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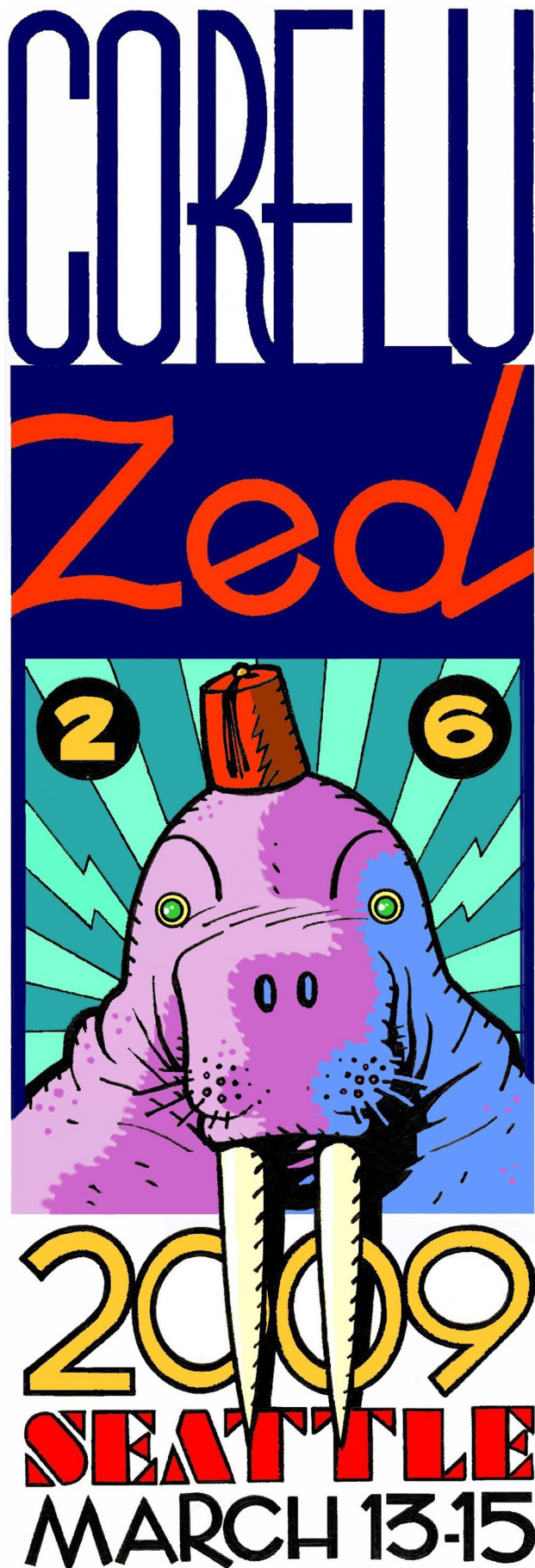
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Welcome to

AmaZed and CorfluZed

the retrogression report for

Corflu Zed (26)

which was 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

Well, Corflu Zed has come and gone, and all that's left is to say, "Thank god *that's* over with!"

No, no, that's not right. I actually enjoyed the convention a great deal, and I was grateful that those of us running it were not struck with any major disasters — just a few minor catastrophes. As so often when I get involved in an elaborate fannish project like this, I was reminded of how willing people are to lend their shoulders to the work. (Of pushing the convention up the hill? Hmm.) So my own variation on looking backward is going to consist of acknowledging a few non-committee members who helped us out. Perhaps I'll slip a few editorial comments into the mix if I feel inspired to.

First off is Pat Virzi, who began her many contributions to Corflu Zed by handing me an empty envelope in Las Vegas and telling me I'd need it to collect membership checks and money. She knows a neo when she sees one! Pat is a goddess, but she is an eminently practical goddess. She also shared her mailing list, budget, and a lot of advice based on her experience running Corflu Quire two years ago. On top of all that, she printed all kinds of posters featuring Dan Steffan's logo, which were used to make impromptu signs at the convention, large pactsarcds for missing members, auction fodder, a gift to the artist, and autographed thank you gifts to the committee members as well. She also printed small pactsarcds based on the cover art for *Cry*

the Beloved Fanthology, which went into the membership packets. (That was Ulrika's idea, by the way.) Pat and Curt "Corflu Fiddy" Phillips did a whole lot of work on the pre-convention membership packet stuffing on Thursday. As if that weren't enough, Pat helped out in the consuite as well. Sheesh!

Next up is Bill "*El Jefe*" Burns, who started off by hosting various Corflu Zed publications at efanazines.com and promoting them as well. At the convention itself, he got involved with the virtual consuite that Jack William Bell had set up (with help from Bill Mills and Peter Sullivan), and in fact opened up a second stream of video feed so that we could cover both the program and the consuite at the same time. In retrospect, by the way, I think covering the consuite was a mistake, because people wandering around the real consuite weren't always aware they were being observed and overheard by the virtual



Randy chairs another on-topic and well-organized meeting.

Photo by Gary Mattingly

consuite, and the people in the virtual consuite frequently felt frustrated that people in the real consuite weren't paying attention to them. That was my bad idea. Be that as it may, Bill's work in the program room was greatly appreciated by members both real and virtual. Lenny Bailes also did yeoman work building a bridge of commentary between the real and virtual worlds.

One of the fun adventures during the convention for me was the expedition to my favorite beer store, Bottleworks, with Rob Jackson and Tom Becker to pick up a supply for the consuite. We bought a lot of beer! The beer was a donation to the convention from Rob, Tom, Peter Weston, Claire Brialey, Mark Plummer, Sandra Bond, Frank Lunney, and Pat and Graham Charnock (who were sorely missed at the convention). They essentially provided all the beer we needed for the convention, and I'm here to tell you, we drank a lot of beer. (I know, at a Corflu?! Shocking.)

While I'm thanking people for booze, I should also mention that Nic Farey asked various of the Unusual Suspects to contribute a bottle of spirits to the consuite, and Chris "TAFF Guru" Garcia, Jay Kinney, Frank Lunney, and Mark Plummer and Claire Brialey complied. Scott Kreidermacher was also kind enough to bring in some of his finest beer for a tasting party on Saturday, and stuck around (along with carl juarez) to help me clean the consuite in the wee hours of the morning.

We hope that their contributions were advertised well enough at the convention, but I should also thank again the Reno in 2011 bid (in the form of Patty Wells) for providing many chocolate goodies; Friends of Seattle (in the form of Bobbie DuFault) for all the consuite coffee; and the Eaton Collection (in the form of Rob Latham) for the pizza party on Saturday. One refrain I've heard a lot of since the convention was that the consuite was a huge success. See Nic's con report for further evidence.

I'm sure that far more people helped with various tasks than even I'm aware of, but I do want to mention a few that came to my attention. Andi Shechter helped with registration Friday night and

with the auction on Sunday. Tom Whitmore joined Andy Hooper and Jerry Kaufman as an auctioneer, Tamara Vining was another runner, and Kate Schaefer and Allyn Cadogan both helped Denys Howard keep track of the auction money. On the subject of auctions, many thanks again to Grant Geissman for taking so many fanzines off Andy's hands in the eBay auction before the convention. I hope that finally meeting Ted White was worth the investment! Thanks also to Tom Becker for two issues of the daily fanzine, *Grateful Zed*. John Berry sent me e-mail after the convention saying that he had left his copies behind, could I set aside a couple more copies for him? "It was a wonderful layout," he said. Indeed, and the content was great too. Jack Bell's bizarre speculation on fans-as-meat was a particular highlight.

Speaking of John Berry, I can't stop before mentioning the animated PDF he created back when we first got started, which demonstrated variations on the theme of zed in a promotional flyer for the convention. Those zeds return in a more static form on the cover of this fanzine, which we also used to create a poster stuffed into the membership packets. Still on the design front, carl juarez made the beautiful walrus ornament for the badges. One of the things that pleases me the most about Corflu Zed is all the great design work done by many different people. As Kate Schaefer said at the banquet regarding Dan Steffan's artistic contributions, "Best. Logo. Ever!" In light of our panel on the rampant abuse and neglect of fan artists, I should also thank D. West, Stu Shiffman, Brad Foster, Ann Green, Wally Weber, L. Garconne, Steve Stiles, Ulrika O'Brien, and that young kid, Craig Smith, for their artistic contributions.

So it takes a village to raise a Corflu. As a longtime parasite on the carcass of fandom, I'm always a little awed by how helpful the rest of you are in a time of need. I've gotta think your karma is in excellent shape.

Okay, time for me to shut up now. Onward to Corflu Cobalt!

Travels in Parallel Worlds

by
Chris Wrdnrd

I felt like an operative. An SF fan infiltrating a gathering of those punk zine kids. I was sure no one would really notice me. I was, after all, wearing my owl hat. Totally inconspicuous.

I felt like an operative. A quasi-punk kid infiltrating a gathering of those weird SF fans. I was sure no one would really notice me in my owl hat. Inconspicuous.

And, amazingly -- despite the owl on my head¹, despite my name being 1st out of the fez when Corflu Zed picked its guest of honor, despite being uncharacteristically talkative at the Zine Librarian Unconference -- i was, all things considered, remarkably inconspicuous that weekend. I was not sticking out like a sore thumb. I was not quiet and awkward and invisible in the corner. I was relaxed. I was comfortable.

I was, i am trying to say, with my people for a glorious, non-stop, all-zines-all-the-time 48 hours. Because even tho' i spent half of that mid-march weekend in 2009 at Corflu Zed and half at the Zine Librarian Unconference, what it really came down to was this: i spent an entire weekend surrounded by other zinemakers, zine readers, zine librarians and archivists. I did not have to explain to anyone what a zine was -- i didn't even have to explain how to pronounce it.

Before any decent con there must be drinks. After work on the 13th i found myself in the Hotel Deca bar with my spouse, awaiting the Corflu

Zed opening ceremonies.

As the spouse read his Corflu registration packet, especially the history of how the guest of honor is traditionally chosen, he looked at me and, Cassandra-like, proclaimed "It's going to be either you or me."

It was me.

Randy² claims it was fate -- "the hand of an innocent child!" (i quote) -- that pulled my name out 1st, and i suppose we must believe him. My 1st Corflu, and i was guest of honor. But only for 2 minutes, ~~thank god~~ alas!, because i planned to attend the Unconference on sunday and thus would not be able to give the GoH speech at the banquet.

It's not always so easy, you see, to walk in 2 worlds. Sometimes they both want you at the same time.



The hand of an innocent child
Photo by Gary Mattingly

My phone buzzed. Alex³ had arrived in town for the Unconference – could she crash with us, and did we want to meet up with her and some friends for beers? At the mention of beer (and anyway, the Corflu opening ceremonies had wrapped up) the spouse was already half out the door.

Beers at the Redwood on Capitol Hill. Karaoke (largely the enduring thereof) somewhere around the corner. An odd encounter with gentlemen vagabonds as Alex and i chatted outside the bar. Then back to our place, and up too late talking zines and gossip and zines.

Awake early on saturday. I slipped into my Portland Zine Symposium t-shirt and returned to Corflu where the weekend began its strange déjà vu aspect -- or whatever it is when you experience something that is so eerily familiar you just know it's going to come around again. Perhaps déjà preview, except that lacks Gallic flair.

The 1st panel was "Teaching Timebinding: The Eaton Collection" – an excellent discussion of the resources of the Eaton collection⁴, why one would want to donate zines to a library, and the challenges a library faces with storing and cataloging a very large holding of zines. "Gee," i thought to myself, "if only there were some sort of conference devoted to the subject of archiving zines in a library setting."

Then an interesting panel called "The Seattle Fanzine Renaissance, 1977-1986," followed by a break for lunch. (Best part of Corflu as a con? One-track programming. Who doesn't hate having to choose between excellent panels running at the same time?) And in the afternoon, the most dangerous activity (for me) of all: The Auction. Fortunately, damage to my wallet was minimal, largely because i was afraid that if i bought one zine i'd wind up trying to buy them all. But my lone purchase was such an excellent purchase: *The World of Fanzines* by Fredric Wertham. Apparently a collectible, tho', nerd that i am, i was interested in it only for the zinetastic history it promised. "Are you going to flip it on eBay?" someone asked me after the auction. "No," i replied, a trifle confused. "I am going to read it."

So to dinner, which meant grabbing a quick

bite at home before dashing to the Allegro Cafe for the Unconference's zine reading. And altho' i was disappointed that the threatened Corflu crashing didn't occur (i'd been hoping for a live reading of arcane con reports), i am delighted to report that the highlight of the reading was a zine called "Funwater Awesome." Throw that into Google so you can buy a copy, because otherwise you shall, i warn you, be haunted by not knowing what "You're combing your bitch too hard" actually means.

Beers with Alex and some of her Salt Lake City friends at Big Time Brewery on The Ave. Then to our place again for more discussion of, in no particular order, zines, zines, and zines.

Awake early again. And, WisCon bag slung over my shoulder, i and Alex were off to ZAPP⁵ at Richard Hugo House, where i made a delicious breakfast of hummus and a bagel as the Zine Librarian Unconference began with planning itself for the day. (Best part of an Unconference? It plans itself as it goes along. Suggestions on panel topics may be made in advance, but each day's events are largely set on the day itself and by consensus. Definitely only feasible for a small conference, but a refreshingly interactive approach.) Unlike Corflu, the Unconference did have some panel overlap, but fortunately i've taken as many bookbinding workshops as i need for the time being so the decisions were fairly easy.

First it was "Introduction to cataloging for non-librarians." And that was an interesting thing to note: even tho' the Unconference was ostensibly for zine librarians, easily half the people there weren't librarians in the traditional Master of Library Science sense -- many of us were simply zinemakers, zine readers, and perhaps librarians of our own personal zine libraries at home (mine is currently fairly modest at only 350-ish holdings). Talking about access points and authority control⁶ and colocation made me aware of how a librarian will look at my zine, which made me think about things i could be taking into consideration when i make my own zines. Should i ensure the written/published dates are always prominent? What should i do if i decide to change my zine name (again) -- will i want to tell the librarian

so that my different zines are cataloged together? If i feel strongly that my zine fits into certain categories (perzine?, Northwest zine?, feminist zine?), should i mention that to the librarian to guide the cataloging process?

Then it was on to “Zine anatomy & zine preservation,” where it was déjà vu all over again as the discussion focused on preserving zines in a library setting. What do you do with a collection of writing printed on non-archival paper, printed on ditto machines? What if it’s bound with a rubber band (hint: don’t), or includes multimedia of some sort (cassette, CD)? What if it’s a non-standard size? What if it’s folded up like a matchbook? And how do you store these collections? What sort of boxes, what sort of shelves? How do you protect them while still sharing them with the public -- are the zines in special collections or closed stacks, or do they circulate? How do you protect your circulating copy of “Stolen Sharpie Revolution,” for example, from a patron, for who knows what reason, who decides to slit it open with a razor blade, destroying the binding and returning to the library nothing more than a collection of loose-leaf paper? “I wonder,” I thought to myself, “if anyone else would be interested in this sort of information?”⁷

And then, unfortunately, it was 2:30. As the Unconference moved into its meal break i said farewell to Alex because the spouse and i needed to meet up with our fellow Mithlonders for our monthly Mythopoeic Society book group. We all chatted a bit about zines. I showed off my zine bounty⁸ – *The World of Fanzines* received special “ooooh”s.

“Wait a minute. What the heck’s a zine??” Well, i almost made it the whole weekend without having to explain things.

“Here,” i said, digging in my bag. I handed a copy of “Cipher” to her. “That’s a zine.”

As Yvette flipped thru’ my zine, the rest of the room discussed zines vs. blogs. “Blogs essentially are zines for the 21st century,” Mary Kay asserted. I could just imagine Alex grinding her teeth, getting

ready to dispute that one.

“So,” Yvette interjected, “a zine could be anything i wanted it to be? I can just write it and lay it out and print it?”

“Yup.”

“This is so cool! Now i want to make one!!”⁹

I checked my watch: it was around 3:30pm. Just under 48 hours since i picked up my registration packet at Corflu. *Mission accomplished.*

Operative Wrdrnd -- over and out.

** travels in footnotes*

1. Yes, an owl hat, with ear tufts and everything. It advertises the adorable all-ages comic “Owly” and was made by the artist’s mom. How could i not own one?

2. One-third of “Chunga,” which of course you read regularly.

3. “Stolen Sharpie Revolution,” but naturally you already have a copy of the new edition.

4. The Eaton Collection of Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror, and Utopian Literature. At UC-Riverside: Rivera Library, Special Collections. <http://eaton-collection.ucr.edu/>

5. Zine Archiving and Publishing Project. ZAPP has an amazing zine library. If you’re in Seattle, you should definitely look it up: www.hugohouse.org/events/zapp

6. This, very roughly, is ensuring that information is consistent in your database/cataloging system – making sure “Samuel Clemens” is always filed as “Mark Twain,” for instance. Unless this isn’t what it is, in which case Mary Kay will let me know about it at the next Mithlond.

7. The other fantastic thing about the Unconference is that, like an SF convention, panel write-ups are often available online. Notes and media documentation of the Unconference’s sessions are available here: <http://seattle-zine-unconference.wikispaces.com/>

8. My zine take for the weekend was fairly modest (especially compared to what i’ve brought home some years from PZS). @Corflu: “Shrontz’s Nightmare” #s 1-7 (from the auction); “Claims Department” and “MEOW” (the awesome thing about a fanzine convention is that people simply walk up and hand you zines); and “AmaZed and CorfluZed” #1 (because i like pretty print copies of things). @the Unconference: “Zine About Zines and Artist Books” and “Zine Anatomy” (from the Zine Anatomy & Zine Preservation discussion); and “Zine Capsule: Zine collecting for the future,” “Progressive Librarian” #27, “Zine Librarian Zine” #3, and “QZAP:Meta” (all from the freebie/for-donation table).

9. Don’t think i won’t hold you to that, Yvette.

Czechoslovakia

by Nic Farey

The approach to Prague used to be fraught with many dangers, seen and unseen, but didn't always include maintenance delays at Cincinnati, perhaps exacerbated by a departure from the familiar confines of Saint Leonard in utter darkness, before even the tiniest of birds have announced the sunrise with their bursts of incredible flatulence.

Our arrival on the ground floor of Washington State brings a taste of grim familiarity. Travelators notwithstanding, Delta airlines contrives to deposit us several dozens of miles from the baggage claim, and I do Minotaur impressions negotiating the serpentine path, a deafened and weary BB trying vainly to keep up, as I wonder if our entire stay is going to consist of trails of tears in search of a place to have a smoke. By the time we reach the actual baggage claim, our bags are there, looking accusingly out in the manner of the money you could have saved with Geico, as if to say "Where the fuck have you *been*?" Making soothing noises, I recover our trove, noting without opening mine that the TSA has been at it, since the zips are in different configurations. I sneak a quick peek to make sure the carefully wrapped bottle of Suspect booze is still *in situ*, and it is, and o good. Another hike of several miles takes us across a skybridge, through parking garages to the next smoking spot, handily next to the taxi rank. I vaguely wonder about CZ starting without me, since by now it must be at least Friday night,

although the fact that it is still daylight surely belies this, since these parts of the frozen North only get a couple hours daylight this time of year, all the better for the Werewolves

of Fandom to roll in. More familiarity ensues, as we avail ourselves of a nice Sikh cab driver, make pneumatic drill noises (Deca Deca Deca Deca Deca) and discover that SeaTac airport is to Seattle very much as Washington Dulles airport is to Washington, which is to say pretty much as Providence, Rhode Island is to Miami.

The friendly Sikh pulls around the corner to the Deca as we see a milling minor mob of what passes for humanity around here (Pete Weston and worshippers), so I of course yell something inappropriate out the cab window ("Get out'a the road you fuckin hooligans"), to be told later by the gorgeous pouting Sandra Bond and the rather less than gorgeous but still pouting Doc Jackson that it was assumed I was some local yahoo rather than the fine upstanding specimen of the Faniverse wot I represent. Hoiking bags out the car, I reflect that if the first person I see is Pat Virzi having a



Nic and Bobbie Farey
photo by Gary Mattingly

surreptitious cig, then the weekend is off to a good start, and I'm not going to have a "fuck this" moment at all, and o good. It being 1pm, the room is not ready until 3, despite the fact that other perhaps better looking individuals (C Crockett, C Hinz) have been able to get *en suite* at dawn, as I will later learn, vaguely wondering if Tobes is here yet.

The Deca, a triumph of style over actual usefulness, is nominally a non-smoking edifice, in common with other similar but perhaps more



Pat Virzi
photo by Nic Farey

practical constructions about the city, but nods and winks from a shivering Pat ("actually it was freezing in Dallas too") inform us that Smokehouse Ted has inevitably figured out that if you open both room windows the cross draft takes the smoke away from the detectors, so we

ought to be able to escape the attentions of the Puff Police, mention of whom for some reason makes me ask if Tobes is here yet. The hotel has an actual bar which is quite nice, some decent beer on tap, and after trying the California IPA I settle on some Oregon Amber which I am happy to recommend to Jay Kinney, who is not Tobes but is here, along with a Ted who is happily voluble, having presumably been sat between a couple of open windows and is happy to blag lunch off me. "Enjoy it while I still have money," I advise with a note of seriousness. Various people who are not Tobes are mistaken for Curt Phillips as we play Corflu catch-up, dispense Suspects shirts, and one of us silently reflects that despite the fact Ted and I are near neighbors, I haven't seen him (or any other fan) since last year. Jay and I are a year

older, Ted and BB are unchanged, the *eminence grise* in particular seeming to have popped out of stasis with "regale" turned up to 11, making some people grateful that their ears haven't popped from the Sea-Tac descent yet.

A mild confusion later, I am presented with the tab which I didn't quite want yet, but the pulchritudinous server has apparently realized that Ian Sorensen, but not Tobes, is about to arrive as everyone has mostly full glasses, cueing a number of cranky old jokes about Caledonian parsimony. "So what you got for Saturday night Ian?", I ask, knowing that the master of the fannish opera is likely to make my already cobwebby singing voice sound even more shit than usual by comparison. Rolling his rs, and shifting his arse, the maestro informs me that he only found out he'd been tapped for entertainment purposes when he read the PR, a claim which BB later opines is probably tincture of pure bollocks. I reveal the backing tracks for my couple of efforts, to which a dazed Glaswegian with an expanding waistline feigns ignorance. "Think of your audience," he says. "But it's *eighties* Ian," I blurt, about to add "Where the fuck were you?", but luckily remembering and wisely keeping silent. Has anyone seen Tobes yet?

The so-called room is ready, so it's up to floor twelve to find a great deal of style but no drawers, a phrase perhaps reminiscent of the unmentioned eighties Sorensen. We test the crosswinds and find them worthy, then are treated to a Plummer at the other end of the telephonic device. "What's your room like then?", I say in the spirit of genuine inquiry. "Nice, but no drawers", he replies, calling to mind images of Chrissy Lake who, like Tobes, is not here. The Sainted One consents to visit to supervise the unpacking, a process made slower by our suspicious behavior *vis a vis* a bottle of Jim Beam Rye Whiskey. *Beam* shirts are again dispensed, and I am reminded that I need to go to the cig store we noticed on the way in to secure essential supplies while it is not raining, and Prague is rather a long way from Paris, actually. "Have you seen Tobes?", I ask while we secure the inevitable Newcastle from the gas station.

Since we've been on the go for a while, BB

would like a nap, so after getting the supplies I tot up to the consuite which is in Moscow, but now open and helpfully adjacent to an alleged “smoking area” which is in fact all crosswind and no window. The style overload of the room is more than well ameliorated by an excellent spread of which Carrie seems to be inordinately proud, and indeed she should be since here we have possibly the best hummus I’ve ever tasted, causing dinner plans to be booted in favor of just snacking up here. I am buttonholed by Pete Weston in full accost mode, leading to the consumption of rather more drink than may be wise, but at least it drowns out the buzzing noises, which rather resemble a swarm of lazy flies traversing the mazelike confines of the Deca in search of someplace to have a cigarette. Peter



Peter (l.) remembers the 80s.

Photo by Innocent Bystander

remembers the eighties, as it turns out. Both of them. I am rescued by the relatively silent Chris Garcia – both of us have apparently been looking forward to meeting the other and we embark on a serious contest to see who can

be more disappointed with the result. When the conversation turns to beard plaiting and the relative prevalence of Swedish noises, I luckily notice that it’s about time for the opening ceremony, for which I try (but fail) to rouse BB from her Zed zees. I trek to Bosnia to find a number of people doing rather bad Tommy Cooper impressions and having three goes at determining a guest of honor, first drawing someone (later revealed to be Chris Wrdrnd) who is not Tobes and swiftly goes into hiding, then Bill Burns, to universal acclamation which turns to jeers as he bottles it, claiming to have only one speech which he is saving for Eastercon, and eventually alighting upon Elinor Busby, who is apparently here, but not *here*

so she can’t duck the responsibility. As I write these words on Saturday morning, I wonder if anyone has told her yet.

Back to the consuite, where an eventually arriving BB deems the spread top nosebag, obviating the need to secure flights to Milan to eat. The presence of some Stiles and Steffans lends artistic bonhomie to the proceedings, but not Tobes. I graciously consent to remove my boot from the back of Dan’s neck so he can get a drink in. Suspect-provided booze fuels a happy lunacy, and That Fucking Liar Rich Coad is still in full cigarette-bumming mode, which serves him right as the smoking plaza is in the middle of an Icelandic winter and he is dressed for the beach. Nods & winks to the Suspects for an 11pm ish gathering are interrupted by the realization that it is after 10pm ish and there are rumors of Tommy Coopers dragging through Corflu conreps back in Bosnia. To show willing, Kinney, Coad and I negotiate our way through several kitchens to see what may be occurring, while BB returns to the room to prepare for Suspect Onslaught #1. Some people are indeed reading things amid a reverent hush punctuated by the occasional titter. “Have you seen Tobes yet?” I ask Mark, who with typically glazed eyes indicates a familiar fuckwit standing not six feet away. Not six feet away, more like eight really. Tobes hasn’t changed at all, but I ignore the smell and happily, if quietly, renew an old friendship.

Back to the consuite, and I there receive a phone call from BB, telling me that TFL Coad was at the room door at 11 on the dot, presumably looking for cigarettes. A small coterie of Suspects gathers around this concept, and we decide now is the time for all good people to start attacking the drink stash. As the party progresses with a tremendous air of goodwill and distribution of shirts, I am vaguely concerned that subsequent nights might be a letdown, but nah. that won’t happen. Hooper (Hooper?!?) makes a regal appearance and consents to sample a sip of malt, as if to grant imprimatur to the proceeding. “Great party Nic!” sez Ted as I boot the stragglers out the door, ready for some serious kip.

Saturday morning brings the expected rain and

wind, not coincidentally launching a discussion about TAFF candidate Steve Green's errant bathroom habits. Claire suggests that, should he win the trip, Steve should embark on a toilet tour of North America, locking himself in various facilities as he travels across the miles. Conflating this with Pete Weston's earlier relating of the Tobes TAFF report torture session, I opine that perhaps he shouldn't be let out until he's written his trip report up to that point. Practicalities like the availability of a laptop are discarded since there is obviously a supply of paper. "Just roll a sharpie under the door," I say. "Nothing wrong with old school."

The spread of food in the consuite has been outstanding so far, and a breakfast including smoked salmon and cream cheese and several fine cakes. Carrie, Suzle and all deserve some serious boo for all this, an opinion I am happy to share with Carrie herself. Possibly in honor of Steve Green, the fish is referred to by several as "lox". Allegedly there is some kind of program going on, starting at 11, so I inform BB that I shall attempt to discover today's function room in order to take a couple of snaps for the slideshow and thus be able to pretend I attended, before getting back to the much more serious business of drinking and socializing. I keep Pat Virzi company a couple times in the smoking plaza, from which it is decided we can probably see Russia since the weather suggests that Sarah Palin's house cannot be far away.

The next program item claims to be harking back to the day when Seattle was still a small whaling town of 1500 hardy souls, and the fanzines consisted of a robust discussion of fish prices in Vancouver, something Jerry Kaufman probably remembers well. I take the requisite panel snaps. Actually I'm not that much of a fanhistory buff - as with history of any kind, it suffers from being about a lot of people who you don't know, and far from being essentially factual, a lot of fanhistory in particular is necessarily anecdotal, depending upon an assumed knowledge of the personalities and topics under discussion. A notable exception for me would be any of John Berry's 'Tales of Irish Fandom', which I can happily read all day, but then I'd met James White a couple

times, BoSh on several occasions, and had even gotten a loc from Willis back in the day. The next item deserves more personal attention, since not only is it full of temperamental artist chappies of my happy acquaintance, but is moderated by the svelte Brialey, so I feel obliged to be present to offer encouraging smiles. The panel serves to illustrate (o ha bloody ha) what an unfailingly generous, yet thoroughly whiny lot fanartists in fact are. I am reminded by the looks of the increasingly lissom moderator that I don't actually dislike women with Kate Moss-like figures, a fact for which Claire is probably grateful, but I do tend not to marry them, a fact for which Claire is almost certainly very grateful indeed.



From left: Mike Glyer, Ulrika O'Brien, Claire Brialey, Jay Kinney, Steve Stiles, Dan Steffan

photo by Gary Mattingly

Next up is a panel in which someone has apparently played the cruel trick of telling Curt Phillips that it was fancy dress, although he admittedly cuts a much better dash than the assemblage of the rest of us slobs. I take pictures of Randy Byers instead. The auction finds the venerable Hooper with a new catchphrase: "You can sell it for twice that on eBay," nevertheless failing to tempt some of those present to part with the hard-earned. Doesn't he know there's a recession? I am relieved of \$60 or so over the course of the transactions, including *Hyphen #17*, in which I immediately lose myself in John Berry, of course. The Suspects t-shirt donated for Corflu goes for an amazingly gratifying 75 bucks! Cor!!

We still haven't left the hotel at all at this point, still content to feed up on the contents of the Moscow on the Puget consuite, and Saturday night is no exception, with a spread of pretty decent pizza to be had, suitable fuel for the "Saturday Night Zed" variety pack, which turns out to be a bit of a shambles, having had to be thoroughly revised at the last minute mostly due to no-shows and therefore

no fault of the tightly programmed Andy. What better way to kick off an impending shambles than by shuffling yours truly up to front and center - start as you mean to go on, I say. Having devised another couple of song parodies, I'd taken the expedient route of downloading the karaoke tracks off iTunes and cutting a cd, which with the external speakers to the lappy placed in front of a mike seemed to be suitable backing. The Fishlifters (absent) miss all the *Banana Wings* jokes since they have, perhaps wisely, elected to toddle off for scrum rather than be subjected to a fat expat committing songicide on "Nothin' But A Good Time" (Poison) and "Heat of the Moment" (Asia). A brief afternoon practice in the room turns out to have been a wise move, as my vocals may be deemed not entirely horrible, and the stunned audience is kind enough to larf in most of the right places, unfazed by my threat to do Rush next year if they keep applauding. Magister Burns, with a surprisingly serious mien, buttonholes me later in the consuite. "Can you do Geddy Lee then?", he asks. "Hell, sure!", I boast, tempted to launch into a strangulation of "Tom Sawyer" but perhaps fortunately for all present thinking better of it.

Once again the Unusual Suspects are wont to gather in the room, which becomes a huge scrum. We realize much later (after we'd got home, in fact), that rather than the clubby feel of the Vegas get-togethers, all & sundry have decided to make us the de facto smoking lounge, meaning that there are quite a lot more bodies there than I would have liked, and inevitably leading to me shouting in a Pickersgillian, rather than a more mild fashion. This causes some people to wisely withdraw until the steam ceases to emerge from my ears, and I am red-faced due only to the drink rather than less pleasant reasons. The reduced complement is judged worthy of being regaled by the "secret song" I have contrived, which as C Garcia has observed, manages to insult everyone in the room and several people who aren't. Having failed to persuade the Inevitable Byers to provide me with a guitar (I imagine he was rather busy to worry about such trivialities), I co-opt the inhabitants of the sofa as a backing band, led by the Sainted One who is rechristened

"Mark Strummer" for the duration. Three guys impersonating guitars ("Strummmmmmmmm! Strummmmmmmmm!!") lead me to remark "Lynyrd Skynyrd, ladies and gentlemen...". Mark, however, declines to take a solo. I'd fucked up by forgetting to print out several of the verses I'd written the week before, so probably half the stuff was done from memory, but nevertheless the timeless words (based on David Allan Coe's "If That Ain't Country") do the trick by offending almost everyone. This out of the way, we can now return to the serious business of drink.

I learn the following morning during the course of an apology to Hooper for shouting at him that certain verses of the secret song have been disseminated by the floating Gonzalez, who has been sidling in and out of the hotel at various moments. Once an investigative reporter, always an investigative reporter I suppose. "Did he tell you yours?" I ask Andy. "Nooo-ooooo...". "Ah," I say, leaving it wisely at that. We are lined up to get into the continental breakfast - er - banquet when I am informed that this is what the tear-off raffle tickets in the con package were for, so I have to traipse back up to the room to get them, not wishing to be a source of more disquiet. Despite the fact that I am almost last in (though BB has used a sweet smile to get through security), I find we actually have a good table,

enlivened by Jeanne Bowman, who fortunately is sitting on my deaf side, Tobes, who is here, Crockett &



From left: Colin Hinz, Catherine Crockett, Tobes Valois
Photo by Gary Mattingly

Hinz & others. "Primo spot!" I remark to Catherine. "Closest to the food, furthest from the speeches!" Wandering around and taking a couple of snaps, I repeat this observation to Claire, who grumbles "Rob Jackson got us just the opposite." The additional purpose of the raffle tickets becomes clear as they are used to draw for attack position at the nosh. Incredibly, my number is called so our table gets first crack, which we take with alacrity. Despite the fact

that the food out really is more or less a continental breakfast, I observe to BB that I've actually got enough to eat (although not drink, since the bar is inexplicably closed), but apparently this would not be the case if your table drew one of the later numbers, by which time pickings were getting pretty slim, by all accounts.

The simple expedient of nailing Murray Moore's foot to the floor ensured that the talky part of proceedings didn't drag too much. The FAAN award recipients have been detailed thoroughly elsewhere, but I'll mention Bruce Gillespie's Best Fanwriter plaque, perhaps in recognition of a long-standing body of worthy work, and the immensely popular selection of Earl Kemp's *el* as Best Fanzine. I was rather disappointed that Jay Kinney didn't get recognized for his astoundingly good *BEAM* #1 cover - I later found out from Hal O'Brien's publishing of the full results that my vote hadn't been counted at all, although it wouldn't have affected any of the outcomes. Ted's usual efficient handling of the Past President of fwa vote gave us the nomination of Andy Hooper, who retaliates immediately by nominating Jerry Kaufman. They wrestle for the honor, with Hooper predictably winning out



Who says wrasslin' ain't fixed?
Photo by Gary Mattingly

in a rather one-sided match, though in an inspired piece of booking Jerry is allowed to hit a couple of spots. The review by Arnie Katz at Online World of Wrestling would have been a fine addition to conrep history. Elinor Busby's GoH speech was, well, very succinct, since I suspect that the front tables were champing to go out for something to eat. Her speech, which pretty much consisted of "Buy my book", was at least factual and not open to willful misinterpretation.

The bidding for next year's Corflu, it is decided by Pete Weston, should not be uncontested, so he puts together a scratch effort, alleging that James Bacon has promised to get several hundred people he knows to attend, and that under the aegis of Ian Sorensen, the program will be entirely sung. Pete does, however, miss Ian's obvious rejoinder that he would be getting me to sing it. As befitting a presentation by Rob Jackson, the rather more serious suggestion for Corflu Cobalt in Winchester wins the day.

The afternoon and evening is a pleasant blur of bonhomie. We are persuaded to leave the hotel for an actual dinner in the refined company of Messrs. White, Weston, Jackson, Dobson, Lunney and Bailes, heading to a Greek place around the corner at which Frank claims to have eaten *every* meal over the weekend, a trend which will be extended the following morning when we return for breakfast. The *real* breakfast of the remains of bourbon and rye is consumed in the room shortly thereafter as an Inevitable Byers, looking a little tired but not displeased with his chairmanly efforts, assists with emptying a couple of almost-done bottles, having generously agreed to take the rest off our hands.

Our flight is mid-afternoon, so we still have a few hours to dispose of, at least one of which is spent most pleasantly in the bar with Tobes, who is there, as we renew our old "last pint at the convention" tradition from Novacons of yore. Goodbyes are also dispensed in the foyer lounge, with Claire having been pleased to see me but apparently grateful I don't live around the corner, the Sainted One mentally counting his liver cells, and Pete Weston pointing out that this is probably the first convention he and I have had actual extended conversations with each other, despite crossing paths, if not swords, at many UK bashes pre-'92. I issue reminders about *BEAM* #2 to content providers as we prepare to depart for points south, trading views of a sweltering 60 degree Seattle for a shivering 70 degree Hollywood. Prague isn't such a bad town, really.

Passing the Corflu Baton

by Rob Jackson

Back in the water – it's nice and warm here!

The wonderful Corflu tradition is evident to any true fanzine fan who feels the need to share and meet with fellow faneds, writers and artists. It helps to be a regular, but it's by no means necessary – all you need to do is to have both a serious interest in fanzines and a sense of fun, and you will be welcomed.

I found that out when I came to my first Corflu just over two years ago, at Corflu Quire in Austin. That makes me something of a Johnny-come-lately to Corflu. Mind you, it was easier for me than for a real neo. Though I have been gradually getting back into fandom, initially via electronic means, for much of the 2000s after a fourteen-year period of gafiation, I had been primed by fifteen years of intensive fanac from 1972 to 1987, and with British events like Novacons and Silicons under my belt I already knew what a good fannish con could and should be like... And Corflu Is It!

Peter Weston knows me of old as having conrunning experience as well as a major interest in fanzines. So when at my first Corflu, he was in

smoffing mode and started to drop Heavy Hints about the possibility that there was a nucleus of experienced Brit fans (including me) with the capacity to stage a second British Corflu, I took it as a

compliment. And – sucker for punishment that I am – I even thought I might be interested in the idea. So I deliberately failed to dissuade people, and gradually the idea of a British Corflu in 2010 took shape, and so did an organising group. But more of that later.



*Recipient of said baton
Photo by Gary Mattingly*

The Seattle Experience

Word-association before arrival: Wet. Creative. Civilised. Microsoft. Boeing. Sleepless. Chunga. Rainy. John D. Berry

& Eileen Gunn. Andy Hooper & Carrie Root. Randy Byers. Carl Juarez. Mountains and sea. Volcanic. Mount Rainier. Bookish. Damp. Jerry & Suzle. Amazon. Starbucks. (Be honest – I didn't know that till I arrived.) Jessica Amanda Salmonson. Stu Shiffman. Vanguard meetings. Wet.

Impressions I have brought back with me: Friendly, welcoming, liberal, thoughtful – and even more bookish than I had realised. There were so many second-hand (and new) bookstores that it was an utter contrast to Las Vegas, where I never encountered a single bookstore in 6 days. Creativity in the restaurants and microbreweries too – if there's anywhere in the USA (or even the rest of the world) with a better range of local beers then I'd love to go there.

And what a wonderful and cohesive bunch of local fans. Everybody pulling together to bring the con suite into action to welcome the con's membership. The Hotel Deca was a lovely venue – not cheap, but worth it for the great service. The free shuttle was a delight, not least when one of the drivers proved to be a proto-fan who was given tips of second-hand sf books chosen to develop his tastes.

The chance to see the city (lots of bridges) and countryside, whether just to buy heaps and heaps of beer, see people at home and go out for a Thai meal (thanks, Stu and Andi) or to visit museums (thanks – twice! – to Bill and Mary Burns, for the Bellingham American Museum of Radio and Electricity and also for the Museum of History and Industry in the U District). Also, the Pike Place and Pioneer Square areas downtown – for books, microbrews, Wild West underground history, and sheer Real Life. And the chance to find out how helpful the people are. When being touristy with Sandra Bond and myself, Pete Weston bought a book of Seattle photos on the Wednesday before the con, but mislaid it somewhere downtown. On the Tuesday after the con, Sandra and I asked in the Pike Place Brewery on the off-chance they had found it. Not only was it safe in their lost property box, but as we came back up the stairs with it, one of the staff recognised us and

said: "Hey! Did one of you guys leave a book here last week?" Brilliantly spotted!

The weather for the first few days was amazing – and, we are told, Most Unusual. What stunning mountains you have, when you can see them. The Cascades in the east reddening at sunset with the full moon rising over them; and the Olympic range to the west glowing gold at sunrise. Not to mention Mount Rainier – is that where Larry Niven got the idea for the Fist of God? (I know, there's also Mount Fuji...)

Corflu Zed

Great con suite, great beer. (I know, the Corflu Cobalt bid people paid for it, but the Seattle people brewed or imported it. Thanks to all who both paid and helped out. Randy tells me you are listed elsewhere in this zine.) Friendly and cheerful envelope stuffing party on the Thursday night. Slightly chaotic last-minute change to a bus trip to get to the Science Fiction Museum for those of us who elected to go on the Friday, but well worth the trip. Couldn't see the troll under the Aurora Avenue bridge from the bus, as a truck went by the other way. Soddit.

Good turn-out for the Opening Ceremony. Andy's announcement of changes to the GoH Hat process was a bit of a surprise, but welcomed by at least one of the people who asked to take a rain-check on this honour. Corflu Cobalt will certainly have a GoH Hat (though I doubt whether Terry Pratchett will lend us one of his). We have some preliminary thoughts about evolving this further, but comments and suggestions are welcome. Email me please, at cobalt@corflu.org, and I will pass ideas on.

Very well structured programme during Saturday, and the auction went very well. There was so much entertainment in the evening it was almost an overdose; the fact that the final act of Andy's playlet was not performed shows people were tiring and wanting just to hang out with each other. It's Graham Charnock's decision for Corflu Cobalt, but we expect something a bit less intensive.

Webcasting of the events has very quickly become an essential. At Zed, participation by those

who couldn't be there in person added hugely to the fun at both ends of the 'net. Ian Maule is Corflu Cobalt's Webmaster, and is in close touch with other fannish webmasters such as Peter Sullivan and the two Bills (Burns and Mills), who have all done Great Things in developing this new tradition. Email Ian at webcobalt@corflu.org.

At the Banquet, the highlight was the wrasslin' match between Andy H and Jerry K for the Past President of FWA honour. Don't know what would have happened if we'd added a foot and fifteen pounds onto Jerry Kaufman; it wasn't all that close a match! Oh, by the way – a broader choice of savoury eats would have been welcome, but never mind. Perhaps we've been spoilt by the two previous years, where there was a broad range of food. Finally at the Banquet, thank you all for supporting the Corflu Cobalt bid – as well as to that nice Mr Weston for his bizarro alternate bid! He was such fun that I'm not too surprised that about a fifth of the audience voted for him just for a laugh....



*That nice Mr. Weston (r)
Photo by Gary Mattingly*

The baton crosses the Pond

Why is this one Corflu Cobalt? It's the 27th in the series of conventions. For the link between the number 27 and cobalt, ask that nice Mr Mendelev.

I'm only a bit of the Corflu organising group. Pat Charnock is i/c Memberships, and Graham is i/c Programme. John N. Hall brings his accountancy skills as Treasurer, and Linda Krawecka's event organising skills are crucial as she is Site and Hotel Liaison. Ian Maule is Webmaster, Sandra Bond is i/c Publications (Progress Reports at least), and Robert Lichtman is

US Agent. I've been allowed to call myself Chairman, but I'm not sure what that means I should do – whatever no-one else wants, perhaps?

So now the Corflu Cobalt committee are bringing you to Winchester, in the south of England. Not as cosmopolitan as Seattle, but with a venerable history – it was the capital of England when Alfred the Great was King. It's a compact university city with a wide range of restaurants and tourist interest, and our hotel is modern and within easy walking distance of the railway station and city centre.

Bringing Corflu to Britain gives us a great chance to combine the best of the Corflu tradition with British fanzine fandom's own outlook and distinctive creativity. As well as its distinguished history, with zines like Hyphen, Speculation and the Rat and Gannet scene of the Seventies plus Attitude in the nineties, British fanzines are making a major contribution to the sf fan world currently, with Plokta, Banana Wings and the evergreen Ansible all making it onto the Hugo ballots. If, that is, you think the Hugos are worth anything much.... much more importantly, Banana Wings and Pete Weston's Prolapse have won two of the last three Best Fanzine FAAn Awards.

But if you want to have fun at Corflu Cobalt, all you need to do is remember the way British fandom hangs about in hotel bars.... Or goes out to restaurants. Or – gasp! – very rarely, maybe even takes a dip in the pool; there is a fully equipped leisure and fitness centre at the Winchester Hotel. Or goes out and explores the town and countryside. We plan an outing on the Friday – no decisions yet, but current ideas include a restored Iron Age village, or a real ale brewery. Votes or ideas please to cobalt@corflu.org.

We have notes on travel and tourist attractions ready for you, and between now and next March, the committee plan to try out at least some of the best restaurants in Winchester. Oh, the travails we put ourselves through on your behalf....

Traditions and continuity

What about Corflu's traditions, the FAAn Awards and the GoH Hat draw?

We have a confirmed idea for an entirely new category of FAAn Award, which we will be announcing in our first Progress Report. We aren't telling you what it is yet, but when you hear what it is you will think "Why hasn't this been done before?"

Like anything else in life, the GoH Hat is evolving too. Traditionally, at the Opening Ceremony on the Friday evening, the GoH's name is usually drawn out of a hat, from among the convention members. As Corflu is a con where we all get involved, the GoH is then expected to give a presentation at the Banquet on the Sunday.

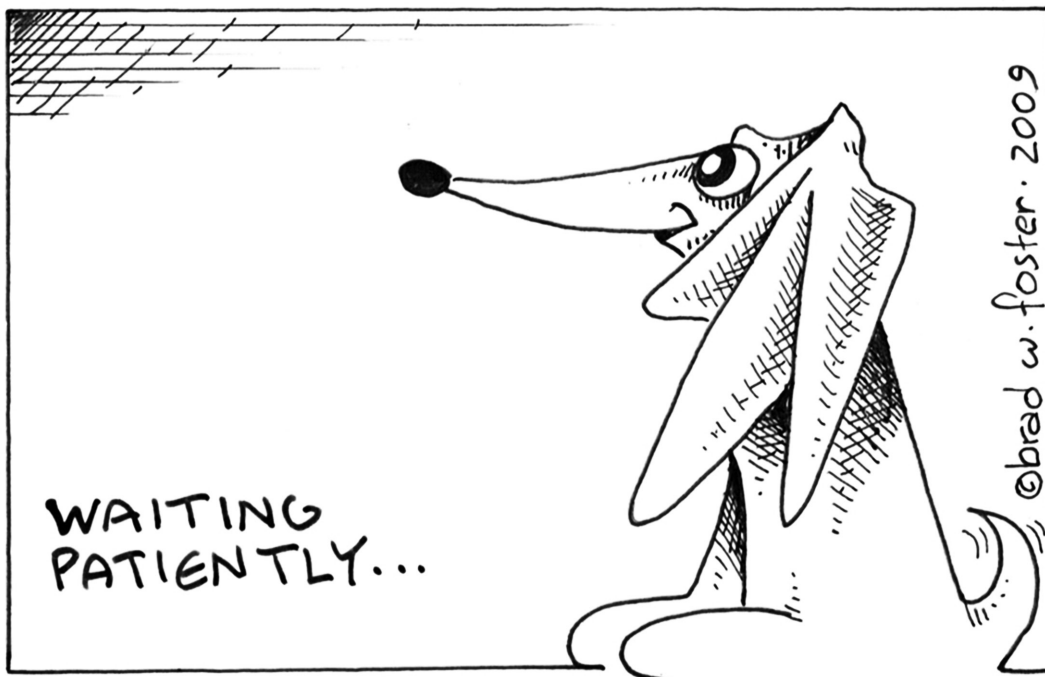
However, this has not been all that welcome for all Corflu members, so people have been allowed to buy their way out of being in the GoH Hat by a payment, of say \$20 – which helps fund con-suite goodies or future Corflus. Most who don't want to risk having to sing for their brunch on the Sunday

have been happy to contribute in this way, but one or two people find this also a bit worrying. So at the 2009 Corflu (Corflu Zed in Seattle) people were allowed to decline even if their name came out of the hat.

We are wondering whether to give a choice of privileges for being GoH – first to the banquet brunch, or a few other similar ideas yet to be confirmed; and a choice of responsibilities to help out the con in some way (including the traditional speech as an option, but with other choices also yet to be confirmed – some of which may depend on the talents of the particular GoH).

But if you really don't want to be in the hat, we are still going to let you buy your way out – though at a reduced cost compared to recent years. Comments and ideas welcome please; write to cobalt@corflu.org.

Finally – see you in Winchester! Don't forget – March 19th-21st 2010, the Winchester Hotel. See the Corflu Cobalt flyer with this fanzine for more details including how to join up.



This Never Happened

by Ian Sorensen

I'm not sure whether to apologize or say you're welcome. Because I failed to procure the keyboard I had promised Ian, this song didn't happen. --Randy

Randy Byers in a recent Chunga said that he lost his sense-a-wunda
Frank Lunney said that it's alright, all you need is have a smoke with Ted White

It Never Happened, It Never Happened
But if it happens, you'll read about it in my zine.

Pete Weston has a new fanzine, to prove he's not an old has-been
Prolapse, his latest invention, paid for by his old age pension

It Never Happened, It Never Happened
But if it happens, you'll read about it in my zine.

Write and type and duplicate
Print and fold and then collate
Pub your ish, it's good for you
Get yourself some egoboo!

Andy Hooper does a rave review. So what, you say, that's nothing new
He said it can't be missed, but it was just Craig's List

It Never Happened, It Never Happened
But if it happens, you'll read about it in my zine.

Chris Garcia on a worldcon webpage said a Reno win would be an outrage
Patty Wells said it will so too. Nah Nah Nah and yah boo sucks to you

It Never Happened, It Never Happened
But if it happens, you'll read about it in my zine.

Rob Jackson has a master plan, to prove that he's a super fan
His battle flag's unfurled: today Corflu and tomorrow the World

It Never Happened, It Never Happened
But if it happens, you'll read about it in my zine.
It Never Happened, It Never Happened
But if it happens, you'll read about it in my zine.

Herding Cries

by Mark Manning

I just got home, late on the day of the deadline for the CorfluZed Regression Report, only to find that this date is that day, if you follow my drift. It was certainly a delicious day, spent largely at Yamhill County wineries southeast of Portland, tasting Pinot Noirs.

On the way home, I heard a song on the radio that I hadn't heard since I regularly sang it to Thoroughbred race horses at Keeneland race track in Kentucky, a zillion years ago. Thoroughbreds are skittish and hyper and ADD and a whole lot bigger than you are, Meyer, so if you find a good calm song that works on them, you're going to use it. "Many fish bites if yuh got good bait/Hyah's a little tip I would lika relate/Many fish bites if yuh got good bait/I'm a-goin fishin/Mama goin fishin/An yuh baby goin fishin too." A nice old blues song, which I learned off of a Taj Mahal album. It always calms down even the most fractious stallions, puts them in a nice orderly zone.

All except for one day, when a KKK-er at my stable discovered I was in the NAACP Youth, and tied a stallion with what's aptly called a "bucking strap." I lost control of a million-dollar stallion as a result, and in the aftermath a certain fascist stable groom lost

his job. Why? Because you can't fuck around with a moneymaker. It's important to keep them composed, under control, in good order.

Which is a lot more than I can say for the CRYgang. These guys -- Buz & Elinor Busby, Wally Weber, and Burnett Toskey, plus sometimes Bill Austin, G.M. Carr, Blotto Otto Pfeifer, and Gordon Eklund, as well as a few lesser known figures -- are, were, and should be recognized as the most unherdable of unherdable cats.

You might not expect that. Look, these guys churned out issue after fat monthly issue of CRY OF THE NAMELESS (which they later shortened to just CRY without taking note of the fact, or explaining why they'd done it). You might expect that this superhuman effort could only be accomplished by a tight cadre of fanatics of some sort. But while I probably wouldn't argue about their fanzine faaanish intensity, bordering -- let's face it -- on fanaticism of what I'd say was a wholly benign variety, a tight cadre was exactly what they wasn't. Erm, weren't.

Nope, the average CRYganger is anything but average. He or she is instead a one-off, with habits and opinions unrelated to those of their family background, workmates, or society at large. The

CRYganger can't be bullied, cajoled, snowed, duped, or browbeaten into doing anything at all, unless she or he jolly well wants to do it of their own accord. There is not a song I could possibly sing that could ever under any circumstances bring them into line, Meyer.

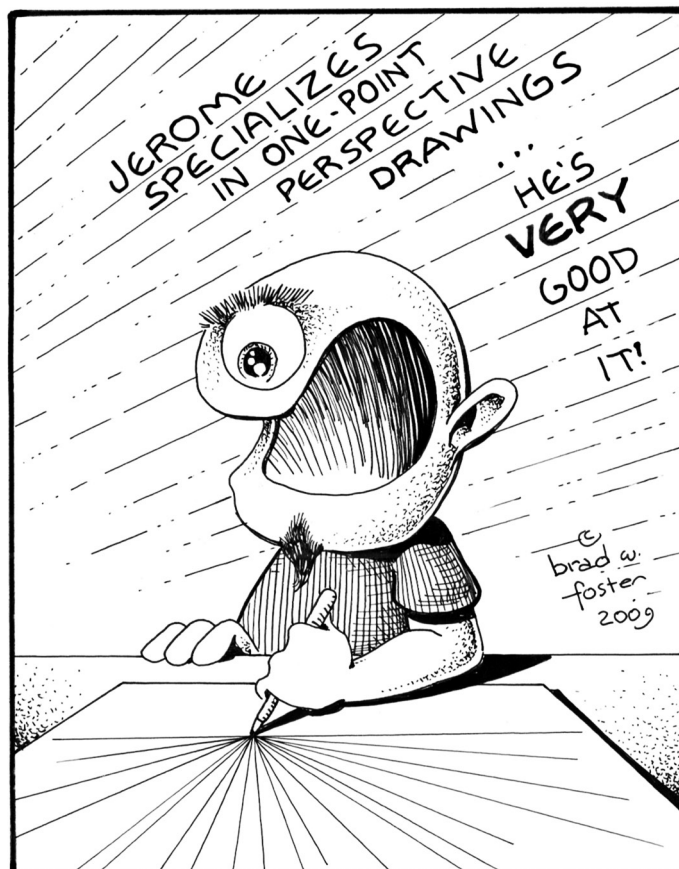
It's a joy that, when I adopted them as a key part of my fannish surrogate family some years back, they didn't toss me out onto the curb. It's a privilege that they entrusted me with their archives of CRY (mostly Elinor) and their stories about the CRY years (mostly Elinor, Burnett, and Wally) when it came time to edit CRY: THE BELOVED ANTHOLOGY for CorfluZed. And it's a pleasure that I was able to call on their advice when selecting and editing down the 13000 or so extant pages of CRY into that 100 page anthology.

But it was as hard to organize all that as it would have been to herd twenty dozen Siamese cats across the Great Plains from Wyoming to Abilene.

I only hope that this reaches Randy before he pulls the plug on taking late submissions for the CorfluZed Regression Report. Technically, it's still the night of the deadline, after all. I mean, I'm putting myself in your shoes, Randy. If I were you and you got this submission late, what would my advice be?

Hyah's a little tip I would lika relate
Many fish bites if yuh got good bait
I'm a-goin fishin
Mama goin fishin
An yuh baby goin fishin too.

10:00 PM, June 6, 2009



In Corflu Yet Green

25 years of the convention for fanzine fans,
as preserved in the pages of fanzines.

with your host, Andy Hooper

One of the common rituals of almost all human subcultures is the pilgrimage. Even when people are equipped with all the elements of a successful, prosperous, happy life, they still frequently feel the need to travel to distant locations, only to do many of the same things that they did at home, and in the company of the same sort of people. A pilgrim seeks to reinforce their own values by remaining faithful to them through the privation of a challenging journey, and hopes that by sharing the experience with others, their ideas and beliefs will gain greater acceptance. But in practice, the shared experience of the journey itself creates another category of being; the fellowship of the road. By traveling across the country to see them, we affirm the importance of our fannish friends, and temporarily band together with them to form the fleeting and fantastic country of Corflu.

Because Corflu is for so many the “most fannish” experience they can imagine, it has been a perennially popular topic for fanzine articles. In fact, one of the most useful “litmus tests” that one can devise for the definition of a member of so-called “Core Fandom” is this: Has the potential “Core Fan” ever written a Corflu report? Even for a virtual

neofan, Corflu’s potential is enormous.

I drove up to Minneapolis for Corflu 6 with Jeanne and Karl in my car. On the way out of town I picked up Nevenah Smith’s fanzine *Life, Love and Art*, containing my first fanzine piece (Aside from the participation in two oneshots.)

We got to the con where there were *so many people* I knew and wanted to talk to. On Saturday night I saw future Wiscon Guest-of-Honor Emma Bull getting a soda out of the bathtub. I wanted to tell her how happy I was she had accepted, how now she could afford to fly and circumvent the car breakdowns that had plagued her the past year. But before I could get a word out, she said, “Oh Hope, I read your piece in Nevenah’s zine. It was wonderful!”

I turned Bright Red: Emma Bull was the first person to say anything about my fan writing. After I recovered, I was able to gush as I originally intended.”

– Hope Kiefer, *Cube #38*

The same convention can be the completion of a journey decades in the making:

“Chuchy, you’ll love it,” said Rob Hansen; “The first convention you’ve been to without me,” said Arthur Thomson. “It’s a fantastic, momentous experience,” said Walter himself. “Enjoy it and remember everything that happens so that you can write it all up afterwards,” said Vinc Clarke.

“And it was, and I did – and this is the result. “
– **Chuch Harris, Q 23**

This intense anticipation is a common element in many Corflu reports. Corflu has elicited amazing expressions of enthusiasm; any Las Vegas fan who was part of that club’s first Corflu can be reduced to hysterics by reciting the self-important phrase “Because This Is The Year Of The Corflu.” Everyone has their own way of preparing for the convention, and some are deeply unusual:

Like any experienced con-goer, I planned to get a good night’s sleep. I managed a full two or three hours before Dancer’s pleas marked the beginning of a new day. “Don’t forget me!” he cried into my ear, “I am coming with you, aren’t I?” Dancer adores trips, but had worried for weeks.

To all appearances, he simply didn’t belong at Corflu. (For those of you who haven’t met him, Dancer resembles a rabbit hand-puppet. He’s actually a corruptible party rabbit with a smart mouth, Deep and Sincere feelings, and an inordinate fondness for having people stick their hands up his ass.) The only thing to do was to give him a brief reassurance and pack him in the top of my tote, with his ears and front paws sticking out.

– **Geri Sullivan, Rune #75**

Others fans have distinctly lower expectations of the con:

“If the omens were to be believed, this year’s Corflu was going to be a disaster. Ominous rumors were floating about: the hotel was terrifically overpriced, and had no amenities (no restaurant – not even a coffee shop). Publicity from Bob Webber, the con-chair, was conspicuously absent – no Progress Reports were ever published and the first on-line information was not posted to the fannish lists until late last fall, after some public grumbling had made itself heard. “Is anyone going?” was a common question.”

– **Ted White, Quasiquote, 2001**

Of course, Ted was never one of those unnamed people who contemplated bowing out on the Boston Corflu of 2001. He has a perfect attendance record which we were happy to see him continuing at Corflu Zed. But even those who attend just one Corflu usually have strong opinions on how it should be:

“At Corflu, I looked for more action, more happenings, and more debate. I also, incidentally, would have liked an auction that was more useful to new, inexperienced (and *poor*) fans. I don’t know if I’ll be able to make it to the New York Corflu next year. But I do think their ideas look more promising, and hope that other fans help them with all kinds of suggestions. Just think: Fanzine readings in the NY Subway; exhibitions of different kinds of Corflu; discussions about the torture of neofans; typer throwing competitions; a Corflu APA; a betting shop for the next TAFF race; a forum debate on the impossibility of fandom; at least 25 Scandinavian fan editors present Hoh!”

– **Johan Schimanki, Cube #38**

The quality and quantity of Corflu’s programming is surprisingly central to many fan’s convention reports, particularly given Corflu’s often relaxed attitude toward the subject:

“There was a program, but a small one. A panel on whether fannish and sercon fanzine fans could get along was spoiled by there being no sercon fen in the room (except for me). Far better was *The Booze Brothers*, a very silly musical by Ian Sorensen, which was sort of a fannish amalgam of *The Blues Brothers* and *Yes, Minister*. The cast, headed by Sorensen and John Harvey as Jake and Elwood Booze, had a good time wearing goofy hats and fooling around with inflatable guitars. Cast members included Moshe Feder, Frank Lunney, Mike Scott, and Pete Weston. Special kudos go to Claire Brialey, in real life a senior British civil servant, for her portrayal of “Sir Humphrey.”

– **Martin Morse Wooster, *File 770*, 2002**

Corflu is a venue for meetings; many people connect with old friends from their fannish youth, while others come to put a face to the name on the mailing label, as in this Corflu Leeds interlude:

“Downstairs things were pretty much as before - Americans milling about in the lobby but few people in the bar. We ordered pints of Beamish Black and fell into conversation with Steve Swartz and Jae Leslie Adams. There were other people about who I suspected I might well know by name but whose faces were a mystery. James and I tried to guess who was who (and failed miserably - we had Greg Pickersgill down as a definite American).”

– **Mark McCann, *Gotterdamung*, 1998**

For the aspiring fan historian, Corflu has been a unique resource, where different generations of fans have met on equal footing. The exchange of treasures like old fanzines and photos are a frequent occurrence, as in this account of a meeting with Dean Grennell at the 1992 Corflu in Hawthorne, California:

“It turned out that he’d brought the front half of maybe the most famous single issue of any fanzine ever published, Joel Nydahl’s *Vega* annish from 1953. For those of you who haven’t heard of the *Vega* annish, it’s famous

for its contents, but even more so for what happened to Nydahl afterwards. That issue of *Vega* was intended to celebrate its first anniversary of publication, and as a result ran to over 100 pages. Nydahl went all-out to get good material for the issue, and succeeded; the table of contents reads like a who’s who of 1950s fandom: Walt Willis, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Harlan Ellison, Terry Carr, Lynn Hickman, Charles Wells, Juanita Wellons (now Coulson), Bob Tucker, Dean Grennell, Bob Silverberg, Redd Boggs, Bob Bloch, and more. The cover is three-color mimeo with tight registration. It’s a truly impressive fan publication, even if we only have the first half of it. As for Nydahl, he spent so much time and money on the issue, he completely burned out and dropped out of sight, never to return. The affliction became known as Nydahl’s Disease, otherwise known as *annishia gafiatus*.”

– **Nicki Lynch, *Mimosa* #12**

The exchange of fanzines – and the fanzine auction, although typically not created with poor fans in mind – frequently figures prominently in a Corflu report:

“A TAFF auction followed, with fans bidding furiously on such treasures as the final issue of SLANT (which brought \$50), and a copy of HYPHEN #21 (for which Tom Perry parted with \$111 to obtain). In a fundraiser for Gary Farber, Ted White outbid Tom Perry for a complete run of Walt Liebscher’s CHANTICLEER, in mint condition. The bidding was quite intense. After bids had been going up \$5-\$10 at a crack, Ted raised a bid by only \$2. “A chickenshit bid from Ted White,” announced Patrick Nielsen-Hayden. “What a smooth style you have, Patrick,” quipped Ted.”

– **Geri Sullivan, *Rune* #75**

But the single subject most universally discussed in every Corflu report is food. Even though Corflu has sometimes lacked every other structure or

event commonly associated with science fiction conventions, it always has a food function that every member is expected to attend. Terry Floyd explained the original reason for this in a piece titled **“Creativity, Corflu & Busines Systems Management”**:

“Despite Corflu’s structure as a relaxacon, we let the hotel persuade us into arranging the obligatory banquet. Depending on the con, a food function can be either a blessing or a curse, but because they’re so financially lucrative for the hotel, the sales director will almost always bend over backwards to get a committee to schedule one (some hotels even require it in the contract). A food function can be advantageous to a con when the hotel is willing to give a break on the room rental, and the Claremont offered us their Horizon Room on Sunday of the con at no charge under the condition, of course, that we sold at least one hundred twenty-five \$11.50/plate chicken crepe dinners, the cheapest item on the menu. By including the banquet price in our membership fee, we’d save money on our function space and be able to present our OGhu fanzine “achievement” awards in an appropriately preposterous setting. This would work out fine provided that (a) we could get 125 fanzine fans to come to Berkeley and (b) the price on the dinners would remain stable. The banquet, you see, was considered by the hotel as a separate function, and was under the jurisdiction of the catering department rather than

convention sales; therefore, the price was a verbal quotation not stated in the contract and was, furthermore, subject to change. Guess what the catering department did to us three months before the con?”

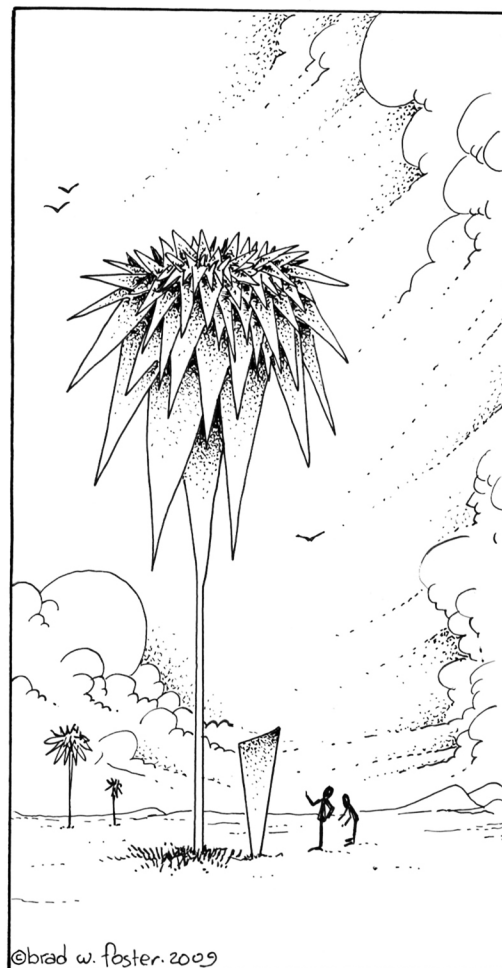
– Terry Floyd, *Larrikin*, 1984

So the food function has been an unusually tasty albatross around the convention’s neck from its very inception. But food has also been the convention’s saving grace at times, such as the tiny Florida Corflu of 1999:

“While some of us went to dinner, the rest of the con pigged out on 60 pounds of Appalachicola oysters. Cheryl taught several people the art of shucking. Since I had gone out with Art, Suzanne, Edie, Hope and George to Merganthal’s Restaurant which served fabulous crab cakes and delicious grouper, we couldn’t really complain. Art says that he rates all seafood restaurants by their crab cakes and has tried them all over the world. Merganthal’s receives his highest recommendation -- he ranked it in his “Top 3”.

“Saturday we all went out to a state park on the beach for the BBQ and had silliness building sand castle structures in a landscape capped by Carrie’s elaborate castle and John’s all encompassing wall. Joyce created a canyon-like structure and Don kept building outposts to confound John’s wall building. The rest of us were busy trying to keep frisbees and rockets from demolishing the Sand World.”

– Joe D. Siclari, *File 770*, 1999



IT'S DANGEROUS WHEN THE
LEAVES FALL AROUND HERE.

Dinner expeditions at Corflu often have special attributes entirely apart from the quality of the dining experience they offer:

“We headed for dinner at a vegetarian place. I’d never have chosen a Veg joint, but it turned out to be really good. We had a fine series of conversations, ending up with Marie asking Frank to draw a picture on her badge.

Frank: What should I draw? I’ve been drawing dinosaurs lately, so I wanna do something with Dinosaurs.

Chris: It’s obvious, isn’t it? Dinosaurs fighting penguins.

Frank went to work and produced three penguins taking on some bipedal dinosaur. After a few minutes:

Frank: Hey Chris, who wins?

Chris: When Penguins fight Dinosaurs, we all win, Frank. We all win.”

– **Chris Garcia, *The Drink Tank* #10**

Food has also made its way into the program. First, Minneapolis had its ballistic food function, the Apa Twinkie Toss:

“Yes, I bear sad news. Our local Turbo-Charged Party Animal Apa, represented at the Toss by Andy, Jerry Kaufman and myself, performed with its usual panache, but failed to win first place. There were 15 apas present, about 40 people, and quite a bit more spirit and imagination than was exhibited by the morose crowd at the First, held at Minicon in April. The top finisher was ApaTech, represented solely by David Levine, who had The Touch; his score was 22.0. FAPA came in a surprising third, with 8.8, after a first round score of 0. The Turboapa, in second place after the first round, finished in eighth, with a 5.7 average. Andy stunned onlookers when he backed up several yards behind the foul line, homer hanky tied on his head, and literally fast-pitched the twinkie through the target. Ever the Anglophile,

I put too much “English” on my second Twinkie; the thing lodged in the 69 point slot for a breathless second before physics got the better of it and it fell back without quite passing through the opening. A footnote to the Toss: after the two rounds were finished, most participants had worked themselves into such a frenzy that almost no one left. They kept lining up at the line tossing and hurling and pitching and lobbing until all the twinkie foam and cream was spent!

– **Spike, *Cube* #32**

And a Food Network TV show was the inspiration for a program at Corflu 2000:

“The Saturday night program item was called Iron Faned: a takeoff on the Iron Chef cult television show that features a challenger taking on the ‘iron chef’ and having to make dishes that feature a secret ingredient. The ‘iron faneds’ in the competition were an American team consisting of Ulrika O’Brien, Jae Leslie Adams, Bill Bodden, Mark Manning, and Stu Shiffman. The challengers were members of the *Plokta* cabal: Pam Wells, Alison Scott, Mike Scott, Steven Cain, Marianne Cain, and an inflatable Wisconsin dairy cow.

“The secret ingredient was ‘salmon.’ Both teams managed to produce impressive 6-page fanzines in just one hour, with running color commentary during the process by Paul Kincaid, Maureen Kincaid Speller, Geri Sullivan, and Lucy Huntzinger. The amazing David Levine was the host, complete with a baroque outfit like the host of the real show wears, and comedy bios of all the participants.

“The defending American team produced a very good fanzine given the time limit, with a really great title: *Roe vs. Wabe*. The British contingent had prepared some material ahead of time, including guest articles, and their zine had better production values as a result. (It featured, among other things, parody

book titles including 'The Immortal Spawn by Salmon Moskowitz'.) The British team won the challenge."

– **Janice Gelb, *File 770*, 2000**

Of course the official food function itself is really no more than excuse to gather everyone together for several of Corflu's habitual observations:

"Sunday brought the traditional Banquet at noon, which turned out to be a very good buffet. Denys Howard gave his Toastmaster's speech, to the delight of toastslaves around the room. Gary Farber then gave his speech, which was constructed in mix-and-match modules, rather like a set of Tupperware canisters. It involved flipcharts and buzzers, though, and he lost me entirely a time or two. Let's just say I had trouble matching lids and containers, and never did find the lid to the 2 cup round. Ted White conducted the election for past president of FWA (Fanwriters of America). For some reason we had two to elect. Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas (two-fifths of the editorship of *FUCK THE TORIES*) were elected for 1986, and Stu Shiffman for 1987. Stu had already left in the airport shuttle, but got the news from Jeanne at the airport later. (His flight was eventually canceled, but Stu was so pleased to have been honored as FWA past prez, that he hardly minded coming back to the hotel for more partying.)"

– **Spike, *Cube #32***

That first Seattle Corflu was unique in having a Guest of Honor chosen in advance of the convention. At every other edition of Corflu, the Guest of Honor has had their name drawn from a hat at random, just as happened earlier this evening. Corflu One participant David Bratman explained it like this:

"The theory is that, outside of the increasingly class-stratified world of major conventions, within fanzine fandom we are all equals, and we are all friends. Each of us is known to the

others, and each of us is worthy to be Guest of Honor at Corflu. And this theory has been verified in practice. Every Corflu GoH has proved a worthy choice, most of them were at least reasonably well-known in our small world, and those few relatively little-known fans who found their names drawn from the hat -- Barnaby Rapoport, Jae Leslie Adams, Gary Hunnewell -- made their reputations on the spot with brilliant and effective speeches, bringing themselves the reputations they deserved. And that too verifies the theory, because good fan writers can, and always have, sprung up spontaneously. Of course we honor our fancestors and BNFs, and our neos have to learn our customs, but anyone who does learn and honor our customs is welcome here, anyone who wants to is likely to feel welcome, and once they do, they're on the same level as everybody else."

– **David Bratman, *Apparatchik #78***

Corflu's peripatetic career across North America, with so far just one detour to Europe, has exposed fanzine fandom to many new and unfamiliar experiences. For example, our frequent forays to Las Vegas have made many members more familiar with gambling:

"The closest I got to gambling was going on the casino tour with Linda Bushyager. Linda lives in Las Vegas and knows enough about casino gambling to be able to offer credible advice. Future members of Gamblers Anonymous Tony Parker, Judy Bemis, Speer and Widner, listened intently as Linda in detail explained how to play craps, which was the best model of slot machine of the hundreds in the room, etc. I asked Tony the next day if he had won enough money using Linda's advice to pay for attending Corflu. Tony declared otherwise.

Don Fitch however was doing fantastically well Saturday evening at a gambling machine as I and Janice Morningstar and Laurraine Tutihasi

followed our volunteer chauffeur, Billy Pettit, to his car. Too bad Don was playing a penny slot machine.”

– **Murray Moore, *Corflu Blackjack*, 2004**

For so many, the challenges of simply making it to Corflu have been so daunting that these dominate their accounts of the convention:

“Because of the snow, he had had to travel from Birmingham to Mark and Claire’s place in Croydon and get to Gatwick for a 9 am flight, then having to wait 5 hours in Houston and, as it turned out, get the same flight to Austin as Graham and myself. Then we boarded. Peter, Claire, and Mark were five rows ahead. We could have thrown bread rolls at them, but the flight itself was too short for them to serve anything more than orange juice. However the flight itself wasn’t the time-consuming part. On the internal flights, people were I am sure carrying on more and bigger bags than they were supposed to. The flight attendants spent 20 minutes playing an extensive and very stressful game of musical bags, just to get everything to fit into the overhead lockers.

“Then we had to take off.... There was a heavy, near thundery shower cloud to the south-east of the airport, and apparently they were restricted from their usual three parallel take-off runways, and were only using one at a time. We spent 50 minutes taxiing, and I counted 30 planes taking off ahead of us. As we took off, I counted a further 16 planes in the queue waiting their turn. As Houston to Austin is only 124 miles, Graham’s question summed it up brilliantly:

“Are we going to fly to Austin, or drive there?”

– **Rob Jackson, *The Return of the Native*, 2007**

Others facing the same travel crises, sadly must resort to surrealism:

“Just then my fingers started cramping. Help me, I pleaded with Rob. I’m sorry I can’t help

you, he said, because as I have said before I am a head doctor, not a finger doctor. Never mind, I said, look *The Prestige* is showing as one of the in-flight movies. We eagerly plugged ourselves in and juggled with every control given to us to try and get some sound to play. But no luck. Later it transpired that we were in the only bank of three seats in the plane where no sound was available. We complained to the flight attendants but they just laughed and didn’t even offer us free drinks, let alone sex in the toilets. In fact drinks were charged at \$5.00 each. Fortunately I had brought enough spare change to allow me to get insensible, whilst remaining apparently cogent, so as not to get me thrown off the plane. Remind me to fly British Airways next time.”

– **Graham Charnock, *An Old Cat in Texas*, 2007**

Finally, while many conventions have settled into an ossified torpor, Corflu has continued to innovate and find new ways to involve people in its celebration of fanactivity. Now, fans can attend Corflu through the use of the Virtual Fan Lounge, without ever leaving the comfort of their computer desks. Perhaps this will shortly lead to a condition where every fan can write a Corflu report, as did John Purcell in 2008:

“A special award was created by the virtual attendees - courtesy of Curt Phillips, who instigated it, and none of us stood in his virtual way - and e-mailed it to Vegas, where it was presented to Bill and Roxanne Mills. A mighty roar went up from not only the actual attendees but from the virtual audience as well. Part of me found this very exciting. At one point on Sunday, 22 fans were logged in from around the world; at least one, James Bacon, was able to watch the FAAn awards and speeches in bed. We are living in a science fiction world.”

– **John Purcell, *File 770*, 2008**

While the Mimeo Rested

by Jerry Kaufman

John Berry, Suzanne Tompkins, and I presented a panel at Corflu Zed, “Seattle Fanzine Renaissance.” It inevitably focused on our publishing exploits, but I had planned to reminisce about all the other things we did, projects we undertook, and fun we had together. For instance, back then, like now, we talked about ways to get more fans involved with fanzine publishing. Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Don Keller, and others developed the idea of starting a book discussion club. They thought that it could draw in new faces, folks who wanted to meet other people to talk about science fiction and fantasy. Then these bright young things could gradually be introduced to the idea of fandom and zines.



Seattle Fanzine Renaissance panel
Photo by Gary Mattingly

The first meeting took place around 1982 (all copies of the newsletters I found while researching the Corflu panel are buried again, so I don’t have the exact date). I think the venue was Patrick and

Teresa’s apartment in the University District. We developed a basic set of guidelines, and named the group Babble 17, after Delany’s novel *Babel-17*. The “17” was the day of the month on which meetings would take place; this avoided the usual problem that not all interested people could attend if we always picked the same day of the week to gather.

Of course, the club soon veered from its original purpose, and discussion became the sole reason for Babble 17’s continued existence. Patrick began a newsletter, *It’s Only Talk* to preserve a rough summary of each discussion, and to advise people of the next book to be examined. Many people followed Patrick’s editorship, Don Keller handling the self-imposed job for the longest run to my knowledge. (The mimeo rested because *IOT* was photocopied.) The club lasted many years after the original members either moved or lost interest.

Another excuse to get together was softball. This was Karrie Dunning’s idea; she was one of the group’s biggest baseball fanatics. (Steve Bieler and Don Keller were others.) We usually were able to field two teams of seven players; they came not only from the ranks of Vanguard party attendees but from the Northwest Science Fiction Society,

a household called Starbase and its friends, and a writers' workshop that predated Clarion West. Unlike book discussions, this required physical activity, and more than one person left the game with sprains or even broken bones.

Like Babble 17, the softball games had their own newsletter, published by Steve, and entitled *Lower Back Pain*. (Like *It's Only Talk*, LBP was photocopied, so the mimeo was still resting.) It listed players, scores, schedules, and injuries. Supposedly played by a league called, sometimes, Slugfest and other times the Capitol Hill Baseball Association, the games took place on a lot near the Broadway Performance Hall on, naturally, Capitol Hill. Karrie was listed as Commissioner. We played during spring and summer, from 1983 to 1985, so far as I can tell.

Our biggest, and most memorable, undertaking was the staging of a dramatic version of *The Enchanted Duplicator* by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw. At this remove I no longer remember whose idea this was. The reason we decided on it was ostensibly that Bob Shaw was to be the Guest of Honor at the 1982 Norwescon. He was being honored for his professional science fiction writing, but we wanted to honor his fan writing as well.

I think our deeper reasons were that we wanted to work together on a big project, and some of us wanted to put our drama chops to work. Shelley Dutton, our director, in particular had a lot of training and experience in theater, and as she didn't know a lot about fannish history or tradition, probably saw this as a way of cementing her friendships with people who'd been soaked in the fan thing for years. Gary Farber, Shelley, and I worked at trimming and shaping TED into something that could work on a stage. It's full of narrative and description, and light on dialog. We decided to keep a fair amount of narrative, assigning parts to Patrick and Teresa as the alternating Narrators.

The starring role of Jophan went to Gary; we could not imagine a more fitting embodiment of the character who searches for the Enchanted Duplicator. The rest of the parts went to such mainstays of Seattle fandom as Suzle, Anna Vargo, Cliff Wind, Kate Schaefer, Karrie Dunning, Tamara

Vining and a few people who were very much a part of our group at the time but who have disappeared from Seattle and fandom, Misha Mazzini and Mathew Davison. (Nearly everyone played multiple parts.) A few other people acted as drivers, stage crew, understudies and voices from the audience.

I don't remember the many rehearsals, except for the dress rehearsal. There's a belief, almost a superstition, in theater, that a bad dress rehearsal promises a good first night. In our case, the dress was so bad that it guaranteed our performance at Norwescon would be a success.

To begin with, Gary Farber was ill. He had a urinary tract infection that was so uncomfortable and distracting that he couldn't concentrate for a moment on remembering lines or performing. (I believe that someone, possibly Kate, took him to the emergency room on the day of the dress, leaving from the convention hotel where this final crucial rehearsal was about to start.) This meant that every part had to be shuffled to an understudy. I was Gary's understudy, but certainly didn't know his part well enough to handle it without script in hand.

Steve Bieler was my understudy for several parts (Jophan's father, Disillusion) and Theo Williams for another (Profan), so that meant we had three people who would be walking around the stage with scripts in hand – or just stumbling over lines. Everyone else's timing would be off, too.

Additionally, our audience would not be ideal. Because the convention committee's many volunteers would not be able to attend the convention performance, they opted to attend the dress. We were concerned that they might not get some of the jokes of the script, and supposed (rightly, I think) that they would not be familiar with the source material.

The rehearsal went as badly as we feared. We stumbled, bumbled, missed cues, failed to make laugh lines register. The audience didn't laugh at, or even react to, nearly anything. (We had added a few contemporary fan references, and I think the one that got a laugh both on this night and at the convention, was a mention of Harry Warner.)

The dress rehearsal was during the weekend

previous to Norwescon (Suzle says). A week later, on March 19, everything and everyone was back where they belonged. Antibiotics helped Gary immensely, and he was once more the idealistic, questing Jophan, I was disdainful Disillusion, Suzle was the Spirit of Fandom, and our audience was the convention at large, with Bob Shaw front and center. We hit nearly all our marks, remembered nearly all our lines, and got laughs at most of the places we'd hoped.

There were afterstories. One was a sad saga of the videotapes of our performance. Two stationary video cameras ran during the event, but after the convention we had trouble tracking down the tapes. One eventually surfaced, but it was the one that had

been aimed at the Narrators' podium. So all we could see was either Patrick or Teresa reading from their scripts. Other performers could be heard as from a great distance, and once every ten minutes Gary wandered into view behind the current Narrator. The other tape never surfaced.

And was the mimeo still at rest? No, this time the mimeo was awakened to produce a ten-page program book – edited by Patrick and Teresa, written by Shelley and Gary, with a cover and map of Trufandom by Ross Chamberlain.

As much as the fan publishing we talked about at Corflu Zed, these clubs, games, and projects defined and shaped our particular fannish community of Seattle in the 1980s.

Consuite Report

by Suzanne Tompkins

Having never actually taken on Hospitality before (helped with it in general and as part of my usual Hotel Liaison duties, yes, but not as official person in charge), I was only as good as my co-hosts and our great volunteers who helped immeasurably all weekend. Of course, having a fabulous 1200 sq ft. penthouse suite didn't hurt...as well as the wrap-around 1000 sq ft. deck, which was great on Friday with its fabulous view and not so good by Sunday, when gale-force winds took over.

Carrie Root and Marci Malinowycz co-hosted, co-consulted, and made my job much easier. Marci is also the owner of many useful serving pieces/ implements and mucho paper goods and donated them all for our use. Much thanks to those of you who donated your time and help to make our Con Suite really sing -- Pat Virzi (who handled the morning openings and worked all weekend, Randy Byers (who hosted the late-nights and was generally

immensely helpful), and our best helper, Katie Vick -- and, oh, yes, her parents Amy Thomson and Edd Vick. Also thanks for Jack Bell for lent equipment, ice runs, etc., and the CorfluZed committee folks who all pitched in at some point, with help and food/ beverage contributions.

And finally, our Con Suite Sponsors - Patty Wells/Reno in 2012 who donated chocolate in its many forms, much of it homemade; Bobbi DuFault/ Friends of Seattle Fandom who donated lots of good coffees and peripherals; Rob Latham and the Eaton Collection for the pizza party on Saturday; and the Brits! Rob Jackson et al contributed an enormous quantity of really good beer and several bottles of wonderful single malt scotch (something we certainly could not have afforded to provide), and all of you who helped out, contributed money to our Roscoe kitty, food and drink for our members, and generally made us a success.

Brief Notes on Raising Money for Corflu

by Andy Hooper

Given that Timebinding is one of the primary aspects of the Corflu Culture, I felt like I was a full-time resident of Trufandom for the five months leading up to the convention. Having chosen a better hotel than we could rationally afford, it was very important that the convention find a way to expand its treasury beyond what we could expect to make in memberships. To me, the only logical solution was to go sell a bunch of old fanzines on eBay.

The “collectible economy” has been in steady decline since the dot com bubble popped in 2000. No one expects to get the “Guide price” for anything these days. I was skeptical when I began to list a few fanzines in October of 2008, but very pleasantly surprised by the results. Older items from the 1960s and before tended to get higher bids than recent publications, but truly scarce items – apazines, small-run one-shots, limited-circulation letter substitutes – also sold no matter their age. As with most eBay auctions, the listings would lie untouched for 99% of the auction’s duration, then it would sell in a flurry of automatic bids in the last 10 minutes. I took to shortening the auctions to just 3 days sometimes – the same people seemed to pay the same amounts either way.

A great many of the fanzines that I sold came from the collection of the late Anna Vargo. Selling Anna’s fanzines was like having an extended conversation with her, and a particularly bittersweet experience, since the exchange was by necessity a monolog. People on the committee made donations as well; I sold everything from Randy’s first edition of *Camp Concentration* by Thomas Disch, to a satin-finish Boston Red Sox jacket that did not fit Hal O’Brien, figuratively or physically. But by far the most amazing donation was a crate full of bound *Cult* and *lilapa* mailings, sent to Randy from the Triassic swamps of *Gafia* by Bangs “Scotty” Tapscott. My decision to sell these in public auctions on eBay

occasioned some concern from fans who know how private the material in *lilapa* was supposed to be; by the policies agreed to when they were written, Scotty should have burned the mailings rather than allow them to be read by non-members. Happily, all the mailings were bought by a single generous collector, Grant Geissman. Grant assured me that he had no intention of quoting or reprinting anything contained in the mailings. He ended up attending the convention, and got to meet fans he had only corresponded with in the past, just like we used to do in the proud and lonely days.

People also seemed to enjoy the live auction, and we raised a bit of money for TAFF and the Corflu.org website too. But I had a bit of an epiphany while it was happening. It seems unfortunate that we try to collect significant bids for collectible fanzines on the same weekend that we have asked fans to pay for an expensive hotel room, air or extended car travel, several large, complicated restaurant meals, and probably a T-shirt and other assorted gew-gaws. I was glad that I didn’t have to demand “appropriate” bids for copies of *Hyphen* and *Void* in order to pay for the room. For years, I have heard people complain about the lack of interest shown in “high-end” fanzines at live auctions, but I found no such difficulties with the items I listed online. The one drawback is eBay’s fee system; between 18% and 20% of the money paid by buyers was consumed by eBay fees. Future committees could avoid this by conducting sales or auctions through their own web site, email or even by post. It’s all just another form of correspondence, even if slightly more than a few sticky quarters may be involved these days. And there is an undeniable thrill in seeing two collectors vie for the right to pay you serious money for a smudgy dittoed perzine. In fact you may find it downright addictive – I certainly did!

The Walrus and the Letterhack

with interjections by Randy Byers

Brad Foster

<bwfoster@juno.com>

Got in "Amazed and Corfluzed" #3 today, another great ish of this fanzine... er, progress report... er, progressive fanzineport...

Loved that cover shot. I choose to believe that there actually is a building somewhere with the walrus heads, though I also feel that having a "Z" as well is pushing the bounds of reality. Cool shot.

Did that photo push Dan's wonderful "Walrus Kong" off the cover? I wish Dan had the time to draw for everyone, I can never get enough of his great work.

Fortunately for my bank account (I hope) but unfortunately for things fannish, I've recently gotten my acceptance into a small local arts fest the same weekend as Corflu, so won't be able to dip even into the virtual consuite while it is truly virtual. But will try to check in later, and time travel back to the highlights if they are still up.

A "regress" report? I love it! As usual, with anything in print, I wanna play too. Could you use a couple more bits of filler-weirdness to help with that, or do your plans go otherwise?

Randy: The walrus heads can indeed be found on a building in downtown Seattle: formerly the Arctic Building, now the Arctic Club Hotel. We would have loved to have held Corflu there, but the renovation wasn't finished yet and the hotel would have been

even more expensive than the Hotel Deca. I don't think it's fair to say that the photo pushed Dan's Walrus Kong off the cover. The photo with the added Z was the result of a brilliant collaboration early on in the planning stages for the convention, and I always wanted to use it in a cover for the progress report. Dan's Walrus Kong artwork came unannounced and pretty late to the party. We used the black and white version for the program book, but we liked the color version so much we had to use it *somewhere*. There was a real cornucopia of great artwork to use for convention publications, thanks in no small part to your fine self too.

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke , ON
CANADA M9C 2B2

Dear CorfLoons:

It's the night before the night before, and I've sat on the third AmaZed and CorfluZed long enough. Wish I could be there. There's no fourth issue, unless Luke can be convinced, so off this goes to Luke and Randy, and pass this on to whoever you think might be interested.

You've rolled this ball up the hill, and as did Sisyphus, you'll watch it roll downhill, and see where it lands. You have done what you can; it's up to those who arrive to create the good time with the building blocks you have provided. Grab the credit or shuffle

off the blame, whatever happens

Ah, the SF Museum, the great food, the tours...I shall miss it all, unless you are able to haul some of it in front of the webcam. It's been a while since I was on Ustream, so I might have to learn it all over again. Our votes went out to Hal, hope they arrived, and I shall hope for the best. I have been pestering the fanzine folks in Vancouver to go down and visit you, but that darned economic downturn has hit a lot of us. By the way, the aliens say there's no abductions involved; it's an exchange programme.

Fanzines may not be at the centre of modern fandom, but that just means that we have to try harder. Or be louder about it. It's up to us.

This may be more completing the set than actually responding to the issue at hand, but the con is almost here, and Yvonne and I hope the weekend is an absolute blast. Have the best of times; Randy, the easiest of times in running the show, and I'll see you all virtually on the weekend.

Randy: Thanks, Lloyd — and you too, Yvonne! As you can see, my enhanced persuasion techniques worked on Luke to produce a link between Al-Qaeda and Saddam Hussein in a fourth issue of *AmaZed and CorfluZed*. However, this truly is it, so I'm not going to plead for more LOCs. You indulged my fantasy of running a lettercol in a progress report, so your work here is done. You'll have to admit that you got a nice reward! Or award, as the case may be.

Robert Lichtman
<robertlichtman@yahoo.com>

In your "Letter from the Chair" in A&C No. 3, you "offer public thanks to Andy Hooper" for his mounting that extensive series of fanzine auctions on eBay in recent months, and to the donors and purchasers. Looking at the results for just the last thirty days (all that eBay will make available) I see that more items sold than not, and that in some cases very nice sums were involved. As someone who closely followed the auctions, won a few and lost a few, I also appreciated his effort (and that of the generous donors) and managed to fill in a few corners of my collection.

Nic's piece was a fun, fluffy read. Claire, of course, was much denser. I smiled at her characterization of Seattle as "probably being like California with moose" with a side glance at Meg Ryan's pouting face in *Sleepless*, and wondered if she was right about the coffee probably not being any good at Central Perk. I'm with her, for sure, that "coffee is not a drink that includes milk. Or cream." For me these days, coffee is either store-bought espresso in multiple shots (usually a quad) or super-strong drip coffee (Melitta) made here twice a day when I'm not going out.

Faithfully following Claire's advice, I pulled out my copy of the August 1959 *Cry* and read Terry Carr's "vision of a *Cry* publishing session" in its original habitat. I immediately remembered how much I enjoyed it when I read it back in 1959, and it holds up well fifty years later. One definite perk of going to the source rather than relying on the typo-filled version in *Fandom Harvest* is that one gets to see the lovely Bjo cartoon illustrating the piece with its delightful caricatures of Buz, Elinor, Wally, Burnett and even L. Garcone. The rest of the issue is pretty enjoyable to look over again, too. There are enjoyable pieces by Es Adams and Les Nirenberg—two more or less forgotten but prime fan humorists of the period—and there's even a fanzine review column that I share with rich brown.

It was nice to see "Master of the Monsters" in print yet again, although like Mark Manning the copy in my files is the "mini"-sized (standard U.S. quarto folded in fourths) multigraphed version that Burnett R. Toskey did in 1958. I wasn't previously aware, though, of the original publication in *Cry* No. 93, and appreciate the reproduction of the color ditto illos from that issue.

In your response to Lloyd Penney concerning your "delusion that fanzines have a less central place in modern fandom than they once had," you write that "it's less a question of how many zines there are than of who produces and who reads them and what function they play in the larger community." That's a

continued on page 35

Membership List

for Corflu Zed

The Final List, including One Day (1) and Supporting (S) Members

The Other Karen Anderson (1)
 Anonymous on the Internet
 Anonymous on the Internet 2 (S)
 Lenny Bailes
 Tom Becker
 Jack William Bell
 Tracy Benton
 Joe Berman
 John D. Berry
 Bill Bodden
 Sandra Bond
 In remembrance of Bill Bowers (S)
 Jeanne Bowman
 David Bratman
 Claire Brialey
 Bill Burns
 Mary Burns
 Elinor Busby
 Linda Bushyager
 Ron Bushyager
 Randy Byers
 Allyn Cadogan
 Sharee Carton (S)
 Jim Caughran (S)
 Graham Charnock
 Pat Charnock
 Chris Wrdrnd
 Rich Coad
 Teresa Cochran
 Catherine Crockett
 Linda Deneroff
 Michael Dobson
 Bobbie DuFault

Lise Eisenberg
 Gordon Eklund
 Bobbie Farey
 Nic Farey
 Don Fitch (S)
 Terry Floyd
 Aileen Forman
 Ken Forman
 Chris French
 Chris Garcia
 Grant Geissman
 Gerald Gieseke (1)
 Don Glover
 Mike Glycer
 Eileen Gunn
 Glenn Hackney
 John Hertz (S)
 Colin Hinz
 Marilyn Holt
 Andy Hooper
 Denys Howard
 Kim Huett (S)
 Rob Jackson
 Mary Kay Kare (1)
 Jerry Kaufman
 Earl Kemp
 Jay Kinney
 Druh Kolyr
 Rob Latham
 Ruth Leibig (S)
 Hope Leibowitz
 David D. Levine
 Robert Lichtman

Eric Lindsay (S)
 Frank Lunney
 Marci Malinowycz
 Mark Manning
 Gary Mattingly
 Malinda McFadden (1)
 Julie McGuff
 Luke McGuff
 Petrea Mitchell
 Mary Ellen Moore
 Murray Moore
 Chip Morningstar
 Janice Morningstar
 Hal O'Brien
 Ulrika O'Brien
 Jim O'Meara (S)
 Dave O'Neill (1)
 Lloyd Penney (S)
 Yvonne Penney (S)
 Patty Peters
 Curt Phillips
 Mark Plummer
 Carrie Root
 Alan Rosenthal
 Nigel Rowe (S)
 Kate Schaefer
 Jeff Schalles (S)
 Stacy Scott
 Stu Shiffman
 Andy Smith
 Craig Smith (1)
 Ian Sorensen
 Dan Steffan

Lynn Steffan
 Elaine Stiles
 Steve Stiles
 Ian Stockdale (S)
 Geri Sullivan
 Peter Sullivan (S)
 James Taylor
 Katrina Templeton (S)
 Amy Thomson (1)
 Suzle Tompkins
 Audrey Trend

Gregg Trend
 Tobes Valois
 Edd Vick (1)
 Katy Vick (1)
 Tamara Vining (1)
 Madeline Virzi
 Pat Virzi
 Michael Waite (S)
 Damien Warman
 Bob Webber (S)
 Wally Weber

Patty Wells
 Linda Wenzelburger
 Peter Weston
 Ted White
 Art Widner
 Janet Wilson
 Clifford R. Wind
 Juliette Woods
 Bill Wright (S)
 Kate Yule
 Joel Zakem (S)

The Walrus and the Letter Hack, cont'd

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hard one, since as Arnie so graphically depicted in his revised *Trufen's Advisor* there are many layers to all of today's fandom, as well as many little nooks and crannies in which various coteries of fans aggregate, and with varying degrees of overlap between them (and in some cases, none). I imagine that for the median contemporary worldcon attendee fanzines are a very small part of their fannish experience. Some may read none at all, and yet because of that we can't write them off as Not Really Fans. Lloyd is right that paper fanzines appear now to be in the minority, but the form fanzines take is less germane to your argument than whether fanzines are needed at all anymore to maintain fandom. For the likes of me and most if not all Corflu attendees, the answer would be yes; but step outside our little corner and the perception might be different. Is perception, in the final analysis, reality? That's a nice cosmic note on which to end.

Randy: Indeed it is, and on that note I think I'll just fade into the ether ...

