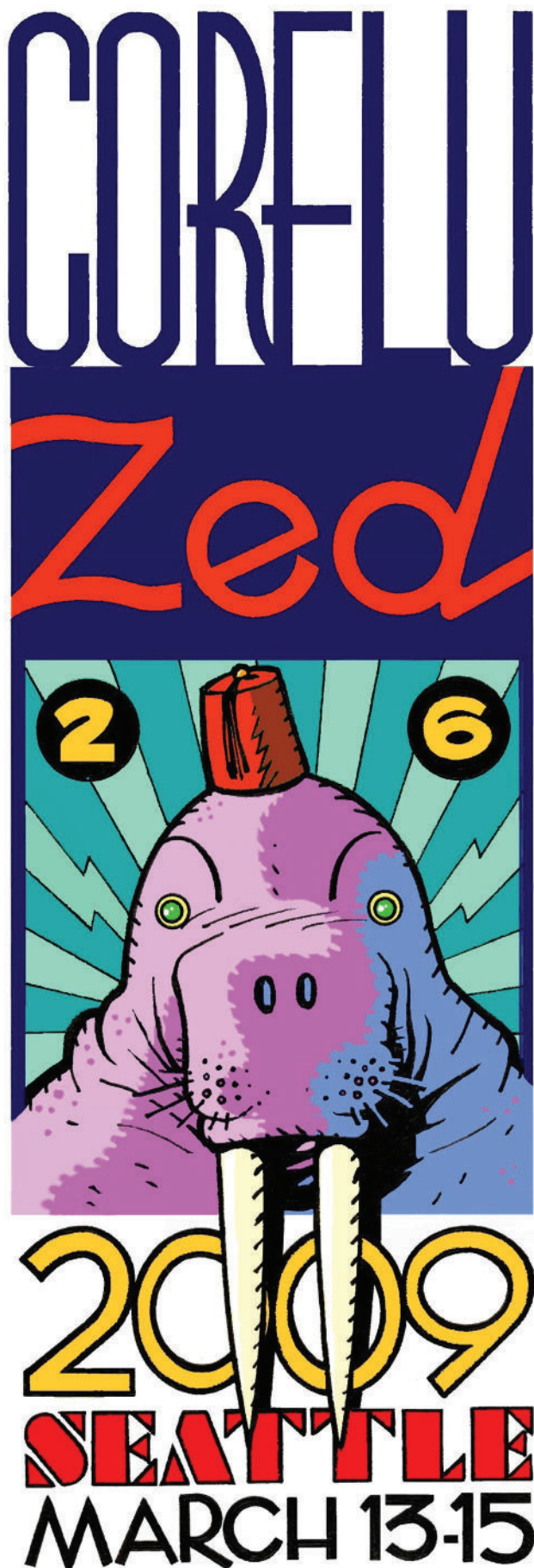


A M A Z E D



C O R F L U Z E D



Welcome to

AmaZed and CorfluZed

the progress report for

Corflu Zed (26)

to be held in

Seattle, 13-15 March, 2009

at the fabulous

Hotel Deca

in the University District.

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And a tip o' the pubzed beanie to carl juarez and John D. Berry
for typographical assistance and software advice.

Letter from the Chair

by
Randy Byers

For those of you wondering what a zed is, well, it's an izzard, of course. Yes, somewhere in an alternate reality, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden are hosting next year's Corflu in Seattle and calling it Corflu Izzard in celebration of their 100th ish.

That's a little inside joke on a fanzine, but after all Corflu is a little convention about fanzines. Inasmuch as fanzines are, at the most general level, about fandom, Corflu is therefore a convention about fandom too. It's true that the focus on fanzines makes it in some aspects backward looking, since the heyday of fanzines is past, but the fact that it's also about the people who make fanzines makes it as current as Flick, Chris Garcia, and John Coxon, to name a random few. If naming these names seems a bit intimate, well, Corflu is small enough to be a very intimate con. Smaller even than Dunbar's number. It's not one of those conventions where you can be a passive consumer of celebrity entertainment. In fact, it's a convention where you — or any other member — can find yourself the Guest of Honor at the drop of a hat.

We're delighted to be kicking off Corflu's second quarter century in Seattle at the Hotel Deca. The hotel is located in the University District, which has dozens of restaurants to choose from, as well as bookstores, used record stores, movie theaters, a great brewpub, the legendary Blue Moon Tavern, and on and on. It's a great neighborhood for a convention, just across the freeway from the old Tudor Nightmare Village where the previous Seattle

Corflus were held.

I'm also really pleased with the group of people who have agreed to do the work of putting on the convention. Many of them worked on the last Corflu in Seattle in 2000, and a couple of them also worked on the 1988 Seattle Corflu. I'm the new guy in the gang. We'll see if I have any new ideas.

One idea I had was to make the progress report more like a fanzine, which is why this issue has an article by John Hertz and a reprinted article by Wally Weber. (See the intro to Wally's piece for further information about the fanthology we intend to publish for the convention.) In the spirit of fanzines, feel free to write us a letter of comment. If we get enough, we'll have a lettercol in the next ish. We hope to do two more progress reports, and we have articles in mind for them too.

Speaking of which, I want to encourage you to pub your ish for Corflu Zed. One of the glories of Corflu is the haul of fanzines that you bring home from the convention. Now is the time to start planning your own contribution to the bounty.

In the meantime, please send in your membership and reserve a room at the hotel. The sooner we make the room block, the sooner we can focus on the fun stuff. Thanks!

Hotel Deca

by

Ulrika O'Brien

Corflu Zed will be situated in the Hotel Deca, the Art Deco jewel of Seattle's University District. The Deca has recently been renovated to combine the grace of its original 1931 architectural details with 21st century amenities, including complimentary WiFi throughout the hotel, and guest accommodations equipped with an iPod docking station, a flat panel plasma screen television, and a DVD player in every sleeping room. The 16-story tower commands a high hilltop, providing fine views of Seattle from most guest rooms, and a breathtaking 360 degree panorama from the 16th floor Presidential penthouse suite and deck that will be the home of Zed-style hospitality. The 1200 square foot hospitality suite also features a working fireplace and a full-sized refrigerator in the prep kitchen. And on a clear day, you can see the snowy peak of Mt. Baker from the Con Suite loo.

But the heart of any Corflu is time with our fannish friends, and that's where the Deca will truly shine. The Deca's gracious and cozy lobby, mezzanine, and bar are all central, well-connected to program space, and laid out so that conversation groups can form and grow at will, dinner groups and can find each other easily, and the convention will have a thriving and lively center for everyone to meet up in. And of course once you step outside, the Deca is right in the heart of the U District, with its broad and eclectic selection of restaurants, bistros, bookstores, and world-famous dives.

The Corflu 26 room block closes on February 12, 2009. The Deca is a popular hotel and we cannot

guarantee room or rate availability after that date. Our room block close is not flexible, so please consider booking early so you don't forget. If your plans change, reservations are fully cancellable up to 24 hours before scheduled arrival.

Hotel Deca

4507 Brooklyn Avenue NE
Seattle, Washington 98105

Phone: 206-634-2000

Fax: 206-545-2103

Reservation line: 206-658-2391 (9-5 PDT)

reservations@hoteldeca.com

<http://hoteldeca.com/>

Room rates are \$129 for a King or Double room, \$159 for a Junior Suite.

Parking is available at \$6/day for guests, \$8/day for members not staying in the hotel.

Hotel reservations should be made by phone or direct e-mail. You may also reserve a room online. For the direct web link to Deca reservations, plus online booking code and complete instructions for how to navigate the Deca reservation pages, please visit the Corflu 26 hotel page: <http://www.corflu.org/hoteltravel.html>.

If you have questions or special needs, please contact Ulrika O'Brien, Zed Hotel Liaison, at hotelzed@corflu.org.

Hospitality

by

Suzanne Tompkins

One of the many wonderful features of the Hotel Deca is the 1200 sf Presidential Suite on the 16th Floor, which will serve as our Con Suite. As with Potlatch 17, where we broke in the Hotel (and luckily broke very little else, so they wanted us back...), we hope to be able to actually use the Suite's 1000 sf wrap around deck as well, even if it is March and potentially rainy. (I know...I know...) If this isn't feasible during a portion of the weekend, perhaps we can gather around the fireplace instead...

We will be serving regional goodies and food/drink that can be enjoyed by everyone. Our subcommittee is staffed by several veterans of great con suites at our Seattle cons (such previous Corflu and Potlatches) and we hope that you will enjoy hanging out here when you're not hanging out in other areas of the Hotel.

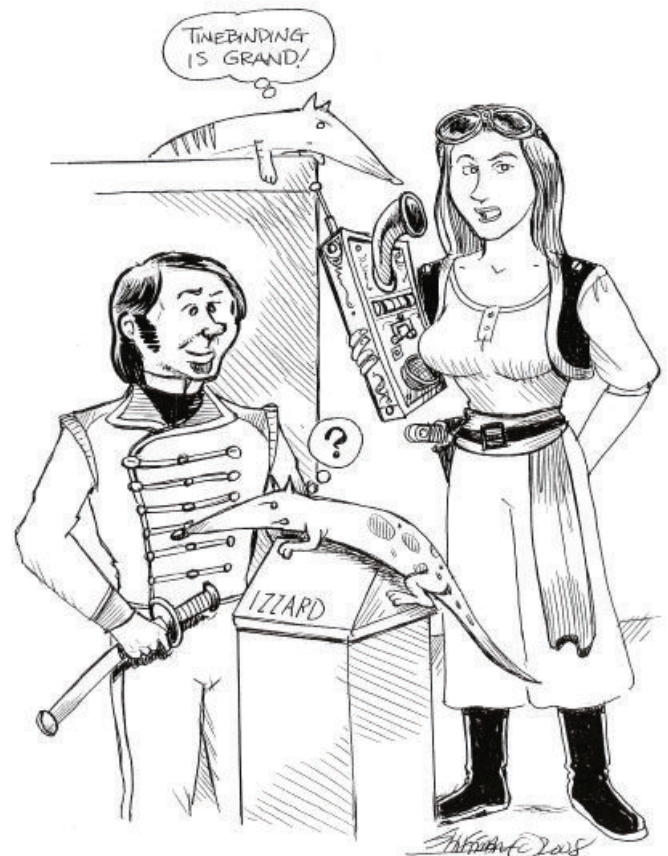
The Hotel Deca is a super venue for a con like Corflu, for its own charms and great University District location. That's why we used it for P17 and now for Corflu Zed. However as it is a bit pricey, especially for a con that includes a banquet in its membership fee, we are seeking Con Suite Sponsors – groups that would like to sponsor some time period from Friday night through Sunday afternoon, either providing food/beverages to supplement our own, or perhaps just some \$\$ for us to do so. If you have a good cause to advertise, this would be the place. We already have several sponsors committed, and if you want to help, please let our "Party Tsar" Marci Malinowycz know and she will coordinate with

you. Email partyczarzed@corflu.org.

We will also need help during the con, so please volunteer, either ahead of time (and we can put you to work helping with set up) or right there on the sign up sheet during the con.

Hours will be posted in a future PR. See you next March!

–Suzanne Tompkins, consuitezed@corflu.org



Corflu News

by

Committee Members

Corflu 50 Selects Curt Phillips

by Randy Byers

Rich Coad has announced that Curt Phillips is the winner of the Corflu Fifty fan fund this year and will be attending Corflu Zed in Seattle. Curt is a longtime fan from Abingdon, Virginia. He has pubbed his ish, written for lots of fanzines, and OE'd the apas Myriad and PEAPS. He runs the PulpMags and Southern Fandom Classic Yahoo!Groups, and he's an active participant in other groups as well. He doesn't make it to many conventions on the West Coast, so this will be a great chance for a lot of us to finally meet him.

The Corflu Fifty is a group of fans who have agreed to donate \$25 each year to send a person chosen by consensus within the group to that year's Corflu. Last year the fund supported Steve and Elaine Stiles' trip to Corflu Silver in Las Vegas. There are currently 25 people in the group, but as the name implies, we'd like to get it up to 50. If you're interested in joining, please contact Rich Coad at richcoad at comcast dot net.

Program Department Report

by Andy Hooper

We have big plans for the program at Corflu Zed! In addition to traditional events like the GoH selection and fanzine auction, we expect to present three days full of readings, plays, music and games. Events already proposed include a pair of game shows, tributes to some great Seattle fanzines, and weather

permitting, the return of the traditional Corflu softball game. But there is still room for much more, so please contact Andy Hooper at fanmailaph@aol.com with your ideas about the program.

Corflu Email Auction

also by Andy Hooper

It is a tradition for Corflu to feature an auction of fanzines and other collectible treasures, the proceeds of which benefit both the convention and the fan funds such as DUFF and TAFF. If we are able to raise money before the convention to meet Corflu Zed's budget, it may be possible to donate all the proceeds of the live auction to the fan funds. To this end, Corflu Zed will sponsor an email auction in November and December of 2008, if appropriate lots are forthcoming. Contact Andy Hooper at fanmailaph@aol.com by October 31st if you have materials to donate.

Next Issue

by Pub Zed

We have on hand an expose of Smocko, by Terry Floyd. We'll also have the usual updates on the convention, including important info on the FAAN awards. We'd also like to ask: Read a good zine this year? Write a short review, with full ordering/downloading information, and email it to pubzed@corflu.org. But The Most Important Thing next issue: Your name on the membership list!

On Import, Export, and Support

by
John Hertz

They asked me why Corflu XXIV was Corflu Quire, so I explained about quires. They asked why Corflu XXV was Silver, so I explained about Nevada – no, I didn’t sing “Silver Threads among the Gold”, see “Forward to the Basics”, *Mimosa* 30.

Now they ask why Corflu XXVI is Zed. I start to explain; but aren’t we 130 miles inside the Land of the Zee? It must, I say, be in honor of valiant Australian British Canadian attenders, who come such a long way.

What if Australians Britons Canadians had made Walt Disney’s *Zorro*? “Zorro, the fox who keeps you from bed [meaning Sergeant Garcia]; Zorro, who makes the Sign of the Zed”? “Zorro, the fox whose cunning is dread”? “Zorro, whose swordsmanship turns you to lead”? Cross-cultural matters are subtle.

Nor are all who read this in the United States. Australian British Canadian fans have their own jokes about USans (pronounced “us’ns”).

I talk to Randy Byers about Supporting Members.

You might think Corflu would be the pre-eminent con for Supporting Membership. Was it not fanziners who realized, decades ago, that sending your fanzine around was cheaper than sending your body around?

My own fanzine *Vanamonde*, a stranger in a strange land, goes to many people I rarely meet in person. Some I have yet to meet; some have died before we met – in person, that is: how could I say I

never met Harry Warner when in print we met often and in truth knew each other well?

I have seldom been able to attend Corflu. I have been a Supporting Member; even when that task escapes me I have been there in spirit. That sounds like a Ditto joke, but let it stand. My point is, this has innocently seemed to me only the Fanziner Way.

I expect to be among many. Then the membership list arrives, when that task does not escape, and behold, it is not so. I am a *rara avis*. Another misplaced joke; never mind.

All this is in my talk with Byers. Everything is in talk with Byers.

The Worldcon which I thought would have been pre-eminent for Supporting Membership was Yokohama. Over and over I heard, “Alas that I can have no part in Hugo voting, or site selection, but I can’t go.” Supporting Membership. But many of those people weren’t fanziners.

No one has suggested, and I surely don’t, that voting in the FAAn Awards should be limited to Attending and Supporting Members of Corflu. The cream of the jest is people saying they can’t go to Corflu so can have no part in the FAAn Awards. And those *are* fanziners. Now, really.

Foremost, it seems to me, Supporting Memberships are to support. Ask not what your Corflu can do for you, ask what you can do for your Corflu.

If you were there in person, you’d be making

things happen. The love you take is equal to the love that you make. Monetary contribution is some contribution. Supporting Members have been known to do other things too.

To me it seems natural to think “Where’s the party?” and to take part – those are the same word – as much as I can. There is joy in partying with friends in person; joy in doing it at a distance. Some things can’t but some can be done at a distance. In fandom more than any other activity I know, and above all in fanzinery, we love you for your mind.

“All or nothing at all”, I humbly suggest, is mundane. Proverbs have counterparts (I leave as an exercise for the reader whether fanzines are counterparties). “Many a mickle mak’s a muckle”, I humbly suggest, is the Fanziner Way.

I also think it’s in the best interests of Corflu and Corfluvians to invite Supporting Memberships. Also to let Supporting Members in on the joke: Progress Reports certainly, one-shots during the con, copies of your zine you brought to distribute at Corflu or

meant to, copies of your con report after, an Egress Report if Corflu cares to have a final say.

Such things do happen. Speaking as one who receives them let me tell you they are a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

I’m something of a McLuhanite. You may be too; *Understanding Media* is a remarkable book. Each medium has qualities of its own. You may want to give a poem, or a peony, or a punch in the snoot. An artist seeks to find which medium will best suit. Aptness is much.

Have I told you Hertz’s Corollary to Sullivan’s Law? Louis Sullivan said “Form follows function”, which isn’t bad if you don’t take too materialistic a thought of function. Hertz’s Corollary is, “That which is perceived, rightly or wrongly, as having no function, will come to have no form.”

As we make the Sign of the Zed together, I’m with you.



Banana Split

by

Wallace Wastebasket Weber

Originally published in *WRR*, Vol. II, No. VI, June? July? Aug?

One of the special projects we have cooking for Corflu Zed is a fanthology of writing by the Cry Gang — the group of Seattle fans who pubbed their ish in the '50s and '60s and beyond and who put on the Seattle Worldcon in 1961. It's the only Seattle Worldcon to date and their genzine, Cry of the Nameless, is the only Seattle fanzine to win a Hugo (1960), so it's not hard to see them as our local greatest generation. A Seattle Corflu seems like a good opportunity to honor them with a compilation of some of their best work. Every member of the convention will receive a copy, including supporting members.

I asked Mark Manning if he would be willing to edit this taste of Cry, and happily he agreed. Mark is a member of SAPS — the Seattle Amateur Press Society — which was the Cry Gang's APA, and he probably knows more about the group than anybody else. He's working with the surviving members — Wally Weber, Elinor Busby, Burnett Toskey, and Bill Austin — to select material for the fanthology. If you have any suggestions of your own, feel free to send them my way, and I'll pass them along to Mark.

To whet appetites for the final product, we offer the following piece by Wally Weber as a sample. It is from Otto Pfeiffer's genzine, WRR, which stood for Westercon Regress Report. As Mark explained it to me, "In order to gain conrunning skills for their 1961 Worldcon bid, the Crygang bid on, and won, the 1959 Westercon. After the Westercon, instead of Progress Reports, Otto issued Regress Reports."

In this piece, Wally gives us the nitty-gritty on Otto's wedding in 1960, which was the year I was born. To other parents, I hasten to add. In an even odder coincidence, at the end of the piece the newlyweds are last seen at the Meany Hotel, which years later would become the Hotel Deca, site of Corflu Zed. Spooky! — Randy Byers

Otto always was the weak link in our in our Seattle chain of confirmed bachelors. He was forever showing signs of weakening when the chance to weaken presented itself, but then he never failed to recover in the nick of time, if not sooner, and the rest of us never doubted that he was really one of us despite his erratic behavior.

Well, this is the story of the one time Otto crossed us up and actually got married.

Otto and I had gone our separate ways from Swamphouse when the first signs of impending tragedy appeared. Since our communication was mainly between our places of residence by long distance phone calls, these signs were not as obvious as they would have been otherwise, but still they were there. With each phone call, the name of "Pat" appeared in the conversation with increasing frequency. It took less than the three minute limit to lead me to believe that "Pat" meant "Patricia" rather than "Patrick."

Perhaps distance dulled any concern we ordinarily would have felt over Otto's new interest. Perhaps we were lulled into a false sense of security by the knowledge that Otto had always survived these little irregularities in behavior and attitude in the past. Oh, let's face it. Otto didn't give us sufficient information about Pat so that we good friends of Otto's could find her and tell her all about Otto.

The first time I got to see Pat was at a party the F.M. Busbys were giving. By that time it was far too late to save Otto. Probably it was too late to save Pat, too, but that was of no real concern; Pat would have made a flop as a confirmed bachelor anyway. At any rate, Otto, who has long been known as the fan who walks under a black cloud, had dyed his cloud pink and was walking on it rather than under it. It was awful; I felt sick.

To be sure, I did my best for Otto. I suggested to Otto, in front of Pat, that he should explain fandom

to her. This is perhaps the dirtiest trick you can pull on a fan, since nobody can really explain fandom to anybody but another fan, but I felt the end would justify the unfair means. I know I have saved a number of desperate situations this way. Women, being curious, will always demand to know about this “fandom” stuff, and the attempted explanation will either scare them away for good or convince them that they are being lied to. Either way, they go away and another bachelor is saved.

This time it didn’t work. Otto crossed me by pointing out that he was going to show fandom to Pat rather than try to explain, and Pat double-crossed me by thinking this was just fine.

Obviously it was time to join them since I couldn’t beat them. It really wasn’t going to be so bad, as Otto, whose profession is selling, pointed out to me. Pat was an excellent typist — just what we needed for WRR, Pat was a good cook and could feed fellow fans who would come over to help assemble WRR, Pat could draw a little and would help out with the illustrations, and Pat could help staple, keep track of the addresses, learn to run the mimeo, probably eventually submit articles and stories. Pat seemed to stand for “compatible.”

So I went to work on plans for our wedding, our honeymoon, and our future of fannish bliss.

Otto certainly is a changeable person. One minute he was extolling Pat’s many virtues, obviously with the intentions of making me realize she would be a good thing for WRR, and the next minute he seemed to be trying to exclude me from the activities that were planned to take place. If I hadn’t been so completely assured that Otto was going to marry Pat only for the good of WRR, I would have suspected him of having an ulterior motive.

He eventually explained it all, and it was very simple once I fully understood his plan. “You should be an impartial observer,” he reminded. “Going along on the honeymoon would just use up your precious time, since the wedding is the interesting part that you will want to report on. And as for living with us afterwards, that would be pretty dull except for the times when we will actually be working fanzines. It will be much more efficient to just invite you over for the high-lights.” That’s a real pal for you, suffering through all the boredom of a honeymoon

and married life just so I could have a good story for my column.

Things weren’t being rushed since the wedding wasn’t scheduled for quite some time. That is, at first it wasn’t scheduled for quite some time. The wedding date seemed to develop a peculiar tendency to change, and never to a later date. Always earlier. It seemed like each time I had a new, spectacular wedding planned, the date would be moved up to where there would not be sufficient time to make the preparations. It was particularly frustrating when the date had been moved up so far that there was no chance of working in the Boeing moon-missile shot, a part of the honeymoon send-off I had set my heart on for Pat and Otto, especially since I was able to get a discount due to Pat being a Boeing employee.

Eventually the wedding date settled and came to rest on July 16, 1960, two weekends after the Boycon. Somehow the planning of it all got taken out of my capable hands and into the clutches of less imaginative folks. I still had hopes for an interesting ceremony, and even had a script prepared for the speech I would make when the minister asked for reasons why the couple should not be married.

I confided in Otto about my speech, and he was terribly disappointed. “I wish I had known about this sooner,” he told me, quite sincerely I am sure. “It’s a lovely speech you have there, but I thought that you would want to be up front where I could keep my eye — I mean, the people could see and admire



I still had hopes for an interesting ceremony

you during the ceremony, so I decided that you could be best man. And, I'm sorry, but the best man is not allowed to speak up when the minister asks for objections."

Well, being best man would have its compensations. I would be in charge of losing the ring and unnerving the groom, and above all I would be in a position to see and hear everything for a good, inside story.

The first real excitement was the wedding rehearsal. This took place two days before the wedding, and the purpose of it was to practice the mistakes we would make during the actual ceremony. It also gave Otto and me a chance to get used to looking at a preacher who looks like Tom Weber.

Tom Weber is a cousin of mine, a fact neither of us enjoys admitting but both of us reveal in order to prevent the insult of being referred to as brothers, and when Otto and I were suffering through that dismal period of our lives when we were inhabitants of Swamphouse, Tom was our landlord. He was, and remains to this day, a fiendish, cigar chewing, irritating, miserly, foul-mouthed, irresponsible, drunken, slovenly, ugly, loathsome, ill-tempered, lying, uncouth, despicable person who lives for the day when Seattle is struck by a killing blizzard into which he can kick his tenants out. Reverend Dunlap, a respectable minister of the best sort, looked almost identical to Tom Weber. It was almost too much to take, standing there and looking at that all-too-familiar face, and holding back our natural instinct to kick him in the shins and interrupt him with insults. Somehow we made it, though. The instructions seemed simple enough, and we all went away feeling as though nothing could go wrong. I told Otto that I thought the wedding would go perfectly, which made him nervous for some reason.

The day of the wedding finally arrived, as I had finally come to expect, and even anticipate. I was beginning to take this best man business pretty seriously, and I knew that one of my foremost duties was to keep the groom calm and cheered up. As it turned out, Otto needed calming and cheering up. Particularly calming. Otto and I finally decided to go to a restaurant for something to eat, since Otto had been too nervous to eat breakfast. He

was having trouble removing one cigarette from his mouth before inserting the next, and people were beginning to stare when he got a bit behind and had three or four cigarettes going at once. I led him to a table in back of the restaurant, which wasn't easy considering how he was stumbling into things. He sat down at the table and I was unable to get a chair under him before he hit the floor. "What'll you have?" I asked him. "Pat's blue ribbon," he quavered, trying to get a lighter under one of the cigarettes in his mouth. Usually Otto drinks coffee when he hasn't anything more interesting to imbibe, but he was in no shape to hold a cup, and I was not about to convince the waitress that Otto always drank his coffee with a straw. "How about a banana split?" I asked. Otto turned green about then, but I assumed that to be caused by the cigarette he had just swallowed rather than by an aversion to banana splits, so I ordered one for each of us. By the time we were served, Otto had run out of smokes and was ready to do justice to his meal. Except for one lapse where he absent-mindedly tried to light up his banana, and a few smears where he had missed his mouth with a spoonful of ice cream, the groom did quite well.

The dread hour was drawing near, so I herded Otto into the car and we headed for the church. I drove with a flourish, it being a special occasion and all, squeezing between converging trucks, straddling the centerline, and cutting in front of speeding transit coaches. Otto had all but forgotten the wedding by the time we screeched to a stop in front of the building next to the church. According to The Plan we were supposed to hide in this building until the bride arrived and was safely out of sight in the church. This was supposed to have something to do with a superstition that bad luck would result from the groom seeing the bride in her wedding outfit before the wedding actually started. In grim reality, it was a method of avoiding the possibility that the bride would find out what sorry shape the groom was in and run screaming in the opposite direction.

Then began the Long Wait. The time for the bride to arrive came and passed, but the bride did not follow suit. Otto spent his time pacing in irregular spirals and looking longingly at my unchewed fingernails. To add to the excitement, the ushers

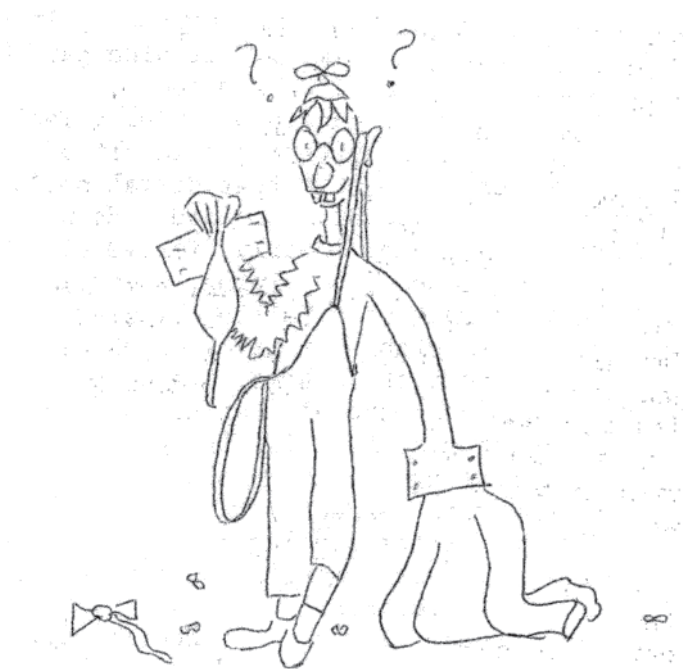
began hounding Otto for tuxedos to wear. The original plan called for Pat's mother, Irene, to bring the tuxedos with her when she brought the bride, but so far she had brought neither. People started arriving and had to find their seats unushered, since the ushers were busy helping me help Otto wait. I was in the process of experimenting with a new phenomenon, that Otto would react to the statement, "You lucked out; Pat's called the whole thing off," by banging his head against the ceiling after crawling up a smooth plaster wall, when my experiment was interrupted by the arrival of the bride and our fancy suits.

The interruption of my research into the abnormal reactions of normal bridegrooms was compensated for by the opportunity to study, first hand, the process of putting on a tuxedo. The tuxedos came in a sort of kit, complete with unassembled parts and tiny, difficult-to-manipulate fasteners to hold things together. The four of us who had to encase ourselves in these strange suits (Tim and Chuck were the other two) pooled our knowledge, which barely amounted to a puddle, and worked efficiently to handicap each other. In spite of my help, Tim and Chuck were ready first and they must have made it over to the church in time to see the last guests find their own seats. Reverend

Dunlap helped slow us down by bringing in some silly papers to sign. We signed, in our respective stages of undress, and I hope we got our names on the proper lines, because I just know I would make Otto a rotten wife. At last we had ourselves fastened together and made the mad dash into the church.

Sticking to what little we could remember of our rehearsal instructions, Otto and I sneaked up into the balcony where we were supposed to hide out until the preliminary floor show was over. This consisted of organ music and, eventually, a vocal solo. During all this, Otto and I sat uneasily in our balcony seats trying to remember what it was we were supposed to do next. Otto seemed to have thought of something that needed to be done and started fidgeting, absently thrusting his hands into first one of his pockets and then another. What a time, I thought, for him to have to go to the rest room. Fortunately, I had misinterpreted his problem, although frankly I think my version has a certain earthy charm to it that makes the true facts anti-climactic. What finally resulted from Otto's restless movements was that he located the ring, which he turned over to me with some hesitation. To ease his mind, I handled the ring as casually as I knew how, almost losing it under the seats. Otto's collar must have been too tight, cutting off his circulation, because he seemed awfully pale.

The first real crisis came when the vocal solo had ended. We had decided that we were supposed to go down and do business when the singer had finished, and so when the song was done I busily prodded Otto out of his seat and urged him down the stairs. Otto was laboring under the handicap of too much knowledge, however, for he knew what song it was that the singer was supposed to sing, and she hadn't sung it yet. Each of us was sufficiently insecure in our opinions that we did not confide in each other, although each thought the other of us was leading the both of us into an embarrassing mistake. As I pushed the reluctant groom along to certain doom, he managed to gasp a question, "Are we supposed to go in now?" as we went by the bridal party by the entrance. Whatever answer he was given, it apparently gave poor Otto little encouragement in either direction, so we made our grand entrance with Otto looking like he had



changed his mind, and me acting like the impatient father with the shotgun out in the hall.

Halfway down the aisle it must have come to Otto that however ill-timed our arrival might have been, the worst that could come of it would be that his freedom would be ended a few minutes early. The last half of the trip to the altar I had trouble keeping up.

Once we got up in front, I was glad I had given up the chance to make my little speech, because being best man gave me the best seat in the house, in a manner of speaking. Actually, I didn't get to actually sit down, but I did have this excellent view.

Otto, Reverend Dunlap, and I were the only ones who could see all the people without craning our necks or having to put up with a rear view. An interesting fact was immediately obvious. Pat's side of the church was loaded with eager interested people, impatient to see Pat delivered into the clutches of the vile editor of WRR. Otto's side, by contrast, was sparsely populated by a few individuals who, little as they knew of Pat, were hoping to the very end that something might come up that would save her. To save you the same agonizing suspense that they had to suffer through, I refer you back to the cover of this issue. It is, in a way, a sequel to any Bergey cover; the monster won.

Actually, this morbid eagerness on Pat's side and the squeamish compassion on Otto's side was a first impression and a false one. Very few of Otto's friends have any real grasp of the meaning of such words as "punctuality" or "deadline." They were coming in at irregular intervals, something like the publishing schedule of WRR, all during the ceremony, so that by the time Otto was ravishing Pat's lips the groom had a respectably large rooting section. He would have had an unrespectably large rooting section if the Hurricanes, the American Legion's rowdiest drum and bugle corps (of which Otto is one of the rowdier members), had shown up as they had intended. One fellow did show up, complete with the conservative fire-engine red and electric blue uniform of the Hurricanes, but felt too self-conscious to come inside, and the only way his presence could be noted inside the church was by red and blue flashes of radiation as the sun activated his uniform.

Pat's relatives had another advantage in

that they seem to be a particularly fertile family and could probably outnumber any group they took a mind to. Peg, Linda, and Virginia, the three bridesmaids, were all due to have babies in November or December (and I might as well disappoint your rotting minds by mentioning that all three were very married, but not to each other — I investigated and investigated, but couldn't break down their stories.) Whether this is any indication of Things To Come, with appropriate apologies to H.G. Wells, I am not about to guess at this early date, but I have the terrible suspicion that if WRR continues publication long enough, it will inevitably become a family magazine.

Enough of this digression. There Otto and I stood, watching the bridal party come down the aisle. I noticed the fabulous fannish group of F.M. & E. Busby, and Burnett R. Toskey, PhD etc., in the audience, and a frightening realization came to me. Otto and I had forgotten to wear our spinnerbeanies!! But it was too late to get them by that time, so we just had to stand there looking conspicuous. It was some comfort to know that Toskey and the Busbys had forgotten theirs, too.

Somehow we got through the ceremony without deviating too far from the way it had been rehearsed. Pat's mother, who was supposed to be the first to rise when the bride entered, had become too involved with the flower girl, Cheri, to lead the audience to their feet, but there was no real need to cue the audience. When Pat started down the aisle, dressed to kill or be killed, everybody rose as if Elmer Perdue had walked into church. Even Otto rose, which was a neat trick considering that he was already standing; it was that rosey cloud again. I punctured it with my toe, but still he floated an inch or two off the floor.

The ceremony was rather interesting. Pat had to be given away by her Grandfather, since her Father was in the hospital at the time. The thought struck me that perhaps he was having a baby, but it didn't strike me very hard. Otto's Dad, who had come down from Canada to attend the wedding, didn't get to give Otto away, although I am sure it was one of his life-long ambitions. Otto just had to give himself away, which he did by leering so openly at Pat. It surprised me to see Otto was that dedicated to WRR;

he certainly wanted a stencil cutter bad.

During the excitement I had forgotten to lose the ring. My plan had been to sneak the ring into the minister's pocket, and then when he would ask me for it I would turn dramatically to the audience and yell, "Don't nobody leave the room — some crook is stole the ring!" Then, as a Soames Investigating Consultants operative, I would solve the case on the spot by a series of clever deductions, and then allow the ceremony to go on. But I had forgotten to plant the ring until it was too late, so the audience had to be cheated out of another glorious highlight.

Reverend Dunlap asked Otto and Pat a lot of questions during the course of the ceremony, most of which I would have thought over pretty carefully before answering myself, but Pat and Otto went right ahead and agreed to everything. You would think that Otto, especially, with his Army background and all, would have thought a long time before volunteering to do some of the things the preacher brought up, but there he was, answering, "I will!" to things I'm sure he wouldn't have promised even his Commanding Officer in the Army.

Reverend Dunlap was a good master of ceremonies, I will say that. Once, when things got a little dull, he folded his hands and sang, "The Lord's Prayer," and did a marvelous job of it. He had a cold audience, though, so nobody applauded. I wanted to, but I felt so conspicuous without my spinnerbeanie that I didn't want to draw any more attention to myself than I had to.

Finally the bride and groom gave way to impulse and started smooching like they were out of their minds right up in front of all of us, and the preacher saw there was no use trying to talk to the two of them any longer, since they weren't going to listen to him anyway, so he let us go. Actually, interesting though the ceremony was, I was kind of anxious to get down to the refreshments, myself. Pat and Otto must have felt the same way; they even beat me out the door.

We needn't have rushed, though, because nothing was ready when we got downstairs. Having nothing better to do, we lined up by the wall. Then the guests came down, and they all walked by us in single file. I knew they were looking at us like that because we had forgotten our spinnerbeanies, and I

could have died, I was so embarrassed.

Having all the people file by did help out Mr. Grey, however. Edward S. Grey is my partner in the recording company, and he was able to tape interviews with the guests as they filed by. The intention was to collect a lot of personal information about the bride and groom so that we could make a record of the choicer items. It came out very well, and we expect our "Pfeifer, Confidential" album to grow into our hottest selling item.

Since the reception was held in the basement of the church, the punch was very uninteresting, although the flowers floating in it were fairly tasty. But I think this was partially responsible for the fact that the guests didn't stay around too long. I stayed around, keeping a close watch on the bride and groom, because I wanted to chase them all over town in my car, honking my horn and upsetting them as much as possible. You can well imagine what a shock it was when I learned it was my car they were going to use for their get-away.

Fortunately nobody else expected my car to be used, either, so it was saved from the usual decorations, and since most of the guests had already departed there was no problem of being chased by uncivilized barbarians honking horns and doing similar childish things. Pat's dress proved to be collapsible enough so that she could fit inside the car, and we set off for the Seattle General Hospital to show our wedding finery off to Pat's father.

Otto gave me careful directions and we located the hospital. The lady at the information desk was impressed by our fine clothes, but was uncooperative, stubbornly insisting that none of the hospital's patients was Pat's father. We were about to conduct a room-by-room search when somehow the truth came out that we were at the King County Hospital instead of the Seattle General Hospital. Apparently it made a big difference.

There we were, thoroughly disgusted with Otto for having led us astray, when we became aware of people staring at our outfits and being greatly amused. We got out of there fast. I swear I will never be caught in a situation like that again without my propeller beanie.

Things did go much smoother at the Seattle General Hospital, and while Pat visited with her

father, Otto and I changed into our regular clothes in the doctor's dressing room. By the time we were presentable, Pat was done visiting and had realized that the keys to the truck they had planned to use on their honeymoon trip had been left at the church. There is no need to explain here why they were taking their honeymoon trip in a truck — Otto will want to make up his own stories about that — so it is sufficient merely to keep in mind that the Pfeifer honeymoon depended on regaining possession of those keys. Back to the church we went.

As you could have suspected from the way things were going, the church was locked when we arrived. I cheered everybody up with comments like, "There goes the old honeymoon," and "Whoever got the keys is probably halfway to Canada by now," although if I didn't know full well what a powerful force my humor is, I would have sworn their hearts were about to break. They must have had a terrible time holding back their smiles, and in fact they finally broke out with happy grins about the same time they had tracked down the lady who had cleaned up and rescued the purse containing the wayward keys.

The next stop was at Pat's house, which was now Otto's house and the editorial office of BOG and WRR. It was a big moment for me because I wanted to watch Otto carry Pat over the threshold. It was a big moment for Otto, too. He looked at Pat, dressed in her three tons of petticoats and her wedding dress with the ten-foot diameter steel hoops. He tore his gaze away from her and looked for a moment at the five-inch wide doorway. Beads of perspiration were forming on his forehead.

The coward chickened out. I'm not too hep on my marriage traditions, but unless Otto has at some time or another carried Pat over that threshold, I am convinced the two of them are living in sin.

While Pat changed into something less unwieldy, Otto showed me the brochures he had on the places the two of them were going to visit on their honeymoon. It seemed like such a good trip that I offered to go along and help drive and things, but Otto didn't want me to have to lose time at work just on his account, so I withdrew my offer.

When Pat was ready, we got back into the car, and Otto directed me to the Meany Hotel. Strangely

enough, we arrived at the Meany instead of the New Washington or the Ben Franklin or the Ritz-Sourdough. They had a theory that they would get a night's sleep before starting out on their honeymoon trip, but I knew they were lying when I saw which one of their wedding presents they were taking with them. It was the bottle of champagne and the two glasses that the Swamphouse gang had given them. Anyone could tell they were going to get all bubbly and think up articles to write for WRR.

That was the last I saw of them for quite some time. Remembering that Ric Westerberg had planned to hold a wake for Otto at Kings Row, I went there to help.

The Swamphouse trio, that's Tom, Ken, and Tom, were just finishing a meal, so I invited myself into the booth with them, suddenly realizing I hadn't had anything to eat since the banana split that morning. I wondered how Otto was making out, mixing champagne with his banana split. I decided to mix a steak with mine, which I did, meanwhile discussing Otto's known past and possible future with the Swampousers.

Later I went back to the bar and joined Ric and Virginia Westerberg, who were the only ones left of the wake-holders. Ric had just about exhausted the possibilities of the juke box selections, and was in favor of leaving for a place he knew where live dixieland music was being played. Despite the fact that I felt dead dixieland would be more in keeping with the wake theme, I followed.

We arrived at Louie's before the band did, and consequently we had to order beer to justify our presence there. And more beer after the band got there.

I'll bet that's the first time I've been drunk for over seven years.

Membership List

for

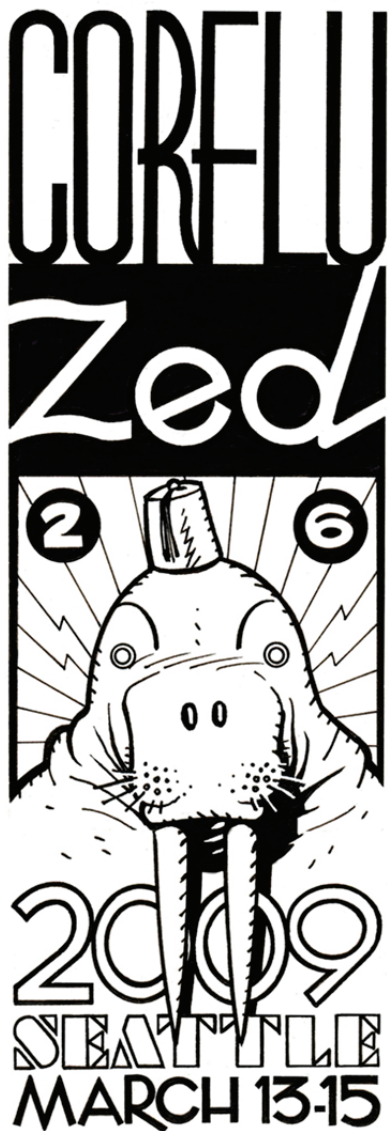
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Linda Bushyager
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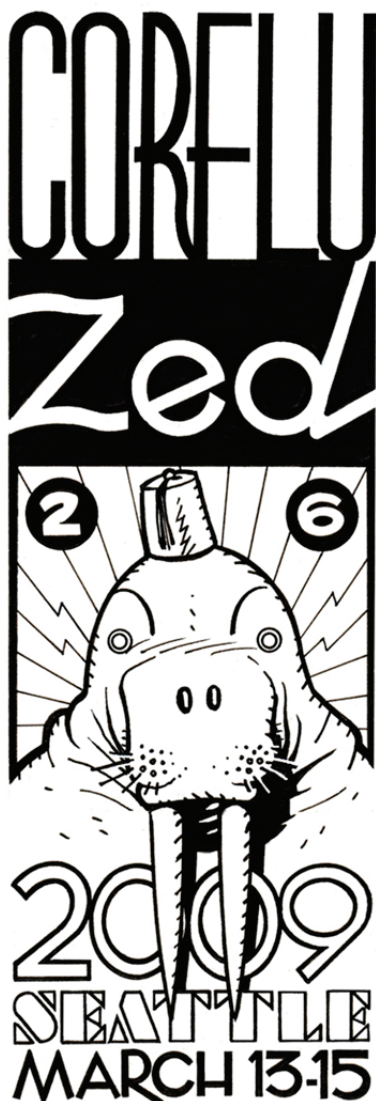
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