

This fanzine is a Crow's Nest Production. Editor, K. Dawn Plaskon, 6540 Dana Street, Oakland, CA 94609. The management does not claim responsibility or agreement with anything stated within these pages, then again we don't refuse it either. Copies may be obtained through the usual set of bribes, threats, or lures. Copyright - July, 1985. Member: fwa.

I'M IN A DIFFERENT WORLD



Editorial Comment

Since this is my first attempt at publishing a fanzine, it seems appropriate that it be a Corflu '85 con report. I have, for some time, held a place on the periphery of fanzine fandom, while remaining discreetly reserved about venturing into that tangled world of verbiage. Some of the people I know and like best are fanzine fans and, luckily for me, they have not held my dilatory nature against me. Of course, this is probably because they knew I would not hold out forever from the lure of corflu.

So, without further ado, I present for your delectation "Punk Dykes on Dope". A small, unpretentious report about a small, unassuming convention in a (dare I continue) small, unprepared town. Contained within its modest bounds are reports from me, Jeanne Bowman, and Rachel Holmen. Cover credit goes to the original Rachel Holmen "Punk Dykes on Dope" T-shirt and VMI. Interior illos are, sort of, by me.

Punk Dykes On Dope

It is Saturday night in Napa. The regulars have arrived at the Holiday Inn, ready for an electric night of music and dancing to Vogue the hottest new wave band ever to hit this community. The bar is packed. Wine country executives, singles, even a few tourists up from the City to visit the vineyards are out on the dance floor moving in erratic rhythms to an understated barrage of music. The lead singer, conservatively punk in black leathers and Rita Moreno curls, croons the latest popular hits in the dulcet tones of cocktail singers everywhere.

A quiet disturbance occurs as three women walk into the bar. From a table at the back, a young, upwardly-mobile executive takes one look at the three and reaches for the wrist of the one nearest him.

"Do you want to dance?" He asks, looking meaningfully up into her dark eyes, heavily shadowed in electric purple.



She looks him up, down, then with infinite cool give a slight assenting nod. They move to the dance floor and take places in a free corner. Heads turn in the bar following their progress as she stalks unerringly through the crowd. Napa has not before seen the like of this. Trendy young women take in the details of a black body stocking, well-ripped in the legs. Showing through the holes, held loosely closed by safety pins, are lurid, lime-green stockings. Black leather boots, a motorcycle jacket with a four foot chain of one inch links dangling from the shoulder, and a spiked dog collar complete an ensemble they have previously seen only in the pages of People magazine. Groups of couples, lean across small tables to whisper to each other, as they try to unobtrusively stare at this apparition in their midst. They watch with avid eyes as the young woman begins to sway seductively to the music.



Before the patrons can recover, the other two women move to the dance floor. One is moderately tall and statuesque; except for spiky purple hair and eyes shaded blue and red, she might fit into their midst. The other, in tight jeans, tank top, tie, a chained leather jacket and sporting a liberal number of leather straps about her arms and legs; holds the taller women by the hand as they move onto the dance floor. The two women begin to move to the music. Occasionally, as the music allows, they come close to embracing each other. All three women seem oblivious to the searching glances cast their way by the regulars.

The young executive has been trying to get to know his partner.

"Where are you from?" he asks.

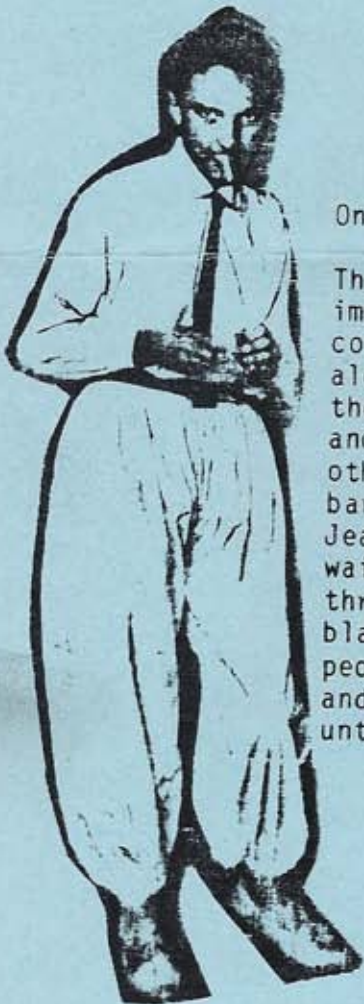
She answers briefly, "Seattle."

"Oh? What are you doing here in Napa?", he asks with curiosity.

Her eyes glint as she answers, without pausing in her movements, "We're here with Corflu."

His voice becomes eager, as he leers at her with lustfully hopeful longing. "Is that a band? Are you with a band?" She glances at him archly, unmoved by his looks, and does not answer. The band finishes their song, and announces the end of the set. The three women, looking around them with a certain measure of contempt, stroll

casually out of the room and back to the environs of their friends. Heather reports to Tami and Dawn the conversational gambits used by her pickup and they share a laugh at his naivete.



One hour later.

The band is in the middle of their second set. Their playing has not improved much in the intervening hour, but bored with idle conversation and over-energized from a combination of drugs and alcohol the three women decide to return to the bar. On their way, they pick up Jeanne and Eileen. Trailing behind are Alan Bostick and another male member of the Corflu party. As Tami and Heather, with the other three close behind them, move past the doorman and into the bar, there is a surge of movement from the hotel security people. Jeannie and Eileen hang back for a few minutes watching as the waitresses, hotel security people, and customers stare at the other three walking onto the dance floor and beginning to move to the blandly unexciting strains produced by Vogue. When the security people notice Jeanne watching them watching the other three, they turn and leave. Anyway, by this time they are certain there will be no untoward incidents.



Jeanne and Eileen move forward to the dance floor, and the five women take over one corner of the floor. Jeanne and Dawn sway together to the music, dancing as a single unit. Heather has moved back to the wall and dances alone, emmeshed in her own interpretation of the sounds. Tami moves as though on stage, performing for an unseen audience, while Eileen moves gracefully, appearing to dance with and to Tami. An older couple, the man clearly entranced and amused by the five women, begin to dance among them. He chortles excitedly when Tami begins to direct some portion of her dance to him, mimicking her movements awkwardly. The band ends their song and begins another as the five continue their dance. When that song ends, so has the set. The five stride off the dance floors, through the bar, and into the hotel lobby maintaining an apparent disregard for the reactions of the regulars to their appearance and activity.



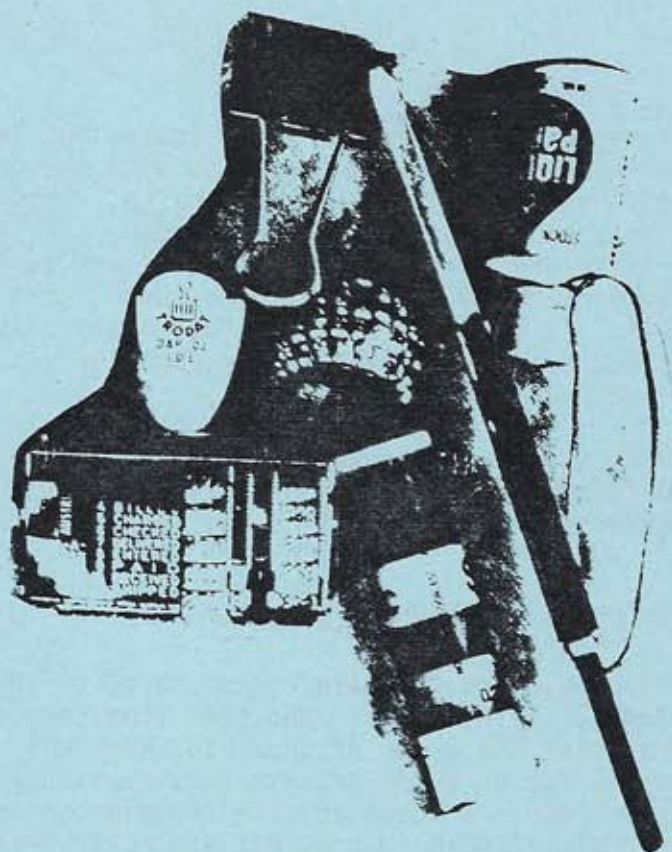
Corflu has come to Napa and gone again. The regulars continue to frequent the Wall Kennedy saloon at the Holiday Inn. Mingling together in quick joinings and swifter partings, they attend to their Saturday night specials in the usual way. But every so often a hush comes over the room when a new person enters it. The crowd glances toward the door as if expecting something new and different. One might even suspect that their hopeful glances betray a desire for the reappearance of the "Punk Dykes on Dope".

K. Dawn Plaskon

IMPRINTS

AND

IMPRESSIONS.



"So I went up to the Napa Valley Corflu this year and had a fine time." I said to my friend as we shared brunch one day. "Corflu provided me the opportunity to better my acquaintance with many fine fanzine fans."

"So who was there?" asked my friend.

"Oh, let's see, there was Victor Gonzalez, Tami Vining, Heather Wright of Seattle, Bill Bowers. Most of the big fannish names. I particularly enjoyed talking to Jeanne Bowman, and Ted White."

"Ted White?!" my friend exclaimed. "But he's so pompous. He collects an entourage of neo-fanzine fans who follow him around a convention hanging off his every utterance."

"Yeah, they're imprinting on him, like ducklings." I commented. "But I really did find Ted to be engaging company, and I enjoyed listening to him and Terry Carr talking during the drive up to Napa. I think he and Terry know each other too well for Ted to dare being pompous. And they gave a fine workshop on mimeo techniques. I learned how to use shading plates to add texture to drawings on mimeo masters. At the parties, they swapped old fannish gossip from their New York days, talking about stories they'd published and writers whose careers they had seen begin. And did I tell you about Ted's idea for next year's Corflu program?"

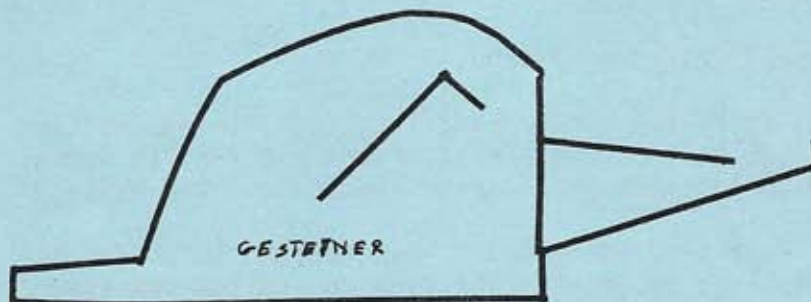
"No, what's it going to be?" asked my friend.

"I may have the details a bit fuzzy, but Ted and some others in the Falls Church contingent came up with the concept of making the convention program a living fanzine. They'll have an editor rather than a program chair or toastmaster, with each program item being one article and events to be the cover and table of contents. The audience would be the letter column. Sort of a walking, talking WOOF. It seems an original idea that could be a lot of fun. Ted had asked Terry Carr to be Editor, but Terry's not certain that he is going to Corflu '86."

"Well, that does sound like a lot of fun, and given his contributions to fanzines and fannish history, Ted must be more than the surface impression would make it seem. What else went on at the con?"

THE PARTY AND THE Mimeo ROOM.

"You know that the main reason to go to any convention, but especially Corflu, is the party. And this time Corflu had parties, plural (no mean feat for a con of under 100 people). There was a convention suite, two or three private parties, and continuous activity in the mimeo room. I wandered into the mimeo room Saturday night to find several fanzines in progress and a fascinating collection of old mimeo equipment that was set up by Dave Rike. I was tempted to make little cards for each mimeo, like a museum display, but decided I would much rather admire Heather, Tami, and Sharee's punk getups, talk to Elmer Purdue, congratulate the guest of honor, and sample Corflu (actually blue Curacao) in the con suite. Someday soon, though, someone should



compile the lore of mimeos. Too many of us have never worked with mimeos and don't understand the significance of the different kinds. There clearly a wonderful collection of knowledge about them that should be recorded before it's lost.

Amy Thomson was ubiquitous as always with her Model 100 lab computer. She was busily entering unattributed interlineations. I suggested that she type in the names."

"But you don't usually attribute interlineations, do you?" asked Amy. "I won't forget who said what."

"Sure you won't," I said. "Later, though, you'll want to KNOW who said what. What you actually report is up to you."

My friend asked, "So you mentioned Jeanne Bowman earlier, how was her convention?"

My acquaintance with Jeanne was quite different from that with Ted, apart from the obvious sexual differences. Friday night I saw Jeanne looking very rattled at one point, so I gave her a hug. It turned out she'd been have a problem with hotel security about the noise from the con suite. "Gee," I said, "We're not even singing teenage death songs yet, how are they gonna react when we start TEEN ANGEL."

We never did sing, though David Hartwell was there. The hotel was lucky since when someone complained at us directly during the hall party (and just as we started singing), we were teddibly polite and moved back into the con suite. It was also too cold to carry out our threats to liberate the pool for skinny-dipping on Saturday afternoon.

Jeanne and I talked further on Saturday night when the conversation turned to recent events in her life and how she felt that they had impacted her ability to interact with the hotel for the convention. I gather that the remainder of Jeanne's weekend was a bit rocky, but the rest of the con was never affected by any complaints from the hotel, and seemed to have a fine time.

"So, did they have a banquet this year? I remember last year at the Claremont, the banquet was almost literally rubber chicken. And do you recall that dessert? It was so bad we held a contest to name it. I think the entry that won was "Scope a la mode." my friend chuckled at the memory.

THE BANQUET

Well there was a banquet, but it was distinguished by edible food. They had a buffet that provided just about enough of everything. Though, despite its being the Napa Valley Hoiday Inn, there was no wine served. Pat Ellington most thoughtfully provided a glass of wine each from the bar for the two of us.

After the banquet, the festivities continued with a voice vote electing Suzle Tompkins (who was also the convention's Mixmaster) to the post of past president of FWA. She professed herself honored to receive two such dignities in one weekend, having never before been asked to be a household appliance. The applause was overwhelming. The Guest of Honor, Allen Baum, then gave his speech. Pascal Thomas, last year's GoH, and Lynn Kuehl, last year's GoH translator provided dual translation services for Allen. Allen's words were, respectively, rendered into French and American idiom.

And finally the Corflu/TAFF/DUFF auction was held. This included the usual mix of fascinating and boring items, but all were sold off amidst much jocularly. Included among the loot was an autographed wine bottle, from Dick Ellington, with a certificate of authenticity relating an old fannish anecdote; some rare books including a collection of Wilson Tucker short stories; a white dress shirt with a Jay Kinney original on the back; and a British fanzine with a title about hedgehogs that I was tempted to buy for Jeff Frane (the bidding quickly grew too steep for me though).

"Well, it sure sounds like a great time," said my friend, "but I don't know how the committees do it. It seems like a lot of work and agony."

POST-CON TRIBULATIONS

It sure is, and it lasts all the way to the end. While I waited in the lobby for my ride home on Monday, I heard Allyn Cadogan speak to Ted, "Use an established bank account for Corflu, and don't sign a hotel contract that requires that anything be paid before departure. Shay took the checkbook and left, and the credit manager is worrying about how long we've had the account. Luckily it's the same account we used last year, so it's somewhat over a year old." She added, "We should probably be able to send you some seed money for next year."

I heard later that another departing Corflu guest kindly placed the entire convention bill on his plastic so that Allyn could leave.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Special thanks for my Corflu go to Debbie Notkin and Tom Whitmore, whose offer of crash space made it possible for this impoverished zine editor to attend.

Rachel Holmen

B-3
O

D
Y
K
E
*
F
U



It's a tough title to follow, but it was a tough job. Hotel liaison for Corflu, Holiday Inn, Napa '85. They picked me for the job. Maybe because I'm big; tall for a gal, tall for a guy. Maybe for my quick footwork and fast mouth, or maybe my friendly face. The concom hadn't much choice. "OK, Bowman, you're closest, it's yours. Be diplomatic." The sales staff had me pegged, "You're the most normal person in the bunch". I could live with it.

Friday night 10:45

The hotel dick accosts people, our people, in the hall. A noise complaint. The guy tells Jerry Kaufman if they get another complaint he'll shut down the party. Notkin tears me away from Bill Bowers. "We're going down there. Girl, you're on the job." Cadogan is steaming down the hall. "OK" I think quickly. We need more muscle, so I dive back into the ferment and grab Kuehl, "Front desk, let's go."

I'm on the job and ready for action. Cadogan is incensed, Notkin is worried, and Kuehl is simply bewildered. He gets it in the elevator. "Oh, the token male." We grin, "You got it, Kuehl." We reach the desk and demand the manager.

She's a wimp. Long-haired, with bangs ironed out almost 90 degrees from her face. Cute. Pleasant. Nice. She doesn't stand a chance. "But this room across the hal from your suite has had that gentleman in it for a week." Cadogan lands with her stomping boots (Corflu purple, matching her nails). "Yeah? We've been booked for a year. Block booked." It's a circus. A good cop, bad cop free for all. Cadogan and I be bad, Notkin be good, and Kuehl be cool in his quiet lummox way. Soon it's smiles all around. She'll keep the room vacant.

Saturday 9:30

I get into my work drag - jeans, button-down shirt, jacket, Glen Ellen Volunteer Firefighter's and Rescue hat. I'm ready for action. I check in with the front desk. The bimbo has rented out the room. "Get me security", I tell her. "Cuz like we said, Saturday is Party night." I give him the lowdown, "Call me before you throw your weight." "Don't tell me my job", he growls. "Just doin' mine," I parry and get diplomatic. No hall parties, we got it straight. I tell him, "We just want to be sure there are no problems." "Whe you look out the window and see red lights flashing, you'll know you got problems. By the way", he sneers, "Ya oughta take off the hat. It makes you look too tough." Shit, I thought that's too personal. "Hey, yeah, well warn your guest about the noise. I'd hate your hotel staff to get a reputation for incompetence throughout the Bay Area."

My leather creaks as I shrug into the mimeo room. It's hopping. Cadogan is pubbing her ish. Terry Floyd and Dave Rike are in E-stencil heaven. Move onto the suite, meeting Rich Coad in the hall. "Yeah, Jeanne, that's a mean hat. Give em all yer Dyke-Fu."

It's Hawaii time. Bill Bowers wears his wimpy zone shirt, embarrassing Terry Carr. "Hey" I said, "Let me show you how, watch carefully. Bill.. Oh, Bill, show me the back of your shirt. Man, that's



slicker'n snot.!" I laugh evilly. Carr falls over in hysterics. Bill asks "What did you say, again?" Carr chokes out, "Hog spit, woman, hog spit." "Naw", slowly, "Slicker'n snot."

11:00

Dawn Plaskon pulls me off the floor to go dance. Heather Wright, Eileen Gunn, Tami Vining, Dawn, and I cut a swath to the bar. I skip to the loo, the girls take the floor. The hotel dick, the barhop, the manager and assistant manager, the bus boy and waiter stand in the back of the bar with mouths wide open. Ho, hay they ain't seen tough. Vining and Wright move to vanilla new wave. I jump in.

11:30

Back at the con-suite I toss Paul Williams his hat. He and Ted White talk Breendoggle to an awed Victor Gonzalez. Rachel Holmen and I grab for a taste of girl talk, but Carr needs the bathroom to smoke. It's the no smoking parlor. "Cool it, Jeanne, no one enforces rules in the suite bathroom." There's some ruckus about a video tape. Jerry Jacks thinks Sharee's wails sound...Hey, it embarassed both of us, what he said. Guy's got a cute blush.

Later I find Carr Pat Ellington, Holmen, both Davises, White and Hartwell in the hall. Fuck, I swore no hall parties. Carr catches my drift and bellows, "Jeanne, you're such an asshole." Hartwell tangles with me. We get vertical singing "Teen Angel", Carr grumbles loudly, "Oh God, Teen Angel, boring, come on." A door, close, bangs open. A voice, deep, male, angry, grinds out, "Shut up, some people want to sleep around here." "Right", I leave.

Eileen Gunn said it. "Hey, you look beat. Like you've had a hard couple of months." Yeah, right. Corflu, the job, some people would call it fun. I say, too much like work... but I'll live.



PUNK DYKES ON DODGE
6510 DANA
OAKLAND, CA 94609

JERRY KAUFMAN
SILVER STAR COMPANY
4325 WINSLOW WAY NORTH
SEATTLE, WA
98103

