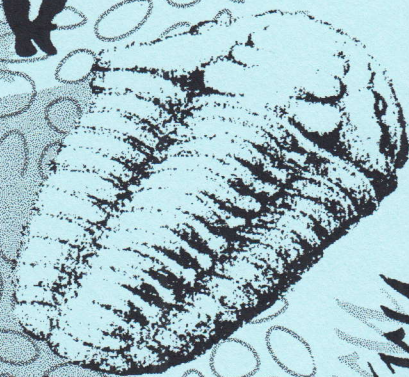
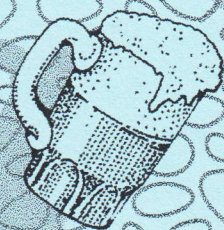


CORFL Nº 10

Inn on the Park, in Downtown Madison

May 21-23, 1993

PO Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624



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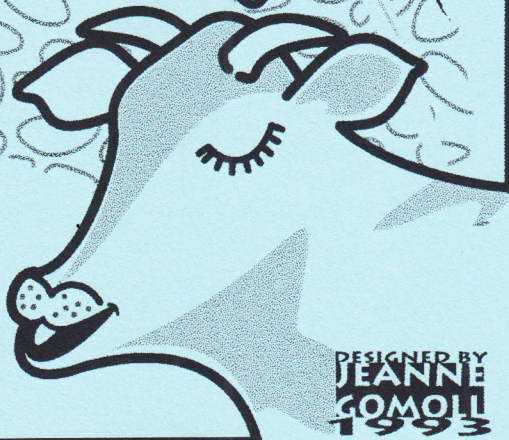
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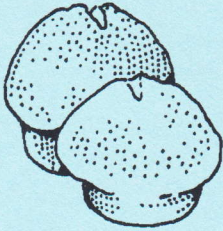
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DESIGNED BY
JEANNE
GOMOLL
1993

The Corflu 10 Committee
the Wisconsin State Symbols:



Bill Bodden, State Muffin (Cranberry)



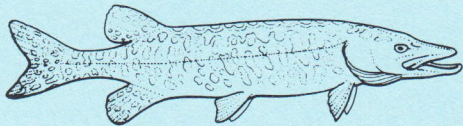
Jeanne Gomoll, State Fossil (Trilobite)



Ellen Franklin, State Mineral (Galena)



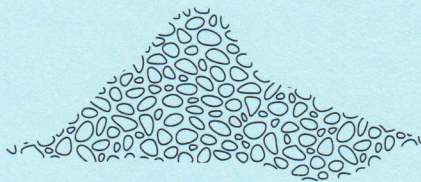
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Andy Hooper, State Fish (Muskellunge)



Jim Hudson, State Lottery



Steve Swartz, State Soil (Antigo Silt Loam)



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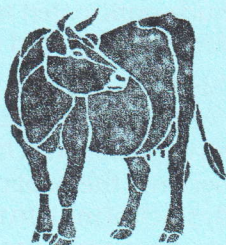
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CORFLU
№ 10
 Inn on the Park, in Downtown Madison
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Welcome
to WisCOWsin!



Corflu 10: Out Standing in its Field

By Tracy Shannon

Hi. Welcome to Corflu 10.

So much for flowery phrases, eh? Well, I'm sorry, but we just haven't got time! Have you seen all the stuff we've got planned for you this weekend? You're going to be terribly busy, I'm afraid. To begin with, if you're reading this and it's Thursday, there may still be time... We're going to dinner and then bowling. Yes, bowling. Fannish bowling has been a tradition in Madison for years, and if famous British authors aren't embarrassed to roll a 48, neither should you be. Even those that refuse to bowl have a darn fine time by heckling those who do.

Also, if you're going to be around and free Friday afternoon, we'll be giving directions for a bookstore crawl of Madison's downtown area, a veritable goldmine of new and used tomes. You could spend all your money before the con if you felt like it. Watch out, those bookstores will suck you right in.

The con itself will have a number of special events. For starters, there's a dance Friday night to work all those major-form-of-transportation-kinks out. If you can shake it, wiggle it, bend it, or spin it, this is the place to do it... with your clothes on, that is.

And after all that dancing, you'll need some fuel. Why not go to the consuite about midnight for an orgy? No, sorry, it's a cheesecake

orgy. Eight different kinds of cheesecake and no holds barred (since we're sure any attempts at keeping order will fail completely). Sinful pleasures at their best.

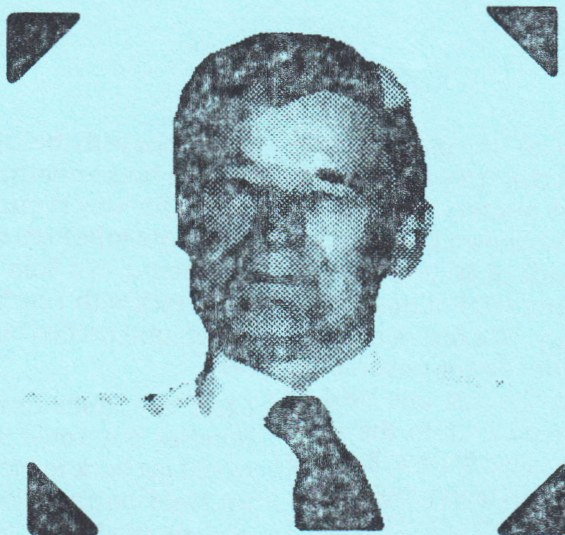
For more of the same, step out the door on Saturday morning to visit the Madison Farmer's Market. Take your inflatable cow so it doesn't get lonely, and buy anything from maple syrup to baked goods to flowers. Or if you're likely to be incoherent ante meridian, just remember this: **THEY HAVE COFFEE.**

And if you come back to the consuite Saturday night, you can get into another major food group... beer. We'll host a beertasting featuring microbrewery products from around the area. (Unfortunately, Steve Swartz and Scott Custis kept sampling their homebrew to see if it was "just right," so I'm afraid there's none left. But I'm sure it was great.)

Finally, after brunch on Sunday we'll all head out for the much-anticipated softball game. Watch out for those high fast ones.

Now remember, this is in addition to the program items we've lined up, descriptions of which are coming up in this book if you'll stay tuned. And check out the publications suite, too! The heady smell of ink is in the air. Corflu is beckoning... have some fun.





ROASTING BOB:

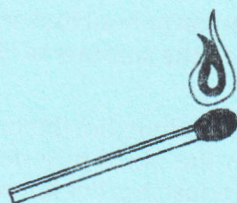
A Gallery of Tucker Snapshots

Introduction by Andy Hooper

When we decided to ask Bob Tucker to attend Corflu 10 as our guest, one problem immediately stood out in my mind. No, it wasn't finding a crate of Beam's choice to lubricate the proceedings; rather, we wondered who could possibly write a biography of Tucker for the program book. Who could encompass the sheer length of his fannish career, let alone his professional achievements and his social notoriety? It seemed too big a task to lay on any single writer's shoulders.

So, we hit on the idea of this "roast," to let a cross-section of Bob's peers and contemporaries relate such anecdotes and reminiscences as came to their minds. Out of their testimony, we reasoned, some picture of the long-playing revue that is Bob Tucker might eventually emerge.

We will have to leave it to both Bob himself and you, dear reader, to decide if that goal has been achieved. Certainly a more effective way of getting to know Tucker, for those of you who have yet to do so, would be to spend time with him over the course of this weekend. But the material we received is remarkable by its own lights, and I am delighted to present it to you. I hope that it will begin to illustrate some small part of the impact which Tucker has had on multiple generations of fans, and — through his fan-writings, his fictions, and his contributions to the social fabric of fandom — will likely have on generations to come.



Bob Who?

By Dean A. Grennell

A TuckeRoast is not to be confused with Peking Tuck, nor Tucker The Man & His Dream, nor, for that matter, Lincoln, the Man & the Car. I have known Bob "Wilson A." Tucker for upwards of 40 years as our curtain goes up in early 1993. It has been a fun thing, all the way. We first came into mutual view at the doom-ensorcell'd Midwestcon of 1952, the last one held at Beastly's On The Bayou and, in the early summer of 1955, I portaged down to Box 172 (aka "Ace-Half-Gross") in Bloomington, Illinois for a more leisurely eisteddfodd with the Tuckers.

That has come to be a reasonably reliable custom down the decades since. I mean getting together with the Tuckers in the middle portion of years ending in 5. In the early summer of '65, we visited the Tuckers at their new home, still under construction in an Illinois village known as Heyworth or perhaps Hayworth. I snapped a photo of Bob and Fern, with Bob holding their youngest, and still must have the negative around here, somewhere. The problem is, I can't put hands upon it, just now, because there are, well, *several* other negatives on hand.

That ushered in an era when the Tuckers lived in an actual dwelling place, instead of a post office box. And, as some of the more grizzled among us are painfully aware, that can produce occasional problems. Rather early-on, we began to refer to their home town as "Ritasburg," for the sake of giving them a little geographic anonymity.

Those were the days when I, feckless wight, used to publish my house address and, for redundant good measure, my phone number was listed in the book. It got me a berserk battering on our back door one night around 3 a.m. A fan, his wife and their caterwauling daughter had elected to move in with us until better times came along for them. In time, I got rid of them by the crafty expedient of putting tap water in the Gibley's gin bottle, but that is another story for another day.

The phone with the listed number went off in the wee hours another evening and when I groped my way to muzzily answer it, the call turned out to be from some certified yahoo in Oklahoma, aka Baja Kansas. He wanted to get in tuck with Toucher, uhh, in touch with Tucker and needed his unlisted phone number.

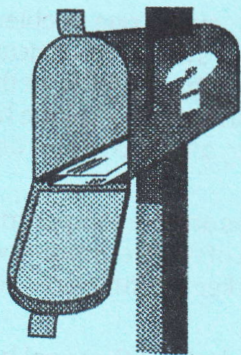
I told him, quite truthfully, that I had the number, but would have to go look it up; I would get back to him as soon as I turned it up. I laid the phone down gently on the desk and shuffled back to bed. When I awoke much later in the morning, the phone was buzzing like unto a disturbed rattlesnake, so I assumed my late night caller must've lost patience and hung up at his end...well, so it sometimes goes, no?

We clung to the tradition of getting together in the 5-year of the given decade through 1975, when Bob and Fern got out to the west coast for fannish rendezvous. A crystalline memory of that occasion is of someone who dialed the late Rick Sneary and passed the phone to Tucker. I recall hearing his end of the ensuing conversation:

"Rick? Rick who? How do you *spell* that?" When 1985 came along, we didn't manage a face-to-face get-together and that may have exerted some amount of strain upon the CosmicAll. If so, I'm sorry about that and I'll try to do better when the summer of '95 rolls around.

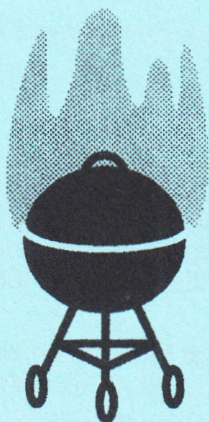
As roasts go, I realize and admit that this one comes down a tad on the blood-rare side; noted and admitted. It is just that I've known Bob Tucker for 40-odd years or so and still can't think of anything all that inimical to say about him.

Worse yet, I can't seem to work up much by way of regrets about it all. So it goes, no?



Robert Arthur Wilson Tucker: Medium Rare

By Art Rapp



Approval of the plans of the Corflu Ten Committee to roast Bob Tucker for entertainment of attendees was, surpassingly, not unanimous. Large segments of those beanie-wearers we questioned on the subject were vehemently opposed. "No!" they cried, "We want him fricasseed!" and more than one traditionalist held out for an old-fashioned barbecue instead. One grizzled representative of Fifth Fandom stroked his chin-whiskers thoughtfully and opined, "Hit's about time yew fellers caught up with ol' Bob. He's been a-rootin' and a-tootin' around fandom for so many years that most fen nowadays don't even recollect half the stuff he was involved in, back when Roscoe was a pup."

Well, our own memories of what went on in fandom thirty or forty years gone are a bit fuzzy around the edges, like a suspect's face on *Cops*. But the serendipity of Roscoe offers a solution for blurred recollections, in the form of Harry Warner's compilation of fan-nish history of the fifties, *A Wealth of Fable* (Van Nuys, SCIFI Press, 1992) which provided the facts upon which much of the following is based.

Long before most present day fans were born, hatched, or metamorphosed from larval form, Tucker was already writing mystery novels which were wrought by his publishers into incredibly cheap (by modern standards) paperbacks for sale to the hordes of detective-mystery readers who had not yet mutated into science fiction fans. I disremember when I first encountered Bob's literary output, except that it was somewhere around WWII, a time when I obsessively accumulated and read paperbacks of every genre and a few which no human could classify.

As everyone knows, involvement with detective fiction has the unfortunate consequence of imparting to its victims a Machiavellian outlook; he thereafter strives not to be an acclaimed leader, but rather a behind-the-scenes manipulator who, without drawing

undue attention to himself, secretly controls the outcome of events. In other words, given Bob Tucker's dubious past and subsequent career, isn't the situation immediately obvious? For an entire generation, Bob Tucker has been the secret master of fandom!

No, I don't expect you to concur with this theory simply on my assurance that it is the only logical consequence of the facts, but because the objective evidence is overwhelming. Haul out your copy of Warner's *A Wealth of Fable*, and, for starters, simply count index citations. Tucker's (38) don't quite come up to Ackerman's 43, but certainly outpoints Moskowitz' 20; and the fan usually regarded as the epitome of the fifties fan, Harlan Ellison himself, has a mere 28. This forces upon us the logical conclusion that the fan who quietly evaded publicity, yet was involved in practically every episode of fan-nish history in the eventful decade is, or was, none other than Bob Tucker. A mere flip-through of the pages of Warner's objective record shows Bob's name cropping up again and again, seldom as a protagonist, but inevitably mentioned as a bystander or a minor participant in an issue or a crisis.

Page 37 of *A Wealth of Fable*, for example, mentions that in 1951 that Bob's *Science Fiction News Letter* had a remarkable 50% subscription rate from people who had seen mention of the fanzine in Rog Graham's column in *Amazing Stories* and wrote to Bob for a sample copy. What other fanpublisher could claim such a result?

Fandom's all-time record for infrequency of scheduled appearance was set by *Science Fiction Fifty-Yearly*, the initial issue of which appeared in FAPA in 1957 by (who else?) Tucker and Bloch. Their excuse for the title was that they'd just discovered their combined years in fandom totaled a half-century. Their children were instructed to produce issue #2 (presumably in 2007).

Bob's *Science Fiction News Letter* began appearing in the early Fifties and covered both the fannish and professional aspects of our hobby in great detail, a precedent which did not become widespread for years, until *Locus* picked up the torch.

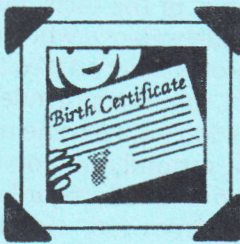
In conclusion, it should be noted that this is not the first time Bob Tucker has been subjected to gastronomic scrutiny. In fact, the Secret Master himself started the whole thing

when, in his novel *The Long Loud Silence* he consigned Lee Hoffman to be a victim of cannibalism in the final chapter of the paperback edition. (A chicken-hearted editor made him change the ending for the subsequent hardcover version). This, after Lee had made Bob the theme of her 24th issue of *Quandry!*

Bring on the appetizers and don't forget the Maalox.

Not Yet, Tucker

By Leah Zeldes Smith



As a teenager, it seemed to me as if all the Grand Old Men of SF were also the Dirty Old Men of SF.

When I first met Isaac Asimov, he grabbed me.

When I first met Theodore Sturgeon, he kissed me.

When I first met Wilson Tucker, he...gave me his card.

I have known Bob Tucker for the better part of two decades. This is a mere instant in the grand scheme of Bob's fannish career, but it accounts for well over half my lifetime and nearly all of my tenure in fandom.

Someone — I don't know who, though it was Moshe Feder who quoted it to me — once described Tucker as striding among us like Gandalf. It's a nice image, and an apt one. But it only goes so far.

By the time I met him, Tucker was a longtime BNF, a fanwriting and publishing giant, resting on his well-deserved laurels after a long tenure in fandom. I knew little of that.

I merely thought he was a handsome older man — witty, charming, gentlemanly — and an outrageous philanderer. Over the years, as I've gotten to know him better, I've learned he is also an excellent writer, an incisive humorist, an engaging raconteur, as witty, charming, gentlemanly and an even more outrageous philanderer than I'd supposed.

I first met Bob in 1975 or '76, I can't remember which. Scott Street, whom I met the same weekend, maintains it was 1975. I think it was more likely the following year. There's a bare possibility it might have been 1974.

(If I were Bill Bowers, I would have written it down a list and kept it, but I didn't, and these things run together after so long. I can't even remember if I'd met Bill Bowers at that point.)

In any event, it was my first Midwestcon, out at the Quality Inn in Norwood, Ohio, which to me will always be the quintessential Midwestcon hotel. I am, by the way, most pleased that my favorite convention has returned to my favorite venue in the past few years, even if it no longer features the metal umbrellas over the poolside tables that always used to provide such absorbing Saturday afternoon entertainment as we counted the number of times Ted White hit his head on them. Oh well, it's been years since Ted's come to Midwestcon anyway.

To return to 1975, though, or 1976, whichever it was, I would have been 15 or 16 years old, depending on whether it was 1975 or 1976, and I was standing, I remember, out by the pool and the above-mentioned umbrella tables, near the broad flight leading of stairs leading up to the consuite, when Tucker, gentlemanly as always, introduced himself by handing me his card.

In case you've been gaffiated this last-quarter or so, I'll explain that the card read:

By Appointment

Wilson Tucker

Natural Inseminations

I was prepared. I reached into my wallet and pulled out a sheet of paper I carried with me everywhere in those days.

"But Tucker!" I said, showing it to him, "this is Ohio — I'm not old enough."

This sheet, given me by a girlfriend, was a list of the 50 states, with the age of consent in each. As I never had occasion to visit one of the states, like Delaware, where the significant age was low enough to affect me, I had found it an effective means of gently refusing previous similar, if less genteelly expressed, invitations.

Tucker, not at all daunted, merely responded by making a date for the year I was old enough. And for years thereafter, he would ceremoniously inquire if it was time.

"Not yet, Tucker," I would say.

The summer I turned 18, I actually worried about it, But Midwestcon, as it happens, is always the last full weekend in June. And my birthday is July 1.

The next year I came to Midwestcon with my boyfriend. I don't remember Tucker asking

the usual question, or if he did, what I said. What I recollect most vividly is my burning face as Tucker treated Larry — in my hearing — to a lecture that can best be summarized as "Liquor may be quicker but candy is just dandy." It ended, as I recall, with an exhortation to "use your imagination — not your hands."

At Ditto last year, Tucker was asked what his favorite fan activity has been.

"Women," he said.

Burbee may have invented sex, but Tucker has been fandom's most enthusiastic practitioner. This makes it quite easy to understand why it is that as male-female ratio in fandom has grown, the volume of Bob's fanwriting has declined.

As it happens, I was looking through my copy of Harry Warner's *All Our Yesterdays*, when I came across a picture of Bob in a group of 11 fans at the 1940 Chicon. There are only two women in the photograph.

Tucker has contrived to stand between them.

Tucker and Me and the Fireman Makes Three

By Howard DeVore

It all started a few years ago at the annual Midwestcon. It was the middle of a beautiful sunny Saturday afternoon. Everyone was enjoying themselves and the afternoon parties had started. Bob Tucker, Mike Laylor and I were wandering down a hall looking for a party. We came to a room and from the noise it was obvious that one had started.

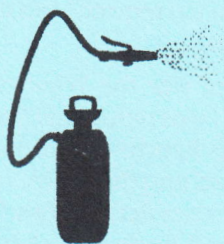
We started in but were stopped at the door and were told it was a no smoking room, so being the friendly people that we are we said that we would stay in the hall, finish our cigarettes and cigars before joining the party. We stood there smoking — and a few minutes later we heard a shrill sound echoing throughout the motel, the fire alarms had gone off all over the place and in the distance we could hear the sound of go-devils approaching. We joined the crowd that was gathering out on the sidewalks — I'd say

there were perhaps 300 of us sunbathing before the hotel was emptied.

Sirens wailing and lights flashing, the fire trucks were drawn up in front of the hotel, and firemen rushed into the building waving axes and oxygen masks. Soon they came back out and someone said we could go back to our rooms.

It seems someone had set off a smoke alarm.... Hours later we learned it was Tucker, Laylor and De Vore standing in a hallway smoking directly below a sensitive fire alarm. We dismissed this as being only circumstantial evidence, and forgot it.

So, now it's the fall of 1992 and Octocon/Ditto was being held in another Cincinnati hotel. It's the middle of Saturday afternoon once more and Larry Tucker is showing a videotaped interview with Harry Warner. After the tape ran out, the room emptied,



only Larry and Nancy Tucker, Bob Tucker and Howard De Vore were left in the room. With the exception of Nancy, they were all smoking. A few minutes later the fire alarms starting sounding throughout the hotel.

Obediently everyone got up and started for the corridor and the exits. Suddenly, a hotel employee appeared in the room and started waving a sheet of cardboard at the smoke alarm in the ceiling. A moment later the alarms stopped but already we could hear the sirens in the distance. The employee explained that the outside door was open a crack, which had created a draft which carried our smoke directly to the detector.

The firemen arrived and left minutes later, but meanwhile we thought of ways we could shift the blame, not wanting to be considered pyromaniacs. Eventually I decided that this was not fair and said that I was going to write out a confession. I did just that on hotel

stationary, a simple statement, "I'm sorry I set off the fire alarm," then I signed Mike Laylor's name to it and posted it in the con suite. This came as quite a surprise to Mike when he returned from dinner.

There was some discussion of the entire matter that evening but I explained that there would be no interruptions that weekend. I explained that the firemen had taken Tucker and myself for a ride in their red go-devil and we'd agreed not to set off any more alarms that weekend.

However, that evening, Steve Cook, who works for an alarm/security company showed me the precise spot to hold a magnet against the common-type fire alarms that will set them off. I have always had the most cordial arrangements with hotel managements. I do hope nothing happens to change that situation.

My Life with Bob Tucker

By Walt Willis

I first became aware of Tucker's existence through reading his letters in prozines about the Staple Wars in the Thirties. I had started in a secondary school the other side of town and my route took me past Woolworth's in High Street. I found they had a counter upstairs which contained among other remaindered pulp magazines, copies of US pulp magazines, monthlies at 3d each and quarterlies at 6d each. Later I learned they were shipped across as ballast. This El Dorado was available to me by using the money my parents had given me for tram fares and lunch. Of course I bought a Mars bar for lunch, and I still needed the tram fare for the mornings, but I can claim to be one of the few fans who have actually suffered privation for science fiction.

I had become the school librarian, so I had no need for an explanation to my parents for my being late home in the afternoons. I spent most of my time in the library reading through the bound volumes of *Punch*, stopping at 1920, when it ceased to be funny. At the end of my service I was awarded a book of my choice, and chose *The Complete Short Stories of HG Wells*, which included *The Time*

Machine as well as lesser known SF classics like *The Diamond Lens*.

I read my Woolworth's pulps avidly from cover to cover, including the hernia advertisements...RUPTURED? THROW AWAY THAT TRUSS, and the reader's letters, which seemed equally inapplicable to me. I was amused by the wacky fantasies of Tucker but it never occurred to me that I could join in. The letters seemed too remote from me, in time as well as space.

With the outbreak of war the Woolworth's supply dried up and I was reduced to the thin ration of the British Reprint Edition of *Astounding*, and to searching the shelves of the Public Library for science fiction titles. It was in this quest, starting backwards from W, that I discovered Olaf Stapledon, which was like mainlining for a drug addict.

After the war, I came across a US edition of *Astounding* in a second hand bookshop. It was a revelation to me, containing as it did much more than the BRE, including serials. I started a drive to collect back issues of *Astounding*, which involved entering fandom and starting my own fanzine.



So it was that I again encountered the name of Tucker, 17 years later. In August 1952 I actually met him at the Chicago Bus Station, where he formed part of a small welcoming committee, along with Lee Hoffman. It has become common nowadays to think of fandom as family, but Lee was the first person to actually create a family out of it. The beginning was Lee and myself, whom she regarded as 16-year-old twin brothers, which fancy originated in an article by Burbee in which he tried vainly to disabuse Laney of an illusion that Les and Es Cole were 16-year-old twin brothers [*In fact, they were a substantively older married couple — A.H.*]. Our father was Robert Bloch, and Tucker, having inadvertently confided to Lee that he remembered Charles Lindbergh, immediately became our grandfather. Eventually our family tree included much of contemporary fandom, but I don't remember much more of it except that Harlan Ellison was our uncle.

Tucker as grandfather seemed quite appropriate to me, remembering as I did his role in my early introduction to fandom through the Woolworth pulps. I felt as though I had known him for years. It is not mentioned in my convention report, but some time during Chicon 2 I presented him with a blueprint of the Tucker Hotel, a project mentioned some

months previous by Tucker and for which he had already received half a dozen bricks in the mail. The drawing was professionally produced by Bob Shaw, who was at that time a structural draftsman by trade, and it enshrined ideas from most of British and Irish fandom. It was later to be widely published by Tucker, as a supplement to *SF News Letter*.

Since we met in 1951, Forry Ackerman had been sending me bundles of old fanzines, among them some by Tucker, so I knew of Tucker's importance in the history of fandom. How he had influenced generations of fan editors towards his good-humored and fanciful approach towards fannish events, and how he had invented the whole genre of faan fiction, with his character Joe Fann, soon to be quite consciously transmuted to Jophan in Irish Fandom's *The Enchanted Duplicator*.

I met him again in 1962, where he helped out at a reception for Madeleine and me. I asked, surveying the throng, is this where we get to meet Bob Tucker? He seemed hardly changed at all, conveying the same impression of good-humored reliability. I felt as if I had known him as a friend all my life, as in a sense I had. It had been a better life for it.

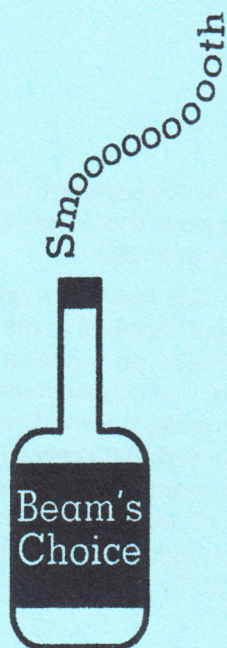
Smooth Customer

By Alexis Gilliland

You ask for a few words about Bob Tucker for Corflu, the Fanzine That Walks Like A Con. In 1978 Dolly and I were running Disclave, and Bob was our guest of honor. He had this idea for his speech, which was basically that he would stand up and read statistics while stuff happened on stage behind him, and Dolly said she'd see what could be done. Comes Saturday afternoon, he gets up on the podium and starts reading, whereupon lurking figures appear in the wings, exchange insults, and have a duel, courtesy of the local SCA. A magician wandered on and did a couple of tricks. Followed by jugglers with Indian clubs, a brawl, courtesy of the Markland Medieval Militia, a schismatic or maybe rival faction of the local SCA, a singing group and other stuff. At one point a barbarian maiden carried off a warrior.

Dolly had appealed to the local hams to come and perform, and we got a splendid turnout. That was also the year that we put on my play, "Star Wars Roots," a satire of "Star Wars." For the finale, she used Tucker's speech as the opportunity for a dress rehearsal of the march of the Galactic Storm Troopers, about 50 extras who came clumping down the aisle, filled up the stage behind the speaker, made the straight arm salute, and ended the chant with "Dooooooooom" bringing the hand down in a play on Tucker's "Smooth." When they marched off, he brought his unheard speech to a conclusion. And that night, when the Galactic Storm Troopers marched up on stage, Bob Tucker was one of them.

Afterwards, he said he was amazed at how many people he knew here, so far from his familiar haunts in the midwest.



There is no Truth to the Rumor...

By Art Widner



In the dim dawn of eofandom, even before the term "fanzine" had entered the lexicon of fanspeak, there once was a fanmag called *Le Zombie*, and after that there was the *Bloomington Newsletter*, newszines that told us what was what in the realm of fandom, filtered through the slightly skewed optics of one Robert Wilson Tucker. Since his vision was skewed, he was very good at skewering fellow fen, especially fuggheads who richly deserved it. How he got away without being sued was to simply print a short report of the latest instance of fuggheadry, usually the truth, under the heading

There is not truth to the rumor that...

For example, There is not truth to the rumor that...

1. Tucker is the AntiChrist. Just count the letters in his full name, 6-6-6. Just a coincidence, eh?
2. Tucker is a sheepdiddler in veterinarian's clothing. Just because it says "natural inseminations" down in the corner of his business card doesn't mean anything...does it?

3. Claude Degler was one of Tucker's illegitimate offspring. Just because Tucker was seen keeping company with one of the Kallikak girls in Newcastle, Indiana on August 4th, 1920, just nine months before Claude's birth, is of no significance.
4. Prunella Kallikak tricked Lemuel Degler into marrying her on the ides of March, 1921. Check Newcastle city hall records.
5. The baby was born with a broken arm...trying to hold off until after the wedding.

You see how it works? You can say just about anything you want to, and if charged with scandal-mongering, just turn up the wattage on your halo, point to the canons of journalism on you wall, and say, "I'm just trying to stop these nasty rumors that have been floating around!"

My Fannish Godfather

By Robert Lichtman

Though I don't recall ever meeting Bob Tucker in the flesh — if I did, it must have been in passing at a Worldcon, for I have never been to a Midwestcon — for me he has always been the Godfather of Fannishness. When I first came into fandom and sent him my first genzine, *Psi-Phi*, one of the things he responded with was a copy of an issue of *Le Zombie*, which was from a number of years prior to my entry on the fannish scene. I was suitably impressed. If memory serves, Bob published it to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the first fanzine, so it must have come out around 1955. In any event, it was the issue mimeo'd in blue (by Dean Grennell,

I believe) with a skull (with a candle in it?) on the cover. I no longer have that fanzine, but I recall it was one helluva'nish.

Over the years Bob has not been exactly voluminous in his contributions to my fanzines — he's contributed only one article, "Science and Senility," which appeared in *Trap Door #7* — but quality has made up for lack of quantity. I know that if I ever were to meet Bob Tucker, we would have communion in the way he knows best and would follow that solemn moment with the ancient chant, "Smoooooooooth!"

Bob Tucker ... and More

By Shelby Vick

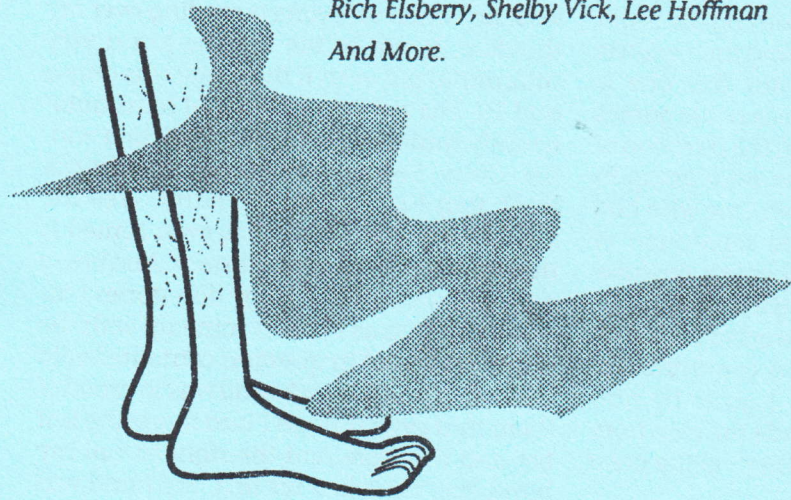
(You've heard many scandalous lies about Bob Tucker; here are some scanless lines.)

'Twas Nolacon, and the slithy fen
Didst gyre and giggle at his door.

Rich Elsberry, Lee Hoffman, Shelby Vick — And
More.

All mimsy were the snick'ring fen
Aglee with secret lore;

Rich Elsberry, Shelby Vick, Lee Hoffman
And More.



"Who's there?" called out the Mighty Pro,
In answer to their knock.

"Shelby Vick, Rich Elsberry, with Lee Hoffman,"
(To shock.)

'Twas now the time for revelation,
The fen, aglee with anticipation,
With bated breath (no exhalation)
Awaited Tucker's consternation
(They weren't aware

A hotel towel

Was his only decoration.)

Full wide the Pro flung ope' the door;
Full wide flew Tucker's mouth.

At Rich Elsberry, Shelby Vick — Lee Hoffman of
the South.

"I'll be damned," muttered Great Tucker.

All saw, as the towel fell to the floor:

Rich Elsberry, Shelby Vick, Lee Hoffman —
And more!

And, believe me, the mome raths did outgrabe.

Tuckerize the Stories

By Buck Coulson

I remember Bob Tucker as much for his professional writing as for his fan accomplishments. For that remarkable short story, "The Princess of Detroit" (in the June 1942 *Future Fiction*; look it up). And for his half of an Ace Double, *To the Tombaugh Station*, in which I was uniquely Tuckerized. Uniquely, because he forgot the name he was using and changed it partway through the story. He did keep the spaceship name *Yandro* all the way through the book, though.

I was privileged to sit at the feet of Bloch and Tucker (literally), at a Rivercon, and listen to the rapid-fire patter between them. Bloch and Tucker were the fannish equivalent of Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, Burke and Hare. As I recall, that was the conven-

tion in which they made a joint radio appearance for which they were subsequently banned from the airwaves of Louisville. (Tucker has a great story about that; ask him about it.)

I've "Smoothed" with him at several cons; he also has a great story about the reason that the custom of "Smoothing" is regarded in the State Department circles as one of the national rites of Australian drinkers. In fact, he has great stories to tell about almost everything in fandom; his first convention, you know, was in Philadelphia in 1776, where he originated the term, still common in British fandom, or so I'm told, of "Fuck the Tories!"

A Remembrance of Bob Tucker

By Roger Sims



I met Bob at the 1951 WorldCon in New Orleans. I know that we talked but I don't remember what we said, but I know that it was important fannish stuff.

With that we skip ahead a number of years to about 1954 plus or minus about five years. The scene is Howard DeVore mother's basement somewhere on the East side of Detroit, Michigan. Howard is entertaining the usual motley fans bent on increasing their wallets at each other's expense. But this one is different. At all of the previous poker games almost all of the pots went in the direction of Howard's seat. Instead they were going in the direction of a new player. One who had had vast experience in the separation of monies from unsuspecting youth (namely me) who were bent on living the good life by acquiring wealth without working. This individual was in town for a convention of movie projectionists. Well I guess by now that you the reader has made the leap from "one who had vast experience" to the great Bob Tucker.

Bob, being the perfect gentleman that he is, kept us in the game with statements like: "Gee, I guess I'm just lucky" and "my luck

may run out soon" as he raked in the money. However, an observer was heard to say after the game, "maybe the reason that Bob did as well as he did is that he did not stay in pots that he didn't think he could win."

There was one faantastic pot that Bob lost that long, long ago night in Howard's mother's basement. While I do not boast, at least not when someone is reading over my shoulder, it was to me that he lost a very substantial pot even if the game was only 5 and 10. The pot was so big that it instantaneously mutated me from a loser to a winner. Okay, I sense that the reader does not think that I remember the hand. Well the real reason that I have not even hinted is that would be the end of the story. And being a person who loves shaggy dog stories I 'm taking as long as I can to come up with the hand. The hand in question contained wild cards. Bob had five jacks and was so proud of them that even though I had made the last bet and therefore had the right to call my hand first, he called his first. My hand was five queens! The look on his face is still in my memory. However no words can describe it. But I can tell you that the words out of his mouth were, "Damn, I don't believe it."

A Fan for all Reasons

By Robert Bloch

I met Wilson Tucker for the first time in 1946, and I've been writing about him ever since — in hardcover books, paperbacks, pamphlets, fliers, leaflets, convention programs, to say nothing of the walls of men's toilets.

As far as I know, they write about Tucker on the walls of women's toilets too, but that's their business. If you can call writing about Tucker on lavatory walls a business, that is. Though I doubt anyone would make such a statement unless he was trying to claim a tax deduction from the IRS (I did so twice, but both times they disallowed it).

So, technically speaking, writing about Tucker is not a business, nor a legitimate occupation. What it is, really, is a continuous and ever-growing challenge.

In 1946, scribbling remarks about him was comparatively easy — all one had to do was refer to *Bob Tucker*, the SF fan and fanzine publisher.

But then, a few years later, Wilson Tucker became the byline of a pro. He embarked on a whole new career as a mystery writer. Not long after that he branched out into the field of science fiction; first a few short stories, then a growing number of novels.

Meantime he continued his career as a motion picture projectionist, stagehand, fanzine publisher and contributor, convention-goer, poker-player, cigar-smoker and general hell-raiser who resembled James Bond but was frequently mistaken for Jim Beam. If anything, over the years it has become increasingly difficult to fully encompass the scope of this man's activities during the course of a career which has spanned more

than six decades, each more decadent than its predecessor. And for almost fifty of those years, I've been writing about the man, trying to capture his essence on paper.

It can't be done. He is simply an incredible phenomenon — a multi-faceted, multi-talented, veritable renaissance fan. Science fiction just wouldn't have been the same without Tucker. He keeps going, keeps smiling.

Long may he Beam!

Bob Tucker

By Ted White



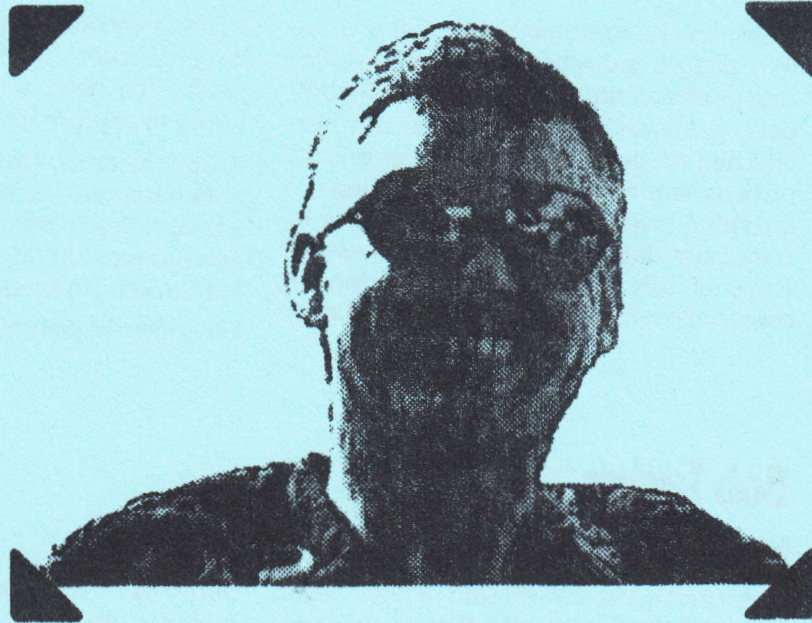
Fannish fandom can be said to have begun with Bob Tucker. It was Bob Tucker who began open hoaxes in fandom with his letters to prozines in the mid-thirties as "Hoy Ping Pong" — and who was subsequently the victim of the "Tucker death hoaxes." It was Tucker who joined in mock-battle with Don Wollheim in the great Staple Wars of the thirties (the issue: whether proziness should be stapled or bound in a way that allowed them to remain open more easily, such as with chewing gum...). Basically, it was Tucker who said "Hey, let's not take ourselves too seriously," and introduced a sense of humor and playfulness to fandom. Without Tucker, there would have been no Burbee, and without Burbee, no Willis. (I'm not saying Burbee and Willis would not have been fans, but without Tucker leading the way, who is to say whether their humorous abilities would have found voice. Each started out with rather sercon fanactivity.) Imagine a fandom today dominated by humorless, list-compiling, statistics-oriented sercon fans. Imagine a fandom where fanzines that report on the latest conventions vie with those which print nothing but book reviews for the Hugo Awards...oops! Well try and imagine a fandom without Bob Tucker. It would be a drab and colorless place.

I remember Bob Tucker as a BNF who encouraged neofans like myself with both helpful, cheerful letters of comment on my early fanzines and his friendship when we met at conventions. In 1956 he slipped the room

numbers of the best parties (with a nudge and a wink) to neofans like Ron Ellik and myself when other attendees at those parties might have wished them to be a bit more private and exclusive. A few years later he was giving an impoverished teenager named Rog Ebert rides to the Midwestcon. (And my memories of those glorious Midwestcons of the late fifties and sixties are built around Tucker, who not only "toastmastered" the otherwise programless convention, but could be relied upon to hang out at each night's parties until the bitter end, sitting on the foot of a bed or in a poolside chair and telling stories of fandom past to all of us gathered around him.)

I modeled my career as a Fan-turned-Pro on Tucker. Wollheim told me to grow up and stop using fannish names in my books (he changed them all in my only Ace book, changing the protagonist from "Bob Tucker" to "Bob Tanner," which pissed me off no end, since the book was my homage to both Tucker and "Tuckerization"), but I admired Bob not only for the fannishisms in his books, but for the way he *stayed a fan* after "turning pro." Bob never regarded himself as "too big" for fandom, even at the height of his professional success in the fifties (when he was publishing a book a year, both mystery novels and SF like *The Long Loud Silence* and *The Lincoln Hunters*). Bob showed us all the way.

He was, and is, the Consummate Fan.



Fannishly Hartwell

By John Douglas



Is David Hartwell fc enough for Corflu?

Of course, David is one of the best-known Science Fiction editors of the last two decades with many highly regarded publications to his credit. But what are his bona fides to be a Toastmaster at such a faaannishly exclusive event as Corflu?

It's the obvious question on everyone's mind. No less a faaanish legend than Ted White was heard to pose a version of it directly to David in person some years ago when David showed up unexpectedly at the first incarnation of this event.

What should a Corflu Toastmaster resume look like? Presumably it would include entries ranging from Letterhack Supreme to Pubbed an Ish (at least once) to Convention-Running Smof with various other wilder possible qualifications like Outdraws Bill Rotsler or Filksinger Extraordinaire.

The fact is that David has done pretty much all of the above with the possible exception of outdrawing Rotsler. How many of you have not had an opportunity to harmonize on Teen Angel and other Teenage Death

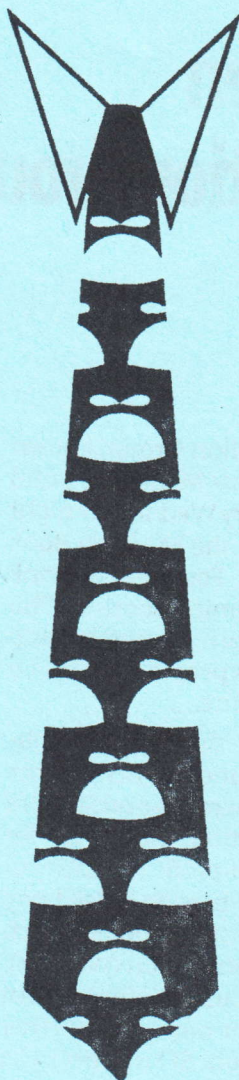
Songs? His obvious strength is more word-oriented than graphic but it doesn't take too close a look at his history to discover a veritable fannish legend (determinedly non-conventional in many ways) hiding his light under a professional bushel, so to speak.

Perhaps David will regale you with the historic, college-days tale of his first meeting with Paul Williams when the briefcase-toting thirteen-year-old prodigy turned up at Williams College wishing to meet the undergrad who had been featured in a local paper as having a virtually complete collection of all the SF paperbacks then in existence (and, yes, he'd read them all too). Out of that burgeoning friendship evolved a fanzine, revolutionary in many ways, called *Crawdaddy*—stencils typed on David's Smith-Corona, then run off at Ted White's. We are, by the way, talking about Paul Williams the founder of rock journalism and not the chubby pop singer. *Crawdaddy* ultimately became a commercial magazine not unlike *Rolling Stone* but its earliest roots were in the typical mimeo format known to all fanzine fans and although the subject was largely

rock music and its personal impact on the listeners writing in the journal, David was a regular contributor and SF reviewer from the early days right through the period when actual money was paid him on a regular basis. Despite this ultimate lapse into professionalism, the faaanish credit is unarguable although a tad offbeat.

Then, of course, there's David's history as perhaps the ultimate smof. It takes many years of working registration, keeping track of treasury accounts, and organizing program book collations to make most smofs. David has managed to co-found or become the 'eminence grise' behind both the World Fantasy Convention and Sercon as well as being the official Godfather of the Fourth Street Fantasy Convention. All this, by the way, without doing significantly more than persuading other more established smofs that running a World Fantasy Convention or throwing a Sercon in their town is worth whatever organizing efforts and financial risks are necessary to to add this particular feather to their faaanish caps. All right, many faaanish souls are repelled by the snotty attitudes propounded by these conventions, by their unfaaanish concern for professional attendance and demeanor, but look closely at who has run the last few of them and you'll be able to count more than a small handful of faaanish legends in their trenches. These conventions aren't for everybody but neither is Corflu. Like Corflu, however, the regulars love their convention more than almost any other because the organizing principles and philosophies embodied in them are irresistible to their targeted segment of the SF fan audience. Self-selecting, near-perfect small conventions, what could be more faaanishly correct?

The current and strongest argument for David Hartwell as faaanish legend is the *New York*



Review of Science Fiction (if you need help here, give David \$25.00 for an annual subscription and you'll soon know more than you could have imagined wanting to find out). If this labor of love is not a fanzine then the definition has changed to the point where nothing except *Lan's Lantern* and *Mimosa* are likely to qualify. Okay, so he's a bit stingy with all-for-all trades and copies in return for "the usual." No, none of it is hand-stencilled and it's not produced on a mimeo. Yes, the entire concentration of the content is on Science Fiction in the printed form — a nobly sercon commitment worthy of the days before Walt Willis began entertaining people with brilliant piffle and almost single-handedly invented faaanish fandom. The announced intention of the publication is to break even or make a small profit, but the IRS and a still ongoing "ugly divorce" have a lot to do with those plans. Just take a look at the tone of the editorials and ask a question or two about the zealous nature of the staff and their holy mission and you will find yourself savoring the essence of fannish commitment.

Throughout the history of science fiction and fandom, there have been many people who started out as fans and moved on to become professional editors. Don Wollheim led the way (and died with several long-term fan feuds still going after decades). Terry Carr always claimed that SF was the profession that allowed him to maintain his fannish commitments. David Hartwell is simply his own unique and eccentric version of this longstanding tradition. Me, too, I guess, or why else would I be writing this.

If you still harbor any doubts, just keep an eye on his neckties. Ben Yalow wishes he had the nerve, and no one with any wish to repudiate a fannish background would be caught dead....

The Madison Science Fiction Group

A Fossil's View

By Jeanne Gomoll



The Madison Science Fiction Group, known in various incarnations as Madstf, SF³, and "the group," has met every Wednesday night since its first meeting at the Madison Book Coop in the fall of 1974. Founded by Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, Janice Bogstad, Phil Kaveny, and Thomas Murn, its membership has grown to about 100 people, and into a group that's hard to define....

The state of Wisconsin thinks it's simple. According to the state (and the IRS), we are the "Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Inc." — SF³ for short — an official non-profit educational corporation. Some members do indeed pay dues to SF³ — the corporate umbrella which facilitates the group's convention (WisCon), publications, and various activities — but dues are not required for any activity other than voting at the annual SF³ meeting. On the other hand, the University of Wisconsin counts the Madison Science Fiction Group among the other official University clubs, and allows us to reserve space in Union South for concom meetings and special events. In the 70s, many of the group's members attended the UW; but nowadays, it's not that easy to find those required student signatures for our University Club Status Renewal Form. Some people define us according to our politics, and indeed, many of us are active feminists, but contrary to rumor, men are allowed to join and no test of political correctness is required. Most members attend WisCon, but declining numbers work on the convention committee. A few active SF³-ers no longer even live in Madison, though almost all members read science fiction. Some members seek connections to the international fannish community while

others have time only for the local network of friendships it provides. Some members consider themselves "fans," while others bristle at the label when it is applied to them.

I would be hard-pressed to characterize the Madison SF Group with a one-sentence description. Few labels can be universally applied in our group; few traditions survive indefinitely, which may provide some explanation for the group's longevity. The group's resources have generally been adapted to whatever its members were interested in at the time. At the start, we were interested in publishing. In fact, it was the announcement of the imminent publication of an SF magazine that drew me to one of the group's Wednesday night meetings at the Book Coop. I remember saying, "I'll help."

Five issues of *Janus* were published on Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell's mimeograph machine in the back room of their flat on West Mifflin Street before we switched to offset printing. Edited by Janice Bogstad and myself, the zine exploded onto the fannish scene with a quarterly publication schedule and a provocative feminist perspective shared only by the short-lived, Canadian fanzine, *The Witch and the Chameleon*. *Janus* was the group's "only child" in those days and it was lovingly and obsessively groomed. Thomas Murn wrote long articles on popular culture, John Bartelt contributed short stories, Jan wrote very serious articles from a Marxist literary perspective, I began to experiment with a humorous style, and everyone wrote book reviews. Typing and proofreading chores were shared among all of us (including Mike Weidemann, Perri Corrick, and Doug Price), though I was fired from that task abruptly



This and all illustrations on pp. 19-23 are reprinted from ancient issues of *Janus*.

when it was discovered that I could spell a word in five different ways on the same page. Feminist SF was flourishing and we enthusiastically joined the conversation. Letters of comment flowed in, surprising the editors who hadn't understood they were joining a vast letter-writing community when they began publishing their "magazine," but soon the group began attending conventions and trading "fanzines."

Except for Hank and Lesleigh, no one in the group had ever attended a convention before the 1976 Minicon, but it was our second con, the 1976 worldcon in Kansas City — MidAmericCon, MAC, or Big Mac — which imprinted our minds with the most fateful ideas. The reason the first (1977) WisCon, which was, after all, only a small convention with barely two hundred members — boasted four tracks of programming was because Big Mac's programming had been scheduled in multiple tracks. That's how conventions worked, we assumed. Big Mac's masquerade featured a strip tease performance and quite a few fans shared their anger and feelings about it at the serious, feminist panel which Susan Wood had set up in spite of the concom's opposition. This landmark panel overflowed into an extended discussion/party/consciousness-raising session. A *Women's Apa* got its start in that room and both Jan and I joined. Afterward, we interviewed Suzy McKee Charnas and Jennifer Bankier and printed the transcript in *Janus*. And we resolved to produce panels for WisCon

like that great feminist panel at Big Mac.

1976 was a significant year all around for the group. Many of us began attending conventions and meeting some of the people who had been writing *Janus* letters of comment. Also, the Wednesday night meeting moved away from its traditional bookstore site later that year. We had begun meet-

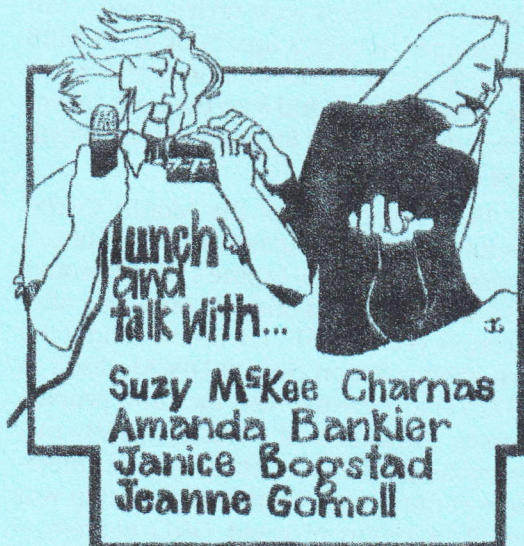
ing in the Wisconsin Student Association (WSA) Book Coop, but when the store went out of business, our refugee group adopted Nick's Restaurant, and that move subtly changed the group's social interaction. We still laughed about (and took secret pride in) our group's capacity to turn any party into a meeting, but things loosened up. There was less talking about science fiction and more socializing. There was less note-taking and more eating and drinking. There was more flirting and many members began striking up casual and permanent liaisons with one another.

That trend toward greater socializing didn't actually begin with the move to Nick's; the move just intensified the changes. The friendships had already begun to flourish in the bookshelves among this small group of people who committed every Wednesday night to conversations, and a publishing project that gobbled up more and more of their free time. In fact, Jan and I worried that the Wednesday night meetings were straying dangerously far from serious discussion of science fiction, and as an antidote we organized the monthly programs at Union South. The programs were elaborately planned, and the members responsible — Jan, Phil, Hank, Lesleigh, Rick White, John Bartelt, Perri Corrick, Richard West, Randy Everts, myself, or a special invited guest — often researched their topics as if they were writing a term paper. I spent hours each month drawing illustrations for the posters which were printed and tacked up onto University kiosks. Of course, this attracted more new people. Pat Sommers, Greg Rihn, Kim Nash, and Steven V. Johnson began showing up on Wednesday nights. John Bartelt, Greg Rihn, Doug Price, and Rick White rented a flat together on Gorham Street the next year, creating Madison's first slan shack.

Janus's expenses in 1974 and 1975 were largely paid out of our pockets. Everyone chipped in when it became clear that our fannish publication would never produce a profit. The University of Wisconsin provided assistance: The UW-Extension, through the kind offices of Professor George Hartung, paid for the travel expenses of WisCon's first Guest of Honor, Katherine MacLean. The Wisconsin Student Association (WSA)



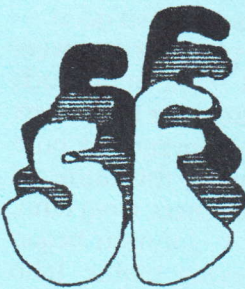
Susan Wood



awarded *Janus* several grants, and provided us with electro-stencils and use of their bulk mailing permit. But we considered ourselves fairly poor — individually and also as a group — and so tended to resist grandiose schemes. At least we did until Dick Russell and Diane Martin showed up at one of our monthly programs. It was, I think, a meeting intended to drum up interest in the upcoming first WisCon. In fact, it was the first Concom meeting ever held at Union South.



Diane and Dick joined the group in 1975. Dick immediately advised us to organize ourselves as a non-profit, tax-exempt corporation in order to reap the benefits of a cheap bulk mailing permit and avoid the hazards of financial liability, and went to work writing our bylaws, which were officially filed in the fall of 1976. Perri Corrick was elected "President for Life," though her term didn't last quite *that* long. Dick and Diane also convinced us (and contributed financially) to print *Janus* on an offset press, and the new, improved *Janus* appeared in December 1976, with number 6. Diane and Dick were an amazing, stunning whirlwind of proposals, assistance, humor and energy, who changed the group's activities and social map profoundly.



It's hard to believe now that the name "SF³" simply appeared within the mass of paperwork that Dick presented to us as the SF³ bylaws, that we collected no nominations of possible names, that there was no voting. But the hot issue of the day did not concern our name; rather, we debated whether or not Dick was an evil force attempting to "take over" the group. In comparison, the name of this proposed corporate front group seemed like a very insignificant matter. (Most of us never expected to actually use the name outside of the silly annual meeting required by law.) Some of us worried instead that Dick's plans would change the group into one of *his* preference. It was hard to believe at first, that Dick was as unselfishly generous as he appeared. Did he have a hidden agenda? Eventually, however, those who distrusted this corporate transition were convinced to give Dick a chance and eventually adopted him as our "pet bureaucrat." Dick proved to be a tireless proofreader of *Janus*, and both Diane and Dick introduced to the group a technology of monolithic importance (as in

2001: A Space Odyssey): the IBM Selectric. Diane volunteered to help us organize our finances and worked as the group's treasurer for more than a dozen years. Jan gratefully handed over the shoebox. As a result, *Janus* commenced a period of high-quality production and by the second WisCon, the group's finances and legal standing had improved immensely.

Once the structure had been built — once we became an *institution* — we experienced an avalanche of changes and achievements.

I learned the basics of graphics and layout from my work on *Janus*. Offset printing allowed me to create and procure a larger range of artwork and our zine's graphic style improved from one issue to the next. Many fans and some pros began writing and illustrating for the zine and in the years that followed, *Janus* attracted several Faan awards and three Hugo nominations. My work on *Janus* and other zines eventually led to a professional book illustration job and later helped me secure a position as a professional graphic artist with the state of Wisconsin, where I work today.

By the spring of 1977, Jim Cox, Phil Kaveny, Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell were working at the local listener-sponsored radio station, WORT, on the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hour. Jim Cox was hosting the Madison Review of Books and had begun a separate organization of the same name with Lesleigh Luttrell, Phil Kaveny, Terri Gregory, and John Ohliger. For a couple years, Jim operated an office on University Avenue and packed the shelves with review books. Jim encouraged us to pick up a book at the MRB office, review it in the MRB newsletter or on the radio show ... and *keep* the book. It was a dream come true for some poor student-type members.

By 1977, the "Book of the Month Circle" sprouted from a discussion section of one of Professor Fanny Le Moine's Comparative Literature SF classes and was annexed, after a couple years, by SF³. (Le Moine taught the first science fiction class at UW-Madison in 1972.) The Circle met every month at people's homes. Richard West's Tolkien Society met every month, too, and attracted some members of our group, though the overlap was small. A group of rabid D&D players —



including Bill Hoffman, Carl Marrs, Julia Richards, Greg Rihn, Lucy Nuti, Joanna Meyer-Mitchell and Emerson Mitchell—was meeting weekly by the end of 1977, utilizing the fictional world created by Emerson. Eventually almost all of these players invented “worlds” of their own based on the Emersonian model. In 1978, Phil Kaveny delivered the occasional lecture at a west side Madison high school and attracted another wave of new members — among them, Andy Hooper, Lynne Ann Morse, and Nevenoh Smith. This “youth” wave touched off a minor controversy concerning the ethics of meeting in a bar with underage persons, and exposed a few ageist biases among the other members who were mostly in their 20s and 30s. In 1985, Dick Russell toured many public libraries in and near Dane County promoting D&D for the Summer Reading Library Program. Social relationships grew more tangled. At times, it seemed we lived in one another’s pockets — attending the new releases of the first SF blockbuster films *en masse*, partying together, painting a mural in Diane and Dick’s basement, and going to all those meetings. By 1979 the same people who had been presenting shows on WORT radio, created parallel shows on Public Access TV-Cable Channel 4. Dick Russell directed “The D&D Game of the Month,” live the last Saturday of each month. Subtitled, “The Longest Program on TV,” it corralled players and artists from the group as talent, and trained interested members in the skills of production and video technology. The number of the group’s activities became more and more complex and I quickly lost track around this point as to who was doing what with whom. At the same time, our contacts with fandom at large continued to increase.

Janus was not the only fanzine being published by Madison fandom. Hank and Leigh Luttrell, who had been well-known, Hugo-nominated fanzine editors before they moved to Madison from Columbus, MO, still published *Starling*. Perri Corrick’s zine *Corr*, Richard West’s *Orcrist* and John Bartelt’s *Digressions* were listed under the SF³ umbrella in our ads. We ran WisCon room parties at XCon, MiniCon, ArcCon, Confusion, WindyCon, ICon and many worldcons. As a result of all this publishing activity and

convention traveling, many of us were developing strong friendships among other fan groups, especially in Minneapolis, Seattle, San Francisco, and New York. We exported cat-wrapping and my own “Dead Cats through History” slide show to conventions all across the country — demonstrating that Madison fandom was not all sercon, but our serious reputation persisted and the diverse feminist programming we pioneered at WisCon and published in *Janus/Aurora* continued to represent our image for most fans outside Madison.

WisCon’s concom, which at the start overlapped almost entirely with the *Janus* editorial staff, began to take more and more time from members of the group. Issues of *Janus* were merged with the program books of WisCon 1 and 2 (1977 and 1978). But by WisCon 3, *Janus* went into a hiatus during the planning period of WisCon, “making up for it” with a special double issue (No. 12/13) that year. But *Janus* never again achieved its quarterly goal, and between 1979 and 1982 *Janus/Aurora* became a bi-annual publication. The group’s primary focus had shifted away from the publication of its fanzine to the care and nurturing of its convention. By 1983, *Janus* could no longer meet even a bi-annual schedule. 1983 saw the publication of only one issue, number 23. Number 24 was published in 1985, number 25 in 1987, and the last issue came out in 1990.

Janus became *Aurora* in 1979 because its two editors could no longer work with one another. After an especially stressful year, Jan Bogstad and I decided to stop co-editing a fanzine together. Our styles clashed and personal disagreements between the two of us were making everyone uncomfortable. The whole group met in Hank Luttrell’s bookstore, 20th Century Books, and Jan and I formally presented our disagreements as we saw them. It was decided at that meeting that Jan and I would no longer co-edit a fanzine named *Janus*, and that furthermore, neither of us would individually publish a zine of that name. Eventually Jan began publishing her own zine, *New Moon*, and I joined the former *Janus* production staff and we started work on the new fanzine, *Aurora*, though we continued the issue numbering system from the defunct *Janus*.





WisCon, in the meantime, flourished. Having achieved early notoriety with its feminist, political and radical programming, and having been dubbed "PervCon" by disapproving fans — WisCon settled into its niche: as a small, serious, intense convention. GoHs were mostly chosen from the ranks of young, new, female SF authors, many of whom went on to win Hugos during that brief period in the late 70s and early 80s when feminism was actually fashionable: Vonda N. McIntyre, Susan Wood, Suzy McKee Charnas, John Varley, Octavia Butler, Joan D. Vinge, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Samuel Delany, Marta Randall, Lee Killough, Elizabeth Lynn, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Suzette Haden Elgin (WisCon's unofficial Fairy Godmother), and Lisa Tuttle. WisCon developed a loyal group of attendees, some of whom went to no other cons except WisCon, and others — fans and pros — who traveled a surprising distance for such a small con.

The first five WisCons were housed on campus (programming at the Wisconsin Center, sleeping rooms at Lowell Hall and the Madison Inn), but soon our burgeoning numbers and complaints from attendees, who for some reason disliked hiking two blocks through blizzard conditions, convinced us to move downtown to the Capitol Square for WisCon 6 in 1982. Much of the group's energy focused upon WisCon planning. Even the monthly meetings at Union South were reorganized for a while to function as "practice sessions" for WisCon programming. Recruitment drives were aimed primarily at attracting new fans who could be convinced

to work on the concom. The group entered a period of time in the mid-80s when our bureaucratic machinery gained power and momentum.

I drew away from many of the group's activities in the mid-80s. *Aurora* had lost its excitement for me since my job allowed me to do lots of interesting graphics. The *Aurora* publishing sub-group seemed to have been sucked dry of most of its energy, which I suppose was not surprising since its two most active members, Diane Martin and myself had found fulfilling careers. Dick Russell had moved along into other obsessions — D&D, TV production, union organizing and junk mail management. Georgie Schnobrich, who had been helping me lay out *Aurora*, left town. Also, there seemed to be a larger force at work: most of the group's fannish energy was being focused on WisCon. But as WisCon got bigger, some of us discovered that we had developed a profound distaste for the bureaucratic machinery of concom meetings, and turned more and more of our energy toward writing, drawing, publishing and interacting with fans outside of Madison.

Part of my loss of interest stemmed from my friendship with Spike Parsons and some of the events that happened after she joined the group. Spike and I met one another in 1983, in the weight-lifting room at the YWCA, realized that we both worked for the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, and then discovered that we also shared an interest in SF. Spike, at the time, was reading Jessica Amanda Salmonson's *Amazons!* anthology and was excited to learn that in 1984, Salmonson would be WisCon 8's Guest of Honor. I convinced her fairly easily to attend a convention planning meeting, and after that there was no stopping her.

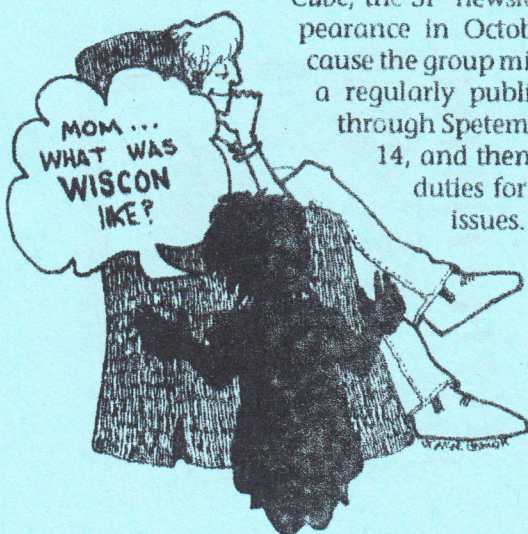
I think now that some members of the group reacted to Spike very much like they reacted to Dick Russell and Diane Martin's explosive entry onto our local scene. Spike upset the status quo by not "working her way up" into the active core group, and by almost immediately suggesting changes and assuming a very active role in our activities. Spike, being Spike, wouldn't have been capable of any other kind of behavior, but some members suspected the worst. It is the nature of our group, and probably every volunteer group



like ours, that big personnel changes (who does the work) are mirrored by big changes on a purely social level (who is popular) And there are always some people in the group who resist those changes. Things got pretty ugly for a while later in 1984 when Spike headed the WisCon 9 publications committee and proposed to do things differently. She wanted to publish a *pre-convention* program book, which would have required the programming department to finish their work a month or more earlier than usual. Heels were dug in, egos crashed, and finally Spike left the room and the committee. Whereas the group had gained enormously by accepting change with Dick and Diane's involvement, we lost when we appeased the anti-change contingent of the group and rejected Spike's ideas. She didn't disappear; she continued to work on the con and edited *Cube* for several years, but the social group seemed to fragment. The hostile reaction provoked the very thing that the anti-change contingent most feared: cliques and a loss of community within the group.

I walked out of that concom meeting with Spike. But unlike Spike, I never returned. I began agitating for a formal decision to kill off *Aurora*. Diane Martin almost single-handedly published the second-last issue (#25) in 1987, but the group continued to avoid the reality that we no longer had enough people or time to invest in *Aurora*, and it wasn't until 1990 that the last issue was published and we returned subscription funds and manuscripts.

Cube, the SF³ newsletter, made its first appearance in October 1982, perhaps because the group missed the appearance of a regularly published zine. I edited it through Spetember 1985 issue number 14, and then Spike took over editor duties for 29 amazingly regular issues. Andy Hooper eventually edited numbers 45 and 46 of *Cube*, and after a 16 month hiatus, Steve Swartz took over its publication in May 1992, turning it briefly into a large-scale fannish genzine. *Cube*, still



under Swartz' editorial control, has now returned to an ensmallled newszine format.

I attended and usually had a good time at the WisCons of the late 80s, continued to organize one or two feminist panels each WisCon, and offered advice when asked, but my attention drifted away from the group. New members joined, became active on the WisCon committee, but I didn't try to find out who they were or what they were doing. A complete history of the Madison fan group would, of necessity, be collaborative. No one member stayed active continually or was involved in all the different activities. I missed a lot.

Therefore it was a surprise to be drawn back into intense interaction within the group again in 1987 when Andy Hooper founded *The Turbo-Charged Party Animal Apa*. I had gradually realized that there was a whole new community of people active in the Madison SF Group and I began to get a little curious about them. I wrote to Spike, who was visiting friends in England, and told her about the new publishing development in Madison fandom. Pretty interesting, I wrote to her, and then realized that indeed I was interested. Although I was publishing my own zine, *Whimsey*, I had dropped out of *A Women's Apa* several years before that, and I thought I could manage a monthly apazine.

What a wonderful decision that turned out to be! I've enjoyed getting to know these folks and now count many of them as good friends of mine. I never did return to regular concom meeting attendance, even though the Tip-tree Award pulled me back for some WisCon planning in 1992 and 1993. But it's been exciting to see the resurgence of interest in fannish publishing. Much of the credit for our renaissance must go to Andy Hooper who inspired people to write for *Turbo* and for the zine he co-edits with Carrie Root, *Spent Brass*. After immersing himself in back-issues of *Pong*, Andy emerged reborn, so to speak, and began to proselytize to the Madison masses, and his message was, "pub your ish!" When Andy and Carrie announced that they were going to move to fannish Seattle, we all wondered if the publishing boom would fizzle or continue to grow.

But nothing stays the same — except maybe our fears of change. A small but powerful



wave of new members have joined our group in the last couple years. Ellen Franklin and Jim Hudson moved to Madison from Boston. Both of them are enormously experienced con-runners. Ellen is showing interest in publishing her *ish*, and both she and Jim enthusiastically joined the Corflu concom and have expressed interest in promoting a smallish Corflu-, Potlatch-, Reinconation-like con for Madison. And Steve Swartz moved to Madison with Elk Krisor from Washington, D.C. in 1991, about the same time Andy and Carrie left town, and picked up the baton Andy passed on when he and Carrie moved to Seattle. Like Dick Russell and Spike Parsons before him, Steve set off alarms for some people in the group. His editorship of *Cube*, his lobbying for a new mimeograph machine, encouragement of new publications, his tendency to volunteer to help everyone do anything, and the sudden affect on social interactions within the group, provoked uneasiness and distrust from some Madison fans — many of whom weren't even around when Diane and Dick or Spike first stirred up Madison's fannish waters. This repeating pattern of reluctance/rejection and final acceptance would be funny if it didn't cause real injury to the new person offering this gift of energy, and cheat us all of the work they might do. But I expect that Steve, Ellen and Jim will gradually become familiar enough fixtures in Madison's fannish firmament, and things will calm down until the next wave of immigrant fans stirs things up again.

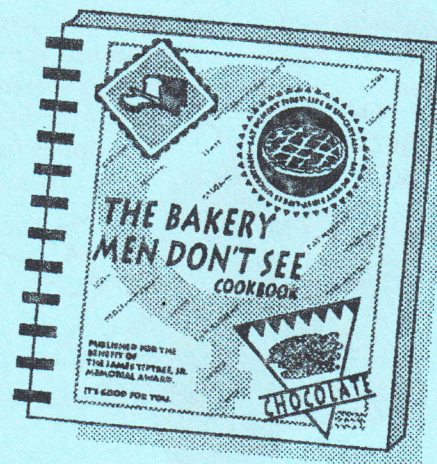
And personally, I do *enjoy* it when things get stirred up! At the 1991 WisCon 15, for instance, GoH Pat Murphy stirred things up Big Time when she announced the birth of a new award to be named after James Tiptree, Jr. to honor gender-bending science fiction. Many of us felt that the convention had renewed our excitement and commitment to feminist discussion, and Murphy's announcement electrified her audience and recruited an avalanche of volunteers. It felt to me as if this award provided a culmination of all the work, all the WisCons, all the issues of *Janus* and *Aurora*, and all the feminist panels, that the Madison Science Fiction Group has supported. Suddenly those of us who never seemed to have enough time to spare for WisCon concom or other fannish

activities were falling over one another to offer our time for this project. We organized bake sales and published the first Tiptree cookbook to benefit the award, *The Bakery Men Don't See*. At the first Tiptree Award ceremony at WisCon 16 (1992), we proudly presented Pat Murphy with a check for \$1800 to add to the bank account made up of donations and the proceeds of dozens of convention bake sales held all over the country for the award fund. Eleanor Arason (*Woman of the Iron People*) and Gwyneth Jones (*White Queen*) won the first two Tiptree awards. This year, 1993, we published a second cookbook, *Her Smoke Rose up from Supper*, and Elk Krisor (who is not a fan) is organizing the sewing of a king-sized art quilt whose design is based on Tiptree's novel *Brightness Falls from the Air*, also to benefit the Tiptree Award. Maureen McHugh accepted the Tiptree Award at WisCon 17, and the "Tiptree Machine," as Pat Murphy calls it, rolls on.

You may already have guessed by now that I think the *Khatru* reprint project falls under the category of stirring things up, too...

As must be very clear by now, this so-called "history" of mine is neither unbiased nor complete and needs to be fleshed out with some research into the activities I didn't witness, not to mention with some revelations about interpersonal relationships I am tactfully ignoring. But that's for another publication and another day.

For now, the Madison SF Group welcomes you to our city.



Madison History

By Andy Hooper

For a city founded a mere 165 years ago, Madison has a lot of history to try and synopsisize in 1,000 words. Considering that the region's natural beauty has always excited the most comment, there is a temptation to begin with the laying of the local geological foundations, some 1.8 billion years past. But since we have only a little space, suffice it to say that the four lakes region went through typically American geological phases as a mountain range, as arid uplands, shallow sea floor, and weathered watershed, before a succession of glaciers carved the low hills and basins we see today.

Not long after the last ice age ended, some 10,000 years ago, the open woodlands and abundant water attracted Paleo-Indian hunters to settle in the area that is now Madison. The region has been continuously occupied by human societies ever since, from the enigmatic Late Woodland Indians, with their signature effigy mounds, to historical peoples such as the Winnebago and Menominee, until the arrival of European trappers and traders in the mid 18th century.

Those first occupants of the city were removed to the other side of the Wisconsin river, following the Blackhawk War of 1832. The war began when a group of Sauk and Fox Indians from the Illinois border tried to re-establish their claim to farmland near Rock Island, Illinois, then occupied by European settlers. People on both sides of the question were killed, and a contingent of militia sent out to bring Chief Blackhawk down. The Sauk retreated through southern Wisconsin, and passed through the Madison area on the way to their eventual destruction at the battle of the Badaxe river. Following the conflict, Indians inhabiting the area were forced north, so that new settlers faced no competition for land on which the city is built.

Madison can trace its existence as a city from the passage of James Duane Doty, who transited the area as a Michigan territorial judge in 1829, when Wisconsin was admin-

istered from Fort Detroit. Staying at the trading post of Oliver Armel, which stood two blocks from the modern capital building, he commented on the beauty of the region and its suitability for settlement. When Wisconsin became a territory in its own right in 1835, Doty led the fight to have Madison made the new Territorial capital, although the city existed only on paper. By then, the land was owned by Doty himself, and it was his design on which the original city plat was based.

After becoming the territorial capital, and its transition to state capital with statehood in 1848, Madison faced an uphill battle in becoming the metropolis which Doty had envisioned. A series of economic booms and busts made speculation on the future of as remote a city as Madison a dangerous proposition. Entrepreneurs such as Leonard Farwell, Elisha Burdick and George Delaplaine derived great benefit from their introduction of industry — sawmills, breweries, gasworks, and the first resort hotels in a long line of Madison tourist attractions — but also went bankrupt with alarming frequency when their over-extended holdings were ruined by depression and bank panic. Other cities in Wisconsin struggled to replace Madison as the state capital, and until the first railroad service reached the city in 1854, there was always a chance they would succeed.

Two factors secured the eventual survival of Madison. The first was the wave of immigration from Europe throughout the 1840s and 50s, which swelled the city's population from 250 in 1845 to 9,000 in 1855. The second was the American Civil War, during which Madison was the state's largest training center, and which provided immense economic benefit to the merchants of the city. Thousands of men from Madison and the area served in the Union army, and the record of most units drawn from the region was exemplary. On the other hand, the city itself remained heavily dominated by the Democratic party and its anti-war policy throughout the conflict, and did not support the



Emancipation Proclamation or other political expressions of the Republican-dominated war government. The Wisconsin Progressive political tradition was still three decades away.

Following the war, Madison survived a long period of general depression on the strength of returning veterans and their desire to settle and build homes in Madison. During this period, the State University began to develop more prestige and a wider enrollment, more rail lines reached the city, and a new series of farm-implement manufacturing factories were built on the near-east side, which served many of the farmers then opening the plains. Until the depression of 1873, of course, which ruined the market and closed half of the plants.

Throughout the latter half of the 19th century, Madison was also the object of concerted efforts to turn it into a resort center. The picturesque quality of the lakes and uplands attracted the eye, and the general mania for "water cures" was well served by Madison's artesian wells. Hotels and resorts were built on speculation, enjoyed a decade or so of success, and usually burned down under suspicious circumstances.

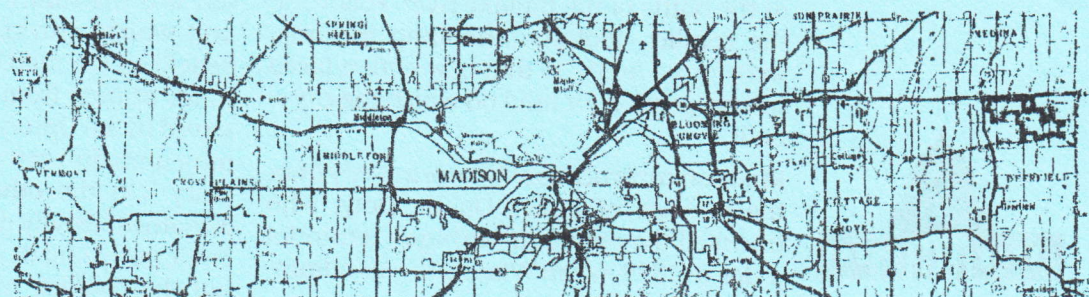
Despite all of these economic failures, the city ultimately succeeded because of the huge number of farmers who settled in the surrounding countryside, and needed the goods, services, and markets which Madison provided. The continuing stability of the retail economy made many Madison residents wealthy, and most of the fine houses in downtown Madison were built on those profits. Soon the central city was built up, and the first developments outside of the central isthmus were established in the late 1880's.

With prosperity came charity, culture and a passion for the "city beautiful." Madison's many parks date primarily from the turn of

the century, when the Madison Park and Pleasure Drive Society did their farsighted best to preserve the green spaces that give Madison so much of its character. Telephones, electricity, trolley cars, movie theaters, airline service, and the rest of the 20th century's technical innovations have all done their work to change the face of the capital city (which is on its fourth capital building, by the way), but the basic tenor of life here was determined by those philanthropists and social visionaries of one hundred years past.

Many industries have come and gone in Madison's history since then, from the beet sugar plant to Ray-o-Vac batteries to Oscar Mayer Meats to today's wealth of insurance companies and credit unions. Through all their vagaries, Madison has been buoyed by the patronage of the University and state government, which meant that even in the worst of times, Madison was a center of both culture and commerce.

Given unlimited space, I would wax endlessly on the various cultural achievements of the city, our sporting clubs, our famous residents, the scientists and educators and statesmen who have called Madison home. Thornton Wilder and Georgia O'Keefe were born here, Tillie Olson and Frank Lloyd Wright lived and worked here, and Frank Herbert and Otis Redding died here. Al Capone and Desmond TuTu, Jenny Lind and Avedon Carol have all spoken highly of their visits to Madison. The territorial city of the nineteenth century is still visible under the concrete and glass of the present, and the fundamental character of Madison, with its contradictory pretensions and prejudices, has resisted all efforts to change it. We're proud of this city and the people in it; buttonhole any member of the committee or the local fan community this weekend to ask why, and we'll be happy to talk your ear off.





It seems fitting that Corflu, the convention most closely concerned with fannish tradition and history, should now acquire some measure of tradition of its own; this year marks the tenth annual occurrence of the convention run by and for science fiction fanzine fans. Over the course of that brief but entertaining history, Corflu has grown in status and significance, so that it is now one of the major mileposts of the fannish year. As part of our celebration of that fact, we will herewith present some memories and comments on the Corflus past, and, hopefully, Corflu 10 will stand as our comment on the convention's future.

In her editorial for Genre Plat 5, fall of 1983, Allyn Cadogan wrote the following overview of the motives leading up to the creation of Corflu 1.

—AH



ATom

A Narrative History of Corflu

With Commentary by Andy Hooper

Corflu One (Claremont Resort Hotel, Berkeley, California, January 27-29th, 1984): Pascal Thomas, GoH.

By Allyn Cadogan

By now, I imagine at least most of you have at least heard of Corflu, the convention for fanzine fans.

There seems, however, to be some confusion as to just what Corflu is, and who it's for.

About two and a half years ago, Shay [Barsabe] and I began tossing ideas back and forth about just how one would go about putting together a con for fanzine fans. People seemed to want one — there is just never enough (if any at all) fanzine/fan-oriented programming at "regular" cons — but no one was doing anything about it. By ourselves, though, we just didn't know where to begin.

Then Lucy Huntzinger arrived in our midst, bubbling over with neo-fannish enthusiasms. We suddenly found ourselves putting together a committee. I rescinded the vow I'd taken after Westercon 30 (my own introduction to fandom) never again to work on a convention, and somehow ended up being made Chair of Corflu.

Once we announced that we were Really Going To Do It, people began popping out of the woodwork with offers to help, most notably, Terry Floyd, Bill Patterson, Kent Johnson, Karl Mosgofian, Patty Peters and Jim Kennedy. Not all wanted to be on the "core" committee, but all have been more than generous with time and idea in the initial planning stages, and plan to stay with us right through the convention itself.

Well, we got our first progress report (*Twiltone Zone 1*) together and sent it to everyone we could think of, even franking it through five apas, though some of you missed it in the initial mailing. We apologize for that.

We took flyers to conventions and talked the thing up to everyone who would listen. We wrote letters to faneds. Basically, we did everything we could to get the word out and to encourage all of you to attend.

Recently, however, word has come back to me that some of you still have the idea that this is a West Coast "invitational" con. It's not. Some of you have commented that you thought that mailing out the PR was not enough; that mailing should have been followed by a personal letter from me.

Now, I truly do regret that I don't have the time or stamina to write personal letters to everyone on my mailing list (which exceeds 500), but to my way of thinking, a personal letter, or even a form letter, would imply the Corflu is an invitational.

Oh, my, we do want you at Corflu, but it's not *our* party, it's *yours*. And who needs a personal written invitation to his or her own party?

We the committee are doing the groundwork, true, but none of us has ever thought of Corflu as anything but your convention. How involved you wish to be in the proceedings is up to you, but we do, we really do, want each and every one of you at Corflu.

In our planning sessions, we have steered away, so far, from panels, focusing instead on discussion group and demonstration/workshop type programming. However, we would be just thrilled to death to have your input. What type of programming do you want? Will you lead a discussion group, or a workshop or a demonstration? Please?

We're also hoping that some one (or more) of you will pick up the Corflu ball and run with it; we're bound to make a mistake or two, we're bound to do something you don't like or that you think you could do better. Well: we're also planning a business meeting during the con. We think it would be real nifty if someone were to offer to do Corflu 3 in 1986. Think about it. I'd really like to attend one of these things as a member instead of Chair. Yeah?



Corflu Two (Napa, California, First Week-end of February, 1985): Allen Baum, GoH; Suzle Tompkins, Toastmaster.

By Andy Hooper

In the event, Corflu 1 lived up to much of the promise Allyn saw in it, and perhaps exceeded it in some areas. All those who attended agreed that the energy was unlike anything they had seen before, with the possible exception of the AutoClaves of the 1970s, or the classic days of Midwestcon. It was, however, also hampered by a highly uncooperative hotel, which presented one of the worst banquets in the long and checkered history of such events.

Corflu 1 also tried to be more of a traditional science fiction convention than subsequent editions. It even had a film program, albeit one which featured a large slate of psychotronic favorites. Even so, a number of the trappings of today's Corflus were present, most noticeably the random selection of a Guest of Honor from a hat full of the names of the attendees. After drawing the name of Mike Deckinger three consecutive times (who proved not to be dead, as the members then supposed, merely absent from the convention; although he had not been heard from for many years, he was living right there in the BArea!), they drew the name of visiting Fan Continental Pascal Thomas. His GoH speech, presented with deranged simultaneous translation by Lynne Kuehl, was a model for future fans "honored" in this fashion.

Even before the first convention, various members of the core committee had the intention of holding another Corflu, in order to do things "right." To that end, Corflu made the move to the relatively bucolic setting of Napa, California, and reined in their expectations of attendance, and by extension, income. Suzle Tompkins was imported from Seattle as toastmaster, and Allen Baum's name was chosen from the hat. His performance in the role is not noted in the literature — having been translated from English to (reportedly) Portuguese and back into English again — but it was sufficient to maintain the practice of random selection for subsequent conventions. The banquet was, if possible, considered worse than the previous year, featuring the infamous "Scope-à-la-mode" dessert, which many fans can still taste to this day. People who attended the con characterize it as having had far more programming than contemporary editions, and suffering somewhat from being geared towards a higher level of attendance than reached by the actual event. But the real significance of Corflu 2 was that it established that there was interest in an annual convention for fanzine fans, which could not be satisfied by a one-shot event.

What had begun as a labor of love for a dedicated group of people centered in a regional fandom had definitely awakened interest in people across the country. And it now fell to another group to demonstrate that the Corflu model would work in other regions, with other fans involved, just as its founders had always hoped.

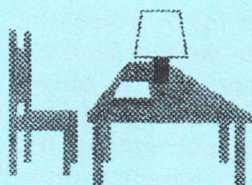


Corflu Three (Tyson's Corner Westpark Hotel, McLean, Virginia, February 14-17, 1986): Teresa Nielsen Hayden, GoH; Terry Carr, Toastmaster.

By HCH BROWN

Attending membership for Corflu 3 was \$25.25 (in honor of Zager and Evans), supporting was \$5.05 (in honor of the Air Force summer uniform); I was the Chair, Ted White was the Table, Dan Steffan was the Lamp and Lynn Steffan was the Blotter, so our interim progress reports were called *The Desk Set Gazette*. Teresa Nielsen Hayden was our picked-out-of-a-hat-after-only-a-few-tries Guest-of-Honor. Alexis and Doll Gilliland helped host our parties. Tom Perry also deserves egoboo for taking a room next to our double suite and throwing it open to enlarge our party space.

Even though she didn't attend, I must say it was mostly Linda Blanchard's fault. Well, with the possible exception of the fact that we wound up going head-to-head against Boskone — that was (1) unintentional and (2) my fault (because that was the best weekend the hotel



could offer and I signed their contract before I knew there was a conflict). A few fans (notably Moshe Feder) remonstrated with me about it, but Joe Rico assured me no one at NESFA was tossing darts at my picture.

But for me it started with Linda — I went to the first Corflu mostly to see her. We got engaged at the worldcon in Baltimore (after a whirlwind correspondence), but she went back to Seattle to show her bosses what she could do — it just didn't seem right to tell them she was leaving to get married immediately after receiving a long-sought promotion. So, for a while we lived on separate coasts and got together at SF conventions; Corflu was the first of those after worldcon. (Mind you, I thought the idea of a fanzine fans' convention was a good idea and thus probably would have attended in any event.)

Linda said to me at Corflu 1 that she'd like to do one of her own when she moved to Virginia. "But I'd need help," she added hastily. "Would you like to help? And maybe Ted?" Ted had stopped by the room we were sharing at the Claremont to enjoy a little sercon repose; we were both, at that point, easily convinced that we were "willing" to "help." But when we approached Allyn Cadogan, it turned out she'd intended all along to put what she'd learned from hosting the first into hosting another, better Corflu. However, she said if we wanted to bid for Corflu 3, she'd entertain the notion.

Linda came to live with me in Virginia, but when our relationship did not bloom as we'd expected, she moved to Texas and subsequently married U.K. fan Dave Bridges. Our parting was painful, but not bitter; we remained on friendly terms.

I'd meant to go to Corflu 2 — but I was fan Guest of Honor at Norwescon that year and didn't have enough vacation to attend two left coast conventions. So when Ted asked me if I still wanted to enter a bid, I said I felt we should, provided Linda didn't put one in herself (it had been her idea, after all). As you must know, Ted placed our uncontested bid and the rest, as they say, is history.

I believe we had a lot to be proud of, even though our Corflu, with only about 50 fans in attendance, was relatively small. Ted's programming was a high point, both revolutionary and reactionary in that it was

consciously patterned as an attempt to create the fanzine experience without using the printed word. It was complete with front and back covers, himself as the Table (of contents), "articles" (monologues and dialogs), and LoCs (audience response). The only complaint I heard was a kind of left-handed compliment — that we didn't have any kind of breaks for a program that went on for a couple of hours and it was too entertaining and interesting to miss. I have one regret, other than the fact that I neglected to tell Dan Steffan that it was redundant to put "by the Chair" under the pieces I wrote under the title of "Ex Cathedra" for *The Desk Set Gazette*. I didn't veto the idea of pieing our guest of honor. The notion was intended to be in that fine old fannish tradition which reminds us that we should never take ourselves (or any "position" we might achieve) too seriously in the microcosm — but that abstract concept must vie with the concrete fact that we ruined one of Teresa's favorite blouses. That sort of thing is really not all that hard to foresee and I blame myself for not doing so, while accepting full responsibility for my failure.

Arnie Katz, degafiating a lustrum or so later, mistakenly gave Ted and yours undersigned credit for having started Corflu; that credit, of course, rightfully belongs to Allyn and BArea fans who worked with her.

But our Corflu was in many ways a turning point; it established that the convention would be a rotating national one, not just another regional. What we continued from the two previous Corflus became Corflu "traditions": picking our GoH from a hat; the Sunday banquet (GoH speech, election of the past president of fwa and the "bid" for the following Corflu) covered by membership fee and therefore attended by everyone; Corflu t-shirts, and at least one special publication; setting up space and providing all the supplies attending fans needed to pub their ish there, &c.

There were other areas where Corflu 3 proved to be pivotal. We felt Corflu should be more sensible and civilized than worldcons, which is to say each in turn should go to unanimously accepted unopposed bids — eliminating "bidding wars" so that all the fannish energy devoted to them could be focused on

putting on the convention. We'd not only done it that way but encouraged those who came after to get in line rather than oppose each other, and for the most part this process has proven itself.

I poured about \$2,000 of my own money (out of a \$10,000 "inheritance") into the banquet and other Corflu expenses, making it unnecessary to limit our budget to the money received from membership dues. This was not widely known. It was nice to be able to offer to pay Terry Carr's air fare so he could be our Toastmaster, even though Terry turned it down (that is, he acted as our Toastmaster,

but came to Corflu under his own steam), because he didn't want to see that kind of precedent set. The money went to other areas of our Corflu, e.g., "renting" a few Gestetners and Gestafaxes and enabling us to pay \$19+/plate for the banquet, thus ensuring that ours would at the very least be memorable. As I didn't bother to tell anyone about the advantage I had, I can't help but feel that this may have inspired subsequent Corflu chairpersons to acts of extreme improvisation in an attempt to measure up to the (whisper it) standard we had set.

Corflu 4 was the first of two editions of the convention which have the reputation of being rather "one-man" events, since Bill Bowers was the primary mover behind the convention, and had by far the highest profile in its record. Following the example set by the program at Corflu 3, the convention program was presented as being the 50th issue of Bill's fanzine Outworlds, and later appeared in that guise in three different formats: a printed fanzine/transcript, an audio tape of the program, and a video tape of the same events. These may well still be available, although I recall Bill making reference to their impending scarcity some time ago; perhaps he'll be at Corflu 10, and we might ask him.

Bill had pushed the convention later in the year than any previous Corflu had been held, in hopes of avoiding late-winter weather; but the weather did not cooperate, and



attendance was somewhat suppressed by a dreadful snowstorm which blanketed most of the Ohio river valley. But many hardy souls did make the trip across the river into Kentucky, and by all reports, had a smashing time all around. Much of their delight was reflected by the convention one-shot, Fanac by Gaslight. Some of the flavor of the weekend is captured in this excerpt from the one-shot, written by future Corflu co-chair Moshe Feder (who is such a fine writer that he really ought to bless us with his work more regularly).—AH

Corflu Four ("Cincinnati, Kentucky," April 3-5, 1987): Joel Zakem, GoH; Taral, Toastmaster; Gary Mattingly, Leah Zeldes Smith, Special Guests.

By Moshe Feder

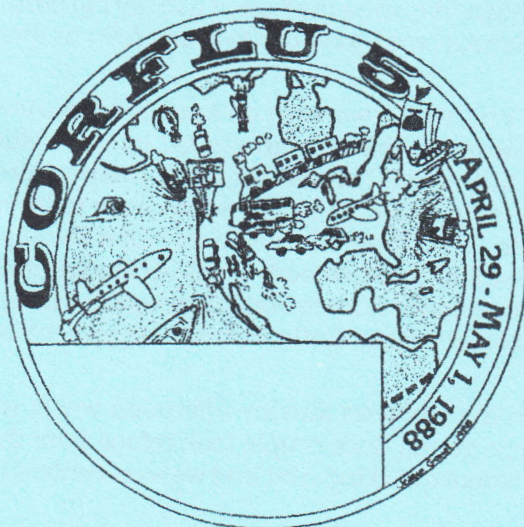
It's six p.m. Saturday early spring and I'm sitting on the 16th floor of a cylindrical building by a river calmly typing while Corflu continues all around me. How strange it is to feel comfortable at the keyboard rather than wanting to run frantically from place to place assuring myself that I'm not missing anything and I'm having a good time. Are the fans at a regular con engaging in fanac when they wander through the huckster room or the art show or attend the programming? I guess they are, in a way. Just as someone taking part in the social intercourse of a club meeting is doing fanac of a sort. But it's fanac that will only be recorded in memory (or minutes of the meeting) and leave no tangible residue. (Perhaps we should invent different words to signify tangible and intangible fanac? Feelac and do-ac? Tangac and Intangac? Ontoligac and... suggestions are solicited.) Here at Corflu, doing tangible, typewritten fanac while other people talk, type, play Bach, drink beer or tea or soda, or draw illos like the sterling Shiffman to the left there, feels completely normal and appropriate. In some way this difference, felt on the instinctive level, sums up the crucial way Corflu is different from other conventions (except perhaps if costume construction's done at CostumeCon, ironically enough). This is a convention of doers, and we are the program and audience at one and the same time, inextricably linked, incontinently communicative, defined as much by what we do (in fandom) as by what we are, and inextinguishably (though, as we age, perhaps more quietly) enthusiastic.



Corflu 5 saw the return of the convention to the west coast. For a while, some tension was caused by the fact that two groups wanted to hold the fifth convention — the Seattle fan, and a group in Texas. While an Austin or San Antonio Corflu remained an entertaining idea, the Texas bid eventually dropped out, clearing the way for the Seattle Convention. This was an important turn of events, for it established that even if there were two groups interested in running Corflu, there would be no openly divisive bidding process. And the Corflu that resulted was an event to remember (It also featured a facility with an exceedingly cheesy Mock-Tudor motif, as had the Claremont back in 1984. It reminded me of an old Firesign Theater touchstone, the "Tudor Nightmare Village," and has forever warped my impression of an appropriate Corflu venue).



1988 also saw the founding of what is sometimes called "Corflu's Nasfic," Ditto. Bob Webber and a handful of other Torontonians held a convention in the fall of 1988. This has been an entertaining and well-liked alternative to Corflu, or maybe a supplement to it, a chance to see fanzine fans more than once per year. Some people like it substantially more than Corflu, and won't miss it, wherever it is held. But it should fall to another writer to write that history.—AH



Corflu Five (Nendel's University Plaza, Seattle, WA, April 28-May 1, 1988): Gary Farber, GoH; Denys Howard, Toastmaster; Judith Hanna, Joseph Nicholas, and Stu Shiffman, Past Presidents of fwa.

By Jerry Kaufman

Corflu 5 happened in Seattle from April 29 to May 1 in 1988. It differed from other Corflus in several ways. (Every Corflu should differ from the others in some way, if not in every way.) It was the only Corflu, ever, to have a pre-selected guest of honor. It was the only Corflu to have a dance. (At least one other Corflu had music.) It had chocolate and home-brew parties. And, best of all, it was in Seattle.

It's hard for some of us to remember details; I have to look back at photos and convention publications to trigger memory. (If I had the right flavor of madeleine, I'm sure it would be easier.) Looking at the progress reports reminds me that we named them "5-Way Corflu" after the famous 5-way Chili we sampled at the previous year's Corflu in Cincinnati, Kentucky.

I remember doing a can-can in the steady drizzle with two or three others, while just inside the glass wall, in the Fanzine Display room, people tried to concentrate on a one-shot. Was it Friday evening or Saturday morning? Couldn't have been any other time on Saturday, since I was in the room where programming ran, with what I recall as heavy participation from the audience, especially our politically inclined panels.

I remember the banquet: Denys Howard, our toastmaster, introduced Guest of Honor Gary Farber, who used graphs and charts to trace the family tree of fandom. Stu Shiffman left after lunch, only to reappear later during the auction because his flight had been canceled. This was only part of the reason that Sunday night seemed so giddy.

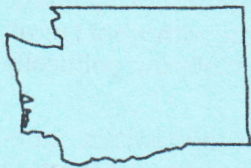
The Con Suite was full of people, all of them writing messages to Sarah Prince on the white paper silhouette she sent in her stead, which we'd taped up on a wall. Most people were able to attend in their own stead, including people from Britain, Canada, and all over the United States. They got to eat Jane Hawkins' con suite food, including her fudge and all sorts of chocolate cakes and desserts. It was Jane's home-brew, too, with labels produced by Vonda N. McIntyre identifying the bottles as Corflu Beer from the Pinball Brewery.

I remember the wonderful art we had from Jeanne Gomoll for official membership badges and the tee-shirts. (Jane and Norah Hogoboom learned about the problems with do-it-yourself silk-screen printings, but managed to do a very good job.) And Taral, Edd Vick, Stu Shiffman, Craig Smith and others did memorable art work for our progress reports, restaurant guide, bookstore guide and program book.

I remember the intricate problems of reprinting *The Incomplete Terry Carr* from aged stencils, saved by Gary Farber. Nearly all worked without tearing or disintegrating. However, once I was finished, I

found that one article had been left without its ending in the original edition, and I had to work up an errata sheet. And producing *The Portable Carl Brandon* had its problems, too, like the potential artist contributor who never returned the stencils or artwork for one piece.

I remember working with some very fine people on the committee: Suzle, Jane Hawkins, Janice Murray, Kate Schaefer, Anna Vargo, Edd Vick. Shelly Dutton Berry and Steve Berry turned up at some point, and took the one-shot in hand, producing something that was part one-shot, part post-con summation, and all fun. It reminded me of the con itself.



By Suzle Tompkins

It wasn't as hard for me to remember details: as well as sharing most of Jerry's, my strongest memory is the U-Plaza Hotel lobby, where I spent a great deal of my time. Serving in my usual role as Hotel Liaison, I was glued to the lobby for most of Friday — greeting the early arrivals; working with hotel staff; attempting to keep the weirder items fans bring to their rooms from rolling past the registration desk instead of going up in the elevator from the underground parking; dealing with problems, big and small; acting as what appeared to be the only source of communication between hotel departments (conversation between me and the Asst. Catering Manager on Saturday, "Did you know your Janitor quit on Thursday?" "What!?!"); and, of course, having that wee little nervous breakdown, meeting planners have right at the beginning of a conference worrying not only about what could go wrong that we *have* foreseen, but what will most likely go wrong that *no one* could have foreseen.

It's relaxing to be in the lobby nonetheless. The most pleasant part of being a hotel liaison at Corflu was lobby duty on the first day; it's rather like being the host at a really big party. There, I saw almost everyone arrive and, on Sunday, said good-bye to many folks as they left.

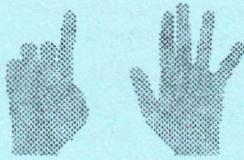
And the rain! It poured for three days straight, and, well, it was after all April, but just a few days earlier it was gorgeous. Mt. Rainier glistened in the sun surrounded by clear blue skies... (oops, that's my Specific Northwest shtick; sorry). I remember being disappointed that friends who came to Corflu who'd never been to Seattle before would have to leave without seeing a single snow-capped mountain. Sigh. Those who could stay for a few days were able to see hazy mountains at least when we took three carloads of folks (including fans from Britain, MPLSTPL, New York and Michigan) on the ferry to Port Townsend to wander about and visit Ft. Worden Park. That didn't take place at our Corflu, but did happen because of it.

Back at the con — my favorite memory was the lobby on Sunday afternoon where we watched as, outside in the covered entryway, a young duck couple took refuge from the driving rain. They seemed content to wander about quacking a bit and we were content to watch them for a while.

Corflu 6 brought the convention back to the Midwest, to another fabulous Tudor Nightmare Village. As of this writing, Minneapolis featured the highest full-time attendance of any Corflu held so far.

The Minneapolis Corflu also featured a notable first; noted British fan-writer and degenerate, Chuch Harris was imported, along with his parole-officer, to attend the convention. A special fanzine reprinting his writings was published in his honor, and both it and numerous other goodies were sold to defray the cost of his attendance. This established the precedent of trying to gain income outside of memberships, and without recourse to the use of anyone's family fortune.

As we all know, Minneapolis Fans are dismissive of the past, and prefer to live in the present rather than dwell on bygone glories or engage in egregious nostalgia. It should hardly be surprising, therefore, that the members of the Corflu 6 committee were too busy with contemporary, sercon concerns to contribute to our little memory book. Fortunately, we have here an excerpt from Geri Sullivan's unpublished article on Corflu 6, submitted for publication in the Corflu 7 fanzine, sure to be published Real Soon Now.) —AH



By Geri Sullivan

I don't often take my cameras to conventions these days. I've discovered I can either enjoy a convention, or enjoy photographing it, but not both. I prefer attending to recording. But I wanted photos of Corflu 6. With fanzine fans coming from across the U.S., Canada, Great Britain, Norway, New Zealand, and Australia, I knew this was my best shot at getting pictures of people I'm not likely to see again for a while. So I bought several rolls of film and carried my camera everywhere, beginning with the trip to the Hubert H. Humphrey airport terminal on Thursday afternoon. I was there to meet Chuck and Sue Harris, brought to Corflu by a special fund.

If you're wondering who Chuck Harris is, it's time for a little trip in the Wayback Machine. We'll set the dials for the early 1950s, where we find Chuck serving as one of the Wheels of IF (Irish Fandom), co-editor of *Hyphen* with Walt Willis, and one of the founders of TAFF. Chuck? He's just this guy, y'know. But he never expected to see America. Being deaf, he'd declined to stand for TAFF several times over, figuring that *anyone* made a better candidate than he. Communicating in print works just fine, but in person, difficulties arise. At Conspiracy, the worldcon in Brighton, a microcomputer and the speed typing of Teresa Nielsen Hayden enabled Chuck to participate in his first convention panel, nearly 40 years after he became a fan.

Well, if he could be on a convention panel, he could certainly visit America, right? Broad Fannish support quickly raised the necessary funds. Well, broad support quickly raised the necessary funds. Well, broad support and perhaps a small amount of fannish lust and greed — fanzines and other fantrinkities donated by the likes of Walt Willis and Vince Clarke brought hundreds of dollars at auctions. ...Eighteen months after the effort began, there I was, waiting for Chuck and Sue to clear U.S. Customs, my nose pressed against the glass, camera in hand.

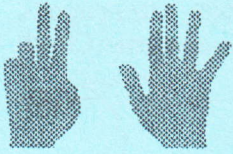
Corflu Six (The Normandy Inn, April 28-30, 1989, Minneapolis, Minnesota): Stu Shiffman, GoH; Jeanne Gomoll, Toastmaster; Chuch and Sue Harris, Special Guests.



And yes, I have a photograph to prove it. ...I took most of the remaining shots on that first roll at the pre-con party. Art Widner, Don Fitch, David Singer, and Diane Goldman were all in early from California. Dolly and Alexis Gilliland and Jim and Kathryn Young were here from Washington D.C., while Anna Vargo may have been the first of the Washington State fans to arrive. New York fans Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg (and hosts of next year's Corflu) were also on hand, as were a couple dozen more people, including a few locals: Ken Fletcher, Ruth Berman, Luke McGuff, Garth Danielson, and others.

...Just after noon on Friday, a grey Cadillac stretch limousine pulled up in front of Toad Hall. Chuck and company were a trifle surprised — my note on the computer screen *had* said, "Mr. Harris, sir, your limousine awaits you" but Chuck, Sue, Rob, and Avedon thought I was exercising the usual fannish prerogative of using hyperbole for its entertainment value.

...Throwing a weekend-long party for a hundred people does take some effort and organization, but the real credit for the convention goes to everyone who attended. We followed Susan Ryan's advice, which Fred printed at the front of the program book: "How do I throw such good parties? I just invite all the interesting people I know, make sure they don't run out of munchies, and stand back!" Susan's advice proved true, and all too soon, it was Sunday night. OK, so I'm leaving out a bit, like all of Saturday, the banquet Sunday, Jeanne Gomoll's phenomenal speech as the convention's toastmaster, the honors bestowed on Stu Shiffman who was selected as Corflu's guest of honor in the traditional "pull a name from the hat" method of guest selection, and the \$2,400 + raised at auction for a variety of fannish causes. Keep reading fanzines, and you'll soon know hundreds of other details not included in this report. Like who's sleeping with who these days...



Corflu 7 was representative of many facets of New York, including the contentious nature of its fandom. There was a lot of confusion about what was supposed to happen, and when and who was supposed to be in charge of it, but it didn't matter. By this time, the opportunity to see treasured friends and acquaintances who were not usually reached save through the mail was all the attendees required to consider it a superlative weekend. And the restaurants! Ted White managed to eat in restaurants of a nationalities whose cuisine I had never even heard of before, all three nights of the convention. And that banquet! Beyond description. Times Square! The Subways! The Museum of Natural History! The Algonquin Hotel! And Shea Stadium! (For the record, the Mets won both ends of the double header on home runs by outfielder Kevin McReynolds. You could look it up.)—AH



Corflu Seven (Roosevelt Hotel, May 4-6, New York City): Barnaby Rapoport, GoH; Joseph Nicholas, Toastmaster.

By Vijay Bowen

*Something that's fannish, just slightly clannish
Something for fanzine fans, it's Corflu in New York.*

*Something relaxing, nothing too taxing
Something for fanzine fans, it's Corflu in New York.*

*No hucksters here, no costume guns,
Bring on the gossip, one-shots and puns.
Old fans and tired, new fans and wired
Some getting "sercon" out of sight,
Banqueting tomorrow, partying tonight....*

Welcoming remarks by the chairteam and committee (please applaud when the reluctant committee finishes what I [Moshe] am making them do at this point), introduction of our MC/Toastmaster, Joseph Nicholas, and of our randomly chosen Guest of honor.

It would fall to me to write up memories of Corflu 7, wouldn't it? Particularly as I've spent the past eight months with my papers in an increasing amount of chaos, and my sense of time-binding has completely fled. (That's why I'm forever writing in my journals—I'm incapable of keeping linear track of the universe.)

Corflu 7 was Moshe and Lise's brainchild, and primarily a Fanoclads production, with a number of other local fanzine fans aiding and abetting us. We had a few organizational meetings, either at Fanoclads or in conference rooms at Doubleday ("You have lips!" was a remark made to Moshe at one of them, which I duly wrote down in my notes); the most memorable meeting, however, would have to be the impromptu one held in the elevator of Lise's apartment building, where a number of us (Lise and Moshe included) were stuck for over an hour on our way to Fanoclads.

*Good conversations, Grand Central Station,
Something for fanzine fans, it's Corflu in New York.*

*Something obsessive, passive aggressive,
Typical Fanzine fans, it's Corflu in New York....*

But we muddled through. According to my journal, official titles/responsibilities were: Lise and Moshe — Co-Chairs; Ruth Sachter — Registration; Lee Orlando — Hotel Liaison; Mark Richards — Fanzine sales and Auction; Vijay — Con Suite. Of course, this didn't really work out that way in reality: With the exceptions of Ruth and Lee, everyone was involved in everything, from decisions on supplies (I was ruthlessly overruled in my desire for nothing but dark beer and stout in the consuite, and there were heated discussions of types of lox and black bean dip) to programming....

The program was fun, I thought—after we'd made it past the opening ritual; despite the cleverness of Moshe's song, singing a cappella, after scanty rehearsals, before an audience of my peers ranks rather low on my list of favorite activities. On the other hand, once you've embarrassed yourself completely at the beginning of the convention, you can sit back and relax, serene in the knowledge that your image has been completely shot. Perhaps more conventions should adopt the custom. On the other hand, a convention chairman with a whistle to herd the fans hither and yon is more than one should be asked to endure.

*I'm your Cousin Moshe, and I welcome you to
Corflu Holiday Camp!*

*The camp with a difference — never mind the
weather:*

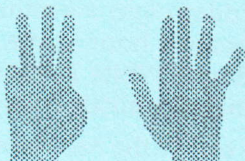
when you come to Corflu, the fanac is forever!...

As the primary host of the con suite, I missed much of the programming, being preoccupied with hacking bagels to death, putting out more supplies, and straightening things up. I did get to see Mike Gunderloy tell us what else was out there in micro-press publishing; he pulled the top inch or two of the zines from the *Factsheet Five* review pile and described them briefly. "People are weird," say my notes; PEZ fandom, indeed. I missed the showing of the videotaped interview with Harry Warner Jr. — and despite all plans, I have yet to see it, though I understand that it was fascinating, both because of it's content and because of the sight of a roomful of fans watching television.

The banquet on Sunday was, I think, the absolute highlight of the convention. A short

walk away from the hotel (with assorted out-of-towners gawking as they watched natives blithely step out into traffic, jaywalking with typical NYC recklessness), then chaotic settling into tables at Sichuan Pavilion, before indulging in some very good food and strange gossip...and of course, such things as the choice of site for Corflu 8, elections of past presidents of fwa, and an excellent Guest of Honor speech from Barnaby....

Little things linger in my memories: falling out of the narrow tilted bed while napping, and wondering how any normal-sized person could stay in one; trouble with the locks on the room doors; hearing snippets of conversation out of context; hearing about the expedition to see a baseball game (led by Andy Hooper). And, of course, Moshe's *Real Soon Now* project, which I believe is still languishing in a box somewhere in his home. Nudge him about it here; perhaps it will be done in time for Corflu 12....



Exactly how Richard Brandt came to host the eighth Corflu is something of a mystery. Los Angeles announced their intention to host it first, maybe even as early as Corflu Six. And they had a vast group of fans to draw on for help in mounting the convention. But there was also some opposition to their bid, derived from personality conflicts that had grown out of other noted fan-wranglers of the recent past. Sensing the way the wind was blowing, Los Angeles graciously stepped aside, opening the way for Richard to hold a party for fifty of his best friends in the West Texas desert.

Los Angeles was subsequently awarded the ninth Corflu, not least because of the graceful way in which they had handled the opposition to their first attempt. And Richard brought the convention to its ultimate distillation; aside from a trivia game, the banquet, and a softball game held in a nearby parochial school playground (which ended when Bill Bodden took a pitch by yours truly into the extreme distance for grand slam homerun), there was absolutely no official programming at Corflu Ocho. Which, at the time, seemed like a blessing; it left more time to gobble up the tacos, tamales, chile con carne and many other Tex-Mex delights provided by Richard and Michelle.—AH



Corflu Ocho (Embassy Suites hotel, El Paso Texas, May 3-5, 1991):
Dick Smith, GoH; Lucy Huntzinger, La Tostada.

By Richard Brandt

I'm not sure if Michelle and I are the right people to ask for memories of Corflu Ocho (Embassy Suites Hotel, El Paso, TX, Cinco de Mayo weekend of 1991). We were too busy to notice much of what was going on. However, there are some things we can look back on with a small measure of satisfaction. While attendance was limited to a select few, we succeeded in enticing some who had never attended a Corflu before, notably Jack Speer and Roy Tackett, and such dyed-in-the-wool Texans as Linda Blanchard and Dave Bridges.

I managed to have on hand an old F.A.C.T. Gestetner and the last tube of ink in El Paso, which gave birth to that rarest of wonders, the mimeoed Corflu one-shot, with Speer, et al, typing onto stencil. The spread in the con suite was sufficiently lavish to intimidate even Don Fitch (bless his heart). The hotel's atrium design lent itself to grand gestures such as Moshe Feder leaning from a balcony like Mussolini to announce a successful book club negotiation; I'm sure the complimentary breakfast and cocktails were appreciated, too. The softball game came off better than we could have imagined (except for that line drive to Widner's knee), as did the 1987 Fanthology — both were Andy Hooper's suggestions, although I'm not sure why I never conceived of the latter as a Corflu project, since I'd often toyed with the idea.

Our visitors took advantage of El Paso's attractions — as I recall, Hooper and entourage took in a Diablos (baseball) game, Bill Bodden went bird-watching in the desert outreaches, Bob Webber and Sarah Prince dined at a dude ranch outside of town, and Amy Thomson bought a pair of bright red cowboy boots to match her cowgirl outfit. And plenty crossed the Rio Grande into Juarez, Mexico — including the thirty or so we dragged over to Chihuahua Charlies for Sunday night dinner, Barnaby Rapoport was generous enough to donate his day-glow orange GoH hat for our memorabilia display — although this was in turn dwarfed by the majestic sombrero we foisted off on Dick Smith, our own GoH. Dick and Lucy Huntzinger, "La Tostada," gave nice speeches, too. I'm sure someday we'll look back on it and laugh....



By Michelle Lyons

I had only been to four conventions before Corflu Ocho; at two of those, I spent most of the time in our hotel room (I can be shy at times...). Richard had been hinting under his breath for some time about us getting Corflu Ocho. I assumed there would be these people around to help...you know, the ones hiding in the woodwork that come out only to help at conventions. Towards the beginning I asked Richard who was going to help out.

"We're it, babe," he replied.

Oh no! Well, I like having more say-so anyway.

So, realizing we would be having a convention in El Paso, I spent my next two cons studying the con suite. I wanted the con suite to be impressive, but admittedly I overdid it.

I worked until four Friday afternoon, then took two-and-a-half hours loading supplies for the con suite. I arrived at the hotel to have a swarm of people descend upon me seeking food and drink. My savior, Jerry Kaufman, was a great help in getting everything set up.

While this was going on, I was meeting most of the Corfluvians for the first time. I knew some as names in fanzines, or from their letters agreeing to be in the Fanthology. At other cons, no one really went out of their way to find out who you were or include you in their group. I got the best feeling at this (and subsequent Corflus) that people were interested in knowing who the hell you were (and what's the name of your zine?).

My favorite recollections include meeting Art Widner, even if, among all the Kahlua and tequila and vodka and Genuine Juarez Bourbon on hand, there was no scotch. I felt frightfully neo. Sitting at the minibar was a man with a regal sense about him who would occasionally ask me a few questions. It turned out this was Andy Hooper. Andy has since become one of my favorite people, even if he did think Richard had hired me to play hostess, cook, and sit on his lap once in a while. (I have an Andy Hooper icon on my computer.)

Friday night a woman who thought I looked frazzled handed me a giant glass of quadruple White Russian. That's the last I remember about Friday night.

I awoke the next morning with my cowboy boots on the floor, and my head hanging over the edge of the bed, with the rest of me, mostly, on it. My head felt like an anvil on which a drummer was beating out the solo to "In-a-gadda-da-Vida."

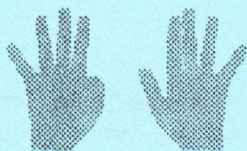
But, the show must go on.

I had a great time setting up the Mexican theme for the banquet, including the Guest-of-Honor sombrero (hand-embroidered by yours truly).

Last of all, Don Fitch handed me a parting gift of an overabundance of nuts from California. How appropriate.



ATom



Corflu 9 was, if possible, even more laid back than Corflu Ocho. There was no program at all; such events as did occur seemed clustered around the dinner hours, and thus didn't draw as many fans as they might have. For this reason, the auction, by now a major source of income for both the convention and the major fan funds, did not raise as much money as might be hoped. But as relaxicons go, it was superb. Even the presence of a large group of costume enthusiasts, actually invited by the committee to save money on the facilities, could do nothing to damage the overall tone of bonhomie. And Mike Glycer and Marty Cantor published their vision of a *Fanthology*, thus establishing the current vogue for presenting four-year-old reprint collections at Corflu.

By the way, I'd like to point out that the frequent appearance of my name in these memoirs should not be taken as an indication of my actual significance in the events. Having commissioned these commentaries, it is natural that I might be on the author's minds.

And leave it to Mike to start out a Corflu report with mention of a feud!—AH

Corflu Nine (The Cockatoo Inn, Hawthorn, California, February 28-March 1, 1992): Linda Bushyager, GoH; Robert Lichtman, Past President, fwa.

By Mike Glycer

Corflu 9 ran from February 28 through March 1, 1992 — preceding the Rodney King riots by a good month, at least... That weekend, the only smoky pall seen by visitors was inside the LASFS clubhouse where Leah Zeldes, Dick Smith, George Flynn, Dick and Nicki Lynch arrived in time to hear the club bitterly debate a ban on smoking during meetings.

Baseball numerology supplies Corflu 9's theme, the sport having acquired fannish cachet through the writings of Harry Warner and Andy Hooper. Progress reports and the convention one-shot, *Seventh Inning Stretch*, all drew on it.

Even if it had only been Corflu 8, fans could just as readily have devised a theme from the numerology of Henry the VIII: just ask the ones who renamed the con hotel — the Cockatoo Inn — "The Tudor Nightmare Village." The Cockatoo's country manor facade recalled California architecture of the 1920's, known for its hodgepodge of historical styles.

In that spirit of anachronism, Corflu 9 shared the Cockatoo Inn with the Friends of the English Regency, largely another group of SF fans who like to do early-19th-century dances in period costume. Several members passed freely between the two, including Bruce Pelz, who presided over Corflu's Saturday evening activities dressed in knee breeches and silk stockings.

On Saturday afternoon Bruce threw SCIFI coins, redeemable for 25¢-worth of merchandise, to those who correctly answered a slate of fanzine trivia questions. Leah Zeldes, in Stet 5 recalled griping that all the questions focused on 1950s fanac. "'Why,' I said to Pat Mueller, 'don't they ever ask questions from the 70s? 'Who were the Suburban Femmefen?' Or, 'Who published Ay, Chingar!'" Questions I could answer." Arnie Katz, in Folly 14, thought differently when he took it as a written quiz. "Without competition from a room full of trivial pursuers, I got 38 out of 90. I was disappointed by my showing until I realized that, in terms of Corflu 9's baseball theme, I hadn't done

badly. A .422 batting average is worth about \$8 million a year in the majors these days."

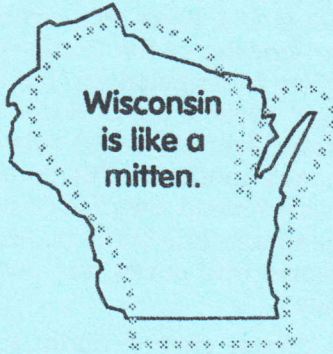
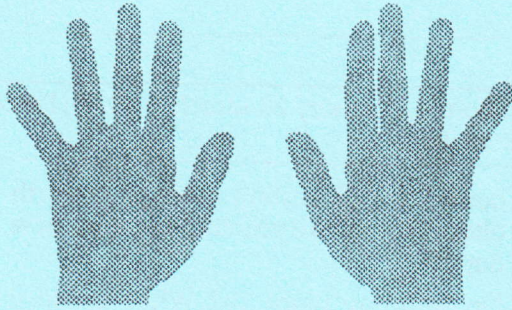
On Saturday night Ted White presided over Robert Lichtman's election as past president of fwa. Bruce Pelz supervised a random drawing of the Corflu guest of honor from a computerized "hat." Linda Bushyager became the GoH and gave a remarkable fannish-revival-style speech at Sunday's luncheon. Bill Rotsler, the dishwasher's friend, sketched cartoons all over the saucers and butter plates, which disappeared into purses and pockets as souvenirs.

Robbie Cantor chaired Corflu 9. Marty Cantor handled publications. Elayne Pelz booked the facilities. Bruce Pelz arranged for members to receive the newly-reprinted *Memoirs of a Superfluous Fan*, by T. Bruce Yerke. Mike Glycer and Marty Cantor edited *Fanthology '88*, debuting at the con.

But it was King of the Con Suite, Don Fitch, who won praise for carting in an entire Trader Joe's worth of gourmet snacks and drinks. Don tirelessly served and cleaned for days, even on the last night of the con. Wrote Geri Sullivan in *Idea 5*:

The primary source of entertainment came from making sure Don Fitch spent what remained of the night partying rather than working. If the man had told us where the rope was, we would have tied him to a chair. ... We did pretty well sans rope. As the night progressed, more fans took on spotting duty, bringing it to my befuddled attention whenever the ever-wily Don escaped sight, usually to be found packing supplies, sorting garbage or straightening pictures on the hotel room walls.

While Stu Shiffman concluded: "The LA Corflu missed having the essential structure to distinguish it from any other relaxicon." A similar opinion didn't prevent George Flynn from admitting, "I should get around to mentioning that I had a great time — it came close to my platonic ideal of a con."

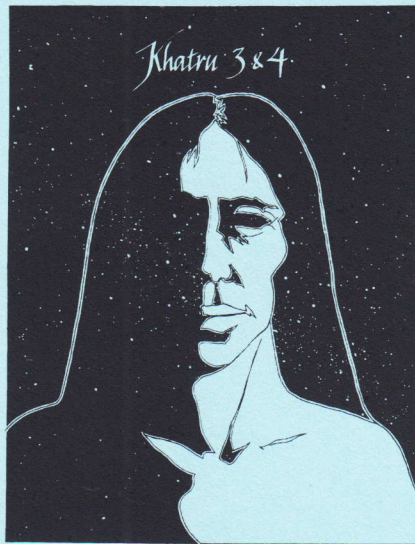


Corflu Ten: (The Inn on the Park, Madison, Wisconsin, May 25-27, 1993): David Hartwell, Toastmaster; Bob Tucker, Special Guest; and as Guest of Honor — maybe you?

By Andy Hooper

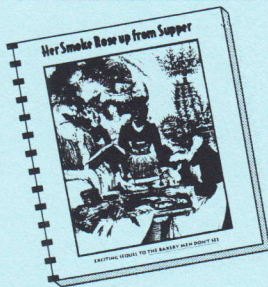
Well, we're going to do everything we can to come close to our own Platonic ideal of a con over the course of this weekend. What's your interpretation of Corflu history? There's no question that it could be more "accurate" or "factual" than that of myself or the above contributors. And we have fallen far short of capturing the full weight of passion which many people feel about Corflu, and its place as a bastion against the facelessness, rootlessness, and foolishness of modern corporate fandom. In answer to those facts, I would call on every fan writer attending this convention to write their own version of Corflu's history, and the way in which it has intertwined with their own. Whether we love Corflu, or condemn it as an invitational party for a snobbish clique of timebinding elitists, it has assumed a pivotal role in the way we define ourselves as fanzine fans. Writing fanzines and reading them has inspired us to create Corflu, and creating and attending Corflu has in turn inspired us to read and write fanzines. With that kind of cyclical reasoning, who knows what apotheosis of self-referentiality we might eventually achieve.





Khatru 3/4
the reprint

All proceeds will be donated to Corflu. Extra copies will be available while supplies last. Cost: \$12.00 per copy. Make checks out and mail to SF³, PO Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624.



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Fanthology 1989

Edited by Andy Hooper

Including an excerpt from "The Enchantment," by Walt Willis; "A Tangle of Fandom," by Jeanne Gomoll; "Several Days in May," by Dave Langford; "The Marlboro Man Scratches his Balls," by Algernon D'Amassa; "Attack of the 50-Foot Dish Queen," by Candi Strecker; and many more.

Send \$7.00 plus \$1.00 postage to Andy Hooper, 4228 Francis Ave., N., #103, Seattle, WA 98103. All proceeds benefit Corflu.

ATom

The T-Shirt

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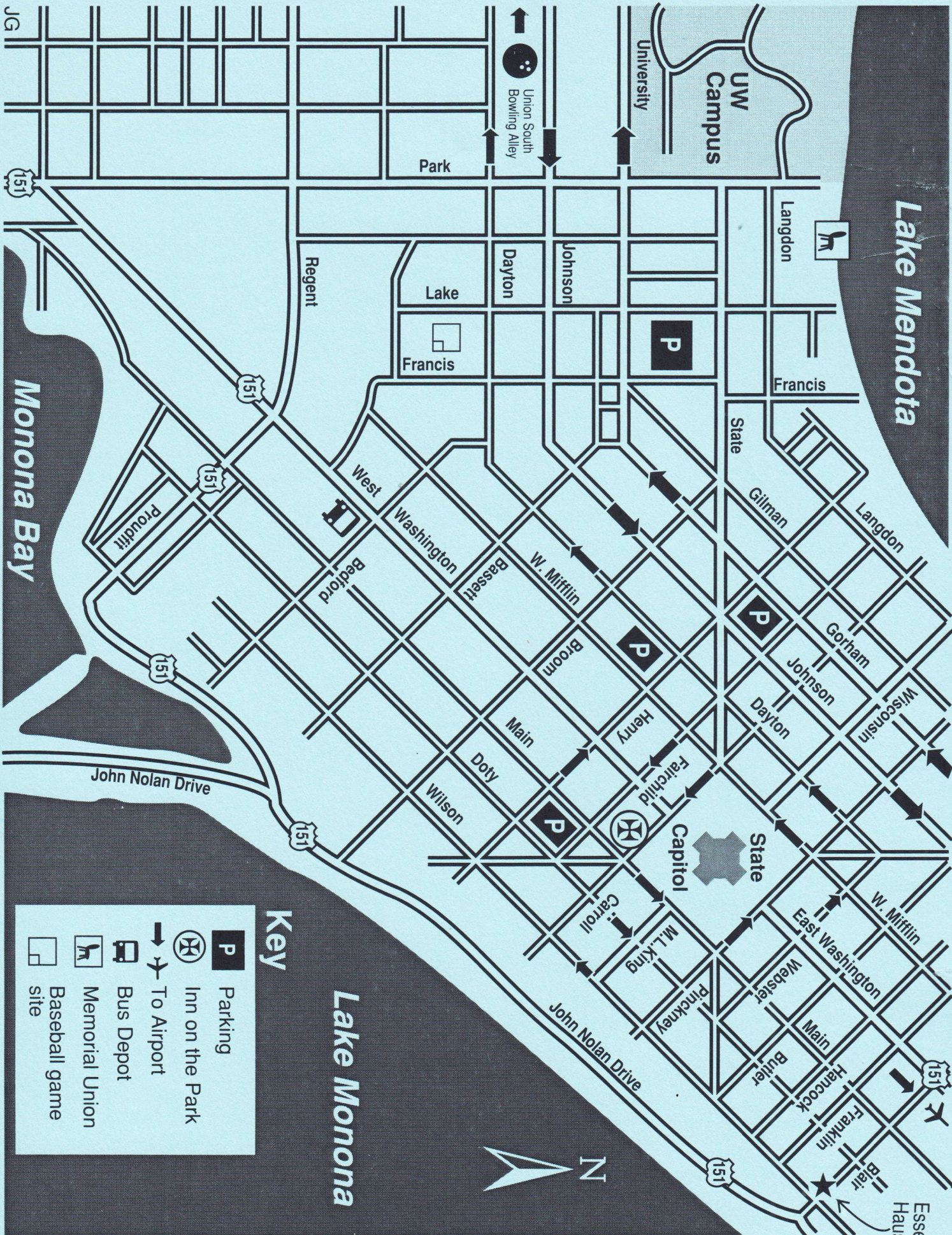


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