

VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY



Conflu Special

Inside Story Corflu... Where???

Some of you may recall the schedule I so confidently revealed to a breathless (or at least quiet) Fandom a couple of weeks ago. Some fans do not excel in short term memory. I vaguely recall the certitude with which I promised an impressive succession of blockbuster issues.

Well, we can all forget that schedule.

When I announced it, I was under the delusion that Joyce wouldn't suddenly get a wild craving — I swear she's not pregnant — to host Corflu in 2008 or that you fine folks would bestow this burden upon us.



Truth to tell, I got so excited by all this Corfluvium that this 30-page issue of *VFW* is the result. It's getting so you can't leave me alone with a computer, huh?

I apologize to those whose marvelous contributions won't reach fans quite as quickly as originally planned. I expect to do a "normal" issue of *VFW* next week and then tackle the "Dave English" and "Lee Hoffman Memorial" issues. There might be another issue in the middle of that run, to give me a little breather, but I won't make any more rash promises than strictly necessary to fill up this section of the fanzine.

And now, the Corflu Issue awaits!

— Arnie

Vegas Fandom Weekly #94, Volume 3 Number 6, March 4, 2007, is written and produced by Arnie Katz (909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145; Email: crossfire4@cox.net; phone: 702-648-5677).

Special Thanks to Roxanne Gibbs (many things), Bill Burns (posting), David Gordon (Mountaineering Consultant), Alan White (arty fella), Bill Mills (technical advisor), Joyce Katz (proofreading and So Much More), Murray Moore (FAAn Awards results) and John Purcell (Corflu help).

Reporters this issue: James Taylor, Teresa Cochran, Murray Moore, Par Virzi and Joyce Katz

Art/Photo Credits: Harry Bell (Cover, 26), Bill Burns (9), Gary Mattingly (11, 13, 14), James Taylor (18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24), Ross Chamberlain (25)

Columnists This Issue: James Taylor, Teresa Cochran

VFW is free by request — and you may get it anyway. It can be downloaded at SNAFFU.org and efanzines.com. No stay-at-home trufen were harmed during the production of this fanzine.

Member: fwa

Supporter: AFAL

Corflu Silver in 2008!

My World Turned UPSIDE DOWN!

Katzenjammer

Looking back from today's climate of relative calm, it was a Damn Good Thing that, as Official Editor of SNAPS, I pushed back the deadline for the February eMailing a week so that it wouldn't conflict with Corflu Quire in Austin, TX. I also felt, correctly as it turned out, that the slight postponement would get timely reports of the event into print very quickly.

The delay seemed like a sensible idea at the time, but it turned out to border on prescience. Little did I know of the tumultuous events that would unfold over the weekend of February 10 (a day that will Live in Fannish Memory, if not exactly Infamy).

Normally Joyce fears the idea of putting on a convention the way a con fan fears wearing an XXXXL shirt without a full complement of badges, ribbons and buttons. Ever since Joyce served as co-chairman of the worldcon in 1969, she has suffered from nightmares about being forced to run another.

When she wakes up screaming or shouting strings of numbers, I can usually figure that some imagined Worldcon



has flown off the track and jolted her from sleep. She actually made me promise I would never attempt to put on a worldcon before she agreed to marry me!

For whatever reason, Joyce's conophobia doesn't extend to Corflu, which is why we hosted Corflu Vegas in 1995 and helped the Formans and the Wilsons do Corflu Blackjack in 2004. Still, Joyce's injuries and infirmities of the last few years have caused her to say, publicly, that her con-running days had ended.

That didn't bother me a lot, to tell the truth. I helped a few worldcons in the dim past, but I have no interest in attending such massive events now, much less putting on one.

Joyce says my stance on the matter makes her feel safe from Worldcon horrors, though I notice it doesn't actually stop the nightmares.

Joyce and I hoped, and planned, to go to Corflu Quire in Austin, TX, this year. The money didn't work out quite right, though, after the courses I expected to teach at UNLV didn't materialize.



Continued on next page

CORFLU SILVER

So as the weekend of the Core Fandom World-con approached, we both felt the mounting disappointment of the



Stay-at-Homes rather than the rising tide of joy that enfolds those lucky enough to be going to the Big Party.

As the more emotional half of the couple, Joyce naturally felt the effects of the on-

rushing Corflu Quire even more keenly than I did. Monday's sadness led to Tuesday's depression and Wednesday's tears. By Friday night, Joyce could talk of nothing except her friends Way Out East in Texas.

After I went to bed Friday evening, as I lay blissfully sleeping the Sleep of the Innocent, subsequent events indicate that Joyce's mind churned ceaselessly. Visions of Corflu — the friends, the parties, the raucous dinners — filled her brain, making sleep impossible. She sat up most of the night, I think, gripped by what she herself calls "Corflu Fever."

Even a trufan must sleep *some* time and that is no less true for Fandom's Foremost Femfemfan., the Sweetheart of Fanac Falls. Eventually, she descended into fitful sleep.

Being Joyce's husband is something like being a lion tamer and I had to wield my invisible whip and chair with great dexterity to avoid getting crushed in



Her ability to effectively wield the gavel made Joyce the choice as chairman of Corflu Silver.

Joyce's early-morning bout of Corflu-mania. She could talk of nothing else and effortlessly deflected all my attempts to change the subject.

"I wonder where Corflu will be next year?" she asked, her face an inscrutable mask. "I don't think they have anybody."

That propelled us into a conversation about the future of Corflu that boiled down to me saying that someone would step forward to host.

She was dubious.

I tried to turn the conversation into a more abstract consideration of where Corflu might go in the future. (As it turns out, I was right about Seattle, UK and the BArea lining up for 2009-2010.)

Joyce steered it in an entirely different vector. "James and Teresa should bid for a Corflu," she announced with a finality that left no room for disagreement. "We could help them."

I argued that it was a lot of responsibility to place on the



Joyce's Corflu obsession sneaked up on the rest of the Vegrants, including me.

Talkin' about the Weather

You all know the old saying: "Everybody talks about the weather, but no one does anything about it." Sadly this is not true when it comes to the possible weather at Corflu Quire. Quite a few fans have fretted on the listservs about what the weather will be like in the late-March-early-May period in Las Vegas in 2008.

At first it seemed a little unfair to hold Las Vegas to a higher standard of weather. Then I realized that it's not every Corflu that's chaired by the High Priestess of Fandom. Corflu Silver probably *should* be expected to have advance knowledge of the weather, so that she can guarantee temperature, humidity, precipitation and wind velocity.

Accordingly, Joyce dusted off the crystal ball. She mediated over it long and hard and, at length, has emerged with one of her Guaranteed Never-Fail, Historically 41.32% accurate predictions: "It will be 74 degrees with no wind or precipitations. Humidity will be a comfortable 20%."

"That's great," I said. "What will it be outside the hotel?"

"I'm not going outside," she said. "I'm going to Corflu Silver, which is *inside*," she said, plausibly.

"But other fans may want to see the Vegas' Natural Wonders..."

"I think they're mostly silicon," she amended.

"The point is that fans want to know what the weather will be like at Corflu Silver so they won't have to fret about frostbite, flood or searing heat."

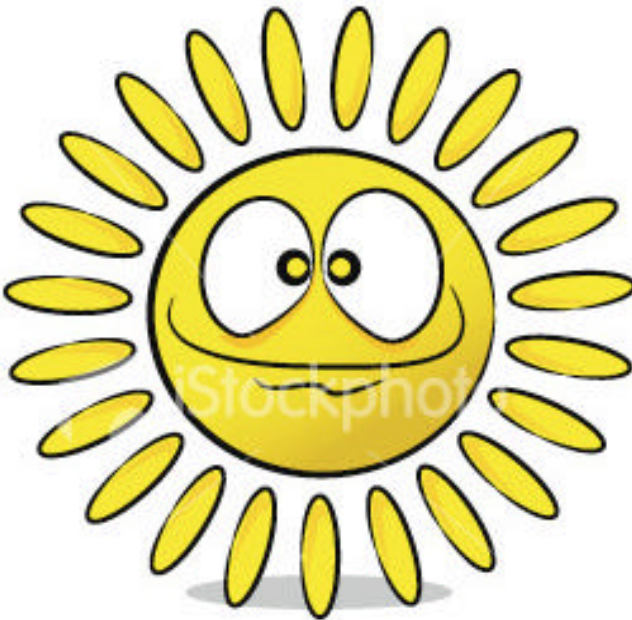
"All of those are certainly possible," Joyce agreed. "But if I predict bad weather, won't that keep some of these hothouse flowers from coming?"

"You could hedge your bet," I said, using one of those colorful gambling metaphors for which Vegas Fandom is justly known. "You could just guarantee that the weather will be nicer than it is in the UK on the same date."

"That's one way to go," she allowed, "but I think I have something better."

Joyce Katz, chairman of Corflu Silver and High Priestess of Fandom has successfully completed negotiations with the Sun God. He has graciously consented to shine only moderately enough to warm Art Widner and Earl

Kemp, but not so strongly as to melt Lloyd Penney and Murray Moore.



The Sun God says: "The weather will be perfect at Corflu Silver." Whew! What a relief, eh?

shoulders of a fairly new fan couple, even if one of them is 2006's "Best Neofan." In the spirit of conciliation, Joyce offered to co-chair the convention with James, Teresa and me.

We passed a couple of hours in similarly point-

less dialog. Finally, exhausted by her relentless enthusiasm for Corflu, I said, "Why don't you call them in Tex?"

My words had an electrifying effect. She bounced off the couch and barreled down the hall



The Con Hotel

To the left is one of the fine hostleries that Corflu Silver is considering. The location isn't very good, but you can't beat the price. The con will also earn extra money by selling access to the Executive Out-house (the one *without* the silverfish) for those too squeamish to use the in-ground coffee can.

Should Corflu Silver not be able to lock down reservations at this enchanting establishment, Joyce has already started an exhaustive survey of all Las Vegas hotels, ably abetted by Merric Anderson.

Joyce expects to have an announcement within the next two weeks.

— Arnie

to the phone. The words had scarcely left my mouth when I heard her talking to someone on the phone.

When she returned, my questioning revealed that Joyce hadn't gotten hold of James and Tee, after all. I was about to resume commiserating with her about Corflu when I saw that her eyes were sparkling and she was panting.

Well, I knew what *that* meant. To my surprise, however, an exploratory hand met with utter indifference and a Disapproving Fannish Look. Her expression asked how I could think of carnal lust at such a fannish time. (You would think she'd know after 37 years together that carnal lust is never far from my thoughts.)

As it turned out, all the sparkle resulted from a phone call with Frank Lunney, whom Joyce had located after failing to catch up with James and Tee. I can't reproduce their conversation, since I didn't hear it, but whatever Frank said to her made Joyce as happy as a neofan with his first Lichtman loc.

The interest in Las Vegas hosting the 2008 Corflu seemed so strong and genuine that it just snowballed through the rest of the day. Many phone calls were made and received, including one of a roomful of reveling fans from Ted White's hotel room.

By coincidence, a whole bunch of fans were at the Lunch Pad when all this was happening. Lori Forbes, chairman of the SNAFFU library commit-

tee, had called for a work session. Although only one fan promised to come, 10 showed up



(including Joyce and me). Joyce and I shuttled between the house and the garage, carrying tales of the burgeoning grassroots movement.

Enthusiasm varied with the amount of the fans' experience. Roxanne and Bill Mills, Bell Churchill, Eric Davis and Ross Chamberlain were fairly excited, while the neofan evinced more guarded interest. I'm sure Bryan Follins, a very intelligent and entertaining guy who is edging into the Vegants circle, probably wondered why Joyce was capering around like a school girl on a Ritalin high.

By the time the fans at the Corflu Quire ban-

quet accepted James Taylor's proposal for Corflu Silver, Joyce had staged a bloodless coup and assumed the chairmanship. I was a little embarrassed by her brazen grab for power, but I think everyone kind of expected she would seize control.

James didn't seem any more broken up than I was at not being chairman. Joyce appointed him Right-Hand Man and named me Left-Hand Man, which is probably enough of a title for either of us. I think James is likely to chair a Corflu in the future, but everyone is pretty comfortable about putting the reins of this one in Joyce's grasp.

So that's how it happened. — Arnie

Fans React to Corflu Silver!

Here are a few of the messages fans posted when they got the news about Corflu Silver.

Joyce Katz

I just read the Corflu blog and saw the first two attendees of next year's Corflu have announced themselves.... Peter Sullivan sez he'll try to come and Robert Lichtman sez he'll be here.!. The party already sounds good!

Whee! I'm delighted Corflu accepted our invitation! (Joyce Katz)

Curt Phillips

Congratulations, Joyce. If there was ever a future convention that was a sure bet 1 year out then the Vegas Corflu must be it. I'm sure I won't be able to attend (and I'm already kicking myself about that...) but I'll enjoy it vicariously through the net.

Shelby Vick

That is GREAT, Arnie!--

--And only appropriate, as well; any time I think of Corflu I think of Joyce and Arnie and Vegas! Wish I could afford to attend! Lemme know if there is any way I can help.

Peter Sullivan

Congratulations (I think!) on getting the nod for the 2008 Corflu, Madam Chairman. Assuming I can get the time off work, I will swallow my objections to current American immigration procedures and come over.

John D. Berry

You'll see me, unless some conflict develops that I can't avoid. I missed the last Vegas Corflu, but I remember enjoying the first one. And I enjoyed this one in Austin so much that I'll almost certainly take advantage of proximity (well, at least it's on or near the Left Coast) and bop down to Vegas for a weekend of wild corfluving.

Teresa Cochran

Wowowowow, Corflu Silver will be fun, fun fun! If my first Corflu has been any indication, which I'm sure it has, then I'm ecstatically looking forward to more of this closer to home and with all of you there, including Joyce and Arnie!

Sandra Bond

I can't be sure what my circumstances will be by April 2008, but by golly I will do my damndest to be there. Corflu 2004 was one of the finest weekends I've enjoyed in fandom, and I've been increasingly annoyed to have to miss the subsequent instances.

Corflu

Circumspectacularized: A Corflu Quire Report

So Corflu Quire has come and gone, and everyone had a big, big, big, Texas-sized heckuva time, at least from the other reports I've seen so far. One-woman concom Pat Virzi has revealed herself as a goddess amongst mere mortals, and we were all over-awed by her fey glamour and mind-boggling not-a-sparrow-falls attention to detail. All of us, that is, except for Ian Sorensen, of course, who remarked Saturday night as we watched Pat distribute personalized raffle tickets



to everyone as a reward for specific fanac done at the convention (which fanac was named on the raffle tickets), "For a convention run by a single person, without any help at all, it's *still*

over-organized." Whereupon Yvonne Rowse, that hard-hearted harlot, punched him in the mouth and knocked out a tooth. Not that he seemed to mind.

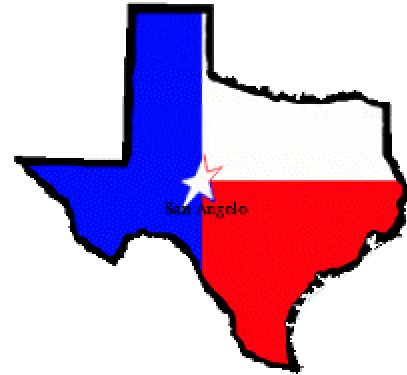
It was a violent convention, what can I say? But we won't talk about the arm-wrestling yet, let alone the projectile vomiting. But vomiting always makes me think of food, and I had some good meals at the convention.

Upon arriving on Thursday and extracting myself and my rental car from the towering and labyrinthine freeway system that cast its shadow over the whole convention, I first failed to figure out how to call Lilian Edwards on her cell phone (I'm not sure who it was who ended up answering whatever mangled number I dialed), then headed down to the bar to see if she was there.

Instead, I found Bill Bodden and Tracy Benton



and joined them for a drink and gossip about Seattle fandom. We were soon joined by Rich Coad, Stacy Scott, and Ted White, and eventually I headed out to dinner at Pappasitas with Ted along with Bill and Mary Burns.



It was decent Tex-Mex food in a restaurant right next to the hotel, which was an advantage because there were absolutely no sidewalks in the neighborhood. You basically had to walk down the freeway access road to get anywhere, dodging cars that hurtled passed at 60 miles per hour along the way. Several other early-arrivers to the convention were also at Pappasitas, and the Corflu buzz began to build on the adrenaline of having arrived in one piece and barely alive.

Pat was kind enough to open the consuite that night, even though the convention hadn't officially started yet, and she and Hope Leibowitz and Mary Burns cut up sheets of refrigerator magnet words personalized for everyone attending the con, while I chatted with Ted and Rich until Andy Hooper and Carrie Root showed up. Ted wanted to know if he'd irredeemably offended me when I quit the trufen Yahoo Group in a huff after an argument about TAFF (what else?), and he encouraged me to return to the community.

I had already contemplated rejoining the group after Corflu, which seemed like a natural milestone, but I really appreciated Ted making the gesture.

Later, he and Andy and I got sercon and talked about F. Towner Laney and the brilliant collection, *Ah, Sweet Laney!* that Robert Lichtman and Pat had put together to sell in support of Corflu. Ted

said that in his early days as a fan writer, he saw himself as his generation's pugnacious, gimlet-eyed Laney, while Terry Carr played the witty, affable Burbee. I argued that Laney's acerbic attacks on fandom seemed over-played after a while, and Ted agreed that it became something of a shtick in the end.

Back in the consuite, more titans arrived. Peter Weston left the exhausted Fishlifters behind in their room to join us in the gathering storm. Jerry Kaufman was there, laughing fetchingly at Craig Smith's "Youngest Fan at Corflu" cartoon in my Corflu perzine, *Way*. Eventually Murray Moore, Colin Hinz, and Catherine Crockett escaped Cheyenne, Wyoming where they had been diverted when the Denver airport closed yet again. None of us believed that Cheyenne really had an airport, and Colin reported that it seemed to be a mostly military one. They're probably lucky they didn't end up in Gitmo. Rob Jackson and Graham Charnock were the other Brits I remember appearing on Thursday night, rescued from the bar by Bill Burns.

Graham clearly hadn't gotten the hang of the American consuite thing yet. When he saw me walk out of the bathroom with a bottle of Shiner Bock, he asked, "Are those things free for everyone?"

The next day, I drove downtown with Jerry



and Peter in the rental car, while Rich, Stacy, and Rob followed in a second car. We walked around Sixth Street for a bit, amazed by the number of nightclubs (and the Fuck Y'All T-shirt in the shop window) when we weren't busy yattering at each other about fanhistory and other ancient gossip. (Shouldn't that shirt have said "Fuck All Y'All"?)

We went to Stubb's Bar-B-Q for lunch, and I had a pulled pork sandwich with deep-fried okra on the side.

Peter and Rob discussed the possibility that Tony Blair will be tried for war crimes and the question of whether Scotland will soon declare independence from the UK. They seemed to think that it was a Quebec-like situation where Scotland actually benefited from the union in terms of tax-dollars. Scotland really had nothing to complain about, they argued; England has done well by them.

"Unlike Wales, eh?" I said.

"Or Cornwall," Rich interjected. "Cornwall was completely destroyed."

Peter had to gloomily agree.

Before the opening ceremonies, I chatted with the newly-arrived Yvonne Rowse and waved at the still toothy (if not toothsome) Ian in the background. Yvonne has a new job as an environmental consultant, and talk turned to global warm-



An all-star panel read selections from the listserv InTheBar. (By Bill Burns)

ing. Ted joined us and described how the strange weather this winter has affected his garden. "I have some very bewildered crocuses coming up," he told us. Yvonne and I thought that *Bewildered Crocus* might be a good name for a fanzine.

There were many announcements during the opening ceremonies, and I stood up to announce the release of Steve Stiles' TAFF report, *Harrison Country*. (I sold \$133 worth over the weekend, including four copies to Chris Garcia, who took one copy for himself and said the other three were for the next three people who asked. Good on you, Chris!).

Murray Moore introduced several innovations in the FAAn Awards, including naming the top five vote-getters in each category as "nominees" and giving them pins to wear during the convention. Colin Hinz was pulled out of the hat as the Guest of Honor.

I had paid the twenty dollar hat bribe on Thursday to have my name taken out of contention, and was also charged by Geri Sullivan to pass along her own hat bribe to Pat on pain of having to deliver the GoH speech myself if I failed in this mission and Geri ended up tagged it. Sad bunnies, aren't we? Ah well, it helps support Corflu too.

Dinner that night was an expedition across the madding street to a Pappadeaux with Tom Becker, Spike, Chris Garcia, John Purcell, and Hope Leibowitz.

Waiting for the food, we tried to come up with con names that hadn't been used before, but I'm not remembering some of the excellent suggestions, which is probably why they've never been used before, when you stop and think about it. Was one of them Condoleeza — a Convention for Klingons?

Whatever the case, I ate grilled catfish and dirty rice, plus some of Spike's salad, which had feta and kalamata olives in it, so was pretty much heaven. This was John's first Corflu, and the first time I'd met him. I'm going to have to try to dye my eyebrows grey like that; it's a very distinguished look!

Chris and John are quite the dynamic duo, and



I almost started feeling enthusiastic again under the influence of their cheerful, gung-ho, gangbusters attitude. Come on, guys, don't you make me blow my cool pose!

Lilian descended from her room and into the consuite that evening and got me to track down Andy and take us up to my room to get sercon. There was much jeering from the consuite crowd about the hot trisexual action that was sure to result, but no, we talked about Britain and alcohol instead. Lilian explained that if you wanted to avoid drinking in Britain, the only socially-acceptable method was to proclaim, "Sorry, I'm an alcoholic and can't drink." Andy and I were both quite amused by this paradox, which Lilian insisted was an honest piece of sociological truth. No joking, she meant it.

Andy spun out the background for a piece of faan fiction that he wanted to write for the convention, which involved, as a largely invisible background, an alternate history in which Alexander had crossed the Indus and fought his way on through China and then sailed over the ocean to Seattle, establishing a Hellenistic empire in North America. It was fookin' genius!

But back in the consuite, the problem with al-

cohol asserted itself when in the wee hours I was inspired by Ted's discourse on the somatic differences in flaccid penis size between races to mention that I hadn't known I was circumcised until I was nineteen. That's when I made a stray comment about a statue of Zeus when my brother and I were traveling through Greece in 1980.

What a maroon! I could explain, but let's leave that for another time. However, Geri reported this conversation to Lilian later and it eventually ended up on Lilian's LiveJournal. I was the one who put those two together as roommates, and I fear (or perhaps hope) I've created a dangerous team! Let a thousand cheeks burn!

On Saturday, "Get" Harry Bell and his wife finally showed up after having had their own snow-related problems getting out of Newcastle and over to Austin, which they were meant to do the day before. Harry had been brought over by a special one-off fan fund organized by Rich Coad and Rob Jackson.



With his arrival, the InTheBar crowd (or Baristas, as they call themselves) was complete and prepared to set its peculiar stamp on the convention. InTheBar is an invitation-only online discussion group that was formed after a purge at Wegenheim, another invitation-only online discussion group.

Thus does online fandom recapitulate paper fandom, with excommunication leading only to further communication. InTheBar is reputed to produce a thousand posts a day, which just goes to show that you *can* teach an old dog — or at least a '70's-era skiffy fan — new tricks.

The sheer amount of activity of these people is threatening to assimilate the rest of us into their *ancien régime* schemes. Well, just as long as it includes regularly scheduled Corflus ...

Saturday is the one day with a program at Corflu, and this year it was ably organized and emceed by Barista Ted White, who said he felt he owed it to Pat after having twisted her arm at Toronto to run the convention.

Ted had asked me to sit on the panel about TAFF at 2 pm. Peter Weston mentioned that in Britain it's said the best way to clear the room is to declare, "The TAFF panel is about to begin," but against all odds, this one ended up being great fun. Peter and Lilian immediately got into a vigorous debate about who should be eligible to vote in TAFF. Peter worried that we were in danger of losing our sense of community, while Lilian argued that the attempt to narrow the field of eligible voters was a form of elitism.

The normally irrepressible Chris Garcia joined me in occasionally getting a word in edgewise, and Bill Burns did a great job of asking good questions of us all.

As usual, James Bacon ended up being praised as the epitome of how to be a TAFF delegate and how to spread the gospel afterwards. I said I was grateful that his reign came after mine, so I didn't have to live up to his standard.

Actually, it was James' candidacy that was the original topic of controversy between Peter and Lilian, because it was Peter's inflammatory letter

Earl Kemp unveiled a new "get tough" policy for *eI*. According to unconfirmed imaginary reports, he will now be known as Earl the Merciless.

Ah! *Sweet Laney!*, the most important fan publication in many years, includes "Syllabus for a Fanzine," still a fund of advice for beginning faneds. Shown here is a page from its original publication in Art Rapp's *Spacewarp* in 1950.

in *Chunga* about James' overt campaigning that Bill raised at the beginning of the panel to get the discussion going. Good one, Bill!

The other program item I went to was "Reading from InTheBar," which seemed to involve half the convention membership. Rob Jackson had pasted together various threads from the private list (which apparently got him in trouble later when it turned out he hadn't asked for permission). The parts were read by either those who had written them, if they were in attendance, or by others if not.

This didn't play too well in practice, I didn't think, but I completely agreed with Claire when she commented in the Austin airport on Monday that Graham Charnock was the one reader who didn't sound like he was reading. He leapt alive as a voice who was just speaking his thoughts to us.

The auction that followed — with Andy Hooper, Peter Weston, and Jerry Kaufman at the mic, and Mary Burns and Janice Murray taking names and numbers — raised well over a thousand dollars for the convention and various fan funds. I came out of it with a copy of D. West's epic conreport and manifesto, "Performance", a copy of *Warhoon* 26 with an utterly stunning red, black, and white cover by Bergeron, and a copy of NESFA's Terry Carr/Bob Shaw dos-a-dos collection that I had carried to Austin as a donation from Luke McGuff just so I could carry it right back to Seattle.

On top of that, I battled Terry Floyd for a red tee-shirt with a picture of Lenin with a mohawk and the caption, "Red Punks of the Empire". Amy Thomson had intended to give the shirt to me, but then ended up donating it to the auction via Jerry Kaufman. Terry won the shirt, but after the auction he gave it to me, saying, "You seemed to really want it, and I owe you a LOC anyway."

"Ah," I said. "It's a T-shirt of comment."

Thanks, Terry. You're a total sweetheart for the gesture. However, you still bloody owe us a LOC!

Dinner that evening was another adventure downtown, this time with Geri, Lilian, John D.

SYLLABUS FOR A FANZINE

here the roller for your mimeograph!

by F. TOWNIER
LANEY



I've seen too many fanzines too many. Why is it, I wonder, that the critical person can take the fanzine output of twenty years and count the truly first-class titles on his fingers? I don't know for many fanzines there've been, but surely no fewer than 500 different ideas, each running for one issue and some for several issues. I do know for a fact that in one fanzine association alone a standard four drawer filing cabinet plus two apple boxes; yet I could easily agree with one head the little stack of gently high quality issues.

Of course, when one considers the people that have written and produced some of these fanzines it is easy to see why their product is so good. The people who can produce anything of value today are certainly a phenomenon—for one while which there are bound to be a score of fanzine producers. The quality of fanzine titles have been created by technique, and of which will in all likelihood be the most perfected fanzine of this staff when they themselves reach maturity.

When one examines some of our children, too, we have slight cause to wonder at the simplicity of their publications and writings. Since it has always been one of the responsibilities of the fanzine person never to indulge in overkill, I of course will not mention the names of *Swamp*, *Dandelion*, *Wacko*, and others of the older characters whose productions have so often been unacceptably. It might have come of their feelings.

But I believe that there are many publishers and would-be publishers of fanzines who are failing short, chiefly because they have no clear idea how to go about producing a fanzine to suit all fanzines.

I do not hold myself up as a paragon. My own subscription fanzine, *THE ANTHRA*, set something of a record for unforgotten stuffiness, tedious, and above all, unacceptably. It took a fascinating subject, history, and treated of it in an empty and unexciting fashion as could be imagined. For some of the publishers apart from the quality indicated my sheet

Berry (who thankfully drove), and R. Twidner. We went to the Iron Cactus, which was a trendy Tex-Mex fusion place with a mile-long list of sipping tequilas.

The food was probably the best I had the whole trip. They made guacamole fresh at our table, and my Yucatan Fish Tacos, with a whole boneless fish and papaya salsa in a soft tortilla, was simply divine. The agave margaritas weren't half-bad, either, and the sipping tequilas that John and Lilian ordered were smooth and tasted faintly of cactus.

We shared some kind of White Chocolate Margarita Tres Leches thing for dessert afterwards, while Art got Apple Stuffed Sopapilla separately. Lilian combined the two and began moaning and crying out in ecstasy, while the rest of us looked on with raised eyebrows. "You've never heard me having dessert before, have you?" she said. Well, it sounded like it was good for her!

Back at the convention, the 10 pm program

item was Graham Charnock in Concert on Pat's daughter's out-of-tune guitar. He played the same Astral League songs he'd played at the Eastercon on my TAFF trip where I first met him.

Next time I expect to hear some InTheBar songs! Oh all right, it was actually good to hear the Astral League songs again (where you learn that performance is only worth 50p), but the highlight and pinnacle of the show this time was no doubt when Chris Garcia dared Graham to make something up and Graham spontaneously composed a song giving Chris a hard time about not taking his time.

Afterwards Graham and Ted attempted to settle an argument about hygiene they'd been having on InTheBar with an arm wrestling match. It was best two out of three, with the first two rounds being an amusing charade in which first Graham shied away from a bar of soap and then Ted was distracted by a giant joint (which actually looked like a tampon, but never mind that now).

The third round was for real, and I'll never forget Ted's response when Graham's arm fell back in defeat. "Seriously?!" Ted said, perfectly stunned. At the banquet the next day, he explained his tactic, which was to lock his elbow and hope that Graham would exhaust himself. Of course, at the dead dog party when I passed this news along to Graham, he claimed that he had gotten more bored than exhausted. "This could have gone on for ten

more minutes," he said, "and I had other things to do."

"Graham," I said, "I think we need to teach you about this little thing called ... patience."

"Yes, I know," he said. "I need to be more Zen. Be in the moment, it's always now, that sort of thing." Yet he still looked bored!

I missed the follow-up match when Peter Weston took up Britain's honour in a challenge to Ted. Peter won, apparently claiming that his strength was the result of trying to wrestle the lead away from his wife Eileen whenever they dance.

Ted claimed at the banquet that he had abandoned the defensive strategy he took with Graham and had tried his strength against Peter, which resulted in his lifting his elbow off the table. He lost through committing a foul, not through being overpowered. A likely story!

Likewise, in the consuite that night Seattle avoided taking on next year's Corflu, despite Lilian's full-court press against my manhood, as it were. When I said that it hinged on whether Suzle was willing to act as hotel liaison (which Jerry had earlier told me wasn't likely for next year), Lilian berated me at length (so to speak) for having very small *cojones*. Fortunately, I knew this was only due to circumcision and the somatic tendencies of my race, so I wasn't fazed more than one little bit.

Bill Bodden seemed impressed that I didn't wilt beneath her scorn, but I'm not sure how you'd really tell the difference. Not that you'd want to, I suppose, but that's okay too. It's all good, actually. Lilian also gave me some fascinating fanhistory gossip about an era in British fandom when she and Greg Pickersgill, Linda Krawecke (then Pickersgill), Pam Wells, and Alun Harries were all good friends. I imagine that in twenty years Lilian will be publishing her own version of *Prolapse* about the heyday of the '80s.

Sunday was the banquet and all its elaborate traditions, including the announcement of the FAAn Awards. Murray introduced yet another innovation, if you want to call it that, when he instructed us in a new way to spread egoboo. What you do is flip someone the bird and say, "Egoboo," followed by their name. Thus: egoboo, Murray!

I missed the explanation for the gesture, but it



John D. Berry, now resurging in Fandom, and "Best Fanwriter" winner Claire Brialey enjoy a typical Corflu encounter.



Our esteemed Corflu Commentator, Randy Byers, marvels at *Ah! Sweet Laney!*, the incredible anthology by Robert Lichtman and Pat Virzi that debuted at Corflu Quire!

definitely gets points for weirdness. On the other hand, I was very disappointed that *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly* didn't win a FAAn Award, although I gave my own top vote to *Banana Wings*, which really should have won last year.

Mark Plummer, in accepting the award, very graciously said he was prepared for Murray to declare an updated winner in Lee Hoffman's SFFY, but that if it were *Chunga* again, he would have to travel to Toronto and do Murray bodily harm.

I'd join you, Mark! Besides, if I'd won for either *Chunga* or *SF5Y*, I'd have had one co-editor or two feeling envious.

And now it's Croydon Fandom Über Alles, slouching inexorably toward Yokohama, while *Pixel* and *VFW* lurk in the digital wings, like crouching dragons. When will these ethereal scissors cut paper at last?

Colin's Guest of Honor speech was a sweet, halting look at his opinions of fanzines as a neo faned in *Novoid* in the late '80s. You know, I've noticed a disturbing trend in Corflu Guests of Honor recently: the last three have all been from Toronto. Not only that, but Alan Rosenthal told me

that his was the first name to come out of the hat Corflu Blackjack, but since he wasn't there Ted's name was drawn next. This can only mean that Jim Caughran or Janet Carrington will win it at Vegas Silver, or maybe Best Letterhack Lloyd Penney if he makes it. It's getting as bad as Seattle's domination of TAFF — and yet it's pretty much random!

Dinner on Sunday was an expedition to the County Line (On The Lake) for BBQ. OMG! WTF! I had Craig Smith, Chris Garcia, and Colin & Catherine in my car, in a caravan of eight or nine cars containing something like 40 people, organized by the Lee Hoffman of the '90s, Geri Sullivan.

The people were probably more fun than the food, although that may be because I'm not a huge BBQ fan. So much greasy meat! Where did my boneless fish tacos get to? But it was huge fun anyway, and we created one shots on paper towels (the first one was called *The County Lino*) and gasped and choked over a reading primer we found sitting on the windowsill (glued together with four other books to give it that permanent library-shelf look, I guess) that seemed in our famished state rife with sexual innuendo about riding the BIG train. Will you come on the big train?

I sat next to Hank Graham, who started a biblical oneshot that came to a divine end when Tom Becker poured corflu in it, erasing all sin, or at least all error. On the drive back to the hotel, David Bratman unknowingly showed me the way through the freeway labyrinth at the last moment, proving that his map fu was just as powerful as advertised.

Back at the consuite, the dead dog commenced to howl. Geri had a bottle of Beam's Choice, and there were several Smooooooooths in memory of Tucker. Some grumbling was heard about this ritual from Ted and Graham, so on the second go-around, when it came to the "That was smoooooooooth" part, I rubbed my shaved head rather than making the swooping gesture. Then Carrie Root started gold-plating my head with foil from the bottle of Negra Modelo I was drinking. (My favorite Mexican beer!) She thought I'd get a lot more head rubs that way, but it did not turn out to be the case, alas.

Graham confessed that he felt like a complete

fraud as a fan, and I thought that this was very fannish of him. Craig and Rich and I talked movies for a good long time, stinking media fen that we are. To compensate, Rich harassed me to write an article for his new sercon fanzine, *Sense of Wonder Stories*, of which issue 0 was available at the con. Geri and I discussed the possibility of doing a Lee Hoffman collection, since there will be no further issues of *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly*. Rest in peace, LeeH, and thanks for the benediction of telling Geri that I was a trufan and a ghodd man.

I'm sorry I never met you, and I look forward to getting to know you better through your fanzines and the stories of your friends.

The next day I slipped out the back door into the parking garage rather than suffer further good-byes, which had been hard enough when I left the dead dog party. But at the Austin airport, who should I run into at my gate but Claire and Mark and Peter, who were on the same flight to Houston as I was.

We sat around drinking coffee and talking about the convention, British fanhistory, and ancient pro feuds. (Michael Moorcock had showed up for the Corflu banquet the day before, and Peter told me why Moorcock and John Brunner hadn't liked each other, and indeed why Peter and Moorcock had had a falling out that was only resolved — or acknowledged as water under the bridge — at the banquet.)

This was some of the best quality time I had with the Fishlifters, so I was completely delighted, although they seemed initially disappointed that I wasn't the ubiquitous Chris Garcia, whom they apparently felt would have somehow complete the circle started by Graham Charnock being the first fan they spotted in Austin. Perhaps it was because Graham and Chris' initials are the reverse of each other?

When I mentioned having seen a photo at LA-Con IV of Graham from the mid-'60s and looking very neat and clean-cut in a shirt and tie, Peter (who was also in that photo) drew a portrait of a Charnock as young artist — a serious-minded experimental writer associated with Moorcock's *New Worlds*. Now *that's* proof of evolution!

Before we knew it, we were joined by Craig Smith and Lenny Bailes, who were also on the

same flight to Houston. We seemed to be having a mini-convention in the airport! However, in Houston, Craig — who had saved my hypertextual perzine with a last-minute burst of very fannish cartoons — had to run to catch his flight to Seattle.

My flight was later, so I did lunch with Peter, Claire, Mark, and Lenny, right there in an airport food court. We hatched a plan to create pirate editions of old fanzines to sell on eBay at today's outrageous prices, assuming for the sake of fun and games, that there is a price for a fanzine that isn't inherently an outrage against the gift economy.

Peter suggested that establishing a value for fanzines via eBay was a good way to see them preserved and protected as an investment. The one problem with our scheme seemed to be how to fake the classic rusting staples of the fanzines of yore. It was finally decided that they could be stolen from ancient crudzines without harming our fannish karma any worse than the whole project would in general. There's probably a special circle in Niven and Pournelle's inferno for fanzine pirates ...

And then they were all gone, and I was sitting at my gate waiting for a plane delayed by weather in New Orleans. I wrote a LOC to *Banana Wings* in my moleskin notebook, wrangling over feelings about winning and losing awards and the slippery nature of egoboo.

It's strange to look back at the 2000 Corflu in Seattle and to think how much my sense of, and place in, fandom has changed since then. A certain peak has already passed, and yet I am now a fully integrated trufan, stuck with a handle — fringefaan — that has lost its cheerful irony and become pretty much just plain wrong.

I'm a fully-fledged faan now, no denying it. And thus I prattle on at interminable fuggheaded length, with a scruffy beard scrawled on my sagging jowls. And you may ask yourself, how did I get here? It seems it happened one Corflu at a time.

Ah well. Did I forget to get back to the projectile vomiting? Let's leave it where it lies, shall we, right next to Ian's bloody tooth. See y'all in Vegas. Bring your mouthguard!

— Randy Byers

Corflu at the Table!

The main body of Corflu programming consisted of three hour-long panels, an hour of dialogue readings, and the auction. The readings, which I guess were taken from an e-mail list - this wasn't made entirely clear to me - were well-enough written, but the ability to read aloud wittily and entertainingly is a skill which not all of the participants in this event had.

The panels, however, were consistently interesting. The program did not list all the panelists, and I didn't write anything down, but a few points seemed worthy of taking away to think about later.

One panel asked the question, "How would your life have been different, if you'd never become a fan?" Most of the panelists - Peter Weston expressed this point most explicitly - could hardly imagine what their lives would have been like without it. Me neither. Most of my intellectual interests predate my arrival in fandom, but my expressions of them - not just my academic work as a fantasy scholar, but my few publications as a librarian and my third career as a classical music reviewer - came either through contacts made in fandom or a confidence in self-expression gained through fannish writing.

And my entire social life, excepting only with blood relatives, is either in fandom or a result of fandom. If I'm a bit of a social hermit today, it's because I finally had a surfeit in my twenties and thirties of the social life I was starved for in my pre-fannish teens.

Peter did wonder, though - if he'd come across fandom too early, and found a social group of people talking to each other and ignoring him, would he have drifted away in disappointment and never tried again? It's a good question, and it ties in to something Ted White mentioned quite incidentally in the introduction to another panel, "The Fine Art of Letterhacking." This panel turned out to be more an essay in the fine art of editing fanzine lettercolumns and the effect that styles of editing will have on letter writers. (For instance, if the editor chops up letters and groups the comments by topic, will letter writers stop trying to tie their letters into coherent wholes?)

But at the beginning, Ted defined letterhacking. He said that while now it means writing letters of comment to fanzines, in his neohood in the early 1950s it meant writing letters to prozines. Large active conversational prozine lettercolumns have since pretty much disappeared, but in the day they were a major source of recruitment for fandom.

This is where Ted made the comment that most intrigued me. He said that these letters were full of fannish references and in-group jargon that he was eager to learn the meaning of. I, too, many years later and in a quite different context - for I found fandom in a high-school SF club, not the prozines - found the hermetic esoterica of fanzine fandom to be quite appealing.

I wondered what has changed? For this very



The TAFF panel turned in an insightful and entertaining performance.



Colin Hinz gave a well-received GoH speech at the banquet. quality is what gives fanzine fandom its reputation in a world of media fans as being elitist and unwelcoming. My own feeling is that any social group which welcomed me could not possibly be described as unwelcoming, but it is true that at a Worldcon a few years ago, someone distributed a Neofans' Bill of Rights, which essentially called on us established fans to stop using terms and making references that neofans didn't understand, or at least explain them whenever we did, and to order our entire cultural group around the perceived preferences of neofans, rather than to suit ourselves and let others decide for themselves if they liked it too.

To me the Neofans' Bill of Rights, though reasonable enough as a request for politeness, had behind it an attitude that I as a neofan would have found unbelievably arrogant and condescending. I never expected fandom to model itself to my preferences. My job was to decide if I could fit into its preferences.

Some areas of fandom I didn't fit into and dropped out of; others I did and stayed. Fanzine fandom was one where I did. But something has changed, because after half a century of continuous influx of eager youngsters, about 1980 fanzine fandom stopped getting so many recruits, and most of those it does get are somewhat older.

Has human nature changed? Are potential fans finding other outlets on the Internet? Is media fandom really sucking away those who in past times would have thrived on our brand of rigorous discourse?

The third panel was a revisit of the old question, Whither TAFF? No bland, vague, theoretical

discourse on the state of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, this was a vigorous and even fierce discussion and dispute over iron specifics.

Peter Weston again brought up the most interesting point, about the ethics and aesthetics of campaigning for TAFF delegate. In the Old Days, candidates made sure they kept their activity prominent during the campaign, but they never asked for votes, assuming voters would know their work.

More recently with the fragmentation of fandom, candidates have been running friends-and-neighbors campaigns, going around sometimes literally sticking out their hands and saying "Vote for me." Once upon a time this would have been considered unbearably crass, and Peter asked, is it now expected? He himself lost TAFF to the first such campaign 35 years ago, and though he subsequently won, it's clear that 35 years later, he's still pissed off about it.

Lilian Edwards told Peter he was all wet; that a candidate shouldn't expect to win by just sitting back and expecting all his mates in the in-group to vote for him: fandom is larger than your in-group. But that's not what Peter was saying at all, though his reply to Lilian was not as incisive as it could have been. There's a community of people who know TAFF and know the eligible candidates and their work. It's the recruitment of votes from people who know nothing of TAFF, nothing of the candidates other than the one who recruits them, and who are only questionably qualified to vote at all (TAFF requires voters to be already active in fandom, though it's doubtful whether this is enforced) that bothers him.

I tend to agree that there's a difference between an in-group, a community, and an amorphous fringe body, and find the most encouraging fan-fund development of recent years to be the tendency of candidates, or their sponsors, to publish collections of their past writings. This strikes me as fair campaigning, the equivalent of politicians running on their records rather than on how many babies they can kiss. If the community is getting diffuse, publications like these can bring them together.

As I said: a thought-provoking three hours.

— David Bratman

Taylor-Made A Different Kind of Con

Teresa and I had barely recovered from our December UK trip when it was time to head to Austin for Corflu Quite, February 10-12. We left from McCarrren on Feb.8th at 10:50 pm.

Let that sink in for a minute. Why in the world would we do something like that? As I have mentioned before Teresa is a Cannuckophile.



The Plane stopped everywhere *but* Fantasy Island.

Canada builds what are called “regional” passenger jets. In fact, they seat as many people as the early DC-9’s and probably have at least as much flying range.

Teresa likes these small jets not just because they are Canadian, but also because it’s easier for her to feel what the smaller plane is doing better than on an Airbus 320 like we flew part of the way back from Austin. To fly a regional jet, we had to leave at 10:50 pm on US Airlines. This got us into Austin at 3:30 am on the 9th,

I have to say flying into an airport at a ridiculous hour has some advantages; No crowds, fewer distractions, everything just more relaxed. Not a term I ever associated with air travel not even 30 years ago.

We got sole occupancy of a Super Shuttle van for the ride to the conven-

tion hotel. No apparent problems checking in, but it turned out my charge card had been used to pay for the stay instead of my debit card. Not a real problem, but awkward since I’m the middle of replacing my old second trust deed with a new one and I was trying to avoid activity on my credit card.

I thought it might be possible to have a short sleep and then help Pat Virzi set up for the convention, advertised for a 3:30 pm start.

Didn’t happen. Pat and friends had things completely under control by the time we found our way to the Hospitality suite around 1:00 pm.

The Doubletree has a number of quirks, among them hot chocolate chip cookies on check in and a breakfast that ends at 11 am, even on weekends. We never did make it down to the café in time for breakfast during our stay. Hope Leibowitz said she used the free hotel shuttle to go to Denny’s for breakfast at least once. Never occurred to me to do that, but she’s a more experienced Corflu goer.

After a rather good lunch, we went upstairs to find a number of fans already in the Hospitality suite and working on munchies and drinks. For



Arm Wrestling has replaced softball as the Sport of Trufans. Vegas fans await the UK and US champions at Corflu Silver.

about the first hour or so, I was able to keep up with introducing myself and Teresa to incoming fans, but after that the numbers became too great and some probably got missed. Early on, Pat surprised Teresa with a dulcimer from Wal-mart, of all places. Graham Charnock caught her playing on video and it's now posted on YouTube if you want to check it out.

If you listen closely to one of the clips, you can hear the arrival of Jack Speer announced by



Did Ted White quote the title of an article he wrote for *Quip* in the late 1960's to James Taylor so that the Amiable One could say, with absolutely veracity, "Who was that neo I saw you with? That was no neo, that was the Best New Fan of the Year."

Teresa Cochran is often seen with James and, as of Corflu, is, indeed, the Best New Fan of the Year.

the cry, "The Judge is Here!" After talking to him, I'd say Jack is the personification of Occam's Razor. Not somebody to play the fool with and still very intimidating. And that's today; I can't even imagine what it must have been like to face him on the bench in a courtroom.

Earl Kemp seemed to be having a good time. I never saw him without a smile the entire convention. Ted White got a keyboard to play at the same time as Teresa got the dulcimer. He improvised along with Teresa a bit, but I overheard him say not to expect any solos at Corflu.

When the Hospitality suite emptied to go to dinner, we tagged along after one group for a bit. Then when they crossed the street in front of the hotel to go to Pappadeaux a Cajun seafood restaurant, we turned right and then around a corner to go to a Mexican restaurant, Pappesito's Cantina. Had a bit of a wait, which gave us a chance to talk with a Texan visiting from Amarillo while Teresa had a pipe on an open patio near the entrance.

Not clear if he was attending an educational seminar or was an educator presenting at the seminar. He made a good enough impression that when he was called to join his group at a table, he offered to have us join him. We passed, but almost immediately got our own table. The food was very good and, as you'd expect for Texas, plentiful.

Eight o'clock brought a brief and painless opening ceremony highlighted by the selection of the guest of honor out of a hat. I had forgotten to slip Pat the traditional bribe to make sure I wasn't called. I was just a tad nervous.

Teresa wasn't worried at all. She'd just compose a song for her guest of honor speech if selected. But Colin Hinz was chosen and later gave a very funny speech centered on predictions of the future of fandom he had made in the past in one of his zines.

Saturday brought us downstairs from the second floor hospitality suite to a segment of a partitioned ballroom. Another portions held other groups that applauded from time to time.. I expect they also noticed when things got a bit rambunctious in our area as well.

Teresa and I found our way to the front to give us the best chance of hearing what was going on during the panels that followed. While waiting

for the auction to began, I browsed the zines being sold to benefit Corflu and came across a number of issues of *Mimosa*. Suddenly Chris Garcia was standing there, staring at my find.

It wasn't the usual Chris; it was Chris in collector mode and very scary he was. I did the brave thing and handed him the zines. A minute later, he handed me three. He had paid for all of them, then kept the ones he didn't have and gave me the others. It was very fannish and a good start to the day.

Lenny Bales, who claims to know Arnie since before he was a neofan, led the "Life Without Fandom" discussion. Some panelists just couldn't imagine such a thing, while others tried to guess what other group they would have joined if it hadn't been this Fandom. As Lenny suggested, maybe Fandom would have caught up with us at a different time. I like that one since it's what happened to me.

A panel on TAFF decided that it wasn't dead yet. The most interesting idea which came from the audience was that it had out-lived its usefulness, but this didn't seem to get much support from anyone.

For some reason, the high points of "the Fine Art of Letterhacking" escape me except for whether or not LOCs should appear strictly in the order received, be edited and grouped by subject or qualitatively, best LOCs first. It was allowed that computer-based word processing was making it easier to edit and arrange LOCs.

Although I like the idea of Readings from IntheBar and I enjoyed those parts I could understand, it really did lose something in actual presentation. Accents, a dearth of acting talent and mostly the need for more practice kept it from being more successful. Might be worth trying again, but perhaps drop the use of actual writers of the messages and choose on the basis of dramatic skill. Still, wouldn't that be counter to what Corflu's all about?

For me, the auction was the best part of the program. Hadn't been to one in a very long time. It was just a lot of fun watching the give and take between the auctioneers and the audience. I did buy several things, most importantly the bound copy of John Percell's ezine *In A Prior Lifetime*, all 20 issues from 2003 to 2007.



Andy Hooper, one of Fandom's best auctioneers, starred in that role at Corflu Quire. With any luck, he'll be hawking fanzines again in '08.

As I talked to John Purcell afterward, patting myself on the back for buying it, he realized that there was another bound volume, so we went over to the tables looking for it. And there it was, the bound copy of ... *and furthermore* missed somehow during the auction.

After some puzzled talking mostly to himself, John handed it to me so I could keep it and "In A Prior Lifetime" together. I thanked him profusely and look forward greatly to reading both. The day end with a mediocre dinner in the hotel's lounge. Luckily Lenny Bailes joined us so the food didn't really matter that much.

Sunday brought the Banquet, though at this Corflu it was more of a Brunch. And it was very good, even if the coffee did disappear a little too quickly for Teresa and me.

In no particular order: Pat Virzi was elected past president of fwa (Fanzine Writers of Amer-



Lenny Bailes issued his first fanzine in five years in Aus-

ica), and guest of honor Colin Hinz revealed that at one time he had been a neofan by reading predictions long ago.

I fumbled through presenting the Las Vegas request to host the 2008 Corflu. Having forgotten all the clever things I had planned to say I somehow got enough of the right words out to meet the minimum requirements.

Of course, I forgot to say what the name would be, but no one really seemed to care about that. Most were more interested in the date and hotel. I could only repeat our intent to hold it at the end of April, maybe the weekend of the 25th, and while the Plaza downtown is being considered, nothing was settled in any way.

That was enough to almost get me back to my table, when Andy Hooper expressed his desire that some place other than the Plaza. That touched off an exchange like those that have gone on since the first Corflu. Ted White provided covering fire for the rest of my retreat and then took back control of things to wind up the Banquet and send us back to main event, partying.

Geri Sullivan put together a convoy to the County Line BBQ to the North of the convention hotel and we were able to get a ride with Tracy Benton and Bill Bodden in their rental car. From what they said, driving in Austin is a very interesting experience. I was surprised by how quickly we got into hills after leaving the hotel, I knew Austin was in the Hill Country part of Texas, but for some reason I didn't think we were that close.

Geri got all but two at our table of maybe 15 to go family style rather than ordering individual.

There were three levels for family style, and being fans, we went with the least expensive choice. This mostly worked out, but bread got ordered in addition to what came with our choice and a number of us would have liked dessert even if we didn't need it.

The food was good. Teresa and I agreed that the chicken, cole slaw and potato salad were the best items, but the beef ribs were close behind. The brisket varied with which kind you were eating. I will leave it to Tracy and Bill to describe it in detail since they seem to be experts on the subject. Pat Virzi got the bill sorted out and we were soon (at least in fannish terms) on our way back to the hotel and the dead dog party.

The dead dog party is the last event of Corflu, as it is for most conventions. It was supposed to go on till dawn, but I can't reliably say if that happened. We turned in around 3 am, maybe an hour earlier than the previous nights.

Waiting for your ride may have replaced the dead dog party as the real end of Corflu. The airport was busy, but not crowded when we got there around 3:30 pm to go through security. For whatever reason, we could just walk up to the counter and get our boarding passes.

I did get wanded at security for the first time, which was kinda interesting. From the way the security guy acted, I don't think that everyone he dealt with took my laid-back approach to "further screening." In the future, I will not carry my credit card-sized magnifier in my shirt pocket, since it triggered things.

Although Homeland Security gave T the chance to exchange her laptop for another she declined and I found out that she had no idea what color it's case is. She just didn't need to know until the trip through the airport. Despite one annoying passenger on each leg of the flight home and a mad rush across Phoenix's Skyharbor airport to get to our departure gate, it was pretty routine.

Finding baggage at McCarran was more exciting due to the fact that they displayed the flight number on our carousel and announced a different one. But I was so happy to be home I just laughed it off, collected our bag and went looking for the shuttle to the economy parking lot.

— James Taylor

Tee Time My First Corflu

A number of months ago, I was telling

James about the little 100-passenger Canadair regional jet I'd taken from Chicago to Roanoke.

I've been interested in aviation for many years, and I really liked this plane for some reason. So, being the trip-planner of our little family, he found flights involving this nimble little thing. Ok, so it is cramped and has kind of firm seats, but that was worth the trade-off for me. It also involved getting to Austin in the wee hours of Friday morning and renting the room for an extra night. USAir also changed our flight plans at the last minute, making it necessary for us to change planes in Phoenix, which we weren't crazy about.

Maybe I'll save my small-plane jaunts for leisure purposes and continue flying in things like Cessna 150s for those, and bigger jets for long flights, but it was kind of interesting, anyhow.

Once we got to the Doubletree at around 3:30 am, we took our notorious Doubletree cookies upstairs and I immediately headed out the room door we had just entered, so I could have a nice pipeful of tobacco in the courtyard area. That setup was even better than a smoking room, as stale pipe smoke is not a pleasant experience, even for me. My first adventure was finding the room door again. (I'm sure I stuck my card key in our next-door-neighbor's door a few times!) James happened to be up and opened the door for me. Then we simply crashed for several hours.

When we got up, it was late morning, and past breakfast-serving time in the restaurant, so we had sandwiches. Then we headed over to the consuite to see what trouble we could find and get into. We wandered into the inner sanctum, where secret activity was afoot. I couldn't resist saying, "Smo-o-o-ffff!" when we were told we were in danger

of viewing the great secrets of the FAAN awards, and James had turned me away and told me not to look.

I'd no sooner sat down in the company of several other fans, when Pat Virzi put a box in my hands and, without preamble, said, "Here's a dulcimer for you to play." I knew it would be the con of my dreams (literally) from then on. Ted White had made a point of intro

ducing himself a bit earlier, and

he had a keyboard out (another instrument provided by Pat, along with a guitar.) I usually get awful stage fright when I play, but due to the Vegants and local open-mic sessions, I've been

working on making this go away. I had a great time pickin' and grinnin'. I told Ted later that I wished I'd heard more of his playing, but he hadn't had a good opportunity to improvise. Unfortunately, we didn't get a chance to jam together during this Corflu. Maybe at Corflu Silver. ...

There was some Sheiner bok around, and I love a good beer, so I started on my way toward making a sizable dent in the beer offerings. I'm a bit of a



Tee uses her technology at the convention.

beer snob, and I thought the selection was great. I'll drink anything other than the big three poor-excuses-for-the-stuff, which give me a tummy ache, anyway.

Earl Kemp was so radiantly happy to be at a Corflu that even I saw the glow coming off him. I greeted Art Widner, too. He was lamenting the dearth of single-malt whisky, so for the next Corflu, I'll make sure there's some around for those of us who drink the stuff. I noticed several UK fans commingling with the rest, and I talked to Mark Plummer for awhile. He talked about how amazing it was to have alcohol in the consuite. Apparently, it's prohibited in English hotels. We talked about the food in the UK, and my theory that the basic food in Canada and the UK is better than the basic food in the States, as far as restaurants go. Mark said he agreed with me there.

James and I went to a Mexican restaurant around the corner, Papacito, for dinner. I had seafood enchiladas with cream sauce, which was rich and plentiful enough for three meals. I ate it all anyway and was practically bursting, but very happy.

I mostly spent time in the smaller room of the consuite, away from the larger crowd. I liked being in the presence of the good fannish cheer, but I have always had trouble with auditory processing,



Tee plays the Wal-Mart Dulcimer, so thoughtfully provided by Pat Cirzi.

and I don't do well with several conversations at once. I set up what I called my "camping gear", consisting of my laptop and a Braille note-taking device which I can turn into a tactile display for Windows. All weekend, the computer was balky about connecting to wifi hot-spots, but I foolishly persisted in trying to get it to connect. Pat V. Announced that we could use her account in non-free areas, and even that was balky sometimes. I just have to play with the configurations a bit more.

Saturday morning, while James and I were fumbling around for our coffee, Ted White and Frank Lunney asked us how we felt about a Corflu in Las Vegas. I said without thinking, "Well, absolutely." Frank said he'd been talking to Joyce on the phone, and she'd wanted to do it. Stunned, we agreed to do it, and I got more and more excited by the minute. We went briefly into the sercon area (Ted's room) for the Smoky room ritual. There was a conference call on my cell phone speaker to Arnie and between that and a few more calls, we were well on our way toward Corflu Silver.

After our lunch/breakfast, there was programming. I confess that I sat in the front row doggedly trying to connect the blinking laptop again, while listening to the various programming. There was a discussion of what life would be like without fandom, one on TAFF, and readings from Inthebar, amongst other things. I've since heard criticism that the Inthebar readings made the eyes glaze for some people, but James, for one, who hasn't gotten into the bar thus far, enjoyed them.

There was the auction, which was a lot of fun to observe and participate in. I bid high on a DUFF report, because I had a sudden impulse to buy it. So as I shouted "fifteen!", James shouted "five!" Ah well, a bit of a communication lapse, but no harm done; we still got it.

Lenny Bailes came over at some point during the day on Saturday, wondering what our dinner plans were. I told him I was thinking of just having a large bowl of the tortilla soup, the hotel restaurant specialty, since I had eaten so much food in the last day or so. He, James and I went to the restaurant, but it was only open for breakfast and lunch. We headed to the "lounge" where they served some of the same food. I lucked out, because I got the soup, but the reports from the guys

weren't favorable. We did have a chat about the Bay Area, folk music and fandom.

I was playing with my computer again in the consuite, when Jack Speer showed an interest in my computer technology. I was just then downloading Lenny's "Rasterman Blues" from efanzines.com, and was glad to have something fannish onscreen. He actually knelt down beside me and asked me to read some of the things I came across. I showed him how the speech worked while reading the screen, then read a couple of sentences in Braille. He seemed utterly fascinated, and I realized once again that I take this stuff for granted all too often.

Sunday morning was the banquet, and I was absolutely shocked to get the Best New Fan award. I was so stunned I couldn't say a word. If I could have, I probably would have started blubbering all over the place anyway. I loved the award itself, and the warm glow I basked in for the rest of the con was truly amazing. So now I'll say it: it means a whole lot to me to know that I'm valued by all "y'all" actifans. Yes, a genzine or personalzine is forthcoming.

I went out for one of my infrequent smoke breaks. I can spend time alone doing this, or make it a social occasion. John Purcell came by while I was standing outside and we had a long conversation. He mentioned that he was teaching his high-school students comparative literature, and had to get home and reread the short stories for his lessons, one of which was Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher". I told him about Bill Mills' Voices of Fandom site <http://www.thevoicesoffandom.com> and the Renaissance e-books site <http://www.renebooks.com> where there was a production of the radio play with Ross Chamberlain playing the role of the doctor.

About forty of us went to the County Line BBQ for dinner. Many liked the brisket, which wasn't my favorite. For me, it was a toss-up between the chicken and the ribs. While waiting for our food, someone spied crayons and paper towels and pronounced the magic word: "one-shot". The spontaneity of that moment was priceless to me, if the product was less than coherent. There were two of these dubious creations, one of which was called the county Lino. We were all a bit tipsy



Jack and Ruth Speer delighted Corflu Quire with their unanticipated attendance.

with drink or ambience or just plain fannish good cheer, and it was fun. I was disappointed that I didn't get to have any of the "homemade ice cream" as advertised on the menu, but I soon got over that when we got back to the Dead Dog party. This went on for hours into the next morning, with Geri Sullivan toasting a few "smo-o-o-oths" to Bob Tucker. I could feel him looking down from the Enchanted Convention with amused approval.

Lenny Bailes and I talked about the parallels between SF fandom and folk music fandom, and the feelings of camaraderie that come from being a part of a subculture. I mentioned my self-imposed non-choice when I was a teenager: I'm passionately interested in both, and in order to "grow up" I need to choose one. Geri chimed in and said there were a number of fans that go to the Winnipeg Folk festival as a group. This would be something to try. I've gotten a taste of filk music, and I like it well enough, but there's a narrowness of scope that bothers me about some of it. I'd like to sing English sea chanties and space chanties interchangeably, without labeling it all. I was telling Lenny that I'm going to do various "filk" things at folk open-mics, without calling them "filk." I'm thinking of doing "Green Hills of Earth" to the tune of "Star of the County Down" and introducing it simply as "a song inspired by Robert A. Heinlein." Lenny told me about the folk scene at Minnecons, so I'm going to have to experience that one of these days.

There were good-byes Sunday night and Monday, but mostly I just told folks I'd see them in Vegas at Corflu Silver! — Teresa Cochran

2007 FAAN Awards

R E S U L T S

The 2007 FAAn Awards (Fan Achievement Awards, ably conducted by Murray Moore on behalf of Corflu Quire, were presented at the Corflu 24 banquet in Austin on February 11.

Although the typo in *VFW* announced my intention to “sauté” the high finishers, what I really had in mind was more like a “salute.” I’ll also try a little analysis while I’m at it, since there isn’t anyone here to stop me.



Best Fanzine

1. 78 Banana Wings 13-4-1
2. 52 Pixel 7-5-2
3. 46 Vegas Fandom Weekly 6-4-4
4. 40 Chunga 5-4-3
5. 25 Science Fiction Five-Yearly 3-2-4

Other Placers: The Drink Tank (24); eI (24), Alexiad (21); Gnarley Gnews (12); Prolapses (12); Benton (8); Bye-Bye Johnny (6), Plokta (6); File 77 (5), Planetary Stories (5); Steam Engine Time (5); In a Prior Lifetime (4); Zoo Nation (4); Ansible (3); Flurb (3); Mars Dist (3); Opuntia (3); Reluctant Famulus (3); Tortiouse (3); Challenger (1); Derogatory References (1); Emerald City (10: For the Clerisy (1); Littlebrook (1); LK (1); Motorway Dreams (1); Pablo Lennis (1); Peregrine Nations (1); Vanamonde (1).

Arnie's comment: *Banana Wings* (Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer) ascended to the top spot after coming in a very close second to *Chunga* (Andy Hooper, Randy Byers & Carl Juarez) last year. *Pixel* (David Burton) and *Vegas Fandom Weekly* (Me) rounded out this year's “top three”.

The strong positive response to *SFFY**Lee Hoffman with Geri Sullivan) gave paper fanzines an edge over digital ones in the “top five,” reversing last year's situation. Overall, though, electronic fanzines continued to gather more supporter from voters, perhaps enough to overcome the fact

Thank You Awards have nothing to do with why I'm a fan, but I can't deny I enjoy the egoboo of my peers. So I sincerely want to thank everyone who cast votes for me as “Best Fanwriter” and for *Vegas Fandom Weekly* as “Best Fanzine.”

that a few fans simply refuse to vote for such zines.

Best Fanwriter

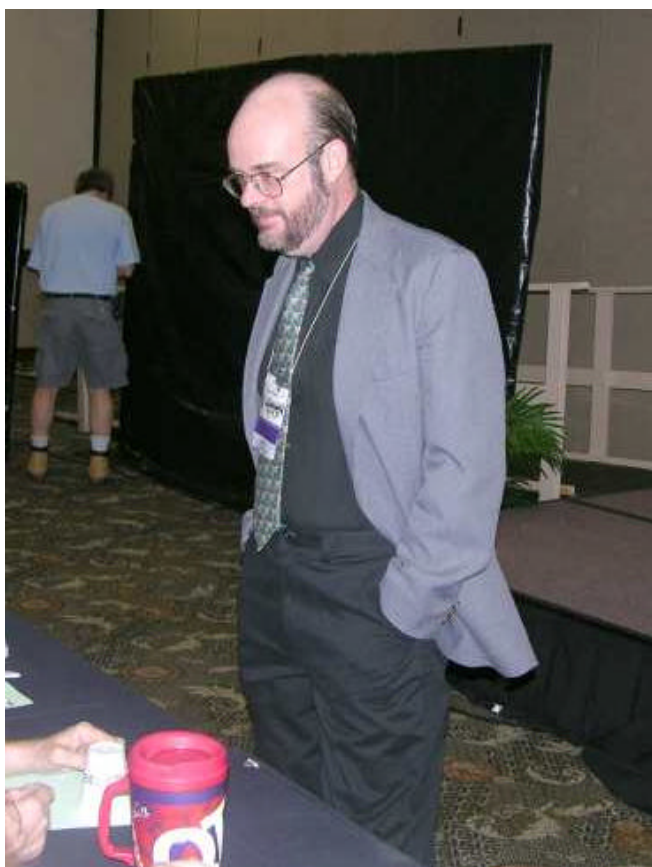
1. 45 Claire Brialey 8-1-2
2. 37 Ted White 2-8-3
3. 28 Arnie Katz 4-1-5
4. 26 Chris Garcia 5-0-1
5. 22 Graham Charnock 3-2-1

Other Placers : John Hertz (18); Earl Kemp (18); Randy Byers (15); Mark Plummer (15); Andy Hooper (14); Bruce Gillespie (13); John Purcell (12); Eric Meyer (10); Dick Lupoff (9); Frank Wu (8); Rich Coad (8); Joyce Katz (7); Joe Major (7); Cheryl Morgan (6); Dale Speirs (5); rich brown (5); John Hall (5); Henry Welch (5); Wil Wheaton (5); Peter Weston (4); Tony Keen (4); EB Frohvet (3); Gary Grady (3); Christina Lake (3); Fred Lerner (3); Robert Lichtman (3); Mark Manning (3); Rudy Rucker (3); Milt Stevens (3); Taral Wayne (3); Bridget Bradshaw (1); Flick (1); Neil Harrison (1); Terry Jeeves (1); Dave Langford (1); Dave Locke (1); Jason Schachal (1); Shelby Vick (1); Jerry Wright (1).

Arnie's comment: Claire Brialey repeated as top vote-getter, but all of 2006's other high finish-



ers slipped at least a little in the rankings. Ted White took second-place on the strength of excel-



Brad Foster, who designed the gorgeous FAAn Awards certificates, placed second among artists in the poll to finish a strong second to winner Dan Steffan.

Decoding the Results

The Rank column is the total of points. A first place vote is 5 points, a second place vote is three points, and a third place vote is one point.

In the line -- 46 Chunga 651 -- 651 is the number of first, second, and third place votes. (First place votes, 6; second place votes, 5; third place votes, 1.) Six first place votes x 5 points = 30; five second place votes x three points = 15; one third place vote x 1 point = 1; total 45. I mean 46.

— Murray Moore

lent posts and a return to a higher level of fanzine writing.

Chris Garcia has clearly progressed well beyond the neofan stage and came in a very close fourth to my own third-place ranking. Graham Charnock, who is almost exclusively a listserv poster, remained one of the most popular fan-writers.

Isn't it interesting that Earl Kemp and John Hertz tied for sixth? The former fans electronically and the latter refuses to even look at email. Variety is definitely the spice of Fandom.

Best Fan Artist

1. 51 Dan Steffan 10-0-5
2. 45 Brad Foster 7-4-1
3. 35 Alan White 5-2-4
4. 25 Harry Bell 3-3-1
25 Alison Scott 3-3-1

Other Placers: Marc Shirmeister (21); Bill Kunkel (14); Ross Chamberlain (12); Frank Wu (12); Taral Wayne (10); Sheryl Birkhead (9); Bill Rotsler (9); Peter Young (9); Ken Fletcher (8); David Reddick (5); Craig Smith (5); Kurt Erichsen (3); Larry Dickison (3); Mo Starkey (2); David

Russell (3); Don West (3); Ditmar (2); Randy Cleary (1); Terry Jeeves (1); Sue Mason (1); DL Norton (1); Peter Zenger (1).

Arnie's comment: Dan Steffan ran one-two with Steve Stiles, who pulled his name from the balloting, for many years and is now alone at the top. Brad Foster moved into the second spot and Alan White held steady as the third-most-popular arty fella.

Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award (Best Fan Correspondent)

1. 65 Lloyd Penney 7-9-3
2. 61 Robert Lichtman 11-0-2
3. 42 John Purcell 3-7-6
4. 21 Mark Plummer 4-0-2
5. 18 Chris Garcia 0-4-6

Other Placers: Eric Mayer (15); Claire Brialey (12); Dick Lupoff (11); Milt Stevens (11); Ted White (10); Jerry Kaufman (6); Greg Benford (5); Graham Charnock (5); Joseph Major (5); Steve Sneyd (5); EB Frohvet (4); Kevin Ahearn (3); Alexis Gilliland (3); Lee Ann Hildebrand (3); Steve Stiles (3); Howard Waldrop (3); Martin



Claire Brialey's popularity as a faned and writer continued in the 2007 FAAn Achievement Awards.

Who Voted?

Sometimes, knowing who cast the votes puts the results in perspective. Here's Murray Moore's report:

Voting this year were : Chris Garcia, Jeff Redmond, Richard Coad, Bruce Townley, Randy Byers, Eric Mayer, John Purcell, Janine Stinson, Ian Sorensen, Peter Sullivan, David Burton, James Taylor, Ian Maule, Steve Green, Guy Lillian, Andy Hooper, Joy V. Smith, Dave Locke, Lee Labell, Roxanne Mills, Claire Brialey, Terry Kemp, Spike Parsons, Hope Leibowitz, Mark Plummer, Arnie Katz, Lilian Edwards, Teresa Cochran, Lenny Bailes, Bill Burns, Art Widner, Joyce Katz, Pat Virzi, Espana Sherrif, Jim Linwood, Yvonne Penney, Lloyd Penney, John Thiel, John Hertz, Earl Kemp, Robert Lichtman, Robert Sabella, Taral Wayne, Bill Wright, Linda Bushyager, Mike Glyer, Frank Lunney,

Morse Wooster (3); Steve Green (1); Steve Jeffrey (1); Robert Kennedy (1); Rodney Leighton (1); Tim Marion (1); Joseph Napolitano (1); David Redd (1); Will Tenino (1).

Arnie comment: Last year Robert Lichtman won this category; this time it goes to Lloyd Penney, who has finished first several times in this category in the past. It looks like these two many ride the top of this category for some years to come.

The strong showing of John Purcell, Mark Plummer and Chris Garcia augurs well for the future of this noble form of fanac. Electronic fanzines are starting to get a much higher level of response, which suggests that this category is helping to promote letters of comment.

Best New Fan

1. 41 Teresa Cochran 6-2-5
2. 32 Peter Sullivan 4-4-0
3. 16 Chris Garcia 3-1-0
4. 15 John Coxon 2-1-2
- 15 Lee Lavella 3-0-0

Other Placers: Jean Martin (10); Espana Sheriff (10); Bill Mills (7); Clare McDonald (6); Jeff Redmon (6); JA Boman (5); Abi Brown (5); Graham Charnock (5); Niall Harrison (5); Jim de Lis-card (5); John Purcell (5); Marianne Cain (3); Duncan Campbell (3); Robert Hole (3); Geneva Melzack (3); Roxanne Mills (3); Howard Waldrop

(3); DS Ketelby (1); James Taylor (1); Liz Batty; Steven Bryan Bieler.

Arnie's comment: My fan-fatherly pride is boundless at the selection of Teresa Cochran, but I would have been every bit as pleased if Peter Sullivan had finished first. Both are outstanding newcomers, either of whom would be a fitting successor to last years Best Neofan, Chris Garcia.

The standings indicate the difficulty of voting in this category. Neofans often ease into the sub-culture, so this year's rankings include many who were also mentioned last year. That's fine, but I think *winning* the previous year's poll as "Best New Fan" should automatically eliminate the recipient from ranking in this category.

Unless we want to change the definition of "neofan" to include those who de-gafiate after a long-hiatus (say, 10 years), it seems a little silly to vote for Lee Lavell, Graham Charnock or John Purcell.

I have no objection to widening the definition to include ex-gafiates, but it ought to be spelled out in that case.

Among actual new fans, John Coxon drew very strong support from the FAAn Awards electorate.. He might be the "early line" favorite (as we say in Vegas, to win the "Best New Fan" category next year if he widens his focus of fanac somewhat in the 2008 poll to be held in conjunction with Corflu Silver.

— Arnie

What about Next Year?

The 2007 FAAn Achievement Awards drew more than twice as many ballots as the previous year's poll. That's a heartening comeback, especially since the elimination of on-site balloting probably knocked out a few last-minute votes. Murray Moore, Pat Virzi and Brad Foster all did a great job in helping put the FAAn Awards back on track.

Since I wield the awesome power of Left-Hand Man for Corflu Silver, it is a little hard to talk about next year's awards without sounding Authoritative or Official — and I wouldn't want to preempt the decisions of whomever actually runs the 2008 FAAn Awards balloting.

What I *can* say at this point is that the 2008 Awards will have a similar schedule with no on-site voting. There'll be a Brad Foster certificate for each winner and, I hope, a publication that fully describes the winners to be handed out at the end of the Corflu Silver banquet.

— Arnie

Las Vegas Fan Events Calendar

VSFA Monthly Meeting Saturday, March 3 11 AM

The small, but active formal club meets at Dead Poet Books (937 South Rainbow Blvd.). The meeting usually focuses on club business, followed by a socially oriented after-meeting meal or snack.

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, March 3, 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad.

SNAPS Deadline Sunday, March 11

Contributions should be sent to Official Editor Arnie Katz (crossfire4@cox.net). Everyone is invited to participate in this popular and enjoyable fan activity.

Cineholics Friday, March 16 7:30 PM

The invitational film circle meets weekly at the home of Alan and DeDee White

Las Vegrants Meeting Saturday, March 17 7:30 PM

The informal invitational Core Fandom club meets on the first and third Saturdays at the Launch Pad.

Cineholics Friday, March 23 7:30 PM

The invitational film circle meets weekly at the home of Alan and DeDee White,

Las Vegas Club Directory **Contact!**

Looking for a local group? These are the major ones.

Las Vegrants

Arnie & Joyce Katz,
909 Eugene Cernan St., Las Vegas, NV 89145
Email: JoyceWorley1@cox.net
Phone: 648-5677

SNAFFU:

Michael Bernstein
Email: webmaven@cox.net
Phone: 765-7279

VSFA:

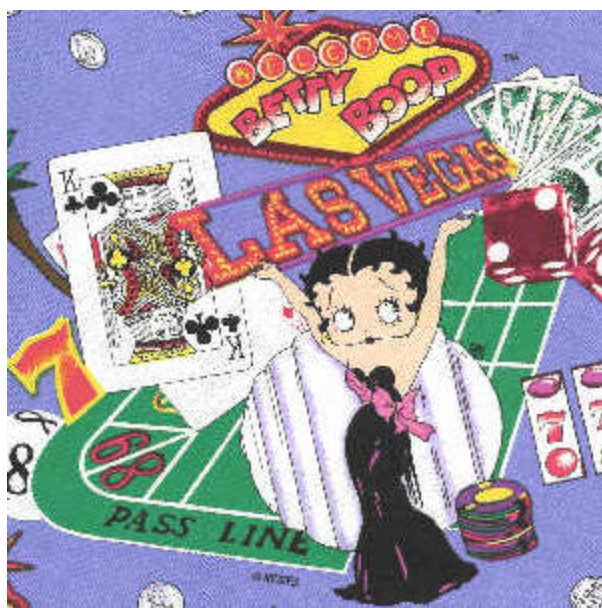
Rebecca Hardin
Email: hardin673@aol.com
Phone: 453-2989

The Kingfish Says...

“Thirty” means “the end” in journalism and the 30th page means the end of this jumbo-sized issue of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*. I hope you’ve enjoyed this little celebration of Corflu (present and future) and will bear with me for the absence of many regular features.

They’ll all return next issue, along with a selection of articles. I apologize for the delay in publication, pretty unusual for *VFW*, but I hope to step up the frequency just a little for at least the next few issues to redeem various editorial promises.

Meanwhile, the best thing you can do is send a letter of comment, article or cartoon. The Corflu Quire coverage is not done. I am awaiting delivery of a much anticipated Corflu Report and I would like to present as many additional ones as you fine folks care to supply. Photos of the grand event are also much desired. — Arnie



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... and a ton of news.