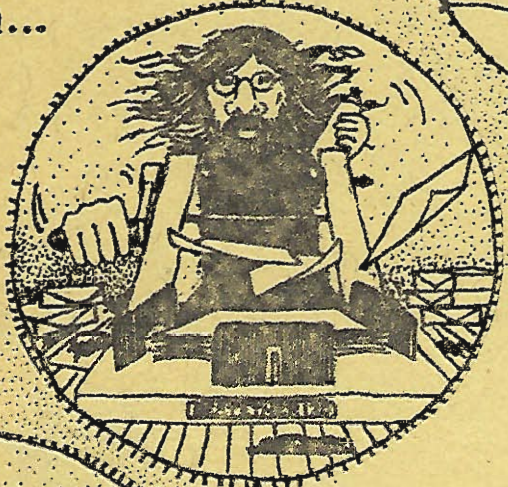
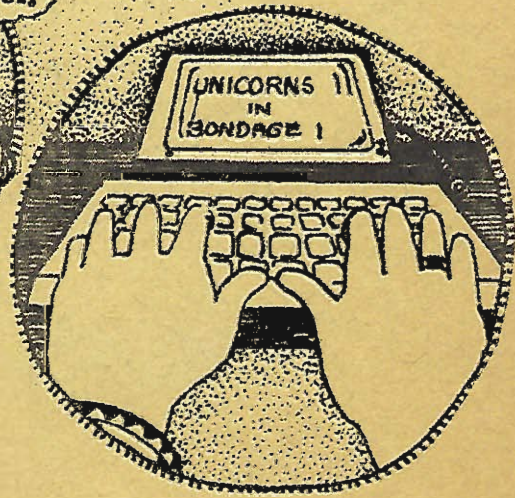
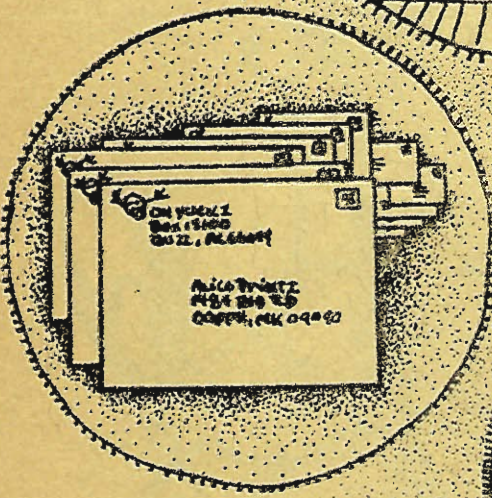


once begun...



THE TWILONE ZONE II



... it never ends

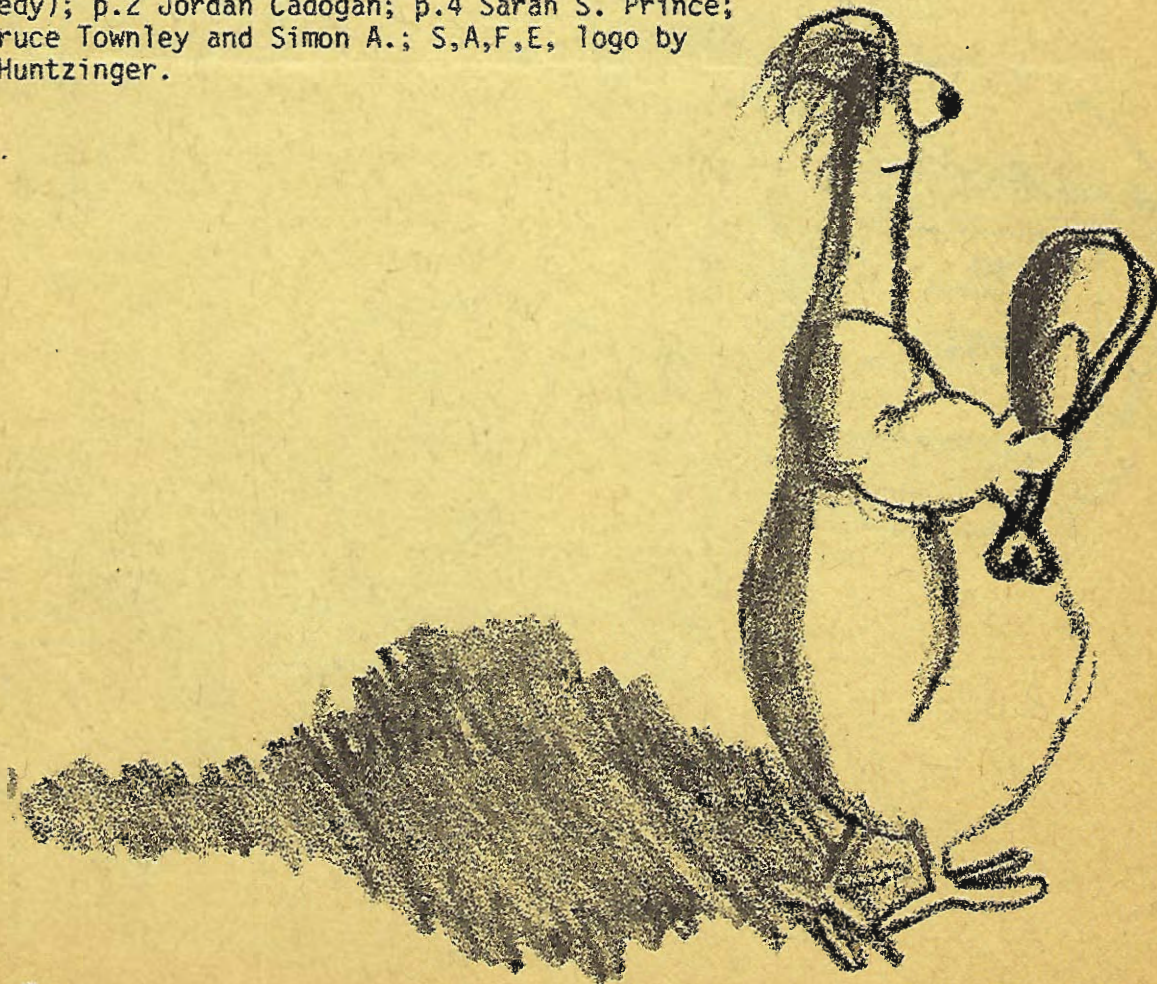
THE TWILTONE ZONE is edited by Lucy Huntzinger and published by The Science Fiction Small Press Association for the members of CORFLU, a fanzine convention to be held at the Claremont Hotel (Oakland, CA) on January 27-29, 1984. Hotel rates are listed on the reservation card included in this issue. Membership rates are \$24.31 Attending, \$9.95 Supporting. Checks should be made out to CORFLU, 1827 Haight St., Ste. #8, San Francisco, CA, 94117. Produced August '83.

***** C*O*N*T*E*N*T*S *****

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Artwork this issue:

Cover by Shay Barsabe (from an idea by L. Jim Khennedy); p.2 Jordan Cadogan; p.4 Sarah S. Prince; p.6 Bruce Townley and Simon A.; S,A,F,E, logo by Lucy Huntzinger.



Report from the Chair

(the Bates was booked)

-- Allyn Cadogan

There are miles of corridors in the upper reaches of the Claremont Hotel. These corridors are long and broad and high ceilinged and one would do well to take along a good supply of water for the trip from the elevator to one's room at the far end of the corridor. The carpeting is deep-piled, expensive, and weird, patterned in blue and tan shapes that, at midnight, when one is under the influence of too much white wine, or some exotic drug, or merely incandescent lighting, lift themselves to knee-height so that one must actually wade through the carpeting on the long trek to one's room at the end of the corridor.

I get into the elevator, headed toward a party on the top floor. Behind me, Peter Straub asks Stephen King if he has any ghosts in his suite. King replies in the affirmative. I turn to stare at them; I am not yet under the influence of too much anything, not even incandescent lighting. They smile innocently back at me.

Back in our room, we are trying valiantly to fit our three-prong plug for the video camera into the two-prong outlet in the wall. Finally, Shay phones the hotel engineering department. Five minutes later, there's an engineer at our door with a three-prong adaptor. Awesome.

It still is. The Tower Suite is three stories tall; it has two bedrooms, silk wallpaper, and a sauna up in the Bell Tower. We like the Tower Suite a lot; we think it would be a nifty place for parties. Our hotel liaison person looks us over and decides we'd be much happier in what the hotel calls the "Bordello." Clearly, the hotel has our number. They give us a free breakfast in the dining room anyway; they also want our money.

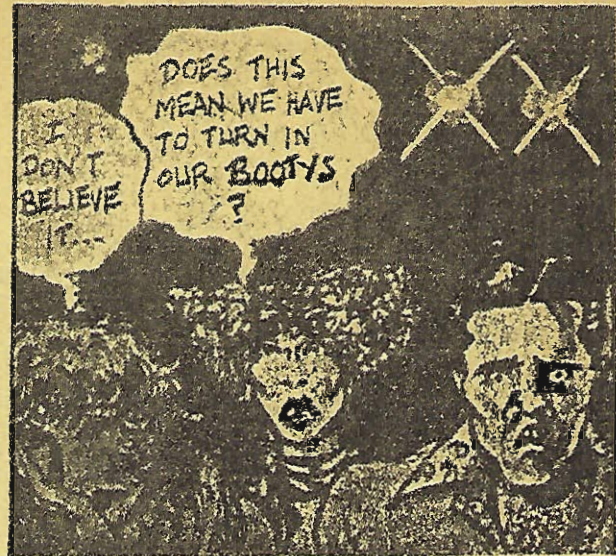
Back in the lobby, we fork over our deposit for the convention. I am surreptitiously attempting to convince my eight-year-old son that he should not slide down the bannisters--they're not even varnished yet; the hotel is in the final stages of renovating the second floor meeting space. Robin, our registration clerk, writes out "Science Fiction Small Press Association" on our receipt, and remarks that he reads enough science fiction to keep the entire lot of us in business. We stare at him in dismay. "You're a science fiction fan?" I croak. "Oh, yeah!" he responds. "And your conference is on my birthday. This is going to be fun!"

One fan looks at the hotel registration card I hand him when he buys his CORFLU membership and groans at the room rates. Well, I suppose it could be considered a bit of a faannish faux pas on our part, booking CORFLU into the Claremont. I suppose a Motel-6 in Petaluma might have served our purposes just as well, but we happen to like the Claremont. We like silk wallpaper and carpets that float up to knee level and haunted rooms and an engineering staff that can come up with three-prong adaptors

or overhead projector at a moment's notice.

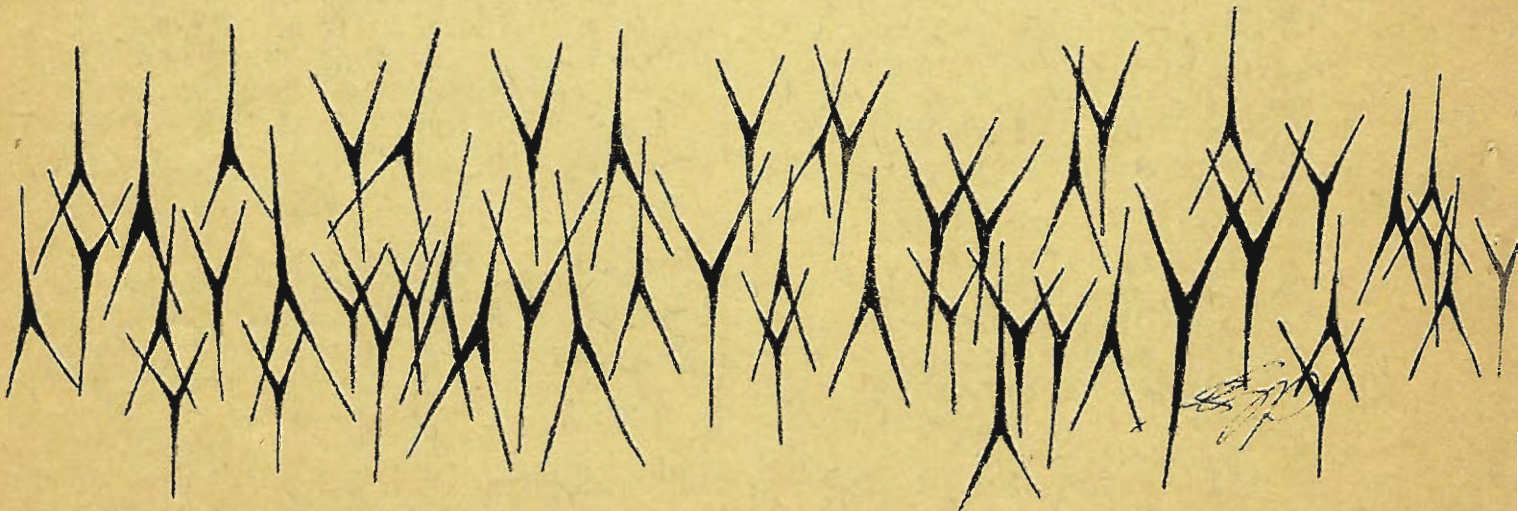
many in the crowd went into shock

We could be practical about this: In this area, the Claremont's room rates are not excessive. In this area, it is also difficult, bordering on impossible, to book a convention hotel less than five years in advance. Like the fan mentioned above, if money is a problem for you, you could rationalize the expense this way: our membership fee is \$24.31. Of this, \$13.37 is going for the banquet; your membership is actually costing you \$10.94. Okay, at your average Westercon, say, you'd pay what? \$40 for a membership, \$45 for your room, and let's say \$25 for the banquet. Tell you what: If you really can't come up with that extra 31¢, write me a letter and I'll pay it for you, okay? (Ed: You might be sorry you said that, Allyn)



* * *

Like any good concom, our members are switching positions in mid-stream. Karl Mosgofian, who got his start in all this silliness by publishing a computerzine at age 12, is now our Treasurer/Registrar, aided and abetted by an ex-Detroit fan, who prefers to remain anonymous. She'll be sorry later. Bill Patterson is still on the committee, but hasn't yet decided what particular mischief he wants to brew. Right now, he's in the corner sleeping off the effects of too much imported red corflu. The rest of us are hanging in there in the positions reported last ish.



Come on Down...

--Terry Floyd

Neighbors, when was the last time you went to the programming at a convention? Well, it's been a damned long time since Torcon, hasn't it? Do you remember enjoying yourself at that panel, speech, or whatever it was you sat through back then? Did that last experience turn you off of con programming for good?

Now, the CORFLU committee can't promise you a stimulating panel of distinguished speakers discussing the future of space industrialization or the problems of the mass market publishing business, but we can give you things you can't get at other cons. [REDACTED]

You may recall seeing something in the first TWILTONE ZONE about turning the programming over to the attendees. That means exactly what it says. We want to hear your ideas. Since, however, the response to our ~~first~~ query has been somewhat less than enthusiastic, we've gone ahead and scheduled a few things on our own that we want to do.

You may also remember mention of workshops and discussion groups. That's part of our scheme, but we're well aware that it takes years (sometimes decades) of fanac to become a skillful technician, and not even three solid days of mimeo workshops are going to make experts out of some of us. Besides, most of the fans we expect to show up at CORFLU are going to already know the basics, if not the details, so these workshops will probably consist of comparing notes and swapping helpful pointers gleaned from years of experience. And, of course, we do want to produce fanzines at CORFLU; not just one-shots hastily thrown together and printed in a flurry of adrenaline and sweat, but real, spontaneous fanzines. Or, if nothing else, at least a daily newsletter of better-than-average quality.

We also hope to have some fanhistory programming. Many of us young and tired fen have so much to learn from the old and enthusiastic ones that we hope CORFLU will foster a healthy understanding of our past. But not to worry-- having already had sixth fandom flogged to death in fmz pages for the last year or so, we'd like to make a motion to obliterate that particular period of history. That's right, just strike it from the records. We're all tired of hearing about it. There are lots of fandoms to study besides that one.

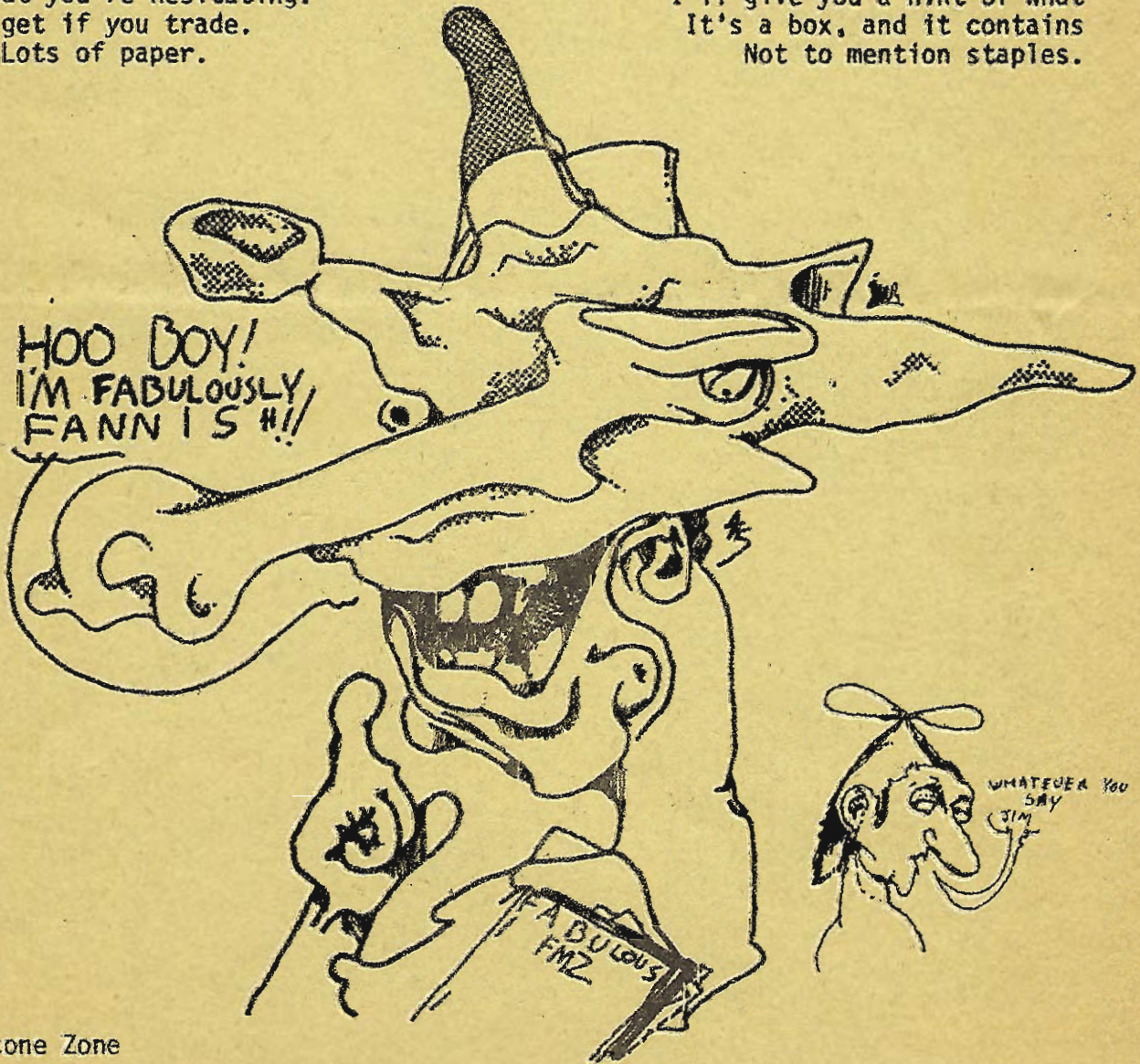
It's also been suggested that we commemorate 1984 by establishing a Standard Approved Fanac Ethic (S.A.F.E.) to "aggressively promote standards in fanwriting and fanpubbing." It's been a long time coming, but it's almost here. Dave Locke has assured us that there is yet time to whip fandom into shape again, to insure that faneds produce only the best that they are capable of or suffer public humiliation should they fail to do so. We feel that there is no better place, and certainly no better time, to implement S.A.F.E. standards than at CORFLU.

But we promised you something different, didn't we? Something you couldn't get at other cons, right? Something you can only get on...television.

Yes, YOU, Jane or Joe Phan can actually be a contestant (or *gasp* even a celebrity guest) on a New Faannish Game Show! All the best features from your favorite daytime game shows will be combined for a brand new faannish fun fest! Just imagine it...LET'S MAKE A MEAL, THE WRONG SHOW, WHAT'S MY ZINE? and everybody's favorite, FAN FOR A DAY all rolled into one spectacular video extravaganza! Johnny, let's tell the readers what they've won...

That's right, Monte, they're now the proud owners of this eight piece set of matching luggage from C. M. Split, the most famous name in quality travel accessories! Strong, durable, and dependable, this luggage is perfect for concealing all the many essentials necessary for having fun at a con. And that's not all! You also get this brand new washer/dryer combination from Cesspool, the last word in laundry: when you say modern, you mean Cesspool. Now don't worry about how you're going to get all of these prizes back home with you, because you can haul the entire package...in your brand new Chrashler Pick-up Truck!!!

How would you like to have a chance to trade all of this fabulous merchandise for what's behind Door Number Three? Take your time, and don't be nervous. I see that you're hesitating. I'll give you a hint of what you can get if you trade. It's a box, and it contains paper. Lots of paper. Not to mention staples.



I Left My Heart on BART

-- Bruce Townley

There was an elderly couple sitting further up the bus in the seats reserved for them, parallel to the wall. They were both well dressed, utilizing the good taste that dispenses with trendy style and is therefore that much more expensive. Looked like they hadn't had to eat a can of dog food in quite a long time (well, they'd raised the price of the stuff anyway). She was, in fact, wearing a fur wrap. It was "winter" out, all of 50° Fahrenheit--you could tell it was winter because it looked like rain. The fur twitched from her breath as she stood up and asked the bus driver a question. Which gave me just about time enough to muse about how sweet it was that this pair still cared enough to go out on a bus trip together. Just time enough before the old gent began slashing the bent claw of his hand viciously about in an arc limited only by the strength of the ligaments in his shoulder. The flapping of his cashmere sheathed arm provided the rhythm line for his screeched dispensations. As he gamely essayed to clamp his mate's elbow in his grip of liver spotted steel his head (topped with its perky Tyrolean cap) erratically popped up and down. Then the jaws attached to this head started working and ejected these words: "WHADDYA GOTTA ASK HIM THAT FOR YOU GODDAMNED SLUT!! THIS IS 8TH STREET!! JESUS, WE DON'T GET OFF HERE!! HOW CAN YOU BE SO GODDAMNED OVERBEARING!!"

He went on like this 'til he'd filled up all the available space with his words and he ran out of breath. In this breach his wife (Ah! I assume it was his wife! Mebbe she was a convicted felon and he was her sentence!) calmly stated "The bus driver did say this is where the #44 stops, dear". She said it in a tone as if she were saying something harmless, to humor him. Even though what she said was entirely factual it still had to be most artfully phrased.

This stumped him for about half a minute. "GOD DAMN IT! THIS IS 8TH STREET!!". His strategy obviously was to stick to what he knew was right, as offensively as he could. Meanwhile, the dame had had a chance to dart out of his grasp, while he'd been distracted, and make a dash for the now open door. He lurched upright and was carried forward by the impetus of this abrupt movement all the way out the door. The driver gunned his engine and shot away before the old fossil had a chance to change his mind or his direction.

I glanced over my shoulder in time to catch the old girl's tricky feint (she'd had practice, years of it) that lured him to the proper spot to wait for the bus, exposing him to the dreaded 8th Street. As he started to wave his fists again I paused for a moment of reflection. "Gee, I sure hope I'm as spry as those two when I reach their advanced age!". I hope.

For about the next year or so you won't be able to ride in a cable car in San Francisco. The officially stated reason is that the system is being "rehabilitated". This is even grimmer than it sounds for if one were to

Twiltone Zone/7

walk up Powell Street, say from about Sutter or so, it is a scene that gives one pause. Apparently the crime that the cable cars have to atone for (and hence the "rehabilitation") is a major one, the next best thing to a capital offence. There are tense knots of guys doing hard labor, breaking up the pavement with their official picks and sledges, bringing justice and other forms of bedevilment to the traction lines embedded beneath those once picturesque streets. The cars themselves are confined to sidewalks at various tourist hang-outs around town, like at the Embarcadero and like that. One supposes the cars can only be visited during officially sanctioned Visiting Hours. Which would be whenever there's some tourists around.

If you get a bunch of your pals to sit on the car and have them all lean forward and then snap a photo of them while panning the camera, why, the car might even look like it's moving.

**

Looks like girls who go to Catholic schools still have to wear tartan plaid skirts, knee socks, saddle shoes, dark jackets, white blouses and ties. Christ, it's a good thing because they are the only ones around who can pull this sort of look off, with their features brimming with promise but as yet unacquainted with promissory notes. There's sure enough of 'em on the buses. These two that just got on are of another division entirely. These two are women, no argument about it. Their sharp looks betray that they're old enough to know better. They look at you again and you wonder why they let you know that much. One turns to the other, releasing a scud of Halston cologne from her personal space and intones in a tone more dead than deadpan: "Do you know that I can put my whole hand in my mouth?". And then she blinks. Just like that.

Bunches of teenaged boys get on just to be fair and even things out. School's out and they are recapping the day. It appears that one of their number really goofed, really, uh, blew it. So now they have no choice but to rib him unflinchingly halfway across town with a red light at every intersection. The funny thing is how long this chump withstands this intense rank session before getting in a shot of his own. "WELL I BET YOU LIKE TO MAKE IT WITH DEAD CORPSES!" he blurts.

Now it is just two boys sitting in the seat next to the back door and what gives, they're both sci-fi fans. No really, they're telling each other the lists of movies they've each viewed multiple times. Most of these are more or less science fictional in nature--Star Wars, Close Encounters, you've heard the list before. To stack up his devotion against his buddy's one kid says, "I musta seen The Deep about five times and I didn't even like it that much!". A little bit later, same kid pipes up with "Yeah, of course Plan 9 From Outer Space is a true story! The guy said so!". Of course this guy the kid is quoting is none other than the Amazing Kreskin who boldly asserted that the tale of zombies, flying saucers, and sunlight catching on fire was nothing but God's honest truth. Is this kid kidding or what? I don't know what to think. I shove the window open and sigh.

He used to be a fan, but now he works in a bacon bits factory. -----SHAREE CARTON

CORFLU Members:

Michele Armstrong	Corey Cole	Gilbert Gaier	Debbie Notkin
Bryan Barrett	Lori Cole	Seth Goldberg	Dawn Plaskon
Shay Barsabe	Rich Coad	Lucy Huntzinger	Stacy Scott
Allen Baum	Dick Ellington	David Kadlecek	Robert Silverberg
Alan Bostick	Pat Ellington	Jerry Kaufman	Fran Skene
David Bratman	Michael Farren	Lynn Kuehl	Amy Thompson
Bill Breiding	Doug Faunt	Linda McAllister	Donya White
Allyn Cadogan	Paul A. Flores	Rich McAllister	Tom Whitmore
Cheryl Cline	Terry Floyd	Karl Mosgofian	Walter K. Willis

LoCcer Room

David Bratman
381 Juanita Way
Los Altos CA

For TWILTONE ZONE's
Typo Award, I
nominate "fomen-
ting", page 4, paragraph 4, line 3,
word 8. Does anybody win anything?

Any further progress or weird bios
you folks come up with will be
appreciated.

((Well, David, you win a free trip
to the dictionary: It really is
fomenting, no "r".))



380 LEXINGTON AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 • 212-557-9100

Dear Corflu Folk:

"The Twiltone Zone" was a delight to scrutinize
for the one and only typo. You should know better
than to set such challenges for professional proofreaders.
I spent so much time on it, I never did send the zine
to Anthony Lewis to put in our con calendar. (Don't
worry; I'll insert it myself, with much corflu, no doubt.)

But all that time paid off--I found TWO typos!
And if you do not award ME the Fabulous Prize To Be
Presented At Corflu, I shall tell everyone that not
only is there an "n" missing in the word "fannish"
in paragraph 6, pg. 3, but the second "i" does not
appear in "liaison," pg. 6, under Kent Johnson! You
have been warned.

All the best for your convention, which I don't see
any way I can attend, but would like to. May your fine
senses of humor hold up, and may you all care for one
another as much after the con is over as you seem to now.

Sincerely,

Betsy Mitchell
Betsy Mitchell
Managing Editor

((What do I win for locating the typo in
your letter?))

Redd Boggs
PO Box 1111
Berkeley CA

As soon as I
arrived home, I
riffled through
the TWILTONE ZONE
and, as Dave can attest, I immediately
noticed a typo--maybe it is the typo!
--i.e., "Keith Johnson artists'
liason." If you're going to make a
typo, make it in BIG type, a rule I
followed (to my chagrin) when I put
the title The Astounding Index on the
cover of a fanzine in 1952. Even more
famous is the big typo on the cover
of the fanzine issued by dissident
LASFS members circa 1944 where they
intended to use the word "knave" in
Have At Thee, Knaves! and unwittingly
put an extra "n" in the word and
thereby christened themselves "Knaves"
henceforth.

((Yes, when we're going for mistakes,
we like them big, too; however,
"liason", though a mistake and a mis-
spelling, is not a typo. We did
clearly state that misspellings don't
count. Sorry, no prizes yet.))

((Roelof included some Corflu news in a letter to Terry recently:))

Roelof Goudriaan
Netherlands

I've just returned from Beccon (England, 29-31 July). You may

be pleased to know that Amy Thompson from Moscow, Idaho, gave Corflu a big plug at the "foreign fandom" panel at Beccon, reading the GoH announcement from the Twiltone Zone, and receiving general approval.

((Amy, you are a pal, aren't you? Many thanks for helping to Spread the Word.))

Dick Ellington
Irwin Court
Oakland CA

The consensus of opinion at Westercon was that you ought to

get some kind of award yourselves for the best idea of the year. How can we resist? Check enclosed for memberships for Pat and me.

I don't mimeo anymore but I still have in the garage an aging and venerable

A.B. Dick Model 87B closed drum model and I go out and look at it occasionally. I also have four (4) bottles of corflu, all kept in a dark drawer, all more than 20 (20) years old and I admit to surreptitiously sniffing at one of them occasionally. While I still get high off it, it does not move me to stencil. Such is age....

((Many thanks for the compliments, Dick. Actually, we just got tired of hearing all those fanzine fans talking about how there really should be a con just for Our Kind, and no one ever doing anything about it. Well, we like tackling Impossible Projects, so we decided to do it. Just an idea whose time had come, you see.))

WAHF: Dave Rike ((No, Dave, despite the fact that Terry thinks it would make great programming, Allyn and Karl figure to be much too busy at Corflu to hold a wedding as well.))

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THAN SORRY

FIRST CLASS MAIL

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