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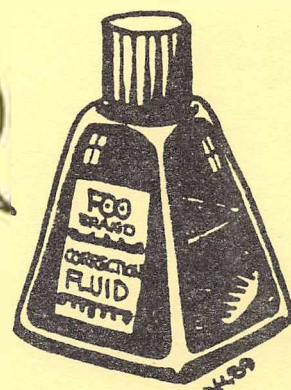
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CORFLU 6

April 28-30, 1989

Normandy Inn, Minneapolis, Minnesota

*"How do I throw such good parties? I just ask all the interesting people I know,
make sure they don't run out of munchies, and stand back!"*

— Susan Ryan

Guest of Honor:

(To be determined)

Toastmaster:

Jeanne Gomoll

Special Guests:

Chuck Harris

Sue Harris

The Committee:

Fred Haskell.....Crank

Geri Sullivan.....Silk Screen

Ken Fletcher.....Stylus

Jon Singer.....Waver Rollers

Susan Levy.....Slipsheet

Corflu 6 Thanks the Following People and Organizations, without whom all this would have been more difficult, impossible, or unnecessary:

Allyn Cadogan

Lucy Huntzinger

Corflu 3

Corflu 5

The Moron Havanapple Choir

Dave Clement

Don Bindas

Minn-Stf

Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Walt Willis, and all the others who supported the Chuch
Harris Fund

The Publishing Project:

Was coordinated by Spike Parsons. See CHASM #1 for more names and further details.

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PROGRAM ITEMS

Programming starts at noon on Saturday. The Banquet is at noon on Sunday. All programming and the banquet will be in the Provincial Room.

NB: All programme items are meant to be participatory, not the old routine of panelists speaking to an "audience"—hey, it's just us chickens! So the people who have been asked to provide sound bites are not listed here.

Banquet (Sunday at Noon)

Including, at the very least, a speech by our toastmaster, presentation of the selected GoH, election of past-presidents of fwa, 1990 Corflu site selection, and an auction.

The Delicate Art of Reproduction

Concerning the aesthetics of printing and production techniques in fandom through the ages, in which people Take Up Sides....

Fan Funds: The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly

Discuss fan funds through the decades. Special funds and purposes: travel, health, convention bail-out, other. Recipients. Obligations—real and perceived. Administration. On-going fund management. Politics.

Fanzine Readings (Various)

Just like it says....

Fanzine Display Room

Will be in the Normandy Room. The hours will be posted.

Invocation?

Who knows? What? We can't talk now.... What?

The Pros and The Cons: Fannish Professionals and Professional Fans

Yeah, we know It's Been Done at just about every convention. But it seems to be actually relevant here (and would be at Fourth Street / World Fantasy Convention). So.... How do you move between these overlapping spheres? How to balance demands from both. What are the great misunderstandings? What happens when personal and professional interests clash? General discussion/experiences.

Surprises

We may pull an item or two out of the hat at the last minute. Or we may not. Stay on your toes!

Please Note:

Minneapolis is a relatively safe, relatively comfortable city—but if you go out walking from the hotel, it is best to go toward the big buildings, not away from them....

THE CHUCK WAGON

By Walt Willis

"I HITCHED MY WAGON TO A STAR

ONLY TO FIND THAT STARS ARE USELESS FOR DRAWING WAGONS"

During his wartime service with the Royal Navy, HRH the Duke of Edinburgh met Chuck Harris, a privilege you are now to share. It is, I often think, a tribute to the great man that he has never forgotten his old shipmate, although he has attained a status in fandom so far above that of Prince Philip.

Another thing Chuck encountered in his war service was the meningitis virus, which made off with his hearing, leaving him marooned in the pop music world of Duke Ellington and Hoagy Carmichael and tragically depriving him of all the great wealth of modern music, from Barry Manilow to The Beastie Boys.

Fortunately he already had a job in the accounting department of Ford's at Dagenham, a result of the fact that all his family were great readers and his father had encouraged him to pass the examination for High School, a rare accomplishment for a working class boy in those days. (University education for helots like us was unheard of.) More important was the fact that his father was able to introduce him to English fan and collector Fred Brown, who was a workmate of his. Fred gave Chuck the freedom of his vast collection of science fiction; and of fanzines, so that Chuck became familiar with names like Russell Chauvenet (curiously, another deaf fan) before knowing any fans in Britain.

The Royal Navy had done its best for Chuck, paying for him to attend lip-reading classes for example, but fandom did more. Through it he developed a new social life, though at first in a vicarious way...

He wrote once: *I was trying to adapt to a deaf world....I was searching for things in which I could compete equally with mundane people. As a letterhack, I was on equal terms with most everybody and I got a lot of joy from correspondence....I found Walt's trip reports fascinating and kept questioning him about the country I'd never see.*

While we are all contemplating with pleasurable awe this spectacularly inaccurate prophecy, it might be helpful to invoke another of his past selves in aid of the present one.... Here is the advice he gave to Skel when the latter was thinking of standing for TAFF: *...shyness is hardly a valid reason for not standing for TAFF. All of fmz fandom is shy and inarticulate. You won't be expected to sing, tap-dance, or take your clothes off seductively on the stage. It's rather like sex—just get there, act naturally, and enjoy yourself.*

Anyone interested in the early days of Chuck Harris and Sixth Fandom can find more stuff like the above in Warhoon 28 and in the latest and greatest installment of Rob Hansen's Fan History, *THEN*, being distributed to you fortunate few at Corflu. I think it would be more constructive to direct the fine minds assembled here to a problem which has perplexed other great Thinkers down through the ages—namely, how to edit a Harris letter. This problem involves complex considerations of artistic integrity, structural coherence, esoteric comprehensibility, and the laws governing libel, obscenity, and blasphemy.

EROTIC ART OR SMUT ?

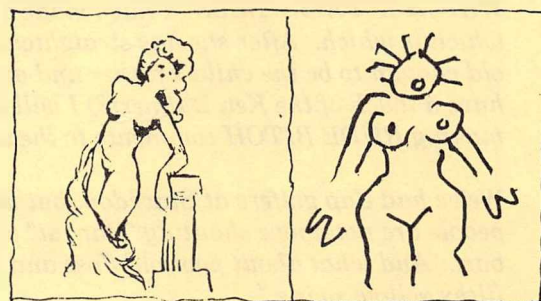


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

Take for instance the remark: *She had I GO POGO tattooed across her stomach, just over a portrait of Bert Campbell.* Coming as it does at the end of a comparatively rational description of a lady member of Sixth Fandom, this pinpoints with deadly accuracy her position in the fannish spacetime continuum; but it also raises a number of awkward questions in the editor's mind. For instance, will the lady in question be offended by the implication that Chuck at least has seen her naked abdomen? Will the full glory of the mental picture invoked be appreciated by those who have not actually seen Bert Campbell's beard? After brooding over these matters the editor is likely to do as I did and consign the sentence to the back cover quotes: *Hyphen* bacovers are rife with such unexploded bombs.

For this distinguished post graduate editorial seminar I have from an old correspondence file taken at random constructed a typical Harris letter. It is important to keep in mind that all those dots are not just quotations from Bill Bowers, but a vast semantic jungle from which quotable remarks spring out at you without warning, doing immense damage to your peace of mind.

So there I was, sitting there all alone and depressed, wondering whether to read Sic Biscuit or the Harpic tin. I got my new dental plate today, and it hurts like hell. Lately I seem to have every bloody affliction except the seven plagues of Egypt and-----Good Christ! Look! It's raining frogs....

I have got this new book on large scale catering skills...take 3 loaves and 5 fishes....

...I went off half-cocked as usual, a problem I have discussed with several eminent medical advisors. That latter is DNQ: there are at least two Trekkies in Patagonia who haven't seen it yet.

"Lapwing" comes from the throbbing sound its wings make in flight. If you think beaks are difficult to lipread you should try wings....

Also my wife is in love with Arthur. "I have always liked Arthur. He is a real gentleman (God save us all!) He is interested in other things apart from bloody science fiction." (Like apple pie.) "He listens when you talk to him." (You're one up on me there, sport.) "He doesn't look any older." (Ol' keeps him in the fridge during the week to save him from going off.) "He talks properly too." (She means he's got the same South London twang she is blessed with.)

...We older fans are elegant and courtly—but older than the hills and not really pulling the same class of birds. About my language difficulty, I think I am quite good on "Fuck" now. I use a sort of languid drawl coupled with a little toss of the head just like the Rats. As soon as I master the wrist flick I shall be able to hold my own with the Radical Fairies and Earth Mothers.

...I see on the box that dear Brigitte is 50 this week, and I feel and look twice her age. I thought she looked marvellous: mature, content,--- and lovely fitting teeth.

I am returning the photographs to Vince. Altho I am told they are artistically superb, the identification system has been found wanting. I STILL DON'T KNOW WHICH IS AVEDON AND WHICH IS PAM WELLS. I have made a photocopy and sent it to Avedon. I trust she will tell me which is which. After she has straightened me out (that's a disgusting thing to say, Thomson. I am old enough to be the child's father and am merely showing a paternal interest. Are you insinuating I have a touch of the Ken Bulmers?) I will inform the rest of you. It would hardly do if you lot started making RUDE BITCH comments to the queen of the Soft Toy Apa.

We've had Jap golfers at Stavedon, but we try to discourage any sort of visitor at weekends. ...Some people are not above shouting "Banzai" when they drive off and coming out with the "Ah so" in the bar..."And what about poor old Joss and Blind Bea, answer me that. You killed Sister Urticula, you filthy yellow swine."

The attractive thing about chastity as one of the two RC birth control methods—apart from its strong appeal to the innumerate—is that it really works. Even the earliest data consistently shows a 99.98% success rate. I myself followed this method for more than a decade, until I abandoned it at the age of 13 due to burgeoning lust and failing eyesight....

Trusting your ding-dong is merrily on high.

PS

From Buckingham Palace. Dear Subject, My husband and I thank you for the subscription renewal reminder. Our Privy Purse is Engaged for the weekend, but we will pop round to the Mint on Monday as soon as they open. It seems ages since the last issue, but wasn't Chuch superb...almost Blochlike. We have no jurisdiction over Hugos, but (in confidence) he will be ennobled in the next Honours List as a Queen's Beast.

Honi Soit etc,

E2R.

PS God save me.

A nice idea, Mam, but Phil will tell you he'd rather be a Special Guest of Corflu.

SOME NOTES:

Hotel checkout time is 12:00 noon.

I think the airport limo stops automatically at the Normandy Inn, but you may have to call them in advance—check with the front desk.

We hope you won't need it, but just in case: the local emergency number is 911.

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NEITHER A FAN WITHOUT A GRIN, NOR A GRIN WITHOUT A FAN

By Andy Hooper

Sometimes, in the grand and glorious procession of fan history, a few people have been known to run amuck. They call one another abusive names, try to bar each other from conventions, accost their fellow fen in the street with cruel invective and the waving of arms, threaten lawsuits, stage walkouts, and critically thrash one another in the fan press. There is a ghastly tendency for the sense of wonder to become territorial paranoia and brutal thuggery, over things substantially less credible than the Tonkin Gulf incident. Murder has not yet been committed in the name of Roscoe (as far as I am able to determine), but it seems fortunate that fans do not, as a rule, have recourse to dueling as a method of settling their disputes.

Jeanne Gomoll has never done any of these things.

In fact, Jeanne has always stood as something of an exemplary refutation of the Hobbesian fannish archetype—in that she is not nasty, brutish, or inadequately socialized. She is one of the very good reasons to be in fandom around these parts. Even though she began to take part in the local fannish scene only three or four years before I met her, it's difficult for me to imagine fandom without Jeanne in it. She's one of those people who gives you the feeling that had fandom not existed, she would have found it necessary to create it—to have some place to share all of the amazing ideas, jokes, drawings, essays, covers, con reports, letters, reviews, parodies, articles, cartoons, apazines, fanzines, and changes-of-address that she's produced over the past fifteen years.

The first fanzine I ever saw was an issue of *Janus* that she and Jan Bogstad had edited. This casual exposure to all the implications of that zine warped my sensibilities ever since. *Janus/Aurora*—with its persuasive, passionate presentation of the things that Jeanne (and many of the other contributors) had to say—was my introduction to the idea that fans could have a valid, critical agenda of their own, even in the absence of any artistic or editorial endorsement from the distant Olympus of the Big Time Pro.

I was even imprinted with the physical ritual of zine production at least partially through Jeanne's efforts: my earliest fannish memory is of collating the issue of *Janus* that doubled as the program



book for the first or second Wiscon. (We laughed about that event recently. As we recalled, there was a shuffling zombie brigade of collators, many of whom were running on little sleep in their efforts to complete all the necessary preparations for Wiscon. They would stagger through two rooms picking up pages, carefully straighten and stack the pages in a third, then shuffle back to the beginning of the line in a fourth. There were numerous interruptions because the printer had carefully checked the entire run for errors, of which there were more than a few, and had made more copies to compensate. Unfortunately, he'd failed to remove the bad sheets, and we mindlessly collated them in with the good ones until

we noticed the problem. Then someone would have to sit down with the tainted copies and replace the bad sheets one by one. The whole event took on a rather Sisyphean tone, and was probably an excellent preview of what the rest of our fannish lives would be like.)

Despite her general avoidance of feuds and other forms of fannish villainy, it would be wrong to assume that Jeanne is a person unwilling to stand up for what she believes. (She's certainly always been willing to argue with *me*.) Her *Open Letter to Joanna Russ* probably stands as the definitive defense of the activism in fandom in the seventies, and I can't begin to comment properly on the contribution Jeanne made to the progress of the women's movement over the somewhat hostile ground of fandom. And she has faced more than her share of personal adversity, as any perusal of her fan-writing would tell you. She's survived the vagaries of life within the state bureaucracy for years, even when it led her to endure such things as helping to fill a canvas bag with rattlesnakes. She's moved about nine times in the past 15 years, sometimes freezing and/or gouging herself lavishly in the process. She's had her sister and her best friend publish a hoax zine so convincing that she received the LoC's for it. She's endured second-degree sunburn and suffered the loss of a quiche of great sentimental value, all in the name of love.... All these things, which more retiring (or sensible) people might have tried to keep secret, she has announced to the world at large. I mean, I too have committed Lincoln Log arson in the past, but I don't choose to broadcast the details to Jimmy and Juleen Phan....

But perhaps the key to these announcements—and indeed the key to understanding Jeanne—is that Jeanne honestly embraces the ancient fannish principle that nothing that happens can be all bad, because it can at least provide grist for the mill of fanwriting. The first issue of her perzine, *Whimsey*, featured what Dave Langford referred to as "an enormously inanely grinning Jeanne Gomoll which totally dominates the cover", and this self-portrait still seems the best and most honest representation of Jeanne. This is because Jeanne is someone who genuinely likes to smile—who, given the choice between issuing knotty, serious broadsides on the issues of the day and communicating a certain amount of happiness, discovery, joy, or even that old standby sensawunda, will always end up standing there with that incandescent grin on her face, trying hard to find that positive angle.

We take shameless advantage of her for this, of course. Seldom does she stand firm when she says she doesn't have time to get involved in a thousand penny-ante fan projects, to draw a logo or a cover, to write introductions and letters...she once spent 32 hours with Hope Kiefer, laboriously animating clay figures for a film project that turned out to be one minute long. But she made the best of the situation, and the article on the experience appeared like clockwork in *Whimsey* #6. Besides, now that she has the use of a computer with a spell-checker program, Jeanne has much more spare time. She will no doubt use it to carry the banner of the exhibitionistic shy person forward into the next millennium.

I count myself lucky to have Jeanne Gomoll as a friend, and I count fandom lucky to be treated to her work and her infectious enthusiasm for life. Her talent is such that we probably will not remain alone forever in appreciating what she has to offer. And just imagine the stories she may eventually treat us to, once she learns to loosen up and discards that sercon, reserved, demeanor! Can such old, tired fen as one finds at Corflu stand that much fun? Watch Jeanne's face for more details!



A MESSAGE FROM THE CRANK

By Fred Haskell

It's all Jim Young's fault.

He doesn't know it, and it's all rather indirect, to be sure, but it is Jim's fault. You see, back in the old days, when people would ask Jim why he was putting himself through all the tsuris of running Minicon, or why he was taking on the even bigger tsuris of running the Minneapolis in '73 bid (back when it was a bona fide worldcon bid and not just a clever excuse to throw a good party), he would shrug and say, "Fandom's done an awful lot for me—I want to give something back."

Now, I hadn't realized that this attitude was at all infectious, or that I had been infected by it, but when I got to Corflu 3 and saw that this really was a convention by and for that part of fandom that I consider to be my community, I found myself thinking, "Gee, here's *my* chance to give something back." (As it turned out, this was easy for *me* to think—Geri has done the bulk of the work on this convention so far—but I reckon it's the thought that counts....)

So...welcome to ~~my~~ the Minneapolis Corflu. It has always seemed to me that any convention is a sort of an Erector Set—in that attendees create their own personal conventions out of the components that are provided by the committee and circumstances—but while watching *Outworlds* 50 the other day, I was reminded that there are regional differences in what the components are and how they fit together. So I thought I'd take this opportunity to pass on to you the Minneapolis Philosophy of Conventions. Ahem. Simply put, Minneapolis fandom feels that a convention is pretty much like everything else in life—a good excuse to have a party. Of course, the trick with a convention is to attract the proper quantity of especially interesting people—so it can be a really *good* party. As I look down the membership list, I feel safe in saying that we've done that—you people should have no trouble at all having yourselves a grand old time here.

I am especially pleased that Jeanne Gomoll accepted our invitation to be our Toastmaster, and that things came together in time for Chuck Harris to be our Special Guest—I think both will be contributing greatly to ~~our~~ the things we build with our Erector Set. And, of course, I am thrilled and excited that _____ was able to attend and agreed to be our Guest of Honor. It isn't every convention that can have a GoH of such stature, and I'm certain that this Guest will be adding greatly to the ineffable *je ne sais quoi* of Corflu 6. Finestkind!

Okay. So. I thank the other members of the committee for their work in putting this whole thing together. And thanks to all those who volunteered to help—I'm sure that as the con progresses we'll be taking many of you up on your offers. And, most of all, thanks to *you* for coming, for giving me the chance to give something back. Mingle, talk, have yourselves a real good time. And remember: it's all Jim Young's fault....

ART CREDITS:

Cover: Ken Fletcher, Reed Waller, and Fred Haskell

Page 3: Reed Waller

Page 6: Kip Williams

OH, BY THE WAY:

If you happen to write a con report about Corflu 6, we'd love to see a copy. If need be, one copy to Geri would be sufficient, but, you know, we're *all* fanzine fans! You have our addresses....
