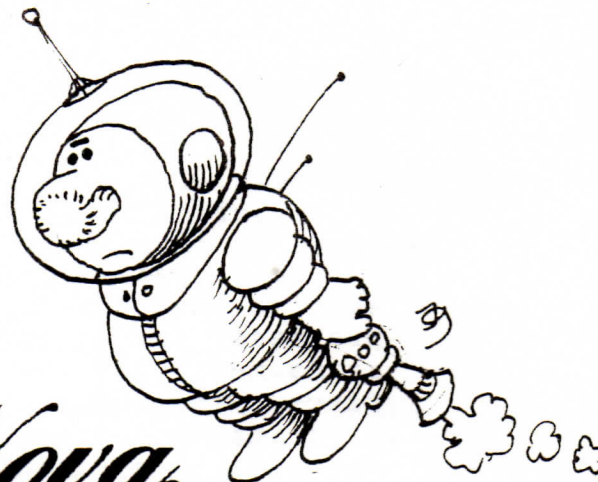
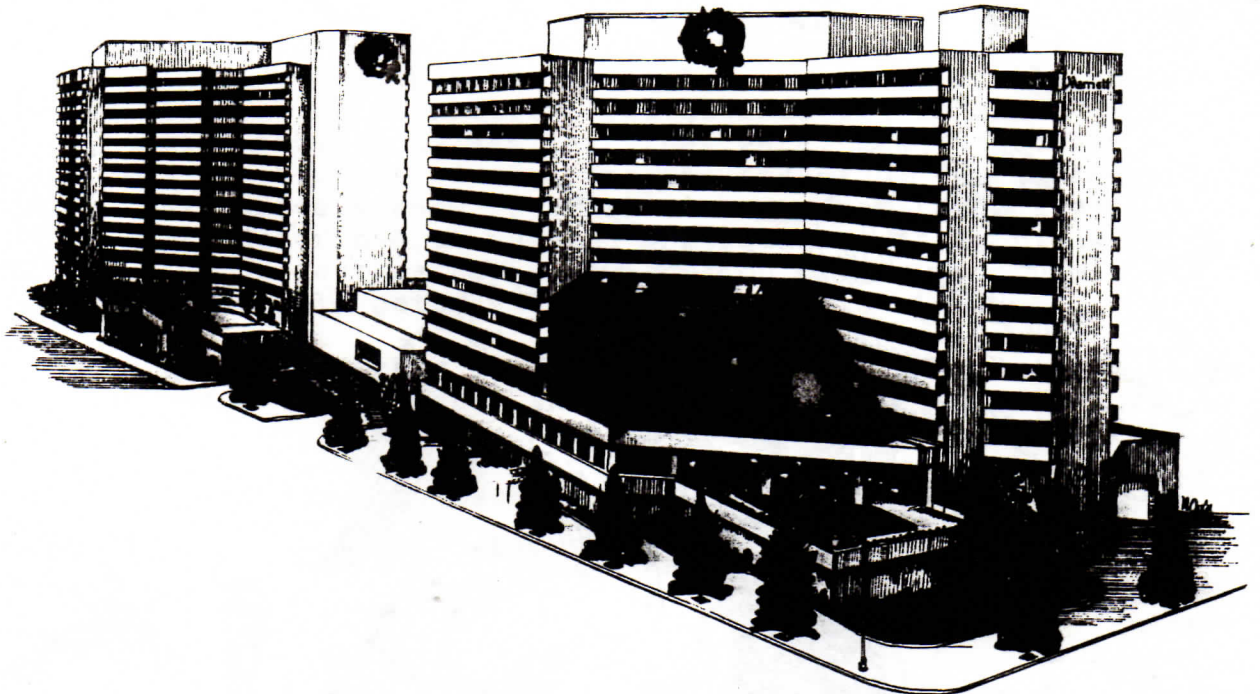


*Coylu Nova,
the
Progress Report*



The Corflu Nova
Progress Report

Well, yes, this is a progress report, sort of, but it also seems to have the aspect of a fanzine. After all, what sort of "progress" are we talking about? Last April we made the hotel arrangements for the weekend of May 21, 1994, which remain in effect. The hotel sales staff changed a bit--on December 1st, our point of contact, Tim Bailey, was replaced by Jana Drummond--who sent us a letter. Later we got a Christmas card that was signed by two other people. A nice card, it was too, showing a line drawing of the hotel decorated for the season, which we have reproduced for your edification and amusement.



The other stuff you might need to know is geographical, as in: "Where is it, and how do you get there?" To accomodate the inquiring minds that want to know, maps have been provided, one of the local area, one of Crystal City, and one of the subway, aka Metro, showing how travel to points of local interest such as Congress and the Zoo.

An opportunity presents itself to make an announcement about the con suite. My plan had been to ~~stick~~ have Ms Lee Uba with ~~the-dirty-work~~ do the honors, but this chore detail will now be taken care of by Mrs Lee Gilliland. If I were to claim that we got married to ensure the smooth running of Corflu's consuite,

~~she-would-hit-me~~ I would be less than candid. Nevertheless, it remains progress of a sort, in whatever direction it may have been made.

A more conventional sort of progress report is that of our membership as of 1/11/94, which stands at 42 attending, 7 supporting. I also asked Ted White and Dan Steffan to consider what might usefully be done. Here is Ted's report.

PROGRAMMING AT CORFLU NOVA

Dan Steffan and I got together to discuss our forthcoming program for Corflu Nova, and the first thing we did was to agree that what we wanted was something that would knock everyone out - something eye-popping jaw-dropping memorable!

"Well, what sort of memorable program, then?" asked Dan, he being a stickler for details.

"Let's start with the masquerade," I said. "My thinking is: DiamondVision! A big screen that shows the costumers close up, so you can catch all the details, like is that held up with velcro or crazy glue?"

"We'll have live music, of course," Dan said.

"An orchestra," I agreed. "None of this business with two people on Casio keyboards plus a drum machine. We want strings, brass, woodwinds -- "

"Sections of strings, brass, and woodwinds! With Mitislav Rostropovitch to direct?"

"Good old Slava? Yeah! And when we have a winner, somebody to sing: "Here She Is, Miss Corflu Nova" as she sashays down the runway!"

"Frank Sinatra?" asked Dan.

"Too old. How about Tony Bennet?"

"Great," he said. "Unh, Ted, we may have a problem?"

"No problem. I gave Tony a good review once."

"No, no. What if the winner is not a woman?" Dan has an intuitive grasp of nuance which I have always envied.

"Well," I said judiciously, turning the problem over in my mind, "Suppose we have two sets of lyrics so that if a man wins, it'll be: "Here He is, Mister Corflu Nova?"

"Placing the accents could be tricky," said Dan, rubbing his chin. "But it can be made to scan -- I like it!"

When you're hot, you're hot and now inspiration flowed over me like syrup on a stack of pancakes. "Ye-es! And for the Faan Awards Presentation, let's get Harlan -- you know how he loves to work the Award Shows -- and for toastmaster, Anthony Burgess?"

"Uh, Ted, Anthony Burgess just died," Dan looked pensive.

"If we're going to use a dead toastmaster, how about Terry Carr?"

"No, no. This is for a food function, after all. We need somebody alive. What about Stanislaw Lem?"

"How alive is Lem?" asked Dan, making a cryptic note on his arm. "What about Andy Porter?"

"I don't know if we could get Andy," I replied. "Which brings us to the socko finale at the banquet. Any ideas besides the food fight?"

Dan grinned. "You betchum, Red Ryder! How about, at the

Banquet, we have the Guest of Honor leap out of a giant hat. Get it? The name is drawn from a hat, see, and "

"I get it," I replied, cutting him off before he could get into his nudge, nudge, wink, wink, Know wot I mean? Know wot I mean routine. Dan's grasp of nuance is sometimes excruciating. "But where will we get the giant hat?"

"We'll rent it," replied Dan confidently. "Yesterday's Wall Street Journal reported that Stetson did a hostile takeover on DiamondVision, so it'll be one stop shopping!"

As you can see, we have the program Well Under Control, and are churning our brains day and night to provide great ideas. Think memorable, says Dan. No, says I, think Corflu Nova!

* * * * *

The department of anticlimax has to report that Maestro Rostropovitch has not returned our calls. However, in the Gilliland attic, left over from the 1978 Disclave, I recently found some scripts for my play "Star Wars Roots" a few of which were handed around to the committee for vetting. In the absence of strenuous objections, it would seem that putting SWR on as a radio play, with the actors reading from the scripts, ought to be doable. In '78 SWR came in at just under an hour, and was enthusiastically received, although it was a lot of work doing it as a stage production. Running less than 60 minutes means that there would be time on the program for another play, should someone be so minded.

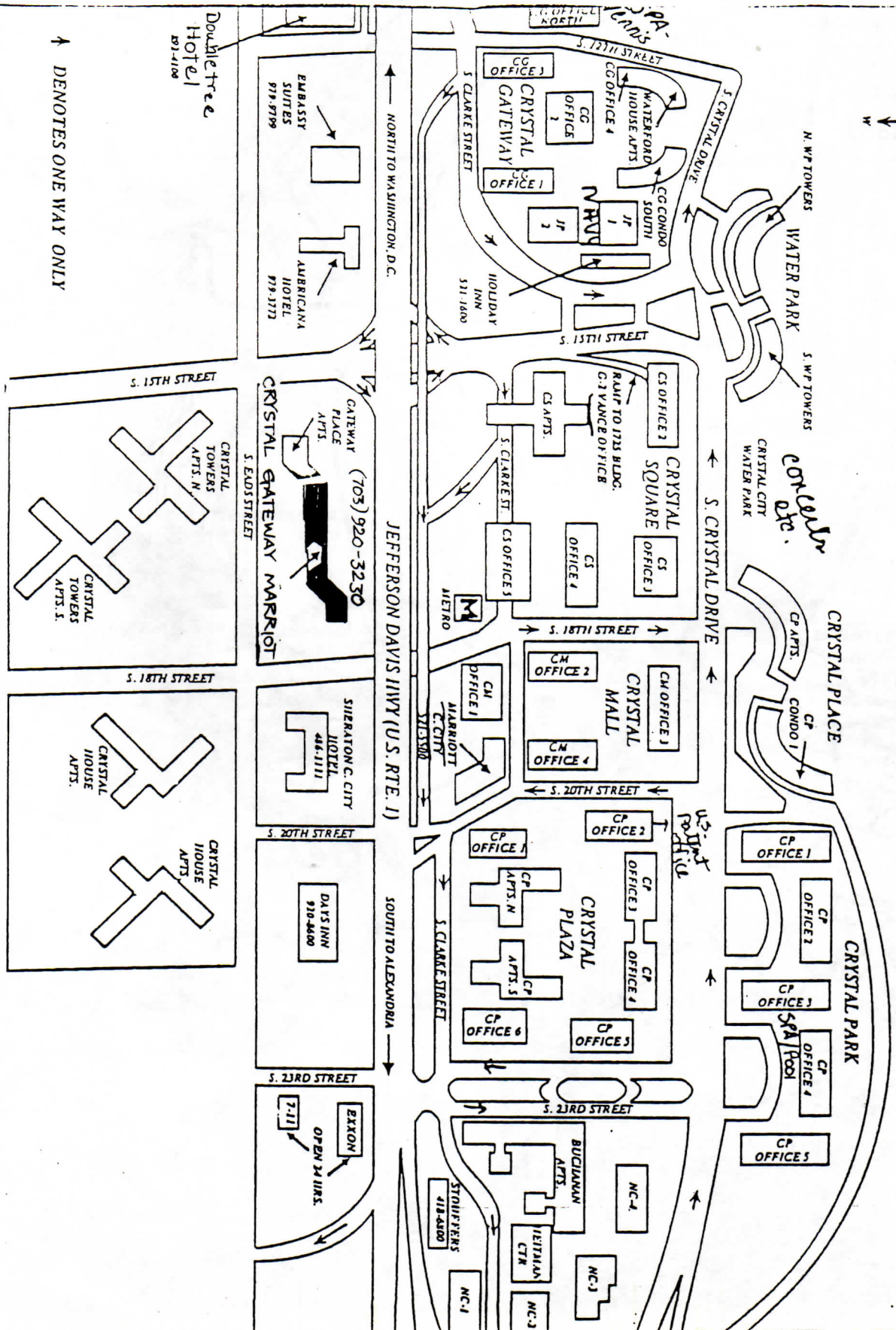
Live fanzines, alas, suffer from the constraints imposed by any theatrical event. After about three and a half hours, an audience will hardly stay put for a championship football game (Why does Andy Warhol's movie, "Empire State Building" come to mind at this point? ESB was a 12-hour film shot from a static camera pointed at, you guessed it, the Empire State Building. Ah, well. Like Anthony Burgess and Terry Carr, Andy Warhol is dead, and like them, he will be remembered for the works of art which he created. Unlike a true fanzine, it is impossible to peruse the live fanzine at your leisure, it is an event which must be experienced and remembered without the assistance of the printed page. Which means that the warmth and fuzziness so characteristic of fanzines don't translate well in a dramatic milieu. It could well be a case of the medium beating up on the message.

In one sense, of course, masquerade shows have become a species of live fanzine; a series of short blackouts into which the "authors" have put a commendable amount of effort. The arts and crafts involved are design and sewing rather than writing and publishing, but the impulse is similar and should be honored if not emulated.

What else? The colophon, of course. This progress report has been brought to you by Corflu Nova, c/o Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th Street South, Arlington, VA 22204 phone [703] 920-6087. Memberships are \$37.00 attending, \$10 supporting. The room rate at the Crystal Gateway Marriot, 1700 Jefferson Davis Highway, Arlington, VA, 22202, is \$79 plus tax

The address of Crystal Gateway Marriott is 1700 Jefferson Davis Highway. Going north, you will spot the CGM on the left side of the JDH, aka Route 1, a major highway with no place to turn left at that point, and you will end up going across the bridge into Washington. Incidentally, the first Marriott you see will be the Crystal City Marriott, on your right, but we aren't there.

To reach the CGM from JDH heading south is easy, turn right on S. 15th St., and left on S. Eads St. to the parking garage. To reach the CGM from JDH heading north, you also turn right to get on S. 15th Street, but you make a hard left and drive under JDH to Eads and the parking garage.



CRYSTAL CITY
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA



Kensington

GROSVENOR

FOREST GLEN

Chevy Chase

SILVER SPRING

Bethesda

BETHESDA

TAKOMA

COLLEGE PARK
U OF MD
(Open late 1993)

PRINCE GEORGE'S
PLAZA
(Open late 1993)

WEST HYATTSVILLE
(Open late 1993)

Hyattsville

WASHINGTON

CLEVELAND PARK

GEORGIA AVE-
PETWORTH

BROOKLAND-CUA

COLUMBIA HEIGHTS

U STREET-CARODO

RHODE ISLAND AVE.

SIMON-HOWARD UNIV.

CHEVERLY

DEANWOOD

ARLINGTON

COURT HOUSE

UNION STATION

MINNESOTA AVE

CAPITOL HILL

ARLINGTON COUNTY

PENTAGON CITY

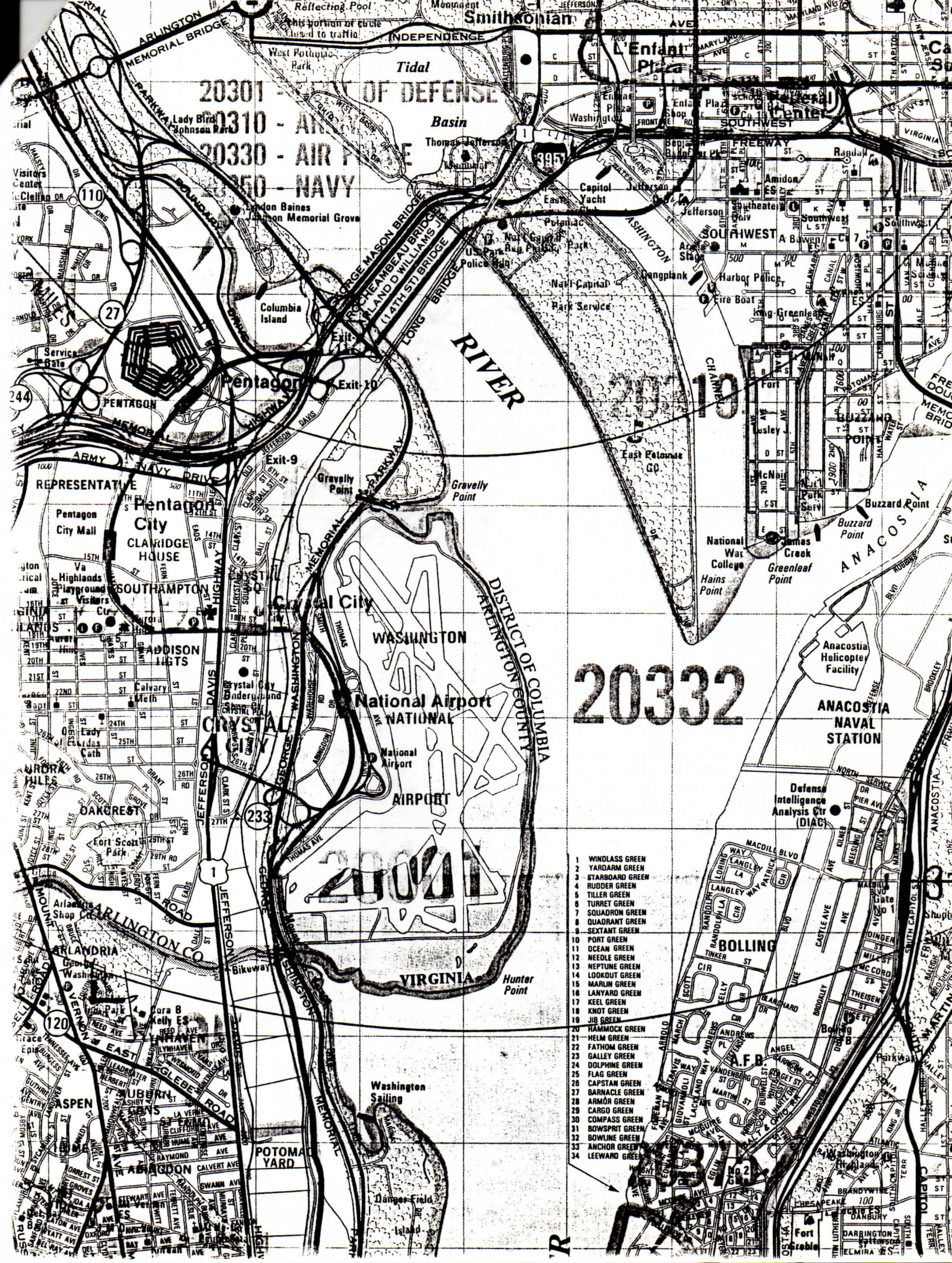
ANACOSTIA

TAYLOR ROAD

Sutherland

ALEXANDRIA

BRANCH



20301 - DEPT OF DEFENSE
20310 - AIR FORCE
20330 - AIR FORCE
20350 - NAVY

20332

- 1 WINDLASS GREEN
- 2 YARDARM GREEN
- 3 STARBOARD GREEN
- 4 RUDDER GREEN
- 5 TILLER GREEN
- 6 TURRET GREEN
- 7 SQUADRON GREEN
- 8 QUADRANT GREEN
- 9 SEXTANT GREEN
- 10 PORT GREEN
- 11 OCEAN GREEN
- 12 NEEDLE GREEN
- 13 NEPTUNE GREEN
- 14 LOOKOUT GREEN
- 15 MARLIN GREEN
- 16 LANYARD GREEN
- 17 KEEL GREEN
- 18 KNOT GREEN
- 19 JIB GREEN
- 20 HAMMOCK GREEN
- 21 HELM GREEN
- 22 FATHOM GREEN
- 23 GALLEY GREEN
- 24 DOLPHINE GREEN
- 25 FLAG GREEN
- 26 CAPSTAN GREEN
- 27 BARNACLE GREEN
- 28 ARMOR GREEN
- 29 CARGO GREEN
- 30 COMPASS GREEN
- 31 BOWSPRIT GREEN
- 32 BOWLINE GREEN
- 33 ANCHOR GREEN
- 34 LEeward GREEN



POOR MASTER!
ANOTHER TOTAL
CATASTROPHE!

.....

So here we are, filling up space on the final page. Is this fanzinoid, or what? Certainly it seems inappropriate for a progress report. A curious use of "fanzine" was seen in a recent "Esquire" (browsed in a doctor's office) wherein the current lot of radical feminists were being interviewed. A couple of them were described as being into "arts and fanzines," a use of the term which suggests that the radical pamphleteer of old would now be described as putting out a--you guessed it--fanzine. The thing that depressed me was that they were, like, in their twenties and thirties, except for the token college professor. *Sigh* the radicals seem to be so much younger these days. One of them was described as wearing a mosquito netting blouse with no bra, the perfect sartorial expression of her attitude. I wonder if we could get them to come to Corflu?

In any event, this publication (anticipated print run 150) will go out to the current and future members of Corflu Nova. Hang onto it, because all the maps and stuff enclosed therein will be an invaluable aid to getting around the neighborhood. Cover by Jack Gaughan, back cover by Rotsler and Gilliland.

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CORFLU NOVA
c/o Alexis Gilliland
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