reveal what a truly, shallow, butterfly person I am? Oh well, who cares.... I've sorted them under headings :

Fashion
Sophie Dahl - inspirational model whose voluptuous curves have

encouraged boldness and imagination against the boring stick insects.

Annaliese Barbieri – fashion columnist for the Independent on Sunday newspaper. Pratical, camp and humorous help with those niggly style problems.

Comedy

Eddie Izzard – for being glorious, controlled ramblings and the ability to make me laugh for 2 hours non-stop.

The Fast Show – for proving that someone understands pathos, and presenting the world with so many quotable one liners "which is nice." and the ability to then make you worry if you're turning into a "I'm mad you know" Colin.

Life

Ruth Picardie – journalist and columnist whose articles about her terminal illness were inspirational, heart-wrending and compulsive. She died in November.

Alison

Sorry, I didn't realise Britain still had a culture of its own...

Alcopops – Nice little drinkies for The Young. The best ones are: Shott's Cranberry Charge, a cheeky little beverage that travels well (it can't wait to join the four pints of heavy) and Wild Brew, a mix of alcohol, fruit juice, guarana and red food dye that flushes your lips out and provides the party with a colourful kick. Ignore Hooch – it's just common. The tabloid press went crazy over these lovely little bottles of bright

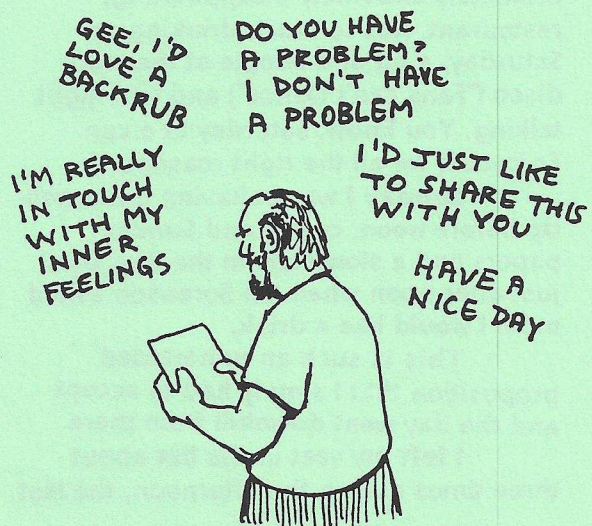
rocket fuel, and had the temerity to claim they were 'protecting children'. Bollocks. Kids are always gonna drink. Don't let anybody spoil your fun, boys and girls.

Road Rage – At last, the British got bolshy. Years after our transatlantic cousins had been cutting each other up for cutting each other off, drivers in the UK got mad and even killed a few people. This isn't big or clever. But it does liven up traffic jams and provides a healthy outlet to those pent-up emotions.

Scottish Pop – After two years of numbingly mediocre pub rock, Scotland put itself firmly at the top of the tree for brilliant music that was, in fact, independent of the mainstream industry. Chemikal Underground records provided us with life-affirming music by The Delgados and Arab Strap. The Creeping Bent label released great vinyl by Adventures in Stereo and The Secret Goldfish. And where would I have been without the wonder of Mogwai and the bruised romanticism of Belle And Sebastian? Fans of Oasis and The Verve have no souls: Glasgow proves this.

This Life – Yeah, I was hooked on this as well. Sharp and unpleasant and oddly real, I blundered through the episodes identifying with Anna (Daniela Nardini) and, oddly, Miles (Jack Davenport) at different points. Even though it was little more than a middle-class soap, This Life was a welcome retreat from the shampoo pap of Friends – a show enjoyed by people who don't have real ones.

CORFLU UK – SPEAKING IN TONGUES



MUST BE PRACTISING FOR THE CONVENTION



GLUG

ME TOO



So, Novacon

by tommy ferguson

With my reputation, what were they thinking of?

So, Novacon? A bit disappointing actually. The programme wasn't very enticing at all (I want the option of not attending program items that look good), the organisation was a bit shakey at first and the GOH a bit of a dickhead.

The hotel was spread out too far, it took a five-minute walk up and down stairs to reach the function suite from the bar, so naturally I didn't leave the bar too often.

Generally speaking I had a very social Friday, giving and receiving zines, playing 'life story' catch-up, which, with Christina Lake, was lots of fun.

Eventually I got hideously drunk on the social life of fandom and the good beer. At 6am I was rudely awoken by a porter in the foyer of the hotel with: "Do you have a room in the hotel, sir?" "Er, not this one, no."

Shit, where did the night, and everyone else for that matter, go?

Ah well, another story to add to the 'Tommy Tales' collection.

One thing I noticed throughout Friday night's socialising was how reluctant British fans were to say exactly what was on their minds.

Having talked about this year's TAFF race with lots of people I don't think it was until Sunday afternoon when I asked Greg Pickersgill who he was voting for that I had a straightforward reply. Here, hang on a second, I thought, that is a novel idea.

So I asked a few other people and got non-committal replies. I then said that I wouldn't be voting for Ulrika because I thought that she wasn't taking the ballot seriously enough (her latest fanzines justifying this position.)

On the other hand I would be voting for Victor because he has never been to the UK (or outside the States for that matter) and that it would be a good

dose of reality for British fandom to meet him (and vice versa as well.)

Ignoring that people agreed with me vociferously about Ulrika and especially her fanzine, no one was willing to say in a public conversation what they'd be saying all weekend on a one to one basis.

What is wrong with saying it out front, up loud?

I don't want to support Ulrika because I don't think she is a good candidate? I don't think Gary Farber's comments on Rec.arts.sf.fandom are very constructive, in fact sometimes complete shite? Were the 70's for nothing?

Criticism of people who put themselves in the public sphere, whether by standing for TAFF, doing a fanzine or posting to a public forum should be actively encouraged.

It is how we grow, how we evolve our little community and how we tell people that no, it doesn't suit you sir, please piss off.

These feelings and a hangover left Saturday a bit bleak at first. I spent the early part of the day watching Ireland get thrashed in the Rugby (63-15, by New Zealand), only to be followed by the Irish soccer team getting put out of the World Cup later that night.

Out to dinner with the Corflu committee at a very interesting, but ultimately extremely disappointing, restaurant. Not so much drinking on Saturday, a bit of a boogie at the crap disco ("Fans can't Dance") and late night talking. You know, Saturday at a con. Enjoyable for all the right reasons.

Sunday I was behaving quite well. Up before noon, coffee and Sunday papers and a slow start to the day. Until just after noon when Ian Sorenson asked me if I would like a drink.

This is such an unheralded proposition that I simply had to accept and the day went downhill from there.

I left my seat in the bar about three times during the afternoon, the last

was at about 7pm to catch the train. The convention came to me.

That was the physics of my convention – and in that it could have been any con.

What was more interesting was the meta-physics, the thoughts that the convention threw up: what I think of British fans after the North American experience, what kind of convention I would actually like to attend and why certain British fans are just complete gits.

For example the Nova awards.

My badge number was 278 yet apparently only about 50 people or so voted. With so many fanzines handed out over the weekend there was very little discussion bordering on none.

Some of these were quite excellent, Attitude, Never Quite Arriving and an extremely funny Bob. These fanzines were enough to get a decent sized vote out but alas apathy rules and, those who did vote, made it a popularity contest rather than an award of excellence.

So it really should come as no surprise that Banana Wings and Mark Plummer should win.

I have a problem with this.

I could go along with the best fanzine choice but only because of Paul Kincaid's zine reviews, the best thing about the zine (Really?? Lilian). In fact, Paul is one of the people that I think should have beaten Mark for the best fanwriter award.

Christina Lake is a bit like the Aldiss blurb on the back of all those Phil D books: "quietly producing fiction of a standard not normally seen these days."

Attitude's development of fanzine and zine criticism, as well as its take on Alpha and Beta fandom, deserved another Nova.

I don't think Banana Skins is a fanzine that deserved a Nova this year.

All of which is not to say that Mark Plummer is not a good writer, he is and his recent writing has been extremely entertaining.

It is just that I think there have been better articles written by other people over the past year.

I lay the blame for this result squarely at the feet of the fanzine-reading membership of Novacon.

The concept of the Novas bears some serious re-examination.

Last year Waxen Wings & Banana Skins got the Nova because, let's face it, it was their turn.

Attitude got it the year before because it was its turn. It probably should have won in 1994, but how do you compete with Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk?

The Novas aren't so much about recognising good fanzines, or good fanwriters, it appears to me they recognise fannish work, time and effort, putting it about a bit as you could say.

The most visible fanzines get the most mentions in other fanzines and hence put up an aura around them. You just know that Plokta is going to win next year, and that as they say, is QED.

Novacon is one of two British conventions that have been going for years. The fanzine-reading membership of the convention should be voting a lot more and helping to improve the image of the awards.

More importantly in doing so they should be applying more critical standards than what appeared to be happening this year.

The Nova awards should be a forum for these views, for this type of discussion. I hope that Corflu UK will promote debate and argument about these issues in our little community.

((N.B. The opinions expressed in this article need not and indeed may not reflect the views of the Corflu committee, individually or collectively. But, at the risk of accusations of plagiarism from the Attitude crew, may well form the basis of a programme item at the convention.))

Travelling to Corflu

directions from ian sorensen

We can do this the easy way, or the hard way.

The easy way is where all of you just sort of instinctively find your way to the Griffin in Leeds, the hard way is where I have to give you directions.

OK, I know I have a degree in geography, but that was a long time ago and all the countries have changed. For example, Corflu isn't even in the USA anymore.

Included with this PR you should find a map of Leeds. The hotel is marked on the map, just above the red British Rail symbol beside the station.

Anyway, I'll give this my best shot. But honestly, you should all trust your instincts and use the force.

By Train

The next best thing to the force is the train. Really, if you'd all just come by train it would make it easier.

You arrive in Leeds station. You exit from the main door, emerging onto the curving road where the taxi rank is and walk down the road, under the cute arch marking the end of the Queens Hotel. Here you turn right, cross the road at the lights, walk 60 yards along the main road (Boar Lane) and at the next junction you are at the hotel. Easy as pie. Total time (with heavy luggage) 1 minute 26 seconds.

By Car to Car Park

If you insist on coming by car, why not park and ride? Leave the car in the leafy suburbs and go by train, then the directions are easy. OK, be awkward – but I'll hate you for it.

Virtually all routes to Leeds will bring you to the end of the M1 (junction 43), where it meets the M621 (a spur off the M62) just west of the city centre. The problem is that you then have to fight the one way system.

After much consideration, we would recommend parking first and

carrying your luggage to the hotel, rather than dropping it off then parking. So here's how to get to the parking:

From the end of the motorway you should follow signs that say 'City Centre'. You are now at the bottom of the map near the right hand corner. You will be in a multi-lane one-way road system called Meadow Lane that curves around low-rise offices and showrooms.

Keep to the RIGHT lane initially, but exit to the LEFT when you see the 'City Centre and Station' signs. After a short straight section (Neville Street) this will take you to traffic lights. Move to the RIGHT lane. You will see the Hilton Hotel on the left, and the railway bridge across the road ahead. You are now forced RIGHT into Sovereign Street.

You go past 2 car parks and at Give Way sign at the end you will see a sign saying Junction 17 Sovereign St, The Loop. Turn sharp LEFT onto Swinegate – you are now on The Loop (as the one way system is called).

After about 100 yards you will see the entrance to an NCP multistorey carpark on your right, a car park on wasteground to your left and, just before you go under the railway bridge, you should see a disused petrol station on your left and the sign "Cut price petrol".

This marks the car park with which we have negotiated a reduced weekend rate of £5. You park in an archway under the railway and get a ticket from the booth outside. Although it doesn't look very attractive, the carpark is supervised 24 hrs a day.

A note about parking: The car park is used mostly for contract spaces and the operators cannot guarantee us space before 8pm Friday – although you should try it first. The £5 rate covers 8pm Friday until 8am Monday – when cars must be removed. If it is full when you arrive, use the NCP across the road until spaces become available, but beware – NCP charges around £1 per hour up to £5.40 for 24 hours.

To reach the hotel you cross the road, go under the railway bridge (past the quaintly named Cock 'o the North pub) and turn up Mill Hill to your right. The Griffin is the building on your left. Walking time with luggage 1 minute.

By Car to the Hotel

Only the brave, foolish or lost need read this part.

If you insist on driving to the hotel first then follow signs for "City Centre" and the railway station.

When you get to the lights where you see the Hilton Hotel ahead on the left you should go straight on under the railway bridge past the Loop sign saying Bishopgate Junction 18. When you get to the lights outside the station you will be facing the City Square. You must turn left, but get into the middle lane to go "straight on" (ie not left and not right, but kind of right a bit).

Follow the sign saying The Loop (you will have the domed building called The Majestic on your left.) This takes you along Quebec St. to the Loop sign Bank of England Junction 2. Turn right into King St, go through pedestrian crossing, and turn RIGHT into South Parade, (follow signs for railway station and Motorways again).

Turn RIGHT into Park Row which takes you back down to City Square. Turn LEFT into Boar Lane and the hotel is first right in Mill Hill. There are 4 parking meters outside. To then get to the carpark you have to go down to the end of Mill Hill, turn LEFT under the railway bridge to the traffic lights. Turn LEFT into Sovereign St and follow the direction given above.

By Coach

As a cheap alternative to train or car there are coach services to Leeds from all major towns with fares from London around £15. The new coach station in Leeds is on beside Kirkgate Market, 12 minutes walk from the hotel. Leave the coach station and turn right onto New York St, which takes you past the Kirkgate Market building up to New Market St (one of the main shopping streets in Leeds). Turn left and walk to the Corn Exchange

(a large domed circular building). Turn right and walk along Duncan St (which becomes Boar Lane) until you see the Griffin Hotel on your left hand side. If you arrive at the railway station you have walked 60 yards too far.

By Air

If you are travelling by air you will most likely arrive at Manchester International or London Heathrow.

There is a small airport at Leeds-Bradford but it is mostly used by European and charter flights.

From Manchester you can catch a train from the station in the airport and be in Leeds in 90 minutes. The return fare is £16.50 but there may be discounts depending on your time of travel. Ask at the booking office. There is a direct train every hour and 2 other trains where you have to change at Manchester Piccadilly.

If you are picking up a car then you should follow signs for the M56 to Manchester then turn onto the M63(North) which connects to the M62 (East) for Leeds.

The M62 takes you over the Pennine Hills and moorland. At junction 27 turn off onto the M621 (Leeds) and stay on it until it ends. Then follow the directions given above.

Total driving time is under 2 hours. By the way, motorway junction numbers are printed in a small black square at the bottom of exit signs.

From Heathrow the quickest way of travelling to Central London is by the Piccadilly Line Underground (about 40-50 minutes and £3.20 one way).

Trains to Leeds leave from Kings Cross station, with a direct train every hour and at least 2 others where you have to change at York or Darlington.

The journey time from London to Leeds is 2 hours 40 on the direct trains. The standard fare is £60 return but if you don't travel on a Friday it is £49.

If you can book a week in advance it is £29.

You may wish to investigate Britrail passes available in the USA and Canada which allow unlimited train travel for around \$300 for 8 days, \$355 for 15 days.

Useful Travel Contacts

<http://www.uktravel.com/ukaz.html>

has many links to UK travel sites

<http://www.uktravel.com/ukaz/rail.html>

has railway timetables

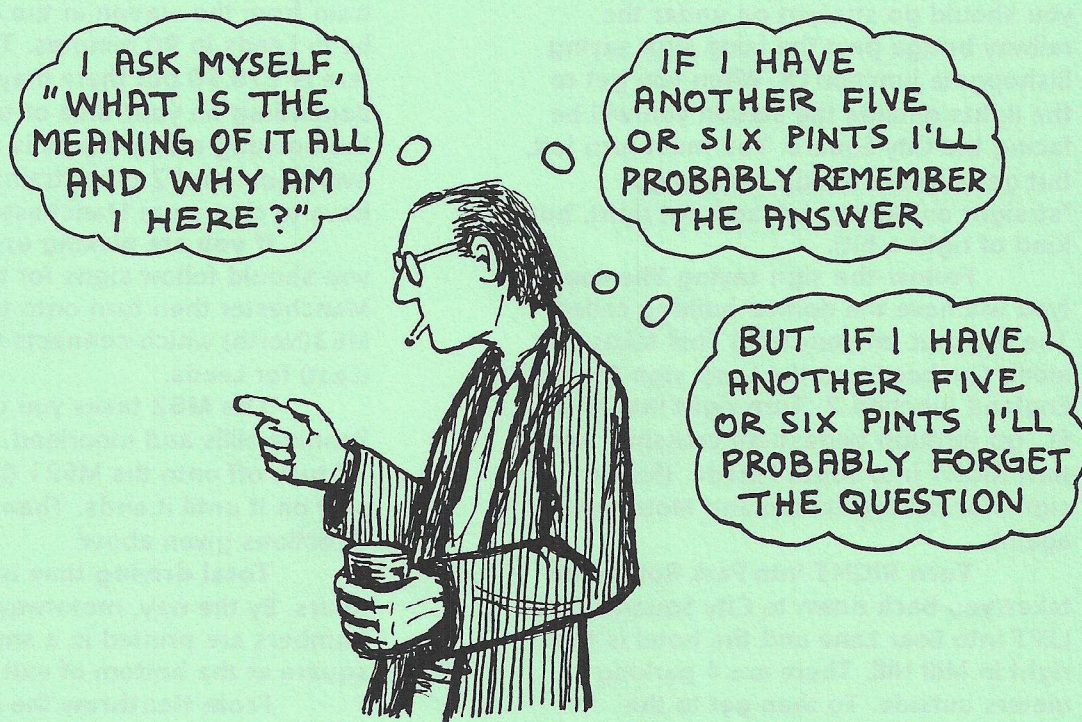
<http://www.manaairport.co.uk/index.html>

has loads of info about Manchester airport and how to travel to and from it.

<http://www.leeds.gov.uk> has info about Leeds and the surrounding area including maps.

You can always email Christina Lake for personalised touring advice – christina.l@virgin.net or Ian Sorensen to complain about the rotten directions given – ian@soren.demon.co.uk

CORFLU UK – THE EXISTENTIAL DILEMMA



This has been Corflu UK's second and final progress report, brought to you by the hard work, sweat and stilettos of the entire committee. It was edited by Christina Lake, designed and produced by Alison Freebairn. Our thanks go to D West, who provided artwork with lightning rapidity, and to Thomas Ferguson for his con report. Corflu UK Progress Report#2 is a zine that you don't have to LoC. But hey – even goddesses need to be worshipped from time to time.

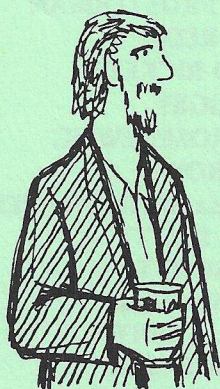
Membership List as of 18 January 1998

A = Attending; S = Supporting

Michael ABBOTT	A	Irwin HIRSH	S
Alyson L. ABRAMOWITZ	A	Debbi KERR	A
Brian AMERINGEN	A	Maureen KINCAID SPELLER	A
Harry ANDRUSCHAK	S	Paul KINCAID	A
Michael ASHLEY	A	Linda KRAWECKE	A
Hazel ASHWORTH	S	Christina LAKE	A
Malcolm ASHWORTH	S	David LANGFORD	A
Shirley ATKINS	A	Hope LEIBOWITZ	A
Karen BABICH	A	Robert LICHTMAN	A
Tom BECKER	A	Pete LYON	A
Tony BERRY	A	Michelle LYONS	A
Alan BOSTICK	A	Sue MASON	A
Simon BRADSHAW	A	Mark McCANN	A
Richard BRANDT	A	James McKEE	A
David BRATMAN	A	Dave MOORING	A
Claire BRIALEY	A	Caroline MULLAN	A
rich BROWN	A	Pat McMURRAY	A
Ron BUSHYAGER	S	Evelyn MURRAY	A
Linda BUSHYAGER	S	Kevin McVEIGH	A
Marianne CAIN	A	Joseph NICHOLAS	A
Steven CAIN	A	Debbie NOTKIN	A
Jane CARNALL	A	Ulrika O'BRIEN	A
Avedon CAROL	A	Simon OUNSLEY	A
Dave CARSON	A	Spike PARSONS	A
Vincent CLARKE	A	Hilary PERRY	S
Cat COAST	A	Greg PICKERSGILL	A
John DALLMAN	A	Mark PLUMMER	A
Julia DALY	A	Simon POLLEY	A
Steve DAVIES	A	Sheila PROSTERMAN	A
Giulia De CESARE	A	David REDD	S
Sarah DIBB	A	John D RICKETT	A
Eugene DOHERTY	A	Julie RIGBY	A
Alan DOREY	A	Vicki ROSENZWEIG	A
Tara DOWLING-HUSSEY	A	Nigel ROWE	A
Lilian EDWARDS	A	Vanessa SCHNATMEIER	S
Lise EISENBERG	A	Alison SCOTT	A
Doug FAUNT	A	Mike SCOTT	A
Moshe FEDER	S	Mike SIDDALL	A
Thomas FERGUSON	A	Martin A SMITH	A
George FLYNN	A	Ian SORENSEN	A
Alison FREEBAIRN	A	Linda STRICKLER	A
Mike GLICKSOHN	S	Geri SULLIVAN	A
Jenny GLOVER	S	Barry TRAISH	A
Victor GONZALEZ	A	Jim TRASH	A
Ann GREEN	A	Suzanne TOMPKINS	S
Steve GREEN	A	Frances TUCKER	A
Arnie KATZ	S	Michael WAITE	S
Joyce KATZ	S	Pam WELLS	A
Jerry KAUFMAN	S	D WEST	A
Judith HANNA	A	Ted WHITE	A
Rob HANSEN	A	Tom WHITMORE	S
Bridget HARDCASTLE	A	Art WIDNER	A
Jane HAWKINS	A	Walter WILLIS	S
Julian HEADLONG	A	Anne WILSON	A
Dave HICKS	A	Alan WINSTON	

CORFLU UK - CARING AND SHARING

HERE'S MY
OLD PAL
HEADING
THIS WAY



JUST FOR ONCE,
HOW ABOUT IF YOU
GIVE HIM A REALLY
ENTHUSIASTIC HELLO?



LET'S COMPROMISE

HOW ABOUT IF I
GIVE HIM A REALLY
ENTHUSIASTIC
GOODBYE ?