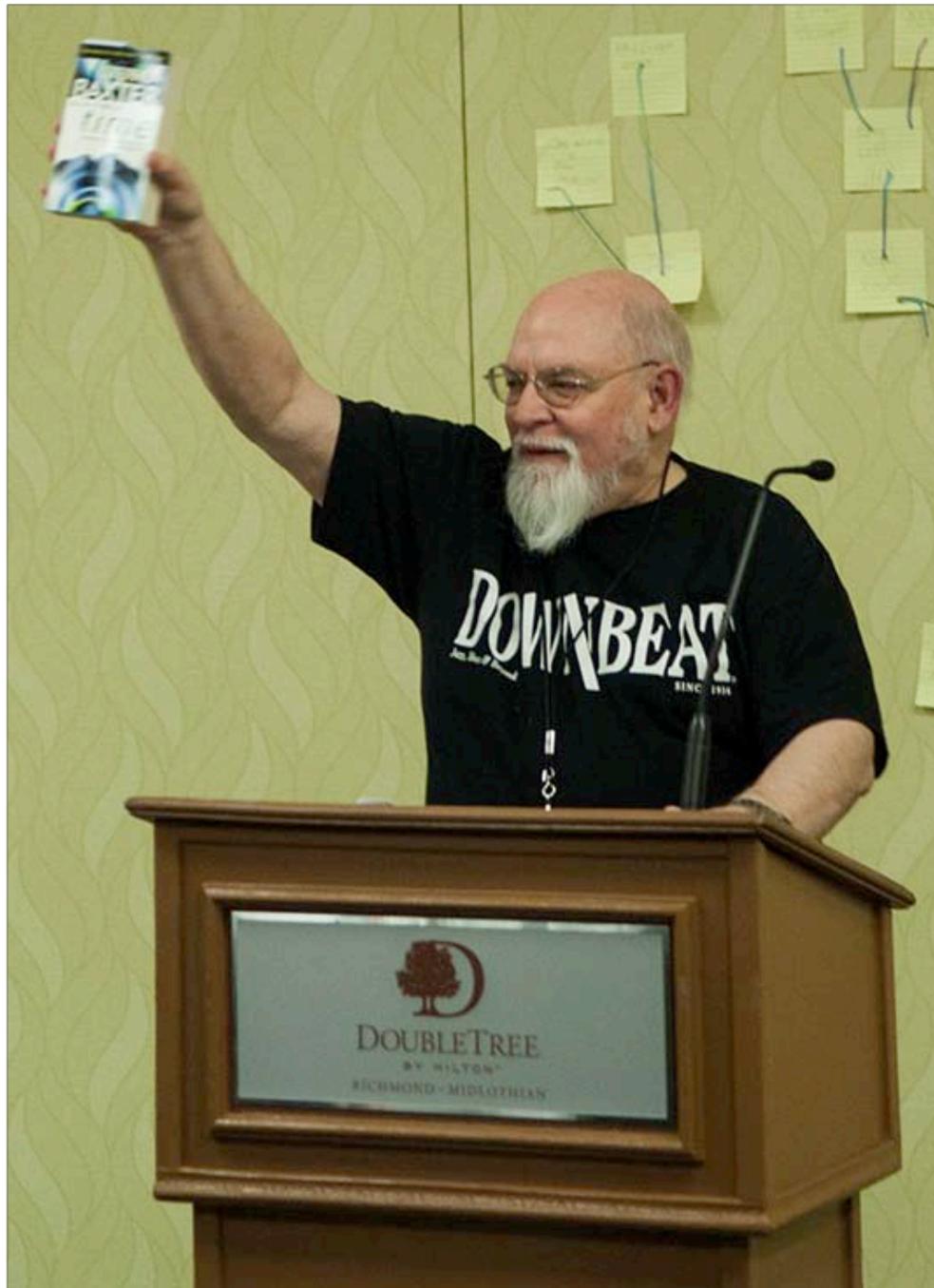


JOIN TOGETHER #4



Cor31u

RICHMOND May 2-4 2014

JOIN TOGETHER #4

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In Praise of...

by **NIC FAREY**

Yes, Virginia, that *was* a Corflu!

I was massively grateful to be able to attend, meaning that there was only one of the top echelon team missing from proceedings (Randy Byers), who due to the exigencies of work, would only have been able to flit in for barely two days of Desperate Fun. Them Chungas know their fanac though, don't they just? Andy Hooper's sterling contributions to the program in particular and the whole event in general might have led the proverbial Martian drop-in to conclude that it was another of his Corflus after all. And why shouldn't it be, really? It rather was, for me, in some quite gratifying ways.

Any given Corflu that I've attended (many fewer than I would like), has seemed to center (for me) on a particular person or persons I end up spending a disproportionate amount of time with over the weekend. At Boston in 2001 that likely candidate would have been Ron Salomon, I think, who it was a great pleasure to reconnect with in Richmond, lo, these many years later. My often faulty memory possibly rose-tints and shuffles stuff around, but I fondly recall Annapolis the following year as the event at which I got to know the aforementioned Randmus Byser, the start of a most pleasurable and rewarding friendship which happily endures. (And by the way, if some of this isn't exactly the way it happened, I prefer to be left with my illusions, thanks.)

Flashback: I wonder who it might have been at Nashville? Dee Ann and I were registered and very much looking forward to what would have been my first Corflu, but were prevented from going due to her cancer.

Corflu Silver (2008), when I had money and a top-of-the-Plaza suite (still grotty but it was a more *spacious* grot) perhaps marks the unofficial genesis of the "Unusual Suspects" and BEAM, and the discovery of fine friends Jay Kinney and TFL Rich Coad, both of whom were instrumental contributors to the first issue of the World's Finest Fanzine. Earl Kemp, who I believe I also met for the first time there, generated another instant rapport. Runner-up: G Charnock.

The following year (still with money), Seattle also produced a pair of aces: Curt Phillips, of course, and rather more surprisingly, Peter Weston, with whom I had some fun conversation (and whose small cigars I blame for the room cleaning fee); Pete observed that despite our many concurrent appearances at Novacons *passim*, we'd never actually had a real proper natter, but trust me, we managed to put that right on this occasion. I even managed to get a word in here and there. (Definition of a chance remark: anything anyone else manages to say when Weston is talking.)

Runner-up: carl juarez.

2012 brought Corflu back to Vegas, this time with no money at all, and it really looked as though I wouldn't be going to get to a hometown Corflu (also in part because of the long-predicted falling-out with Arnie Katz), but pockets of insane generosity broke out from various quarters and made it happen. My bosom buddy turned out to be Shelby Vick, as we frequently indulged our shared tobacco habit in the stairwell by the consuite.

And so: Richmond. Hooper.

Andy and I do have, as they say, some history. We'd become antagonists as long ago as the early years of the millennium, for reasons which perhaps now seem either rather trivial, or at the very least rather long, long ago to be considered currently relevant. We're both, shall we say, "forthright" in our opinions (a less kind adjective might be "abrasive"), although in our public personas this manifests in quite different ways. He's the intellectual one, driven to pursue and nail down every detail to the point of excruciation sometimes, but always in a painstakingly correct fashion. I, on the other hand, am a chain-smoking, hard-drinking foulmouthed yob. The always adept and sainted Mark Plummer once observed (in a personal email) that for someone who works in construction, I am the most remarkably unreconstructed person he knows. Perhaps Andy and I are both a bit thuggish in our separate ways?

After several years of warily viewing each other with barely concealed suspicion, I recall at Seattle having a cautiously polite (but still rather wary) conversation with Andy before the Sunday banquet. I rather suspected that this unexpected but welcome convo may have been spurred by the fact that I had quite effusively (and genuinely) thanked his partner Carrie for the superb job running the consuite there. She may also have been surprised, but y'know, thoroughly deserved that 'boo. I also recall mildly marveling that Andy and I were able to complete a quite civil exchange without him bodyslamming me to the tough floors of the Hotel Deca, since after all he's a big lad who does convey the impression of inner strength, and I'm just a wiry little bastard really.

After we'd put the Richmond bid together and secured it all, the Hoop was naturally in there as FAAn award administrator, and, as it turned out, a large part of the program, and the auction, since as I had been warned upfront by several People Who Know (eg A Forman), that Ken Forman is good for fuck-all except being a fantastic host on the day (and let's admit he *is* brilliant at that).

Let's talk about that program for a minute. With no due modesty whatsoever I reckon it was one of the best Corflu programs I've seen (which, ok, isn't so many in my case), and to me it really had the appearance of the gliding swan, with no-one seeing the furious flapping of flippers beneath the surface. An aside very special thanks to Sandra Bond for so ably running "Just A Minac", a format she & I had discussed some time before - in fact so long before, that it *could* have debuted at Corflu Glitter, along with a couple other items that didn't - well ha ha fuck off Arnie you twat (sorry, just had to).

Hooper might have seemed a bit ubiquitous on the Richmond program (well, a bunch of those items were his conceptions), but let's face it, the man *brings it*. every time.

Sunday night wasn't it Andy, where we were in something approaching wind-down mode, sitting in the consuite bedroom and yakking about stuff we both care about. Fannishness, *real* fanstuff, Corflu and baseball. And smiling. Did anyone get a pic of that? Me and Hooper, deep in repartee, in excellent humor after a fine weekend, and both *smiling*.

So thanks Andrew P. Hooper, my friend, for a fuckin' *great*. Corflu.

PROGRAM in PICTURES

by **GARY MATTINGLY**



Opening Ceremony: John Nielsen-Hall, Nic Farey, Ken Forman



Southern Fandom panel: Curt Phillips, Mike Pederson, Warren Buff



Who's Your Daddy? : Ron Salomon, Ken Forman



Fanthology panel: Andy Hooper, Murray Moore, Nic Farey



Auction: John Nielsen-Hall, Pat Virzi (seated at table), Andy Hooper, Mary Burns, Robert Jackson (seated at ipad)



FAAn Awards panel: Andy Hooper, Mike Meara



“Two Girls for Every Boy”: Curt Phillips, Andy Hooper, Sandra Bond, Pat Virzi



“Why I did not bid for Corflu”: Rich Coad, Nic Farey, Ken Forman, John Nielsen-Hall



Just A Minac: Nic Farey, Rich Coad, Sandra Bond, Robert Jackson, Jeanne Bowman

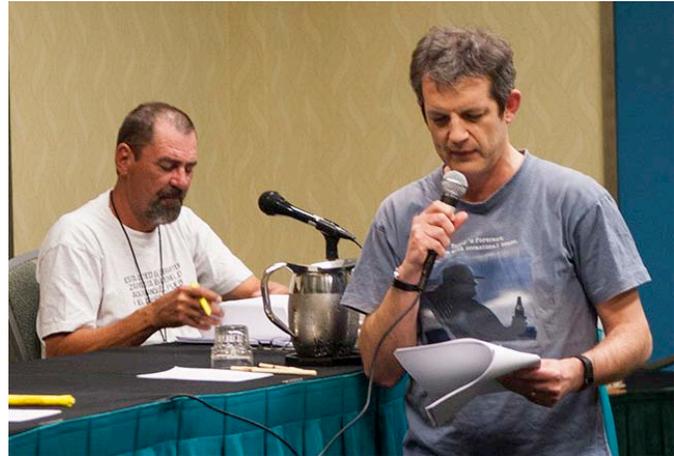
TREEHOUSE OF FANDOM XIV



Sumner Hunnewell, Aileen Forman, Nic Farey



Michael Dobson, Aileen Forman



Nic Farey, Nigel Rowe



At the Banquet: Bruce Newrock, Wendy Freeman, Keith Freeman, Jim Caughran



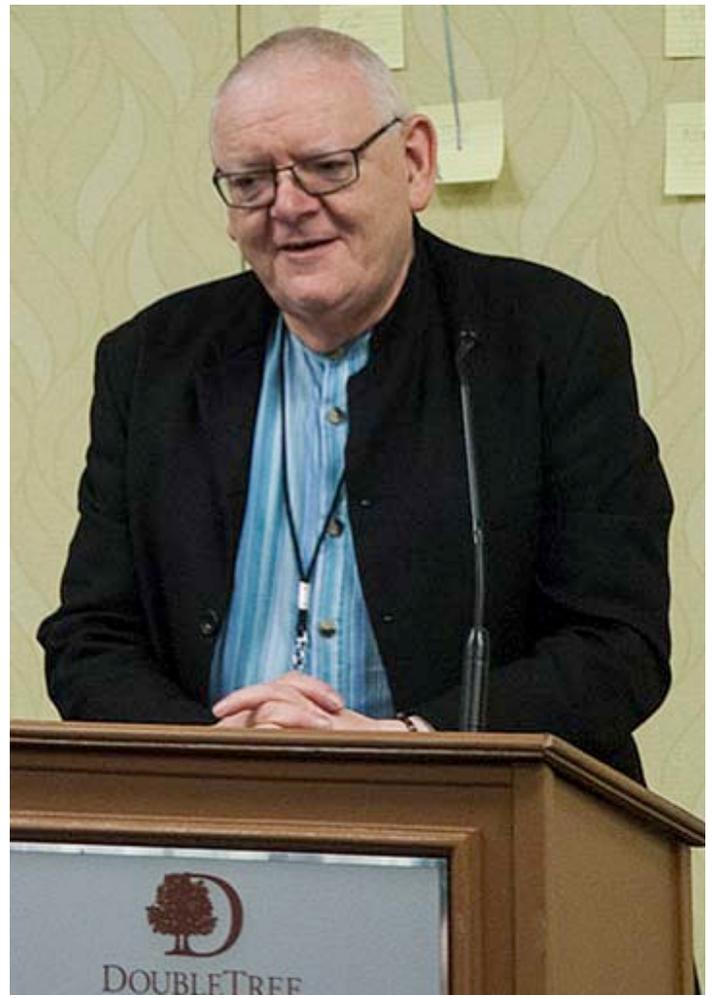
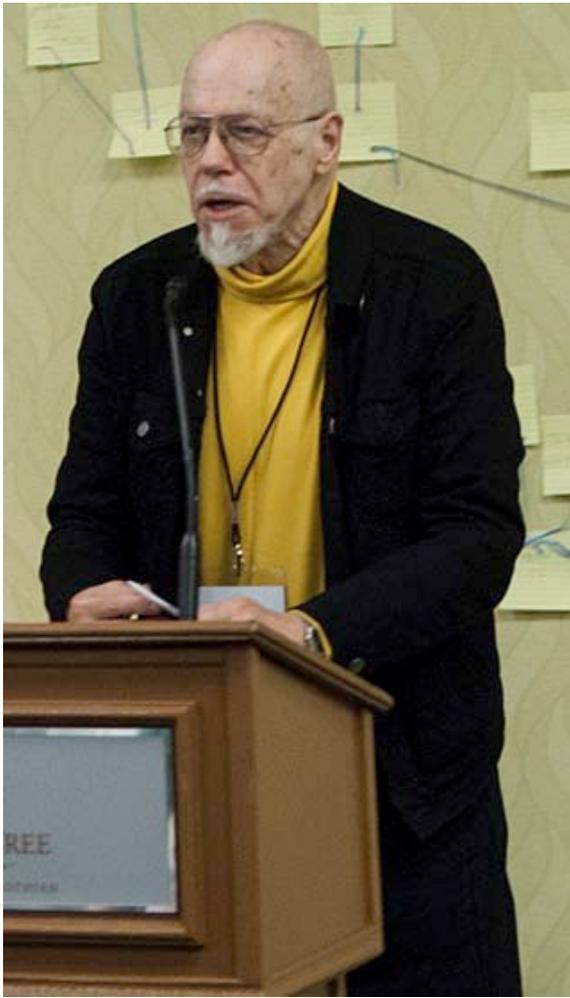
Elaine Stiles, Steve Stiles



FAAn Award: Ken Forman, Bill Burns



Dan Steffan, Lynn Steffan, Michael Dobson



“Who will be Past President of fwa?”, asks Ted White. By acclamation, it’s **John Nielsen-Hall**



“So is that it?” Rich Coad, Art Widner

A CONSUITE CONVERSATION

by **AILEEN FORMAN**

So, Corflu 31 was fun! I'm pretty sure everyone who attended ended up in the consuites at one point or another and most commented that they were pretty good. While it was nice to be praised, I must admit that it wasn't that difficult, particularly compared to my normal work day! I was asked by several people if I'd write down the details of my planning, in order to help future hosts. I'm not sure that I'm the right person for this but I'll give it my best shot.

I start with the basics: headcount, budget and available equipment. Once you know about how many people you're expecting, plan to buy three sodas, one beer and three bottles of water per person per day, one bag of chips per 10 people, one bag of candy per five people, and one package of cookies per three people. These are the basics.

The budget will dictate both the quality of the aforementioned items and the advisability of additional events. A 70-member Corflu should have a budget of at least \$500 for the Consuites if you want to make it nice. See if you can get other groups to sponsor a wine tasting party or a beer bash.

Once the hotel is chosen, call the catering director and ask what equipment is included in the hospitality suite, making sure to ask if the refrigerator is full-sized and if it has a freezer, if there's a microwave, a sink, etc. The lack of these things will make it more difficult but it can be done. If you're lacking a full-size fridge, ask if you can have two additional small fridges put into the room. I have a countertop convection oven, which made making appetizers much easier but you can do a lot with microwaves too. If there's no sink in the room other than the bathroom sink, buy a large dish tub. Go to Google maps and locate the nearest grocery store and Costco if you're not familiar with the area.

Make sure the hotel allows you to serve snacks in the room but don't go into detail – they really don't need to know. I asked the catering director if the hotel was okay with me bringing my convection oven and was told that it was fine but only in the hospitality suite. (I wondered a bit about that but said, "Okay.") I didn't tell him what I was making but I did give every staff member a hot cookie whenever they came into the room. Oh, and plan on giving the housekeeping staff at least \$5 every day and immediately ask for a full-size garbage can as soon as you arrive at the hotel. You'll need it. Ask the person who delivers that garbage can if the hotel recycles and, if so, how they would like you to assemble the recyclable materials.

Along with the equipment that's in the room, you'll need to bring some stuff from home, such as the aforementioned dish tub, a sponge, dish soap, drying cloth and hot pad. You can bring along large platters and bowls but I prefer to use those cardboard bowls (the kind that you serve nachos in) that you can find in the restaurant supply section of Sam's Club or Costco. They're cheap, sanitary and can be used as both plates and serving dishes, filled and placed around the room so folks can nibble without having to get up and fill a plate. They're better than paper plates because things don't fall off. If you don't want to buy a huge box of 1000, see if you can find a restaurant that uses them and offer to buy a sleeve of 200-300. Most restaurants will happily sell you some. Other things you'll need include a coffee pot, a hot pot, a sharp knife, a cutting board, gallon Zip-lok bags, a can opener and a bottle opener (preferably one with a cork screw). Large serving spoons and a spatula may come in handy, depending on what you're serving. Make sure you have the utensils you need to prepare the dishes you serve.

As far as special events go, plan on having one either immediately after the opening ceremonies or just before, one on Saturday afternoon and then a Dead Dog party.

Now, here we get into philosophy. I view the consuites as a party that I'm hosting. The members are my guests and I'd like them to enjoy themselves as much as possible. I believe that the food in the consuites is there for my guests. If someone asks for candy and you didn't plan to put it out until Sunday, for heaven's sake give them the candy! These are your guests and it doesn't matter if they eat the grapes and cheese on Friday night or Sunday morning. You also should be asking people if they'd like a fresh soda or a cookie. Walk around and get involved in the conversations but carry a bowl of M&Ms or a plate of cheese and apple slices with you and offer them too.

Try to have something special about your consuites. If you can cook, make chili or stew. Freeze it in chunks small enough to fit into the crockpot (and don't forget to bring the crockpot!) and buy things that fancy it up, such as shredded cheese and Fritos. I recommend bringing along a microwaveable large bowl and reheating the chili or stew first in the microwave before putting it in the crockpot. Sliced French bread, a slice of mozzarella, a half of a cherry tomato and a sprig of basil is an easy appetizer. You can microwave them or serve them cold. If you have a freezer in the consuites, buy some frozen mini tacos or egg rolls.

Veggies can be a bone of contention since, historically, few people eat these but the ones who do resent the lack. So buy some baby carrots and maybe some celery that you can fill with cream cheese or, if you have an oven, try drizzling olive oil over cauliflower, carrots and snow peas and roasting them with a sprinkle of salt. As far as fruit goes, grapes are popular as are strawberries and apples, although you should peel and slice the apples and put them next to some sharp cheddar cheese if you want them eaten instead of admired.

I bake, so that's why I made "refrigerator cookies" and then froze the dough. I baked six or so cookies at a time so that they were hot and fresh. Saturday around noon is a great time for a sandwich event. You'll need four ounces of meat, 1/2 ounce of cheese and two slices of bread for each person as well as a small jar of mayonnaise, some gourmet mustard, some good dill pickles and tomatoes. Use your own judgment as far as lettuce goes. As far as cheese goes, also buy some sharp cheddar, maybe some mozzarella or bleu cheese that you can cut up and offer every now and then but only put out about five chunks at a time, refrigerating the rest. Put the cheese in one of those cardboard bowls along with a few sprigs of grapes and 20 or so crackers and put it on a table near a conversation. Put it back in the fridge in a Zip-loc if it's ignored longer than five minutes. It can come out again later.

The beverages are the easiest. The dish pan comes in handy for filling the bathtub with ice, making it a lovely spot for the beer, water and sodas (and in case someone cuts out your kidney in your sleep). Run a carafe of water through the coffee maker and put the hot water into one of the hot pots. Get two or three kinds of tea, including Tetley black tea if you're expecting Brits and ginger-lemon if you're expecting Art Widner. You'll also need a half-gallon of milk, a quart of cream (you can keep these in the ice or in the fridge), a box of sugar cubes, about 40 packets of assorted varieties of artificial sugar, and perhaps a squeeze bottle of lemon. You'll also need cups. You can either ask the hotel to bring you a rack of ceramic cups (most will happily provide you with these free) or buy Styrofoam cups. I like to have two hot pots because I don't like having the coffee sit there getting icky but if you do have it sitting there, at least remove the coffee grounds after it's brewed.

Okay, other things... I like to have items sitting in the consuites that can break the ice and foster conversation. For Corflu 31, I brought a jigsaw puzzle and slot cars. I recommend you bring stuff like that, whether it's Tinkertoys or an erector set or Jenga or heck, Candyland! Well, okay, probably not Candyland. People spend a lot of time in the consuites at Corflu. Don't let them feel isolated or bored. Offer them a shot of whiskey, teach them how to juggle, give them a recent fanzine and a piece of paper and pen and suggest they find something to loc about. In other words, your portion of Corflu is the party. Don't let it get boring.

Well, I know this wasn't as comedic as my usual fanzine articles but I hope this helps future hosts.

Shopping list: (Quantities should reflect the attendance but this works for around 75 people)

One medium can of ground coffee (I like Chock Full O' Nuts)

50-100 coffee filters

A box of Tetley black tea bags and a box of green tea bags

Box of sugar cubes

Half-gallon of milk

Quart of cream

Box of Splenda (or whatever you've managed to take from various restaurants)

Small bottle of dish soap

Fruit – three pounds of grapes, five apples (I like Pink Ladies and Granny Smiths), bag of nectarines

Veggies – a head of celery (don't forget the cream cheese or peanut butter) and a bag of baby carrots or, if you have an oven, frozen winter veggies mix

Frozen appetizers and/or ingredients to make your own (although the frozen appetizers may be cheaper at Sam's Club)

Three pounds each of thinly sliced ham and turkey

Three pounds of sliced American cheese

Mustard

Mayonnaise

Bottle of good dill pickles

Two or three tomatoes

One head of lettuce, most of which you'll probably throw away

About two pounds of sharp cheddar cheese and a pound of either bleu cheese or mozzarella

Plastic forks and spoons if you're serving anything that requires them

THE SUPPLY LIST

From the grocery store:

Napkins (about 300-500)

Dark rye bread and whole wheat bread

Coffee cups unless you're using the ceramic ones from the hotel

Cheaper at Sam's Club:

Bags of chips, caramel corn, pretzels, etc.

Sodas, beer and bottled water (and possibly wine and/or Scotch)

Cardboard bowls unless you can get them at your local restaurant

Bags of candy

Danishes, bagels or muffins (about 1 for every three people attending, put out on Saturday morning and again on Sunday morning if there're any left over – and don't forget the cream cheese if you go with bagels or muffins)

CORFLU 31: The CONREP

by **RICH COAD**

“Here you are, sir.”

I looked at the boarding pass the flight attendant had just handed me with a feeling of dread. Depart Atlanta, 9:15 p.m.; arrive Los Angeles, 11:14 p.m. It looked as if I would be spending a less than comfortable night on the seats or floors of Terminal 6 at LAX before catching the morning flight to Santa Rosa. Assuming I could get rebooked on to the morning flight.

Apparently when a plane stops at an airport the ground crew walks about it looking for leaky fuel pumps, flat tires, ruptured fuselage, cracked windows, and the like. In Richmond they found something and I imagine the conversation went something like this:

“Hey, y’all. Looks like we have a problem with the seal of this here cargo bin. Some duct tape’ll fix her right up.”

“Better have us real mechanics take a look at that first. We’ll be right by to do an inspection once we finish this iced tea. Sure is hot out there.”

Many minutes, about forty, pass by before the mechanic arrives and is led to the faulty bin. His keen eye takes in the problem and years of troubleshooting problems with aircraft permit him to make a ready diagnosis.

“Y’all have a problem with the seal of this here cargo bin. Some duct tape’ll fix her right up. I’ll just head back to the hangar and get my duct tape. Shouldn’t be more’n half an hour and you’ll be good to go.”

So it was that Air Tran had determined I, along with anyone else making a connection for the 3:30 flight from Atlanta to Los Angeles, required rebooking. And since Alaska Air does only two or three flights a day from LA to Santa Rosa, I knew the floor would be my bed tonight.

I was leaving after Corflu 31. I’d arrived late on Thursday, close to midnight, and picked up my rental car, complete with modern GPS system. I started the modern GPS system and punched in “Doubletree Hotel Midlothian”. The modern GPS system told me it was searching for the hotel in the vicinity of Chicago, Illinois. Since I was in Richmond, Virginia, this seemed a bit silly. I picked up the modern GPS system and tried to find a location setting. None existed. The modern GPS system deduces its location by connecting with a satellite high overhead. But the modern GPS system cannot talk to its satellite if it is inside a parking garage.

Fortunately I had printed the directions from the hotel web site so I set out with the modern GPS system turned off. The directions were fine but my memory was not. Was I supposed to take this freeway East or West? Since traffic from Richmond airport after midnight seems non-existent I was able to pull off to the side of the freeway, back up to where I could read the signage, and refresh my memory from the directions. All went well, from then on, until I hit the Midlothian Turnpike, which is six or eight lanes wide, bordered by strip mall after strip mall after strip mall (one included the quaintly named Ye Olde Carwash), with cross streets indicated by a hanging row

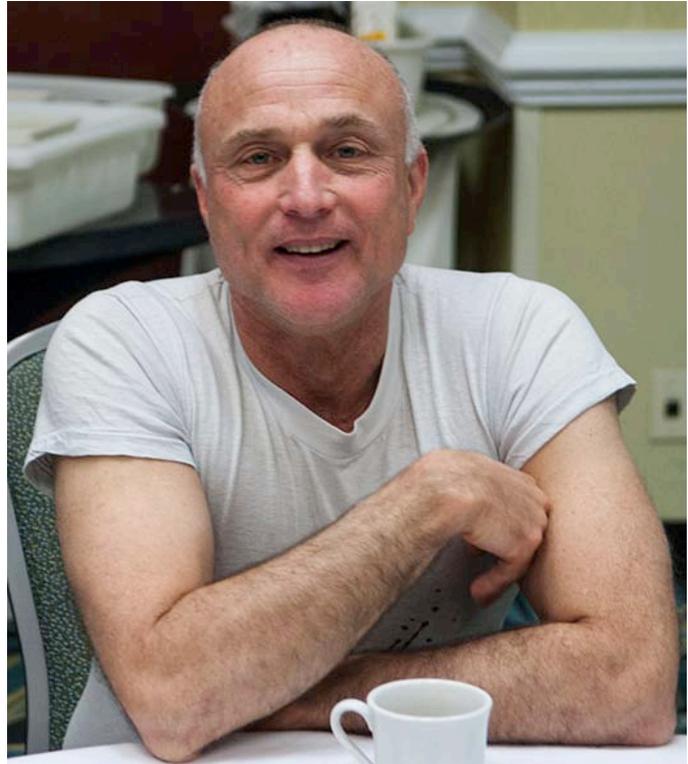
of four or more traffic lights and an unilluminated, unreadable, street name sign. I had a vague idea how far it was to the hotel but the drive through that nightmarish landscape of American suburbia seemed to go on indefinitely. I was on the point of turning back, sure I had missed the place, when I saw a brightly lit Doubletree Hotel sign.

Art Widner was in the con-suite when I stepped in about 1:00 a.m. I had dropped Art off at Santa Rosa airport on Wednesday afternoon knowing he had a long night ahead as he flew first to San Diego, then to Philadelphia (upgraded to first class for that leg), then on to Richmond. I think we all owe Alan Rosenthal and his frequent flier miles a great deal of thanks for making it possible for Art to attend. The hard-core that still remained in the con-suite were few in number but high in number of years. Us younger fans just can't keep up with folks like Art and Ted White. Ken Forman, who was spelling his lovely wife Aileen as host of the con-suite, handed me my membership package. I grabbed a beer, chatted for a while, and realized that although it was only about 11:00 p.m. California time, I had been up and traveling since 4:00 a.m. and I was ready for bed.

Friday had a plan. Friday had a road trip.

Friday was also when my roommate, William Breiding of the West Virginia Breiding clan, was to arrive after driving over the mountains separating the two states. I left his key card with Gary Mattingly and texted William to let him know. This was one of the high points of having a Corflu in Virginia - between us Gary and I had managed to talk William into attending and I was looking forward to seeing him. Another high point was coming up as John and Audrey Nielsen Hall joined me in the car for our planned expedition to Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson, of whom you may have heard. The modern GPS system had by this time twigged that it was not in Chicago, Illinois but was, in fact, in Richmond, Virginia. I punched in Monticello and hit the Go button. "Drive to the beginning of the route," it told me.

The drive from Midlothian to Charlottesville is very pleasant in early May. The dogwood trees are in bloom and the distinctive white flowers can be seen amidst the forest of other leafy green trees bordering the freeway. Leaving Midlothian the road led us through a neighborhood of vast houses placed on huge lots which, I told John and Audrey, probably cost less than my modest California bungalow. I doubt it, really. These places were enormous and could probably house a horse or two on the lot. The GPS did its job unobtrusively, awakening every now and again when turn was needed but otherwise remaining silent. I had been hoping for a steady stream of encouraging patter - "Nice pass, there", "Ooh, you're driving well", "Still heading in the right direction", and so on - but it wasn't built in to this device. I probably would have smashed it had been so loquacious, actually.



Roommate (photo by Gary Mattingly)

After about ninety minutes of uneventful driving we arrived at the World Heritage Site that is the former home of the third president of the United States and the author of one of the single most important documents regarding human rights ever written. The irony that Jefferson was also a big time slave owner was not lost on anybody, even the docents.

We got our tickets and ambled about the grounds while waiting for the scheduled tour to start. Spring comes later to central Virginia than to northern California so the tulips that had been and gone a few weeks ago at home were in full bloom at Monticello and a lovely sight they were. The house doesn't really look very large, although the docent said it had something like 11 bedrooms and over 5,000 square feet of living space, but the grounds are definitely spacious with views that would be an inspiration every morning. When we got the tour of the house we saw Jefferson's man cave (his library, really, since big screen TVs weren't around in the 18th Century) and heard how, after a visit from the Marquis de Lafayette, an order was sent for 375 bottles of wine to replace those drunk during the Marquis' ten day visit. Sally Hemmings was mentioned but only in passing. The site offered a "slavery tour" which would probably have delved into Jefferson's relationship with his slave, but unfortunately we did not have the time to take it. I'm very glad I went, though. Despite all the obvious contradictions, Jefferson is still a fascinating historical figure to me and his house is one of the icons of early American architecture.

Back in Midlothian we saw the official Guest of Honor selection. I'd given my \$20 to be removed from the pool so I had no worries. After an initial attempt to force Hope Leibowitz to be the GoH for a second time, the hat spat forth the name of Gregg Trend. Now, I've seen Gregg and his wife, Audrey, at Corflus for a number of years but I don't think I've exchanged a word with either one. Their period of activity apparently didn't overlap with mine so I really had no idea what to expect from Gregg as a Corflu GoH. For all the randomness of the selections, and the pressure being selected places upon the winner, there have been some pretty damned good GoH speeches at Corflu. Pascal Thomas pounding his blue Addidas shoe while shouting "Do you know how many Smurfs died for this shoe?" springs to mind immediately. Lucy Huntzinger's Old Icelandic saga in Portland was hysterically funny, thanks in part to excellent acting on the part of Jeanne Bowman, Tamara Vining, Pat Virzi, and David Levine. There have also, and understandably, been some which didn't work so well, although no mobs have yet attacked a GoH. Since I have no desire to see this civilized behavior collapse into an angry mob toting torches and pitchforks, I give my \$20 early on.

William Breiding had arrived and obtained the room key from Gary Mattingly while I was off visiting Monticello. The three of us decided to go to an Ethiopian restaurant in Richmond near Virginia Commonwealth University, alma mater of my good buddy Bruce Townley. I now see why he went there. Damn, they have a lot of cute girls at VCU. Fortunately Gary, who is a spiritual Wiccan fellow and above base carnal cravings, was driving and not me. I'd have crashed for sure by looking at the girls and not the road. William, surprisingly for someone who had lived in the Bay Area for a long time, had never had Ethiopian food before. Fortunately he liked it and we caught up on old times. William was one of the very first fans I met in the Bay Area. At the time he was publishing STARFIRE, a large genzine which featured amateur fiction and poetry. Not really the type of fanzine I was into at the time but nonetheless we became friendly and even shared a turn as witnesses at Gary Mattingly's marriage to Pat Peters, William's ex-girlfriend. That particular marriage still probably has the Justice of the Peace mystified as William and I kept falling in to paroxysms of laughter whenever anything serious was mentioned. I can't say that William and I were exactly close friends, we didn't see each other that frequently but when we did we got along.

Now, though, having shared a room and having been treated to the sight of Breiding butt in the morning, I guess we are close friends, after all.

Back at the con, having missed the panel on Southern Fandom, I was surprised to see how well Ken Forman's idea for developing a fannish family tree was working out. As described in the program, this had not sounded like something that would go well but, as people added names to post-its, stuck them on a wall of the con program hall, and drew lines using some yarn and tape, it all fell in to place. I'm pretty sure that Ken has some hi-res photos of the wall and will be able to produce a version online of the relationships shown. For myself, I had Greg Pickersgill and Roy Kettle as fannish "fathers". Upon reflection, though, I think that is a bit of a simplification. They were certainly influential. but so were John Brosnan and Ian Maule and, in the US, Jerry Jacks and William Breiding. Without all of these people I'm not sure I would have been involved in fandom, to one degree or another, for over 40 years now.

I must now mention the con suite. This was managed by the lovely Aileen Forman, who really knows how to manage a con suite. Not only was it well stocked with beer and wine and soft drinks but Aileen was constantly at work with her toaster oven baking up new confections that were always superb. Plus there were jigsaw puzzles and slot car racing to keep the punters entertained. I don't think there has ever been a con suite that had slot car racing before. The plan to embezzle money from TAFF and give it to Aileen to become the permanent Corflu con suite hostess has definite merit.

"Where were you?" asked Gary Mattingly about mid-day on Saturday. "I didn't see you in the gym or in the pool when I was there at seven ayem."

"Fuck off," I replied, as politely as I could.

Saturday was the major programming day of the convention. I could bore the readers with a blow by blow of each and every item or just get to the bits I paid attention to. The auction, naturally, is always a bit of fun, especially when Graham Charnock is bidding £10 for a used hotel pen over the internet. Money was raised for the convention, for the Corflu 50, and for TAFF. And once again it proved that the generosity of fans is really not to be underestimated. But the panel I was looking forward to was Sandra Bond's "Two Girls For Every Boy" or, as I thought of it, "The Everybody Angry and Shouting Panel". It didn't turn out quite that way. Fifteen earnest men and one snarky woman sat in the audience. The men probably all wanted to know how they should behave in order to get laid but this was the wrong panel for that. Snarky woman, Jeanne Bowman, occasionally interrupted her knitting to make a comment and Pat Virzi explained that she had indeed been at least verbally harassed at a convention and I just left with the feeling that there is no reason to want to be a part of a community that is either that full of bigots and harassers, or of the overly politically correct. Outside of the very tiny community of fanzine fans and Corflu, which at least for now still seems like a pleasant area in which to have a hobby.

Dinner break had a large group of us at the Capital Ale House trying in vain to discover how to turn on the lights for the dining alcove we had been given. The dining alcove without tables and chairs, this was, as the large birthday party underway on the same floor had taken ownership of all the furniture available. But staff is good. They not only knew how to work a light switch, something that had baffled some of fandom's finest minds, but also knew where to get tables and chairs. The Ale House had Racer 5, which is brewed by the Bear Republic brewery in Cloverdale, at the far northern tip of Sonoma County. Still, it's my county and it's a good beer, so I ignored the

200 other options and got something I knew I would like. Part way through the ordering process, Rob Jackson got a call from an abjectly apologetic John Nielsen-Hall who was running late at dinner and probably would miss the start of the upcoming “Just A Minac” panel he was scheduled to be on. Since another three fifths of the panel, including sponsor and moderator Sandra Bond, were running late at The Capital Ale House, John really had nothing to be abject about. Well, I'm sure he has *something* to be abject about but being late for the panel is not it.

Sandra had roped me into appearing on Just A Minac by using the time-honored approach of sending a desperate e-mail at the last moment saying “I've asked everybody else and they've all said no and you're absolutely my last choice, I mean hope and will you please. please please?” Eyelash batting may also have ensued. After I agreed and then after I found out what I had agreed to I wandered about in a daze, a bit like Perseus going to confront the minotaur only feeling a good deal less chipper and in a daze rather than a maze. All weekend as I thought of the Just A Minac panel I would rattle my metaphorical chains and let out a long moan of “Doooooooooomed!”, not unlike Jacob Marley's ghostly conversations with Ebenezer Scrooge. So I was quite happy to stay at The Capital Ale House drinking 7.5% ABV Racer 5 by the pint for as long as I could stand up. Sandra, unfortunately, has heretofore unknown scruples about meeting commitments (and yes, she's a lawyer and a rock musician, so who knows where this responsible behavior comes from), and chivvies us all back to the hotel so that Just A Minac can start only half an hour late. Ably replacing the still missing John N. Hall was the lovely and alluring Jeanne N. Bowman who allows me to use two adjectives that would never feel comfortable near Uncle Johnny.

The idea of the panel was to use the structure of a British radio game show in which a doomed panelist is given a subject on which to speak for a full minute without hesitation, deviation, or repetition. This is harder than you might think, especially when the other panelists, and especially when one of the other panelists is that bastard Nic Farey, are just waiting for the slightest pause, or a tell tale “er”, or a repeated syllable, so that they can snatch victory from your own defeat with only seconds left to go on the countdown. The first subject was “Peter Weston's Mustache” which was ably removed from Rob Jackson's grasp by slow talking Nic Farey, who managed to talk slowly enough to get to the end without ever reaching a point. Almost as if he was preparing for a GoH speech the following day. I was given “Slow Glass” as a subject which Rob wrested away on grounds of repetition when I repeated “slow”. Nic quickly seized the topic from Rob on the grounds, I think, that Rob was boring. And immediately Nic starts in with “Sloooooow glass is sloooooooow...” by which time I had caught on to the rules and hit my dinger fast and hard. I honestly can't say what happened for the rest of the hour except I am assured it was funny. If you're really interested it can be seen here: <http://www.ustream.tv/recorded/47091828>.

The final program item of the night was Andy Hooper's play, “Treehouse of Fandom XIV”, which, I regret to say, I did not stick around to hear. I know Andy works hard on providing these plays but they tend to rely on clever wordplay which reads well but is hard to get when read stiffly by amateurs who have had only a single quick rehearsal. It's also hard to get when it's 10 at night and Nic Farey has been feeding you large bourbons on stage at the previous panel. So, sorry Andy. I hope the play is published somewhere so I can read it and laugh quietly to myself.

Sunday at Corflu is always something to look forward to. The banquet spread is available, everybody is gathered together, photos are taken, convivial conversation ensues, plans are hatched and schemes are, well, schemed. Then comes the Guest of Honor speech, after everyone has eaten, and is feeling full and mellow, hopefully not fat and sassy. This year it was Gregg Trend, drawn from

the hat, as always, and now I know what a drone attack feels like. Okay, that's a bit harsh and, in truth, Gregg started well with a bit of reminiscence about his early days in fandom running about Detroit with Howard Devore and others. I think it was in the third hour, as Gregg tried to recall the name of his third grade art teacher, with still no sign of a point or conclusion to come, that the fans became restless. Somehow this was communicated to the still speaking Gregg Trend who hesitated for the briefest of moments, giving the audience the opportunity to burst into applause as Nic bounded toward the podium with a "Thank you. very much!". That's the downside of drawing from a hat; we've had some very good GoH speeches but it's all the luck of the draw.

And so it wound down from there. Sunday afternoon managed to frustrate me into finally taking a 60 length swim in the pool since downtown Richmond was not going to let me get through the blocked off streets (big bicycle race) to the Poe Museum. I did get Art Widner over to Crab Louies, which he'd expressed an interest in earlier on at the convention. It was fairly good seafood but nothing to get overly excited about. Monday dawned and I collected Nic Farey, Ron Salomon, and the lovely and alluring Pat Virzi (no way am I calling Jeanne L&A and not doing the same for my fanzine's graphic designer - besides, it's true), into the rental car and drove us all to Richmond Airport where I sat in a plane without moving for an hour and a half while the mechanics searched for duct tape.



One of these people is lovely & alluring; photo by Gary Mattingly

But we're always supposed to have a happy ending, right? The boy gets the girl. The bad guy dies. The man catches his plane!

VIRTUAL VIEWS

Six months ago, if you asked me what Corflu was, I would have guessed it was a viral infection of Peace Corps members, akin to Legionnaires' disease. Fast forward to April, when the house I live in practically buzzed with Corflu prep, by which time I knew exactly what it was. Naturally, when I discovered there would be a live feed for not only the program but the Consuite, I had to check it out. At last, the people I'd known only from tales of Corflus past took flesh and blood form. And what a happy bunch they were. It was fun for me, a Corflu virgin, to be a cyber-fly on the wall, watching folks who only see each other once a year (if that) reconnect and interact. Imagine how cool the live stream was for those who wanted to attend but were unable to. Viewing the Virtual Consuite made it abundantly clear that the Corflu attendees are indeed a big, very unique, family. And listening to the conversations of those closest to the microphone... well... your secrets are safe with me.

Jennifer ALee

I knew I wouldn't be able to go to Richmond, but I felt committed to Corflu, and buying a supporting membership was a no-brainer. I'd be supporting the Corflu community, it would give me any publications, and the right to bitch if the virtual consuite was a bit lacking.

In the event, there nearly wasn't one.

It seemed that Nic had been relying on someone's expertise, and when she was unable to attend, he just let it drop. Or that's how it appeared, on my elist. Luckily there were two people there who stepped up and saved the day. Rob Jackson and Bill Burns deserve heartfelt thanks from all of us absent attendees: they made it happen. There was a concern that the con might have to pay the hotel extra for streaming, but the feeling was such that people would have put their hands in their pockets to make it happen. And I think Rob at least did have to buy extra equipment for his iPad.

Here in the UK, we were 5 hours ahead of the Richmond action. I was determined to catch the 6 o'clock opening ceremony though, and set up my computer in advance so that I could watch at 11 pm my time. I opened the Ustream CorfluTV channel on my computer, and left it running while I watched TV. At 11 I settled down in front of the PC, only for Flash Player to crash.

There were many profanities in the next ten minutes. Many, many profanities. I restarted the PC, but my Dell takes about 15 minutes to become usable after a reset. So I hauled out the netbook.

I hadn't used the netbook for 2 months and the battery was dead. I hauled out the netbook charger, plugged it in and turned the netbook on. And then the virus checker had a bit of catching up to do.

Many profanities later, I gathered that the GOH was Gregg Trend, and the opening ceremony had closed. I made a date with the first panel of the next day – Fanthology 2013.

I figured that as Murray Moore had, surprisingly, asked me to contribute something to his fanthology, I should at least take an interest. Unfortunately, that panel highlighted one of the problems of virtual consuites – how to get the audio feed right. I gave up after 15 minutes because I

just couldn't hear it properly. Later, Rob and/or Bill draped a mike over a chair moved strategically closer to the stage, but in the early hours of broadcasting, it seemed like they were just using the mike on the iPad or laptop. I also went out and bought a pair of headphones.

Happily, the auction was audible. Sadly, Graham could hear it too, and was determined to join in. It got to the point where he was so keen to win on a lot that he was bidding before he even knew what the next item was going to be. "\$40 on the next lot – whatever it is!" But it was a fun auction, and at least we were contributing to Corflu funds.

The major thing for me was being able to watch the awards and the presentation of the next Corflu committee's bid (in which, of course, I had an interest). By the end of the banquet, I was settled in front of the computer with the headphones clamped to my ears. I had drinks and nibbles arrayed in front of me, and a charged netbook on the table to my left. I was ready. Nothing was going to distract me.

And it was fun. I was in good company in the virtual consuite: if it was difficult to hear something, you could always ask. And I could watch my friends on screen. I joined in the cheers. I was elated by Johnny's elevation to Past President of FWA. I liked that they announced the top five in the FAAn Awards, and I was really chuffed to get some votes for my zine. It was even nicer when Nic gave it a special mention. And when the bid for the next Corflu came up, it was good to hear people supporting Rob Jackson and our pitch.

So, next year.

Next year Corflu will be in the UK, and the committee are already thinking about the virtual consuite. We have a couple of people on the committee with experience of running Ustream feeds from Corflu, and they understand the problems. And we have ten months to prepare for the broadcast, and to practise getting it right. We think that showing the programme is a good thing, but it's also nice for non-attendees to have a chance to chat online with attendees. So I'll see you there.

Pat Charnock

For the fifth year in a row I virtually attended Corflu via UStream, which I have to admit is a pretty nifty development for those of us involved with fanzine fandom and for various reasons cannot attend Corflu each year. The nice thing about the live stream from the con is that since all events - panels, auction, and such - occur in one location, so it's easy to follow the proceedings. Even if you forget that the stream is now live, and there were notifications sent out via social media and email, you could always watch the recorded videos at your leisure. Very nice feature, indeed.

The worst part is naturally the audio since there is so much echo and distortion due to amplified voices in a large room. This year this problem wasn't as bad, largely because the technology keeps improving. That is definitely a good thing because my favorite part is always the fan fund auction. Listening in on the panels is fun, too, and I do have an idea to make the live feed more interesting for future attendees: have the person manning or womaning (personing?) the computer act as the in person voice for the UStream lurkers. By this I mean that those of us watching and nattering in the chat room can ask questions of the panelists and possibly make bids on items in the auction. Payment can be made via PayPal, of course. I think it would make the viewers feel more like they are part of the con and not feel as left out of the action. I think this would make the live feed experience more fun.

One of these years I will hie myself to another Corflu and enjoy the company of my fannish peers. Until then, keep the UStream part of Corflu. It definitely helps to feel like I'm part of the action.

John Purcell

I floated like a ghost through the empty corridors of the Doubletree Hotel. Perhaps I was a ghost; when I finally came across some people they didn't seem able to see me. I seemed to be stuck in one position watching people come and go around a table on which a slot-car track had been set up. Occasionally a disembodied voice, usually Ted White's would float up from somewhere out of my field of view. Eventually by tortuously twisting my neck, or perhaps somebody did it for me, I got a slightly different view of proceedings. Now the disembodied voice was Frank Lunney's. Someone stood by alone cradling a drink. It appeared to be Nigel Rowe but his body looked as blurred and insubstantial as mine felt. Eventually Frank Lunney went over to talk to him but they were too far away for me to discern any details of their conversation. Eventually I made my excuses and left; even ghosts have got to sleep.

Next day I floated into the convention hall, but again seemed stuck in one position in front of some tables on a stage. Occasionally people climbed on the stage and said various ridiculous things. Someone called Gregg Trend was elected GoH. There was a bearded fucker in a t-shirt who spoke more often than he had to, in a voice louder than necessary, and someone called Ken who dressed rather immaculately, and was a real treat to the eyes to tell the truth, compared with most of the obese fatties who were otherwise floating about. I think I saw the ghost of rich brown at one time and he even waved at me; it was nice to be recognized.

One afternoon I was at a loss for something to do, having tired of looking up the skirts of chambermaids turning down beds, and visiting Nic Farey's room to search through his collection of porn videos, and floated into the convention Hall again. Something called an *auction* appeared to be going on. They had employed some Southern redneck called Curt Phillips to thrust things in my face and cajole me to make an offer. I did, and was amazed to see that suddenly people could hear me. Money changes everything doesn't it?. After an hour or so of conversation I found I had racked up a bill for several hundred dollars. Is this how chat lines make their money?

On Sunday I found myself in the convention hall again watching people eat a marvellous banquet. At least I understand it was. I couldn't see any food consumption happening or even the satisfied farts of such as Rich Coad, but I had a good view of a dais for several hours. Eventually it all ended and people got things called awards. I wasn't terribly interested at this point because most of them seemed to be awarded to someone called Andy Hooper, who can't write his way out of a paper bag in my view. If only I wasn't a ghost and people would actually listen to my opinions. Then a midget called Greg Trend climbed up onto an orange box and assailed us all with his reminiscences while we all got our stop watches out and made a book on whether this was the longest, most rambling, most inane, speech of all time. Fortunately most of us had forgotten Colin Hinz's speech at Austin, so it was.

Back to the consuite on Monday. Bill Burns was there but he refused to acknowledge me. You know who your friends are, Bill.

Graham Charnock

The two Ustream feeds were very different from one another. When I had time and interest, I enjoyed the one devoted to live programming – especially, as you might imagine, the post-banquet program on Sunday. The one in the consuite was not all that satisfying. It was like being at a party as a fly on the wall, but at least that fly might have been able to pick out conversations. As it was, what I saw was a din in which I could see who was coming and going, but not always. At times the camera was aimed as where the people weren't, and it was frustrating to hear voices....over there. Of course, I can't complain because the alternative would have been to have a dedicated cameraperson who would, of course, miss out on the convention by having to be the cameraperson. I wouldn't want that, and I suspect neither would anyone else.

Heard from Ken finally, saying he'll send out the fanzines and plaques “sooner than RSN,” but that was a week ago. Wonder if he's gotten to it yet. Poor Sandra Bond, who won't get a LoC from me on JIANT #2, which is stuck with Ken....

Robert Lichtman

A Few More 'Oliday Phoots

by **KEITH FREEMAN**



Just A Minac: A panellist requires fortification



Banquet enthusiasm: Sandra Bond, Rob Jackson, Audrey Trend, Nigel Rowe, Gregg Trend, Hope Leibowitz



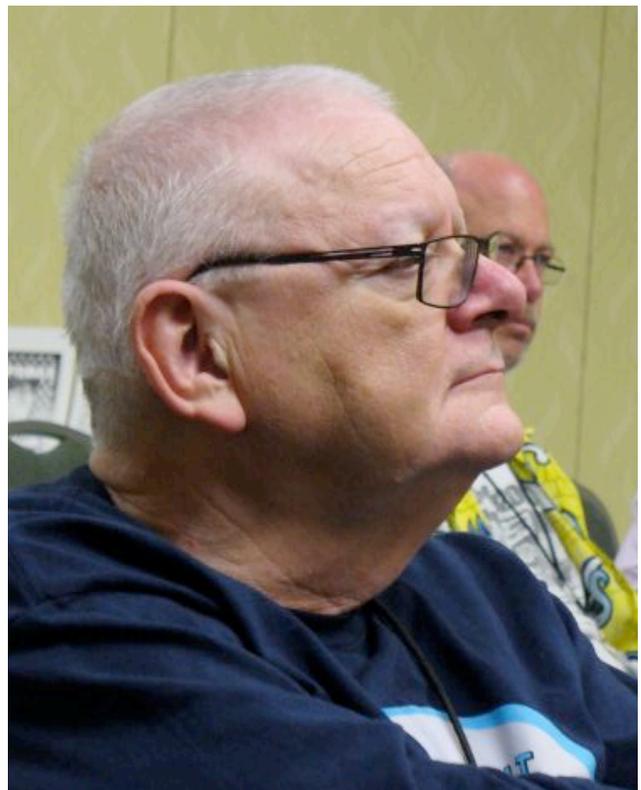
The Lucullan Feast (made-to-order omelet station not shown)



Almost post-nosebag



Multiple award-winning and ubiquitous Mr. Hooper



Yes Uncle Johnny, one last one of you mate

FAAn Award Voting Details

Compiled by **ANDY HOOPER**

The 2014 Awards, issued to recognize fanzine activity conducted during 2013, are presented under the auspices of the Corflu 31 Committee, Nic Farey and Ken Forman, Co-Chairs. Balloting was conducted between February 1st, and April 12th, 2014. The awards were announced at Corflu 31 at the Doubletree Hotel & Conference Center, Midlothian, Virginia, May 4th, 2014. 50 fans submitted ballots to the administrator, and all were accepted. 2014 voters include: Anonymous, James Bacon, John D. Berry, Sandra Bond, Claire Brialey, Ricky Brown, Randy Byers, Jack Calvert, R. Graeme Cameron, Graham Charnock, Pat Charnock, Teresa Cochran, Steve Davidson, Michael Dobson, Alan Dorey, Nic Farey, Chris Garcia, Steve Green, John Nielsen Hall, John Hertz, Andy Hooper, Rob Jackson, Jerry Kaufman, Roy Kettle, Christina Lake, Hope Leibowitz, Robert Lichtman, Guy Lillian, Jim Linwood, Mike McInerney, Mike Meara, Jacq Monahan, Murray Moore, Jim Mowatt, Pam Novak, Ulrika O'Brien, Lloyd Penney, Yvonne Penney, Curt Phillips, Mark Plummer, John Purcell, Carrie Root, Spike, Dan Steffan, Lynn Steffan, Steve Stiles, Suzle Tompkins, R. Lorraine Tutihasi, Taral Wayne and Peter Young.

2014 Vote Totals by Category

Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award:

ROBERT LICHTMAN - 39

Paul Skelton - 33
Lloyd Penney - 27
Jerry Kaufman - 24
Steve Jeffery - 19
Murray Moore - 15
John Purcell - 12
Mark Plummer - 6
Steve Bieler, Milt Stevens - 4
Claire Brialey, John Nielsen Hall, Eric Mayer,
Yvonne Rousseau, Howard Waldrop - 3
Bill Breiding, Andy Hooper, Margaret Hooper-
Lofton, Joseph Major, Bill Patterson, Darrell
Schweitzer, Taral Wayne, Ted White - 2
Jason Burnett, Alan Dorey, Joseph Nicholas, David
Redd, D. West - 1

Best Fan Artist or Cartoonist:

STEVE STILES - 61

Dan Steffan - 52
D. West - 27
Taral Wayne - 25

Brad Foster - 23
Harry Bell, Alan White - 11
Ross Chamberlain - 9
Marc Schirmeister - 8
Ditmar - 7
Mo Starkey - 6
Ray Nelson - 5
Shep Kirkbride - 3
Alexis Gilliland, Teddy Harvia, Hilary Pearlman,
Bruce Townley - 2
Al Sirios - 1

Best Fan Website:

EFANZINES.COM (BILL BURNS) - 70

File 770.com (Mike Glycer) - 34
Ansible.co.uk (Dave Langford) - 14
AmazingStoriesMag.com (Steve Davidson) - 12
Corflu.org (Bill Burns) - 8
Fanac.org (Joe Siclari / Jack Weaver), Cartiledge
world.com (Graham Charnock) - 6
Beamzine.com (Farey / Mowatt) - 4
Io9.com, smellthefandom.com - 3
Steffanland.com, theforce.net, inthebar, gostak.org
- 2
Fancylopedia3.com, yahoo.com, Stevestiles.com,

memoryalpha.org, sfsignal.com - 1

Best Fan Writer:

ANDY HOOPER - 47

Roy Kettle - 28
 Claire Brialey - 26
 Mark Plummer - 24
 Curt Phillips - 9
 Christina Lake, Randy Byers - 7
 Pat Charnock, Chris Garcia, Rob Hansen, Mike Meara, Taral Wayne - 6
 Nic Farey, John Hertz, Robert Lichtman - 4
 James Bacon, John D. Berry, Rick Brown, Bruce Gillespie, Earl Kemp, Guy Lillian, Eric Mayer, Murray Moore, Alastair Savage, Dan Steffan, R. K. Troughton, Alan White, Kate Yule - 3
 Dave Langford, Pat Charnock, España Sheriff, Joseph Nicholas, Graham Charnock, Douglas Fahnestalk, Mike Glyer, Lillian Edwards, Duncan Long, Arne Katz, Lucy Huntzinger, Neil Williams - 2
 Michael Dobson, Pete Young, Doug Smith, D. S. Ketlby, Lenny Bailes, Garth Spencer, Michael Bertrand, Gerri Sullivan, John Neilson Hall, Alan Dorey - 1

Best Single Issue:

TRAP DOOR #30 (LICHTMAN) - 26

Chunga #21 (Byers/Hooper/Juarez) - 17
 Raucous Caucus #2 (P. Charnock) - 13
 Beam #7 (Farey/Mowatt) - 11
 Journey Planet #16 (Bacon, Garcia & Young) - 11
 Eklundia Stories (D. Steffan) - 10
 Banana Wings #54 (Brialey/Plummer), SF Commentary #85 (B. Gillespie) - 9
 Big Sky #1 (P. Young), Relapse #21 (P. Weston) - 8
 Beam #6 (Farey/Mowatt) - 5
 Boomchickawahwah! (G. Charnock), Inca #9 (R. Jackson), Motorway Dreamer #8 (J. N. Hall), The Tattooed Dragon Lives! (D. Steffan) - 4
 Orpheum #4 (Alan White), Unreliable Narrator #2 (Doug Bell), Wrinkled Shrew #6 (G. Charnock),

Chunga #22 (Byers/Hooper/Juarez), Bradbury's Worldcon (Hooper) - 3
 Argentus #13 (Silver), Orpheum #5 (A. White), FLAG #7 (Hooper), FLAG #10 (Hooper), Banana Wings #52 (Brialey/Plummer), Banana Wings #53 (Brialey/Plummer), The Drink Tank #351 (Garcia), Fanzine #0 (Huett) - 2
 Random Jottings #8 (Dobson), Geek Girl Podcast Zine #5 (Jade Falcon), From Alien Shores #4 (Jack Avery), Banana Wings #55 (Brialey/Plummer), The Reluctant Famulus #96 (Sadler), Refraction #1 (Gary S. Wilkinson): 1

Best Personal Fanzine:

FLAG (ANDY HOOPER) - 83

Broken Toys (Taral Wayne) - 32
 A Meara for Observers (Mike Meara) - 29
 No Sin But Ignorance (Claire Brialey) - 16
 Askew (John Purcell) - 11
 Boomchickawahwah (Graham Charnock), The Drink Tank (Chris Garcia & James Bacon) - 9
 Nowhere Fan (Christina Lake) - 6
 BW (Mark Plummer & Claire Brialey) - 5
 Vibrator 2.0 (Graham Charnock) - 5
 Opuntia (Dale Speirs) - 4
 Tiny Taffzine (Mowatt), Ansible (Dave Langford), Spartacus (Guy Lillian), Askance (John Purcell), Claptrap (Arnie Katz) - 3
 Beam (Mowatt and Farey), Littlebrook (Kaufman and Tompkins), The Banksoniain (David Redd), Jiant (Sandra Bond), Curt Phillips for TAFF (Brialey/Byers), Treasure (Bruce Gillespie), Fanstuff (A. Katz), Lofgeornost (Fred Lerner) - 2
 Fadeaway (Robert Jennings), Motorway Dreamer (John Nielsen Hall), Mumblings from Munchkinland (Chris Nelson), Vanamonde (John Hertz), PIPS (Jim Mowatt), My Back Pages (Dick Lynch), The Fanatical Fanactivist (R. Graeme Cameron), Swill (Neil Williams), Unreliable Narrator (Doug Bell), *brg* (Bruce Gillespie), Pawz (Ed Vick) - 1

Best Genzine:**BANANA WINGS (BRIALEY & PLUMMER) - 54**

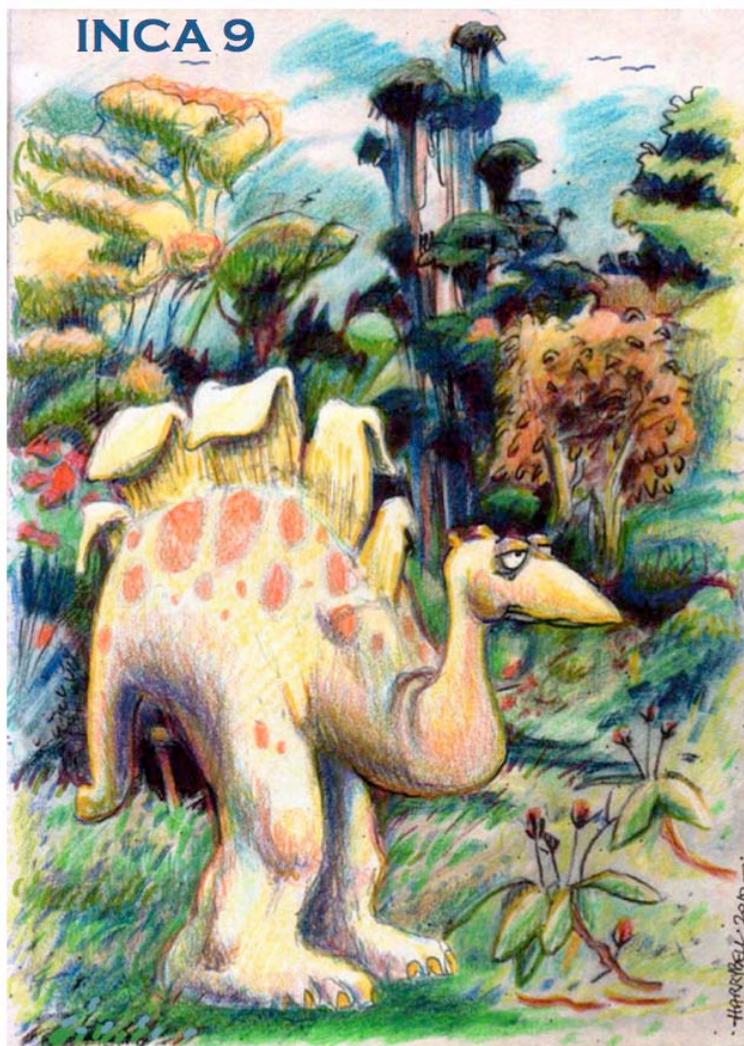
CHUNGA (Byers, Hooper & Juarez) - 51
 Raucous Caucus (P. Charnock) - 29
 Trap Door (R. Lichtman) - 29
 Beam (N. Farey & J. Mowatt) - 26
 Big Sky (P. Young) - 16
 SF Commentary (B. Gillespie) - 10
 Askance (J. Purcell) - 7
 File 770 (M. Glycer) - 7
 Corflu XXX PRs (D. Steffan), Fadeaway (B. Jennings), FLAG (A. Hooper), Inca (R. Jackson), Journey Planet (Bacon, Garcia, et al), Relapse (P. Weston) - 4
 Ansible (D. Langford), Bento (D. Levine & K. Yule), Challenger (G. Lillian), Fanstuff (A. Katz), A Meara For Observers (M. Meara) - 3
 Alexiad (J. Major), Littlebrook (J. Kaufman & S. Tompkins), Orpheum (A. White), SF/SF (J. Martin) - 2
 Whistlestar (L. Bailes) - 1

Best Fanzine Cover:**INCA #9 (HARRY BELL) - 27**

Trap Door #30 (Dan Steffan) - 24
 Banana Wings #53 (D. West) - 19
 Beam #6 (Steve Stiles) - 17
 Chunga #21 (Steve Stiles) - 8
 The Reluctant Famulus #91 (Steve Stiles) - 7
 Orpheum #1 (Alan White) - 6
 Raucous Caucus #3 (Dan Steffan) - 6
 Orpheum #4 (Alan White) - 5
 Argentus #13 (Mo Starkey), Askance #30 (Brad Foster), Banana Wings #54 (D. West), Beam #7 (Alan White), Big Sky #1 (Pete Young), The Drink Tank #346 (Macy Starky), Interstellar Ramjet Scoop, June 2013 (Ditmar), Journey Planet #15 (Pete Young), The Reluctant Famulus #96 (Stiles), SF/SF #145 (Lucy Huntzinger), Space Cadet #21 (Steve Stiles) - 3 votes

CHUNGA 21 (Back) (Brad Foster), Littlebrook #9 (Stu Shiffman), Quasiquote #9 (Dan Steffan), Relapse #21 (Jim Barker), SF Commentary #85 (Ditmar) - 2 votes

Breaking it All Down #2 (Brian Caslis), Corflu XXX PR #1 (Dan Steffan), Corflu XXX Progress Report #2 (Dan Steffan), The Drink Tank #345 (Tara Wayne), Eat that Duck #4 (Brad Foster), File 770 #163 (Tara Wayne), Orpheum #1 (Alan White), Orpheum #2 (Alan White), Orpheum #3 (Alan White), Orpheum #5 (Alan White), Space Cadet #21 (Steve Stiles), Tightbeam #264 (Jonas De Ro) - 1 vote



Lifetime Achievement Award



RAY NELSON

Corflu 31 Members

*Attended; (S) Supporting

Tom Becker	Gary Mattingly*
Sandra Bond*	Mike Meara*
Jeanne Bowman*	Pat Meara*
Claire Brialey	Mary Ellen Moore*
Wm Breiding*	Murray Moore*
Warren Buff*	Jim Mowatt (S)
Bill Burns*	Bruce Newrock*
Mary Burns*	Flo Newrock*
Randy Byers	Audrey Nielsen-Hall*
Jack Calvert (S)	John Nielsen-Hall*
Jim Caughran*	Mike Pederson*
Pat Charnock (S)	Curt Phillips*
Rich Coad*	Mark Plummer
Michael Dobson*	Carrie Root
Nic Farey*	Alan Rosenthal*
Aileen Forman*	Nigel Rowe*
Ken Forman*	Ron Salomon*
Keith Freeman*	Spike
Wendy Freeman*	Dan Steffan*
D Gary Grady*	Lynn Steffan*
John Hertz (S)	Milt Stevens
Andy Hooper*	Elaine Stiles*
Sumner Hunnewell*	Steve Stiles*
Rob Jackson*	Geri Sullivan
Jerry Kaufman (S)	Audrey Trend*
Roy Kettle (S)	Gregg Trend* (GoH)
Robert Lichtman (S)	R Lorraine Tutihasi (S)
Hope Leibowitz*	Pat Virzi*
Frank Lunney*	Ted White*
Nathan Madison*	Art Widner*

