

# This Here...

“...doesn't really jump out and eat my face.” (G Mattingly)

## EGOTORIAL

### CREATURE OF HABIT

You might consider this a coda, corollary, whatever, to the “Drudgery” Egotorial, since “habit” or perhaps more accurately “routine” might be thought of as intrinsically dull. My work weekdays (Sunday - Thursday) would certainly qualify. Alarm goes off at 1am, I have two cups of coffee and perform the morning ablutions (triple-S<sup>1</sup>), and off to the yard at 2am or a tad after, put in my shift, get home at 3pm-ish, get in the daily nosebag while watching an episode of something with **Jen** on the TV, then off to bed no later than 5pm for, hopefully, a decent 8 hours of kip before the next go.

The days off will be a little less structured, since with no alarm I'll kip in until 2 or 3, the two cups of coffee get done as I check the news and footy pages (Maddowblog, BBC, Las Vegas Review-Journal, CNN, *Grauniad*, not necessarily in that order or even all of them every day), fire up a Pandora channel for background ambience (currently Prince Buster), crack a beer and have at some fanac. Naps will occur often, and can tend to bugger up the day since I've been known to snooze for up to 6 hours, although it's more usually two, after which I attempt to regain some *compos mentis* to be dragged off for the weekly shop and fit in footy watching (including messaging **Nikki Basar** in her far northern igloo when our beloved Watford FC are playing), which is a given now that English Premier League is back.



<sup>1</sup> In case anyone requires a translation: “Shit, shave and shower”, though in my case that's typically several goes at the first, because squirrels...

It might be lazy to suggest that, as we get older, we find solace in familiarity and resentful of change or disruption, but quite honestly we mostly don't deal immediately well with challenges to our habits, including our ways of thinking. Self-examination (a topic I'm going to return to in the future) is *hard*: it's much easier to stay set in our ways and have that comforting security blanket of the familiar.

**Justin Busch** may well have already clocked that this here Egotorial is going to segue into fanzine fanac, and so it is.

Every continuing fanzine I've done (and I'll include the ill-fated single ish of *nichevo* which was after all *intended* to be continuing) has relied on a consistent format, if not a consistency of presentation (in the case of *Arrows of Desire*), and I'd suggest that most other faneds' *ishes* are similar in that respect, especially nowadays when we're likely working from templates off some bit of software (Apple's 'Pages' in my case for both *This Here...* and *BEAM*).

The presentation of *BEAM* has had some tweaks as we've gone along, all of which I might suggest were for the better, but I'd also claim a consistency of format which is broadly common to other “flagship” fanzines which will offer varied and sometimes unexpected content as well as the bits their readers have come to expect.

*This Here...*, similarly has had much of a thread running through its three iterations so far, even though individual topics may have changed up. ‘Egotorial’ upfront, ‘Indulge Me’ shorts at the back, a music column (formerly ‘Tunes!’, now ‘Radio Winston’). The former ‘Rasslin’ regular column, briefly superseded by **Graham Charnock**'s ‘America the Damned’ is now dedicated to ‘Footy’, and since I revived this title to enable comment on the FAAn Awards and Corflu

in general, that's also been a continuing (if sometimes exasperating) topic. The extensive back-and-forth of the loccol (massive thanks as always to both regular and irregular correspondents) continues as it has in every incarnation.

I'd like to activate the Wayback Machine, though, to review *Arrows of Desire*, and both make and invite comparisons to **John Thiel's** *Pablo Lennis* (chair plummeting ensues).

"Arrers", as it perhaps inevitably became known, was, for most of its ishes, a themed fanzine, a storied technique for punting an ish of which I believe **Guy Lillian's** *Challenger* may be the only current example. The topic in any given issue was addressed in multiple ways, with fiction, poetry, articles, reminiscences, lists, humorous bits and just about anything that might fit. Walt Willis called it "unusually comprehensive for a fanzine" in a loc. The central run of ishes (#2-#7) had the familiarity of including (a) a mention of **Bernie Evans**, (b) a mention of Iain Banks, also (c), very gratifyingly, a contribution by some feelthy pro, and (d) a usually quite off-color "joke" on the inside back cover - the origin of "The Sorensen joke"<sup>2</sup> in fact, as well as "the Michael Ashley joke"<sup>3</sup> and "The Leeds joke"<sup>4</sup>. For a zine that was always pretty much constructed at Novacons (by me leaning on friends and acquaintances, something I still do for *BEAM*) it never got any Nova votes, but ey, it seemed to be appreciated enough by people willing to contribute, and later on, to loc (early ishes were a bit thin there).

The *Pablo Lennis* comparison is in no small part that, as **Justin Busch** noted, that zine is "freighted with fiction and poetry", though in *PL's* case it's the majority of content, whereas I'd suggest that "Arrers" was more balanced.

I'll now swivel slightly, a dodgy maneuver at my age, to quote **Thiel's** latest editorial from *Pablo Lennis* 405 (August 2021):

*In a very early issue of this fanzine, a person calling himself Rich Brown [sic, falls off chair] said to me that I should put more of myself into my fanzine, and then it would be more pleasing to the people. I knew that this was wrong, and have avoided doing this, but lately it seems to me that after all the dismal events of the present time have reached their climax people must be tired of the negative attitude toward everything and it may be time to break in on all this nullity with a little bit of what might be called friendliness...*

There's a fuck of a lot to unpack there, but also some interesting points raised as well, contributing to a lengthier Egotorial than usual, and you can all argue (and possibly

will) whether it should have been a column instead. Onward, however...

Regular readers (and old friends) will know how much I personally valued my conversations with rich at **Ted White's** monthly smokefests in Falls Church - his humor, knowledge and just flat-out *enthusiasm* for fandom and fanzines was unparalleled, and I was both flattered and gobsmacked that he'd be willing to converse with the likes of me in such an encouraging way.

On the basis of **John's** dismissive observation, rich contended that any fanzine, to be any good, should have a personality which reflected that of its editor/compiler. Now this is DoBFO easier for a perzine than a genzine in several respects, but **Thiel's** then rejection of rich's contention suggests that a faned ought to subsume their own personality in the interest of producing some even-handed concept of an ish. It won't surprise you to hear that I think this is tincture of pure bollocks. It would make any given genzine no different from any other - I fully believe that if we get zero knowledge of the editor of any given ish from the ish itself, what the actual fuck distinguishes that ish from any other with a similarly odd philosophy? The Faniverse, as Balkanized as it may be, is about making (and maintaining) connections in pursuit of shared interests, and if a faned is a cipher, what possible connection could there be?

Now it's massively easy (and lazy) to dismiss **John Thiel**, as much of a "fan" as he might consider himself, for the cluelessness of capitalizing "Rich Brown", suggesting that he's so far out of any kind of fannish mainstream and knowledge that he must be worthless for having perpetrated such an egregious error.

However, let's conversely admire the dedication to the hobby of someone whose ishes now number over 400, inasmuch as we should also admire the dedication of **John Hertz** with *Vanamonde* and **Dale Speirs** with *Opuntia*, as little recognition (by award voters) as those titles might accrue, nevertheless, they persist.

**Thiel** concludes his editorial as follows:

*...I think I will follow that long-ago advice and start putting more of myself into Pablo Lennis.*

Quite right. It's not all unicorns and rainbows, ever, but robust and open engagement lets us discover each other and perhaps be pleasantly surprised at what we find.

Self-examination...

It's all good.

**August 2021**

<sup>2</sup> Shurely everyone knows this one now?...

<sup>3</sup> Q: Why do people take an instant dislike to Michael Ashley? A: It saves time...

<sup>4</sup> Q: What do you call fans with an IQ of 160? A: Leeds...

# RADIO WINSTON

BY BRUCE GILLESPIE

*[[Editorial note: I spotted the Melbourne Top Ten list posted by Bruce on FBE, and commented that this would seem to be a fab RW topic, waiting mere minutes before asking him to write it, and the lovely man did. At unexpected length...]]*

**Hail, hail, Melbourne rock and roll:**

## 3RRR's Poll of the 10 Greatest Melbourne Singles

Why 'Greatest Melbourne Singles'? Why not 'Greatest Australian Singles' or 'Favourite Australian Songs'?

3RRR is a community FM radio station based in Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. It began life as 3RMIT, a college radio station, with its tiny offices inside a building of Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology. As its staff increased, and under pressure from the federal authority that established 'community radio stations' in Australia in the late 1970s, it became 3RRR, moving to a large warehouse in Fitzroy, an inner Melbourne suburb, and then out to East Coburg, about 8 km from the centre of the city. Its announcers and most of its staff have always been volunteers.

Its demographic has changed as the station has got older and gained gravitas. Its initial audience members were in their teens, twenties, and early thirties. Their musical growing up was done in the 1960s and early 1970s. As the station has developed, most new programs have been aimed at later generations. However, the generation that started with 3RRR has stuck with some of their programs, especially its blues and country music programs, including Brian Wise's unique 'Off the Record' (9 a.m. to midday, every Saturday morning).

I'm not sure where or when Brian Wise started in radio. When 'Off the Record' began in 1987, he quickly attracted an audience with his companionable, knowledgeable 'radio voice' and choice of material. He assumed his listeners were as familiar with his favourite music as he is. He has always assumed, for instance, that his listeners are familiar with the records by Neil Young, Bob Dylan, the Band, Joni Mitchell, and many others. It's hard to describe the range of what he plays: a whole range of blues and soul singers from the late 60s and 70s; some jazz; some folk; some folk rock ...

Brian might not agree with me, but for me the central premise of the tracks he plays is that they scorn synthesisers. Players play real guitars, brass, and drums, and singers can (mostly) sing. (There's always Bob Dylan to consider. Brian Wise is a fanatical fan of Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones, and Neil Young.)

Call the whole show an example of 'nostalgia broadcasting'. At least twice a year Brian Wise will play an hour of 'old folks new tokens'. It's amazing the number of seventy- and eighty-year-olds who are still producing great CDs. Brian's program is the only way to hear them on Melbourne radio.

The audience sticks with him. When Brian arranged recently for an audience poll of top singles made in Melbourne by Melbourne performers, they voted in their thousands. No single on the top twenty list is from a year past 1991. None is from before 1969, which shows that Brian's audience is not quite as old as I am.

Why Melbourne? This goes back to Australian radio history. From 1957, Johnny O'Keefe's 'The Wild One', the first Australian-made rock and roll record, was made in Sydney (New South Wales). Within a year Melbourne (Victoria) and Sydney (New South Wales) became rival capital cities for making and promoting pop singles.

From the start, the big money was in Sydney. Lee Gordon, an American entrepreneur living in Sydney, set up a studio where Johnny O'Keefe became the leading hit maker and record producer. No. 1 hit singles poured out of Leedon records, which was later sold to Festival Records. Johnny O'Keefe was given the *Six O'Clock Rock* TV show on ABC television, which was soon followed by the commercial stations' pop music shows, such as Brian Henderson's *Bandstand*. These programs were all made in Sydney for national distribution, and featured Sydney performers.

In Melbourne a little engineering company, W&G, acquired an LP-manufacturing machine, and hired a bloke called Ron Tudor to record and manufacture hit singles — but they succeeded only in Melbourne and throughout Victoria. Sydney radio stations wouldn't play them, claiming that Melbourne radio wouldn't play Sydney singles. That was a false claim, since many Sydney singles (such as those from Johnny O'Keefe) did much better in Melbourne than they did in Sydney. The only Melbourne breakthrough single was Frankie Davidson's 'Did You Ever Want to Go to Kings Cross?' Kings Cross was the notorious red light and entertainment area in Sydney, so Sydney took the bait and bought the record. (A sarcastic, funny single, 'Melbun and Sid-en-y', by Melbourne folk group Idlers Five failed to sell in either city.)

Melbourne recordings received little traction outside the state of Victoria until 1965, when a young singer called Normie Rowe made a rock and roll single out of Gershwin's 'It Ain't Necessarily So'. A bit of controversy helped to sell it in Melbourne. Suddenly it was No. 1 in Sydney as well.



Normie Rowe was even ferried up to Sydney to appear on national television.

Sydney struck back, with Albert Productions having great success with one single after another for the Easybeats (before they went overseas in 1966) and Billy Thorpe (who, despite his beginnings in rock and roll dances, produced one big ballad after another). My other favourite Australian group of the 1960s was Masters Apprentices, a Melbourne band, but they recorded in Sydney.

Come 1969. The internationally owned record companies had a fight with the radio stations over broadcast royalties. For six months the radio stations did not play anything by some British-owned labels, especially EMI. No Beatles on the radio. Ron Tudor set up his own Fable Records in Melbourne, as W&G had folded during the mid 1960s. He signed a lot of Melbourne performers to produce cover versions of British singles during that six months, with great success. When the dispute ended, several Melbourne record companies were all cashed up and ready to record and promote performers whose talents they had discovered. Russell Morris was one of the first. He had been a lead singer in a group called Somebody's Inage, which recorded mainly covers of overseas songs. Russell Morris had a rock and roll style, but a high voice capable of a wide range of vocal acrobatics. He was teamed with a new producer, Ian 'Molly' Meldrum, who took months to make a seven-minute single, 'The Real Thing', heavily influenced by psychedelia in general, and the Beatles' 'Revolution No. 9' in particular. The record company wanted to cut the song back to 4 minutes, then withdraw it. But it went to No. 1 throughout Australia as soon as it was released.

Axiom, a Melbourne group that had started recording in the late 1960s, split into its component parts. One of its lead singers, Brian Cadd, went solo. His great single 'Ginger Man' should have been near the top of the Top Melbourne Singles, but, as I say, perhaps Brian Wise's listeners don't have the vivid memories of the sixties that I have. Another singer, Glen Shorrock, helped form the Little River Band a few years later. The members had the good sense to go to America to try their luck. Many Australian bands, including the Easybeats, had already failed attempts to 'make it' in England, although the Seekers and the Bee Gees had succeeded within a few weeks of arriving there.

In 1970, Melbourne became a producer of a wide range of new bands and songs successful throughout Australia. One major factor in those excitable days was the efforts of the very young promoter Michael Gudinski, who began signing up a wide range of performers for both concerts and recording sessions. Our record studios became as busy as Sydney's. Then, in 1974, *Countdown* began on TV. It became the national pastime to sit down every Sunday night at 6 p.m. for an hour to watch all the top groups in the country

mime their own singles (and occasionally sing them live), accompanied by video clips of performances by overseas performers. *Countdown* put ABBA on the map before they had had much success elsewhere in the world. *Countdown* promoted umpteen bands, from both Melbourne and Sydney, who went to No. 1 on the Top 40 charts. The difference between *Countdown* and the 1960s pop TV shows was that it was made in Melbourne. Molly was rude, fumbling, gay, and hilarious. He had no gloss or smoothness, but he could interview Elton John or Rod Stewart or the newest teenage star as if they were lifetime friends. He was the star of the show. He would review new LPs, forever telling Australians to 'do yourself a favour' and buy the record. Elaine and I began watching *Countdown* at the end of 1979, when the program was at its height of popularity. It faded during the 1980s, and disappeared by 1990. Maybe that's why the 3RRR voters did not vote for singles from later than 1991.

The other major influence on pop music of the time was the rise of Australian nationalism from 1969 onwards. More on that later.

The winners of 3RRR's listeners' poll:

#### 1. ['From St Kilda to Kings Cross': Paul Kelly \(1985\)](#)

It's a matter of Sydney-versus-Melbourne when talking about many of the songs on this list, especially this one. Paul Kelly is a South Australian singer who made several LPs in Adelaide during the punk rock period, moved to Melbourne for awhile, then went off to Sydney. Rumour has it that he has changed addresses even more often than he has changed wives or girlfriends. Paul Kelly is Ghod in Australia. He has a nasal singing voice, sometimes sounding a bit thin, but he has the knack of writing songs that epitomise the world-viewpoint of his listeners. His rambling memoirs, *How to Make Gravy*, make one of the few great books about music, words, and lifestyle. He has been the subject of a biographical documentary, *Stories of Me*. He has issued CDs of rock and roll, blues, bluegrass, Shakespearean sonnets set to music, and even a collaboration with a classical composer. His collaborations with Aboriginal artists have been particularly fruitful. (Search out his performance of 'From Little Things Big Things Grow'.) He seems to have read everything. Recently he edited a large volume of his favourite poems. And, although his single 'From St Kilda to Kings Cross' was recorded in Sydney, it is a succinct poem sung by somebody who has recently moved from Melbourne to Sydney. As he slouches through the streets of Kings Cross, he wishes fervently he could be back in Melbourne, especially in the bayside suburb of St Kilda. It won the poll by a wide margin, Brian Wise tells us.

## 2. [‘Eagle Rock’: Daddy Cool \(1971\)](#)

Australian nationalism, the kind that arose in the very late 1960s eventually propelled Gough Whitlam to the Labor Prime Ministership in 1972. The message was of Australians against the world. We would be no longer imitations Brits or Yanks. Restless young Australians took up metaphorical arms versus every conservative force that had kept the Liberals (i.e. conservatives) in power for 26 years and sent Australian 18-year-old young men off to the Vietnam War. ‘Eagle Rock’ is just what the title implies: a joyous, shambling bit of old-fashioned rock and roll, recorded at just the right time. Ross Wilson was the lead singer, and Ross Hannaford the lead guitarist. Pre-Covid lockdown, Ross Wilson was still performing regularly around Australia, and has been the lead singer of many later bands, especially Mondo Rock. ‘Eagle Rock’ is a great shout of pop independence. It showed that Melbourne pop records need not remain smooth and well produced, like singles coming out of Sydney. It scorned the hipness of British pop. Daddy Cool played mainly doo wop and rockabilly songs on stage, but their style sounded new to its audience. ‘Eagle Rock’ was No. 1 for many weeks, is still played on radio from time to time, and I had expected it to reach No. 1 on this poll.

## 3. [‘I’ll Be Gone’: Spectrum \(1971\)](#)

Spectrum doesn’t sound like a smooth, join-the-dot s pop band. It’s a band that could climb onto a stage and rock out this tune, and sound exactly like the recorded version. No gloss. ‘I’ll Be Gone’, a little bluesy shuffle, has never been a great favourite of mine, but it began a long career for Spectrum’s two main performers, Mike Rudd and Bill Putt. The alternative name for the band was the Indelible Murtceps, an LP band rather than singles band, who played a uniquely boring set of very long prog rock tracks.

## 4. [‘Way Out West’: The Dingoes \(1973\)](#)

Nothing quite explains the popularity of ‘Way Out West’ except Australian nationalism. It’s a mid-tempo country ballad about a bloke who escapes the cities to ramble around the Australian outback, working in mines and on farms. The popularity of the Dingoes is more easily explained. Broderick Smith is one of the most versatile and commanding vocalists Australia has ever produced, and Kerryn Tolhurst one of our greatest guitarists. Broderick Smith came out of a Chicago-style blues band called Carson, then took up a late-1960s rock and roll vocal style. On stage, with their very sharp guitars-and-drums attack, the Dingoes

were the closest Australia had to the Rolling Stones — quite unlike the laid-back ‘Way Out West’. The Dingoes tried to make it in America, were booked on a national tour with Lynyrd Skynyrd, but did not get on their plane on the night when it crashed, killing two Skynyrd and ending the tour. Despite making a brilliant LP in America, the Dingoes never really recovered from being left stranded by the Skynyrd disaster, and split up after they returned to Australia.

## 5. [‘Shivers’: The Birthday Party \(1979\)](#)

*[[Surprisingly, couldn’t find a link for this one - Ed...]]*

It shows how much I know about the Melbourne punk scene of the 1970s that I had never heard, or heard of, ‘Shivers’ until it was played on 3RRR on the morning of Saturday, 24 July 2021. But I did know a little about Rowland S. Howard, who wrote the song, and Nick Cave, who led the Birthday Party, because both appeared memorably during the last half-hour of Wim Wenders’ film *Wings of Desire*, made in Berlin a decade later. Rowland S.

Howard was an even more intense a singer than Nick Cave, if possible, who rose from legend status to sainthood when he died of liver failure at the age of 50. ‘Shivers’ a pretty good moody ballad, with a depressive lyric, representing the gothic element in Melbourne music.

## 6. [‘The Real Thing’: Russell Morris \(1970\)](#)

I’ve already written about this single, the one I thought would come in No. 2 to ‘Eagle Rock’. Although various elements in it are based on psychedelic pop and prog rock

trends from overseas, it doesn’t sound like anything but itself. It has an onrushing majestic quality that makes it still satisfying. Russell Morris’s later singles fitted the ‘pop single’ category rather better than ‘The Real Thing’. For instance, look out for a later single called ‘Wings of an Eagle’. In the last decade he has become one of the few singers from his era to return from the wilderness of oldies-but-goldies touring to have a huge success with three new blues-based CDs. The lyrics feature stories about Australia’s legendary criminals.

## 7. [‘Living in the Seventies’: Skyhooks \(1974\)](#)

I expected this single to come in No. 3, or even No. 1. Like most of Skyhooks’ other songs, it is the ultimate expression of Australian nationalism of the 1970s (hence the song’s title). How could a group who sang mainly about Melbourne suburbs and institutions achieve Australia-wide hits? Because the lyrics were risqué, subversive without being party-political, gender-breaking, and funny. To see the



Skyhooks live was to experience five Ziggy Stardusts in one band. On the one hand they were determined to break all the rules, and but on the other hand they never took themselves seriously. Red Symons was the guitarist, and Graeme 'Shirley' Strahan the lead singer. They looked great on stage, but it was the snigger-in-your-face songs that made them unique. Examples include 'Balwyn Calling' (sex in the suburbs), 'Toorak Cowboy' (the gay scene), and 'You Only Like Me Because I'm Good in Bed' (officially banned on radio, but I heard it quite a few times on community radio). They had punk attitude, but no hint of Nick Cave-like self-aggrandisement.

#### 8. ['Four Seasons in One Day': Crowded House \(1991\)](#)

One consistent threat in Australian pop music is the tendency to take New Zealand performers who migrate here to make their fortune and call them 'Australian'. It also happens to actors such as Russell Crowe and Sam Neill. When I discussed this list on Facebook, the one name that resonates with my friends is Crowded House, a thoroughly New Zealand-based group that is still regarded as Australian in Australia. Crowded House was formed by Neil Finn after his big brother Tim Finn folded Split Enz, the New Zealand band that dominated Australian Top Forty charts in the early 1980s. Two of Crowded House were Melburnians and their early records were made here. The group had even greater success overseas than they had in Australia. Nothing excites an Australian more than celebrities who returns here after making it overseas. For me, Crowded House was the only post-1990 producer of melodic pop songs that reminded me of great 1960s and 1970s singles, especially those of the Beatles. 'Four Seasons in One Day' is merely one of many unforgettable Crowded House songs.

#### 9. ['Talking to a Stranger': Hunters & Collectors \(1982\)](#)

I wouldn't know anything about Hunters & Collectors if it were not for Irwin Hirsh being the first Melbourne fan to mention the group (usually called the 'Hunners') to me. Irwin is noticeably younger than I am. As the name implies, the group consisted of a large mob of musicians who got up on stage and sort of did loud, brassy, rock-and-roll songs that were never played on Top 40 radio, but were played on FM radio. The lead singer and main songwriter was Mark Seymour, who, like Russell Morris, has established a whole new career as a singer-songwriter solo performer in recent years. I'd never heard 'Talking to a Stranger' before I heard it on 3RRR on 24 July, but I had heard the Hunners' 'Put Your Arms Around Me', which I thought would have been chosen as their Top Ten hit.

#### 10. ['So Young': Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons \(1978\)](#)

Apart from the Dingoes, Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons was my favourite Melbourne band of the 1970s. 'Jo Jo Zep' himself was Joe Camilleri. Like many of the great bands of the time,

the Falcons applied a punk attitude and cut-down style to songs that otherwise might have been regarded as nostalgia items. Joe and the group could do early 1960s Rolling Stones hits, Louis Jordan hits from the early 1950s, and their own songs. 'So Young' was covered by several British punk bands. Joe Camilleri played the sax as well as the guitar. In the 1980s he formed a group called the Black Sorrows, which I hoped would place a spot in the Top Ten. Other Joe Camilleri groups include the Revelators and Bakelite Radio — but many Melburnians flock to concerts when Joe revives Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons, as he does occasionally.

A great time was had by all, both people who bought records and those who went to live venues, until the 1977 recession. The Liberals (yes, the conservatives) had taken over in 1975 and had tried to destroy the nationalist excitement of the early 1970s. But they never quite succeeded. The community radio stations, both AM and FM, were set up by the Labor Government during its dying days in late 1975, and the spirit of the 1970s still lives there. Hail, hail, rock and roll — and 3RRR and Brian Wise and all who listen to the radio.

## DRIVE, SHE SAID

Here's how my skittering mind works: starting my shift the other day, the odometer on the taxi reads 198925, so since I'm putting over 100 miles a day on the old bus, there's a milestone of sorts coming up. I'm reminded of a humorous book I read in my yooof, probably got from the library - 'You Have Been Warned! A Complete Guide to the Road' by Fougasse & McCullough, a humorous look into the driving habits of the day (first published in 1935!), which included a number of instances of "Famous Last Words", including: "Look, here's the thousand just coming up". Also immediately suggesting itself was the column title, inevitably perhaps a musical reference, in this case to a [Julian Cope slice](#) from the 'Peggy Suicide' set, an album I got autographed by the genius himself thanks to the good offices of a friend who went to the album launch and got St. Julian to sign "To S. V. O'Jay" (my nom de fanwriting at the time), explaining its provenance as the initials of The Teardrop Explodes' ['Seven Views of Jerusalem'](#), much to his apparent bewilderment, I was told.

*Anyway* (deep breff after digression) I thought I could use the hook of 'You Have Been Warned!' to comment on the clownish driving I observe every day and making comparisons that either not much has changed, or quite a lot has, at least in terms of traffic volume - it's stated in the book that then (again, 1935) 1 in 33 people in Britain owned a car, at the time considered an alarmingly large number, one presumes.

Not atypically, I was waylaid again by the realization that I knew o about the authors and started looking at Fougasse

in particular, who turns out to have been a very interesting bloke and so now the rest of the column is about him, rendering the above title irrelevant - but of course I'm keeping it.



"Fougasse" was the pen name of the cartoonist Cyril Kenneth Bird (1887-1965), said to have chosen the name for the improvised mortar weapon which bears that name, but then again for all I know it could be after the eponymous French bread. He was, however, invalided out of the British Army having been seriously wounded at Gallipoli, so it could be the case that the IED was the cause and he chose that pen name as a rueful reminder.

Bird first contributed to *Punch* in 1916, his work also appearing elsewhere (notably *Tatler*) and he was perhaps the best-known cartoonist of the time, also contributing some of the tiny books created for Queen Mary's dollhouse (along with many others). His postage-stamp sized effort was published as a regular hardback by the Royal Collection in 2012.

As a British Army veteran of WW1, you'd have expected him to be supportive of the war effort of '39-'45, and this was indeed the case in one especially memorable way, for it was he who created the "Careless Talk Costs Lives" campaign with a series of posters. These efforts earned him a CBE in 1946.

The several cartoonists and artists among this here readership are undoubtedly going to note not only the simple but highly effective composition (and inherent humor) of Bird's work, but also the utter majesty of his line-drawing style. It's simplistic, you could say, but in the sense that makes it approachable, but also displays, perhaps paradoxically, not only terrific precision but also a kind of conspiratorial friendliness which cannot fail to draw in and inspire the reader. The lettering plays its own part in that friendliness, I think.

Later, Bird also did a number of posters for the London Underground ("Please move along the platform", "Stand on the right on the escalator" for two examples).



Also during the war years and beyond (1937-49) he was art editor for *Punch*, then becoming editor until 1953 (succeeded by Malcolm Muggeridge), a gig that was perhaps then not so thankless and derided a task as it later became with the fairly awful William Davis *in situ*.

Bird will remain the only cartoonist in the entire history of the now defunct magazine to have been editor.

## PICTORIAL

### PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN WHITE

I must have mentioned previously the origin of what's now "Fifth Saturday on Friday", but I'll recap the history of it...

Moving to Vegas in 2008, we quickly got conscripted into the "Vegrants", Arnie Katz's little empire which had socials at his and Joyce's gaff on the first and third Saturdays of every month. Party-givers that the Farey household has always been (just ask **M Strummer** about the Japanese banquet semi-disaster at the old Woodcote House flat in Hitchin), it was fairly swiftly determined that there'd be a do at ours whenever there happened to be a *fifth* Saturday in the month, which occurs four times a year or so.

The exigencies of the taxi trade, which I've now been at for six-and-a-half years (incidentally the second-longest I've ever been with any employer, 6 years at Lucky Cab), mean that your days off are usually not aligned with most other people - in my case that started out being Thursday and Friday, so the partying got shifted to being "Fifth Saturday on Thursday" which tended to put a bit of a damper on attendance since them as have the Monday to Friday

schedule can't stay up too late. After a fair bit of badgering I managed to get my days off changed to Friday and Saturday, since I was able to point out (then working the now eliminated 5-5 day shift) that Saturday was more often than not my worst booking day.

Since then (Covid year excepted, of course), we could do "Fifth Saturday on Friday", which does help a bit in getting variously rowdy fen over for whatever nosebag we've decided is going to be punted (not a Japanese banquet, ever).

Last month was the first one we've done in about 16 months, I think, and a goodly number of the usual suspects came round to blow off some steam and ravage the grub.

I have to mention the new craft British butcher in town, Featherblade, the owner there Martin Kirrane for advice and goodly supplies of St.Louis-style

ribs and a plethora of sausages, also BBQ Wood & Charcoal Co. up the road on N Nellis who provided some super oak (and plum tree wood!) for smoking said ribs, which came out fuckin-A, if I say so meself.

There were more folks in attendance, but here's a selection...



The host tinkles the ivories, Newky not far away...



Dee Dee White admires the *table d'hote*...



J L Farey relies on the joanna for support as her mum looks on. JoHn Wesley Hardin appears pleased with whatever that is...



Lori "Toes" Forbes is in typically good humor while her other 'arf Chris Clay has just thought of a new cruel putdown to lob at me...



And a couple of best mates round it out, with Ken Vaden.



## CORFLUX

The latest news from Corflu Concorde: PR4 should be out this week:

**Rob Jackson** writes:

Despite us bombarding you with various organising group deliberations, it is very good of you still to suggest that we can use *This Here...* to let the wide world of fanzine fandom (ha!) know how we are getting on with setting up Corflu Concorde for November. Although we are not quite sure where we will end up as far as Transatlantic travel is concerned, we are making progress on both fronts – being ready for a decent crowd of Real People getting to Bristol for the weekend of 5-7 November, and having a more sophisticated Virtual Corflu for those who can't be there in person.

Taking those in turn, let's start with real life. (I've decided I hate the word "meatspace", so if you catch me using it again, you have permission to squirt me with a Nerf gun.) Progress Report 4 is in final draft form and will be sent out by email to all members in less than a week, with more details on all this. **Tommy Ferguson** is now i/c the Programme, willingly accepting the general shape suggested by various SMOF mavens including **Fishlifters** a month or two back. Because it has been so long since we all had the chance to meet, this avoids packing the programme too tightly and allows decent gaps for meals out, catch-ups and other general chat. (And drinks if you want. Many people will want.)

After a tour of Bristol waterfront (provided it isn't pissing down), the Opening Ceremony will be in the early evening, then one panel. After dinner there won't be a play or reading, but will be an Open Mike Night where performances of all kinds – songs, skits, sketches or stories – are invited. Saturday features two panels in the morning, one (at least) in the afternoon, then the auction, which **S&ra Bond** will mastermind. And talking of masterminds, after dinner **S&ra** will also reprise the infamous 'Just A Minac' game. Sunday will allow a slightly longer gap for an early lunchtime Banquet, as the FAAn Awards won't be fully reprised – though trophies will be presented to winners who are there.

Attending and supporting members will collect – or be sent – the Programme Book including a series of looks at fandom in Bristol and the South-West, and a rather fine fanthology with the very best of 70 years of faan fiction selected by the encyclopaedic **S&ra Bond** and illustrated by **Steve Jeffery**.

(I am helping with this, and have been gobsmacked by the quality of the writing.) A T-shirt featuring the Programme Book cover by **Venetia Easton** will be available to order.

Travel within the UK is not too bad, so we hope most of those who are registered as attending members will actually be at the con. From overseas, we hope at least some intrepid individual travellers do, with a flexible approach, make it through the maze of possible Covid travel regulations and get here. However the regulations have been so unpredictable that the Corflu Fifty is taking a break for Concorde. **Rich Coad** and I have decided that the fund will be back and selecting a guest for Corflu Pangloss in Vancouver next spring, though.

The Virtual Corflu is being masterminded by **Peter Sullivan**, though with tech support in its preparation by the brilliantly

geeky **Alison Scott** among others. This will be run on Zoom, allowing pretty much delay-free involvement. To join it, those who aren't already attending or supporting members will need a Virtual Membership. This will be free, but you will need to email us for this and to access the Zoom links, as we don't want the links to be available publicly. This means they won't be in the PRs, either. There will be links for each segment of the con – Friday afternoon, Friday evening, and so on. The Zoom channel will be transcribed live by the Zoom voice recognition set-up. We will be running a Discord channel during the con, too; a public part, and a members-only channel which will host the Zoom links. Talking about privacy, the Zoom sessions will be recorded for posterity, so if

you don't want to be visible, turn your video off. (This is becoming standard practice with Zoom meetings nowadays.)

Questions to panellists/speakers will be via the Zoom chat channel, and the questioner will then be unmuted by the Zoom host. We will be doing the same for anyone who wants to bid on an auction item – at the beginning of bidding on each item, if you are interested say so, and you will be unmuted. We expect this to work massively better than previous YouTube attempts at remote bidding, as delays have given the audience in the room an unfair advantage. All of which will, we hope, turn the con into a fully hybrid event for those who can't make the trip for whatever reason.

So we want your virtual memberships, your auction items and your ideas for the Open Mike Night! Fun will be had.



# FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

*“What is a (football) club in any case? Not the buildings or the directors or the people who are paid to represent it. It’s not the television contracts, get-out clauses, marketing departments or executive boxes. It’s the noise, the passion, the feeling of belonging, the pride in your city. It’s a small boy clambering up stadium steps for the very first time, gripping his father’s hand, gawping at that hallowed stretch of turf beneath and, without being able to do a thing about it, falling in love.” – Bobby Robson, ‘Newcastle: My Kind of Toon’, 2008.*

Ex-England manager Bobby Robson’s definition of what a football club is, as is to be expected when you’re installed as manager of your “boyhood” team, unashamedly fan-centric. Fans of anything or anyone, due to the considerable emotional investment they make, imbue the object of their love with an unrealistic purity. As I recently replied to an old work colleague on Facebook when he said I never say anything positive about anything: “You’ll never see a bad word from me about: Kurt Vonnegut, Philip Jose Farmer, Mike (M John) Harrison, Bill Everett, Wally Wood, Steve Gerber and Mike Plogg issues of ‘Man-Thing’, the Justice Society of America, 1960s U.S. garage punk/psychedelic music, the films of Andrei Tarkovsky, 1960s episodes of ‘The Twilight Zone’ and ‘The Outer Limits’, or the Bill Nicholson managerial years of Tottenham Hotspur football club.”

I also added that this was a pretty good starter list. I have lots of passions and enthusiasms, but they’re mostly not clear-cut; to take comics as an example: I liked Marvel’s Defenders and Marvel Team-Up titles in the 1970s, but only up until the end of the David Anthony Kraft written, Keith Giffen/ Michael Golden drawn issues of the former and only up until the end of the John Byrne drawn issues of the latter. I will snap up the Epic Collection trade paperbacks of these issues when they appear, I won’t waste money on anything after. I have a goodly chunk of 1970s Tottenham Hotspur home football programmes and quite a few from the 1960s, but I’ve junked boxes full from the 1980s onwards. They just don’t appeal to me aesthetically; they’re too glossy, the typesetting is too clean, you can tell they’re the product of early desktop publishing systems rather than pasted-up on (probably) Frisk CS10 boards using cow gum and Spray Mount (I used to work for the London Graphic Centre in Long Acre in the early 80s), the photographs inside weren’t “screened” with sheets of little white dots in order to allow better reproduction from the off-set printing plates.

I am also very aware, as I have pointed out before, of the potential toxicity of fandoms when they feel backed into corners. The Snyder cut of Justice League was still shit; it was just longer duration shit of a kind that carried the pain of constipation rather than the explosive relief of diarrhea and

was probably only what his champions deserved. Current events in the world of football threaten to have a similar gut-churning effect on the long-suffering club supporter.

Whilst the rest of the world, not just the footballing world, started to get to grips with the economic shitshow that has been Covid19, Manchester City decided to reinforce their hegemony of the English Premier League by snapping up Aston Villa’s Jack Grealish for a mere £100million. Not content with raising one wave of heckles of “he’s not worth it”; they then decided to pursue the equally over-rated Harry Kane from my beloved Tottenham for another £100million outlay. All of this happening whilst the Spanish giants Real Madrid and Barcelona finally saw their economic pigeons come home to roost, with Lionel Messi being forced out of Barcelona as they announced a 1.35billion Euro (£1.2billion) debt, and Italian clubs like Inter Milan threatened to sell anyone and anything that isn’t nailed down in efforts to balance their books.

Reckoning on buying Harry Kane for the same amount of money as Jack Grealish shows that the Saudi owners of Manchester City don’t really know much of the history of the Premier League. Enter: Daniel Levy, Chairman of Tottenham Hotspur, known as the toughest transfer negotiator anywhere in Europe (I’ll leave you all to google Michael Carrick, Dimitar Berbatov, and/or Luca Modric).

Kane began to try to engineer a transfer to Manchester City before the end of last season with an ill-judged interview with Sky Sports pundit Gary Neville, saying he wanted to win trophies and that Spurs hadn’t matched his ambitions. There was also a leak to the press of a supposed “gentleman’s agreement” with Levy (\*snort\*) that Kane would be allowed to leave should Spurs not win a trophy or fail to qualify for the Champions League, both of which came to pass. All of these leaks came from Harry Kane’s representatives, specifically his brother Charlie and, boy, was anyone ever more appropriately named, whilst Spurs effectively said nothing. Kane then failed to turn up for the first day of pre-season training whilst taking an extended holiday in the Bahamas and Florida which, he says, was sanctioned by the club. The club still said nothing. Kane then accused Spurs of “misrepresenting” his absence in order to undermine his good standing with Spurs fans whilst transfer negotiations were ongoing. The club finally announced that they’d rejected the offer from Manchester City weeks before and no further communication was currently happening. Basically: Kane said this, Kane said that, Kane did this, Kane did that, Spurs said start the bidding at £160million and we’ll at least pick up the phone to talk. Some Spurs fans started to question whether the club that had sanctioned Kane’s extended holiday wasn’t Tottenham, but Manchester City, such was his certainty that he’d be one of their players by the time the new season kicked-off.

I really can't be arsed to re-read various newspaper webpages about Harry Kane to provide my reading masses with the supporting evidence for this saga; it really has become that boring (The rather variable Football365 published an excellent [mediawatch special](#) on August 18<sup>th</sup> that summarised the situation whilst also calling out some of the dubious journalism appearing in otherwise high-end newspapers .



**Kane's not turned up for training and we're calling him a saint. Pogba's never said he wanted to leave Man United but he's getting abuse.**

**MICAH RICHARDS**  
on Kane and Pogba's club situations via Sky Sports

What I will do is point you all towards Simon Jordan, the former Crystal Palace Chairman who gambled and lost a moderate fortune on unsuccessfully attempting to build the club up, on the radio station Talksport: ["YOU CANNOT GET BIG DEALS DONE WITH AMATEURS!" Trevor Sinclair and Simon Jordan discuss Harry Kane - YouTube](#). Despite coming across as a bit of a numpty, Jordan is probably the best analyst of the sport on a business level currently operating, it's just a shame he's wasted on the radio equivalent of The Sun (The National Enquirer, for the lamb shanks amongst us).

About the only thing that turns me off football more than the rampant greed of the biggest clubs is the inhuman racism and misogyny displayed by many of the supporters. The area after which the club I support is named, Tottenham, borders Stamford Hill in the London Borough of Hackney. Stamford Hill has played home to large Jewish communities since the late 18<sup>th</sup> century and, even now, is still home to the largest community of Hasidic Jews in Europe. Quick aside: I was actually born in Stamford Hill in 1961 to a mother from

Tottenham and a father from Hoxton in Hackney. My father was born in Stean Street, Hoxton, in 1936, which might give you some idea of the kinds of people he grew up with if you know the area and its history. Everyone in these areas at this time supported either Tottenham or Leyton Orient, but mostly Tottenham because there were direct tram links along the old Roman road known as Ermine Street, the modern A10, from the City of London to a stop exactly opposite the entrance to the Archibald Leitch designed main stand in Tottenham High Road. Consequently, Tottenham Hotspur has always had a healthy Jewish support.

When I first started attending games with my grandfather in the 1969-70 season, I wasn't really old enough to be aware of some of the things that "went on", but I remember there were certain games that my grandfather said he couldn't take me to. One would think, due to the infamous rivalry between the two clubs as detailed in the 1973 Rex Pardoe book 'The Battle Of London', that Arsenal would be one of the games I couldn't be taken to, but I actually saw several Spurs-Arsenal games at White Hart Lane in the early seventies. The outright street warfare between supporters of the clubs in the 1930s, newspapers reported "Iron Bar Fights" in Tottenham High Road and the surrounding areas, didn't survive the Second World War. One game I couldn't see was Spurs versus Chelsea.



Chelsea, despite originating in an affluent area of west London bordering on equally affluent areas like Fulham, Westminster, and Kensington, always attracted a hard core of racist fans who gathered in the now demolished stand called The Shed. It was Chelsea fans who started the trend of hissing at Tottenham fans during games, supposedly emulating the sound of Nazi gas chambers from WWII death camps. Other fans soon copied it, most especially those of West Ham and Leeds United. West Ham fans in the 1970s, 80s, and 90s were called the Inter City Firm, named after the Intercity125 rail network they used to travel to away games on, and left "calling cards" on their victims to identify themselves. The Chelsea Shed Boys were eventually known as the Chelsea Headhunters and developed links with Northern Irish loyalist paramilitaries, such as the Ulster Defence Association and Ulster Volunteer Force. Because Chelsea, pre the investments of Matthew Harding in the 1990s and Roman Abramovich in the 2000s, were predominantly a second division (now called the Championship, I know it's confusing) club, most of their biggest tear-ups were with the Millwall Bushwackers. Although not as active as they used to be, the Headhunters have been involved in large scale fights since 2000, predominantly on the European mainland whilst supporting England at major tournaments.

It's a fascinating contradiction that the mythical, good old working class, traditionally Labour voting, Englishman of the 1950s to the 1990s is also the backbone of much racist activity in English society and the Chelsea, West Ham, and Millwall "firms" were undoubtedly racist in origin. They all sprang from clubs with close physical and industrial connections with the river Thames and areas that were homes to early West Indian immigrants, now known as the Windrush generation. Despite the deprivation around them, with some of the areas still having WWII bomb craters well into the 1960s (Tottenham certainly did), many locals seemed to blame their reduced lot on the newly arrived immigrants, rather than the economic and social aftermaths of the largest international conflict ever seen. I'm also always fascinated by the story of The Battle of Cable Street, when, in October 1936, a reported 6,000-7,000 police officers were drafted into Whitechapel in London's East End to protect a march by some 2,000-3,000 members of the British Union of Fascists, led by Oswald Mosley, from around 20,000 various local "trade unionists", "communists", "anarchists", "British Jews", "Irish dockers", and "socialist" groups that were demonstrating against the march. Cable Street was the last of a series of street battles between the British Union of Fascists and its opponents in the early to mid-1930s in places like Stockton-on-Tees, Worthing, Leeds, and the Rhondda, and I would certainly never claim it didn't happen or deny its impact on British political discourse, but, contrary to claims of it being the moment that British fascism was comprehensively defeated, it actually resulted in a

dramatically increased membership for the BUF and, if I hear another person tell me how their (great-) grandad fought the fascists at Cable Street, I think I'm going to ask for a recount of the census taken closest to the battle. Mythology has swollen the numbers of combatants in much the same way Caesar's Gallic Wars did for his own propaganda purposes.

I've banged on about racism in English football fandom before and there have been a goodly number of arrests of "fans" since the conclusion of Euro2020 for racist threats and incitements on social media, so the will seems to be there to tackle the problem from a legal point of view, but the story that finally turned my stomach through a complete 360 degrees was Portsmouth football club reporting [the sacking for three of its Under-18 players for racist abuse](#) and threats on Snapchat against black England players who missed penalties in the final shoot-out. Although I have no detailed knowledge of Portsmouth's youth set-up, I find it difficult to believe that they may not have any black or other ethnic minority players on their books, so how does this mentality still exist at the coalface of a now extremely inclusive sport? Then again, we still have no publicly declared gay footballers in the elite level English male game, despite the statistical impossibility of there being no gay players at any of the professional clubs, so maybe it's not such a surprise after all.

## LOCO CITATO

*[[“Write heresy. Pure heresy”. (Kenneth Tynan)...]]*

From: orangemike@gmail.com

July 23

**Mike Lowrey** writes:

Much as I yearn to do the Corflu/Nova/Swecon combo, I can't rely on being able to travel without being quarantined, at least not to the extent of buying another whole set of tickets with other people's money.

*[[Given the fluidity of the situation with the Delta variant, that's starting to look like the correct response...]]*

Allen Steele will always be a youth to me, because back in the late 1970s I was the mature (mid-20s) civil servant who served as Dungeonmaster for weekend-long D&D sessions with Allen and other local youths of the Nashville SF Club.

*[[Er... does that also make me a "youth", then? [falls off chair]...]]*

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From: john@johncoxon.co.uk

July 24

**John Coxon** writes:

I meant to loc #43 but forgot. #44 has fewer mentions of me in it, but hey, what can you do?

For the record, I'm not fourteen – I just turned twelve.

Thanks for the kind words about *Lulzine* #12, we were happy with how it came out. *Lulzine* #13 is running late (I think it generally comes out a week before you) but *España's* just checking it over before I send it out to everyone. Thanks also to **Mark Plummer** for plugging *Octothorpe* in #44, and yes, he's recalling **Chris Garcia's** loc correctly. It did make me giggle, but it is a shame that *Journey Planet* doesn't get more locs. Equally, I've edited more issues than I've locced, so perhaps the other way people show appreciation is editing for him and **James Bacon**.

*[[Somebody has to. Also "more" locs? More than zero might be considered to be barely achievable, shurely...]]*

Found your ruminations on ditching "best website" interesting, especially alongside **Mike Glycer's** loc on fanzine fandom's engagement with the Hugos. I won't go too much into this here, but if it's a problem for eFanzines to win so much, why not just ask **Bill Burns** to recuse himself rather than ditching the whole category? I would also have taken this tack with the Nova Awards rather than just packing them in – seems a shame that the UK's only fannish award has gone away.

*[[Covering old ground here, but I'll do this again for your benefit: after various to-and-fro and agonizing (including a proposition for how possible candidates might "recuse" from the FAAn awards), I concluded that I'd go along with Andy Hooper's philosophy that "all votes count (however silly)", or in fact unwanted. Burnsy has been saying for a while that he'd much prefer voters to consider other websites, a remark I've willingly and dutifully repeated in The Incomplete Register when I've done the admin, but voters have demonstrated that they didn't get the memo - 11 of 28 ballots this year named efanazines, 5 of them as top choice. My "solution" here (which isn't an actual regulatory solution at all) is that candidates can do one of three things: advocate that people shouldn't vote for them (as Burnsy does), advocate for another contender, or ultimately, if they do get the award, refuse it (and there's actually precedent for that). The utter all-over-the-fuckin'-shop nature of the "websites" voted for this year was obvious to me, despite my rather resigned plea for voters to consider "fanzine-related" sites - I've said all along that I'd prefer the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards to be focused upon actual fanzine fanac rather than related efforts...]]*

Loving **Ulrika O'Brien's** use of water in her artwork, especially on p9 and p15. I've always been a fan of water in art – both in terms of fountains and art that uses water, but in art that depicts water, too. I think it's something to do with the light. The way that the ocean fades into the stars is beautiful. How much for a print?

*[[Well, ask her nicely mate. Round here we're consistently impressed with the quality of her art, which looks as though it's done effortlessly but I know isn't. Like a lot of us, and*

*this does seem to be very culturally "fan", Ulrika will be self-deprecating about her astonishing abilities, but then, she's not shy about revealing works in progress on FBF for comment. In typical fan tradition, she's also massively generous, which gives me another chance to brag that I have an original, gifted as a late birthday present...]]*

**David Hodson** is too harsh on England. We played well and we lasted 120 minutes against a four-time World Cup-winning nation before losing on penalties in the final, that's not a result I'm complaining about. The fans can 100% fuck off though. The Cricket World Cup in 2019 (which we won in an even more nail-biting finale than the soccer) was a celebration of both the nation and the game, whereas the Euros seemed to be a celebration of xenophobia, racism, booze, and bad decision-making. Fortunately Jason Sudeikis' sweater saved the day.

*[[David Hodson writes: "Sorry, John, but once England got past the easy meat of Ukraine their lack of imagination up front was starkly exposed. I struggle to see what Mason Mount does (great porn name though), and there is a heated debate among Spurs fans about whether Kane should stay or go with the battle lines drawn along the "he deserves success somewhere" and "he's been in multiple finals and semi-finals for England and Spurs and hasn't turned up in one of them" frontlines. Personally, I think he's a flat-track bully and if some idiot wants to give Spurs £160m for a player with glass ankles and suspect temperament, then happy days. Italy deserved to win, they kept their heads after the early England goal, kept the game tight, knew they would pull that goal back, and eventually ran the legs off the England team so when a few late chances presented themselves to the England forwards they weren't fresh enough to take them. They knew they were the better team (and squad) and were willing to gamble on it right up to the last penalty kick.*

*"That "four-time World Cup-winning nation" line always cracks me up whenever it appears in any of its Brazilian/German/Italian/etc variants. The World Cup wins were in 1934, 1938, 1982, and 2006 and their only previous European Championship title was in 1968, so it would be fair to say that only one of those titles has even a vague connection to this year's success. It would be like saying Uruguay are a major world footballing power because they won the World Cup in 1930 and 1950 (they aren't). I certainly don't regard England as a major footballing power based on a sole title a decade and a half after Uruguay's last world success.*

*"The "fans" can mostly fuck off though, although there were isolated instances that made one realise they're not all bad. The huge sum raised for the upset German girl who was ridiculed online by English trolls certainly made me realise that there are some with at least some empathy. A shame she couldn't keep the £500 the fund organiser originally wanted to raise for her before the rest was donated to charity. The 2019 Cricket World Cup was a classic, although I'm not sure*

*New Zealand would agree with the "nail-biting" finale bit; more an umpiring cock-up that cost them a narrow win.*

*"I was considering buying one of the Jason Sudeikis t-shirts, but then I remembered I stopped wearing slogans about twenty years ago, although I do have a "This is how you wear it!" face mask (and an extending police baton in my bag for anyone who wishes to voice disagreement)." ...]]*

We haven't got our memberships for the UK Corflu yet. I sort of feel like if we get pinged to self-isolate at Corflu, we're gonna miss Novacon 50, and I want to be at Novacon, so it's putting me off. Having them a week apart made a lot of sense before the days of 1% of the nation having to start a ten-day isolation period daily. (That's a rolling 10% of the UK in isolation, stats fans!)

*Procrastinations* (which I pubbed an ish of, but didn't tell anyone about) and *Octothorpe* both have letter columns. Now that I've locced you, I can start guilt-tripping you as to why you haven't locced me. Hurrah!

*[[Yeah good luck with that, boy genius - I don't loc much, and as I've previously noted I have no fuckin' idea how to get a podcast...]]*

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From: billb@ftldesign.com

July 24

**Bill Burns** writes:

A search of the Corflu archive lets us put at least some of the blame on Arnie Katz for attempting an official abbreviation of the "Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards" to "Fan Activity..." In 2012, in *Glitter 24*, the Corflu 29 weekly(!) newszine, he wrote:



Same Honor, Adjusted Name

Trufandom's most prestigious awards, voted by the fans and announced at Corflu each year, have undergone a slight name change. The passage of time has rendered the original name inaccurate and, besides, recent Corflus have been a bit hit-and-miss when referring to them. The change, therefore, not only improves relevance but also reinforces uniform use of the name, going forward.

"Formerly known as the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards," when people actually got it right, they will henceforth be called the "Fan Activity Achievement Awards."

The change from "Fanzine" to "Fan" reflects the expansion of the FAAn Awards to include "Best Fan Website" and strong finishes in the "Best Fan Writer" category by fans who work appears primarily on listservs, blogs and websites."

However, archived web pages show that "Fan Activity" was used on the Corflu website as far back as 1997, although as there were only three categories (Fanzine, Fan Writer, Fan Artist), there wasn't really any doubt about what was eligible.

At the moment I have a compromise on the official FAAns page reflecting both versions: "Fan(zine) Activity..."

It may be of interest to recall the history of your well-worded definition of "fanzine" that you quote from 2018's *The Incomplete Register*. This arose from an email conversation we had in 2017. You had sent me a preliminary version of *TIR*, and I commented:

I wonder if it should be explicitly stated that for all the awards other than the new on-line category (if it's adopted) only work published in actual fanzines, either print or on line, is eligible.

You replied:

Can of worms there though Bill, care to define "actual fanzines"? (as you understand it)?

And of course I couldn't resist:

Mark Olson and I gave this quite a bit of thought a few years ago when the fan Hugos started becoming polluted, but no one took any notice. Our main argument was the concept of "the issue" - that a fanzine, regardless of its mode of production, is a self-contained item, which can be pointed to and referenced, as once published it never changes.

This eliminates blogs, Facebook groups, Twitter feeds, etc. For Hugo purposes, eligible fan writing and fan art are then defined as whatever has been published in

fanzines, not in blog posts, Deviant Art pages, and other random venues.

Of course this was held to be too restrictive, and eligibility for the Fan Hugos is now just “non-professional” work with some connection to SF, but no required connection to fandom. Even jewelry for sale at convention art shows is eligible! I looked at the nominees for Best Fan Artist this year and at least half of them showed only work for sale on their websites and couldn't even point to any unpaid art.

Respect for the origins and traditions of fandom which date back over eighty years, and any attempt to preserve this in the awards, is now dismissed as old-fashioned.

To which you responded, “Agreed!”.

The Fan Hugos have of course continued their decline into irrelevancy since then.

*[[Thanks for reminding me of this convo, which I had naturally forgotten due to much drink in the interim. Your valuable input then (and that of others) solidified my thinking that the FAAns should be focused on “the ish” and that which appears in it. “Old-fashioned” that may be, but defiantly so, and since Corflu, with which the awards are associated, is the gathering of the fanzine fan community, entirely proper...]]*

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From: srjeffery@aol.com

July 26

**Steve Jeffery** writes:

Lockdown Jigsaw Count: #341

At least one of your readers fondly remembers and still rates The Comsat Angels. I have their first couple of Ips (vinyl, of course) in a box in the bookroom. I ought to pick up a CD as well for convenience, since breaking out the turntable requires a lot of unseemly crawling about and unplugging and swapping cables at the back of the stereo (and much swearing, although that goes without saying for almost anything that involves cables and electricity.)

Indeed, I thought of the Angels again just a few days back when someone (probably Riley and/or Maconie) was devising a theme selection on the radio and I remembered, for some reason, ‘Monkey Pilot’. And then had a hankering to hear it again, as well as ‘Independence Day’. But... cables.

Which is also part of the reason that for some months now, up until this Saturday, the kitchen has remained in the dark. Some time ago the fluorescent tube in the kitchen stopped working and just made a loud buzzing noise when we flicked the switch. We bought a new tube, and then when that didn't cure it, a new start capacitor. After that we ran out of ideas, apart from using a spare lamp nicked from the cupboard underneath the stairs if we needed more light.

But once the days started getting shorter again, we (I) needed to do something about it. I took the fitting apart and quickly wished I hadn't. I have never seen a more amateur botch job of cabling than that hidden beneath that cover. I wondered about trying to identify and get replacements for the two other obvious bits inside the fitting, probably the ballast unit and a big metal resistor, but after a fruitless half hour on Google I abandoned that idea and went to plan B and ordered a new LED light fitting.

*[[We've got the same issue here, with two banks of fluorescents in the kitchen having conked out. There's a main overhead light (incl. ceiling fan), though, so we're not banging into stuff in darkness (or light) any more than usual. I do need to fix them though...]]*

And suddenly the kitchen is once more flooded with light and possibly brighter than I can ever remember. And I could see just how dirty the top and back of the oven had got. So that's another job.

OK, so it's not very fannish. But it is the most exciting thing to have happened in this house for the last six months, or at least since the washing line broke.

*[[This appears in a fanzine. Therefore it is fannish...]]*

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From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

July 26

**Leigh Edmonds** writes:

Has it really been five weeks since *This Here ... 43*, it seems like about three. The thing about Covid 19 lockdowns - at least the way we do it in Victoria - is that all the days seem to run into each other so that it starts to seem like one endless day with sleeping periods interpolated into the ongoing lack of saga. Despite this, it is nice to have something jolly to read again.

Seeing your front page come out of the printer was a bit startling, I recognized Silverberg because I met him once, but not Ellison. (Well, actually, I was at a convention or two that he was at but he seemed to be very popular and surrounded by fawning fans so I didn't bother to intrude, not that I had anything to say to him anyhow.) So, from my very limited knowledge of either of these people I can only offer my uninformed opinion on which ones you and **Mark Plummer** match based on your fanzines and their looks. In the photo Silverberg looks sort of confused and Ellison looks a bit self satisfied. Having reached that conclusion I have only to decide which fanzine was more confused and which is more self satisfied. All I can now say is, no comment.

Radio Winston - Yawn! That's not quite true, The Comsat Angles sounded very 1980s to me so I went off and listened to some Flowers/Icehouse. The link to 'Kill Your Television' was much more interesting. The You Tubes told me that the

clip was 'unavailable' which led me to a few moments of speculation on why that might be so. Had it been removed because of some terrible copyright violation or because of a string of obscenities too lurid even for 2021. More likely, I finally decided, it was because the fat capitalist bastards who run the interweb objected strongly to the suggestion in the title itself, though it was strange that they had not deleted that too just in case it put the idea into some unsuspecting youngster's head. More likely just a technical glitch of course, but how disappointing that would be.

I've got nothing further to add to your sociopolitical analysis of the relationship between a taxi driver and a taxi passenger except to exclaim "right on comrade!" When I'm in a taxi - which I haven't been for almost two years now - I like to think that the taxi driver and I have formed a sort of temporary alliance in which we help each other overcome our problems in that I need to get from here to there and he would like some money to reimburse him for the work he's doing and pay for whatever habit he has. If we can chat along the way and make the time pass enjoyably that is all to the good. Having written that I'm reminded that when I get into a taxi I always get into the seat alongside the driver, which makes chatting easy, and my memory is that that kind of thing is not so common where you are working. As for tipping, it is, if you ask me, a capitalist plot which makes the taxi driver subservient to the whim of the passenger rather than being a fair exchange of labour value and capital.

*[[As I'm sure you've worked out, my default analysis is that just about everything is a capitalist plot at some level. Absent tips, as I've pointed out, the job is barely worth doing, and it's well worse for wait staff - they'd have to pay us a proper wage without (oh, the horrors!). You're also correct that we prefer customers sit in the back here, for their safety and, to an extent, mine as well...]]*

This time I think that **David Hodson** may have told me more than I needed or wanted to know about footy. I had picked up from random news comments interspersed with classical music on the ABC that England was playing in some important football match and then, later, that they had failed. What I did notice was more about the subsequent racial attacks than about the football itself. Understandably so, I struggle to see the point of a game in which two teams of people kick a ball around for what seems like eternity to no effect and then have to virtually toss a coin to see who wins. Racial politics are somewhat more important than that and it is a pity that something so important is tied to something so trivial. Of course, if I was a trufan I would see no point in sport at all but I do give into temptation and pay some attention to our version of footy and cricket. **David** is right, of course, to put cricket on a higher plane than footy, of whatever brand. I hear that the poms are coming out for another Ashes series this summer, which makes me look forward to a few hours comfy in front of the telly and even

more hours happily listening to the ball-by-ball commentary on the ABC while doing other things. I hear that the BBC sends out their own broadcast team too, and it might be interesting to pick that up off the interweb, particularly if the poms are losing because English cricket commentators are so good at doom, gloom and introspection.

*[[The BBC's Test Match Special (TMS) was always required listening, though I rather doubt these days that there's anyone on it with the character of the likes of Brian Johnstone, John Arlott, Fred Trueman or even their perennial foil Pissed-As-A-Fartin Jenkins...]]*

It reads as though **John Nielsen Hall** leads an above average lifestyle in a converted stables and coach house and drives a supercharged V8 Land Rover, he could of course trade it in for an E-type Jaguar (Series I of course) and my image of him would be complete. He rounds it out by adding that he lives right next door to the big Manor House which makes me think of the kind of setup that I recall from watching all those episodes of 'Midsomer Murders' in which such arrangements are part of the basic background to many of the plots. My mind runs off with a few plots in which **John** is knocked off in the first five minutes or the more complex ones in which he is conducting a series of carefully crafted murders because of a fleeting relationship he had with a mysterious woman at a distant convention many years ago that he has never forgotten, and now her children have moved in just up the road. I have no idea what 'sheltered accommodation' is (apart from what I have seen in 'Midsomer Murders') but from my experience of living in something like it I can advise John to do his research, set up his plans, and then hang on where he is as long as he can.

*[[Yeah, I'll let Dear Old Unc answer that casting call himself in what I expect will be typical and engaging fashion...]]*

Just to comment on **Bill Burns'** comments about tape recorders and to add a little to the Australian fan history in your pages, I'll add that tape recorders begin to appear in convention reports from Sydney for the first time in 1953. When Heinlein was in Sydney on a round-the-world boat cruise he was recorded and then played back at the 1954 convention. That convention was recorded on two tape recorders and then edited down to a 50 minutes tape (probably leaving out all the exciting bits from the business session in which the two warring factions had each other. Come to think of it, at the equally exciting 1955 business session one of the first points of disagreement was whether or not the tape recorder should be on or off.) I gather it was left on but goodness knows what happened to the tape. In Melbourne, when Merv Binns turned 21 in July 1955 his parents gave him a tape recorder with which fans entertained themselves by recording and playing themselves back. I guess it was new and amazing technology in those days along the lines that people like to take selfies of themselves more recently.



Thanks for your explanation of Smiley's song which did make me smile. That you found it fun that he could slip between Jamaican and cockney so readily was completely lost on me because it all could have been in Lithuanian so far as I was aware.

My poor shriveled ego was boosted by **William Breiding's** comments. It's not very often that I come across the word "brilliant" and my name in the same paragraph so that will warm my ego by it for some time to come.

Oh that I was! I don't think of myself as brilliant so I could not agree that I was showing self modesty, what I am showing is that while I am pleased that others enjoy the letters I write to you, I'm aware that they could be a whole lot better and when I read them again (thanks for printing them) I'm often disappointed that the sequence of words and ideas is not what it should have been to convey the meaning that I had in mind. That is, of course, because this is all more or less first draft and I'm too lazy (and time poor) to go over the text of a letter to work it into the shape that I would if it were something more important (whatever that might mean). The fact that these letters apparently come out as well as they do is because I do a lot of writing and therefore I'm 'in the zone' as they sometimes say about sportspersons.

*[[You may (or perhaps more likely may not) have noticed that I do edit your locs, not merely for spelin and the occasional cocked-up observation, but also changing the occasional word or phrase in the interests of sense and sensibility, so I'll claim a drink off you as I'm a minimal contributor to your perceived brilliance...]]*

**William** used the phrase "sense of performance" to describe the efforts of **Mark Plummer** and I and that too is gratifying. However, it led me to wonder who I am performing for when I write and I think that I'm really only performing for me and for you. It amuses me to fill up a few kilobytes of words to repay you for your effort in publishing *This Here ...* and I hope that you get some egoboo and entertainment from this when you read it. (It suddenly occurs to me that we are in a similar situation to that of the taxi driver and passenger, you do all the hard work and entertain me with *This Here ...* and I hopefully repay you for your labours. No tips though, I'm Australian.) The fact that others gain some entertainment from what I've written and you've printed is a bonus for both of us.

*[[Arguably, the locs are the "tips". Arnie Katz called such gratiunities "tokens" in an apparently Vegas-specific usage (which I've never heard anyone else use, mind) - it's supposedly an abbreviation for "tokens of gratitude", highly appropriate for a loc, I would suggest...]]*

Talking of **Mark Plummer**, the mental image of Englishpersons going around licking each other just because they can and it's Freedom Day seemed to me something out of Monty Python (and was it?). The whole idea that a

government can declare a day upon which the Covid virus is legally redefined seems to me as stupid as a government some time ago defining Pi to be 3 because that made it easier for people to do their sums. (That's what I remember hearing anyhow.) Doesn't the British government realize that the virus wants to make people very crook and kill some of them and it's just helping with that objective. On that note of exasperation I'll now get on with trying to get my ANZAPA contribution in by the deadline.

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From: rw\_lynch@yahoo.com

July 26

**Rich Lynch** writes:

As you're well aware by now I am not much of a LoC writer. But I do want to let you know that I read every issue of *This Here...* that gets posted to [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com). That said, it turns out that I do have a small comment on the most recent issue.

*[[I'll happily add you to the direct email list, if you like?...]]*

It goes back to the original definition of what a fanzine is: A "fanzine", for our purposes, is defined as an immutable artifact, once published not subject to revision or modification.

I do agree with that, mostly. But with the burgeoning popularity of [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com), it's only too easy to give a newly-minted fanzine for **Bill Burns** to publish and then, a few days later, give him a revision which corrects some egregious typographical or formatting blunder. I've done that many times with *My Back Pages* so by that definition, it would seem to be disqualified from any claim to be a fanzine. Maybe some small tweak to the definition would be in order, but anything I can think of probably opens the proverbial can of unintended consequences.

Keep doing what you're doing.

*[[I suppose a small clarifying adjective could be chucked in there, but I think the intent is clear, and that you're making a very unnecessarily strict reading of that definition. Fixes of fuckups do not change the nature (or fundamental content) of the original ish, and I'm aware that I've done one or two myself, as has Guy Lillian frequently for The Zine Dump, and I've no doubt there are others. The other point to be made is that there is the one ish, which is superseded by any corrected version. The definition of "the ish" is intended to separate it from a blog or website which is constantly being added to. I'm also getting a bit of an implication that you're thinking that there are FAAn Award "rules" chiseled in stone, which there aren't - a more apt description might be that they've been pissed into a snowbank by the serving administrator, and any subsequent holder of the post could change it all up comprehensively (as some have) if they wanted to and if they don't agree with the existing format...]]*

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From: jakaufman@aol.com

June 28

Jerry Kaufman writes:

I'm amused by the idea of you and **Mark Plummer** as Bob and Harlan. I can't see either of you as the urbane Silverberg (who should have the nickname of Silvertongue) or the raconteur Ellison. Both of them were spellbinding in their unique way in public settings. But the way **Mark** (and **Alison Scott** and unnumbered others) sees the similarities, is valid for some values of "similarity." By the way, Bob and Harlan were indeed close friends, having entered fandom about the same time, having apartments in the same building in New York, breaking into print about the same time, both being Jewish (though Harlan played this up in his public persona much more).

*[[I suspected that a close friendship might be the case, given the number of photos I clocked of the two of them at various conventions, but as always appreciating the confirmation...]]*

I checked out a couple of things in Radio Winston. I see that Bad Camper will play a gig in Seattle at a joint called The Funhouse, a venue I thought had closed. As for The Comsat Angels, I'm sure I've heard of them. I listened to a bit of the Peel Sessions you linked to, as well as one of their single song videos, and pronounce them "something like Joy Division" and "worth listening to more."

In the letters, **Rob Jackson** says the 1970s FAAN Award ballots were "just flung out there in the usual way," to which you asked for clarification on "the usual way." As I recall, the usual way back then, for fan fund voting would very likely be the same. The administrators would have built up a mailing list of prior voters and supporters to send ballots, but would also have encouraged fanzine editors to mail ballots with their next fanzine mailing. Enough editors would do so to blanket fanzine recipients' beds with duplicates. With the fan fund ballots, at least, the assumption was that the zine editors would create their own copy and duplicate it, adding a note that this ballot was produced not by the admins but by Joe or Jane Phan. (I'm not sure why the administrators required this change.)

*[[That's always been the case with TAFF ballots. It's a useful extra bit of information to the administrators (if they care to peruse it) to see whose distribution of ballots encourages voter participation. What would interest me more is whether (as implied by that ballot) that the list is vetted, but then again it's also implied that previous voters would have passed muster under whatever "qualifying" criteria had been previously imposed. Personally I don't maintain an independent FAAN voter listing - The Incomplete Register goes out to the This Here... mailing list (more than double the number of people who actually voted this year), and that list includes a lot of other faneds, all of whom are encouraged to promote voting in their own ishes which*

*many (but not all) of them do. I also post in various fanzinely fannish groups on FBE, and others are kind enough to cross-post in other fannish discussion groups - Mike Glycer has also always been solid in creating a news item for File 770, against the tide of disinterest and derision over there. I think that's plenty of coverage. It'll be interesting to see which way voter numbers trend for the 2022 go-round...]]*

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From: gsmattingly@yahoo.com

July 29

Gary Mattingly writes:

Well it has been a few months since I sent a LoC. Sorry I missed the last few issues. I was away and just haven't gotten back to reading them. I had plans to, really. I spent a month in Peru and final trip stuff took up some weeks before said month and getting things back together after I returned also took a few weeks.

*[[No apology necessary Gary, we knew where you were at all times thanks to an illicit copy of Pegasus. Now wash your hands...]]*

I was actually going to go on a hike with the dogs today after I went to bikram yoga but several things put me in a bad mood. The hike would have probably helped that mood except for the drive to and from where I wanted to hike today. So, I decided to write a couple of LoCs.

“Gobby”? “Yonks”? Um, I don’t know what those mean. Hm, searching, I find:

Gobby: (Britain, slang, derogatory, said of a person) Inclined to talk in a loud and offensive manner.

Yonks means a very long time. [British, informal]

I wonder how long I will actually remember what they mean. I cannot personally remember ever being gobby. Well, there may have been one or two times after I’d been drinking a bit too much.

I have had friends in fandom for decades and even a couple of scores of years. Sometimes there are gaps where communication really is minimal to non-existent but with a handful of people I do remain friends.

*[[My fannish friendships have been gratifyingly enduring, many of them beginning at BSFG Novacons in the 1980s, but other places as well (viz. M Strummer). Perhaps equally as lovely is the fact that new friendships have been established between then and now, and continue to do so...]]*

I vaguely remember the Comsat Angels and Ned’s Atomic Dustbin but I don’t think I’d immediately recognize their music and/or connect their music with their names.

However I did listen to the two links you provided. I actually do have one of the albums from Ned’s Atomic Dustbin. Don’t think I’ve listened to that for quite some time.

I just read that Moby’s name was at least partially from Moby-Dick but the name was bestowed by his father. Does that count?

With respect to Pangloss, I believe in August Canada will allow vaccinated US citizens to cross into Canada. The reverse doesn’t seem true. I have booked a room. We shall see if I actually make it there.

*[[Hope so. I’m still waiting for confirmation of time off work before we book anything...]]*

I understand your argument for eliminating the Best Website FAAN award. I have no particular argument to keep it but, honestly, I’d rather it stay in place, even though the number of award winners in that category is quite limited. Why do I want to keep it? I don’t have a good answer. Just my foggy opinion.

Taxinomics - I don’t know if I have something that directly relates to your article but it brought to mind that the

sheepherders in California that are mainly from other countries, like Peru, and come in to California seasonally, and take care of the sheep and goats that clear a lot of public land for the purpose of fire prevention may go away due to, hm, recent laws or I suppose I could say cheap employers.

California’s 2016 overtime law for agriculture, AB1066, requires that herders of sheep and goats receive pay for a 168-hour week because they are on call 24 hours a day. The law went into effect in 2019 for companies with 26 or more employees, and in January will also apply to those with 25 or fewer employees, the size of most operations. ...

“It pretty much took the profit right out of the sheep business,” said Brian Birt, owner of Mulehead Growers in Petaluma. After the overtime law went into effect for his business, which has more than 25 employees, he laid off five herders and sold his 2,000 ewes and 1,500 goats, which used to provide grazing to vineyards and rice farms for weed removal and some fire prevention.

<https://www.sfchronicle.com/bayarea/article/California-overtime-law-could-put-sheep-ranching-16333871.php>

Now either, the employer is trying to make too much profit off the poorly paid (my opinion) sheep herders or the parks and states and wineries aren’t being charged enough for the service. The service, which prevents the likelihood of fires, is actually increasingly called for and certainly worthwhile. Paying extra would certainly still be cheaper than businesses going out of business or losing a lot of money due to the fires. So I don’t get it. I think socialism would work this out. Capitalism is obviously having problems doing so.

*[[Nods...]]*

Anyway, **Mike Glycer** in LoCs mentions fanzine awards and my vaguely related comment is that I wish I had or had taken the time to go explore what was on the Hugo ballot. I don’t feel good complaining about most of them being totally unrecognized by me and certainly not in a format or style with which I normally relate the term fanzines. Maybe there’s really great material in them and I’m missing it. Ah, I’m sure (not really) one day I might get the energy to go check them all out. Just like I have taken so much time to read each and every Hugo nominated novel, novella, short story, etc. Oh, gee, I haven’t. Hey, I did buy a supporting membership to this year’s Worldcon just so I could vote for the MurderBot Diaries.

With respect to **John Nielsen Hall’s** LoC I too wish him luck on his living and driving arrangements. I had a bit of a scare several years ago (or was it just last year) when I couldn’t pass the vision test with the glasses I owned and those were with a new prescription. I was lucky to have an ophthalmologist tell me I should try hard contacts because it was possible that they could correct my vision problems due to astigmatism. Fortunately they did and I passed it. However it is quite possible that my astigmatism will get

worse and one day even those hard contacts won't be enough to correct my vision such that I can pass the vision test. I do not look forward to that day.

*[[I had a bit of an issue at my last DoT medical (every two years at a maximum) where I had problems reading the eye chart because I have graduated lenses, so there was a fair bit of me bobbing my head up and down to find the in-focus bit and saying "Hang on...". They were nice enough to give me the maximum two year cert, though...]]*

And there's **W<sup>m</sup> Breiding**. One of my problems with top song lists of a year or decade or whatever is that it frequently doesn't cover every genre out there that is great. Lots of rock lists leave out great R&B or soul hits in the same time period, or great folk or alt country that might also have existed at the same time. So I wind up looking up a number of different lists just to get a better feeling of what was actually good and not genre specific in a time period.

Hmm, Bread, they had some good songs, although I can't say they fell into my, wow, that's outstanding list. "Make It With You" is a pleasant song but doesn't really jump out and eat my face. "Everything I Own", again, a nice song with a sweet sentiment but . . . "Diary" also a nice, pleasant song. Maybe I just never quite felt these sentiments on a personal level or maybe they didn't reach me to a very deep extent. Do I remember lots of their songs when I hear them? Yes. "Completely bland and self involved" well, really close.

A note on Windows 11 and whether current computers can accept it. After the announcement that a Windows 11 would be released I wonder if there was a downturn in PC sales. My desktop is fairly old although not aged and decrepit. I had half thoughts of buying a new PC but now have totally put it on hold until a little bit after new desktops come out that have Windows 11 installed. I see no reason I should attempt to deal with it myself if I don't have to.

Various and sundry LoCs mention the Rolling Stones which leads me into offering the suggestion to many to watch American Masters: Buddy Guy: The Blues Chase The Blues Away. I think it was well done and well worth the time if you like the blues, Buddy Guy, the British rock scene of the 60s and its involvement with the blues. I thought it was an interesting and enjoyable show.

"When you walk you look in pain". Oh my, that won't do. However, I must say I tire of younger people looking at me and asking if I need to rest or sit down or slow down or can they help me? Bugger off. It's nice that people want to help the elderly but I'm not dead yet. I hiked in the Andes at 14,000 to 16,000 feet this year. I hiked down and up one of the deepest canyons in the world this year? Did they?

*[[I hiked to the beer fridge and was knackered...]]*

I hardly drink alcohol any more. I think this entire year I've had a couple of beers, a couple of glasses of wine and two

Pisco Sours (that one mainly because I felt I needed to drink a few while I was in Peru). I don't like the calories and I frequently don't like the effects. Well, I like talking a bit more than I normally do and alcohol does free up my tongue but the difficulty is finding that right amount that allows me to speak more freely and before I start sounding stupid. A nice glass of wine is enjoyable now and then but I hate to open a bottle of wine for just one glass.

*[[People don't need an intake of alcohol to sound stupid, though it may help. I can think of several who don't need it for that effect...]]*

I personally think I watch too much television but haven't watched a single episode of 'Loki' yet. We shall see if I ever get around to it.

I did watch and enjoy many (maybe all?) episodes of 'Leverage' when it was on TV.

Well, that's it for now. It's time to walk the dogs.

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From: kim.huett@gmail.com

July 31

**Kim Huett** writes:

Bizzare! Utterly bizarre! Australians share an island with the majority of this planet's most deadly snakes but you want to foist off onto us some ridiculous line about galahs. Which would be cretinous enough, but you also want to reserve "mad as a cut snake" for the residents of some miniscule mid-Atlantic sheep paddock which I'm given to believe is home to a single, and most pathetic, species of snake.

*[[“Mad as a cut snake” is an Americanism, of course. An English version might be “daft as a box of frogs”...]]*

It's enough to make me wonder just how much heroin do you inject into your eyeballs before attempting to produce an issue of this thing you call a fanzine?

*[[You think I can afford heroin?...]]*

Clearly the reason why **Dave Langford's** *Ansible* doesn't get much of a look in when it comes to the FAANs has very little to do with the number of Hugos it picked up. The fact is that while *Ansible* is useful enough in its own way it's a very thin publication with no sustained pieces of writing. Clearly the preference among those who vote for the FAANs is for fanzines which contain articles with beginnings, middle, and ends. Whereas no matter how witty **Dave's** writing is, none of his news items are more than a paragraph in length. Thus FAAN voters see *Ansible* as an orange and not relevant, no matter how good an orange it is, when they're voting on apples.

[[Fair point, which does however give more insight into your own voting considerations that it might to the intent of FAAn voters, who are not an homogenous group. The same "apples and oranges" consideration could equally be extended to clubzines, which John Wesley Hardin once likened to finding a coleocanth in the wild, but are in fact still going in many corners of the Faniverse and get listed in TIR (when I'm aware of them). Your remarks could also form the basis of an argument for separate award categories for clubzines, newszines, listzines and fucknose what else, but that's a road I'm personally not about to tread. In a previous ish I analyzed some of the considerations voters might have: "fitness for purpose" is a primary one for any title, whatever its specific flavor in the overall fruit basket...]]

Perry Middlemiss is being overly generous in suggesting your fanzine is the journal for Australian fannish history. As he goes on to imply, that honour belongs to ANZAPA, what you have published being more a reflection of the conversation going on there than the centre of action. But to be fair to Perry this is more than has leaked out into any other general circulation fanzine so it could be argued that you have provided the only window into the topic.

[[Agreed...]]

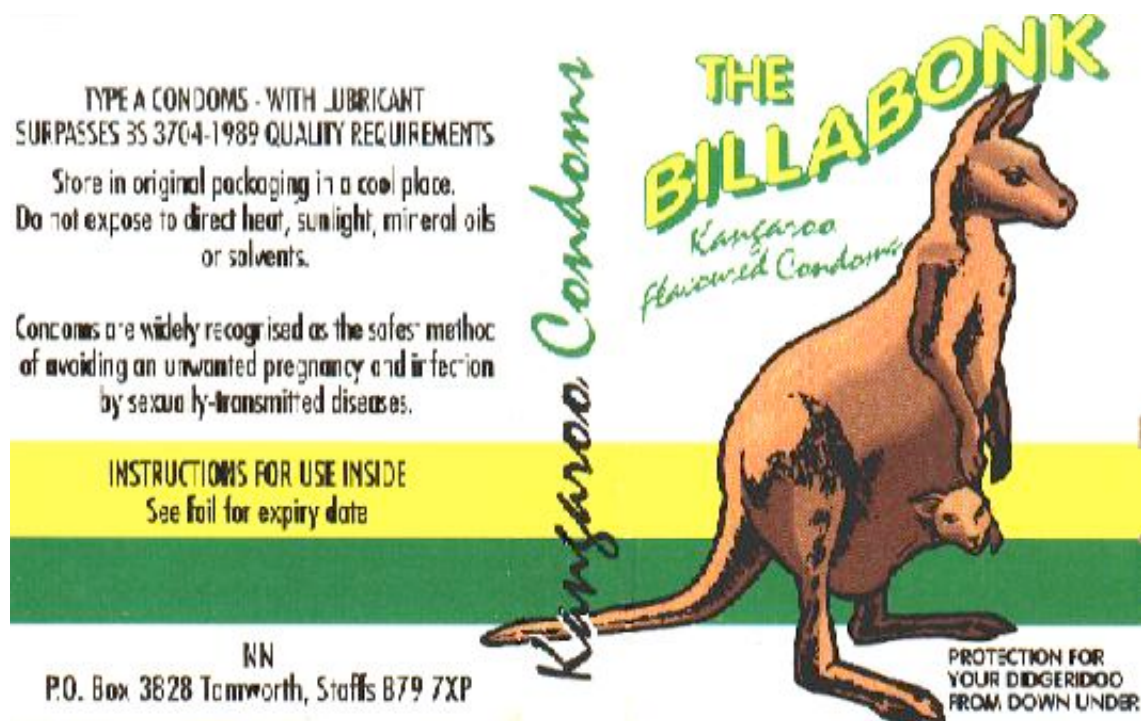
What was that, Mark Plummer? English people licking each other? I can't see it catching on as I imagine the English taste like a combination of jellied eels and warm beer. Which is not what I would call a party for my mouth and not an experience I would want to repeat. Neither am I alone in this given what was available in the sole condom vending machine I encountered when I visited England in 1997. The flavours!

Cheese & Onion! Champagne! Lager! Curry! Clearly the English prefer any flavour to that of the English. I think my favourite though was the kangaroo flavoured condoms. The packet didn't mention what part of the kangaroo these condoms were suppose to taste like which to me implies the makers knew that any part of a kangaroo tastes better than the English.

[[Visualizing with combined horror and glee the prospect of a "nationality taste test" program item...]]

P.S. Please explain to me why the cover of a product meant to prevent having children features an animal with young?

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From: dave\_redd@hotmail.com

July 31

David Redd writes:

Thanks again for more good reading and visuals in TH...44; fave this time was Ulrika's p.15, though I couldn't explain why - just liked it.

Your "Taxinomics" piece made me think your Herbert was a truly USA "customer is always right" guy, but then your further ideas kept popping up in my head and refused to quit. Isn't there an implied contract between driver and passenger to transport and deliver safely, even with Sunday drivers and hitch-hikers? I don't know how regulated your cab firm is, compared to say our local Hackney Carriage licences, but if you were owned by Microsoft every passenger would have to tick "read and understood" to 20 pages of T&C before coming aboard. Perhaps there's an industry-wide code of conduct, or perhaps not - my ignorance is total. I probably missed or forgot some earlier column which might give background to your interesting "servant is effective master" conclusion. Quite right, the passenger's life is in your hands, and that's no small matter. Trust and personal ethics count for as much as the contract, I suspect.

[[Taxis are highly regulated in Nevada - I occasionally joke with passengers (often adjunct to explaining why we're not allowed to drop or pick up on the street) that the book of

*regs is an inch thick, but I'm not far wrong really. The final test exam to get your taxi driver permit is 80% on the regulations and very little on geography or local knowledge. No doubt Herbert is the type who longs for simpler days when we all knew our place and could be horsewhipped for failing to satisfy...]]*

Must also confess ignorance re Asimov/Ellison/Silverberg relationships, except for vague memories of (a) E & S saving con-going expense by renting out crash space in their room, and (b) story of E saying some put-down to Dr A. But these could be apocryphal, or false memories, and need a Full And Definitive Ellison Bio for checking. I hesitate even to mention them except that I'd like the actual truth, and someone in your circle probably knows.

*[[It does seem that Bob and Harlan were good mates (see other weigh-ins on the topic)...]]*

Two genuine memories brought back: the Comsat Angels, whom I definitely liked forty years ago, and "the lovely 1970s electronics smell", yes, it was delightful. Similarly, a 1960s smell for me: the Philips Disclean cloth for wiping down vinyl. 1950s smell: old radio set combining varnished wood with roasted dust from the vacuum tubes inside.

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From: daverabban@gmail.com

August 2

**Dave Cockfield** writes:

I've had my head in a vise for a while. I'll end up like the classic Spider-man villain Hammerhead if I'm not careful. My laptop was subject to Crash and Burn.

I got a bill for £17,600 for buildings work. Thankfully I can pay it off at £261.60 a month over the next five years but it hits my pensions quite badly.

Possibly due to the stress I also went completely deaf for six days. I immediately packed in the copious amounts of alcohol I usually consume and miraculously I woke up one morning and my hearing has returned.

*[[There was on old Andy Capp strip where some bloke is trying to talk to him up the pub and getting no response. The lad barks: "I'd lay off the stuff if it made me deaf", to which Andy responds: "Listen, the stuff I drink is a lot better than the stuff I hear"...]]*

I'm starting to adjust and feeling more upbeat.

Your recommendation about 'Debris' helped. The best series of its type since 'Fringe'. And of course the bastards have cancelled it along with 'Clarice'. A continuation of 'Silence of the Lambs' that worked really well.

I have nothing to do with Social Media so all the invective about racist abuse is a bit lost on me. I did find it amusing that some rapper said that the accounts where this appears

should be taken down. Nice one. Ban the accounts of Rashford and co. so that they can't get racist tweets / posts etc.?

I always find the discussions around racism to be very political and often skewed to present a particular point of view.

In my last 12 years in Customs and then Border Force I managed a team of eight people.

One working class white guy from South London who supported Millwall, a rather middle class white guy from Cambridge, two Asians, one Muslim and the other Hindu, one Afro-Caribbean woman from Brixton, a Ghanaian, and two Nigerians. Let us say that there was never a dull day when it came to moderating problems between them. I should write a sitcom but it would surely be banned forthwith.

*[[Reminds me of 'Mind Your Language', the sitcom which set the ultimate standard for racial stereotypes...]]*

I was once reported for being a racist myself because a Muslim woman overheard a loud conversation between myself and a male Muslim Officer about Israel and Pakistan. This guy Shokat Ali was a good friend and obviously he confirmed that it was just an enthusiastic but friendly discussion. It turns out that she thought that I must be Jewish because I had a big nose and an unruly big bushy beard.

Is that racist? Naturally, so I just laughed it off and it has been a great anecdote in my repertoire ever since.

*[[Similarly, perhaps: back in the day in Maryland we had a mate known as "Black Mike" (to distinguish him from other people named Mike who weren't of darker hue), who was a short but very stocky truck driver. At our watering hole, the Tavern in St. Leonard, I ran a pub quiz night which coincided with the pool league in the large poolroom next to the main bar. Mike played for the Tavern team, and I'd usually stick me 'ead in the poolroom when I got there to set up for the quiz. Mike was at a table in the far corner, and waved a "hey!" at me. Feeling wicked (and this wasn't pre-planned at all) I yelled a Sam Jackson line from 'Pulp Fiction' back at him: "WASSUP NEGRO?". The usual hubbub of the room vanished, and you could hear a pin drop, but what you actually heard was Mike's cue dropping to the floor, as we approached each other with unreadable expressions, stood facing each other for half a second then collapsed into laughter and a bear hug. Ever seen a roomful of redneck pool players all go "WHEW!?" Fuckin' hilarious, it was. Mike, still laughing his socks off whispered "You mad fuckin' idiot", and I gave back "Well played Mike, well played mate"...]]*

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From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

August 3

**Eli Cohen** writes:

What? Another one? I've barely had a chance to turn on Netflix! Oh well, it's probably better than watching another unintelligible British cop show...

*[[You really should find some episodes of 'The Sweeney'...]]*

Re your Ellison/Silverberg musings, I guess it's hard to say how close they were -- they only knew each other for 65 years (and at one point lived in the same apartment building, along with Randall Garrett). But I think they were pretty close, though not, to my knowledge, involved in any used onion business.

Your reply to **Noel Collyer** inspired me to do some research, and apparently in 1457 "Golf, along with football, is banned by the Scots Parliament of James II to preserve the skills of archery. Golf is prohibited on Sundays because it has interfered with military training for the wars against the English". Google, not to mention Wikipedia, is really amazing! [Timeline of golf history](#) also includes such tidbits as "1567 Mary, Queen of Scots, seen playing golf at Seton Palace shortly after the death of her husband Lord Darnley, is the first known female golfer". Unfortunately, it ignores Robin Williams' [history of golf](#), which he delivers in a thick Scots accent -- the best description of the sport I've ever heard. ("I put the hole hundreds of yards away!" "Oh, like a bowling thing?" "Fuck no! I put shit in the way like trees and bushes and high grass! So you can lose your fuckin' ball!")

Note that I have avoided any reference to **Rob Jackson's** "IBM Golf Balls".



(No, I am not auditioning to write a golf column for *This Here...*)

*[[Was that a "Thank Fuck!" from the back?...]]*

While I appreciate **Leigh Edmonds'** offer to send me a slightly late LoC on the 1981 issue of my fanzine, I'm afraid it's too late: The letter column for the next ish is already done, as I recently discovered when going through some old boxes and finding a typed-up version, complete with WAHFs, in a folder -- along with most of my editorial. Internal evidence suggests an intended 1984 publication date, but what's a few decades among friends? The box even has 3 reams of Dandelion twiltone! Now wherever did I put Devra Langsam's Gestetner...

To quote **Mike Glycer**, "Thanks for adorning my LoC with an illustration by **Ulrika** -- I am honored!" Two beautiful adorning illos, in this case -- I love the water reflections in the one on p. 16 (so perfectly placed next to my H2O remarks!).

CROSSWORD CLUE was very interesting, and led me to do some frantic googling. TIL about "Cryptics", the British version of crossword puzzles. Because you buggers apparently think it's way too easy to figure out that (per a recent NY Times) "Spot of coffee?" is "breakroom", and "Initiates a proposal, maybe" is "kneels"; no, you've got to make an anagram out of the answer! Why do I seem to hear a chortling Robin Williams saying with a thick Scots accent "and then we'll write it backwards! And scrambled!"

*[[Solution to lastish's clue: "Seamen mop up anal infusions (6)" : ENEMAS...]]*

Well, yes, it seems that *This Here...* is, overall, better than an unintelligible British cop show. Don't let it go to your head.

\*\*\*

From: 236 S. Coronado St. #409, Los Angeles CA 90057

August 6

**John Hertz** writes:

Thank you for "succinctly apt". A consummation devoutly to be wished.

*[[Credit where it's due, always...]]*

I guess I must take 'DoBFO' as "Don't believe fans are observant". Just a few pages before my letter some fellow says "Well, Worldcon does nothing for me, so I therefore do nothing for Worldcon". That's backwards. I'd better not quote Tacitus, but a bunch of boys from Liverpool sang "The love you take is equal to the love that you make".

*[[Not "backwards" at all. As much as it seems so drearily inevitable to get dragged into WorldThing debate, why the fuck would I bother with anything that doesn't reflect my admittedly old-school interest in fanzine fanatic? Our*

*engagement on this topic is depressingly circular, John, and we simply must agree to disagree...]]*

More swell artwork from **Ulrika O'Brien**, thanks.

\*\*\*

From: perry@middlemiss.org

August 13

**Perry Middlemiss** writes:

As much as I'd like to I won't be getting to Corflu 39 in 2022, not allowed out of the country. Actually that's not quite as bad as it sounds - none of us are - Australians that is. It is, ostensibly, due to the current virus difficulties, though I would have thought allowing people to leave the country wouldn't make matters worse. Allowing them back in is another matter. I do have hopes of being in the US for the Chicago worldcon, and then traveling into Canada but the dates don't align. So it goes...

*[[Well there's always Belfast in 2023 and the dodgy proposal (so far subject to complete ignoral) of Las Vegas in 2024...]]*

I can sympathise with England losing the Euros over a penalty shootout - and that's not something I say every often, being of the Antipodean "anybody but England" school of thought when it comes to sport - as Australia had the misfortune to suffer the same fate at the hands of Belgium (Belgium mind you!) in the recent Olympics Field Hockey gold medal game. "Better side on the day..." and all that sort-of-bollocks ensued. Simple fact was we lost. We were not a happy country.

This was quickly followed by the Australian cricket team getting spifflicated by Bangladesh (Bangladesh now!) in a recent T20 cricket tournament that no-one in this country took the slightest bit of notice of. Couldn't watch it on TV as no station, free or pay, decided to carry it. Best forgotten. Move on, not our best team, nothing to see here, etc etc. I look forward to the Ashes at the end of the year with some small amount of hope, if only a hope that I can actually get into the ground. We got a warning yesterday from our State government that vaccine passports will probably be required for large events by the end of the year. Forehead barcodes anyone? No, that's a bit harsh. It'll just be a QR code on the mobile phone.

The only problem with ANZAPA being the home of Australian fanzine fandom is that it can tend towards insularity. We only end up talking to a small circle of close acquaintances rather than the wider fannish world community. Maybe some of the older fans (ie just about everyone in ANZAPA) are wary of the time and cost of traditional paper-based fanzine production, though this may change now that the benefits of a fully electronic apa are becoming apparent. We can but hope.

*[[I can sympathize there, and that's just another example of the insularity of bits of the Faniverse, not to mention the either implied or actually stated derision toward other bits, and that's within the fanzine Faniverse, never mind, the rest of it...]]*

You could always send out spec copies of TH... to the Australian fans discussed. The more prods for them to expand their fannish interactions the better.

*[[I've added those lads to the mailing list, and if they get this far they'll see these thanks to you for putting them in the frame. There's almost nobody I wouldn't add to the distribution, given the topics gone into up in here which I feel ought to be of interest...]]*

PS Nice photo of our Evonne.

\*\*\*

From: MikeGlyer@cs.com

August 18

**Mike Glyer** writes:

When the email comes I open and read the issue immediately and ordinarily try to LoC as soon as I've got to the end, because I know what procrastination happens if I don't. This kind.

I love that fanzine definition -- "immutable artifact." Sounds akin to the law of the Medes and the Persians which cannot be altered. As if the typos I discover for the first time when looking through my 50-year-old genzines were ordained by a higher power.

*[[I'll give Leigh Edmonds and Bill Burns a fair share of credit for solidifying my conception of "the ish" as fundamental to the FAAn Awards, as opposed to the "whatever, we can't be arsed" application of the Hugos. I remain convinced that "Carmestros Felapton" (whohe/she/they?) is a name crying out for a satirical version with wanking implications (can't spell "Felapton" without "Fap"), at least as ridiculous as my moniker for the well-known actor Bandersnatch Cumberbund. Suggestions welcomed...]]*

What's the opposite, a "muted artifact"? Bet we can think of some candidates for that.

*[[Tempting, innit?...]]*

While reading your passage about what the **Langfords** should name their band it occurred to me I am finally catching up with **Dave** in at least one area -- I'm getting to be deaf as a post. Even with powerful hearing aids, I can't really conduct a phone conversation.

*[[One of mine has packed up. I really need to get to the audiologist to see if they can fix it...]]*

\*\*\*



From: mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com

August 20

**Mark Plummer** writes:

This is close to the wire again, Nic, and for no good reason really. It feels like we've had a lively sociable time of late and so a distraction from writing, but I think it's really only by the general standards of the last year-and-a-half. The last couple of weeks have involved a plethora of people, places and things. We have been out. On a train. Two trains. Each way. We have burst our two-and-a-half-miles-from-the-house comfort bubble for a Lewis-and-Clark scale expedition to Reading, 60 miles distant. We have seen other fans, seven of them, in one room, their sensitive fannish faces unconfined by little rectangular boxes. And then one week later **Claire's** parents were here for the weekend, and we went out again, not quite as far this time but to a country pub a few miles distant, somewhere that I didn't know existed until a few weeks ago even though it's been there since the 16th century. And we went to another pub just yesterday, this time in walking distance, where we saw still more friends and where the barman was taking a delivery in advance of an expected busy weekend (Palace are playing at home on Saturday). Really it's enough to make me want to lie down for a few days or at least revert to our more usual hermit-like existence.

Right now, **Claire** is downstairs watching some sporting tournament in which teams with unlikely names – today it's the Oval Invincibles versus Birmingham Phoenix – play a game that's sort-of like cricket while dressed as garish snack-foods. Upstairs, and mindful of the imminent *TH...* deadline I thought I should drop you a line on #44, if nothing else – it's not every day that I am called "brilliant" – to comment on **William Breiding's** letter.

If I write a letter to fanzine, do I assume it will be printed? Honestly, and for the most part, yes, I do, not least because I imagine there are few fanzines these days that are so flooded by incoming responses that there has to be a real whittling-down process. I admit, though, I do still feel a bit awkward marking parts of emails DNQ because, to paraphrase **Leigh Edmonds**, it seems presumptuous to assume that without the injunction anybody would want to Q me – although I do it all the same because I'm sure I'm not alone in finding that what I thought were private emails that didn't specifically address a fanzine and which were written with no expectation of publication have nevertheless showed up in letter-columns.

But while I do write with an expectation of publication, as evidenced by my acknowledgment of this being close

to the wire, I do at the same time believe I am writing to the fan editor in question personally, and they can publish it if they want to. I've never liked contractual obligation fanzine letter-writing, and have always resisted those last-issue-if-you-don't-respond checkboxes because really what's the value of a letter written under those terms save to confirm that the recipient is still alive? I do like to think that, most of the time at least, I'm writing a letter to a fan editor because I want to write to them. Publication is neither here nor there.

*[[I've uncharacteristically refrained from interjection (oo-er missus ect) to this point. because I'm truly of the opinion that you have, as is often the case, fuckin' nailed it here in no uncertain terms. The clarity of this analysis is exemplary, and I can only assume Drink Has Been Taken and you have achieved the apex of the Bollocks/Finger curve...]]*

(I try not to attribute too much significance to the fact that my first ever letter to a fanzine didn't get published. The editor did send me the next issue, and included a note saying my letter was only omitted because he'd lost it. I don't know whether that was true. It almost certainly wasn't a very good letter.)

I think you're right about the domination of the gobbiest in any Zoom call exceeding about four people. I know for me that the Zoom experience was much improved once we got the ability to switch more easily between breakout rooms, and also once I accepted the principle that it's OK to simply leave a room without implying a slight to those present and go somewhere else, either to see who follows or after messaging somebody directly and saying, hey, shall we go somewhere quieter? I wonder whether eighteen months of Zooming will change our behaviour once in-person gatherings become more common? One thing that struck me over the last couple of weeks was how little time it took for once-normal activities to again seem entirely normal and unremarkable, even if we haven't done them since early March 2020.

*[[Indeed, but I'll also note that the same can happen at in-person meetings and frequently does. The etiquette for either does have similarities...]]*

I know I first became aware of you in May 1986, at the UFP convention in what is now the Birmingham Hilton. I have a distinct memory of seeing you on-stage at some kind of cabaret/open mic event where you were playing keyboards. And I certainly knew you well enough by Easter 1990 that I travelled up to that Eastercon in Liverpool in your car – or maybe it was Lou's car – and you and Lou stayed on the floor of **Wag's** and my hotel room. So presumably I first met you somewhere between those two events, although I fear I can't be more precise than that, a shame really as I feel it should have been

more momentous. **Rob Hansen** has included my account of how we met, originally published in *Banana Wings* #42, in his collection *Faan Fiction 1930-2020: an exploration*. That's very nice of him, but it does rather give the game away that it's not entirely true and accurate. Still, it does allow me to claim that it was indeed 167 years ago to this very day.

*[[As I said to you, I have no memory of that road trip, while of course I don't doubt your account of it. I do remember bits of that cabaret show, however. I wrote an allegedly humorous 'Star Trek Rap' and co-opted the PARSEC lot (Preston and Region Starship Enterprise Crew, of which Louise was a peripheral member) to deliver it. They actually rehearsed the fuckin' thing, showed up in - er, well, let's call it "brownface" - as 'Run TNG'. Since the mics were at floor level, I'm not at all sure how well it went over, I recall that I couldn't hear much of them, but then I was trying not to play too badly (since I was almost certainly pissed as a fart), but I recall the riff being based on a bit of an inversion of Jr. Walker's 'Road Runner'...]]*

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From: fareyjen@gmail.com

August 21

**J L Farey** writes:

In *This Here... 44*, Egotorial (2), your mention of a 1980s uptick of disabled awareness leading to the appointment of a "disabled access" person at a con, brought back a lot of memories, but one in particular. In 1982, my best friend and I were seniors in high school. Mag used a wheelchair (due to having OI, which has a much longer name that you've actually shared here before, so I'll spare you the Latin) so she (and by proximity, I) had a lot of experience with people overcompensating to make the point that her disability was no big deal. In fact, it made her special! (Imagine Mag rolling her eyes here.) It was a trend that drove her nuts. She bristled when people started using terms like "differently challenged" or "handicapable." It is what it is, she'd say. She was disabled, period, but all the flowery terms made it sound like she woke up one morning and decided life was too easy, so she'd be challenged today. One particularly uncomfortable encounter happened on a Wednesday. I remember the day of the week because we had a chapel service every Wednesday, and on the one in question we had guest speakers from some organization. They were an older couple (in their 40s or 50s, which doesn't seem old now, but at the time they were VERY old). I couldn't tell you what they spoke about, but burned into my brain is the memory of the woman walking up to Mag afterwards, bending herself in half so that she was looking Mag right in the eye, and saying loudly (as if Mag was hearing impaired, which she was not), "You are so brave and such an inspiration!" At that point, I braced myself for Mag's response, but she was unusually reserved, just saying

"thank you" and staying quiet while the lady went on for another minute or two about how amazing and special Mag was (even though she'd never set eyes on her before and knew nothing about her beyond the obvious). But as soon as the visitors walked away and were out of earshot, Mag let loose and I spent the rest of our lunch period reminding her what a special little flower she was. (Imagine both of us rolling our eyes, laughing, and questioning the sanity of the impressed stranger.)

*[[I can totally imagine that, having met Mag, of course. "Special little flower" she was totally not, and wouldn't take shit from anyone, and as I mentioned before, she probably had the evillest sense of humor of anyone I've ever met, and there's some stiff competition there...]]*

Mag and I were close friends for over 40 years, and during that time I saw lots of people treat her like she was special, but not in a good way. Mag was an amazing person, but she was no saint. She was smart, loving, and had a wicked sense of humor, but she also had flaws, like everybody else. When it came to her disability, yes, she had a lot to deal with, but the last thing she wanted was to be considered an inspiration simply because she lived her life. Her disability didn't define her, for better or worse. And that kind of brings me to the final point you made about identity groups, how we label ourselves and each other, and how we make friends. Mag and I became the best of friends simply because we got to know all the wonderful, flawed, complicated bits that made each of us the people we were. When I think of my friends today, the same is true for them. In the end, the labels don't matter.

*[[Big thanks for this, babe...]]*

(The attached photo is Mag and I at the Sadie Hawkins dance in 1981, which was the beginning of our senior year. The guys behind us are three friends we grabbed to be in the picture.)

\*\*\*



WAHF

**S&ra Bond ; Bruce Gillespie ; España Sheriff ; Garth Spencer**, who appears to think I'm actually in eAPA

FANZINES RECEIVED

All available via efanazines by the Grace of Burns, unless otherwise indicated. Just to reiterate, these are all issues I've received directly...

**THE ZINE DUMP #52 (Guy Lillian)** - "If you find any significant errors, let [me] know", sez **Guy**, with the valid assumption that there will be some. Thish I find **España Sheriff** referred to as "he", which as far as I know is not her preferred pronoun. Not as crogging as referring to **Ulrika O'Brien** as "Ursula" in a previous ish, but ey - you have to wonder whether he actually reads anything or is merely lazy or demented. Get Rosy to proofread, ferfucksake...

**PERRYSCOPE 13 (Perry Middlemiss)** - Missing the usual portrait of hisself, the cover displays the shed in which he was raised. It's a very nice shed...

**SPARTACUS 49 (Guy Lillian)** - **Guy's** journal of opinion, and worth a shufti, even if you can reflexively disagree with lazy remarks such as "I know SF fans are supposed to be total nerds as hostile to athletics as SF writers are to religion..." but admittedly followed by saying how much he nevertheless enjoyed watching the Tokyo Olympics...

**PABLO LENNIS #405 (John Thiel)** - See 'Egotorial', if you haven't already. I should mention a decent piece on "Magic in Science Fiction" by **Jeffrey Redmond**, which is perhaps predictably so incomplete that it should engage readers to provide more examples and create some discussion. My own mention of a huge omission would be Piers Anthony's 'Split Infinity' series...

30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette IN 47904 - The old usual (ie contribution or *paper trade*) or \$2 for a copy...

**ALEXIAD #118 (Joe and Lisa Major)** - Chock full o' the usual goodness and an enviable loccol. In the wake of the Gay Robin teacup-storm, there's a list of Robins which I point out misses Carrie Kelley, though admittedly Frank Miller's 'Dark Knight' series is probably considered outside of canon...

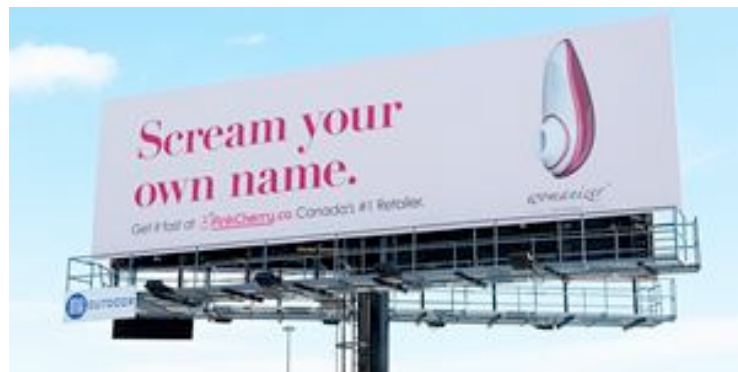
**LOFGEORNOST #144 (Fred Lerner)** - A solid obituary for Ed Meskys at the start, the expected always erudite content throughout, including a fine set of correspondents, some of whom are also not averse to slumming it in here, and finishing with a quote from an Indian colleague which I'd heard elsewhere: "It was good that the British came. And it was good that they left."...

**THE ALIEN REVIEW 2 (Perry Middlemiss)** - Just in at the wire, so I've only had time for a quick glance and to again marvel at the layout and presentation...

INDULGE ME

✘ **TRIVIA QUESTION** : The sort of thing possibly only **S&ra Bond** would consider memorable: Which subsequent fanzine issues had the same date stamp on the last loccol entry of the first *and* the first one of the next? *This Here...* #44 and 45, apparently...

✘ **TRUTH IN ADVERTISING** : I noticed some billboards several weeks ago which prompted a bit of "oo-er missus" and wondered if I was being excessively salacious about them - one of a 30s-ish woman smiling with the slogan "Increase your Liquidity", and another with an older lady sat at a computer desk captioned "You're never too old to dabble" and I guessed that this was some kind of online trading platform. These billboards were replaced by a series stating that the company/product was "Better than..." (a failed blind date I think being one example). The newest billboards went up last week, and it does seem that pinkcherry.com is indeed a purveyor of wanking devices...



✘ **UNCUT BICYCLE SERVICE** : On the way to work I've been catching a documentary series 'Changing World, Changing Bodies' about the evolutionary effects of modernization on our feet, backs, faces & that. Apparently one turning point culprit for the fact that we're all generally much less hardy was the invention of the chair...

✘ **WORLD'S FINEST FANZINE** : **BEAM 16** is firmly scheduled for October (yes, *this* year) in time for Corflu Concorde. There will be print copies in limited numbers, content from **Lucy Huntzinger, Lee Wood, Jane Carnall, Tommy Ferguson, Jacqueline Monahan** (and perhaps even **JoHN Wesley Hardin**) as well as yer esteemed co-editors...

✘ **CROSSWORD CLUE** : Here y'go **Eli**: Actress featured in Titanic and iceberg encounter. (7,6)

✘ **NATURE NOTES** : I'd suspect any skiffy fan (including me) reading [this](#) is going to wonder whether such a massive organism doesn't have some degree of at least potential sentience. Therefore I must state pre-emptively that I, for one, welcome our Aspen clone overlords...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (UK)** : Actress month brings **Polly James**, of whom the Ham Shanks will likely know o but will get some “awwwe” from the Brits...



✘ **SCIENCE FACT** : Utterly fab [radio pictures of distant galaxies](#). My goshwow exceeds any considerations that whatever dosh is getting spent on this could go somewhere else - but then again this isn't the kind of thing capitalism sees any value in, either...

✘ **STEAM RADIDIO** : A couple of pieces from NPR which initially serve to remind me how much I still fuckin' *cringe* upon seeing the term “sci-fi”, even as I'm fully aware I'm on a loser there. It's an oldphart kneejerk reaction, innit? Still & all, a couple of reasonably interesting bits, one on the supposed [massive changes in sf in the last ten years](#), the other on what they consider [egregious omissions](#) from their favorites list of ten years ago (ahead of a new summer poll)...

✘ **AWOOGA! AWOOGA!** : Personal Corflu Pangloss update: I've been granted the time off work, which wasn't a given as March is typically one of our busier months. So, we'll be there! Whether this is encouraging or discouraging to others remains to be seen, ey? **Tommy Ferguson** has said the first pint's on him, mind...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (USA)** : Having escaped the '70s (show), **Debra Jo Rupp** is not at all as dowdy as the character Kitty Foreman...



## MIRANDA

*THIS HERE...* is (mostly) written, edited and produced by: **Nic Farey**, published on [efanzines.com](#) by the Grace of Burns.

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Art credits: **Ulrika O'Brien** (pp, 14, 18, 23)

**“Why do my people come and go?  
I keep on leaving them behind, and Lord I miss them  
so...”**