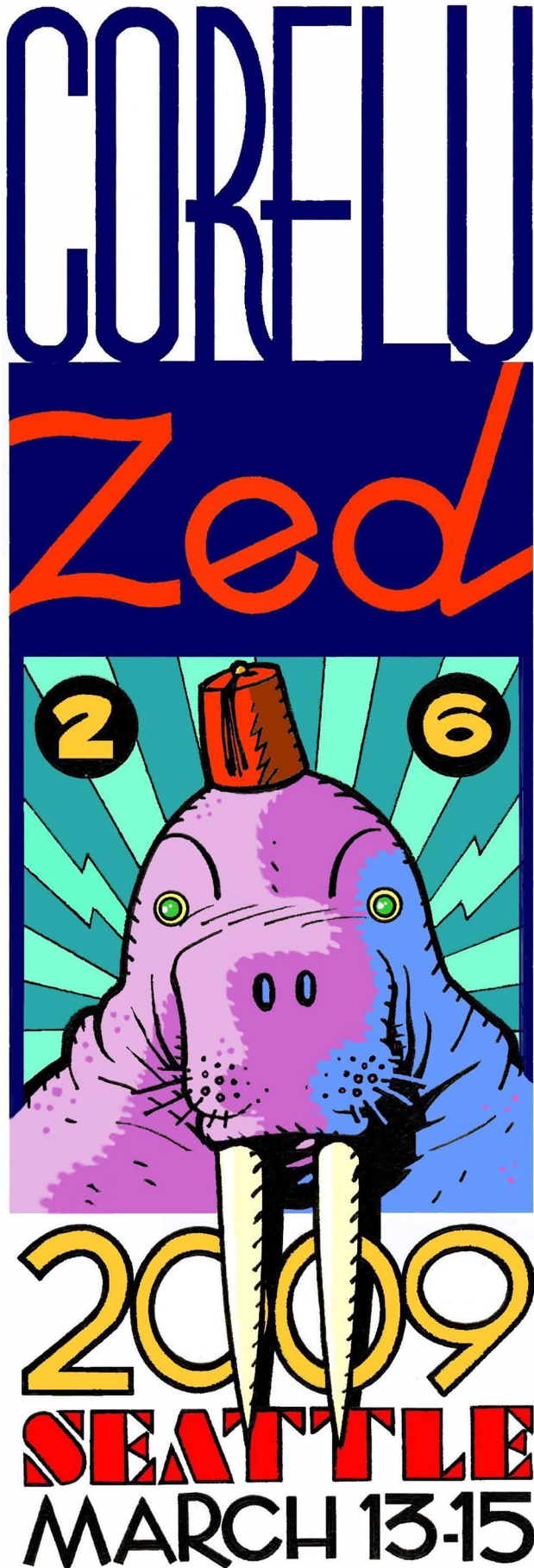


A M A Z E D



C O R F L U Z E D



Welcome to

AmaZed and CorfluZed

the third progress report for

Corflu Zed (26)

to be held in

Seattle, 13-15 March, 2009

at the fabulous

Hotel Deca

in the University District.

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

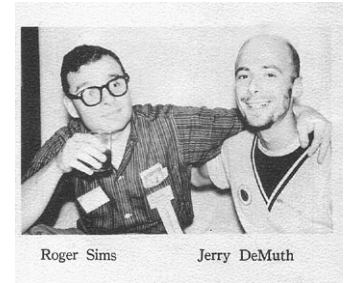
Letter from the Chair

by
Randy Byers

Well, we've entered the home stretch before the convention. The die is cast, our fate is set, the cookies have crumbled, Elvis has left the building, and let the clichés fall where they may.

I've been attending Corflus regularly since Corflatch in 2000, and I think it's fair to say that every Corflu has its own character, determined in large part by who shows up that year. It's impossible to say what the character of Corflu Zed will be, but it's shaping up to be an intriguing one. It will be quite a bit different than the last Seattle Corflu, I imagine, because we won't have the huge infusion of Britfans that we had in 2000 (thanks to the efforts back then of Linda Krawecke and Victor Gonzalez), although we still have a good contingent coming over, including several who weren't able to make it last time. I hear rumors that some of them may have an offer to make to the convention, too. There will be a number of people for whom this will be their first Corflu, which is always a good thing, if only because it allows us to see things through their fresh eyes. On a purely personal level, this will be an interesting experience for me simply because as the chair I imagine I will meet pretty much everyone who attends instead of just glomming onto old friends as I usually do. As introverted as I tend to be, I'm kind of excited at the prospect. I'm very curious to see what this particular mix of people will be like, and who knows, maybe my Cosmic Mind will be stretched into new dimensions.

I'd like to take a moment to offer public thanks to Andy Hooper, who has been raising funds for the



Our chair in a former life

convention via an eBay auction over the past several months. It's hard to overstate how important this fund-raising has been to the convention. Because of Andy's enormous efforts, it's very likely that the proceeds from the auction at the convention will go to various fannish charities rather than toward our own expenses. We also owe a huge debt of gratitude to everyone who has donated to the cause so far, including Dian Crayne, Bangs Tapscott, John D. Berry, Jerry Kaufman, Hal O'Brien, Vonda McIntyre, and especially Anna Vargo, who left her fanzine collection to Andy when she died in 2005. I wish Anna could come to the convention, but I hope she would appreciate that she was able to support it anyway. Thanks again to all of you who have given us something for the auction, or who have bought something in it. And many, many thanks to Andy for all his hard work in this. He has been a true hero of the convention.

That's it for now. Luke and I have decided to do one last issue of *AmaZed and CorfluZed* after the convention [dude, wait – what? L.] — a regress report in honor of Seattle regress reports of yesteryear. So you're welcome to send us a LOC on this issue. We'd love to hear from you! Meanwhile, see some of you at the convention real soon now.

Corflu News

by

Committee Members

Frank Lunney Pre-Memorial Hat Bribe

by Randy Byers

The Guest of Honor for Corflu is chosen by pulling the name of one of the members out of a hat during the opening ceremonies. Yes, any member of the convention can become the Guest of Honor! What does the Guest of Honor do? She or he gives a speech or performance or what not at the banquet on Sunday.

Now, some people (some of them named Frank Lunney) would rather eat a fanzine than get up and speak in front of a crowd. If you are such a person, you need to bribe your humble con chair to have your name removed from the hat before the GoH is selected. Please contact me at zed@corflu.org or in person before opening ceremonies at the convention to discuss terms.

Corflu Sunday Brunch Menu

by Ulrika O'Brien

- Selection of seasonal fruits and berries
- Nova smoked salmon platter with cream cheese and bagels
- Assorted freshly baked pastries
- French country quiche with leeks, dried tomatoes, and gruyere cheese
- Orange, cranberry, apple, and grapefruit juices
- Coffee, herbal teas

If you have any special dietary needs or restrictions that this menu might not address, please contact Ulrika O'Brien at hotelzed@corflu.org, and we will work with the hotel to make alternate arrangements.

Experience the Seattle Science Fiction Museum and Hall of Fame

by Jack William Bell

As SF fandom goes, Seattle is not unusual in numbers or organization. However, it may be unique in that it has at least one billionaire SF fan. As a result we have the Science Fiction Museum and Hall of Fame as an adjunct to Experience Music Project. (Paul Allen is also huge a fan of another local luminary: Jimi Hendrix.)

The Science Fiction Museum is definitely worth a look. Besides the many movie props and interpretive exhibits, the museum takes time to explore the fannish side with a small display of fanzines and ephemera. The literary element is well represented and includes the 'Science Fiction Hall of Fame'; crystal images of the great writers, editors, and others who made Science Fiction what it is today. Finally, there is one room dedicated to the art of Science Fiction; including many paintings from the early days of the genre.

If you would like to experience the Science Fiction Museum, please allow me to act as your

docent. The tour will leave the hotel on Friday, March 13, at 1:00 PM and convoy to Seattle Center. Allow three hours to see the museum, and perhaps a little more in the immediate area, before returning. (Anyone already downtown can meet us at the museum around 1:30.)

General admission to the museum (including both the SFM and EMP) is \$15, but stay tuned to see if we can negotiate a discount. (The discount may depend on the number attending, so let me know if you wish to join us as soon as possible.)

Send email to jackb@sff.net if you wish to be included on the tour. Seattle locals: Please email me if you are willing to transport people for the tour, with the number of seats you have available. Likewise, any out of towners who plan to rent a car.

For more information about the SF museum, see <http://www.empsfm.org/>

T-Shirts Available Now!

by Luke McGuff

Yes! We have t-shirts for sale. The artwork is a black and white version of the Dan Steffan logo on the inside front covers of these very PRs. The shirts are a tasteful mottled grey, and in a range of sizes appropriate to middle-aged fans.

For a special treat, we will have four t-shirts tie-dyed by a committee member! These shirts will be auctioned for the usual Double-A rated faanish charities, one each, L, XL, XXL, and XXXL.

Alaska Yukon Pacific Tour

by Ulrika O'Brien

Most folks know that Seattle hosted a World's Fair in 1962 – the Century 21 Exposition – which gave us the iconic Space Needle and the Pacific Science Center in legacy. Fewer know of Seattle's first international exposition – the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition of 1909 – which gave us much of the modern layout, and some significant early development, of the University of Washington. By luck, 2009 is the centennial of the AYP, and the Seattle Architectural Foundation has offered Corflu members a unique opportunity: a special

centennial architectural walking tour of the campus and vicinity for interested participants. The Seattle Architectural Foundation gives several guided walking tours around Seattle, but this one will be within easy distance of the Deca hotel. The tour will be held Friday afternoon beginning at 3:00 pm, and there is an absolute cap of 20 people on this tour, so please indicate your interest in advance. We will be able to offer a group discount rate at the Museum of History and Industry (by the UW arboretum) at the end of the walking tour if ten or more people are interested. Finally, again if ten or more people express interest, we can offer the color Art Deco architecture walking guide of Downtown Seattle from the Seattle Architecture Foundation at the special price of \$10 each. The walking tour, museum group rate, and architectural tour guide can be had separately or together, but please contact me (hotelzed@corflu.org) to reserve in advance.

Thursday Night

by Randy Byers

The convention doesn't officially start until Friday afternoon, and we won't have access to the consuite or program space until then. However, for anybody who shows up early, join us in the bar Thursday evening. Packet stuffing will start at 8pm, although people might be hanging around before that.

Mail-in Membership Deadline

For the banquet headcount, and to prevent mail confusions, we must receive mailed in memberships by March 7th. The online registration will close at 11:59 PM PST on March 7th.

If you let us know you're coming, you can still pay at the door, of course.

FAAN Awards Ballot Attached

See write up on page nine. But for now: Vote vote vote.

Everything I Know About Seattle

I Learned off Barty's Telly

by Nic Farey

So it's Seattle then is it?" observed Barty, mulling at his pint and sucking his upper lip in that way he always did, still searching for the teeth that hadn't been there in years.

"Seattle", I agreed, although I was thinking "Newcastle" when I said it.

"Funny place, is it? They've got that radio doctor." Still no teeth. "Bloke to see if you got a sick radio, I heard..."

"No, I don't think that was it Barty. There was an English bird in it though. She played Holly in the *Red Dwarf USA* pilot that never got anywhere. You ever see that?"

"What?"

"*Red Dwarf USA*."

This evidently required a moment's thought and some more upper lip work. "The one with the ferret?"

"Cat."

"Must of missed it. The doctor's brother was a pouf though, right?"

"No Barty, he copped off with the English bird. Just sounded like a pouf. Pint?"

Barty looked deep into the waning levels of his glass for a moment, as if the outcome were not

inevitable. "All right."

It didn't take but a couple of minutes, but that seemed to have been plenty for Barty to tire of looking for teeth and move his mind to other things, he had that look. I knew better to ask right away though, just put our pints down and waited.

"Hooper exploded", he eventually said, after a couple of swallows.

"Do what?"

"Hooper exploded, there was this electronic bang thing, then Byers turned into this bird with a barcode who sat on a needle and whose friends were all lesbians. Well, except for the bloke."

"Barty, if Hooper exploded, I don't think it's electromagnetism we're getting showered with."

"This other bloke went to AA meetings to laugh at people. And that's where the other bloke got the idea for *Heroes*."

You can't really argue with Barty when he's critiquing. He doesn't get out much, what with looking for his teeth and that. Best just to let him get on with it.

"Then they had the one with the bird in the bag with no legs."

"The show didn't get anywhere?"

“Well yeah, that too, but the bird was legless - not like you, you berk”, he quickly added, shutting off my half-formed comment. “You know, amputized. Byers had hair in that one. And donuts.”

I shouldn’t encourage him, but I was on my fifth or ninth by then, and the fire in the old grate was crackling up well, put me well in the mood for a bit more.

“Which one was at Grace Brothers hospital Barty?”

“Um.” I got a minute to have a few good sips and think about the tooth fairy traipsing through the snow with a begging tin, being skint and that. “Kaufman, I think. He was Captain Peacock, or the other one in the blue. They had that bird with the shelf who went to *Eastenders*. Or Croydon. And the Chinese one.”

That’s a lot of analysis coming from Barty, I could tell he needed a bit of a rest. Glancing at the clock, we were well on schedule for me to ask “Little ‘un?”, knowing this would keep his brain ticking over for a bit.

“All right. And an ‘arf.”

Don’t know how much it’s cost me for the pleasure of Barty’s company over the years, but it’s a bob or two, no doubt. Never seen him stick his hand in his pocket, except for Swan Vesta matches. I used to wonder that if he went in his pockets more often he might find his teeth, but probably not. Took a bit longer to get this round, what with the extra drinks and all, and there was a few more punters come in since the last shout, so he had plenty of time.

“Sexy Kyle,” he said, as I put down the glasses.

“Hooper again?” I asked.

“Nah. Other one. Not Byers though, but he might have been better in it. Kid had a supersonic todger or something like.”

“O’Brien?”

“No, you berk, that was *Star Trek*.”

“That Kyle was one of the 300 though, right?”

Barty went back to thoughtful, then he goes to an odd state which is still a regular one for him, being a bit exasperated with me but not entirely knowing why, except that I might be taking the piss.

“More than that. Couple of thousand or

something. All in the same woods where they found Sexy Kyle and the legless bird.” He gave a bit more attention to his drinks than they really needed, but there had to be something brewing.

“What is it Barty?”

“Shush. I’m *thinking*.” And you could tell. More lip sucking, and more furrows on the head than ten acres of plowed field. I got the next round in without asking, I knew this would take a few.

All I got was I quick glance and a nod when I trundled back with the glasses, Barty’s eyes were back in the depths of a pint glass, watching the foam evaporate away. Eventually he looked back up at me, ever so quick, like I knew he would, and had that little excited look about him, having a moment of triumph of memory over reality.

“Jack Black”, he announced.

“Jack Black.”

“Jack Black, that daft bastard who jumps about and all. Byers was him while he was looking for the killer who was all over the place after Jesus Joseph Mary and that.”

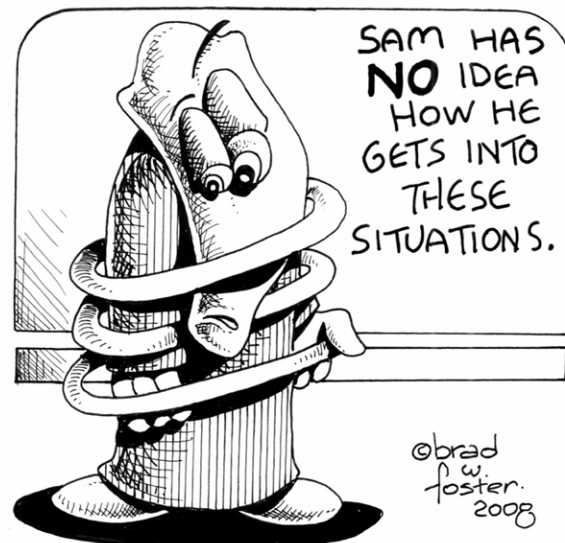
“Hooper again?”

“What? Jesus? Um. Might have been the killer I suppose. If he hadn’t exploded.”

“So where were the vampires then?”

“Oh, fuck off!”

Barty gave me a familiar dirty look. He hates it when I do that. No teeth, see.



Directions to the Hotel

Hotel Deca: <http://www.hoteldeca.com/>

4507 Brooklyn Ave. NE

Front Desk: 206-658-2391

Getting to the Hotel by Car

Interstate 5

Take the NE 45th/50th Streets/Univ. of Washington Exit (#169) -- north or south bound. From southbound direction, turn left (eastbound) onto NE 45th Street from the leftmost turn lane; from northbound direction, turn right (also eastbound) onto 45th Street and get into the left lane.

The Hotel Deca, at the corner of NE 45th Street and Brooklyn NE, will be very visible on your left as it's 16 stories tall. Turn left onto Brooklyn; the hotel and the entrance to their parking lot will be on your left.

Highway 99 (Aurora Avenue)

Northbound, turn right at 45th Street and proceed straight (eastbound) until you pass over I-5, then follow directions above. Southbound is trickier, as you have to turn right (westbound) as soon as you have finished passing through Woodland Park at No. 49th Street. Then proceed to Fremont Avenue and turn left (southbound). Turn left again onto No. 46th Street, and proceed on 46th which passes under 99 and banks into No. 45th Street (which will become NE 45th by and by...). If you don't live here and know this route, it is far easier to take I-5 and follow the instructions above.

Parking

Parking at the Deca is \$6.00/day for guests, and \$8.00/day for non-guests. If you aren't staying there,

you may purchase a daily pass at the Hotel's front desk. There are also several other nearby lots and some street parking, especially after 5 PM on Friday. On-street parking is free after 6 PM Mon.-Sat., and free all day Sundays.

Getting to the Hotel from the Airport

Shuttle Express (directly to the Hotel).

You can book your reservations in advance online at <http://www.shuttleexpress.com/index.html>

The cost is \$19 per person flat rate and will usually take about 30 minutes. Once you claim your luggage, cross a sky bridge and go to the 3rd floor of the parking garage. Follow the Ground Transportation signs—their booth is in the center of the 3rd floor, between elevator banks 3 and 4 (next to the airport's ground transportation office). Their coordinators will help you or you may use their 24-hour check-in by phone hotline. For your return to the airport, make an advance reservation the day before your departure or when you book your trip in. Call them at (425) 981-7000 or at 1-800-487-7433

Taxi

This will cost about \$40-\$48 and a possible gas surcharge. For more info: <http://www.yellowtaxi.net/>

Metro (Seattle's public transportation).

You may call them anytime at (206) 553-3000; tell them where you are and where you want to go, and they'll tell you how to get there (e.g.,

directions from the Train or Bus Stations).

Check out their Web site for the Trip Planner:
<http://transit.metrokc.gov/>.

The University District has excellent bus service. An off-peak adult bus fare is \$1.75. Rush hour fare is 2.00; crossing a zone will make it 2.50. Sound Transit fares also top out at \$2.50 for two zones.

From the Airport, go to Airport Access Road & Terminal Bay 2 and catch Route MT 194 to

downtown. Weekdays before 7 p.m., disembark in the Bus Tunnel at University Street Station -Bay A. At other times, ask your driver.

Then take Express Routes 71, 72, or 73. All will take you to University Way and NE 45th Street, one block east of the Hotel.

With good connections, the trip takes about an hour, but an hour and a half may be more likely.

FAAN Awards Announcement

by Hal O'Brien

The 2009 Fanzine Activity Achievement (FAAN) Awards Ballot is at the end of this progress report.

The categories are:

- Best Fanzine
- Best Fan Writer
- Best Fan Artist
- Best Letterhack
- Best New Fanzine Fan
- Best Online Fanac Site

...all for work made public in 2008.

Voting deadlines are:

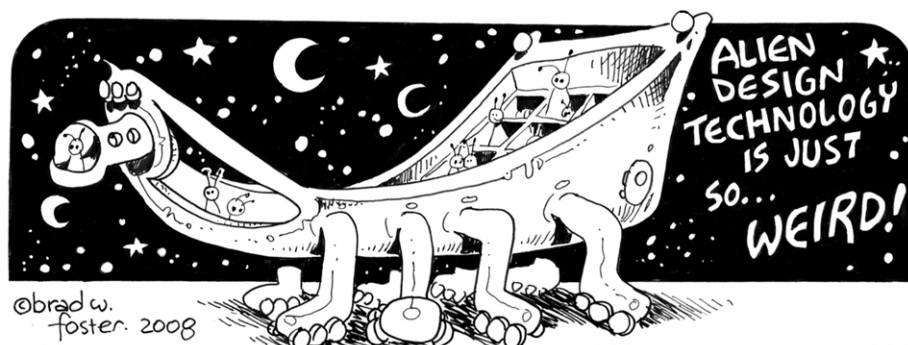
- By postal mail: Postmarked Thursday, 26

February 2009.

- By email: The message must have a time-stamp no later than 11:59PM PST, Thursday, 5 March 2009. (corflu.zed.faan@gmail.com)

The winners of the 2009 FAAN Awards will be announced during the banquet at Corflu Zed in Seattle, WA, on March 15, 2009.

Please note there will be no on-site voting during Corflu this year. If you vote by e-mail, you are not required to submit the ballot, just your choices. See the instructions on the ballot for further details.



Fabulous Fannish Seattle

a view from Croydon

by Claire Brialey

In my memory it all happened at about the same time: getting into fanzine fandom, starting to watch US sitcoms, the UK rediscovering espresso. Even the advent of IKEA. In reality I suspect it was spread over several years, but it all belongs to the same era, and the closer Corflu Zed and the deadline for this article approaches the more I realise that Seattle has, truly, always been with Croydon Fandom.

Whisper it, but I'm not sure that Seattle is a city that used to have a high recognition factor in the UK. The main thing people used to know about it was probably that Seattle and Vancouver are virtually next door to one another, despite being in completely different countries; that tended to make even British people who didn't feel too warmly towards the US think that Seattle was probably all right, what with nearly being Canadian an' all. And it's on the West Coast, which seemed more mellow and laid back, and also inevitably further away from us than the East Coast and thus exotically foreign. Most of us, if we thought about Seattle at all before that film with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan, thought of it as probably being like California with moose; and, manfully ignoring the future echoes of IKEA that the moose inevitably brought on, we just left it at that.

I think I became properly aware of Seattle through watching *Frasier*, which was something in which parts of Croydon fandom indulged for much

of the 1990s. And even then I didn't actually learn much about Seattle. The Space Needle is featured in the logo and in retrospect I'm sure some stock shots of the city appeared in virtually every episode, but because I had no idea what it looked like the real impact *Frasier's* Seattle made on me was through the coffee. I've been pursuing my personal impact from coffee for over twenty years now, and at that point it felt like a sad and lonely thing.

There was coffee in *Friends* as well, of course, which was set in New York; the lead characters seemed to spend the majority of the time that they weren't in one another's apartments down in the coffee shop on what we Brits firmly think of as the ground floor in the same way that we know the last letter of the alphabet is pronounced 'zed'. Since one of the *Friends* characters was a fairly hopeless waitress in Central Perk for several series, the overwhelming impression created was that the coffee there might actually not be very good. And that clearly wasn't the case in Seattle. The characters of *Frasier* and, in particular, his brother Niles demonstrated terribly well the personal coffee fussiness in which the range of options offered by modern coffee shops allowed their customers to indulge; but this fussiness itself indicated that the coffee in Café Nervosa must be pretty good stuff at base. It even spawned a spin-off recipe booklet, and

I can tell you now that the key lime muffins and the cherry and macadamia cookies come out pretty well.

You may therefore imagine my delight when the Seattle Coffee Company opened its doors in the UK. We know now, of course, that it was not a direct import from Seattle. It was actually a British company, albeit one set up by an expat former Starbucks employee who had evidently realised that if he wanted a decent cup of coffee in Britain in the early '90s he was going to have to make it himself. Suddenly personal coffee fussiness was open to the plain people of Britain¹.

Even better, our local branch of the Seattle Coffee Company opened up in Books Etc. in the Whitgift shopping centre in the middle of Croydon. It was a revelation. You could drink coffee. You could browse books. You could sit on sofas in the book shop and do both at once. And, as a result, you could very often meet other Croydon science fiction fans in there on a weekend, indulging in the same experiences.

Inevitably some of us also found ourselves writing about it in fanzines, because we were rather new to fanzines and had to run through a lot of the standard training exercises before we found our feet. Mark Plummer and I were perhaps particularly culpable or, one might argue, conscientious about this; much of the rest of Croydon fandom still eyed this fanzine business with some suspicion. So we wrote about personal coffee fussiness. We wrote about meeting one another in the coffee shop in the book shop. We wrote about meeting one another for beer in the pub, because we are after all British and this was also a way to introduce sceptical voices such as Jim de Liscard to the wider Croydon fannish story that we were determined to tell the world. We wrote about IKEA, which seems determined even now to insert itself into this narrative. And we also found

¹ Let's be very clear that so far as I'm concerned coffee is not a drink that includes milk. Or cream. Or soy milk or anything that makes it into, fundamentally, a coffee-flavoured milk drink for children. Or alcohol, which makes it a different sort of drink entirely. I will allow occasional spices or possibly even syrups, but when I talk about coffee I really mean a drink that involves coffee, and water, and nothing else.

ourselves writing about our own version of Fabulous Seattle Fandom.

Iso often come back to *Fandom Harvest*. We have read and re-read and refer so often now to the writing of Terry Carr that it seems strange to remember a time when it exerted only a subliminal influence on me. Because I'm sure that I, at least, had only read the collection once when the idea of Fabulous Seattle Fandom lodged firmly in our wondering Croydon brains. It's either that or there's just something about Seattle itself that means the fans who are moved to gather and practise there create a fannish atmosphere that is... well, fabulous.

As you know, Professor, 'Fandom Harvest' was originally the title of the column that Terry Carr wrote for legendary Seattle fanzine *Cry of the Nameless*. In August 1959 he recounted his vision of a *Cry* publishing session. I'm not going to quote it; you should re-read it for yourself. It's in *Fandom Harvest*, after all. If you're lucky it might be reprinted somewhere for Corflu Zed.

In our day, Fabulous Seattle Fandom was something we envisaged as being centred around Andy Hooper. We were somewhat in awe of Andy Hooper, although that didn't stop us from deciding sometime early in 1996 that the lead contenders in our new 'Croydon's Favourite American' competition were Andy and Jerry Kaufman. (You see, it's all about Seattle.) From Andy and his co-wranglers of the mighty publishing engines of Seattle, *Apparatchik* issued forth every two or three weeks, for eighty issues in that very mid-90s period during which we were working this fanzine business out for ourselves. And thus I joined the ranks of the many fans satirised by Victor Gonzalez, and was I properly grateful? Of course not.

But Andy, as well as being a fine, fluent and, yes, fabulous fan writer, reviewed fanzines and had a knack for understanding what made them tick. Well, mostly. We rather took to heart his 1996 assertion that we displayed an obvious resentment of tradition, since we were being mocked at least weekly by our friends in Croydon fandom for precisely the opposite – itself a tradition that

continues to this day, and which it must be admitted we do sometimes resent. And inevitably Andy had a point at the time as well.

We value the traditions in fandom that endure because they still speak to fans of our generation and to those who are now younger and more vibrant than us; and if we're honest about it we also value particularly the fans to whom those traditions, and the experiences and ideas we have shared across the generations and the experiences of our fannish forbears which we couldn't share in person, do speak. It's just that if you try to tell me that I'm not a real fan because I find much fannish jargon embarrassing and excluding, and feel equally uncomfortable with the concept of Core Fandom, we're not entirely going to get on.

I wasn't too sure we'd get on with Seattle fandom, actually. They seemed too edgy and too cool: an impression that persisted through the Leeds Corflu (which in fact hardly any of them attended) and the 2000 'Corflatch' which saw Corflu and Potlatch held in Seattle on consecutive weekends, resulting in a mass influx of nearly all the cool kids of British fanzine fandom. We couldn't make it, and I continued to feel left out for years afterwards. It's one of the reasons why another Corflu in Seattle seemed like such a great idea to me. Andy, and Jerry, and all the other Seattle fans who we now know better and like a lot for all that they're still a bit awe-inspiring, were among the other reasons.

But the clinching argument is Randy Byers. After *Apparatchik*, came *Chunga*: also a product of the successful collaboration between Andy Hooper and Carl Juárez, but this time involving Randy as the new co-editor. *Chunga* has been one of my favourite fanzines from its first issue in 2002; and Randy is one of my favourite fan writers. But we knew him as a legend before we knew him as a writer; all the British fans who attended Corflatch came back to us with their own tales of the new Fabulous Seattle Fandom, and no one seemed so fabulous as Randy. When we finally met him at Corflu Valentine in 2002 we saw what they meant; I just wasn't expecting someone so cool that everyone else in British fandom liked him to be so thoroughly personable.

The combination of Randy, beer and *Chunga* even seems to have had a mellowing influence on Jim de Liscard. Fabulous Seattle Fandom: reaches the parts of Croydon that other fans can't reach.

So I'm looking forward to seeing Seattle. We've heard stories and seen pictures; Randy's already treated us to some of the local beer. They even accept the existence of 'zed' as a real word. And there must be something about a city that is now home to so many fan fund winners that is just, well, fabulously fannish like we were always told. I'm looking forward to seeing all of fabulous Seattle fandom, including the ones we haven't met yet. And I'm looking forward to seeing as many as possible of the rest of fanzine fandom, all in the right place at the right time, in person and online, as we gather again for Corflu.

Meanwhile, the Seattle Coffee Company had returned to its roots and was absorbed into Starbucks in 1998. At around the same time Books Etc. was initially taken over by Borders, although in Croydon the store kept its old branding and retained its own in-house coffee shop that was never quite the same – until last autumn, when the Croydon Books Etc. finally closed its doors to be replaced by a Swedish shop that was not, in a way that is probably symbolic of something or other, IKEA. *Frasier* concluded in 2004 and I'm waiting patiently for the DVD box set of the whole thing to become affordable. And British fanzine fandom would arguably be just something that the cool kids used to do – were it not, perhaps, for the group that Andy Hooper dubbed the 'iceberg fans', who emerged from their frozen hibernation several years ago; heralded by the frequent publication in *Chunga* of Graham Charnock, who qualifies as a fabulous beast in his own right, they will probably have a proposition to put to fanzine fandom in Seattle.

And there's us too, still in Croydon doing what we do. Linked to Seattle by ties of coffee, fanzines, books and beer, and the lurking presence of Swedish shopping. I understand that Seattle is apparently not yet twinned with anywhere in the UK. I have an idea...



"WALRUS KONG"

The Projected Program Schedule

by the inestimable
Andy Hooper

Friday, March 13th:

- 12:00 pm: Tour of The SF Museum and/or the Experience Music Project, led by Jack Bell
3:00 pm: Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition walking tour
7:00 pm: Corflu Zed opening ceremonies
10:00 pm: Late Evening Program: "In Corflu Yet Green: Highlights from 25 years of Corflu Reports."

Saturday, March 14th:

- 11:00 am: "Teaching Timebinding: The Eaton Collection" with moderator Chris Garcia
12:00 pm: "The Seattle Fanzine Renaissance, 1977 – 1986," with moderator Jerry Kaufman
1:00 pm Break for Lunch
2:30 pm: "The Illustrated Core: On the Art of Fanzines," with moderator Claire Brialey
3:45 pm: "My Other Fandom" with moderator Luke McGuff
5:00 pm: The Corflu Zed Benefit Fanzine & Fan Art Auction with Jerry Kaufman, Tom Whitmore and Andy Hooper, etc.
6:30 pm: Break for Dinner

8:30 pm: Evening Program Run-Through

9:00 pm: "SATURDAY NIGHT ZED" Variety Program of comedy, drama, feats of strength, trivia and music.

Sunday, March 15th:

- 11:00 am: Brunch Program, including FAAn award presentation, selection of 2010 Corflu site, election of past-president of fwa, GoH speech.
2:00 pm Softball game/One-Shot Fanzine Production
5:00 pm Dead Dog party

More Notes about Events and Programs at Corflu Zed

"Corflu Zed Opening Ceremonies"

We will draw the name of Corflu Zed's Guest of Honor at random, as is the long-established tradition of the convention.

"In Corflu Yet Green"

This program of short excerpts from Corflu reports has inspired a project to catalog all such reports written to date. If you have ever written or published a con report about Corflu, write to Andy Hooper at fanmailaph@aol.com and tell

him about it!

“The Illustrated Core”

Claire Brialey has kindly volunteered to lead the discussion for this program. Her recent editorial in *Banana Wings*, in which she reflected on the proliferation of fan-created art in her surroundings, suggested that she might enjoy a conversation with some of our favorite fan artists.

“The Seattle Fanzine Renaissance, 1977 - 1986”

Jerry Kaufman is organizing this program, and has tweaked its focus a bit from the rampant hyperbole that we published in the last progress report. He’s decided to focus specifically on the years from 1977 to 1986, when fast and frequent fanzines ran thick upon the Earth. One of the most prolific ages in Seattle’s fan publishing history, this rough decade saw perzines, genzines, apazines slash-zines, rubber-stamp zines and more pour out of the Puget Sound area. We’ll consider why and how so many fanzines came out of Seattle in those days, and some of their original publishers and contributors will hopefully be there to comment.

“Teaching Timebinding”

The J. Lloyd Eaton Collection faces all the same issues in preservation and restoration of vintage science fiction collectibles as most of Corflu’s members, many of whom are themselves either vintage or collectible, so this may be one of the more useful items on the program for Zed. This unusual foray into the stfnal may also involve consideration of some of the collection’s special projects, like the effort to build an archive of science fiction covers and interior art.

“My Other Fandom”

If all knowledge is contained in fanzines, then by logical extension, fans must know everything. One of the most impressive attributes of many members of fanzine fandom is their ability to pursue one or more additional hobbies that also provide subject matter for their fan-writing. Luke McGuff will lead this conversation about the pleasures of serving two or more masters.

“The Corflu Zed Auction”

Corflu Zed has raised an impressive amount of money already through eBay auctions, but we will still need additional help to pay for all of the convention’s expenses. Some interesting auction items have begun to arrive, and we can definitely use more. But please; no whole collections. We want to present a reasonable number of choice auction lots in an event that does not test human endurance.

“Saturday Night Zed”

This variety program is becoming quite the fanapalooza. We’ll have musical performances by Nic Farey, Graham Charnock and Ian Sorensen, Rob Jackson’s Cavalcade of Trivia, the thrilling three-part radio serial “Doc Fandom and the Stencil of Fear,” and the third epic confrontation between those arm-wrestling titans, Charnock and White, bone-density permitting. If the fans watching on the live Interweb uplink will cooperate, we may even have our own version of “Viewer Mail.” Plan to be back from dinner for this one, it may become a legendary evening.

“The Corflu Zed Softball Challenge”

Those members interested in exercising off their Sunday brunch are encouraged to bring their gloves, bats and other softball equipment to the convention. We hope to begin play at 2 pm at a field within 4 blocks of the Hotel. If conditions are entirely too miserable for playing softball, or if athletic exertion is not your thing, we also hope to compose a one-shot fanzine using committee and convention members’ laptop computers on Sunday afternoon.

Master of the Monsters

by Waddagobble De Gook

One of the most reprinted items in the Cry canon – next to Terry Carr’s columns, that is, and some of the things John Berry contributed – is the following piece, “Master of the Monsters” by that master of faanfiction Waddagobble de Gook. This much beloved piece – OK, Toskey reprinted it a couple times, which is more than he’s done for anything by you, now lemme alone, will ya? – is presented here in the form it first took, for Cry 93, July 1956.

In my files is a copy of Toskey’s first reprinted version, hand-set in lead type on a bizarre rotary printing press known as a Multigraph. It’s essentially the same as the Cry version, but it lacks that je ne sais quoi, that veritable klaatu barada nikto, possessed by the version in hand, with its purpose-built illustrations by renowned Seattle fanartist L. Garcone.

Lorence Garcone, as Cry fans will recall, was an indescribable Thing that lived in the trunk of Toskey’s Buick. Occasionally, Toskey would bring Garcone (securely leashed!) out to create inimitable art for Toskey’s zine Impossible, Cry, and other Seattle fanzines. His work got traced onto stencil for publications produced on the Hectograph, Dittograph, Mimeograph, Gestetner, and Lithograph by most of the Crygang at one time or another (Otto Pfeifer, the Busbys, and Wally Weber, to name the Usual Suspects). In Cry #93, which did have some Mimeographed or Gestetnered pages, the story was done up on the Dittograph.

Today, Burnett Toskey, like Waddagobble de Gook and whatever’s left of L. Garcone, lives just outside Olympia Washington.

The Multigraph later fell into the present writer’s hands, found fannish use during the 80s and early 90s, and at last report had retired to Arizona, where it was running off mailing labels for a semipro serconzine devoted to Young Adult pulp fiction.

--Karm Gamninn

Lawly Bewer sat enraptured in the seat of his convertible space roadster as the rockets idled. A happy smile was on his face, and contentment was in his heart. At last, after searching the Galaxy for five long years, he had found the object of his quest. At last he had found the legendary "Place of the Monsters."

To Lawly it mattered but little that the object seemed inaccessible now that he had arrived. The "Place of the Monsters" was completely enclosed by walls of titanite, a metal impervious to any known ray. The only apparent entrance was a door, suitably barricaded, above which hung the simple sign: "Place of the Monsters." On both sides of the door, however, there were numerous signs which all said "No Admittance" in most of the significant languages of the Galaxy.

But Lawly was unconcerned. Lightly he leaped from his space flivver and confronted the great door. He knocked. But the door was also made of titanite, so his knocking produced no sound. Lawly lowered his hand, not noticing his bleeding knuckles, and waited happily, expectantly. The smile on his face grew broader and broader, and his breath now came in heavy gasps.

And wonder of wonders! The door began to open.

Unhesitatingly, Lawly entered, as soon as the door was open wide enough. Behind him the door swung shut. He found himself in a narrow aisle formed by iron fences. Weird foliage abounded on

the other sides of these fences, and at intervals along the fence were hung small signs stating, "Beware of Monsters." Lawly glanced down the aisle at the figure approaching him. It was a man dressed in a long cloak.

As the figure drew closer, Lawly noticed a small birdlike animal riding on his shoulder. Lawly went forward. "Hi there," he called. "I am Lawly Bewer, and I would like to see the monsters."

"Kst," said the bird-thing.

"Oh keep quiet, Byemm," admonished the man. To Lawly he said, "I am Trunbet Kesty. I've been expecting you. Come." He smiled as they shook hands.

Lawly decided that this fellow was not to be trusted. He seemed too friendly, too cooperative. But this thought only occupied his mind momentarily. His smile broadened. He was here, inside the Place of the Monsters. The dream of his lifetime was being fulfilled.

They walked down the pathway. They had not gone far when a soft grunting sound reached Lawly's ears. Intermingled with the grunts were soft bleats. As they came closer, the bleats began to predominate.

Kesty stopped and climbed a short distance up on the fence. He motioned Lawly to do the same. When Lawly was high enough a most amazing sight greeted his eyes. A small clearing was visible not far away, and in the center of this was a small monster. The various sounds had been produced by it, apparently through a huge cavernous mouth from which protruded a single large tooth. One tiny eye waved frantically on the end of a long stalk. It was standing on a single human-like foot.

"What in the world is that?" asked Lawly.

"Just a Corange Monster. Watch," said Kesty.

A slight rustling was heard in the bushes near the creature, and suddenly a large shaft appeared sailing through the air. The creature was impaled. Green fluid spurted from the dying creature, and its brilliant coloring faded. Out of the bushes stepped a man. He was very thin and emaciated. His eyes were deeply sunken in his head. Behind the man trotted a woman who was pretty in a rather starved fashion.



Just a Corange monster.

"Such cruelty," wailed Lawly. "The poor critter didn't have a chance. Who are those beastly people?"

Kestyo shook his head. "They are Mr. Yubbs and his wife Lorein. A very unfortunate case. It is their fate to seek out the helpless monsters in these jungles, kill them, and take them to their masters."

"They are slaves?"

"Yes. Slaves of two of the most vicious, most ravenous monsters in the galaxy, two monstrous Schuddans known as Bobyn and Sali. These two people have a full time job providing those monsters with food."

"Kst, Kest," was the bird-thing's comment.

Lawly shuddered. He got down off of the fence, visibly shaken. But he soon began smiling again as they continued onward. Soon he would meet the most fearsome monsters in all the Galaxy face to face. But he would be safe, for the monsters were safely locked in cages.

An irregular thumping began to sound, getting louder rapidly. Sudden fear shown on Kestyo's face as he backed against the fence. "Don't move!" he whispered in a strained voice.

Not knowing what to expect at this moment, Lawly did as he was advised. The loud thumping grew in volume to almost unbearable proportions. Suddenly the thumping stopped. The bushes to one side of the men flattened, revealing a huge monster. Lawly couldn't decide whether it looked more like a Tyrannosaurus or more like an octopus. It was



"The Grethapoch," squealed Lawly in delight.

covered with huge scaly warts of every possible color. The thumping had apparently been made by its three elephant-like feet as it walked. Its many fleshy tentacles uprooted huge trees effortlessly and stuffed them into its huge beak, which, when it opened, revealed several rows of jagged teeth. Its five eyes moved independently, but seemed not to see them.

Kestyo relaxed. "Come on, it's safe. It's only a vegetarian."

Lawly was still incredulous. "Does it have a name?" he asked.

Kestyo shrugged. "Just another Corange monster. This jungle is full of them."

They walked down the narrow passageway through some of the weirdest landscape imaginable, meeting monsters of every description. But after the first scare Lawly became disinterested in the various varieties of Corange monsters. The smile on his face broadened as he noticed a long low building. At last, he thought, he would see the Grethapoch, the Pathidgrot, the Hammiproge, the Rettsnege, the Tharpiloge, the Shoardpresadge, and most important of all, the nameless monster known only as Master of the Monsters.

But they did not enter the building. "This is the workshop of Neclore Corange, maker of monsters, upon whom no man may look upon, explained Kestyo.

"Then where – ?" began Lawly.

A wolfish grin spread over Kestyo's face as he beckoned, "Come."

Kestyo opened a door which was set in the ground, and the two descended into a dimly lit irregularly constructed stairway heading downward into the interior of the planet.

For many hours they descended. Lawly noticed a gradual increase in the vegetation as they descended, all of which seemed to be a single vine-like plant. At one point the foliage became so thick that passage was impossible. Kestyo withdrew a large sword from within his cloak, and sliced a passageway through.

Finally they came to the cell of the first monster.

"The Grethapoch," squealed Lawly in delight.



A brave man can escape the Hammiproge, but he can never escape the black infection.

The Grethapoch quivered in its cage, its swirling streaming coloration arranging itself into a pair of balefully glaring eyes. The eyes fixed themselves on Lawly. But Lawly was unafraid. He laughed. He chortled with glee. He remembered his many encounters with this monster on the wilder planets of the Galaxy. He had once ripped its gelatinous mass into a million pieces. His only reward had been an irremovable green stain on his hand. The monster was absolutely indestructible. It was one of the most fiendish monsters in existence. The monster used methods more subtle than death, more fiendish than torture, but a man could always escape, for the monster never killed nor injured. Its effect on Lawly had always been indescribable, yet indisputable. Here before his eyes was the Grethapoch, helpless! Lawly danced, he raved, he leaped, he cheered.

Lawly lay on the floor exhausted from his exuberant demonstrations. After a time Kestyo touched his shoulder and said, "Come."

Lawly recovered finally and followed Kestyo down more of the descending passageways.

They entered the cell of the second monster, the dreaded Hammiproge.

Lawly smiled down at the black little monster. Its protruding black veins pulsed as its sluggish black life fluid was forced through them. A pair of vile tentacles waved menacingly toward the watching men, but Lawly was unafraid. This monster was less subtle than the Grethapoch. Lawly recalled his many chance encounters with the Hammiproge.

He remembered his weeks of recovery from Hammiprogitis, the black infection, after each encounter. A brave man can escape the Hammiproge with his life, but he can never escape the black infection. Here it was before his eyes, cowering in a corner of a cage. Lawly laughed as he grabbed the bars of the cage. It could not harm him here! He shook with laughter.

Suddenly the Hammiproge moved. One of its tentacles lashed out and grabbed Lawly's fingers where they clutched the bars. Shrieking with alarm, Lawly jerked his hand away, but too late! The black infection had set in! Lawly groaned in mental anguish as he held up his hand and saw the veins in his arm turning black, as the blood in his body was being replaced by the viscous black life fluid of the Hammiproge. He did not see the wolfishly sadistic grin on the face of Kestyo.

"Come!" cried Kestyo. "We must hurry."

Hardly understanding what the hurry was, now that he had the black infection, Lawly stumbled after Kestyo, knowing that it would be only a few hours before the black ooze had infiltrated to every artery, vein, and capillary in his body.

Lawly hardly knew how he was able to keep up with Kestyo. His legs were weakened from the strenuous trip as well as by Hammiprogitis. He could hardly keep his balance on the irregularly spaced stairs leading ever downward into the deeper recesses of the planet. He was hardly aware of any sensation when they reached the cell of the third monster.



that meant he had breathed the vapors of the Pathidgrot!

Lawly lay on the floor of the room near the cage of the Pathidgrot, breathing heavily. Kestyo, a fiendish grin on his face, stood far back in a corner.

The silvery Pathidgrot quivered in the corner of its cage, as if awakening to life. It glided toward the prone form of Lawly. A pair of beady silvery eyes looked through the bars and a pair of silvery tentacles rubbed each other. A cloud of translucent vapor was emitted through a porous opening in its tiny head. Its cylindrical body began a weird gyrating dance. The vapor thinned out to near invisibility, and the drafts of air caused by the movements of the monster's body caused the stream of vapor to descend onto Lawly's face. Lawly, breathing heavily, drew the vapor into his lungs.

Lawly sat up. He felt as though he had just fallen down an elevator shaft. Weakly he glanced at his hand. Miraculously there was no black in his veins. His eyes met those of the silvery monster on the other side of a row of steel bars.

"The Pathidgrot!" he exclaimed. The only known instantaneous cure for Hammiprogitis. But that meant – that meant he had breathed the vapors of the Pathidgrot!

Lawly screamed. He jumped to his feet and ran to the wall. Kestyo had withdrawn a gas mask from beneath his cloak and was wearing it. Kestyo was therefore safe from the onslaught of the Pathidgrot. Lawly screamed and ran for clear air spaces, but the vapor had already closed off both entrances to the cell. Lawly screamed and ran to a corner. The vapor closed in and descended. Lawly relaxed, His senses swam. He staggered to the center of the room. The floor seemed to tilt, the wall leaned at a crazy angle. The floor fell up and hit his face. He rolled. The ceiling was making slow revolutions. He closed his eyes. He felt as though he was riding on a storm cloud. He was hardly aware that at that moment Kestyo was dragging him out of the room, out away from the influence of the Pathidgrot.

Lawly opened his eyes groggily to find that he was staggering down through more of the descending stairway. Gradually the fresh air drove away the influence of the vapors he had inhaled, and by the time they had arrived at the cell of the next

monster, Lawly was feeling almost normal.

They entered the cell of the Tharpilogh. Lawly stared at the huge monster, and the monster stared back at Lawly through many eyes. Tentacles of every description writhed and its grayish body convulsed grotesquely. Lawly was awestruck. He had had only one previous encounter with this monster, and that one encounter had nearly robbed him of his sanity.

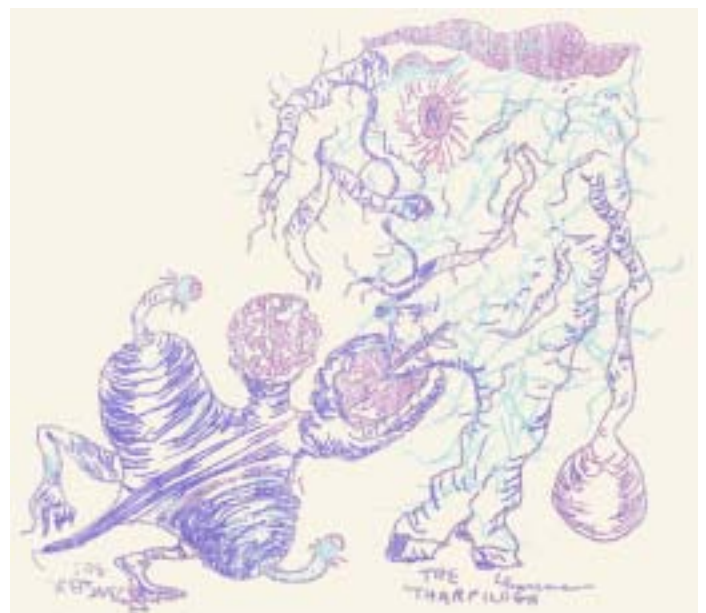
At that moment a loud roaring filled the room. The floor of the cage in which the Tharpilogh was imprisoned began to crumble. A bluish tentacle appeared in the opening, caught hold of an iron bar. A huge monstrous bluish shining monster hove into view. For the first time the face of Kestyo showed fear.

"The Rettsnege has broken loose!" he exclaimed wildly.

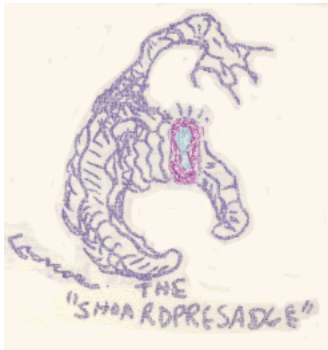
"Kst, Kest," said the bird-thing calmly.

Kestyo calmed down and said, "Wait! Look."

Lawly looked. The Rettsnege was now fully inside the cage of the Tharpilogh. The two titans were locked in mortal combat. The Rettsnege was considerably smaller than the Tharpilogh, but what it lacked in brawn it more than made up for in brainpower. Lawly's eyes bugged from their sockets. He had never been this close to a Rettsnege before.



the Tharpilogh raised a ponderous tentacle and struck a weak spot in the Rettsnege's armor



The Shoardpresadge was the smallest of the monsters

He had seen them on just two occasions previously, and these were at great distances, luckily. If he had been any closer during his previous encounters, the mental influence of the monster would have been too strong, and he would have entered that huge ravenous mouth which even now was in the process of trying to swallow several of the tentacles of the Tharpilogh.

One of the roving eyes of the Rettsnege directed itself toward Lawly. Lawly felt himself go stiff. He became paralyzed in every joint and muscle. He was hardly aware that the Rettsnege had disengaged itself from the Tharpilogh and was concentrating its attention on Lawly.

"Come!" came the mental command from the Rettsnege. Lawly took a step toward the cage. He didn't even know that he was doomed, for the mental power of the monster blanketed out all other thoughts.

"Come!" commanded the Rettsnege. Lawly took a step toward the cage again. He took another step forward, and then another. He was completely unaware of the devilish grin on the face of Kestyo, who was standing in the shadows out of sight of the Rettsnege.

Suddenly the trance was broken. The Rettsnege had forgotten about the Tharpilogh, who, taking advantage of this opportunity, had just raised a ponderous tentacle and struck a weak spot in the Rettsnege's armor. The Rettsnege released Lawly from his mental grasp and again devoted full attention to its battle with the Tharpilogh. Gasping with relief Lawly made a dash for the exit hallway in

which Kestyo was standing.

"What are you going to do? What if one of them gets killed?" Lawly asked.

"Never fear," smiled Kestyo. "The Master of the Monsters will handle the situation."

The Master of the Monsters! The one final object of his quest, thought Lawly. The Master of the Monsters was the only one of its kind anywhere. Lawly had never seen the Master of the Monsters before, and he only knew of its existence through hearsay. It was rumored to be indestructible, eternal, and all-powerful. A question occurred to him at this moment: How could it be here in captivity?

He had no time for further thought, for at that moment they came upon one of the most unusual scenes Lawly had yet encountered on this adventure. It was the cage of the Shoardpresadge.

The Shoardpresadge was the smallest of the monsters, consisting mainly of a small drably colored lump of matter, in the center of which rested a single large eye. One tentacle with a sucker at its end was waving the air gently over its eye. The unusual thing about this exhibit was the fact that the cage had another occupant, a man! Or, at least, what had once been a man. The man was engaged in various odd occupations, the purpose of which Lawly could not fathom, except that they seemed to be directed by the waving tentacle.

"What is that man doing in there?" Lawly asked.

"Oh, that's just old Toot Reefip," explained Kestyo. "He's the slave of the Shoardpresadge."

"Slave? Of that monster? It's unbelievable."

"Oh, he seems to enjoy it," said Kestyo. "Old Toot seems to think he has a purpose in life, now. He wandered in here one day, just like you did, and that's what happened." He paused, and then said, "I wouldn't worry about old Toot. He's just an old space dog anyway. Nobody ever pays any attention to him. Come, I will take you to the Master of the Monsters."

At mention of the Master of the Monsters, Lawly forgot all about the Shoardpresadge and its slave, Toot Reefip. He quivered with anxiety. Soon he would behold the most fearsome monster in all the Galaxy. He would be face to face with an age-old legendary horror from the black pit of eternity itself.

He was about to meet the Master of the Monsters. He followed Kestyo through a vine-enshrouded passageway.

They paused before a great door, upon which was inscribed: "Master of the Monsters."

Lawly grinned from ear to ear. His dream was at the supreme climax of its fulfillment. The door opened and the two men walked in. The door closed softly.

In the center of the large room sat a Thing, and Lawly knew the instant he saw it, that it was the Master of the Monsters. Lawly stood enthralled. The monster before him was the Grethapoch, the Hammiproge, the Padthigrot, the Tharpilogh, and the Rettsnege all rolled into one single soul-shattering entity. In addition, the Master of the Monsters had its own unique aspects. Lawly was thrilled beyond words.

Kestyo went up to the monster, and said, "Another slave, O Master."

Lawly felt a gentle hand caressing his mind.

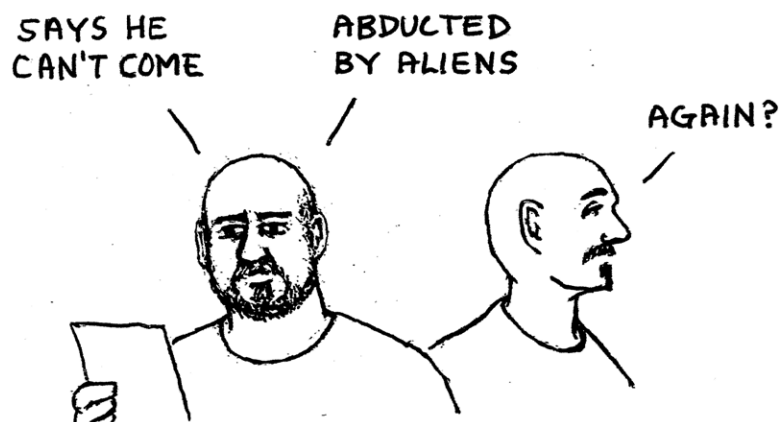
Immediately he knew he was the slave of the Monster. He was happy in this knowledge. What use had he for Galactic affairs? Here was his destiny. He would become the menial of the Monster, do its bidding, live only in its reflected glory. The slightest wish of the Monster would be his command.

Kestyo rose and came toward Lawly. "Now that you are one of us, you shall be shown the secret," he said.

Slowly, reverently, Lawly approached the Master of the Monsters. The Monster waved its tentacles meaningfully, its eyes fixed on Lawly, its mind in mental communion with his. The Monster's armored cylindrical body twisted, exposing a large scale upon which were engraved a few words.

Lawly bent down to read the sacred words. Immediately the full understanding of his position came over him, and he sighed.

The inscription was simple: "The American Multigraph Co."



Virtual Consuite

at Corflu Zed

by Peter Sullivan and Randy Byers

If you can't make it to Seattle for the convention this year, you can still participate in the proceedings. Building on the success of the Corflu Silver Virtual Fan Lounge last year, Corflu Zed will also be providing streaming video and an open text chat room for the weekend, open to anyone with an internet connection.

Joining the Consuite

To use the chat-room, just go to <http://www.corflu.org/virtcon>. On the left hand side of the page is the live video feed – replaced by a slide show when there isn't anything happening. On the right is the actual chat-room. You can see what everyone else is typing in the top window, and add your own contribution in the smaller box at the bottom.

You will be assigned an initial user name in the format "ustreamer-12345." If you'd rather change this – to your real name, livejournal name, or whatever – you can do this by clicking the "Sign Up" link at the top to register for free. Some people have been slightly put off by the amount of information that the registration form asks for, which I can empathize with. But registration is entirely optional – you can simply stay as "ustreamer-12345" if you prefer.

Technical gubbins

You will probably need at least a low-spec broadband connection to watch the Corflu Zed video stream. Dial-up users in the past have reported that the video gets very choppy, but the text chat room still works.

If you are using an internet connection at work or college, be aware that the chat room uses port 6667, which is often blocked by work or college firewalls. Mainly because systems administrators know that it is used by chat room software – so asking them to unblock it is unlikely to be successful! Home users should usually have no problem, however.

Schedule for the weekend

Caveat: All of these plans are subject to us getting a sufficiently good internet connection to be able to stream video live from the convention. However, assuming everything works, we will be aiming to stream video for everything on the scheduled program beginning with the opening ceremonies Friday evening, and we will look into streaming from the real consuite when there isn't any programming going on. However, based on last year's experience, you are likely to find other fans in the text chat room pretty much at any time over the weekend.

The Walrus and the Letterhack

with interjections by Randy Byers

Robert Lichtman
11037 Broadway Terrace
Oakland CA 94611-1948

It made me smile that you discovered Ella Parker's place in the early '60s *Cry* firmament by reading Peter Weston's *Prolapse*, and that she was at the 1961 worldcon in Seattle. You know, then, that there was a special fund run through the pages of *Cry* to bring her there—and that, as Harry Warner Jr. writes, "Only a few weeks into 1960, Wally Weber became so exasperated by the continuing failure of his long efforts to irritate her that he called her a stupid clod of a woman. Immediately, Ella became the topic of the universe's third special fund for a fan trip, in 1961, so she could go all the way to Seattle and take action appropriate to the magnitude of the Weberian remark." The other two funds were, of course, the original 1952 Willis fund and the 1959 John Berry Fund. And shortly after the Parker fund was launched the second Willis fund to bring both Walter and Madeleine to the 1962 worldcon in Chicago was also kicked off. I remember meeting Ella when she stayed in Los Angeles during part of her stateside visit.

Andy Hooper writes of a convention daily during Corflu Zed. I haven't been to all the Corflus so I can't be sure, but I believe this might be a first. I look forward to seeing them if they actually happen.

Jerry's, Terry's and Earl's pieces made for pleasant reading, but nothing more. I skipped Otto's Soames piece—never could relate to them when

they turned up in his SAPSazines and still can't. Lucy's piece made me smile as I wended my way through her loopy space/time continuum. In 1984 I probably didn't wear glasses at the first Corflu, or if I did they were either the first prescription pair I ever had or perhaps a pair of drugstore "readers." My eyes were just beginning to have their middle-age spread at that time.

In the letter column, I agree up to a point with D. West's view that "A convention for fanzine fans ought to have something positive to say about what fanzines are (or should be) doing now," and I *don't* think that "everything was done so much better in the old days." Just speaking of reproduction methods, even the fanzines that used to be spoken of in hushed terms because of their mimeography—for instance, Redd Boggs's *Skyhook* and Dean Grennell's *Grue*—look merely competently legible these days compared to the results achieved from good photocopying. The contents are the real thing, of course, and I believe that there's material in today's fanzines that would not have been out of place, quality-wise, in the fanzines of thirty, forty, fifty and more years ago.

According to research I've done for our program book recently, there has been a convention newsletter at at least one other Corflu: the Plokta Cabal did one at the Leeds Corflu. We're still hoping to do one, but the tricky part is finding people willing to do the work. Where are the neos when you need them?

Lloyd Penney
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CANADA M9C 2B2

I think past Corflus may not have reinforced the idea of the supporting membership, so some good marketing in the form of rewards for that supporting \$\$ is something I hope future Corflus will do. I hope they'll also do a series of PRs like this one, which really has turned into a short-term conzine.

I have put Vote in the FAAn Awards on my list of things to do. Let's hope for record participation this year. And, the programming looks great. I like relaxacons as much as anyone, but we all know that to get the most out of your convention, it's best to participate.

Jerry Kaufman's article strikes a sympathetic nerve. Around the time Jerry moved from New York to Seattle , my family was moving from Orillia, north of Toronto, to Victoria, British Columbia . It was so new and fresh, completely new territory. I quickly learned to slow down in Victoria (in the late 70s, stores in Victoria usually didn't open until 10 or 10:30). I learned to shop at Capital Iron for good clothes, enjoy high tea at the Empress Hotel, explore Beacon Hill Park at the western end of the Trans-Canada Highway , explain arbutus trees, and speak BCese. (Ask anyone from BC if they've paid for their lckybicky yet.) Living in BC relaunched my life. That's where I had my first real job, my first girlfriend, my first foray into fandom.

Hey, Earl, buying votes with alcohol is tried and true and effective. When we staged parties for the Toronto in 2003 bid at Chicon 2000, we literally had close to 2000 cans and bottles of assorted Canadian lagers, ales, stouts and other beery delights, and the convention could not drink us dry. The Chicon con suite bar may have ended the convention with more booze than when they started.

Randy, you might have meant that the paper fanzine is the format that's leaving us. The e-version is booming. I've had my busiest year loc-wise, and there's more zines coming in the mail, the e-mail and on eFanzines.com. And, I still want to produce my own zine, too. I wish fanzines were the centre of

most conventions, but we are all realistic types.

My loc...I have checked with Graeme Cameron and Garth Spencer about their possible going to Corflu Zed. Both are interested, but neither has the wherewithal to get there. If we can have a virtual fan lounge, perhaps we can one year have a virtual Corflu. As said before, during that weekend, I will check in with the VFL live from Seattle from time to time and send fond greetings from Toronto . We may have had an early winter here, but from what I see, you've been quite cold and snowy, too. Vancouver and Victoria have been hit hard, and neither locale is used to a taste of a typical Toronto winter.

I'm probably alone in my delusion that fanzines have a less central place in modern fandom than they once had (and thus can be considered a dead form), but I don't consider the proliferation of electronic fanzines a counter-argument. 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. But I'm probably just wrong and should shut up about it!

We Also Heard From:

Nic Farey: I note that in the loccol of "Arizona and Czechoslovakia #2", D West remarks of the Wally Weber reprint that he "takes a single joke that can't have been new even in 1960 and spends seven pages running it into the ground". This would normally be an occasion for a rebuff, but I do not wish to enter an argument with experts.

D West: No further comment on the PR. I guess it does the job well enough, so ideological quarrels are superfluous. But note that my remarks on living in the past were directed at Corflu in general rather than John Hertz in particular.

Jay Kinney: By the way, did you notice that if you toggle quickly between pgs 23 and 24 in the PDF on-screen, it kind of.... breathes? Nearly triggered an acid flashback, so be careful!

Membership List

for Corflu Zed

As of February 14, 2009

Committee

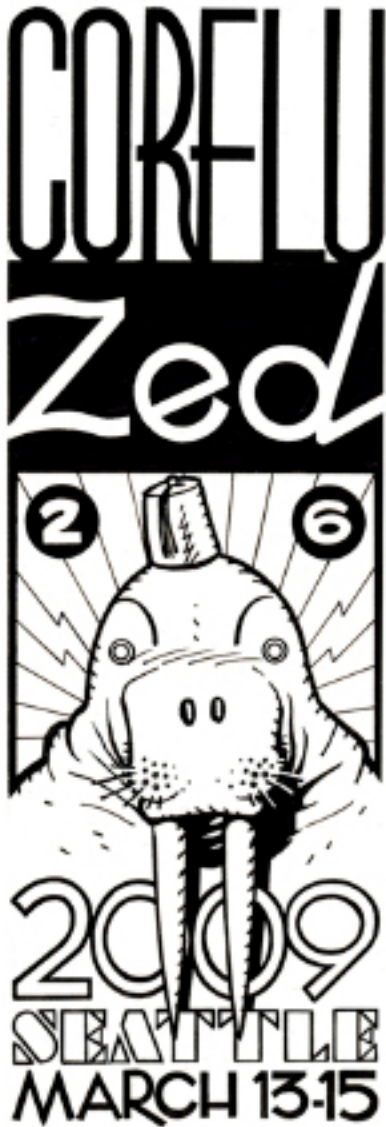
Randy Byers, chair:
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Andy Hooper, programming
Denys Howard, treasurer/
registrar: regzed@corflu.org
Claire Brialey, UK Liaison
Suzanne Tompkins,
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Mary Burns
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Tobes Valois
Pat Virzi
Michael Waite (S)
Chris Wrdrnd
Damien Warman
Bob Webber (S)
Wally Weber
Linda Wenzelburger
Peter Weston
Ted White
Art Widner
Janet Wilson
Juliette Woods
Bill Wright (S)
Kate Yule
S = supporting membership



A Convention for Fanzine Fans

www.corflu.org

Hotel Deca

4507 Brooklyn Ave. NE

www.hoteldeca.com

Reservations:

(206) 658-2391 (M-F 9-5 Pacific Daylight Time)
Front Desk: (206) 634-2000 § Fax: (206) 545-2103
Email: reservations@hoteldeca.com

Room Rates:

\$129/night for a King or Double
\$159/night for a Junior Suite

Memberships: **MAIL IN DEADLINE: MARCH 7TH**

_____ attending (includes banquet) @ \$75/ea Total \$ _____

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

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

Name: _____

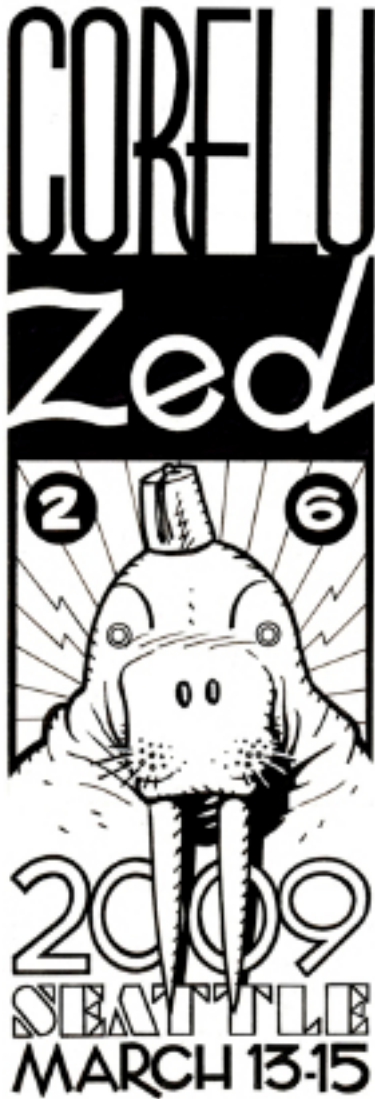
Address: _____

City: _____ State/Province: _____ Zip/Post Code: _____

E-Mail: _____

Checks payable to Denys Howard.

Postal mail to Corflu Zed, c/o S. Tompkins, P.O. Box 25075, Seattle, WA 98165. Or email zed@corflu.org.



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Front Desk: 00 1 206 634-2000 § Fax: 00 1 206 545-2103
Email: reservations@hoteldeca.com

Room Rates:

\$129/night for a King or Double
\$159/night for a Junior Suite

Memberships: **MAIL IN DEADLINE: 7 MARCH**

_____ attending (includes banquet) @ £40/ea Total £ _____

_____ supporting @ £10/ea Total £ _____

_____ t-shirts Sizes: _____ @ £10/ea Total £ _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Town/City: _____ County: _____ Post Code: _____

E-Mail: _____

Cheques payable to Claire Brialey. Post to Claire Brialey, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 7ES. Or email zed@corflu.org.

The 2008 FAAn Awards Ballot

The winners of the 2008 Fanzine Activity Achievement (FAAn) Awards will be announced during the Brunch at Corflu Zed in Seattle, WA, on March 15, 2009. (www.corflu.org)

There will be no on-site voting during Corflu this year. You are not required to submit the ballot, just your choices.

* By email: Corflu.zed.faan@gmail.com , with a deadline of midnight. Thursday, 3/5/2009

* By postal mail: Hal O'Brien, 418 Hazel Ave N, Kent, WA 98030, USA, with a postmark deadline of Thursday, 2/26/2009

Please list in each category a maximum of three choices, in your order of preference. You are voting on work made public in 2008. Each first place vote earns five points; second place, three points; third place, one point.

Best Fanzine	Best Fan Writer
1	1
2	2
3	3
Best Fan Artist	Best Letterhack
1	1
2	2
3	3
Best New Fanzine Fan	Best Online Fanac Site
1	1
2	2
3	3

Notes:

"Best Letterhack" is the short version of "The Harry Warner, Jr., Memorial Award for Best Fan Correspondent."