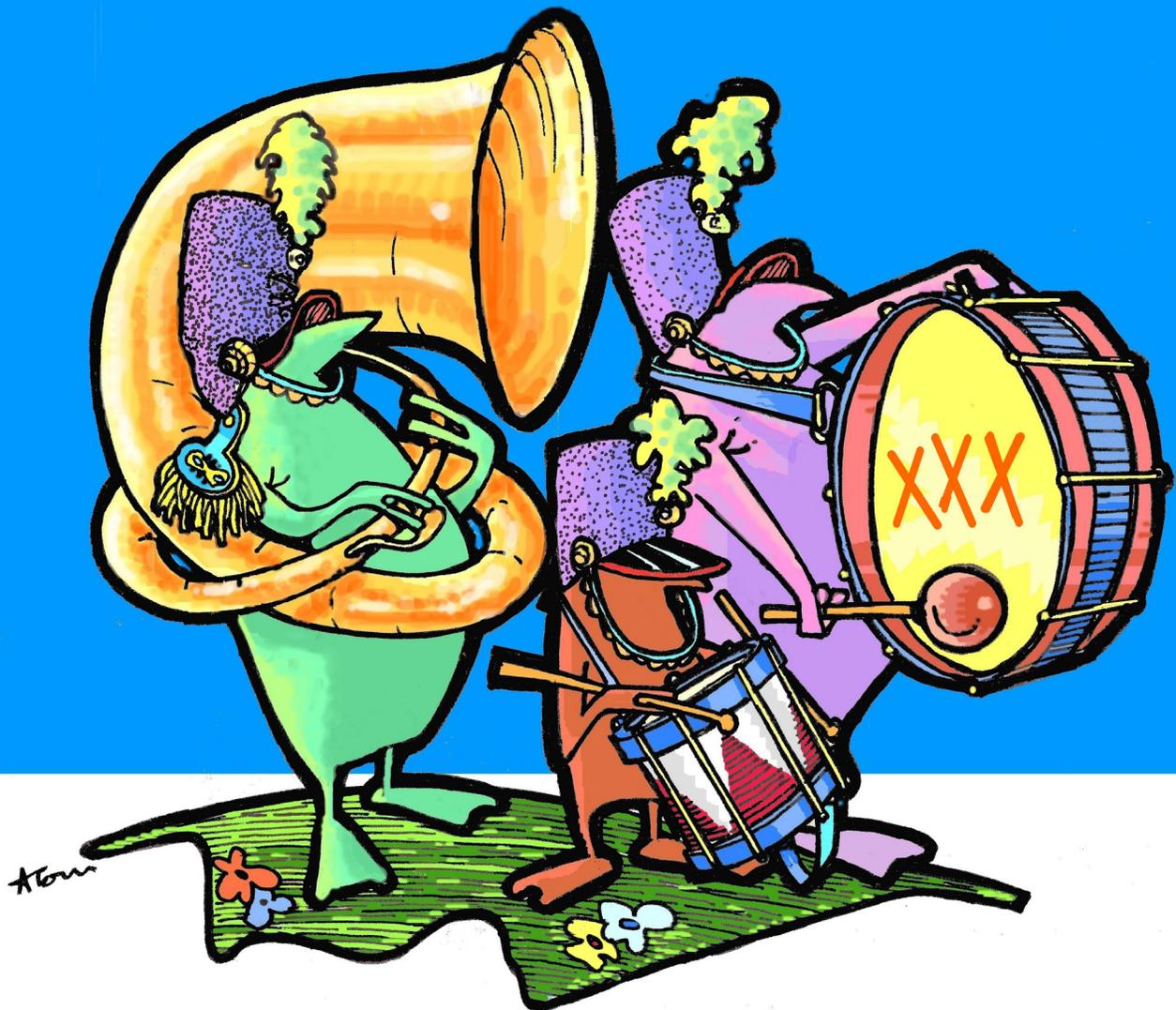




CORFLU XXX PROGRESS REPORT Number One

BOOM-CHICKA-WAH-WAH!



FEBRUARY 2013

WHO →

WHAT →

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WHEN →

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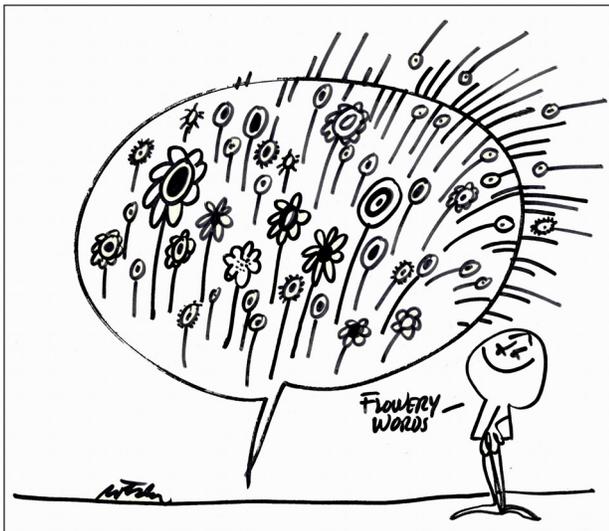
CORFLU XXX

Portland, Oregon

Red Lion Hotel Portland – Convention Center
1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232

MAY 3–5, 2013

www.corflu.org



CORFLU XXX: PROGRESS REPORT Number One is the official organ of the 30th Corflu convention, to be held on the weekend of May 3, 4, 5, 2013 in Portland, Oregon. It is being sent to all paying members of CORFLU XXX and made available to all potential members at efanzines.com (thank you, Bill Burns). A second Progress Report will appear in April 2013 with more lies and hollow promises. For more information about Corflu, please visit our website at www.corflu.org or look for us on Facebook. Please direct all inquiries to Dan Steffan at dansteffanland@gmail.com or write to 2015 NE 50th Avenue, Portland, OR 97213.

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The Origin Story

Dan Steffan, Chairman and Stoolguy

THE IDEA for a Portland Corflu started in a moment of self pity. It happened while I was in the middle of packing boxes for our move to Oregon in 2005. I was lamenting that the move meant the end of an era and the loss of proximity to several of my very best friends, like Ted White and Frank Lunney. Ted lived 15 minutes away and Frank used to regularly come down from Pennsylvania for weekend visits. That loss was the worst part about moving so far away. They'd been my close friends for more than 30 years and I knew that cross-country visits were going to be few and far between. It was the nature of the thing.

"Christ," I thought to myself, "I may have to put on a Corflu just to get these guys to come and visit."

Frank came for a visit during that first year. It was really great to take him to restaurants and show him Portland, but his leaving came too fast. Fortunately, proximity to Seattle helped make our first year or two on the west coast a very pleasant time. We went up for a Potlatch and again for a Vanguard anniversary party and in return had visits from folks like John D. Berry and Eileen Gunn, Victor Gonzalez, and Seattle mystery man Carl Juarez. It was great to have such good friends to help fill the Frank Lunney-sized hole in our social calendar, but it still wasn't the same.

We traveled down to California a few times and managed to squeeze in a short visit with Robert Lichtman and Carol Carr on one of them, and Art Widner began staying with us on his frequent trips back and forth to Seattle to see his family and show off his car, but it wasn't the same. We still missed Ted and Frank. Ted would say, "Well, we've always got Corflu" – which was true, but only if we were able to get to them. We hadn't been to a Corflu since the one in Madison in 2003 and didn't, I'm sad to say, make it to another one until 2008.

That's about the time the idea for a Portland Corflu became a joke. I was talking to Frank on the phone one day, complaining about our not being able to get to the Austin Corflu and about the fact that he didn't think he'd be able to visit us that coming summer. He asked me if Ted had

come to visit. I told him that he hadn't. Then he asked me if I thought Ted would ever come to visit. I expressed my doubts and then, before I knew it, it came outta my mouth.

"Christ," I said to Frank, "I may have to put on a Corflu just to get you guys to come and visit." He laughed.

Two years later, it was in fact a Corflu that finally brought Ted to Portland for a visit. We'd arranged for him to fly into town before the 2009 Corflu to hang out with us for a few days and then we all drove up to the Seattle con together – it was kind of like the old days when Ted and I used to take Prankster-inspired trips to various conventions around the country, but without the hallucinations.

And that's about the time the idea of a Portland Corflu became an inevitability. We'd enjoyed our all too brief visit with Ted and at some point before we headed to the airport I asked him if he thought he would be able to come and see us again any time soon. It didn't look likely, he explained. The Bush Recession was already in full swing by then and everybody's finances were looking tighter than Laney's sphincter. I told him that Frank was in the same boat and wouldn't be coming again, either. "Well," he said sympathetically, "we've always got Corflu."

"Christ," I said to the Godfather, "I may have to put on a Corflu just to get you guys to come back and visit." He thought that was a fine idea.

I knew I had a few years to really make up my mind. I knew that the next two Corflus had already been spoken for by the Brits and by Fred Flintstone's hyperactive nephew, so there was no rush. I padded my bet by adding another year to my projection, making it at least 2013 before I'd have to step up. Having just returned from the Corflu in Seattle, that seemed a long, long ways away. It meant I had three years to decide just how much I really wanted Ted White to come and visit us again.

The answer to that question became a lot easier over the next couple of years. My mother took sick that same summer, so I actually got to see Ted again briefly during a trip back East before

her death, and then again when we buried her. It was an emotional time and I appreciated having a good friend around to ease the weirdness of the whole affair. We had a good chat while I was there and that helped a lot, too.

The next autumn we returned to Virginia to pack up and drive a truckload of stuff that we'd left in storage out to Oregon and once again we enjoyed Ted's company immensely, but it was all too brief. "Well, we've always got Corflu," Ted said. But after that trip the economy just stayed in the crapper and Lynn and I weren't able to attend the next couple of Corflus and Ted's encouraging reunion motto seemed to be quite unobtainable.

And that's probably about the time the idea of a Portland Corflu became a reality. Actually, it all finally fell into place when the 2012 convention was suddenly up for grabs after its theoretical host – one of fandom's most respected nurse/disc jockey/hucksters – was forced to withdraw from consideration. Of course, I had by this time made more than a few remarks about my flirtation with being a potential Corflu host and, in the face of the imminent void, all eyes turned to me.

I freaked a little. Yike! Who me? I was supposed to have years in which to make up my mind. Didn't they know that I was bad under pressure? I mean, I like spontaneity as much as the next man, but not without a whole lot of preparation. I was like a fat deer in the headlights. I replied that I just couldn't take on the job on such *ahem* short notice. 2012 was just too damned soon for my delicate sensibilities, I squirmed. Fortunately, before I could have a stroke or drown in my own adrenaline, Arnie and Joyce Katz – of the Nevada Katzes – stepped forward and volunteered to take the reins of the 2012 convention, saving everybody – including myself – from the horror of never having to set foot in Las Vegas ever again. With that kind of a sterling example of proactive fannishness on display I did the only thing I could do, I manned up.

"Christ," I said to my lovely, understanding, and patient wife, "it looks like I'm gonna have to put on a Corflu in Portland in 2013." Lynn nodded her head in mute agreement, while somehow seeming to shake it in exasperation at the same time.

So I flew down to Vegas last April to shake hands and slap backs in smoky rooms and then to present my bid at the banquet on Sunday. I was very lucky enough to have no competition and left

Sin City with a mission and a bunch of membership cash in my pocket. So there's no turning back now.

The Secretary-Treasurer and I – she's napping nearby as I write this – pledge to provide our members with as much entertainment as is humanly possible without breaking the laws of physics – we draw the line only at the use of leeches, acts of ambivalent gaseousness, the messier types of human sacrifice and, of course, one-shots. It is our solemn oath that when this year's Corfluvians leave Portland after attending CORFLU XXX they will leave with both memorabilia and memoraphobia. (Don't fret, the bad dreams will eventually pass. Just don't look at the pictures you took.) We promise that you will depart Stumptown with a Sense of Wonder in your hearts, a pain in your liver, some paper in your suitcase, and our motto on their lips: "Thirty Corflus? That's not too many."

The dates for CORFLU XXX – yes, this is the thirtieth one of these damned things – is set for the May 3rd, 4th, and 5th, 2013 in Portland, Oregon, and we want to invite everybody who loves fanzines, the people who create them, and the people who read them, to join us in Portlandia to celebrate our collective past, present and future. So come on along and join us for a tribal family reunion in the Rose City along the Willamette River. Your Uncle Frank and the Godfather himself will be there, so how about you? Isn't it about time you said, "Christ, I have to go to CORFLU XXX in Portland in 2013!"



Portland Memory Derby

Randy Byers

WHEN I WAS A KID growing up in Salem, Oregon, Portland was the unimaginable world that produced such TV spectacles as *Portland Wrestling* (my grandfather's favorite show) and the *Portland Roller Derby*, which I watched in the afternoon after *The Ramblin' Rod Show* had pacified me with bad shtick and old cartoons. Portland was the Big City that we visited on special occasions. For example, my high school French club took a field trip to Portland to visit the French restaurant, L'Auberge, where I ate a perfectly tiny filet mignon and a dollop of pureed carrot. Ooh-la-la! Exotic foreign food! Well, the most exotic thing in Salem in those days was a chain restaurant called Mazzi's that served calzone. After ball games at Memorial Coliseum (home of the Portland Trailblazers) my family would stop at Rose's on NW 23rd — the most famous self-described "New York-style deli" in town — which was always packed and bustling.

More exciting than the exotic food, however, was Powell's Bookstore, where on my first visit as an adolescent I found a box of old comic books in the front window and spent an ecstatic hour digging through them all. I had never seen such treasures before. Powell's is practically world-famous at this point, so I probably don't need to spend much time singing its praises. It's a natural magnet to all book-lovers, and I visited pretty much every time I was in town in those days, coming from a town where the biggest bookstore was a seedy little dump called the Paperback Exchange and where a B. Dalton's at the mall was an epic improvement worthy of fanfares.

But Powell's wasn't the only great bookstore in Portland. Looking Glass Books also had an amazing science fiction section, for example, and then there was Carl Bennett's The Illustrated Store on Burnside, which was a center of Portland fandom in the form of the Portland Science Fiction Society. That's where I picked up issues of local boy Richard Geis's Hugo-winning fanzine, *Science Fiction Review*, before I even knew what fandom was. The Illustrated Store eventually turned into Future Dreams, where I bought comic books, and where I traded all my issues of the Claremont/Byrne X-Men for a Gregg Press edition of Samuel

R. Delany's *Dhalgren*, which was already worth \$150 at that point — far beyond my cash resources at the time. Later there was Wrigley-Cross Books run by Debbie Cross and Paul Wrigley in the Hollywood District (they're now online at wrigleycrossbooks.com), and I still have a bookmark from a store called the Catbird Seat, which I don't actually remember at all.

Portland is also where my friends and I went to see big rock acts, including my first rock concert on my 16th birthday in 1976, which was Yes in the Round (a circular stage that rotated, which was mind-blowing stuff to 16-year-old me). I still remember my first whiffs of marijuana smoke at that show, and the impressive puddle of puke someone left on the coliseum floor. Memorial Coliseum was where most of the big acts played in those days, and I saw a number of shows there, probably most memorably Cheap Trick in 1979 when a lightning storm knocked the power out halfway through the show. But there was also the Paramount (now the Schnitzer), where I saw Frank Zappa with a friend and then saw him again at Mac Court in Eugene the next night. There was Civic Auditorium, where my mom dragged me to see *Madame Butterfly* as an adolescent but where I also saw Talking Heads on their Stop Making Sense tour years later. That was with my old high school friend Mary Beth, who was the first girl I ever kissed. Sigh!

My father started a car rental business in Portland in the mid-'70s, and when I graduated from high school in 1978 and headed off to Eugene to go to college, my parents moved the household to Portland. My mom started working for the Port of Portland, and I lived at the new house in the summers. Eventually I transferred to Portland State University to finish my degree and lived in Portland for a year. As I approached graduation at the end of 1983, Portland was on the list of cities where I thought I could happily live, along with San Francisco, Seattle, and Vancouver, BC. Seattle won out, of course, but I still returned to Portland frequently to visit my family and many Portland-area friends.

Portland was always a great place to hang out,

and a pretty easy place to find your way around because of the street grid with the alphabetical streets running from Ankeny to Yeon. (I had it memorized through Thurston when I lived there.) There was a great repertory cinema on NW 21st where I saw many a classic film, great music stores like Music Millennium and Singles Going Steady, and great places to drink beer like Produce Row. Produce Row is where we went to drink imported beer, before the microbrew revolution had really taken over. It was down in the warehouse district on the east side of the Willamette River, which splits the city, and I always remember going there to drink with a friend from Salem and afterward parking on an empty street by the warehouses to smoke some pot. A car pulled up behind us, and a guy got out and knocked on our window. Uh-oh. It was security. "Hey, could I have a toke?" he asked. You bet he could!

Back then Portland's most famous brewery was Blitz-Weinhard, which, along with cheap swill called Blitz that was a favorite of penniless college students, also made a slightly higher quality swill called Henry Weinhard's that was marketed to sophisticated drinkers such as, ahem, myself. Well, it actually *was* better than most other American beers on offer at the time, or so it seemed to a lot of locals. Now Portland is known as Beervana, with the highest number of breweries per capita in the US, several of them on the cutting edge of the latest styles and trends. You can't fall down drunk in Portland these days without hitting a brewpub.

I've lived in Seattle for well over half my life now, and I can't imagine moving away. But in the unlikely event that I had to leave Seattle, I could still imagine living in Portland again. After a decade living in Central Oregon, my parents are back in Portland with a condo in the Pearl District, and so I'm visiting the city again and beginning to familiarize myself with all the new features, such as the convenient and ever-expanding system of light rail and streetcars. There are still plenty of brewpubs to try out, and I hope to hit a few during CORFLU XXX. Powell's never gets old, nor hikes in Forest Park, which is one of the country's largest urban forests. There's always the mysterious Grotto (a Catholic shrine with an extensive botanical garden), the hidden history of the doomed city of Vanport, the grand old Pittock

Mansion hovering above the city in the upscale West Hills, the pocket Chinatown, the many beautiful bridges crossing the Willamette and Columbia Rivers, and the famous Rose Gardens. (Portland is called the Rose City, although in less romantic moods it's also called Stumptown.) The volcanic Cascade mountains and the gorgeous, craggy Oregon Coast are within easy driving distance on either side of the urban sprawl. In short, Portland is a kind of paradise, and it made a fine cradle to my baby steps in city life.

Portland

Graham Charnock

RANDY HAS ASKED ME to write about Portlandia, aka Steffanland, where according to the TV show of the same name the spirit of the sixties is still alive. And it is. I know. I've been there. Kids still play conkers in the streets, and young juveniles wildly throw Frisbees to each other across the vast echoing expanses of public parks, of which there are many. People still wear duffel coats and hush puppies and smoke meerschaums and groove to the sound of Tommy James and the Shondells in smokey folk clubs. Okay I may be thinking of a slightly different sixties environment on a slightly different side of the Atlantic, but the thing about Steffanland is you can impose whichever overlay of sixties culture suits you, and it will rise to the occasion. Dan, for one will make sure it does, and if the worst comes to the worst Lynn will slap a David Bowie LP on the platter and it will all come back to you. What to say about Portland that doesn't veer towards unreality and which you don't already know? It has a great bookshop where you can also buy plastic figurines of people like Rosie the Riveter, which I did for Rich back when he lived in Richmond. It has at least one small independent record shop, Kings, or is it Jackpot records, I don't know, both sets of words were on the T-shirt I bought there. Those who are already coming to Portland will no further encouragement to do so, and those who aren't should be ashamed of themselves.

Gastronome Highway

Andy Hooper

OUR DRIVING TRIP to Corflu Glitter in 2012 was slightly more exciting than we would have chosen to make it. About halfway between Seattle and Las Vegas, and just north of Reno, we drove over a piece of metal debris that somehow bounced up into the underside of our car and broke our car's gas tank open, leaving us stranded on a stretch of rural highway just inside the California border. We were fortunate that Carrie has long maintained one of the higher levels of protection available through AAA, and we were towed directly to the rental car lot at the Reno airport, and issued a new car only about 1,000 yards from the motel we had already reserved for the night. Apart from a strong odor of gasoline in our convention clothes, we got out of the jam unscathed, and rolled into Henderson as expected.

The crisis we faced driving down was one reason we decided to take more time on the way back to Seattle. The first leg from Las Vegas to Reno was still a punishing day's drive, but the choices between them are limited. After Reno, we turned west, and passed through the Lassen peaks and the Mount Shasta region, spending the second evening in Salem, Oregon. Along the way, it occurred to us that we were metaphorically carrying the convention with us from Henderson to Portland, because no one else was following the same route back. By rights, we should have simply blown through Oregon on I-5, waving in the general direction of the CORFLU XXX hotel as we battled the traffic back across the Columbia River. But after several days in the desert and the dry rain shadow of the Sierras, we wanted to avoid returning to the six-lane highway as long as possible. We had heard how lovely the country west of Portland is for many years, so we decided to take less-traveled roads north, and cross the River at Longview, Washington.

Any route that avoids the Interstate highway will inevitably zig-zag around the mountains, and a maximum pace of about 45 miles per hour is probably realistic. We left the Interstate at Salem, turning west to pick up Oregon Highway 99 West, and this took us north to McMinnville, where we inexplicably jumped back east on Oregon 18 to get

to Newberg, where we ate our lunch. From there it was back west again to pick up 99W briefly, and then onto Oregon Highway 47 North, which is where the really attractive part of the trip began. Because we made that detour to Newberg, we missed the southernmost section of OR47 in Polk County, but we got to see the Yamhill-Newburg highway instead, and who could have turned that down?

Running between the west bank of the Willamette River and the Coast Range, OR47 winds through a tapestry of verdantly beautiful, thriving farm country, a landscape that easily rivals legendary agricultural regions across Europe and North America. The two of us have seen great orchards in New Mexico, Florida, Wisconsin, and the Yakima Valley here in Washington, but I've never seen anything as green and perfectly groomed as the hazelnut groves that we passed on Highway 47. The hazelnuts in particular seemed to evoke J. R. R. Tolkien for me; surely, Hobbits could not have tended a grove of trees any more delicately than these.

Because we were passing through in late April the green may be a more vibrant and vital shade than any other moment of the year; the blooms had faded from many, but not all, of the millions of fruit trees, and newly matured leaves clad every branch and twig. There are also more than a dozen vineyards along this stretch of road, almost all of them somewhere between McMinnville and Forest Grove. Had there been more than one person in the car who could enjoy the wine, we would surely have stopped for a taste. As it was, the succession of winery signboards was like driving through a graduate-level design workshop. Did a tonier font mean a better wine? Other Corflu members will have to research the question.

There is a tour that covers most of the established wineries – they have names like A Blooming Hill Vineyard, Kason Vineyards, Patton Valley Vineyard and Montinore Estates. Generally, other farms and orchards have similarly dignified names like Quail Creak Creamery and Ayers Creek Farm. But there are also glorious tongue-twisting titles, some taken from languages of the

native nations that once lived there, places like Kookoolan Farms, Kivokawa Family Orchards and Jaquith Strawberry Farm. There were several farms entirely devoted to blueberries, and others seemed to have divided their acreage between fruit and flowers. We passed a number of dairy farms, with an artisanal selection of different shades of cows in their fields, and several horse farms with beautiful animals cantering around their neon green paddocks. All in all, it was like a succession of idealized farms from a child's picture book, all bursting with the energy and intensity of spring. Conditions should be much the same when we gather for CORFLU XXX this May.

North of Forest Grove, the highway rises into the Coast Range Mountains, and climbs steadily up to Vernonia alongside the Nehalem River. The main attractions in this area are trails for hiking, biking and horseback riding, reclaimed from logging roads and railroad beds. After that, Oregon 47 climbs a series of painfully steep clear-cut slopes, a brutal contrast that you should only endure if you are pressing on to Clatskanie and the bridge across the Columbia. From Portland, the logical route would be to work west to Forest Grove, then take OR47 south to McMinnville, where you can get back on I-5 and be in Portland in about 2 hours. It could easily be done as a day trip, but it might be more fun to stay somewhere around Yamhill and enjoy the wines without any worries about driving on.

On the other hand, you'll be able to taste and enjoy the things they grow and make in the Willamette Valley without ever leaving Portland. The city's restaurateurs make local ingredients into objects of holy veneration, and proudly list the names of their suppliers on their menus. We've had some memorable culinary experiences at Corflus past, from home-made tamales in El Paso to fresh-caught shrimp and oysters in Panama City Beach to the Chinese banquet at New York's only Corflus to date. But I think CORFLU XXX has the potential to eclipse all of those events; whether you spend all your time in brew pubs, take advice from the Michelin guide, or graze from food carts in the street, the results should be perfectly delicious.

I've already got a dozen things on my speculative menu for the weekend. But I'm definitely going to check out something with hazelnuts in it. I hear they are grown by Hobbits, you know...

Powell's, some aspects

John D. Berry

When I first encountered Powell's, in the late 1970s, it was a bit different from what we know today. The bookstore was located a block down the hill, for one thing; it had not yet occupied the former car dealership that it resides in now. But it was already a huge bookstore, which you could easily get lost in. And there were treasures to be found! Powell's offered an undifferentiated mix of used and new books; and among the used, there was a simple, purely chronological order. In fact, you might consider it more of an archeological order. If you spotted a rack on the shelf that contained a book you were interested in, it behooved you to pull back the first copy you encountered and look behind it, because the same book might appear farther back in both time and, most notably, price. The Powell's book-stockers were in the habit of simply adding newer copies of the same books to the front of the stack; so you might very well find an older copy – perhaps more choice, in an earlier edition – priced at its original price. The adventure level of shopping at Powell's was correspondingly high.

While that's no longer true (as far as I've been able to ascertain, after numerous expeditions into the interior), you can still find wonderful treasures in the shelves of today's Powell's.

And it's even easier to get lost. When they first moved into the current building, the floor plan – or rather, the circulation pattern within that floor plan – was simpler than it is now. If you and your significant shopper split up, you knew that you would always cross paths at a certain central point within the store; if you were done first, you could just wait, and your companion would inevitably show up where you were standing. But when the store owners opened up another through-corridor, they created the possibility of circular circulation: it became entirely possible that you and your companion-in-shopping would keep walking around and around the store in the same direction, like extras in some existential Marx Brothers comedy, always just missing each other in your circumambulations.

I recommend waiting by the front checkout counters. But if you spot some new treasure...

Hotel Hoedown

Dan the Corflu Concierge

DESPITE ITS LENGTHY MONIKER, the Red Lion Hotel Portland – Convention Center is a rather unassuming place. Named after the Portland Convention Center, which is right across the street, the Red Lion was my first choice for our 2013 Corflu lodgings. I discovered the place in 2007 when Lynn and I went to our first Orycon. It immediately struck me as comfortable, practical, and unpretentious. It was a good place for a small con.

We'd gone there in the company of Eileen Gunn and John D. Berry, who had come down from Seattle for the weekend. We ran into a number of old acquaintances, like Jerry Kaufman and Lucy Huntzinger, and had the opportunity to make a few new ones, like David Levine (of the *Bento Levines*) and the High Priestess of Portland science fiction, Ursula Le Guin, who was also in attendance that weekend. At one point during the con there was an informal social affair – a red hat party – that was held in the hotel's fifth floor bar. We went along for a refreshing drink and to observe the crimson chapeaus in their natural habitat. What we saw there was amazing.

Not only was the room full of women in elaborate red hats, including Ms. Le Guin – who shocked me by remembering my name – but the room itself was an unexpected surprise. It was big and full of light and offered up a panoramic rooftop view of downtown Portland. I'd once been to a Corflu where the banquet was held in the hotel's "rooftop" restaurant – which was strangely located on the 6th floor of the 8-floor hotel – but that place couldn't hold a candle to the Skyroom.

The Skyroom is the hotel's rooftop bar and function space. As you walk through the doors near the bar, the Skyroom opens up and out into a high ceilinged room with glass walls and an outdoor patio that offers up an impressive view of the Portland skyline, just across the Willamette River. We were both quite impressed.

"Wow," I said to Lynn. "This would be a great place for a Corflu banquet."

That was five years ago.

The place must have made an impression on me because it seems I still had the memory of

the Skyroom in back of my head when I began checking out hotels in Portland, looking for the ideal spot to hold the 2013 Corflu. Nevertheless, I made my lists and I did my research. I didn't want to miss the boat at one of the eccentric little Portland hotels that might have offered us something too good to pass up.

I was intrigued to find out how many small hotels there are in this city. Some of them have been in business for decades, while others have had their vintage spaces revitalized into boutique hotels that offer decidedly unique accommodations to their mostly young clientele. One has a huge lending library of signed first editions for their guests, while another includes a turntable in every room for those who come to town for vinyl hunting, and still another occupies a once infamous gay bath-house. Something for everyone – much like the city of Portland itself.

In the end, however, the problem with most of those very groovy modern hotels was their size. I wasn't kidding when I said that some of them were small. Most of them had less than 75 rooms and little or no meeting space. Those that did have meeting space wanted a lot of money to rent it out because their primary clients were business meetings and small arts group functions. That wouldn't work for a Corflu.

In some cases we would have had to guarantee that we could rent out the entire hotel for the weekend – something that they really didn't really want to do at the beginning of tourist season. Not without big guarantees, anyway. We were a small con, but we were still too big for them. Of course it would have been totally fun to take over a whole hotel, but it isn't really a feasible fantasy for a con as modest as Corflu. One of the hotels that I was interested in – The Heathman – was totally unavailable to us, or anybody else for that matter. Apparently, ever since the place was mentioned as one of the rendezvous spots in the wildly popular mommy-porn books, *Fifty Shades of Grey*, the hotel has been solidly booked for at least the next year. (I wonder what special services they provide their guests. A ball gag on the pillow instead of a piece of chocolate?)

So, after doing my homework about some of the other hotels in town, I decided to go back to my *fantasy* choice, the Red Lion Hotel – Convention Center in Southeast Portland. I made an appointment with the hotel's rep, Holly Van Hood, and she gave Lynn and me a tour of the building's facilities and answered all of our questions.

Much to my relief the hotel looked almost exactly as I remembered it. ("It all came back to me like the hot kiss at the end of a wet fist.") But I soon discovered that quite a bit had changed at the Red Lion since I'd last been there. For instance, we found out that they had totally remodeled their hotel rooms during the last two years. What had been comfortable, but slightly worn, accommodations five years ago were now new, crisp guest rooms with modern beds, wi-fi and a window in every room that actually opens to the night air. (A feature that will be invaluable to some Corflu attendees!)

The hotel's size was just right, too. The Red Lion has 173 rooms, which meant that they could easily take on our membership while still being able to handle their usual seasonal guests and the folks who come to Portland to attend functions across the street at the Convention Center. The size of our con was a bonus for them and they were immediately attracted to us. They were looking for a group our size to offset the collegiate athletes who will be competing across the avenue in the Spring. We each recognized a good thing when we saw it and made our deal.

Our meeting space/function room will be located on the fifth floor – just a short stumble down the hallway from the Skyroom bar. Our hospitality suite will occupy a three-room suite that includes plenty of space for everyone to meet and mingle while eating and drinking their fill of Portland's many delightful libations. We will be bringing in kegs of locally brewed beer for the British amongst you and at least one bathtub full of Pepsis for anyone who might want to make a BNF happy.

The 2013 FAAn Awards and the Corflu banquet will be held on Sunday (beginning at 11:00 AM) in the previously over-hyped Skyroom, with all of Portland as a backdrop. Even if we don't have a rare sunny day, you may still need your shades. I'll save you a seat.

THE BOTTOM LINE

So, what's all of this fabulousness going to cost the potential CORFLU XXX attendee? Well, it breaks down like this: All rooms at the 2013 Corflu will rent for \$99 a night – with no limit on number of occupants per room. While there is no sales tax in Oregon, there are still some standard hotelier fees that are going to be added on to your bill. There is a 13% hotel guest tax that is added onto your nightly cost. This brings the cost of each room to \$112 a night. Granted that can't compete with Vegas rates, but it isn't too bad for a place with trees.

This convention room rate will be available Thursday through Monday nights of the con, though the hotel has graciously said that they would be willing to extend that rate to any con attendees who might arrive earlier in the week or stay later.

The final fee that the hotel has insisted on is a phantom fee, of sorts. When you check in the hotel will ask all of their guests for a \$20 daily deposit on their credit card (or in cash, if you prefer) for each night you stay in the hotel. This fee is reportedly to cover any potential incidental costs that a guest might have during his stay, like damages. If no incidental costs are accumulated, the credit will be applied to your final bill. This is a bit of a pain, but in the end it shouldn't cost you anything if you've avoided being in any way incidental. Apparently, hotels like the Red Lion who host a lot of athletic teams and summertime tour groups get a lot of wear and tear and damage and they have created this system to help cover their losses. For us it should be no real problem, other than the inconvenience.

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

There are two ways to reserve a room for CORFLU XXX at the Red Lion Hotel Portland – Convention Center [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232]. The first is by accessing the hotel's website at www.RedLion.com and completing the on-line Room Block and Group Reservation form, using the reservation code (Group Block Number) CORFO429 to receive the \$99 a night convention rate.

The second way to make your reservation is by telephone. Call 1-800-RED LION (1-800-733-5466) to make your reservation. Be sure to mention that

you are part of CORFLU XXX in order to secure the convention rate. Cancellations must be made before 4:00 PM on the day prior to your scheduled arrival to avoid a one day room charge.

We encourage you to make your reservations *sooner* rather than later for one very practical reason. Our convention rate and room blocking holds rooms for us until one month before the convention starts. After the beginning of **April 2013**, the room rate will still be in place, but our room block will expire and after that point reservations will be on a first come, first served basis. So it is to your advantage to be first.

While our convention is going on we will most likely be sharing the hotel with athletes who will be competing across the street at the Convention Center. They will probably be taking up whatever part of the hotel we don't, though we should have the program area mostly to ourselves because they'll be occupied elsewhere. So other than having to put up with various young and fit men and women in the lobby and the elevator, there shouldn't be any problems.

However, one of our hotel liaisons was kind enough to offer us a **useful tip** for our members when making your reservations. You will be offered two types of rooms – a room with a single king-size bed and a room with two separate beds. Whenever possible, *book the single room with the king-size bed*. The reasoning behind this is that the athletes will be in the hotel as teams and the double bedded rooms are what they will be booking exclusively, meaning that the single/king rooms will be probably continue to be available longer than the doubles. Naturally, if you are not a single attendee or a couple – or you intend on splitting your convention room with others – this won't apply to you, but to others it may be a useful bit of help – especially if you wait to reserve your room until the last minute.

YOU CAN GET THERE FROM HERE

One of the things that makes the Red Lion Hotel so ideally suited to being a great Corflu hotel is its location, which should allow our members to get maximum enjoyment of all that the city of Portland has to offer. On one side of the hotel there is a stop for the MAX train – the city's primary public transport system – and on the other side of the hotel is a stop for the city's new East

Side trolley car route. Both of these clean, modern public transports will take any and all Corfluvians directly into downtown Portland and beyond. For \$5 a day, you can ride anywhere you want to go: to the center of the city – a block or so from Powell's Books, for instance – or to the world famous Rose Test Gardens for a spectacular view, or the nearby Japanese Gardens for zen quietude, or to the Portland Zoo to visit our new baby elephant.

The MAX train can take you downtown to the city's famous food cart lots for everything from gourmet peanut butter sandwiches to fine Thai cuisine, or take you to visit one of the dozens of top quality restaurants, brew pubs, book and record stores that dot Portland's streetscape and then allow you to simply hop on the train and ride directly back to the front of your hotel. Even the most saturated Charnock could crawl to the front door from there.

FROM THE TRAIN AND BUS STATION

Our local Amtrak station – a beautiful relic built in 1905 – is in Northwest Portland, near the Willamette River that separates Portland's East Side and our hotel from Downtown and the West Hills [Union Station – Portland, 800 NW Sixth Avenue, Portland, OR 97209].

Directly adjacent to the Amtrak station is the downtown Greyhound Bus Station, for any fans who decide to leave the driving to *Them* [Greyhound Bus Station – Portland, 550 NW Sixth Avenue, Portland, OR 97209].

Getting to the Red Lion Portland – Convention Center [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232] from either the train or the bus station is relatively simple. We recommend taking the local MAX train [trimet.org/max/] to the hotel. The MAX trains are Portland's most convenient way to get around. The MAX Light Rail station nearest the train depot is located approximately a block away, along side of the bus depot, at NW Sixth Avenue & Hoyt Street. (Another station is nearby at NW Fifth Avenue & Glisan Street.)

Catch a GREEN LINE train East (towards Gresham) and take it 2 STOPS until you reach the *Convention Center* station. The Red Lion Hotel is right next door to the station. The fare will cost you \$2.50 for a one-way ticket (\$5.00 will get you an all-day pass). As an extra courtesy to members of CORFLU XXX, the hotel has agreed to deduct

your light rail ticket cost off your room bill, so be sure to present it to them during your stay for the discount. The trip will take you about 10 minutes.

For those of you who would prefer to take a taxi cab from the Amtrak station, the cabs are usually lined up outside the station and the trip to the hotel will cost you approximately \$15.00.

FROM THE AEROPORT

The Portland International Airport, known to businessmen and baggage handlers everywhere as PDX [www.portofportland.com], is located in North Portland [7000 NE Airport Way, Portland, OR 97218], on the outskirts of the northeast part of town. It is marvelously attractive and modern and has a reputation as one of the country's most traveler friendly airports.

Getting to the Red Lion Hotel Portland – Convention Center [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232] from PDX is nearly as simple as the trip from the train station, only a bit longer. We recommend taking the local MAX train [trimet.org/max/] to the hotel from the airport. The MAX Light Rail station at PDX is located just outside the Baggage Claim area. It is an endoftheline station, so Corflu travelers will have to try *really* hard to get lost coming in to the hotel from here.

Catch the RED LINE train West (towards Hillsboro) and take it 10 STOPS until you reach the *Convention Center* station. The Red Lion Hotel is right next door to the station. The fare will cost you \$2.50 for a one-way ticket (\$5.00 will get you an all-day pass). As an extra courtesy to members of CORFLU XXX, the hotel has agreed to deduct your light rail ticket cost off your room bill, so be sure to present it to them during your stay for the discount. The trip will take you about 20 minutes.

For those of you who would prefer to take a taxi cab from PDX, the cabs are usually lined up in the center lane outside the Baggage Claim area. The trip to the hotel from the airport will cost you approximately \$35.00.

ON THE ROAD

If you are driving a car to Portland, you will most likely be spending most of your time on I-5, the primary interstate highway that runs through Oregon from California to Washington. The trip from Seattle will take you around 4 hours, due to heavy traffic and occasional construction along

your way. Under ideal circumstances the trip should be a little over 3 hours in duration, but you should always expect some delay along the way. Nevertheless, be sure to take a few moments and pull your nose out of that crumbling Ace Double that you're reading in the back seat and note the passing sites in the distance, like Mount Rainier and Mount St. Helens and the former site of the giant Trojan nuclear power plant – there's still a crater where they blew it up.

Those working their way up from California should be sure to oogle the primitive beauty of the Shasta and the Siskiyou Mountains as they whiz by your windows.

FROM WASHINGTON: Take I-5 SOUTH into Oregon. Once in the Portland area, take Exit 300B towards OMSI/Oregon City. Keep LEFT and follow the signs for Oregon City and then follow the sign for Belmont Street/Grand Avenue. Travel EAST on SE Belmont Street for approximately 5 blocks and then turn LEFT onto NE Grand Avenue. Travel NORTH on NE Grand for approximately 18 blocks. The hotel will be on your left in the middle of the block [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232].

FROM CALIFORNIA: Take I-5 NORTH into Oregon. Once in the Portland area, take Exit 302A at Weidler Street. Merge onto NE Weidler Street, traveling EAST for approximately 4 blocks. Turn RIGHT on NE Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd, traveling SOUTH for approximately 6 blocks. Turn LEFT on NE Holladay Street for 1 block and then turn LEFT onto NE Grand Avenue. The hotel will be on your left in the middle of the block [1021 NE Grand Avenue, Portland, OR 97232].

The hotel has kindly cut their regular parking charge in half for CORFLU XXX members' cars, reducing the cost from \$12.00 a night down to just \$6.00 a night. Local street parking is difficult for overnight stays because so much of the surrounding area is zoned to prevent congestion in the convention center corridor, so while parking for free is always preferable, it will probably be much easier for drivers to take advantage of the discounted parking.

As with any questions or problems concerning this year's Corflu, please feel free to ask questions or let us help you with any problems you may have. I am always available to our members at my NEW E-MAIL ADDRESS: dansteffanland@gmail.com.

The Corflu 50 fan fund's awesome* auction

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Curt Phillips

AS A SUPPLEMENT to the Corflu 50 Fan Fund regular fundraising efforts for its goal of bringing a selected fan to the 2014 Corflu, I've decided to kick-start that fund by conducting an e-mail auction of rare fanzines, selected books, and other items essential to the Fannish Life. Thanks to the generosity of several fans we already have in hand a very nice collection of material to offer, including such fanzines as *Hyphen*, *Triode*, and many others, several mint condition books from Advent Press, and much else. The auction will be conducted along the same lines as those pioneered by Robert Lichtman, and the first round will be announced shortly after the 2013 CORFLU XXX in Portland. (Andy Hooper's fundraising efforts for CORFLU XXX are in progress as we write and the C50 Fund doesn't want to interfere with that. We urge your attention to and participation in Andy Hooper's CORFLU XXX auction.)

If you'd like to be notified when the Corflu 50 auction starts – and I hope you will – please send your name and e-mail address to Curt Phillips at Absarka_prime@comcast.net. I'll make sure you're added to the list.

We can always use additional donations of material to auction in support of the fund. Suitable material might include fanzines, appropriate books (if you're a Fan and you think the book you want to donate is appropriate, then it is...), interesting fannish kipple of all sorts, artwork, and – if I may suggest, pulp magazines of any kind. (I'm involved in pulp magazine fandom and I'll auction any such donations over *there* as well, to support us *here*.) In the US please send any such donations to Curt at the address below. Additionally, donations can be delivered in person to Rob Jackson at CORFLU XXX in Portland. In the UK please address all donations to Rob.

Any questions? Just drop me an e-mail. Our thanks to all who have donated thus far to help get our Corflu 50 Fan Fund Auction off to a great start.

Curt Phillips

19310 Pleasant View Drive
Abingdon, VA 24211
Absarka_prime@comcast.net

Rob Jackson

Chinthay, Nightingale Lane
Hambrook
Chichester
W. Sussex
PO18 8UH
jacksonshambrook@tiscali.co.uk





Sidebar (info 'n' stuff)

NEW E-MAIL ADDRESS

After months of problems with his Comcast e-mail account, CORFLU XXX Chairman and pencil pusher Dan Steffan has a *new* email address. Please contact him at dansteffanland@gmail.com with any Corflu questions, art requests, or rude pictures of Pete Weston that you want to share with the world.

His old address – steffanlandpdx@comcast.net – is still active and will still receive any messages sent there, but it is no longer reliable for sending out replies. So, if you do send something to that address, it will probably get through, but isn't likely to get immediate attention. Please continue to send all requests for help with that inheritance that your Zambian uncle left you to this address.

CORFLU 50 PICKS ROB HANSEN

The Corflu 50 fan fund has chosen British fan Rob Hansen to send to CORFLU XXX. Rob is a longtime fan and former TAFF winner who has published fanzines such as *Epsilon* and the monumental work of British fan history *Then*. More recently he has been writing for Peter Weston's fanzine *Relapse* and posting old British newszines and other fanhistorical material to his website, *Rob Hansen's Fan Stuff*, at www.fiawol.org.uk/fanstuff/.

The Corflu 50 is a group of fans who donate a minimum of \$25 each year to fund a trip to Corflu for a fan chosen by consensus within the group. Past winners have been Steve & Elaine Stiles, Curt Phillips, Earl Kemp, Dave Hicks, and Shelby Vick. Current administrators are Rob Jackson [[\[son6o@gmail.com\]\(mailto:son6o@gmail.com\)\] and Curt Phillips \[\[absarka_prime@comcast.net\]\(mailto:absarka_prime@comcast.net\)\]. If you would like to donate money to the cause or inquire about joining the group, please contact Rob or Curt.](mailto:robjack-</p>
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CORFLU XXX T-SHIRT

CORFLU XXX will be offering a T-shirt for sale at this year's convention. Past experience has told us that this can be a tricky business. While we hope that lots of our members will want to purchase one of our wearable mementos, it is understood that ultimately the sales will depend on a quality design and a reasonable price. It is our ambition to provide you with both.

When it comes to producing convention T-shirts, the biggest stumbling block is usually the different sizes and the quantities of each size ordered from the vendor. It is our intention to produce T-shirts in a limited number of sizes and we will be primarily concentrating on printing shirts in the sizes Large, x-Large, and xx-Large – the most popular sizes for fannish T-shirts. However, we recognize that there are a number of fans out there with tiny or spindly bodies – how do they support their jiant heads and their enormous cosmic minds? – and we would like to be able to accommodate them, too.

So, if there are any of our members reading this who are fit and trim, or diminutive and slender, or somehow know how to say “no” to the third cupcake, who would like to have a CORFLU XXX T-shirt in a small or medium size, PLEASE send our T-shirt Procurement Team a special request at dansteffanland@gmail.com. If we know ahead of time, we can add a few of the smaller sizes to our order. It's up to you.

THE HISTORY OF THE CORFLU T-SHIRT

Speaking of T-shirts, we hope to be able to present our members with a visual trip through Corflu history with a display of all the Corflu T-shirts produced over the years. (If we were lucky enough to get female models to wear the shirts it would be a trip down mammary lane, but we aren't that lucky. Plus, it's wrong. Very wrong.)

In this pursuit we will be contacting some of you to inquire about the status of your fannish wardrobe and the availability of examples of the shirts from various years. However, if you know that you have some of the shirts and would like to help us accomplish our dream of 30 years of fannish sweat stains, please contact our T-shirt Procurement Team (they're multitasking, you betcha) at dansteffanland@gmail.com. We'd appreciate your help.

THE 2013 FAN ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

Balloting is now open for the 2012 Fan Activity Achievement Awards, and will continue through April 6th, 2013. FAAN Awards will be presented in the following 8 categories: Best Genzine, Best Personal Fanzine, Best Single Issue, Best Website, Best Fanzine Cover, Best Fan Artist, Best Fan Writer and the Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award for Best Letterhack. Voters will be invited to register their top three choices in each category. The first choice will receive five points, the second choice three points and the third choice will receive one point. After all ballots are counted, the highest point total in each category will determine the winner. The winners will be announced at the Sunday banquet at CORFLU XXX.

Paper ballots will be accepted by the award administrator, Andy Hooper, at 11032 30th Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98125. Ballots may also be sent by email to fanmailaph@aol.com. Anyone with an interest in Science Fiction fanzines is invited to vote. The ballot is available in this progress report.

CORFLU XXX will also issue a Lifetime Achievement Award to a fan chosen by a jury consisting of the current and previous year's Corflu chairpersons, and the previous recipients of the award. Nominations and comments received by the administrator will be passed on to the jury.

PORTLAND BEER TOUR

Over the past decade Portland, Oregon has become world renowned as the Craft Brewing Capital of the United States. Portland has nearly 40 micro-breweries and breweries within its city limits – more than any other city in the world – and there are more than 150 breweries throughout the state. (For an overview of the city's brewing scene, visit www.portlandbrewpubs.com.) As a result, Portland has earned the nickname Beervana and become something of a Mecca for beer lovers everywhere, many of whom will also be flying over from Britain to attend CORFLU XXX in May.

Because of this ardent interest in sucking up as much of the local suds as possible, we have been investigating some of the tours available in Portland for that very purpose. We aren't here to recommend any particular tour at this time, but we did want to offer a few websites for you to explore. Take a look at www.pubsofportlandtours.com or www.experiencebrewvana.com or www.brewbus.com and consider the possibilities.

The prices range from approximately \$40 to \$96, depending on which tour you take and the places they visit. All, I believe, will bus you to the various locations and then bring you back again. If there is enough interest we will look into a special CORFLU XXX brew tour, or we can help arrange a tour for anyone interested. Consider it over a tall, cool one and let us know by contacting our Beervana Tour Procurement Team at dansteffanland@gmail.com. Or you can just hang out in the hotel where we'll bring the beer to you.

STEPHEN KING BUYS MEMBERSHIP FOR EILEEN GUNN

For many months now, eBay Sensei Andrew P. (for Paypal) Hooper has been quietly auctioning off fanzines to help raise money for our convention. His skills in this regard are extraordinary and his successes are legend – or will be one day.

He will be continuing to conduct auctions in our behalf over the next few months and we'd like to recommend that you stop by and have a look at what he's got up for sale. Just log into your eBay account and type the word "Corflu" into the search engine and all of Andy's auctions will pop onto your screen. You never know, he may be selling something that you can't live without. If you

don't find anything under that listing, try again a few days later because he may simply be between auctions.

At the same time, we are also looking for donations both for Andy's eBay auctions and for our big on-site auction at the con itself. We hope to make it as eclectic as possible and offer interesting and unique items that don't normally show up at Corflu auctions. Besides offering fanzines, there will also be original fannish artwork for sale, along with other fannish artifacts and rarities. If you would like to donate an artifact or rarity to the convention auction, please contact our Auction Procurement Team at dansteffanland@gmail.com and help us out. If you want to donate fanzines to Andy's efforts, contact him at fanmailaph@aol.com to inquire about his needs and wants.

And be sure to stop Andy during the convention and ask him to tell you the story of how author Stephen King paid for Eileen Gunn's Corflu membership. It's a hoot.

THE EVERGREEN AVIATION AND SPACE MUSEUM

Another tourist destination that should be of great interest to members of CORFLU XXX is the amazing Evergreen Aviation and Space Museum, located less than an hour from Portland in McMinnville, Oregon. What's so amazing about it you ask? Well, for one thing it is the permanent home to one of the most legendary airplanes in the history of flying machines: the Spruce Goose. This gigantic airplane – of a size comparable to a modern Airbus A380-800 or a Boeing 747-8 – was built during World War II entirely of wood (because of wartime restrictions) and flew only one flight, on November 2, 1947, with its designer and manufacturer, Howard Hughes, in the cockpit.

The museum includes a wealth of vintage airplanes and space vehicles, including a B-17 Flying Fortress, a Ford Tri-Motor, a Foton-6 Russian space capsule, a Lockheed P-38 Lightning, a Grumman Hellcat, a Titan launch vehicle, a Mercury capsule, Messerschmitts, a Spitfire, an SR-71 Blackbird, helicopters and much, much more. It is an ideal destination for a morning or afternoon jaunt into the Oregon wilds that will delight anyone with an eye for beautiful flying machines.

Oh, and I forgot the other thing that makes the Evergreen amazing – it is also a water park with

at least four amazing slides and a wave pool that is kept at a lovely 84 degrees year around. The museum will be open every day 9:00 AM to 5:00 AM during the con and the water park will be open on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday during CORFLU XXX. Check them out at www.evergreenmuseum.org.

PORTLAND MEMOIRS WANTED

As part of our effort to offer the readers of our Progress Reports a little flavor of Portland, our esteemed editor is looking for contributions about Portland – not unlike those in this issue by Andy Hooper, Graham Charnock, Robert Lichtman and Randy himself. They can be short reminiscences, a memory of the last time you were in Stumptown or even your fantasies of what you hope to find during your visit to Amsterdam on the Willamette. Future stories will be featured in our second PR, due for completion in April – or in one of my occasional short Updates that will be produced every couple of weeks until it's convention time.

If you think you might have a story to tell about Portland, please contact the Pacific Northwest's most distinguished fannish cranial landscaper, Randy Byers, at fringefaan@yahoo.com.



My First Time

Robert Lichtman

MY FIRST VISIT to Portland was back in 1978. I was living at the Richmond, California urban branch of The Farm and working as the “West Coast Sales Manager” for The Farm’s publishing company. I had a full-sized early ’70s baby blue Mercury station wagon with air shocks in the rear. I would load it up with books and take off on trips in all directions to sell directly to bookstores and (since we had a vegetarian cookbook) health food stores all over the West Coast. As it turned out, I was singlehandedly responsible for over 15% of that year’s total sales for the company. At first I confined my activity to California, but eventually it was time to turn my sights north.

After a couple days cruising on Highway 101 and Interstate 5 selling books along the way, I found myself driving into Portland late one afternoon. I’d never been there before, and what struck me first was its wonderful, unspoiled patina of age. The downtown skyline was low-rise and mostly old, and the residential areas I could see as I drove by on the freeway reminded me a lot of similar neighborhoods in Berkeley and Oakland: small houses of a certain age nestled on cozy streets with lots of foliage.

I don’t remember a lot about that first visit to Portland other than the whirlwind of stores I visited and that sales were good. At the end of the day I found a tiny Chinatown – I don’t remember just where it was, except that the amazingly good Chinese restaurant at which I ate that evening was on a somewhat steep block. After dinner I spent a few hours browsing around the big and irresistible Powell’s bookstore before finding a cheap motel for the night.

My next visit to Portland wasn’t until 2005. I was on my way to Seattle to help Elinor Busby winnow down her and Buz’s fanzine collection. Dan and Lynn had moved there earlier that year, and were only too happy to offer me a place to crash both coming and going. What struck me when I drove into town was how the skyline had changed. No longer was it low-rise and old. There were several really tall and very eye-catching buildings scraping the sky, and in general the downtown seemed more dense.

The neighborhoods, though, looked pretty much the same, and it was with considerable pleasure that I found Dan and Lynn’s little cottage on a leafy side street. I hadn’t seen them since a great party at their house in Arlington, Virginia, back in 1994 after the end of that year’s Corflu. After a hard day of driving – it’s over 600 miles from Oakland to Portland – they and their house were welcoming sights. After a much-needed infusion of good food, great conversation and a solid night’s sleep, the final part of my drive to Seattle was much more relaxed than the madcap pace I’d set the first day. And I visited and stayed with them again on my return trip.

In a follow-up visit with Carol a couple years later, both of us fell in love with Portland – me all over again, Carol for the first time. We explored some on our own, and with Dan and Lynn we saw other parts of town that made us think, “We could live here.” We’re looking forward to CORFLU XXX in order to experience Portland some more.

I Can Haz Membership?

Dan Steffan, Membership Drone

OF COURSE you can, Skippy. It's so easy to do that even an award-winning cave man could do it. CORFLU XXX will take place in Portland, Oregon during the weekend of May 3, 4, & 5, 2013 and if you or somebody pretending to be you wants to come out and play, here are the facts you'll want to know.

There are three kinds of memberships at CORFLU XXX: An Attending Membership will cost you \$65 US / £40 UK or, for you slowpokes out there, \$75 at the door. This deluxe "I'm-standing-right-in-front-of-you-talk-to-me-damn-it" membership includes a lovely badge with your name on it, a bag of stuff that you will probably want to leave in the elevator, entrance to all panels and parties, a seat at the Sunday banquet and awards ceremony, and copies of all of our publications.

The second kind of membership to CORFLU XXX: A Supporting Membership will cost you : \$15 US / £10 UK or, for those of you who forget to stay home and want to support us in person, \$75 at the door. This special "I-am-incarcerated-far-far-away-or-I-have-no-social-skills" membership will get you a lovely badge with your name on it that you can wear around your kitchen and copies of all of our publications mailed to your door.

The third kind of membership to CORFLU XXX: A Saturday Only Membership (aka, the *Gonzalez Pass*) will cost you \$20 at the door. This unique "I-couldn't-bring-myself-to-sneak-in" membership includes one of our blindingly lovely name badges with your blindingly lovely name on it, a bag of stuff that you can draw on the back of (crayons not included), entrance to all the Saturday panels and parties, and copies of our publications. This membership should be of particular interest to fans and pros who might be passing through Portland that weekend on their way to the next hobo camp down the line, have time to kill while waiting to get into the next Star Wars movie, or can't make it for the whole weekend, but still want to see their old friends. Who knows who might turn up?

No, really. Who knows? I don't have a clue. What have you heard?

We considered a fourth type of membership for those practicing Interstellar Mental Crifanac, but we decided against it because insane people usually don't have Paypal accounts. However, if you are insane and do have a credit card, contact us anyway and we'll be glad to take your money. We promise to send you our special Corflu Pudding in a Boot in return. It's pudding. It's footwear. What more could you want? (Offer is not available on Planet Earth or anywhere else silly people may live.)

WHO, WHAT, WHERE AND WHO?

There are three options available for your joining pleasure. Perhaps the easiest payment option is using Paypal. Send your payment to: lynnspx@comcast.net. When buying two or more memberships, please include the other member's name in the Memo box. And be sure to check the Personal/Gift box, or Paypal will take a cut of your payment. (We wouldn't want that, now would we?)

On the other hand if you don't want to use the interweb tubes to send us your hard earned shekels, you can send us a check via the poor, beleaguered Post Office – I'm sure they'd appreciate your patronage. In North America, please make your checks payable to Lynn Steffan at 2015 NE 50th Avenue, Portland, OR 97213. Or, if you live in the UK or on the continent, please make your cheques out to our UK Agent Pat Charnock at 45 Kimberley Gardens, London N4 1LD, UK.

If you have questions of any kind, please contact us at dansteffanland@gmail.com or visit our website: www.corflu.org.

Come on, you know you want to visit Portland and see the bohemians on their bicycles as they smoke their medicine on their way to the all gurl Roller Derby, don't you? Or to watch the aging hippies with their pierced uvulas and their tattooed colostomy bags as they stumble amongst the food carts in perpetual pursuit of bitchin' munchies and righteous conversating? Or you could just come for the fanzine fans, they're pretty weird, too.

CORFLU XXX Membership List

(As of February 8, 2013)

001	Ted White	A	046	Randy Byers	A
002	Pat Virzi	A	047	Jim Caughran	S
003	Geri Sullivan	A	048	Jerry Kaufman	A
004	Robert Lichtman	A	049	Suzle Tompkins	A
005	Carol Carr	A	050	Linda Deneroff	A
006	John Harvey	A	051	Roy Kettle	A
007	Eve Harvey	A	052	Kathleen Mitchell	A
008	Claire Brialey	A	053	Kim Huett	S
009	Mark Plummer	A	054	Rich Coad	A
010	Nigel Rowe	A	055	Stacy Scott	A
011	Spike	A	056	R-Laurraine Tutihasi	A
012	Tom Becker	A	057	Mike Weasner	A
013	Arnie Katz	A	058	David Levine	A
014	Joyce Katz	A	059	Kate Yule	A
015	Frank Lunney	A	060	Rob Hansen	A
016	Earl Kemp	A	061	Eileen Gunn	A
017	Michael Dobson	A	062	Jack Calvert	A
018	Dixie Tracy-Kinney	A	063	Gary Hunnewell	A
019	Jay Kinney	A	064	Jeff Schalles	A
020	Terry Kemp	A			
021	Aileen Forman	A			
022	Ken Forman	A			
023	Gary Mattingly	A			
024	Patty Peters	A			
025	Sandra Bond	A			
026	Woody Bernardi	A			
027	Art Widner	A			
028	Milt Stevens	A			
029	Carrie Root	A			
030	Andy Hooper	A			
031	Hope Leibowitz	S			
032	Murray Moore	A			
033	Mary Ellen Moore	A			
034	JoHn Hardin	S			
035	Jacq Monahan	S			
036	Rob Jackson	A			
037	John D. Berry	A			
038	Teresa Cochran	A			
039	James Taylor	A			
040	Petrea Mitchell	A			
041	Chris French	A			
042	Steve Stiles	A			
043	Elaine Stiles	A			
044	Mike Meara	A			
045	Pat Meara	A			



NEW CORFLU XXX FLYER

By the time you read this there should be a new flyer advertising all the vital information about our convention here in Portland on May 3, 4, and 5, 2013 posted at our website at www.corflu.org. Have a look at this new promotional flyer – our third – whenever you need to find an email address for joining up or the facts about booking a room at the convention hotel. We encourage you to circulate it amongst your friends, leave copies at any conventions you may attend between now and May and, if you are so inclined, please include copies of this flyer with the next issue of your fanzine. We would appreciate it.

Tell a friend. Soylent Green may be people, but so is a successful Corflu. Thanks.

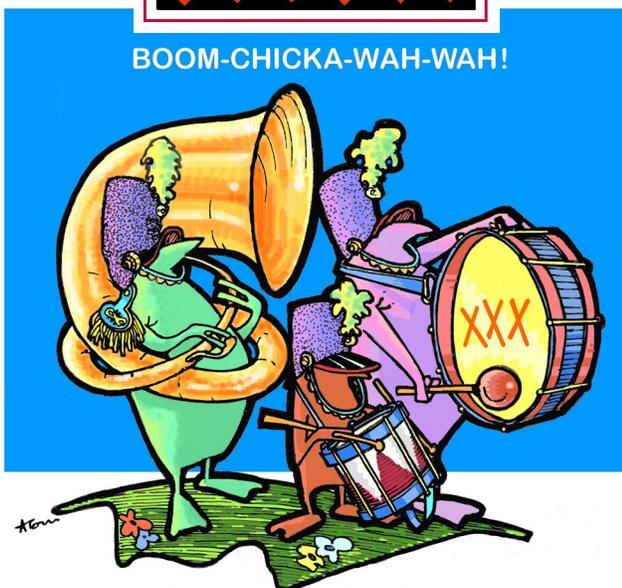
GOT QUESTIONS? HAVE A REQUEST?

Please direct all general questions about CORFLU XXX to Dan at dansteffanland@gmail.com. For all questions about convention memberships and payments, please contact Lynn at lynnspx@comcast.net. For questions or contributions to the next Progress Report, please contact Randy at fringefaan@yahoo.com. And last, but not least for any questions about this year's FAAN Awards or about donations to the Corflu eBay auctions, please contact Andy at fanmailaph@aol.com.

Have we forgotten something? Is there something special or unique that you would like to know more about? Is there something we can do for you? Drop us a line.



BOOM-CHICKA-WAH-WAH!



BEGIN INDICIA

THIS PROGRESS REPORT was brought to you by:

DAN STEFFAN | Chairman, artist,
voice in your head

LYNN STEFFAN | Secretary-Treasurer,
diamond dog, spider from Mars

JOHN D. BERRY | Typographer, designer,
man in a fedora

ANDY HOOPER | FAAN Awards Administrator,
patio daddy-o, man in a fez

RANDY BYERS | Nag, copy-editor, cheerleader

If you have questions for the committee,
please write to Dan at 2015 NE 50th Avenue,
Portland OR 97213 or dansteffanland@gmail.com.

ENDICIA