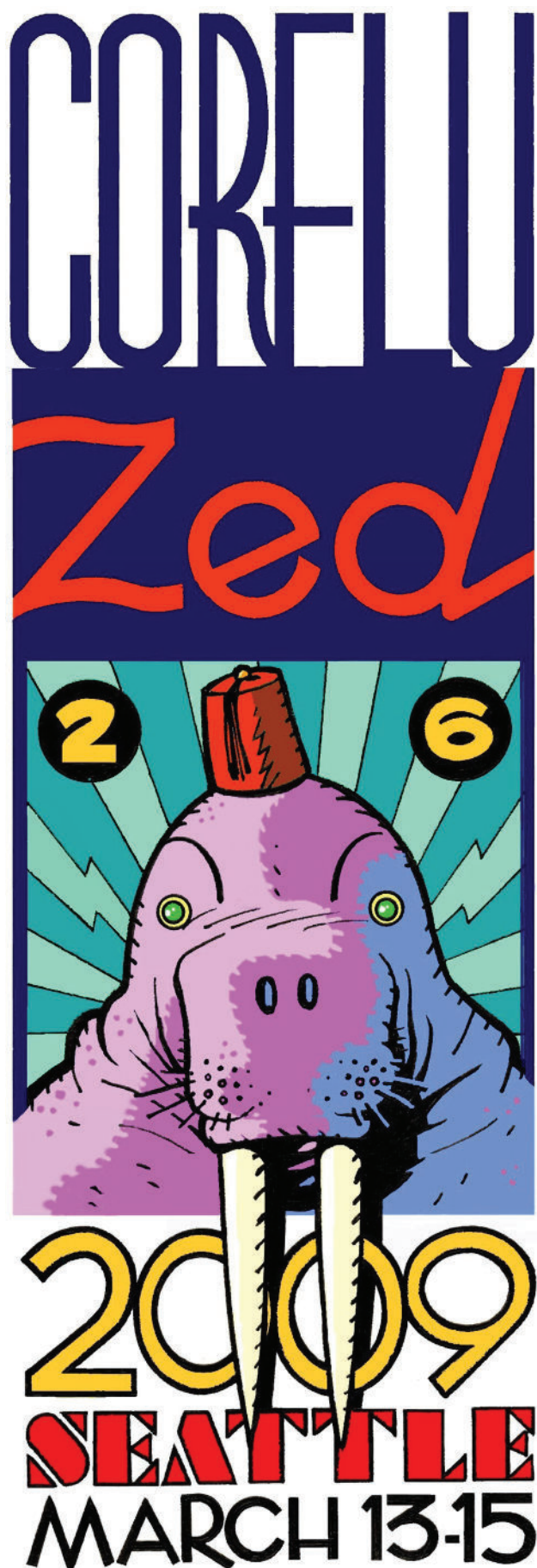


A M A Z E D  
A N D

CORFLU  
Zed



SHIFFMAN  
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Welcome to

## Cry of the Nomeless

a/k/a AmaZed and CorfluZed #2, the second PR for

## Corflu Zed (26)

to be held in

Seattle, 13-15 March, 2009

at the fabulous

Hotel Deca

in the University District.

For more information: [www.corflu.org](http://www.corflu.org)

## Contributors

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### Words

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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

**T**hings are coming to a boil here in the CorfluZed kitchens. As you'll see elsewhere in this issue, the program is beginning to gel and plans for the consuite are also taking shape. It's pretty exciting!

It's probably thanks to John Hertz's exhortation in the first issue that we are getting so many supporting memberships. Thanks to everyone who is doing this, because it really helps with our bottom line. Remember that supporting members will get a copy of the Crygang fanthology that Mark Manning is putting together.

Speaking of which, Mark keeps sending me excited messages as he makes new discoveries and unearths new treasures, such as the Otto Pfeifer piece in this issue. *Contra D West*, I think this will be a very interesting window on a bygone era of Seattle fandom — the past as prelude to the far-flung future of today. I'm already drawing previously unsuspected connections, many of which seem to lead to the Seattle Worldcon in 1961. Earl Kemp's delightful reminiscence in this issue is one example, but the importance of the Crygang within the fandom of that era has also cropped up surprisingly in Peter Weston's British-focused fanzine, *Prolapse*, where I recently learned that the doyenne of London fandom of the day, Ella Parker, was a regular in the Cry lettercol and attended Seacon.

Switching to modern fanac, we intend to offer a continuation of the virtual consuite that Bill and Roxanne Mills originated at Corflu Silver. Jack Bell has agreed to handle the technical side of this, and we will publicize the URL as we get closer to the event. Keep an eye out on fannish news forums for announcements. In any event, supporting members



will have a way of becoming virtual attendees as well (as will non-members, of course!), at least if the gremlins of the internets allow it. We should have ethernet in the program room, so the connection might even be better than last year. We'll see if we can make a connection in the real consuite as well. (Cue PK Dick for a discussion of the "real.")

As many of you will no doubt have seen already, Andy Hooper is conducting an auction on eBay to raise funds for the convention. He's mostly offering rare and vintage fanzines. In case it isn't clear, these auctions are ongoing. There should be something on offer pretty much all the time. Search on the character string "[corflu zed]" to find these items. Thanks to everybody who has already contributed to the cause by buying something. If you would like to contribute fanzines to the cause (or to the live auction at the convention), please contact Andy at <fanmailaph@aol.com>.

As promised in the last issue, we have a lettercol this time. We intend to publish a third and final progress report in February, so please consider writing a LOC on this issue. Thanks for all the kind comments we got on the first one. You ain't seen nothing yet! Come to the convention, and help us put on a show. It won't be the same without you.



# Corflu News

by

## Committee Members

### Hotel Update

by Ulrika O'Brien

Happy December, Corflu faans. December is traditionally a busy time for most of us, and for the Corflu committee it's no different. We're busy cooking up a passel of faanish delights for all you Zed Heads out there, including a fine Northwest brunch menu for the Sunday banquet.

Among the things your hard working committee need to do in December – mid-December in fact – is decide if we are going to reduce our hotel room block, and that's where you can help. If you know you're coming to Corflu and have put off reserving a room, please reserve it now. Even if you haven't bought your membership yet. Even if you're only probably attending. Reserving a room now means we have a better idea of how big our block needs to be. Reserving is free, and you have until 24 hours before your arrival to cancel, if you must, but once we reduce the room block, we let those rooms go – if you wait to reserve until after our block reduction deadline, there's a chance the Deca will be full, or will only have rooms at rack rate. So act now, act without thinking – before the holiday bustle distracts you, get online and reserve your room at the Deca right now. Because you just don't want to miss the only hotel in Seattle with genuine bondage Goth elevators.

And remember, your absolute deadline to

reserve a room at the convention rate is February 12. But why wait?

See [www.corflu.org](http://www.corflu.org) for details on how to reserve a room online.

### Membership rates to rise

by Randy Byers

Memberships rates for Corflu Zed will be raised to 75 dollars in the US or 40 pounds in the UK effective 1 January 2009. Supporting memberships

GZYPLX THE  
NOMREKER  
WANTS YOU



(WELL, ACTUALLY, JUST  
YOUR SPLEEN... for NOW...)

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will remain the same at 20 dollars or 10 pounds. So if you want to join at the current rate of 65 dollars or 35 pounds, act soon. If you have a PayPal account, you can pay your membership fee that way. Here's the information on how to join:

If you are paying by cash or check/cheque, please see the flyer at the end of this progress report. There's one for paying with US Dollars and there's one for paying with British pounds sterling.

Via PayPal:

1. Go to PayPal and log on to your account. Click Send Money. Enter the amount you need to pay and the following details:

2. Recipient's e-mail: [regzed@corflu.org](mailto:regzed@corflu.org)
3. Category of purchase: Goods (Other)
4. Subject: Membership Payment
5. Note: enter your name(s); badge name(s) (if different); mailing address; e-mail address(es); and type of membership (attending or supporting)

Your attending membership includes the traditional Corflu banquet. Supporting memberships include a copy of the Crygang fanthology.

## Our Hospitality Suite

by Suzanne Tompkins ([consuitezed@corflu.org](mailto:consuitezed@corflu.org))

In our dynamite con suite with the 360° wrap-around terrace, we will be serving regional goodies and food/drink with an eye toward having something for everyone, including breakfasty items in the mornings and various types of snacks put out regularly throughout the days and special treats in the evenings. We are not planning to serve "meals" there; the U-District and very near-by neighborhoods have dozens of restaurants of every description and price, from student fare to seafood, PNW regional, and many and varied ethnic cuisines.

As previously mentioned, we are also seeking Con Suite Sponsors – groups or individuals who would like to sponsor some time period from Friday night through Sunday afternoon, either providing food/beverages to supplement our own, or sponsor a specific food, or perhaps just donate some \$\$ for us to do provide same in your name. If you have a good cause or event to advertise, this would be the

place.

As of December 1<sup>st</sup>, we know that all Corflu Zed con suite chocolate will be sponsored by Reno in 2011, and we will be serving pizza on Saturday (stayed tuned for the exact time) courtesy of The Eaton Collection.

If you want to add to this list, please contact our "Party Czar" Marci Malinowycz so that she can coordinate with you ([partyczarzed@corflu.org](mailto:partyczarzed@corflu.org)).

Help during the con will also be needed, 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 PR3. See you all in March.

## 2008 Fan Activity Achievement Awards

by Hal O'Brien

Corflu Zed is pleased to continue the tradition of the Fan Activity Achievement (FAAn) Awards. The FAAn Awards honor the best in fanzine fanac for the calendar year 2008. They are voted upon by the fanzine fans of the world and announced annually at the Corflu Banquet.

Hal O'Brien is the official Teller for this year's FAAns. He will tally votes, make any necessary rulings and compile the results.

Vote by snail mail: Ballots should be mailed to Hal O'Brien, 418 Hazel Ave N, Kent, WA 98030. Mailed votes must be postmarked no later than March 1, 2009.

Vote by email: Send your choices directly to the address [corflu.zed.faan@gmail.com](mailto:corflu.zed.faan@gmail.com) by noon PST on February 28, 2009.

### Rules

1. Only one ballot per person. (If you send in more than one slate of votes, the most recent will get precedence.)
2. You do not have to vote in every category nor in every space in a category.
3. Each 1st place vote is worth 5 points; 2nd place votes are worth 3 points; 3rd place votes are worth 1 point.
4. All votes must be received by the Official Teller by the deadlines stated above.

**Categories for the 2008 FAAn awards**

(vote for up to three in order of preference for each):

- \* Best Fanzine
- \* Best Fanwriter
- \* Best Fan Artist
- \* Best Letterhack (aka, The Harry Warner, Jr., Memorial Award)
- \* Best New Fan
- \* Best Online Fanac Site

## Programmatics

By Andy Hooper

We received lots of great ideas for programs at Corflu Zed after Progress Report #1. We couldn't use all of them, but Zed will still feature more hours devoted to programming than the typical Corflu. We'll kick off with some Timebinding on Friday evening, start the Saturday program at 11 AM, and present between two and three hours of varied performances, programs and feats of strength on Saturday night. Fans who wanted "more to do" at Corflu should be pleased with the program at Zed.

We're also encouraging all program participants to prepare some written material to summarize, support or otherwise illustrate their ideas about the subject of their programs at Corflu. We'll publish many of these in the convention daily fanzine, and post them online so that virtual attendees can read along!

Here are some events tentatively scheduled for the 2009 Corflu:

**In Corflu Yet Green**

Selected readings from 25 years of Corflu convention reports, augmented with memories from both readers and audience.

**The Illustrated Core: On the Art of Fanzines**

Fandom has generated hundreds of fanzines in the Corflu Era, but a relative handful of artists have shaped the visual content of those titles. We'll ask some of those artists just what we've done to their work.

**The Hippest Zines You've Ever Seen...**

...are in Seattle! Moderators Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins will lead a cast of once and future publishing giants on a journey through the last three decades of Seattle fanzine history. Learn how the Fandom That Hugs went from *Fast and Loose* and *Wing Window* to *Littlebrook* and *Chunga* in just 30 short years.

**Teaching Timebinding: The Eaton Collection**

The J. Lloyd Eaton Collection of Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror and Utopian Literature in the Tomas Rivera library at the University of California at Riverside is the largest publicly-accessible collection of genre-related materials in the world. The Collection's special liaison to fandom, Chris Garcia, will help describe this unique asset and explain how fandom can support it.

**The Corflu Zed Trivia Challenge**

Quizmaster Rob Jackson promises that his selection of fannish, science fictional and general knowledge questions have been through a 14-month verification process, and all of them have at least one correct answer.

**The Corflu Zed Benefit Fanzine & Fan Art Auction**

A trio of experienced auctioneers will offer fans the chance to bid on a selection of vintage and contemporary books, fanzines and ephemera.. Proceeds will be divided between Corflu Zed and the fannish travel funds. Corflu Zed will also offer fan artists in attendance the chance to have their work auctioned as well, with all bids reverting to the artist.

**Saturday Night Zed:**

A collection of short programs, musical and dramatic performances and feats of superhuman strength presented by a cast of dozens! Works in production include *Forry Stories*, remembering one of fandom's greats, and *Doc Fandom and the Stencil of Fear*, an exciting new radio adventure. Plus, Crusher Charnock returns for another bitter match with Ted "The Fanimal" White! Don't Miss It!

# My Favorite Bus Stop

by  
Jerry Kaufman

**I**n the fall of 1977, I moved to Seattle from New York. I have now lived here for half my life. Despite reminders that I did not grow up watching J.P. Patches and Gertrude on television, I still feel like a native. I feel nostalgic fondness for Seattle's small town feeling and the many nooks and crannies of its eccentric recent past.

When I first arrived, the Starbucks mermaid was a full-bodied figure, her nudity obvious despite her long, wavy hair; her tail split in two and curled up on either side. But to see her, I had to visit her in the Pike Place Market. Suzle and I lived on Capitol Hill then, close enough to make shopping at the farmer stalls a practical affair.

The market held attractions beyond Starbucks and the many farmer stalls, bakeries, cheesemongers, flying fish, and buskers. It had a radical bookstore called Left Bank Books. It had a shop selling crumpets you could eat onsite or take home, along with exotic teas and toppings. It had specialty shops carrying windup toys, magic tricks, collectible posters and postcards, Tarot cards, herbs to enhance flavor or spellcasting, rare used or new comics, records, books, jewelry. It clustered in a dozen little buildings along Pike Place, and one big building that clung to the bluff overlooking Elliott Bay, going down four levels.

After we schlepped our produce (and other purchases) home on the #10 bus, I could walk north on 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue East to a little park with a wonderful,

unobstructed view of the University of Washington District and Lake Washington. Just off the street was a tall metal sculpture consisting of box-like sections, and my biggest pleasure, learned from the mighty Loren MacGregor, was pounding on the hollow steel to produce a booming sound that shocked the nearby pigeons. (It turns out that Boren Park is not small, being over 7 acres, but I never went further than the "boom boxes".)

Later I learned about the many modernist sculptures that feature in one section of Warren G. Magnusson Park along Sand Point Way. My favorite here also produced sound, but intentionally this time. It was called the Sound Garden (inspiring a local grunge band to adopt its name as their own) and consisted of a dozen or so hollow poles that could turn to capture the wind. Then the poles would whistle, moan and howl intensely as the air commanded.

Back on Capital Hill, within Volunteer Park's many green acres, we enjoyed another Soundgarden icon, well before the band existed. A black, irregular torus called "Black Sun" (my favorite Isamu Noguchi work) lined up perfectly with downtown Seattle when we stood on the steps leading to the Seattle Art Museum. The museum was only one of the pleasures of the park: there was a water tower with an interior staircase, a conservatory with a fine collection of exotic plants (tropical and desert), and a natural amphitheater the city had improved with a stage.

A few years later, I was introduced to the University of Washington's Boathouse (also known as the Waterfront Activities Center). For a reasonable fee, I can rent a canoe or rowboat, and explore the lagoons and inlets of the Arboretum and the waterways that run under Highway 520 and along the edges of Lake Washington. The Arboretum's a pleasure to explore on foot, too. It's spacious and relaxed, full of groves of trees and bushes: rhododendrons, maples, hollies, oaks. There's

a traditional Japanese garden that soothes and surprises me. (Carp are funny fish.)

But what about the bus stop? To be honest, my favorite achieved that status because of something that happened there over thirty years ago. I had come to the end of my first visit to the city, and was waiting for the #10 bus to take me downtown on the first leg of the trip to the airport. Loren MacGregor kept me company, standing in front of Bloch's Restaurant at 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue East, across the street from Loren's house. Instead of a city bus, a supervisor's small van stopped. "The regular bus for this route broke down," said the driver. "Hop in, and I'll take you to your connection."

At that moment, Seattle won me over. I moved here, Suzanne Tompkins in tow, the next year.

Originally, I was going to write about favorite places that had disappeared from the city. I've found, though, that many of my favorites are still here. If you want to know about Vanishing Seattle, I recommend you seek out Clark Humphrey's book of that name. Otherwise, I recommend you take the time to explore what survives in our fair green city. It's here today, but could still disappear tomorrow.





# The 1961 Seattle Worldcon by Earl Kemp



**D**amn you, Randy. Stop reminding me of the good times.

One of the best trips of my life was driving to Seattle for the 1961 WorldCon. I had a new second-hand Ford Fairlane (two tone black and yellow) and driving it made me feel very special. I loaded it up with all the cheap, discount booze I could buy (standard fan bribery material in those days; buying votes) and headed out from Chicago to Seattle.

I wasn't alone, several other members of the Chicago group, campaigning for the '62 WorldCon, were also enroute via various means. Our presence was well noted throughout the Seattle convention.

Somewhere, way out west, driving through a long period of road construction in the middle of nowhere, flying rocks fucked up my radiator and I limped to a halt in front of a ratty old motel. I got a room there for the night because there was nothing else I could do, and a small miracle occurred. The

husband of the resident manager was a gifted mechanic. Overnight, while I slept, he took out my radiator, repaired it, and had me ready to get back on the road in the early morning. I actually lost no time at all in my planned trip.

Finally reaching Tacoma, and the ferry, was wonderful indeed. I love ferrys, always have, and that one was a real winner. The trip into Seattle was fabulous with me leaning over the boat railing, absorbing the ocean spray and watching the city appear before me.

And, to top things off, the convention itself was gloriously good to and for me. I left there with not only a best costume award from the masquerade but a Hugo for WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? and the chairmanship of ChiCon III.

Nothing like that has happened for me since... except perhaps a 3-month detour locked up at Terminal Island, Long Beach, CA.

On to Corflu Zed!!!

# THE MAMMOTH MISSING MANUSCRIPT MYSTERY

by Blotto  
Otto  
Pfeifer

*(originally printed in The Dom #6, January 1974, SAPS Mailing #106)*

**H**mmm, interesting," I commented more or less to myself after hanging up the telephone receiver.

"What's interesting?" queried a disembodied voice that seemed to come from the depths of an overstuffed chair on the other side of the room.

"That phone call, It seems that .... "

"That phone call was from a mysterious stranger, right?" the voice interrupted.

I sighed, knowing that my friend Webfoot Soames was going to give me another example of his great deductive powers. "Right."

"Naturally. He has just arrived from the Orient and somebody has stolen his great-aunt's silver kazoo which he had just rescued from an international crime syndicate...."

"But Soames..."

"Don't interrupt, I'm just getting hot. The syndicate, after stealing the silver kazoo, had declared that a ransom be paid, probably an even-greater treasure. Right?" Soames finished triumphantly.

"Soames, you're incredible."

Soames grinned from ear to ear.

"You're completely wrong." The grin faded, an air of depression formed around the overstuffed chair. "The truth is that a chap by the name of Loren

MacGregor is getting out a special issue of the CRY and he is trying to get everybody who has worked on the CRY to contribute something."

Silence permeated from the chair. Soames was in a mood.

"I thought that I might enter one of your adventures." I hoped that this might bring him around.

Soames stirred; he seemed to brighten up a bit. "Humph, you just answered the wrong phone call." He picked up his trusty Flugelhorn which was always kept by his side when he was not working on a case. The comforting strains of The Hallelujah Chorus began to fill the room. I knew that Soames was thinking; I fixed a drink and waited for the results.

I didn't have long to wait. Soames laid down his Flugelhorn. "That's not a bad idea. My adventures haven't ever appeared in the CRY. It would be a whole new audience. After all, why should SAPS have to suffer all alone?"

"That's right," I agreed. "I should have one already typed up to send out."

"How about the adventure that we had at the Worldcon of...."

"Shhhh," I shhhed, "we may be bugged. If that ever got out...."

"We are not bugged and besides it has been years. The story should be told. Do you have it ready?"

I not only had it ready but it was placed in a lead-

lined box. It was Soames' most sensational case. I told him that I would be able to have it ready to go in a short while. I had a strong sense of foreboding about this, and whenever I had a strong sense of foreboding I fixed a drink.

An hour later the deed was done. I had taken the manuscript from the lead-lined box, checked it over and placed it in a large chocolate envelope. I always preferred chocolate over manila.

"Soames, it's ready. Shall I deliver it personally?"

Soames shook his head. "No, Justin should be around soon. He can deliver it for us."

Justin Tyme was our postman. Sometimes he would do Soames a favor and deliver local mail for him. I addressed the envelope and suddenly another sense of foreboding hit me and I hit the bottle again.

I had just finished the drink when there was a knock at the door. I put my glass down and walked over to the door and opened it. Justin Tyme stood in the doorway.

"Ah, Justin, you're just in time. I was just getting ready to fix another drink. Come and join me," I invited.

After fixing him a drink plus another for myself, I informed Justin that I had something for him to deliver for me. I handed him the envelope containing the manuscript. He took it, saying that he would deliver it right away, thanked me for the drink which he graciously didn't drink, and left.

After he had left, I looked at Soames and said, "I just don't feel right. I have this sense..." I didn't finish the sentence, just the drink that Justin had left.

It was just a few minutes later that we heard some shots. A woman screamed, and pandemonium broke loose. Soames asked me to turn the cartoons off the T.V. set but I informed him that the set wasn't on.

"In that case, Blotto, I think maybe there must be some small amount of excitement taking place outside. Shall we go and investigate?"

I hesitated a second and followed him while informing him, "I dunno, Soames, I have this feeling." It didn't do me any good. I had left my bottle inside.

Once outside, we saw a large group of people standing around an object lying on the sidewalk. As

we approached I saw that the object was none other than our old friend, the late Justin Tyme.

As we approached the body of Justin, Soames was recognized and the large group of people moved aside. Soames bent over the body and made a cursory investigation. I saw him take something from the limp hand of Justin.

"He has been shot three times in the heart," Soames informed me.

"Is that what killed him?" I asked.

"I don't think so. I think that he probably broke his neck when he fell."

"What did you take from his hand?" I was burning with curiosity.

Soames looked at a scrap of paper in his hand. "Hmmm, just this. A piece of paper with the letter F on it!"

"Now why should he be carrying a piece of paper with a letter on it?" I was beginning to feel like a straight man.

"Ha. Elementary, my dear Blotto. He was a letter carrier, wasn't he?"

Now tell me, who can argue with that superb touch of reasoning. Oh, the fiends that had caused the demise of our friend Justin had better watch out. Soames was in top form.

Suddenly Soames started searching frantically around. I asked what he was looking for.

"The manuscript. It's gone." Soames looked pale.

"Soames, you're right. It isn't anywhere to be found."

"Worse yet, this means that the house is bugged."

It was my turn to turn pale. "I always thought that those little things were cockroaches."

We gave up looking for the manuscript. Soames asked the bystanders a few questions, told them to wait for the police, and we headed back to our residence.

Once back in our familiar surroundings, Soames picked up his trusty Flugelhorn and began playing the frantic notes of the Moonlight Sonata.

I fixed a drink and waited some more.

After what seemed like hours, Soames laid the Flugelhorn down. Sometimes only a few minutes of

Soames playing the Flugelhorn seem like hours.

"Nobody seemed to see who did the shooting. In fact, nobody saw anything."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Somebody had to get the manuscript. It just didn't disappear."

"It's possible that there was an accomplice in the crowd that took it during the excitement. By now even that person must have disappeared."

"Hmmm, no clues, no nothing. Who would want that manuscript?"

Soames didn't answer. He just looked dejected.

All of a sudden things began to happen. There was a loud crash as something came through the window. Soames ran to the window. I ran for my bottle. After all, in times like this, a man's best friend is his bottle. Soames came back from the window.

"They got away. I couldn't see a thing," he informed me.

I felt like telling him that by now I was starting to see a few things, but I thought better of it.

Soames bent over and picked up an object which had apparently been the main responsibility for a somewhat smashed window. It turned out to be a brick with a note tied to it. Ohboy, one cliché after another.

Soames read the note and handed it to me. It said:

Soames, you fink.

If you want to see your manuscript again,  
be at the north end of the old South bldg on

West East St. at 10:00 tonight. Be there or else.

A friend

It was 8:00 now. I wondered what the villains wanted in return for the manuscript.

Soames sighed. "Better call the police. There may be some developments that we should know about."

I went to the phone and called the police station and was informed that everyone on the force was investigating the new topless dancers at the snack bar and couldn't be disturbed. I then did the next best thing. I called in Soames Op #k-9, Lady Wilhemina, the floppy-eared German Shepherd. Soames preferred not to use her too often as she always bit him and chased him up a tree. I tried to tell him that she just thought he was a squirrel, but he always replied that I was nuts.

I brought Lady Wilhemina into the room and informed Soames that she would take the place of the police. As soon as Lady saw Soames she wagged her tail and headed for him. Soames took one big leap, grabbed the light fixture fast, but I'm afraid not fast enough. Soames was going to have to change into another pair of pants before we left.

"We will have to get along without her," Soames stated calmly from the light fixture.

I was forced to agree with him and took Lady outside. We were going to be forced into facing these villains singlehandedly.

Soames changed pants, and it was about time for

"HERE'S SOME ARTWORK  
WHICH YOU CAN USE IN  
THE PROGRESS REPORT  
OR THE FANZINE,  
AS YOU PLEASE"



GOSH, THIS PRESENTS  
US WITH A CONFLICT  
OF LACK OF INTEREST





us to leave. We drove to within a couple blocks of the old South Bldg.

The old South Bldg had quite a history behind it. It was a two story brick building that had been erected to house a medical clinic. The medical practice did quite well until the police learned that the nurses weren't nurses and the patients weren't sick, though they were a bit weaker when they came out. The next occupant was a florist, but he was closed up almost as soon as he opened when it was discovered that he was running crooked tiddly-wink games with loaded tiddlys. The next enterprise lasted a bit longer, but it too was closed when it was discovered that they were holding all-night Monopoly sessions using real money. Bootleggers had it next, but when boots went out of style, they went out of business. They were the last tenants. Now the old building was used as a warehouse by a shipping magnate.

Soames suggested that we go around to the south side of the building and force entrance into it. We might catch the villains that way. It was dark both outside and inside the building. I had that feeling of foreboding again. Soames found an open window and crawled through it. I followed and fell flat on my face.

Soames shushed me from somewhere ahead, I felt around to see what had caused me to fall. I found out and was instantly sorry. It was a body. Oh how I needed that bottle now. I stood up and tried to follow Soames.

I heard something ahead and moved quietly towards it. After knocking over two or three crates I decided that I had better stay put and let the noise find me. I listened... silence... more silence... and then a scream. I shall never forget the sound of that scream. The only time I ever heard anything like it was once when Soames tried singing in the shower and the hot water got cut off. I made my way towards the scream and bumped into Soames.

"Soames, what happened?" I gasped.

"If we could find the light switch we might be able to tell what happened."

All at once I could smell burning paper. I grabbed at Soames.

"Soames, do you smell that? Could they be burning the manuscript?"

Soames didn't get a chance to answer. A faint light began to form in front of us. It got lighter and a form started to take shape. Then, suddenly, from out of nowhere, a voice.

"Webfoot Soames, Blotto Otto. You have forced us to take these extreme measures. We have dealt with those who have stolen your manuscript for they were too dangerous. Then we destroyed your manuscript for it was too dangerous. We were on the verge of destroying you but have decided to give you one more chance."

"You... who are you?" Soames demanded, I always admired Soames for the way that he could come up with the important questions.

The light grew brighter and the form solidified. It was... it was... mighod, in all my dreams I never thought that I would see it. It was a legend. It was the spirit of Fandom. It was the goal... it was everything... it was The Golden Gestetner.

The voice continued. "We are the spirit of Fandom, past, present, and future. It has been determined that Fandom present is not ready for the return of Webfoot Soames adventures, especially in the CRY. Someday when the time is right, when the Earth and Fandom is populated with blithering idiots, you will be allowed to return."

It was then that Soames had his finest hour. Bravely, he advanced toward the light. "Blithering idiots? Have you seen the commercials on T.V.? How about Watergate? The programs that the masses subject themselves to? That time is here, now."

Silence prevailed for a few minutes. Then the voice stated, "You have a point there. We will modify our punishment. Your Worldcon expose is out. It would ruin Fandom. Nothing in this CRY... then maybe...."

On that note the form disappeared and all was dark again. I noticed that I was shaking. Soames helped me out of the building and back to the car. I cared not at all what else might happen. I had seen the Golden Gestetner.

The next morning after breakfast I told Soames, "I wrote to Loren MacGregor. I informed him that I

would not be able to contribute to his special issue.”

Before Soames could answer me, the phone rang. I went over, picked it up, and listened to the voice on the other end.

“Incredible,” I muttered to myself after hanging up the phone.

“Eh?” commented Soames.

“That call was from a chap that just arrived from the orient. Somebody has just stolen his great-aunt’s silver kazoo....”

Soames picked up his Flugelhorn and began to play Air on a G String.

I sighed. That sense of foreboding was back. I headed for the bar.

## Some Late Breaking News

We will have an expedition to the Science Fiction Museum Friday afternoon, to be organized by Jack William Bell. The SFM is a short drive away from the hotel and in the shadow of the Space Needle.

### Also...

We will have t-shirts! Specify your size when ordering! They will have art! By Dan Steffan! Wear them with pride! Use the forms on the back pages relevant to your national interests!

**Last but not least:** send us your locs! Art! Memories of Seattle!



## Our Hotel

The image above and the photo on page 9 are taken from the Vintage Seattle blog: <http://www.vintageseattle.org> -- check it out!

# Twenty-Six

by Lucy Huntzinger

**I**t might have been the brownies. There was a warning sign on them, after all: "Caution: Contains CorFlu" or something like that. I knew it was code. Bryan Barrett had a strange affinity for baking with the substance; he didn't smoke or drink, but man, his Special Brownies would knock you on your ass. You'd sit grinning and nodding to everyone for hours, imagining you were having a conversation or putting out a fanzine. At least once I woke up to discover I *had* put out a fanzine, but for some reason it was printed on green paper with white ink. That'll happen with Bryan's brownies.

But I had a high tolerance for that stuff, I thought, and had a couple. Okay, maybe more than a couple. It's possible I forgot which were the regular brownies and which weren't. All I know is I was feeling just great, in love with all of fanzine fandom, when someone whispered in my ear, "Hey. The Sidebar's in Room 339."

Wow, I thought. What's a sidebar? But my room party instincts were intact, even though we had worked on making the convention a giant room party, trying to avoid the typical big conventions' Balkanizing of fanzine fandom. That's what CorFlu was supposed to be, a con for us, no need to sneak off to discuss Gestetners and tell Ratfandom jokes. Old habits die hard, though, so I went down the hall to room 339. It was exceedingly smoky, an excellent sign. I sat down next to Ted White and took what he was offering.

Ted was arguing with Lenny Bailes about something, which was so typical that I ignored it and looked around to see who else was there. There were the usual suspects, but I began to feel uneasy. The burnt offering was blunting my thinking processes, helped along by the brownies, but I didn't remember everyone being so... well, so out of shape. I mean, okay, we were fans, fans didn't go in for gym memberships much, but still, I didn't even recognize half the people in the room. I was also puzzled by the amount of grey in everyone's hair... everyone who still had all their hair, that is.

I looked down at myself. Nothing different there. I looked more closely at the others. Was this a hallucination? I was sure Robert Lichtman didn't wear glasses, and the pair he had on as he listened to whatever Art Widner was saying made him look positively middle-aged, a shocking idea. And...and Art was white-haired! Oh, now I was sure I was hallucinating. But so much was just the same: the chat about who was putting out a new fanzine, wondering if Langford was going to win another Hugo, someone telling a newbie about Claude Degler and his Slanshacks. Of course, the newbie seemed to be a lot older than I was. It was a guy, though, which was typical. In fact, the guy had an amazing Hawaiian shirt on and a crazy beard. "I bet Bryan will want to know where he got his shirt," I thought to myself and stood up woozily.

The room was very smoky by now, and suddenly



I was paranoid. Okay, maybe I had had too many brownies. Maybe I should have avoided the stuff with red hairs in it. Something just wasn't right here! I went to the window to get some fresh air, and to my horror it wasn't Berkeley outside. I could see the Space Needle!

"My god. This isn't 1984. This isn't even California! I've wandered through time and space. Wow. Actually, that's kind of cool," I thought. I stood for a minute thinking about how to get a message back to my parents, although since I was apparently now in Seattle that'd be pretty easy as they were only across the lake instead of two states away. But would they believe me? No. Mundanes? No. I had to contact someone in fandom, someone who'd been at the original CorFlu, someone who would understand this crazy scientific transfer was real.

"I'll be right back," I said to the room. "I've got to find Terry Carr."

"That's right! We need Terry! Bring him back when you find him," someone in the room shouted. I headed down the hallway, carefully counting the room numbers, a little fearful of what I'd find in the

main party room. I was paying so much attention to the doors that I didn't notice someone coming down the hallway and bumped right into him.

"Oh my gosh! Lynn Kuehl! You look totally normal!" I said, clutching his arms.

"I hope so," he drawled back at me. "You look like you could use a pop. Come with me."

"Soda," I corrected him. "But Lynn, honest, you look just the same as ever. I just...I was...they were all OLD! And they were FAT! And they--oh hi, Pascal. Huh. Pascal, did you always wear glasses?"

"Mais oui," he said, puzzled, and kept on walking.

"Sounds like you've been hitting the correction fluid pretty hard," Lynn said dryly. It was amazing. He hadn't changed at all. Then we arrived at the main ballroom of the Claremont Hotel and I saw this guy across the room. It wasn't Terry, who was over chatting with rich brown. But there was something about him I thought I'd like to know more about. Besides, my hallucination seemed to have passed. Did I really see the Space Needle? I'd talk it over later with Terry Floyd. Right now, I was going to introduce myself to the newest fan in town, John Bartelt.

Reader, I married him.

I DON'T KNOW  
ABOUT THIS  
CONVENTION



I SUPPOSE IT'S  
THEORETICALLY  
POSSIBLE



IS THAT A  
THREAT OR  
A PROMISE?



# Smocko

## by Terry Floyd

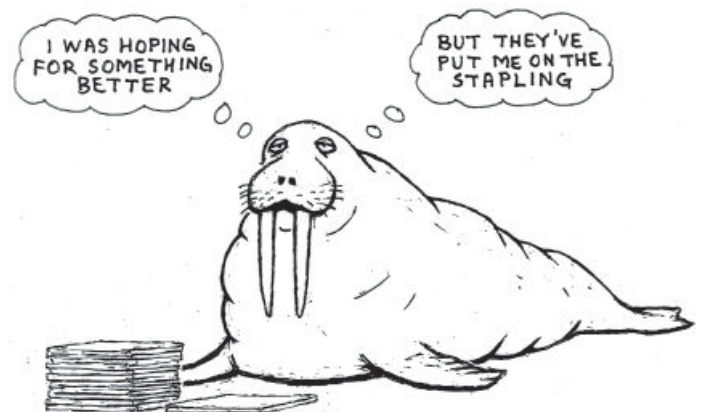
**A**s best I can recall, Wm Breiding donated a tube of white mimeo ink to the fanzine room at the first Corflu, and Dan Kresh, L. Jim Khennedy and I decided we had to use it for *something*. Shay Barsabe made a special trip to the Avery Paper store to find the most disgusting shade of dark green paper she could locate to use with the ink. It really wasn't very good mimeo paper, but I guess it didn't need to be. It did the job, in a kind of John Waters aesthetic fashion. The first SMOCKO! was a one-shot for Corflu, with contributions from me, Dan Kresh and L. Jim Khennedy. The Rex Rotary mimeo, with a brand new inepad perfect for the unusual ink, was kindly provided by Dave Rike. I can't remember anyone else at the con even remotely interested in donating their precious words to a white-on-green crudzine that they knew would be nearly impossible to read. Since we were enjoying the convention in an enhanced environment we called "feel-o-vision," we didn't really give a shit.

Since we used the entire ream for the debut issue, but we still had plenty of white ink left over, we decided to use regular construction paper for DISCO SMOCKO! Black construction paper, pink construction paper and dark blue construction paper. It was more absorbent and worked a lot better than the green paper. The most offensive stuff was printed on the pink pages, so people could skip over that section if their eyes were too assaulted to attempt to decipher it.

Kevin Collins was the missing child on the milk carton that we used as a pseudonym for DISCO SMOCKO! The text was written jointly by Dan Kresh and myself the old-fashioned way, composed directly on stencil, with some help from significant quantities of beer and psilocybin mushrooms.

DISCO SMOCKO! ended up being listed in Factsheet Five, which generated worldwide interest in our little joke. We even got a letter from a gentleman in Poland who wanted us to send him a copy, as he was a big fan of Disco music and the title of our zine could possibly be interpreted as a dirty joke in Polish, since the word "smocko" (like the Yiddish word "schmuck") is derived from an old High German dialect referencing the male genitalia.

See <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=smocko> for a more modern use of the word.



# The Walrus and the Letterhack

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things:  
Of shoes--and ships--and sealing-wax--  
Of cabbages--and kings--  
And why the sea is boiling hot--  
And whether pigs have wings."

Murray Moore  
<mmoore@pathcom.com>

Congratulations. This LoC is my first in months and the first I believe I have written in response to a convention progress report.

AmaZed and CorfluZed 1 is impressive. Randy you are a captain with an experienced and talented crew. I have met a majority of the Corflu Zed committee. I look forward to meeting the rest next March.

The hotel and its neighbourhood as described in print sounded fine. We like Art Deco. Then I viewed the con hotel web site. The Hotel Deca web site images make me think the room rates are a bargain. I just showed Mary Ellen the web site photos. After finishing this LoC my next task is to buy her membership. We might have to come early to explore Seattle outside of the hotel before the indoor tsunami of Andy Hooper's program yanks our feet from under us in an inexorable riptide.

A robust progress report creates buzz and anticipation, e,g this LoC. Dan Steffan's Walrus-with-fez artwork is up to Dan's usual high standard of technical showmanship and fun. If this art is going to be auctioned, I will bid. Can I start?: I bid \$26.00.

Also pleasing is the attention being paid to the Seattle fannish elders, in this PR and in the forthcoming fanthology.

I also look forward to meeting Curt Phillips for the second time. We drove to Abingdon last June for his barbecue. The Corflu 50 group mind has done well in selecting Curt to attend Corflu Zed.

May your membership list overflow its page in the next PR.

**Randy: Thanks, Murray. We encourage everyone to come visit Seattle before the convention. There's lots of fun fannish stuff to do here, along with the regular touristy stuff. There's the Science Fiction Museum, for one thing, and the Boeing Museum of Flight. I think I promised Curt that Andy would show him a Civil War grave, but I have a feeling I got that wrong somehow.**

Robert Lichtman  
<robertlichtman@yahoo.com>

I downloaded and printed out the first *AmaZed and CorfluZed* yesterday and read most of it last night. By "most" I mean that I didn't take the time

to reread Wally's account of Otto's wedding, having read it at the time. But because I have that issue of *WRR* I dug it out this morning and found myself reading Otto's honeymoon/camping trip account and laughing a lot. These were high points in Otto's life, and later things didn't go so well for him. He ended up afflicted with Alzheimer's (or some form of dementia). Despite this, he remained a member of SAPS to the end, with Wally helping him get zines together for the mailings (and ghostwriting most of them, truth be told).

In your "Letter from the Chair" you write that "the heyday of fanzines is past," a sentiment with which I heartily disagree. A look at the ongoing posting of electronic fanzines on the efanzines site puts the lie to that—and they're not all from Chris Garcia, Dick Geis and Arnie Katz—as well as a slow but steady stream of paper fanzines continuing to grace my mailbox. In the last month I've received two issues of the LASFS's *De Profundis*, a new issue of Tom Sadler's *The Reluctant Famulus*, an *Opuntia* from Dale Speirs, a *Plokta* from that lot, the October *Ansible*, the fall issue of *Scientifiction* from First Fandom, and a new issue of Joe Majors's *Alexiad*. If the heyday is past, it's going out kicking and screaming.

The descriptions of the Hotel Deca's various amenities by Ulrika and Suzle make it sound inviting, but even with the Corflu discount the room rates are slightly ruinous. I've located an alternate room not far away that I might turn to instead. Sorry about not contributing to the room bloc, but the savings would be about 35%.

I agree with John Hertz's sentiments in his short article about encouraging supporting memberships in Corflu as a way for far-flung fanzine fans who can't attend to...well, support the concept and the effort of a convention aimed at us lot.

There are a couple of minor factual errors in your introduction to Wally's "Banana Split." First, SAPS does not stand for "Seattle Amateur Press Society," but instead for "Spectator Amateur Press Society." Here's what I wrote about it for *Fancylopedia 3*:

"The Spectator Amateur Press Society is the second oldest of the principally fannish APAs.

Founded in 1947, its membership limit has varied over the years (occasionally as high as 40) but is currently (2008) restricted to 25. Its activity requirements (6 pages on entry, and 6 every 6 months thereafter) are more stringent than those of FAPA, the oldest fannish APA.

"Originally, SAPS was brainstormed at a tendril-session at Joe Kennedy's (who later became noted poet X. J. Kennedy), where many members of the Spectators ("a kind of New Jersey version of the Futurian Society, only without Social Consciousness") were present. Ron Maddox, who was to be the first OE, coined the name Spectator Amateur Press Association, but then Lee Budoff had the inspiration to change the last name to Society so the initials would spell you-know-what. Maddox put out only the first mailing, getting out of the job by moving to Ethiopia."

However, I can see how the error could easily creep in. Of the fifteen current memberships, eight are occupied by fans living in and around Seattle: Bill Austin (one of the founders of the Nameless Ones), Wrai & Carol Ballard (yes, the original Musquite Kid!), Elinor Busby, Gordon Eklund, Mark Manning, Burnett Toskey (its OE for the past 27 years), Wally Weber (and Timatha, one of his daughters) and Rocky Willson. Other members include Don Anderson (who you may have met at Corflu Silver), Robert Briggs (our resident right-winger, but long ago he was a Cool Guy), John Davis (known affectionately as "Dude Jawm Davis" back in the day), Leigh Edmonds (our only non-U.S. member and his only active fanac), Norm Metcalf, Art Widner and me. Because so many mailings are hand-delivered, dues have remained at \$5/year for decades. Mailings are quarterly and average around 200 pages. There are ten open membership slots.

The other error is that *WRR*'s full name was *Westercon Regression Report*, and it wasn't "Otto Pfeifer's genzine" but a joint effort of Wally and Otto. It didn't start out as a genzine, but as a single-sheet newsletter leading up to the 1959 Westercon held in Seattle. Those were coedited by the pair, but after the convention it became a small genzine devoted to humorous material. Wally called himself the

publisher and Otto the editor, but it continued to be a joint effort. Mark Manning writes that “After the Westercon, instead of Progress Reports, Otto issued Regress Reports.” I have no memory of such, and would be interested to know more.

**Randy:** Thanks for the corrections and additional information, Robert. I could have sworn that Ghugle told me the True Name of SAPS. Ahem. As for fanzines being past their heyday, I’m mostly thinking in terms of their importance as a mode of fannish communication. Obviously I still do fanzines, so I’m part of their continued kicking and screaming, and I’ve grown to love them as a form. I just think they occupied a more vital position in the fannish scheme of things in the past. Perhaps like many in my generation I’m cursed by a sense of belatedness.

**Mark Manning:** Robert Lichtman writes here, “after the convention it became a small genzine devoted to humorous material.” I had written, “After the Westercon, instead of Progress Reports, Otto issued Regress Reports.”

We’re talking about the same thing, but Robert’s account is almost certainly more accurate. Regression instead of Regress? Sounds reasonable, though I’d have thought that wouldn’t create so smooth a verbal take-off on the standard convention Progress Report.

Wally/Otto collaboration instead of a one-man Otto show? That’s not mentioned in the zine at hand, but it wouldn’t be out of the ordinary for a Seattle fanzine of that era.

One-sheet pre-con flyer morphed into a humorzine? Can’t recall having heard that, but I wouldn’t be surprised.

But let’s be frank, shall we? These were deliberate faaanish errors, bought at great expense by members of the Corflu Zed concom from the world-renowned Apostelhoevefabrik outside Rotterdam. Specifically from their “De Slapende Engel” workshop. There, fannish technicians craft obscuration, misapprehension, and skullduggery using hand-tooled methods scarcely seen in fan-

**dom since the days of 7th Fandom. Every seeming flaw in this here progress report is proof of the authenticity of the finished pordukt. Readers of AmaZed and CorfluZed should be proud to see the sheer craftsmanship employed for their edification.**

Lloyd Penney  
1706-24 Eva Rd  
Etobicoke ONT M9C 2B6  
Canada

We’ve chatted about this in the Virtual Fan Lounge...it would take some substantial money and luck to get me to Corflu Zed, and I don’t think that’s going to happen, as much as I’d like it to. As said in the VFL (not a football league), I really do think that Corflu Silver was my first and only out-of-town Corflu. C’est la vie. However, that doesn’t mean we can’t talk about the convention coming, and if I can make some suggestions to make the convention a better one, I certainly will. For example, how about calling the con suite Club Zed? I don’t think the Zellers department store will mind.

I have a zed in my head, an izzard in my gizzard... You make it difficult to resist, Randy, but I must. I suppose I could put all of this on the card, but I must be fiscally responsible in this time of a world-wide WTF? economy. I’d like nothing better than to have more fun with readings and another of Andrew’s plays. The Canadian dollar has dropped like the proverbial rock against the dead president, so perhaps I can send US\$20 to you and pretend I’m there during that weekend.

I know there are fanzine fans in nearby Vancouver, British Columbia who, I am sure, would like nothing better than to join you. I am thinking of, of course, Garth Spencer, R. Graeme Cameron and perhaps Felicity Walker. Then again, just to the south, there are Petrea Mitchell and Kristina Kopnisky in the Portland area. Ah, if there wasn’t so much geography in the way... I am trying to get a camera into the Anticipation fanzine lounge for the Virtual Fan Lounge, and it may not happen, but I am hoping that the camera will be at Corflu Zed, so the



rest of us can enjoy a prurient look into what those lucky attendees are doing, and who they are doing it to.

The cover on the cover, the Westercon Regress Report...there's something many more of us should see. Perhaps some of these fine Seattle fanzines, of which few of us Easterners have seen, should be scanned and sent to Bill Burns for a viewing treat on eFanzines.com. How do you explain fandom to anyone? I can barely explain it to myself, and even then I wonder. Is that a project for all of us to take part in, Fandom for the Non-Fannish? I doubt any of the potential contributors would agree on anything.

Yes, I must, I must, I must send you twenty bucks. If nothing else, I will get a warm feeling all over, which will come in handy, for winter is coming in early in the Toronto area. We are promised snow just north of us, and they can have it and keep it up there. I will bid you adieu, and hope that another AmaZed and CorfluZed will arrive via eFanzines.com shortly. Attach a new Chunga to that, and all will be well. Take care, and the best of luck in planning that spontaneous good time at the next Corflu.

**Randy: Thanks, Lloyd, for the supporting memberships. As mentioned elsewhere, there will be a virtual consuite at Corflu Zed, if all goes as planned, and as for scanning old fanzines, well, at least we're going to be doing the Crygang fanthology that supporting members will also receive. If you want to see more of the original fanzines, you may have to apply to the Eaton Collection!**

D West  
16 Rockville Drive  
Embsay  
Skipton  
North Yorks  
BD23 6NX  
United Kingdom

*AMAZED AND CORFLUZED* was nicely produced, with better design than *CHUNGA*, and the purely informational content was sound enough (though

not very inspiring) but the two articles were a waste of space.

I've read John Hertz's piece several times, but still find it hard to make out any point that may be lurking behind the rosy fog. Phrases such as "the love you take is equal to the love you make" do suggest an overdose of Happy Pills. What does it all mean? Who knows? And with California Crap like this, who cares?

The Wally Weber reprint is at least intelligible, but takes a single joke that can't have been new even in 1960 and spends seven pages running it into the ground. If this was the best that old-time Seattle could manage I'd forget about the fanthology. More of the same would just be more of an embarrassment.

Well, I suppose you have to take what you can get. Even so, couldn't you have managed something which showed at least a hint of practical connection to the present and the future? Fannish Tradition is all very well, but beyond a certain point it lapses into a kind of sentimental defeatism: everything was done so much better in the olden days, so these days we don't have to do anything except lie around wallowing in cozy nostalgia. A convention for fanzine fans ought to have something positive to say about what fanzines are (or should be) doing *now*. The past may have some interest, but it's the present which should engage the full attention. Or are you taking it for granted that Corflu members are too far gone for anything but sighing for lost youth?

**Randy: For what it's worth, I do think that fanzines are a dead form, but I also believe that great work can be done in dead forms. See the oeuvre of JS Bach. Or *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. As for pining for the past, you're joking, right? Read John Hertz's piece again.**

# Membership List

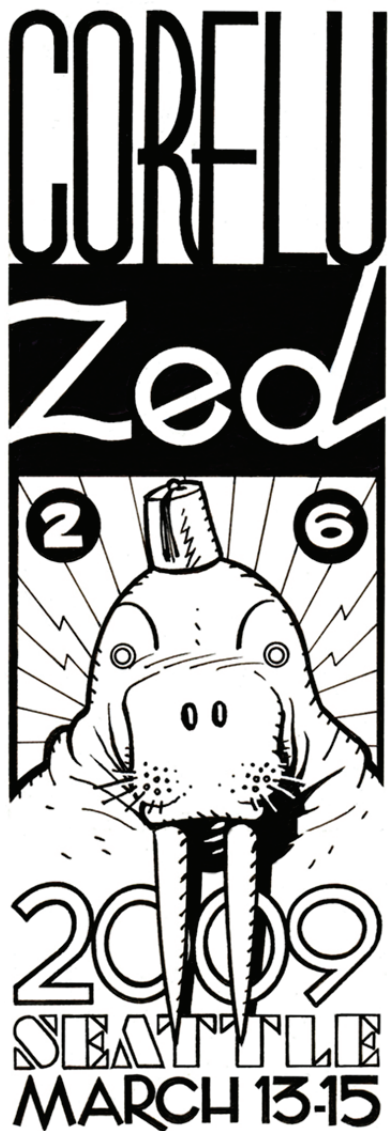
## for Corflu Zed

As of December 9, 2008

Anonymous on the Internet  
Anonymous on the Internet Too  
(S)  
Tom Becker  
Jack William Bell  
Tracy Benton  
Bill Bodden  
Sandra Bond  
David Bratman  
Claire Brialey  
Elinor Busby  
Linda Bushyager  
Ron Bushyager  
Randy Byers  
Graham Charnock  
Pat Charnock  
Rich Coad  
Teresa Cochran  
Catherine Crockett  
Linda Deneroff  
Michael Dobson  
Lise Eisenberg  
Bobbie Farey  
Nic Farey  
Aileen Forman

Ken Forman  
Chris Garcia  
Mike Glycer  
Glenn Hackney  
John Hertz (S)  
Colin Hinz  
Andy Hooper  
Denys Howard  
Rob Jackson  
Jerry Kaufman  
Earl Kemp  
Jay Kinney  
Hope Leibowitz  
David D. Levine  
Robert Lichtman  
Eric Lindsay (S)  
Frank Lunney  
Marci Malinowycz  
Gary Mattingly  
Julie McGuff  
Luke McGuff  
Mary Ellen Moore  
Murray Moore  
Hal O'Brien  
Ulrika O'Brien

Jim O'Meara (S)  
Lloyd Penney (S)  
Yvonne Penney (S)  
Patty Peters  
Mark Plummer  
Carrie Root  
Kate Schaefer  
Jeff Schalles (S)  
Stacy Scott  
Ian Sorensen  
Elaine Stiles  
Steve Stiles  
Geri Sullivan  
Peter Sullivan (S)  
James Taylor  
Suzle Tompkins  
Audrey Trend  
Gregg Trend  
Pat Virzi  
Jean Weber (S)  
Ted White  
Art Widner  
Kate Yule  
(S) = supporting member



# A Convention for Fanzine Fans

[www.corflu.org](http://www.corflu.org)

## Hotel Deca

4507 Brooklyn Ave. NE

[www.hoteldeca.com](http://www.hoteldeca.com)

### Reservations:

(206) 658-2391 (M-F 9-5 Pacific Daylight Time)

Front Desk: (206) 634-2000 § Fax: (206) 545-2103

Email: [reservations@hoteldeca.com](mailto:reservations@hoteldeca.com)

### Room Rates:

\$129/night for a King or Double

\$159/night for a Junior Suite

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### Memberships:

\_\_\_\_\_ attending (includes banquet) @ \$65/ea Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ supporting @ \$20/ea Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ t-shirts Sizes: \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$20/ea Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

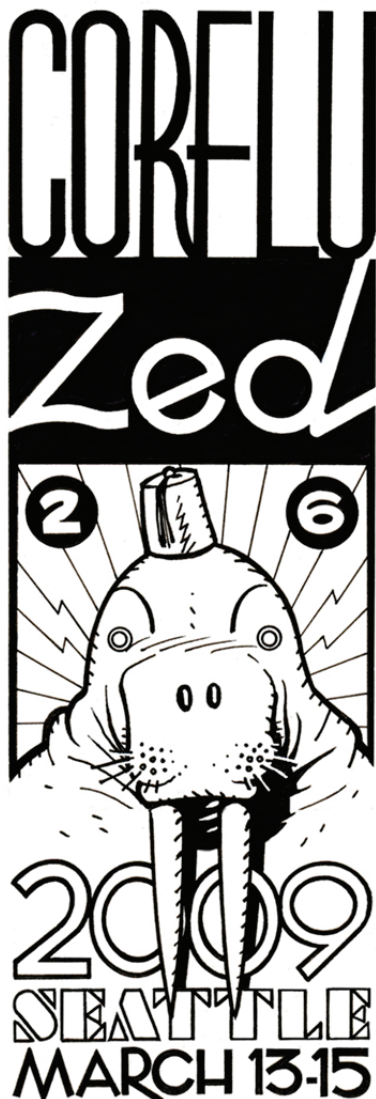
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State/Province: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip/Post Code: \_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Checks payable to Denys Howard.

Postal mail BEFORE 1 JANUARY 2009 to Corflu Zed, c/o S. Tompkins, P.O. Box 25075, Seattle, WA 98165. Or email [zed@corflu.org](mailto:zed@corflu.org).



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\_\_\_\_\_ supporting @ £10/ea Total £\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ t-shirts Sizes: \_\_\_\_\_ @ £10/ea Total £\_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Town/City: \_\_\_\_\_ County: \_\_\_\_\_ Post Code: \_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Cheques payable to Claire Brialey.

Post BEFORE 1 JANUARY 2009 to Claire Brialey, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 7ES. Or email [zed@corflu.org](mailto:zed@corflu.org).