

PENNEYS UP THE RIVER

And Other CUFF Stories

This is the trip report produced by Lloyd and Yvonne Penney, the winners of the 1998 Canadian Unity Fan Fund, or CUFF, about our trip to the Canadian National Convention, or CanVention, in Montreal. This makes it official, just so you know what it is.

We also intend to outline why we decided to go for it, what happened during our trip, and other details that might not go into other trip reports, such as background to the fan fund itself, previous winners, why we did what we did, and so on. Much more than the usual, stuff we hope. Also included will be at least one essay on CUFF. Why all this? This is a fund with promise of purpose, and the more people that know about the fund, the more successful it will be. And, the more people who might be inclined to run for it in the future.

To quote Graeme Cameron's 1998 CUFF flyer...

*"Cuff is the Canadian Unity Fan Fund. Established in 1981, CUFF is intended to overcome geographical barriers to a united Canadian fandom by sending a Western... Fan to an Easter SF convention and -- in alternating years -- an Eastern... fan to a Western SF convention. Since 1988, that convention has been whichever con hosts **Canvention** (The Canadian National Science Fiction Convention), which is sponsored by the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, the entity which awards the **Auroras** (formerly the Caspers), the Canadian equivalent of the **Hugos**."*

And so, to...

1 Some history and... We were just thinking about it...

Our knowledge of the Canadian Unity Fan Fund goes right back to 1987, during Ad Astra/Canvention 7, that year's national SF convention. That year,

during the Canvention business meeting, such as it was, then-Toronto fan Michael Wallis proposed the revival of CUFF. Now comes some history that we've tried to get right... after Toronto fanzine fan Bob Webber proposed this new fan fund, and then declared friend and Edmonton

fan Michael Hall the first winner in 1981, the idea had lain fallow.

But, it was still a good idea to let fans from one side of the country see that the fans on the other side weren't the fakefans they'd always suspected them to be. Many Canfens lost track of the fund until friend and Ottawa fan Paul Valcour won it. Paul has always thrown himself into the projects he's gotten involved with, and this one was no different. He promoted CUFF, and in the intervening years, has donated to it heavily. When traveling giant and Winnipeg fan Linda Ross-Mansfield won it, she promoted it heavily, too.

Then, came what you might call the Great Gap... Linda wound up being the guardian of the funds for some years. Canadian fandom is not all that numerous, and to be honest, not all that connected with the really fannish fandom native to the United States. As a result, there was never really that much publicity or fannish public awareness of CUFF, and Linda held on to the money, trying to generate more awareness and hoping that someone would care enough to take CUFF on. Not even the threat to disperse the funds, or the possibility of some professional writers taking the money, was enough to get fandom going until Montreal's Rene Walling was willing to take it on in 1996.

[A note from Lloyd... through the various American fanzines I receive on a regular basis, I have tried my best to tell the fannish world that yet another fan fund exists to join the ranks of TAFF, DUFF, GUFF, FFAZZ (Australia and New Zealand), SEFF (a

Scandinavian fund... not sure if it exists anymore), SAFF (in South America), UFF (United Fan Funds in Great Britain) and other fan funds with perhaps not so obvious acronyms. With the proper fannish press coverage, and the odd press release, we think we've succeeded. We sold some fanzines through the MagiCon fanzine lounge in Orlando in 1992 with proceeds going to CUFF, and in 1994, we ran the fanzine lounge at ConAdian. US fannish awareness was at its height at the time, and we raised some substantial funds for TAFF, DUFF and CUFF that year. In 2000, we were able to sell some fanzines with the proceeds going to CUFF... it's been good to see that fandom as a whole believes in fan funds, no matter where they may be situated. Over the years, American fandom has gained at least a little awareness of CUFF, and we hope we can continue with that. Gotta educate the masses somehow.]

R. Graeme Cameron of Vancouver decided to go for it in 1997, and took the fund on. With all due respect to all those who ran the fund before him, we think that Graeme has been the best promoter and best fundraiser for CUFF, a true CUFF evangelist. (Halleluia!) He has been tireless in speaking out about it, promoting it and raising funds to put in the CUFF bank account. Graeme helped define what CUFF was all about, and got the word out to many people. Since we won the fund, Graeme continues to raise funds and awareness, and assist the cause.

For some years, we had thought to run for CUFF, but one of the conditions of getting onto a ballot is to get three

nominations from Western Canada, and three from Eastern Canada, with the Manitoba-Ontario border being the traditional dividing line. We also thought that there's no way we'd get it... who knows us out west? It's a big country, and even though Lloyd had lived on Vancouver Island for a few years, most of the fans he met there had gafiated or moved elsewhere. Nah... too many other projects to work on, too many previous commitments, we've got enough work to do as it is. Besides, CUFF was looking like an albatross around the necks of anyone foolish enough to go for it...

In 1997, we were asked by R. Graeme Cameron for a nomination for CUFF, and he got it. We had been in communication with Graeme based on his editorship of BCSFAzine, the clubzines of the Vancouver-based British Columbia Science Fiction Association, and of a new fanzine of his called Space Cadet. We readily game him that nomination, for we knew how important it was to keep CUFF going. (To the best of my knowledge, CUFF has never had a voting race, because it's never had more than one candidate go for the fund, unlike TAFF and DUFF, and other funds. It rides the ragged edge of obscurity on a regular basis.) Graeme won, and he showed us how it's done when it comes to promoting the fund and raising money for it. When it came time for Graeme to come to that year's Convention, which was hosted by PriMedia in Toronto (a media convention, of all things), we picked him up at the airport and drove him to the convention hotel, on the other

side of the city. Graeme was not a guest of the convention, seeing they never really; understood what CUFF was all about, even after some explanation, but through his hard work in raising money, Graeme got himself from Vancouver to Toronto, and got himself a room at the con hotel.

This is about the time we thought... could we do this, too? It looks doable, but could *we* do it? Could it be some experience to go for other fan funds like TAFF? Who knows? Should we try it?

2 Deciding on it... whaddya wanna do? I dunno, whaddya wanna do? I dunno...

Graeme had done his CUFF bit at the Convention in Toronto (which confused the host convention to no end), and not long afterwards circulated to all the Canadian fans he knew of flyers advertising a first call for 1998 CUFF nominations.

As the quotation from his flyer stated,

when the Convention's in the East, the CUFF winner should be from the West, and vice versa. But this depends on the Convention alternating with Western and Eastern sites, and this hasn't been the case. The 1997 and 1998 (and 1999 and 2000, for that matter) Conventions had been in the East, in Toronto and Montreal (and Fredericton, New Brunswick in 1999, and back to Toronto for 2000). Graeme came out from

Vancouver to attend the Convention in Toronto, which was fine, that's what should have happened. The 1998 CUFF winner should have happened. The 1998 CUFF winner should have come from the East to go to a Western Convention, but seeing Convention was in the East again, and seeing there wasn't much interest anywhere in Canada, he opened up the CUFF race nationwide. (Why? 'Cause he's the administrator, that's why.) Graeme asked Canadian fandom, is *anyone* interested?

The race was on... yeah, right. No one seemed willing to take a shot at CUFF. We began to think that perhaps the fund's time had passed, and that apathy would win out again. Time was passing, and it looked like Graeme, was going to wind up with an election with no candidates, unless...

Lloyd: Yvonne, looks like no one's going for CUFF. How about both of us go for it?

Yvonne: Hmmmm... I don't know...

Lloyd: We'd get a trip to Montreal out of it... the fund would pay for the gas and the room...

Yvonne: Okay, sure, why not?

Now *that's* decisiveness, and altruism at its best. And with all the decisiveness we could muster at the time, we decided to go for it.

3 Going for nominations... send these two to camp!

We decided to go for it because we wanted to see the fund continue. Also, a trip from Toronto to Montreal wouldn't take much money out of the fund treasury. Besides, Australian fans Ian Gunn and Karen Pender-Gunn had recently won FFANZ as a couple, so I figured, why couldn't we win CUFF as a couple? Hm?

[Lloyd] I remember some years ago getting a phone call from Australia at an early hour... the call was from an Australian fan (name escapes me) asking if I would nominate them for DUFF. Certainly, so I gave my verbal nomination, and immediately wrote up a letter of nomination, popped it in the mail, and hoped it would arrive at the candidate's home in time. (It did, but the candidate lost. C'est la vie.) Today, e-mail makes such a thing so much easier, and faster.

So we made a list of Canadian fans with their e-mail addresses, and fired off a mass e-mailing, asking gently for their nominations, pleeeeeeeze? And then, we waited. And waited. And waited.

But then, the nominations started to come in. We received nine nominations, and we hereby thank them for their confidence, or at least, their willingness to help out and keep the fund and its processes going...

From the West of Canada, Steve Forty, Cath Jackel, Steve George, Karl Johansen and Garth Spencer. From the

East of Canada, Murray Moore, Terry Fong, Carolyn Clink and Robert J. Sawyer.

And with the letters of support from these people, we became the winners of the 1998 Canadian Unity Fan Fund. Just like that.

4 Winning it... okay, we got it, Now what do we do with it?

We followed the usual steps in declaring ourselves for this fan fund, and also followed in the fine tradition of CUFF... we ran unopposed, we got at least three nominations from either side of the country, and to crown it, Graeme Cameron declared us the winners. No vote, just a declaration. (I don't think CUFF would survive Hold Over Funds... some fans have wondered aloud where the fan fund gets its money if there's no regular vote for a candidate. Dedicated people, that's where.) So, we were off to Con*cept '98/Boreal '98 as the CUFF delegates.

I'm not sure if we could have stood an election... there were too many people smirking at us, thinking that seeing we've never done it before, we couldn't do it. Well, maybe they were right... we weren't sure we could, either, for of course, I don't think there's ever been a real fan fund runoff for CUFF. It does get to the point that if you're willing to take it on, it's yours. Not much competition... I wonder if there are any other fan funds out there who wind up

doing what CUFF does, with nearly every winner winning on acclamation, as if no one else wants it? We wonder if we're going for a booby prize here, but we've already expressed our interest.

Okay, we won, but now, we've got to get there. And, it looks so simple, too. It never is...

5 Planning on going... plane, trains or automobiles?

CUFF is supposed to take one fan from one side of the country to attend the Convention on the other side. Good in theory, but not in practice, at least, not that year. Or almost any year CUFF has been run, for that matter. So that meant that the CUFF winners from Toronto had to go all the way to Montreal. The easiest way is to simply hit Highway 401 and drive along Lake Ontario, and then along the St. Lawrence River, but... here's a note from Yvonne:

[Yvonne] In the trip report, there's mention that we flew to Montreal. Some of you may be wondering why we flew rather than drive. There is a very good two-word explanation... time constraints.

Lloyd had just begun a new job, and taking one day off was tough enough. I was working on a systems implementation, and was in the middle of integration testing, and taking one day off was also very tough.

When we learned that the Aurora Awards would start at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, we

figured it would be about 5 p.m. by the time we finally left Montreal. Being the only driver, I did not relish driving back to Toronto at that time, and in the dark. So driving was not a viable option for us. The travel agent we use at our office informed me that Air Canada was having a seat sale, and the price of a ticket was half price. So, Lloyd and I flew two for the price of one!

Fans are fans, no matter where you go, so we expected that if there was the slightest hint of luxury, or wastage of money, we'd catch it continuously. So, frugal we were, as much as we could. The two-for-one sale came along at just the right time.

So, fly we did. Up, and down, an uneventful flight into the mess that is the Montreal airport at Dorval, and we got there. But, we're ahead of ourselves.

6 Getting there... the next best thing to, I guess...

The Thursday night before the convention was that month's First Thursday, one of the two regular fannish pub nights for Toronto fandom, and any other good fans out there, by the way... The usual good times and good company, and the possibility of catching a sneak preview of the new movie *What Dreams May Come* with Robin Williams, got our spirits up for that night. We had been looking forward to the movie, having read the Richard Matheson novel some years earlier, but we had to wonder what kind of shape we'd be in if we stayed up late,

saw the movie, and had to hustle our sorry butts to the airport in the morning.

The point was moot – the showing was cancelled. We had our good times at the pub night, but we were still restless and nervous about the trip. We got home, and lay sleepless for the night.

In the morning, or later that morning, I should say, we slowly rushed about the apartment (zzzzz), grabbed our luggage, took the short taxi ride up to Toronto's international airport (we live just southeast of it), and took our flight to the Dorval airport in Montreal. Uneventful, except that we made the observation that a flight from Toronto to Montreal must be so short, we never really get to any sizable altitude before it's time to start descending again. Also, we were in one of the smallest planes we'd ever been in, a Fokker F28. Just enough room to cram in a couple of dozen passengers and a pile of luggage.

7 Being there... Bienvenue a Montreal!

We land in Montreal, and take the ubiquitous Quebec bus going somewhere... in this case, to the Days Inn Centre-Ville on Rue Guy in downtown Montreal. The hotel staff was on strike last time we were there, and yes, they're still on strike. (As of this writing, they were back to work, but the strike lasted close to three years.) Fine, at least the con gets to use the hotel bar as the con suite again. We get to our

room, and find that it's not the double room we asked for... sorry, they're all gone. Demand is high, but not from the con. Probably the NHL's Canadiens are playing in town, and every room not already reserved goes for a premium price. We notice that the hotel is looking more and more rundown, but that is symptomatic of that lengthy strike. Oh, well, all a room is for at a bus con is to store your luggage in the daytime, and your weary carcass at night. And, it will do just fine for a party. Fannish priorities kick in, and off we go for food. We remember this time (as opposed to our last trip to Con*cept) that there is a good little food court in then Centre du Faubourg a few blocks north at Guy and Ste. Catherine Sts.

(An aside I've already gotten some mileage out of... in our room, there was a little sign in the bathtub enclosure...

*“**Attention** Le fond de ce bain est traite d'un produit antiderapant pour votre securite.*

The base of this bathtub is threatened with a non-slip product for your safety”

There... that'll teach *that* bathtub... and we can all rest easier at night.)

When we return to the hotel, the committee is starting to filter in to get on with the onerous job of actually staging the convention. The first people we see are Con*cept chairman Ann Methe and Jean-Pierre Normand. As we hang about the lobby, we see a string of friends from Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg

and elsewhere file in... Joe Casey, Kevin Holden, Andrea Schlecht, Berny Reischl, Beulah Wadsworth and Lionel Wagner, Andre Lieven, Andrew Gurudata and Kim Nakano, Charles Mohapel, Cathy Palmer-Lister, John Mansfield, Jeff Boman, Sylvain St.Pierre, Monica Winkler and Mark Ritchie, Heidi Rath and Dave O8Heare, Dave Pyke, Peter Dougherty and Arwen Rosenbaum, Mici Gold, Brian Davis, Don and Christine Thomson (Chris may be a distant cousin of Yvonne's), Valerie Bedard and Joel Champetier, Sharon Mannell, Ruth Stuart and Dennis Mullin, and Don Kingsbury. It looked very much like we're going to have a good time, name dropper that I am... and for the record, we did have a great time that weekend. We need lots of friends around us. But once again, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Off we go to the Opening Ceremonies to meet the Guests of Honour. There's my old school chum Robert J. Sawyer, the Boreal GoH Yves Meynard, and the FanGoH, the legendary Forrest J. Ackerman. The con has a great guest list, and seeing that Yvonne and I were the FanGoH's the previous year, having Forry follow us in that position is a little surreal. I guess we were cheap and close-by. Josepha Sherman is usually at Con*cept, and her presence shows she is much taller than her physical height. All in all, the opening ceremonies are a ragged disaster, and we all desert them to go and have some fun. The con is on.

Rob is Rob. I remember how busy he was at our school, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto, especially in his year

as the editor of the school's literary magazine, the White Wall Review, and he hasn't changed all that much, now that he's the most successful SF writer in the country. Yves Meynard is schmoozing with the Francophone members of the Boreal part of the convention. (Boreal was, at one time, a stand-alone convention in Quebec, focusing exclusively on Quebec French language SF. It shares space with Con*cept now because according to that year's Boreal chairman Claude Mercier, it can't survive by itself any more. By itself, Boreal attracts an attendance of about 40, down from about 300 in its heyday. The appeal of literary SF seems to be in trouble in many places.)

And then, there's Forry. I had the chance to chat with him a little bit... I got the impression that either he was tired from a long trip from LS to Montreal, or was a little out of his element at a convention different from those he was used to, or he just plain wasn't all there. I would hate to think it's the latter, but 4SJ is in his early 80's now. Anyway, Forry is everywhere, spreading good cheer among the denizens of the convention. I'm sure there's a lot of kids gaming in the darker rooms, wondering who the hell the old man is, but that's okay... those who should know do know, and Forry is doing his job in fine style. The con itself is on several floors. There is a room for clubs to publicize themselves, one to display models, one for French-language programming only, several for gaming and costumes, and several more for panels for either language. There is a little culture shock,

and the old Canadian feeling of the two solitudes kicks in, but it is friendly, as the two conventions know that they probably couldn't survive without one another. The art show is fun to look at (as if I could ever afford anything from there), and the dealers' room is the biggest room there. As usual, it is the usual mix of good books, comics, games, anime, jewellery, t-shirts, toys, art prints and, as good fans will want, lots of buttons. We just love buttons. Fans are connoisseurs of silly, and buttons fill the bill.

“Forget the Internet, just talk to me!”

“How do I set my laser printer on stun?”

“Looks like you fell out of the ugly tree, and hit every branch on the way down.”

“You. Me. A bathtub of lime Jell-o.

Let the love affair begin.”

“All grown up, and still sneaking cigarettes.”

They really do make wonderful gifts. How many of us do a little Christmas shopping at a con? These are gifts they'll never find elsewhere, you gotta admit. The Toronto in 2003 Worldcon bid was there with a table in the dealers' room, too, and we spent some time there, helping to sell some t-shirts and pre-supporting memberships.

On the Friday of the con, I was on a fanzine panel with Jeff Boman and Brian Davis. I'm not sure what Jeff has produced fanzine-wise, but Brian used to produce a newsletter for fandom in Atlantic Canada and other places called *Fixed Link*. The panel started with a discussion about locs, seeing that's the niche I've create for myself in fanzine fandom, but it quickly changed to a talk about paper locs vs. e-mailed locs, and then to paper zines vs. e-zines and webzines, as you might expect. Still, a good panel, and a good chat.

On Saturday came the event that still marks the convention for me... the convention scheduled two business meetings, one for the Convention, and one for CUFF. The Convention usually takes one, but CUFF never does. Nonetheless, we'd get together and chat about the fund, and see how it's doing. After some heated discussion, it was decided that there would be a slight stronger link between CUFF and the Convention. The discussion from this asked if the CUFF delegate should go t Worldcon instead of the Convention. Also, there was the idea of a nationwide fannish e-mail list that I don't think has seen light since. Good idea, but...

Then came the CUFF business meeting. For most of the convention, John Mansfield had been around its edges, dropping in remarks to inflame the masses without offering further discussion, and generally acting as a hovering vulture of disapproval. His attitude had been bothering me most of

the weekend, and he has never made a secret about his opinion that CUFF should be shut down, and its funds dispersed. About 20 minutes into the panel discussion, Joe Casey and John started arguing about the results of a Convention meeting about six years in the past. I had had more than enough of John's negative attitude.

I lost my temper, and slammed my fist on the table. I said I was tired of the slimy politics (I looked at John on purpose here), and the endless arguing, and if I'd known all this bullshit was coming, I'd never have run for the damned fund in the first place!! And with that outburst, I walked out before I could say anything else. I had said in previous letters of comment in various fanzines, especially Canadian zines, that I would keep away from the slimy attitudes and deeds of some, seeing they'd rather be confrontational and destructive. Also, I wasn't sure what other things I was going to say, and I left before I could say them. I stomped over to the Worldcon bid table to cool down. I gather my outburst bore some fruit, for the argument between Joe and John ended, and some constructive ideas were bandied about before the meeting broke up. I look back at m performance at that time, and while I wasn't at my best, I have no regrets about it. Perhaps I said what needed to be said. I was told my timing wasn't all that good, though...

There was a lot to do on the Saturday night of the con, in case you might have thought that a Quebec con might be really different. Yvonne helped judge

the masquerade, being a former costumer herself. Olivier Xavier, Monica Winkler and Josepha Sherman were the other judges, and Larry Stewart was the MC. One of the entries was Andrew Gurudata, dressed as... Lloyd Penney, tacky shirt, Bill Shatner diction and all. He didn't get many points from Yvonne (grin), and I heckled him from the audience. He would have been disappointed if I hadn't.

An auction came directly after the masquerade, and various auctioneers, including John Mansfield, Marcel Gagne, Glenn Grant and Marc Shainblum took bids on autographed books, toys, posters and a tacky shirt Yvonne made especially for that auction. Proceeds went to CUFF, the National SF&F Foundation and the Multiple Sclerosis Society. Just for the record, CUFF got \$100 out of some books and posters we donated for the cause, and a lot of people finally found out just what CUFF was, and why we were there. The Toronto in 2003 Worldcon bid held a helluva good party that night, but we missed most of it, as we assisted at the auction, helped to wind it up, and adjourned to the parking lot outside, where a local astronomical group had set up telescopes to show us a marvellous sight, the rings of Saturn edge up, visible even through all the light pollution of downtown Montreal. Eventually we creaked up to the bid party, still blasting away, which ended at 2 a.m.

Sunday... augggghhhhh. Is there anyone who ever gets enough sleep at a con? (If you do, you're not doing this con thing right. Stop that.) Stuff our stuff in the luggage, and store it in the

con office. The usual long line-ups for check out. Same as it ever was and ever will be, the leaving of the con. The green room showed some mercy on us by opening early to provide us with a good breakfast, and the con showed further mercy by not scheduling us for any panels. Those who don't believe the dead resurrect have never been to a con on a Sunday morning, with familiar looking zombies trolling the halls for fresh blood, but their own is pretty stale... or maybe they just want some good coffee. As we had found out some time ago, the Aurora Awards were given out that afternoon... I was nominated for an Aurora in the category of Fan Achievement (Other) for fan writing, but Larry Stewart won it for being an entertaining chap at conventions, and for being... Larry. Those Auroras are beautiful little trophies, but like scissors, you shouldn't run down the hallway with them. You'll give yourself an appendectomy, and a few other -ectomies you weren't expecting.

And with that, we thanked chairman Ann Methe for a fun convention, said our adieus to our friends (those who had struggled out of bed in time to check out in time, that is), and took the bus out to Dorval and the airport.

8 Coming home... tired, and the big job is done.

The same shuttle bus that brought us in now took us back to the departure terminal at Dorval. We're tired, and

we're not in the best of moods... we grab our bags, walk into the terminal, and search for the departure lounge. Some government notices tell us to go through the special outlet large arrows point to, and once there, smaller signs tell us that to finance the renovations going on, there will be a \$10 departure surcharge. If you want to get through to your plane, that will be ten bucks, s'il vous plait.

Bloody blackmail. Grab your last tenner before you leave, and have a nice day. I mutter something under my breath to the greasy clerk grabbing the tenner from my hand, Yvonne undergoes the same indignity, and we are in the departure lounge. For that kind of admission fee, the lounge had better be good. Eventually we board the same Fokker F28, and do our short ascent and descent back to Toronto. Home never looked so good, and work the next day was an ordeal. But, our trip was done, and our duties were discharged.

9 The aftermath... and what usually hits another kind of fan.

The aftermath has been fairly typical of Canadian fandom, the usual whining and gnashing of teeth. We've been accused of wasting money from the fund on flying instead of driving, even after we've explained why we made that decision. The usual grousing from the usual sources on why the fund should be shut down, and the money within dispersed. Complaints of why haven't

we raised more money than we could have. Complaints of why two people went to Montreal when only one should have run for the fund and gone, even though we work best as a team. And, now that it is 2000, nearly two years after the event, we still hear all about it too.

Not much in the way of thanks for keeping CUFF going, thanks for taking it on and raising what you can. As much as we support CUFF, we can certainly see why not many would want to take it on and keep it going for another year. But we did. We do take our rewards out of it. We represented CUFF for another year, to keep it going for others who may follow. We also thought of it as a learning process, perhaps to run for another fan fund, such as TAFF and DUFF. We have since been told that we would be very poor and inadequate candidates for any large fan fund like the two aforementioned, for reasons of being not well-known, for being too poor to take on the trip by ourselves [which is what I thought the fund was there for, silly me - Lloyd], and because there is the preconception that TAFF is for Brits and Americans, and that DUFF is for Americans and Australians, we'd be poor candidates because we're Canadian. I know all of this is nonsense, but this seems to be what potential candidates are told, and it's got to stop. We've had our discussions on-and-offline about it, so this topic is long exhausted.

Well, all the above reasons are not likely to change any time soon, so we believe our fan fund career is over. No regrets, though... the reason to go for such a fan

fund is to travel and meet people, and take part in the social contact aspect that conventions are supposed to be for. We didn't go to Montreal to add our names to an illustrious list of CUFF winners, but to go see people and be with friends. In that, we succeeded admirably. Mission accomplished, and case closed.

And now, here's our report. We've tried our best to get it out promptly, but a Worldcon bid has gotten in the way. Involvement in the biggest fannish project you can stick your fingers into will do that. We've also conducted the next two CUFF elections, and Garth Spencer of Vancouver is the 1999 winner, and Sherry Neufeld is the 2000 winner. True to CUFF winner form, both won by acclamation, with no competitors. Garth's trip to the 1999 Convention in Fredericton, New Brunswick was an eventful one... he's already put his trip report on his website. I believe that the pressure of work is keeping Sherry from doing her trip report just yet, but she does intend to get it done.

We believe we have discharged our responsibilities as 1998 CUFF winners and delegates, and successfully, too. This trip report finalizes it, and we hope you enjoyed reading it, and that support for CUFF will continue.
