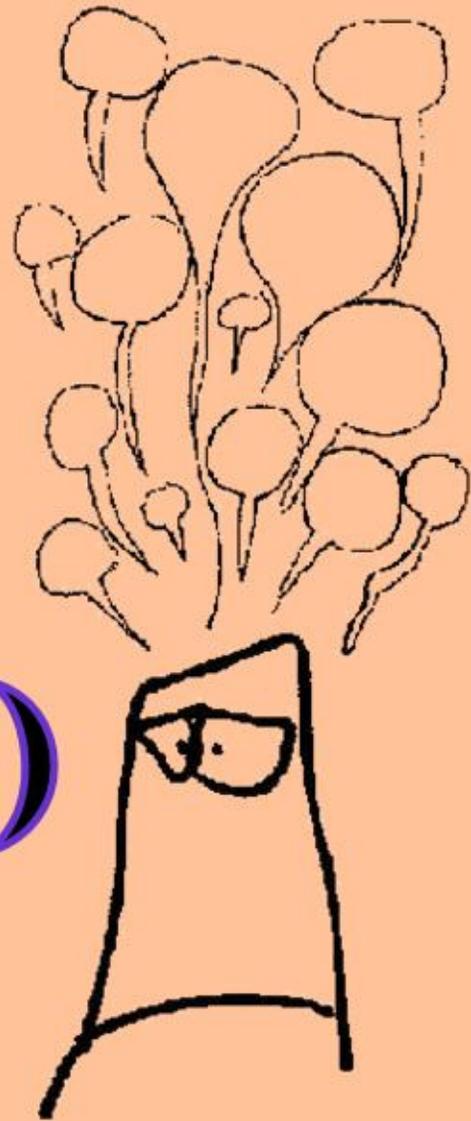


GLITTER

**The First
(and Last)
Annish!**



The Glish!

Corflu Glitter
(Corflu 29)

Sunset Station
Hotel-Casino
Henderson, NV

April 20-22, 2012

Email: JoyceWorley1@cox.net

Glitter #53, March 9, 2012, The Glish, is the fanzine of Corflu Glitter, the 29th edition of what has become the World Trufandom Convention.

Edited by Arnie Katz
(crossfire4@cox.net)

Glitter is available by request, but it may arrive unbidden, like a "delivery failure" email after you've just sent out your fanzine.

Glitter is also available as a free download at: www.Corflu.org

Logo items are available at www.cafepress.com/CorfluGlitter

FAAn Awards Deadline Is Today!

The deadline for voting in the 2012 Fan Activity Achievement Awards (FAAn Awards) is March 9, 2012. That's today, but there's still time to get your choices for the best writers, artists, editors and posters of 2011.

Voting is free, all knowledgeable fans are eligible to cast a ballot and it's the fannish thing to do. The top finishers in each category and the Number One Fan Face (highest overall point getter) will receive awards at the Corflu Glitter banquet.

All top finishers will be featured in a special results fanzine written by Arnie Katz, Andy Hooper, Claire Brialey and other well-known fans. Volunteer writers are most welcome. If you'd like to help, write to Arnie (crossfire4@cox.net).

Full Website Poised to Go!

The upgraded Corflu website (www.Corflu.org) is about to go live. This will replace the temporary site put up by Bill Burns.

"The combined talent and energy of Corflu Web Host Bill Burns and Corflu Webmaster Tom Becker has finally triumphed over the sloth and procrastination of the site's head writer," notes Arnie Katz, the head writer. "A little polite whip-cracking has pried the needed content from the writer so that Tom and Bill can put the full site into place in the next few days."

The refurbished site has a lot of information about Corflu Glitter, a Corflu fanhistory section, free downloads of all back issues of *Glitter* and much more.

Corflu Glitter Names Chief Auctioneer!

Joyce Katz, chairman of Corflu Glitter, has named Andy Hooper as the convention's Head Auctioneer. Andy will be in charge of the annual auction on Saturday, which has become an important income stream for the Con as well as an entertaining way to put some fannish treasures back into circulation.

"Andy has shown outstanding ability to separate fans from their cash in an enjoyable manner," the High Priestess observes. "Once the auction begins, he'll decide on the order in which items will go up for bid and supervise the auction process."

A Few Words from Arnie...

“There’s a lot more to tell you...”

That’s how I began my sign off in *Glitter #1*. As it turned out, I could’ve written that at the end of every issue, because that’s the way it has been since Fandom awarded us the privilege of hosting Corflu 29 and I started *Glitter* a year ago.

The Corflu Glitter committee wanted to improve communication and the flow of information between Corflu and the fans that support it. I thought the best way to communicate with fanzine fans was to publish a small, frequent fanzine.

I told those who asked that I expected to produce 10-12 issues. That would’ve been a big upgrade. Yet as each Friday approached, I found myself with lots of Corflu-related stuff that I wanted to share with all of you.

The challenge of publishing *Glitter* for more than a year became a factor about the time I did the 40th issue. I’ve gotten a kick out of weekly publication, but that has never been the goal. If *Glitter* has made fans feel more connected to Corflu and made fans more aware of our enthusiasm for Corflu 29, it has fulfilled our hopes for it.

Corflu Glitter’s Auction Needs Items

The cupboard isn’t completely bare, but the Corflu Glitter auction needs the help of generous fans. We need you to dig deep and donate some items we can sell for the benefit of Corflu as well as the major fan funds.

If you have items that you would like to give to the auction, contact Corflu Glitter Chairman Joyce Katz (joyceworley1@cox.net) and let her know what you’d like to donate.

Visit Corflu Glitter’s Store

Corflu Glitter’s Café Press Store (www.cafepress/corfluglitter) offers a wide range of Corflu Glitter stuff decorated with the distinctive oval logo designed by Don Miller. The store also presents the Famous Fan Artists Collection, with items embellished with the art of Atom, Ross Chamberlain, Bill Kunkel, Dan Steffan and Steve Stiles.

Thank You!

My sincere gratitude to all the fans who’ve made doing *Glitter* so much fun. Your help and encouragement helped me steer this fanzine through the usual assortment of mini-crises.

Special thanks also to Brenda Dupont, who is spearheading the restaurant and sightseeing guide. Those who’ve contributed include James Taylor, Tee Cochran and Jacq Monahan writing individual reviews.

Most of all, thanks go to Joyce Katz, who has proofread the entire run and still, apparently, loves me.

Corflu Glitter Countdown

Corflu Glitter, as the big numeral to the left indicates, is now only six weeks away. (I almost wrote “six short weeks,” but I didn’t want you to think that the High Priestess had again manipulated time.)

Closer by far are three important deadlines for those who want the right room in the right place at the right price.

March 17 is the last day you can reserve rooms by phone.

March 18 is the date on which the hotel will release our bloc of rooms.

March 26 is the last day you can reserve a room at convention rates, including the waiver of the \$15 per day Amenities Fee.

This is the time to reserve your Corflu accommodations so that you get the best location at the best price. The number of rooms reserved using the group code also affects the con’s finances.



Corflu Glitter Trivia Contests

Though only a comparatively few fans seriously study fanhistory, almost all Trufans seem to enjoy the casual walk down memory lane that fannish trivia contests provide.

There have been some memorable trivia-based program items at past Corflus. Corflu Glitter went in a new direction.

There are a total of three trivia contests:

The Corflu Glitter Trivia Challenge consists of two contests, one for Corflu attendees and another for fans who are connecting to Corflu over the internet. Everyone is invited to test their fannish knowledge against the questions created by Corflu Glitter Quizmaster Sandra Bond and authenticated by noted fanhistorian Rob Hansen.

The questionnaires will be distributed at the start of the program on Saturday. Entries will be due at 6:00 PM.

The results of both Trivia Challenges will be tabulated on Saturday evening.

The fans with the highest scores in each contest will be acclaimed the Corflu Glitter King (or Queen) of Trivia and receive a small memento of their triumph.

The World Fan Trivia Championship is a showdown between two titans of Trivia: John D. Berry and Sandra Bond. The ever-genial Ken Forman will ask questions prepared by well-known fanhistorians and make sure that everything is done properly under the rules of the Fannish Esoteric Trivia Association (FETA). Joyce Katz, Big Cheese of FETA, will be on hand to congratulate the winner.

Days of Corflu Past

Among the goals we set for Corflu Glitter is to expand the audience for Corflu. Many fans who might love Corflu simply don't know enough about it to be interested.

For example, many participants in the entity known as Southern Fandom write, draw, post and publish. There's no real reason why Trufandom should not have as close a relationship with Southern Fandom as it already does with UK and Australian Fandoms.

Our fannish outreach program has met with only limited success. The biggest barrier is that Corflu is utterly unique.

This point came home forcefully when I asked a New York fan if he was coming to Corflu and he replied that he couldn't afford it – and then suggested that members of a couple of New Jersey clubs, being more solvent, would be better prospects. This was a well-meant suggestion, intended to be helpful, but it was frighteningly off the mark. I've rhapsodized about Corflu for 52 issues of *Glitter* (so far), but none of it connected with this good fan.

Peter Sullivan came up with a different strategy for spreading the Corflu message. Instead of a lot of abstractions, his *Corflu Memories #1* offered the reminiscences of Corflu participants.

When I realized that *Glitter* would soon celebrate its First (and Last) Annish, I cast about for something that would make the occasion special, fit with the overall theme of *Glitter* and give fans without firsthand Corflu experience a fresh slant on the Corflu phenomenon.

So I contacted some of my better fan friends and asked them to contribute one Corflu anecdote, a single memory that embodied their feelings about Corflu.

The result is this article. I hope these pieces will evoke pleasant memories for Corflu regulars and give fans who have not yet gone to one a reason to at least look into it further.

So, with abundant gratitude to all the contributors, let's rev up the Corflu memory machine.

Jim Caughran: Overcoming Convention Frat

After gafia for several years, I rejoined fandom about 1993. What I saw about conventions was scary--huge affairs with thousands of attendees. I'm basically introverted, and I thought I would be lost in the crowd. So I didn't go to a con for some years.

Corflu was mentioned several places, and it seemed more like the conventions I attended in the 50s and 60s. Small cons with fanzine fans, a place where I could converse with friends.

So, in 2000, I decided to try it. My parents lived near Seattle, so I could combine Corflu with a visit. I resisted their suggestions that I commute, and signed in to the hotel. Naturally, the first fan I saw was a Toronto fan, Hope Leibowitz.

I found a lot of other fans, renewed contact with people I hadn't seen for 35 years

and met a lot of new fans. It was even better than expected--all the action in the con suite so I didn't have to hope I'd find out about parties. The guest of honour's name was drawn from a hat! Programming was minimal.

And I had a great time.

Rob Jackson: Despite a Cold

I had a great time last year at E CorFlu Vitus, despite a cold – it's the people who matter! Other good points were the hotel's layout and friendly staff, the breakfast and banquet food.

There were one or two holes in the con's organisation last year, though. Apart from the pretty useful restaurant guide – shared with Potlatch – all we got for a Program Book was a single sheet of US quarto folded to make a four-page programme guide. The front illo was the main E CorFlu Vitus logo, a cartoon of a guy dancing about with a salver over his head, carrying half a creature's head. We gathered this was drawn by Mike McLoughlin (though uncredited). Then there was a page explaining that E Clampus Vitus are a noted local drinking society of roofers and carpenters. So now you know where the name E CorFlu Vitus came from; but it doesn't help it trip off the tongue any more easily.

The second half of the publication was the actual programme guide, in typical Garcia style, describing Andy Hooper's quiz as "the rootin'ist, tootin'ist Trivia Quiz in CorFlu history!" (Spelling left as per the original.)

I reckon Corflu organisers sell their event best by remembering to attract fanzine fans to turn up. It's worth publishing stuff both ahead of time to get people interested, and for the con itself so people will remember your con for something. I know Chris had some interesting ideas for publications. A year earlier he had told me he wanted to do a Rotsler Award Winners art fanthology, which could have been great. But something must have happened, as the fanthology never did. For this year though, Arnie is setting a pace that future Corflus will find hard to beat!

For us UK fans a US Corflu is well worth the trip despite the bureaucracy. Instead of the ol.' I-94 green card visa waiver application, it is now compulsory for all UK travellers to the US to have completed their ESTA waiver application online well in advance of the flight. So I was already guaranteed to be free of snails or moral turpi-



Fans in the hotel lobby at Corflu 28.

(Rob Jackson)

Corflu Glitter Committee

Joyce Katz
High Priestess of Fandom

James Taylor
Chief of Operations

Teresa Cochran
Host of Sing-a-long

Andy Hooper
2012 FAAwards Administrator

Claire Brialey
UK Agent

Peter Sullivan
UK Liaison

Tom Becker
Webmaster

Don Miller
King of Graphics

Ken Forman
Chief Guide

Brenda Dupont
Editor, Food & Sights Guide

Linda Bushyager
Restaurant Maven

Ross Chamberlain
Tee-Shirt

Lori Forbes
Local Fandom Liaison

John Hardin
Vegas Fan Reunion Director

Jacq Monahan
Vegas Fan Reunion Coordinator

Gary Mattingly
Still Photography

Arnie Katz
The Arnie

The Ken Forman Nature Walk

One of the most popular events at Las Vegas Corflus takes place on Friday. It's The Ken Forman Nature Walk.

The high level of enthusiasm and participation has made The Ken Forman Nature Walk a fixture at Las Vegas Corflus. Corflu Glitter will be no exception. If past form holds, it will be one of the best-attended events of the whole convention!

Ken Forman blends knowledge of the area's fauna and flora with an easy-going, good-humored approach that guarantees hikers a great experience.

Our Chief Guide is already preparing the excursion, which will not duplicate any of his previous hikes. Some of the nature lovers will want to show up a little early to get a some breakfast grub in the Main Con Suite before the walk.

Responding to requests, Ken has reserved a 15-person van for the day of the hike so that the overly tired won't have to walk all the way back to the hotel.

There's no charge for participation, though donations to help defray the cost of the van are encouraged. The convention has kicked in \$50 to get the ball rolling.



tude, and you now no longer have to do the green form – but they still get you to fill in a Customs form, which mentions snails again. Not sure what it is about snails; I don't think they're agents of Al-Qaeda.....

Chris Garcia: My Favorite CorFlu Memory

There are lots of moments from the four CorFlus I've been to that qualify. The dinner with Jerry, Suzle Marcy and Frank Wu where Dinosaurs fought penguins, various bits done at the most recent CorFlu in Sunnysvale, but the one that got me the most, the one that I always recall with great fondness was being mocked to my very core.

In The Drink Tank 117, I wrote an article from the (fictional) point of view that I was having a fannish crisis on conscience, trying to figure out what I was doing with my FANAC. Anyone who knew me could probably figure out that I was completely kidding, I don't really have thoughts like that, but a few people fell for it. I completed the gag with the following segment about a song produced by Mr. Graham Charnock during his set on the guitar.

After he'd done a few, Graham announced that he'd only be doing one more and we were not to ask for an encore because he only had the one song sheet.

"Just make it up!" I yelled out.

Graham laughed a little and then started in on a new song.

A song that said it wasn't easy.

A song that said that you had to plan and put your mind behind things and that not everyone could just put things out there like I did because they had Artistic Integrity. I was laughing so hard it was nearly riotous. Others laughed right along. It was brilliant. Graham had come up with his greatest song ever on the spot, and it was a condemnation of everything I did! I loved it muy much!!! I hope it ends up on YouTube before too long.

I ran into Graham afterwards.

"Great set, Graham." I said.

"Sorry about the integrity thing," he responded.

"Naw, it's dead on. I don't have any integrity." I said, then added "Chris for TAFF!"

Now, it was the perfect way to end that bit in the article, and it also did end up rerecorded and on YouTube. I've watched it a great many times and have always had a giant smile on my face. It was the kind of moment that's the best of what a Corflu can be. It's a place where great, hilarious, uproarious and genius moments might just happen. Also, you're likely to get some great food.

Teresa Cochran: Music Notes

Corflu Quire was my first one, although I had the wonderful experience of feeling that I had been to many before it, or that I was coming home. Within five minutes of meeting Pat Virzi, she said to me with some excitement, "I have something for you. Put your arms out." A mountain dulcimer was plopped into my lap. I was truly astounded. I began to plunk around on it nervously, but soon I warmed up, and before I knew it, more and more fans were coming into the consuite. Ted White found a keyboard, and was playing along. Every time I was introduced to people, I had to suppress an urge to say, "Good to see you again!" I came to realize very quickly that I'd be going to more Corflus for sure.

At one point I noticed Graham Charnock hovering around as I played "Aunt Rhody". When I finished, he informed me that I was up on YouTube. I'm very glad he told me this after I'd finished the song.

This set the stage for many fun musical moments at Corflu Silver, and I'm definitely looking forward to more at Corflu Glitter.

Arnie Katz: My First Time

There is a special place in every fan's heart for their first convention. First-timers don't see the flaws that experienced con-goers notice, because the first taste of this form of fanac is so intoxicating.

I've enjoyed every con I've attended, but my first Corflu remains vivid in memory.

I edged back into Fandom in late 1989, met nascent local fandom the next summer and began publishing *Folly*. When Joyce and I heard a convention for “fanzine fans” was scheduled for the first weekend in March in Los Angeles, we convinced Woody Bernardi and Laurie Yates to share the drive to Corflu 9.

I was eager, yet apprehensive.

My first act on returning to Fandom was to deal with three pieces of baggage left over from my previous tour of Fandom. Rich brown and I cleared up some misunderstandings through correspondence and resumed our close friendship.

Before I could write to the second fan, he wrote to me with an apology. We soon put that relationship to rights.

That left only one more situation, but it was a dilly. Ted White and I were on bad terms when I gafiated. Time had neither healed all wounds nor made his heart grow fonder.

Ted was understandably leery when I wrote to him. He was civil and reasonable, but also wary and distrustful. It didn't seem like he wanted to revert to open hostility, but we weren't friends.

When we reached the Cockatoo Inn, site of Corflu 9, I quickly discovered that I wasn't the only one who was apprehensive. The joy of so many reunions couldn't mask the undercurrent of tension. They didn't mention the subject, but they were keyed up, expectant.

Ted and I walked toward each other. Everyone else froze, eyes riveted on the impending meeting. They didn't know what to expect and had the air of people ready to watch a gunfight.

Ted and I walked up to each other, step by tentative step.

Finally, we stood about a foot apart.

Then we did something that none of the other fans had anticipated.

We shook hands.

That would be the end if this were faan fiction, but the real story continues a little further.

The handshake had not resolved the situation. It guaranteed mutual toleration and civility, but nothing more.

Yet as the day unrolled, Ted and I frequently found ourselves in each other's company. We had the same circle of friends, so Corflu kept throwing us together. We went to the same parties and sidebars, sat in the same section of the audience at the program and often went for meals with the same group.

Inevitably, we started talking. I think By Saturday, Corflu had worked its magic and breached the gap that separated two old friends, master and pupil.

As a group of us strolled down a hallway, heading for an impromptu party, Ted turned toward me and said, “Id forgotten how much fun it is to hangout with you.” I said something similar back to him.

We were friends again.

It was a Corflu Miracle.

Dan Steffan: DEAD DOG NOVA

The 1994 Corflu is notorious for many reasons. Plagued by committee conflicts and misunderstandings, bruised egos ruled the day. Poor planning led to an inappropriate hotel and a less than memorable banquet where attendees were greeted by boxes of Domino's pizza for Sunday breakfast. For these and other reasons the Corflu Nova has, in some people's opinions, gone down in fannish history as the worst Corflu ever held. But I am not one of those people. To me it was one of the most memorable cons I have ever attended.

Though I was technically a part of the convention's committee -- Ted White and I put together the daily programming -- I was as dumbfounded as anyone else by the rest of the convention. The primary committee members seemed to be Missing In Action a lot of the time because of hurt feelings and/or disinterest, leaving Ted and I in the unenviable position of fielding questions and complaints for which we had no answers. After the pizza banquet had ended, our colleagues disappeared from the hotel, not to be seen again.

Corflu Glitter Membership List

Claire Brialey
Mark Plummer
Robert Lichtman
Milt Stevens
Sandra Bond
Rich Coad
Stacy Scott
Ted White
Rob Jackson
Dixie Tracy-Kinney
Jay Kinney
Lenny Bailes
Art Widner
Art Widner
Mike Meara
Pat Meara
Mary Ellen Moore
Murray Moore
Pat Virzi
Geri Sullivan
James Taylor
Teresa Cochran Taylor
Arnie Katz
Joyce Katz
Mike Dobson
Marty Cantor
June Moffatt
Earl Kemp
Jerry Kaufman
Suzanne Tompkins
Peter Sullivan
Robert Webber
Frank Lunney
Aileen Forman
Ken Forman
Gary Mattingly
Patricia Peters
William Wright
Lenny Bailes
Terry Kemp
Pat Charnock
Graham Charnock
Dian Crayne
Bruce Gillespie
Shelby Vick
Moshe Feder
Kim Huett
Cheryl Goode

Corflu Glitter's Open Parties

Corflu Glitter's two large consuites will host free, open parties every night.

The Pre-con Kick-off

Thursday, 7:30 PM till exhaustion
Main Consuite

The Vegrants, Las Vegas' informal invitational Core Fandom fan club, will again sponsor the Thursday night kick-off party that has preceded each Vegas Corflu.

The rambunctious bunch has passed around the collection jar at their twice-monthly meetings for more than a year to fund the Thursday night revels that catapult fans into a weekend of fabulous fannish fun.

The Las Vegas Fandom Reunion Friday, 7:30 PM until Exhaustion

Main Consuite

More than two decades have passed since the founding of SNAFFU and, shortly thereafter, contact with Fandom outside southern Nevada. The Fandom of Good Cheer plans to host a memorable celebration.

Well-known Vegas fans of the past and present are coming to Corflu Glitter for the Las Vegas Fandom Reunion – and we want all Corfluvians to come celebrate with us.

There'll be special Vegas-style food, a music jam in a separate, adjoining suite and a selection of Vegas' micro-brews.

The New York Fandom Reunion Saturday, 7:30 PM until Exhaustion

Main and Smoking Consuite

New York Fandom expatriates Joyce and Arnie Katz and Ross Chamberlain have put out the call for New York fans to converge on Corflu Glitter for the first-ever New York Fandom Reunion

You can expect taste-tempting New York food specialties, unlimited beer and soft drinks and, of course, a generous dose of Big Apple party spirit.

The Survivors Party

Sunday, 6:30 PM until Exhaustion
Main and Smoking Consuites

There's no more trufannish way to wrap up Corflu than a good party. Corflu Glitter promises a laid-back wind-down to cap a weekend of all-out fannishness.

At first we'd assumed that they were just tending to last-minute business, like saying goodbye to friends and restocking the con suite. But as the afternoon progressed it became clear to everybody that this was not the case. Fans who were planning to stay over that night had begun to approach us looking for details about the evening's traditional Dead Dog party -- details that Ted and I didn't possess. Eventually the two of us excused ourselves and popped up to the con suite to find out what was going on.

The suite's door was open when we got there, but there didn't seem to be anyone home. We got no reply when we called out the co-chairman's name and hesitantly stepped inside the strangely empty room. Another shout out finally got us a reply, but not the one we had expected. Instead of our Corflu cohorts, we were greeted by one of the hotel's maids. When we inquired about the room's occupants we got nothing but a confused look from the maid. "Checked out," she said in her thick Latina patois. "But that can't be," Ted said. "Checked out," she said again.

A trip to the hotel desk confirmed what we'd been told. The con suite was indeed closed. We were stunned. I tried calling one of the co-chairmen to find out what was going on and after a second attempt I finally got through.

"What's going on?" I asked. "Why is the con suite closed?"

"The con is over," he replied bluntly.

"But what about the Dead Dog party?" I sputtered. "What should we tell everybody who's still here? Everybody's been asking Ted and me when the party's starting. What do we tell them?"

"Tell them the con is over," he answered.

"But there's 30 or 40 people here who --" I croaked.

"The con is over," he said again and quietly hung up the receiver.

I passed the bad news to Ted and the small crowd of fans who had gathered around me during the brief conversation. There was a moment of cloying silence before everybody seemed to begin speaking at once. "How could this happen?" asked one fan. "I didn't think it could get any worse after the pizza," said another. "I didn't come all the way across the country to be treated like this," said an upset West Coaster. "I can't believe this," said an English fan. "This would never happen in Britain."

As the news circulated through the crowd the disappointment was palpable. Something had to be done, but what? None of the regular hotel rooms could accommodate a room party this large and we doubted that the hotel would have welcomed it if we'd given it a try. It was a businessman's hotel, used mostly by guys in suits who came to the Nation's Capital on company expense accounts for three martini lunches with their Congressmen. They'd been unhappy with us throughout the weekend, calling regularly with noise complaints and giving a skeptical evil eye to our casually dressed attendees whenever they gathered in the lobby.

Finally somebody spoke up. "What about your house, Ted?" someone inquired. It could possibly have been Andy Hooper or Robert Lichtman. Ted thought about it for a minute, but declined. "If only this had happened back in the days when Dan and Lynn lived next door," he lamented, explaining that his ancestral manse was just too full of children for an instant party. "So how about your house, Dan?" somebody else asked hopefully.

"Sure, I guess so," I replied, looking at my long-suffering wife for approval.

"What the fuck, why not?" she agreed with closed eyes, her head shaking in disbelief.

"Okay," I announced to the crowd. "Dead Dog party at my house at 9 o'clock." I tried not to think about what I was getting myself into, but there really was no other alternative. How could we leave all these nice fans in the lurch? After that, the scramble was on full force. Andy and Lynn and I hopped into our little Chevy with the bad clutch and sped off in the direction of Arlington in search of beer and snacks. It was a Sunday so the state-run liquor stores were all closed, which meant that folks would have to settle for sodas and brews and whatever half full bottles of booze that could be rounded up from local houses.

Ted stayed behind at the hotel for a while to spread the word amongst the stranded stragglers and arranged a time when he and I would return to the lobby to begin hauling folks over to 3804 South 9th Street. We figured that if we each made at least three trips

and other people stuffed themselves into cabs, we could transport most of our guests to my house in under an hour. That would give us time to get supplies and maybe even have a quick bite to eat before the fannish hoard descended on us like cute, little, beanie-wearing locusts.

A quick note about our little house on South 9th Street seems in order here. It was a tiny place that had started its life as a stable in the early years of the 20th century. There were just two small bedrooms and an even smaller office, in addition to the house's main rooms. Thankfully, the living room and the kitchen were pretty good size and we figured that we could accommodate everybody who wanted to come over if we had them stand elbow-to-elbow and bum-to-bum. Fortunately, the 1994 Corflu was held in late May and the weather proved to be quite welcoming for those who ended up spilling out onto the front porch and lawn.

With several gracious donations of cash we'd been able to fill the fridge with beer and Pepsi, and the kitchen counter with bottles of wine and snacks galore. In fact, several people that night remarked that our kitchen was better stocked than the con suite had ever been during the convention itself. Naturally, there was lots of herbal supplies for those who wanted to get sercon, as well, so nobody was left wanting.

After that, things seemed to go unexpectedly well. Being a raving pessimist, I was prepared for *everything* to go awry, but besides my increasingly fragile clutch everything went smoothly. Between 8:00 and 9:00 p.m. on that Sunday, May 22nd, we managed to bring everyone who wanted to come and party with us into the depths of Arlington for what turned out to be a memorable evening that, unfortunately, I barely remember.

Once it had been decided that Lynn and I would be hosting the con's Dead Dog at our house I had been caught up in a whirlwind of activity. Shopping, cleaning, and hauling all blended together into a blur of things to do. It wasn't until the party was well under way that I fully comprehended what had happened and what, in fact, was happening in our little house. One minute I was being told over the phone that the con was over and the next minute I was surrounded by 30 or more people who were all talking and laughing at once. Besides our cats -- who undoubtedly had fled the premises early on -- everybody seemed right at home. My mind was boggled, to say the least.

I stood in the middle of the packed living room taking it all in. There was Arnie Katz and Robert Lichtman debating some obscure point of fannish history over by the wood stove. Joyce Katz was actually standing in my kitchen talking happily with my wife Lynn and Ted's wife Lynda. Frank Lunney and Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez were packed into one corner discussing the contents of my record shelves and passing funny cigarettes. Bill Kunkel and Laurie Yates shared our love seat while she chatted happily with Lucy Huntzinger and John Bartelt, and Bill nodded out next to them.

I never in a million years imagined that some of these people, like Bill and Arnie, would ever be gathered in my living room. Though we'd been friends for years, I just never thought it would be a possibility. But there they were. There was Jeff Schalles and Geri Sullivan, Nevenah Smith and Carrie Root, Steve and Elaine Stiles, rich brown and Terry Hughes, Lenny Bailes and Barnaby Rappaport, and so many others that I can only guess who else was there. Was Art Widner there? Probably. Were Moshe and Lise there? Or Jerry and Suzle and Stu? Or Jack Heneghan or Bill Bodden or Don Fitch or Nigel Rowe? What about Rob and Avedon -- her parents used to bring them over once a year. I seems like a good bet. How about the Nielsen Haydens -- or were they well on their way to the executive suite by then? It seems like such a fantasy that I could probably just make up some names and nobody would know.

Oh, yeah, there was Burbee and Laney discussing felching over by the back door and Forry Ackerman and Arthur C. Clarke exchanging tales of Esperanto pedophilia near the bathroom. Were those the ghosts of Terry Carr and Jerry Jacks laughing at my fanzine's grammatical errors over by the money tree? If only.

At one point I caught Ted's eye through the crowd and we shared a moment of awed recognition of what was going on around us. This was like having all of fandom over for drinks. It was surreal.

The Corflu Glitter Banquet

Sunday, 11:30 AM-1:30 PM

Some of Corflu's best moments come at the Banquet on Sunday. It's one event that is sure to draw just about the entire group, because a ticket is part of every fan's membership.

The meal will be a brunch. There'll be a range of breakfast and lunch entrees and side dishes. We also plan to include some "healthy choices" for the benefit of weight-watchers and those on semi-restricted diets.

The food is important, but a lot of other things take place at the banquet, too.

Corflu's Guest of Honor will regale banqueters with an after-brunch presentation. The Guest of Honor is picked with a random drawing at the con's opening ceremony. The concept is that all Corfluvians are worthy of honor, so all have an equal shot at becoming the GoH.

The Fan Activity Achievement Awards and the Lifetime Achievement Award will be bestowed at the banquet, as will the prizes for the winners of the Corflu Glitter FanTrivia Open.

The election of the Past President of the fwa (Fan Workers of America), presided over by Ted White, is another banquet highlight. The Past President has no duties, powers or authority, but it is one of the most coveted fannish honors, because it expresses such a universal outpouring of respect and egoboo.

The climax of the banquet is the presentation by the fans who would like to host the 2013 Corflu. Fans at the banquet will vote to accept or reject the offer.

The Arnie: An Explanation

Those who peruse the Corflu Glitter Committee list that appears in every issue of *Glitter* may have noticed that there's something a bit unusual. Holding up this honor roll from its position at the very bottom is"

Arnie Katz
The Arnie

The name is ordinary enough. I saddled myself with "Arnold D. Katz" when I first entered Fandom, but I soon saw the error of my ways. I've been "Arnie," except on a few legal papers, for nearly 50 years.

So what about my Official Title?

First of all, who is more qualified to be "The Arnie" than me? No one, that's who. I don't have a single other fan on my huge email list of that name, so the title should come to me by default.

That aside, I adopted the title for two reasons: The first is that I'm not big on titles in the first place. The second is that we couldn't think up one that actually described what I'm doing.

So, "The Arnie," it is.



The next morning the house was a wreck. It had nothing to do with the party, actually, it was a wreck before the fans showed up, but it did take a while to mop up the spilled beer and fannish effluvia that littered the place. As I took several bulging trash bags out to the curb my next-door neighbor appeared and asked me, "What the hell went on over there last night? Did somebody get married or something?"

I just smiled and piled the bags up by the chain link fence. "Oh, nothing too special," I said nonchalantly. "It was just a Dead Dog party."

He looked at me kind of funny. "A dead dog party? I thought you and Lynn had cats," he said, with a hint of confusion in his voice.

"I hope we didn't make too much noise?" I asked apologetically.

"No, it was okay," he said. "Just -- well, the next time it happens give me some warning so I can be prepared."

I laughed. "Oh, I don't think it will happen again," I told him as he walked back into his garage. "It was one of those once in a lifetime kind of things."

Yeah, best Corflu party ever.

Shelby Vick: Confessions of a Fake Fan(zine) Fan --

The truth must out. I am not a true fanzine fan. --That is, I hasten to add, in these electronic days. Give me a mimeo, typer, stencils, ink, styli (that is the correct plural of stylus, ain't it?) shading plates, letteringguides, then Stand Back! Keep outta my way! But now...

Well, copiers have certain advantages over mimeos: Any pic I want, just paste into place and copy. Reduce, enlarge, put in place, run it off. But... computers?

Don't misunderstand me; I love computers; wordprocessing is head and shoulders above the typer. Instead of piles of crumpled paper where ideas weren't coming out right, just -- delete! Discard! And there is a slight advantage in Spellcheck and Thesaurus, tho the thesaurus is very limited. Grammerchek is to laff at. But otherwise...

Well, you can save an entire book on one disk, where you don't worry about pages

CORFLU
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SPLASH

getting misplaced (of course, you always want a backup copy Just In Case) and filing is a breeze. Page count and word count is just a flick of a cursor.

And there's not just wordprocessing; the Web is a world -- worlds! -- in itself. Email is vastly superior to snailmail. The games available are phenomenal, aside from arcade games such as PacMan and DigDug, I bought a Monopoly game with great graphics and a program with four pinball games so realistic I keep fearing I'll tilt it, as well as Blackjack, Poker, Hearts, Solitaire and on and on (you'll note I'm not into the computerized action games) and the educational programs for the grandkids and . . .

But you get the idea.

But -- fanzines??? WordPerfect has all kinds of formatting programs, and I am even worse than a rank amateur at them. I can border a page or paragraph, make columns, justify any-old-way and change fonts/sizes (witness the title) but -- true formatting? No way. I've bought several programs that promise to make it all easy -- but they either didn't come with manuals, or the manuals assumed I possessed certain esoteric knowledge that just ain't part of my gray matter.

I try to shift a box -- and everything else scatters everywhere. I want the first letter of a title to be much larger and still have the top of it in line with the rest of the title -- no way! It insists in poking its head up above all the rest. It took me ages to get the Sunsplash sun reduced to a manageable size, and it still takes up a humongous amount of memory for such a tiny thing.

Yeah, I hear you; it ain't the appearance that counts, its the content. A good comeback to that is to quote my daughter, Cheryl. We were looking over some fanzines for the auction. She held one up and said,

"There! That's what a fanzine should look like -- it's typewritten, and some of the letters are a bit fuzzy around the edges."

And then, there are the typos,

Andy Hooper: Miracle on 44th Street

Many fans consider Science fiction conventions to be the high points in their experience of fandom, and as Corflu is regarded as particularly powerful and memorable among conventions, an incident chosen as representative of Corflu's 29-year history carries a serious burden of expectation. But Corflu is such a perpetually warm and comfortable experience that it tends to merge into a roseate blur of conversation and fanzine exchange. Every year, Corflu allows me to interact face-to-face with people who are otherwise names on a mailing list or a colophon. Which of these many meetings should I single out for consideration? Some were the only personal interaction I enjoyed with fans that are no longer living -- memorable, but tinged with melancholia.

Corflu has featured memorable programmed events -- human pyramids in Minneapolis, live competitive fanzine production in Seattle, and editorial reunions in San Francisco. But a good Corflu program always comes as a pleasant surprise or diversion. Most members would be just as happy engaging in unsupervised conversation for the balance of the weekend.

Surprisingly, only 7 of 29 Corflus have been held in either Seattle or Las Vegas: It only *seems* like it is in one of those two location every other year. The convention has been held in three countries and 13 different U.S. States, and most of the ones I've attended have had some sort of travel tale attached to them. It's tempting to talk about our trip to the Grand Canyon or perhaps our tour of the Battlefield of Shiloh with Bill Bodden and Alun Harries after the Nashville Corflu. But I have written about those events before, and they took place miles away from the convention itself. We've been to the mountains, the desert, and tolerably close to the sea. But only one Corflu -- #7, in 1990 -- has been held in New York City.

That was my first trip to New York. We made things dramatically more exhausting than necessary by driving for two days from Wisconsin to Boston, where we picked up Stu Shiffman and Andi Shechter, then brought them with us to Manhattan. I believe I spent the weekend in a state of agitation, as I was perpetually torn between soaking up all the fannish ambience, and exploring the ten million stories of the Naked City. The convention was held in the huge Roosevelt Hotel, located on Madison Avenue at 45th Street. Fans of the TV Series *Mad Men* may recall that Don Draper stayed

Dessy B's Steakhouse

4901 S. Eastern Avenue (at Tropicana)

Hours: Mon -Thurs 9 AM – 10 PM

Fri 9 AM – 11 PM

Sat 8 AM – 11 PM

Sun 8 AM – 10 PM

Price: \$3.99 – \$22.99; some items Market Price

Service: Solicitous, especially if you ask for Rita

Dessy B's Steakhouse offers a large selection of steaks, seafood and sandwiches. Breakfast is served until 11 am daily.

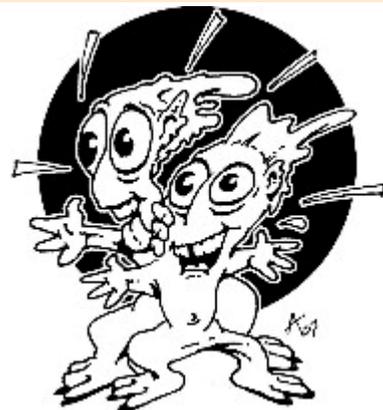
Steaks vary in size and price, from the Petite Sirloin (\$9.99) to the 20 oz. Porterhouse (\$22.99).

Seafood includes their popular Bottomless Fried Shrimp (\$9.99) Grilled Trout (\$10.99) and Grilled Salmon (\$11.99). Lobster is available at Market Price.

Also featured are BBQ ribs and chicken, Angus burgers (plus veggie and turkey versions) Fettuccine, and a salad bar with over 50 hot and cold items, including tacos, spaghetti, chicken wings, pizza, and desserts.

The décor is Western and dress is casual. Seniors 55 years of age and older enjoy a 15% discount on all adult menu items. (JM)

For more info on Las Vegas restaurants, visit www.NoshVegas.com



there for part of Season 2, while he and Joan were enduring “marital difficulties.” In 1995, the Roosevelt was closed for a two-year, 45-million-dollar renovation, treatment which it already sorely needed in 1990. It was enormous, filthy, and far from secure; on the first evening, someone got into the hospitality suite and absconded with 90% of the convention t-shirts. Only the “do-it-yourself” shirt from the Panama City Beach Corflu is less common.

Despite fractious relations between members of the committee, the convention turned out very well. Corflu 7 was also one of the first cons I attended on the East coast, and I know I met several fans for the first and only time that weekend. A group of us went to a Mets game at Shea Stadium -- we arrived in time for the end of the first game of a double-header, and stayed through the second. The Mets won both games on ninth inning home-runs by outfielder Kevin McReynolds. The Sunday banquet was held at a wonderful Chinese restaurant within a few blocks on the United Nations building, and the Guest of Honor, Barnaby Rappaport, delivered one of the more memorable speeches in the history of the convention.

That weekend was also the first time that I began to imagine the possibility of presenting a Corflu myself. During a conversation in a smoke-filled room, Ted White asked if fans in Madison would be interested in having Corflu in the future. This began a process that ended with Corflu 10 in 1993; and by that time, I had been living in Seattle for more than a year. But on that first night at the New York Corflu, the idea was sufficiently exciting that I was far too agitated to actually go to sleep when the parties began breaking up a little after midnight. Leaving Carrie to sleep in our sooty, eighth floor cubicle, I set out for a walk in the general direction of Times Square.

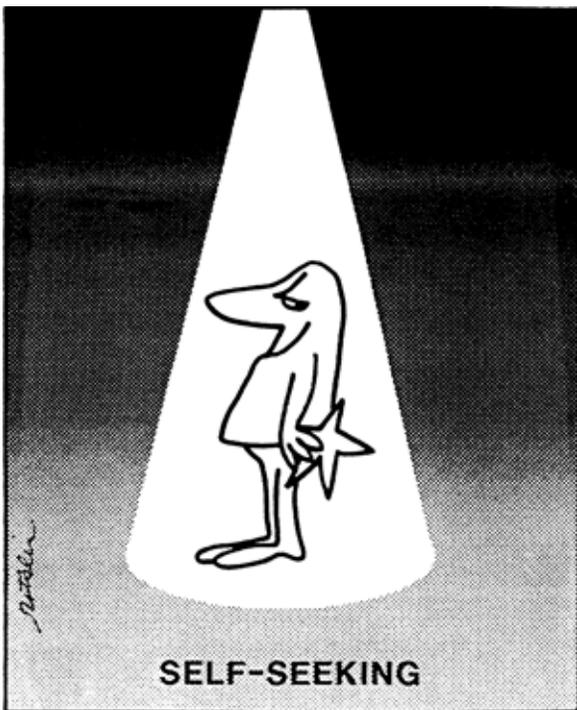
For no reason I can recall, I chose to walk down a half-block to 44th Street before turning east. Everything in the vicinity was closed, but in the distance I could see a rumor of neon, and figured a hamburger or a slice of pizza would serve to knock me out. I padded swiftly down the darkened street, trying not to stop or stare too frequently. And then, in front of a modestly-proportioned, white-fronted building, I stopped dead in my tracks and stared at the sign above the doorway: Algonquin Hotel.

When designed by architect Goldwin Starret in 1901, the building at 59 West 44th Street was conceived as a residential hotel for long-term renters. But the 174-room hotel was perpetually under-occupied, and manager Frank Case soon converted it into a traditional short-stay hotel. It became notorious after June of 1919, when a theatrical press

agent named John Peter Toohey rented one of the private dining rooms for a party in honor of critic and columnist Alexander Woollcott. Woollcott had just returned to the United States from France, where he had covered the First World War for *Stars and Stripes*. His service had been primarily confined to Paris, so this “tribute” was nearly as sarcastic and bawdy as a “roast.” The literary and theatrical figures gathered for the event had such a good time that Toohey proposed they meet for lunch at the hotel every day, and enough of the guests took him up on the offer that the group was soon an institution.

The group originally met at a rectangular table in the Oak Room (then called the Pergola Room), and referred to themselves as “The Board,” and their lunches were “Board Meetings.” When they are given a regular waiter of their own, whose name was Luigi, they modified the name to “Luigi Board.” When the group grew too large for the Pergola Room, Frank Case moved them to a large circular table in the Rose Room, which inspired the title “The Vicious Circle.” This reflected the almost formally competitive nature of the conversations held there perfectly. Few within the group ever called it “The Algonquin Round Table:” a name inspired by an Edmund Duffy cartoon in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, which showed the members seated around the table in medieval armor.

Besides Woollcott, regular members included editors like Franklin P Adams, and Harold Ross of *The New Yorker*, Pulitzer-winning playwrights like George S. Kaufmann, Marc Connelly and Sherwood Anderson, and humorists Peter Benchley and Dorothy Parker. There were also members who were more notable for gifts of conversation and hospitality – today we might say they were “famous for being famous.” But the hotel’s management was



always eager to underline their association with New York's literary community. Traditionally, visiting writers were given one free night of lodging in exchange for a signed copy of their latest book. In recent years, the policy has been amended, but writers are still offered a significant discount off current rates.

The group also spun off a related circle of Saturday night poker players known as the *Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Society*. The night time group was more male-dominated, and included *raconteurs* such as Ring Lardner, Heywood Broun and Harpo Marx. It was Marx's memoir *Harpo Speaks*, read right at the end of my freshman year in high school, which provided my first introduction to the world of the "Round Table." Harpo was a fringe member of the Circle, but he had a personal friendship with Woolcott, and worked closely with other members like George S. Kaufman. He was delighted by many of their quirks, such as their passion for croquet and charades, and enjoyed the occasional turn as *de facto* Court Jester at Woolcott's retreat in Vermont. He was fond of welcoming newcomers by bursting from the undergrowth naked, and once subjected Gorge Bernard Shaw and his wife to just this treatment.

It was ironic that Harpo, whose humor was so dependent on pantomime and silence, would be my guide to a world so obsessed with words and the people who made them their life's work. The Circle was no place for the thin-skinned or reticent conversationalist. Groucho Marx, no shrinking violet himself, said that "The price of admission is a serpent's tooth and a half-concealed stiletto." They were perpetually pleased with the sound of their own voices, and preferred their own verbal company to most of the human race. None of them saw any point in apologizing for this.

The Circle lasted for almost exactly ten years, from 1919 to 1929. Although the stock market crash was certainly a factor, destroying the fortunes of several members, the Circle had already begun to fracture. Some, like Benchley and Parker, were to embark on careers in Hollywood; others, like Woolcott, had already reached the peak of their working lives, and would add relatively little after 1930 – although Woolcott himself was soon to find a regular forum on radio. The Algonquin continued to be a popular hotel for visiting writers and actors for the balance of the 20th Century. John Barrymore allegedly gave the Hotel's famous cat the name *Hamlet*, because he thought it had a Shakespearean mien. Since then, whenever a boy cat is in residence, he has the name Hamlet, while girl cats are called Matilda.

In 1990, as I stood gaping outside the hotel's doors, the Hamlet or Matilda of the hour slipped off his or her perch on the luggage cart and came to investigate the shadow I had cast into the foyer. A white cat with gray ears and tail, it touched its pink nose to the glass for a split-second, then darted away to a shadowy lair by the magazine rack. How thoughtful, to have such a willing familiar for visiting Sorcerers, I mused. Did my appreciation of the Vicious Circle play some part in bringing me to fandom, so that I might travel to New York, and thus accidentally encounter the old club house of the Thanatopsians? There was nothing fantastic or science-fictional in their vocabulary, but it seems equally wrong to refer to them as "Mundane." They had a competitive streak that seemed to apply to everything they did, from making terrible puns to lining up their cars and turning on the headlights so they could go on with their croquet games long into the night. It would be excessive to credit them with what we think of as a "Sense of Wonder," but their love of fun was inspirational to a number of later subcultures, including fandom.

Reading Harpo's autobiography at the age of 13 made me long to find a "Smart Set" of my own, people with the same curious tastes and sense of humor. Their identification with one another, their predisposition toward in-jokes and self-referential humor, the obvious jealousy that they inspired in figures as significant as James Thurber and H.L. Mencken, suggests much the same combination of literary salon and biker gang that SF Fandom sees in itself. We certainly engage in log-rolling and cronyism with the same enthusiasm, and we are equally pleased to enjoy our own company. We share the same view of 98% of the world as some flavor of Rube, and do what we do for the pleasure of a tiny, very specific audience.

I had not thought of these things for years, although if anything, the legend of the

Opening Ceremony

Friday, 5:30-6:30 PM

The Meeting Room

This is the "official" opening of Corflu Glitter, even though many will start their Corflu holiday a day or two earlier.

There'll be some zaniness, a few introductions and the traditional, random selection of Corflu Guest of Honor.



Steffans to Head Corflu 30!

Dan & Lynn Steffan have reaffirmed their desire to put on Corflu 30 in Portland, OR, in 2013. In strict adherence with time-honored Corflu practice, the popular fan couple will describe their plans at the Corflu Glitter banquet. As in the past, fans will vote to confirm or reject the Steffans' proposal.

Many Corflu traditions grew out of the desire to replace some aspects of contemporary cons with methods that reflect Trufanmish principles.

A prime example is site selection. There is no bidding competition as with, for example, the World Science Fiction Convention or the Westercon. A group announces its desire to put on Corflu and asks for fans' approval at the Corflu prior to the one they wish to host. If more than one group expresses an interest, they work it out between them so only one group makes a presentation.

Corflu Glitter has not altered this process, just made it more open and fair. Previously, it was unclear when to announce and many fans didn't know how to make their desire to host known.

Glitter carried two announcements of the Steffans' wish to host in 2013 and, each time, called for any group with similar desires to contact Dan to work out things.

Dan Steffan says:

"Yes, Jophan, it's true. The 30th edition of Corflu is coming in 2013 and the party is going to be in *Portland*, *Oregon* -- home to the nation's best brewpubs, book stores, food carts, Ursula LeGuin, Richard E. Geis and the ghost of the 1950 Worldcon.

"CORFLU XXX -- it's pronounced '*Corflu Triple-X*', if you please -- will be hosted by Dan and Lynn Steffan (and a cast of ones) in the *Rose* *City* in the second half of April, 2013. Hotel negotiations are underway and we will be announcing the exact date and place once the details have been finalized.

"Attendees at this year's convention in Las Vegas can expect to be locked in a room and forced to listen to an oh-so-exciting and brief presentation about how each of you and each of them *can* and *will* be celebrating almost three decades of fannish tribalism next year, in the shadow of Mount Hood.

"Portlandia, Beervana and Powell's Books awaits you."

Algonquin Round Table had only increased in popularity. In 1987, a documentary on the Circle, *The Ten-Year-Lunch*, won the Academy Award in its category. A dramatic movie focused on Dorothy Parker's experiences, *Mrs. Parker & the Vicious Circle*, would be released in 1994. But my own memory of the Round Table had been buried for years, completely forgotten in the hurly-burly of reading, writing, and lately publishing fanzines, all activities meant to attract the attention of my own "Luigi Board," people tasteful and perspicacious enough to appreciate my brand of rarified corn. And I had no idea that was what I was doing -- until I stood in front of that darkened hotel, and remembered all the rich hi-jinks that I had vicariously enjoyed there years before.

The parallel stands up when extended to the more jaundiced view that I have developed after a solid three-decades in the belly turret of fandom. I doubt that the members of the Vicious Circle ever bought into their own hype, either. Well, perhaps Woollcott did. There are certainly less flattering perspectives on the Algonquin to be found out there. Gertrude Atherton skewered them in her novel *Black Oxen*, which was a best-seller in 1923: "They met at the sign of the Indian Chief where the cleverest of them-- and those who were so excitedly sure of their cleverness that for the moment they convinced others as well as themselves--foregathered daily. There was a great deal of scintillating talk in this group of the significant books and tendencies of the day....They appraised, debated, rejected, finally placed the seal of their august approval upon a favored few."

In other words, they had *standards*, Meyer.

Remembering all this had me staggered, feeling the connection between my work in fanzines like *Nine Innings* and *Spent Brass*, and the imagined memory of a naked Harpo Marx leaping out of the rhododendron at a croggled George Bernard Shaw. It felt like I had completed a sort of Circle of my own. And that, so far, is the most magical thing that has ever happened to me at a Corflu.

James Taylor: Adventures in Fandom

Fandom is not generality considered to be an adventure, at least not physically.

Eating, drinking and talking, yes.

Extreme sport adrenalin rush generator, no. But that is not to say it never happens. Take for instance a certain recent Corflu in Las Vegas.

A couple of days in I had topped off the ice and beverages in the bath tub and made my way in the attached bedroom to use the toilet. Seemed safe enough. Sure, the lock had been a balky on prior visits but the hotel was decrepit.

When it was time to leave the door wouldn't open. No amount of jiggling, shaking or Irish would make it open. And not being up to even the level of a stereotypical Vegas hotel there was no phone. Now my experience with doors that Won't open is rather limited. Taking the pin out of the hinges would've worked maybe if I had any tool to pry with but since my life seldom requires the immediate access to tools that pry. I was pretty much trapped.

In due course I remembered that I had my cell phone with me. I hadn't had one that long at the time so it didn't immediately come to mind that I could call for help. But after a short application of all the skills I learned in university I realized that even though I didn't have the hotel number I did have my wife's number and she was somewhere in said hotel. Brilliant. Tee was between program items when my call came in and of course she announced my predicament to everyone within earshot.

Luckily among those within earshot was Pat Virzi and her approachability bag. She then teleported herself to the con suite and successfully located the toilet in which I was residing. She then reached into her bag and produced exactly the right tool for the job freeing me from my confinement in the proverbial jiffy. After thanking her warmly for her assistance I returned to my cycle of fetching ice and beer.

The next day when the cleaning crew descended upon us I pointed out the remains of the lock laying forlorn next to sink, their leaders only comment was "Oh it does that, don't worry about it."

Claire Brialey: What the Corflu made me do

'I would like each of you,' wrote Arnie early in February to a carefully selected group of his fan friends (it says here), 'to write about one of your past Corflu experiences. ... It's OK if you've written up the incident before. I'll gladly accept a re-write or even a reprint...'

Right, I thought. No problem, I thought. Loads of time to do that, I thought. After all, we'll be going to our tenth Corflu this year and I've never quite got round to writing in detail about most of them. I wonder why that was, actually? I wonder whether maybe I should write about the nature of Corflus? No, hang on, Arnie asked for one of my past Corflu experiences. So, no problem then. Because I haven't written about many of them properly before, and there must be a particular Corflu, or even a particular experience at a particular Corflu, that I can write about now. I can do that. I'd like to do that.

I can't, as it turns out, do that. I've either written about it in some way already, raided for something else the sketchy notes which indicated I was having just too much fun at the time, or forgotten it – which would make it something of a struggle to construct something profound at this remove. And if there were a specific incident somehow unrecounted in my Corflu experience which could now form for the basis for a brilliant piece of fannish anecdote: well, we all know we'd prefer Mark to write it.

Instead I re-read what I had written about Corflu, and found the evolution of an experience over the year following the last time we were all in Las Vegas. The nature of Corflus it is, then, as it seemed to me then.

I'm a fanzine fan. I like reading about what other SF fans think and do and being able to engage with them about it. I like being able to read what other SF fans were thinking and doing and arguing with one another about last year or in another country, or ten or thirty or seventy years ago. I like being able to write down what I think about stuff – which, believe it or not, makes it come out far more coherently than when I'm just talking about it – and know that there's a group of other SF fans who might want to read it and argue with me about it and just basically understand why I'm moved to have a conversation in this rather drawn-out, semi-public and possibly archivable way.

But fanzine fandom, for me, is not about living in an ivory tower and communicating only by means of carefully crafted written messages, as those who've received my emails or indeed voicemail messages will partly understand. And so one of the conventions I increasingly appreciate is Corflu, the annual fanzine fans' con, because it's an opportunity to hang out in person with some of the people who understand why I spend some of my time doing this and also to pick up the conversations in a more direct and immediate way. The group doesn't include everyone I want to talk to in fandom, or even every fanzine fan I want to talk to, but it's a condensed experience of a community to which I feel strongly I belong.

It's that sense of community that I also look for in fanzines. I want a lot, you see: not just that fans are still producing fanzines and wanting to receive fanzines and appreciating fanzines for what they are, have been and could be, but that the fanzines incorporate a sense of their role within the community and of the community itself.

(May 2008, feeling all enthused and renewed shortly after Corflu Silver in Las Vegas)

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I find that I tend to spend Corflu flipping between two modes of engagement: feeling that I am back amongst my people, and feeling that I'm sitting on the edge of a reunion of the cool kids. We missed the Seattle Corflu in 2000, which many British fanzine fans of the time raved about wildly; I've never been able to work out whether my sense of slight dislocation from the cool kids of fanzine fandom, both in the UK and more generally, is what ultimately prevented me from attending, actually resulted from or was at least reinforced by me not attending, or is an indication of my overall impostor syndrome for which fanzine fandom is simply one arena. This may also be why I really don't feel drawn



Rental at Corflu Glitter

Corflu Glitter has finalized its agreement with Budget Car and Truck Rental. Budget is now the official car rental company for the convention and, in exchange, has given us the following rates for day/week:

Compact \$29.00/ \$145.00
Intermediate \$31.00/ \$159.00
Full Size \$35.00 /\$189.00
Premium \$42.00/ \$199.00
Luxury \$59.00 /\$299.00
Minivan \$59.00/ \$299.00
Sport Utility \$59.00/ \$299.00
15 Passenger Vans \$139.00/
\$695.00

CONVENTION RATES INCLUDE FREE UNLIMITED MILES ON ALL VEHICLE CLASSES

Here's how to reserve vehicles through Budget Car & Truck Rental, the official car rental company of Corflu Glitter.

Reservations may be made by telephone (702-736-1212) or online (www.Budgetvegas.com) at the company's site.

In either case, use the code: R468000.

to the concept of 'core fandom'.

My impression is that the core of Corflu – which might make it the inner core, I suppose – involves a group of people, mainly based in the US, who've been having a conversation with one another on an annual basis for decades, and at Corflu they're just picking it up again, mostly in the smoking con suite. (A purist theory of fanzines would mean, of course, that the overall conversation continues in fanzines in the course of the year until everyone can meet up in person again; but actually I think a lot of the 'conversation' that happens in fanzines, even in more frequent efanzines, is a lot more formalized and public than what we really talk to each other about. We're much more likely to pick up in person a conversation we've been having in private email with the most like-minded of our friends and correspondents, perhaps sparked by a comment in a fanzine or on a mailing list but where we wanted to thrash out the issues quickly with someone who really gets where we're coming from.) Sometimes, as this year, I never quite make it down to the smoking con suite at all; there are always good conversations to be had elsewhere as well. And I haven't been having that central conversation for all that many decades, partly because I've been in another country which does, to some extent, have some different fannish perspectives and frames of reference; but I've also been having other in-person fannish conversations in between these annual Corflu immersions, so my mind is not instantly attuned to that Corflu smoking con suite wavelength. Perhaps it would help on all fronts if I actually smoked.

I'm not saying in any way that I'm alienated from the main Corflu concept. Far from it; we're attending again next year and finally getting to go to Seattle. You don't have to be one of the cool kids to go – after all, I'm pretty certain that I'm not – but you probably do need to be interested in science fiction fanzines and the fans who participate in them.

Andy Hooper, this year's Corflu Guest of Honour, encapsulated the sense of community during the remarks he delivered at the con banquet. I paraphrase, but my memory claims that Andy asserted he would rather be bored by a conversation at Corflu than be talking to someone interesting anywhere else. He's clearly a more tolerant and less grumpy person than I am, but that approach is probably something to aspire to. Although I think we could also aspire to making all our conversations interesting for one another as well.

(August 2008, having had time to reflect)

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Once we'd started reading modern fanzines we envisaged a new Fabulous Seattle Fandom centered around Andy Hooper. We were somewhat in awe of Andy Hooper, and of the various cool and edgy characters that seemed to populate Seattle fandom, although that didn't stop us from deciding sometime early in 1996 that the lead contenders in our new 'Croydon's Favourite American' competition were Andy and Jerry Kaufman. From Andy and his co-wranglers of the mighty publishing engines of Seattle, *Apparatchik* issued forth every two or three weeks, for eighty issues in that mid-90s period during which we were working this fanzine business out for ourselves. And thus I joined the ranks of the many fans satirized by Victor Gonzalez, and was I properly grateful? Of course not. But Andy, as well as being a fine, fluent and, yes, fabulous fan writer, reviewed fanzines and had a knack for understanding what made them tick. Well, mostly. We rather took to heart his 1996 assertion that we displayed an obvious resentment of tradition, since we were being mocked at least weekly by our friends in Croydon fandom for precisely the opposite – itself a tradition that continues to this day, and which it must be admitted we do sometimes resent. And inevitably Andy had a point at the time as well. We value the traditions in fandom that endure because they still speak to fans of our generation and to those who are now younger and more vibrant than us; and if we're honest about it we also value particularly the fans to whom those traditions, and the experiences and ideas we have shared across the generations and the experiences of our fannish forbears which we couldn't share in person, do speak. It's just that if you try to tell me that I'm not a real fan because I find much fannish jargon embarrassing and excluding, and feel equally uncomfortable with claiming to be part of a 'core fandom',

we're not entirely going to get on.

I continued to feel a bit left out for years after we missed the 2000 'Corflatch', which saw Corflu and Potlatch held in Seattle on consecutive weekends. It's one of the reasons why another Corflu in Seattle seemed like such a great idea to me. Andy, and Jerry, and all the other Seattle fans who we now know better and like a lot for all that they're still a bit awe-inspiring, were among the other reasons.

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

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

(February 2009, anticipating Corflu Zed in Seattle and getting enthused again)

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If I were going to try to get away with talking bollocks I could claim that Corflu is more than just a convention. It's a state of mind, man... But I don't always spend much time in the smoking con suite these days, and in the stunning but slightly quirky Hotel Deca the smoking con suite was the balcony outside the con suite itself – with spectacular views which, depending on local climatic conditions, comprised either panoramic mountains, lots of brooding cloud balanced on tall buildings, or Nic Farey



Claire Brialey visits the Luxor during Corflu Silver.

being blown sideways while trying to stop his cigarette from going out in the rain.

It's a community. These days it's not just the community of people at the convention – and Peter Sullivan has explained elsewhere and better than I ever could about how the technological marvels of the interwebs are achieving that, to which I will simply add a plea that fans interacting with Corflu or other conventions over the internet could perhaps try to be, at worst, no more demanding, rude and unreasonable than the fans we're already experiencing live and in person – but arguably it never was. Any convention may make us think of absent friends, whether that's as part of a published tribute, a focused programme item, or just an idle moment in the bar when you realize that that familiar shape you saw out of the corner of your eye can't in fact have been who you always think and hope it is. So maybe it's a bit precious of me to feel that Corflu is special in that respect, but we're a community of fans who bring our history with us. And thus it may prove to be true that if you're a fanzine fan, death will not in fact release you.

It's a balance. And in Seattle it was a fine one, in all senses. I'm a fan who likes good programming at conventions, and yet I also appreciate a good wide-ranging, thought-provoking, sociable fannish conversation as much as the next person – unless the next person is Caroline Mullan who I think is the exemplar of that sort of interaction – and I particularly appreciate the opportunity that Corflu presents to me to catch up with friends who I don't see in other places, and indeed to do so in the company of some people I'm fortunate enough to get to meet up with a bit more often. Andy Hooper had put together a programme that I really enjoyed, and which always lived up to its promise of being worth leaving the bar or the con suite for – and which also gave me the opportunity to test out, and be pleasantly surprised about, whether people including those who are not fan artists are genuinely interested in talking intelligently about fan art. But it



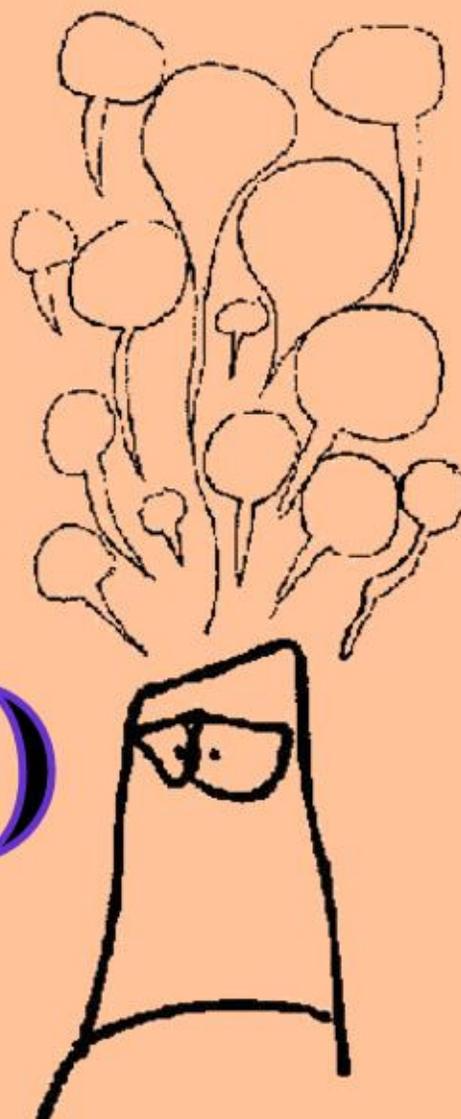
Welcome to the Consuite. (L to R: Mike Glicksohn, Lloyd Penney, Ian Sorenson, Murray Moore. (Phoro by Colin Hinz)



allowed plenty of time to hang out in the con suite and the bar, and to go out for several enjoyable meals, and to talk to a lot of people just enough that I knew I'd really, really miss them all again when we got home.

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Supporting: \$10.

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Payment:

Pay via PayPal: JoyceWorley1@cox.net

Pay via Mail: Joyce Katz, 909 EUGENE CERNAN St., Las Vegas, NV 89145.

Make checks payable to "Joyce Katz."

UK Agent: Claire Brialey, claire.fishlifter@googlemail.com

Room rates:

\$55/night, Sunday-Thursday

\$85/night, Friday & Saturday

Prices are double occupancy. \$15 per extra person per night.

Reservations:

Toll-free reservations number: 888-786-7389.

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