

# This Here...

*"...akin to pissing in the archbishop's chalice." (M Ortleib)*

## EGOTORIAL

### SEPTEMBER

"April is the cruellest month", wrote T.S. Eliot, making a good case.

Calendar cruelty, though, is much more about individual and very personal events which will resonate throughout our lives, as I've no doubt it will for **Joseph Nicholas** over the untimely death of his life partner **Judith Hanna** this month from a nasty resurgence of the cancer we all thought she'd been successfully fighting. I can, of course, relate, having also been widowed by the Big C, but without the ameliorating joy of having had a long and fruitful partnership, since Dee Ann and I were married a little over two-and-a-half years, albeit with the relationship having been ongoing for eighteen months before that at a transatlantic distance, during which time and subsequently she managed to quite endear herself to my crazed mother, no mean feat.

September doesn't mark her death (June 14, 1996), but rather our wedding day (9/11/1993), which as I've noted on other occasions is a date that stirs memories in me quite unrelated to those of September 11 2001, although I have some of those too.

So, in a typical digression, I was on *that* day working (as part a crew) on refurbishing a crack house in a dodgy area of Washington DC which had been bought by a couple of DC cops who occasionally showed up to inspect progress. The radio was (over-)playing the really rather good India.Arie slice "[Brown Skin](#)" which we cruelly lampooned as "Brown Stain - I shit and left a brown stain"

when the newsflash cut in about the terrorist (or "terr'ist" as the language-challenged George W. Bush would have it) attacks. Panic and paranoia ensued, not improved by the fact that from where we were we could see the smoke rising from the Pentagon. To say we were well nervous is an understatement, and word was going around that everything was about to be shut down and/or cordoned off, so with very little valor we booked it, and after getting home and seeing all the actual events on the news, *none* of us felt

able or willing to go to work next day, though of course because 'Murica! we had to go back after that otherwise we'd have had no dinner.

Also, this month brings what would have been the 100<sup>th</sup> birthdays of both my father (15<sup>th</sup>) and mother (27<sup>th</sup>), neither of whom are here to clock it.

I do tend to ponder how my span thus far might have differed, mostly if my father had lived (he died of a massive heart attack one month after his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1981 when I was still a 23-year-old arsehole) or, after that, how it would have all played out if Dee Ann (if, in fact, we had ended up even meeting at that Eastercon) had somehow managed to survive that horribly virulent breast cancer which did for her.

Not having my Dad around to lay the firm hand upon the shoulder as required was undoubtedly highly

significant, and might have diverted me from my first failed marriage (mostly or all my fault). I suspect I might have been duller, but perhaps more well-adjusted - although the old man had a bit of a wicked streak about him, which I only got to discover in his last couple of years when we found that we liked each other a fuck of a lot, since during my tiny years he was mostly off doing noble stuff like being a Parish



Dad & Mum in our back garden, long, long ago...

Councillor and a member of the School Board as well as steward duties at our Methodist Church.

I wonder what he would have thought of fandom. I suspect he would have quietly approved of it, quietly because my mother absolutely wouldn't have.

September may be the cruellest month for me, but it's not everybody's...

It's all good.

September 2021

## RADIO WINSTON

### THOSE DARLINS, GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

I had thought that, wait, I *must* have done a piece about Those Darlins previously, but not keeping a tally of such things, I went through all the previous RW columns, and no, apparently I didn't, their only mention I could find being in a taxi column from *Vibrator*, where I mentioned changing into my 'Long Live Those Darlins' t-shirt after waking up in an horrendous flop sweat.



The band was formed in 2006 by Jessi Zazu, Nikki Kvarnes and Kelley Anderson who met at Southern Girls Rock & Roll Camp (which is apparently A Thing) in Murfreesboro, TN, starting out doing Carter family covers and using traditional Appalachian instrumentation for the most part, but there was always a punkier sensibility and broader range of influences at work (not to mention a dedicated aspect of crazy fun) which would emerge.

I first became aware of them via a Kia commercial in 2010 which used the single '[Red Light Love](#)' from their 2009 debut album (at which point the three all adopted the stage name "Darlin"), which generally infused alt-country sensibilities with rockabilly influences. I was well impressed and sought out more of their catalog, and was blown away by not only the quality of the original songwriting by all the band members, Jessi's undoubted charisma as front person, but also the willingness to be unashamedly throwback, as in their version (with clogging!) of the old and suggestive slice '[Keep Your Skillet Good and Greasy](#)'.

Long-time drummer (and occasional other instrumentalist) Linwood Regensburg was asked to officially join after the tour behind that first album, and was yet another songwriting contributor, as if there wasn't enough talent there already, and the band goes into the studio in 2011 to record the followup set 'Screws Get Loose', emerging with a garage-y feel created by engineer Ed Rawls who had worked with Atlanta outfits like Black Lips and Deerhunter. The title slice became a single, as did '[Be Your Bro](#)', with its suggestively oo-er missus video (and lyrics). Tours followed, including their first foray into Europe.

The following year the departure of founding member Kelley Anderson was announced, for reasons fundamentally unknown (to me, anyway, "pursu[ing] other music projects and professional ventures" doesn't count, being a bit of uninformatinal typical bandspeak), later to be replaced on bass by Adrian Barrera, who had toured alongside the band as a member of Jesse and His Gentlemen.



2013 sees the outfit back in the studio to lay down 'Blur the Line' released on October 1 that year, and promoted by the display of a large banner of the cover photo (above) placed in front of a Nashville music store (Grimey's) to some consternation from more puritanical elements. *Spin* magazine was to call the set "tough and seductive", while *Blurt*, with even higher praise, stated "Songwriting/arranging this masterful elevates *Blur the Line* to modern-classic status", which might seem a bit OTT but I readily

concur, taking for two examples the single 'Optimist' (with another oo-er video) and 'That Man', [here](#) in its "Live in the Morgue" version (with added guest backing vocals), as subversive an apparently simple story of unrequited love that you'll ever find.

Jumping forward to the end of 2015/early 2016, the band announced an

"indefinite hiatus" after ten years, embarking on a farewell tour during which Jessi became very ill, getting a diagnosis a month later of stage 4 cervical cancer, having been exposed to HPV and never having had a Gardasil shot, and eighteen months later it did for her at the age of 28.

Her legacy, and that of the band, is continued by [jessizazu.org](http://jessizazu.org).

[One last slice...](#)

Gone, but *never* forgotten...



## CORFLUX

Much as I'll regret this, and despite **Rob Jackson's** unfailing optimism lastish, I'm pondering this and I sadly think that a dampener is icumen in. **Mark Plummer** also mentions this (see locs), and we went into this a bit more in convo the other week, which is prompting me to punt some more - er - unrefined thinking on the topic.

In that convo with the **Sainted Strummer** the other week, he pointed out that there were only about 28 confirmed actual attendees for Corflu Concorde (at that time), begging the question of how many of them will in fact turn up. Low attendance, of itself, isn't necessarily a bar to having a good Corflu (cf 'Sunsplash' in 1999), but you have to worry a bit (well, the likes of me would) whether a financial cold will be caught.

Fact-checker supreme and Concerned Fan **Strummer** later writes (on September 12):

Right now Concorde has 73 members. Take out the supporters and it's down to 56. And of those 56, 25 are not resident in the UK.

So if all the UK attending members turn up and none of the North Americans, and if nobody else joins, there will be 31 people. In reality, some of the North Americans probably will come over, but equally it's possible that

some of the Brits won't come along even though they have attending memberships.

How many people will likely turn up? Honestly, I've no idea. If forced to guess and based on current memberships I'd say between 30 and 40. And it is possible that more people will join. The Concorde membership isn't that much smaller than that of Tynecon III and there are lots of Brits who went to that and who haven't yet signed up for Bristol. If all of them did, unlikely, granted, it'd double the UK members.

Thanks for that, **Mark!**

It occurred to me to draw a comparison with the first post-pandemic Trade show to hit Vegas, 'World of Concrete' (you and everyone else laughs at the fact that such a thing exists) in July of this year. All giggles aside, this is typically one of the major events of the year, and those concrete lads, well that's a serious party crowd! Attendance was down to about 1/3 of the usual numbers (25,000 as opposed to 80 or so), and two of the three reasons for this are relevant to Corflu Concorde.

The one which *isn't* apposite (since you're going to wonder what it was if I don't mention it) is that the show is typically in January, down time for the trade, whereas the middle of the year is when they're typically swamped with work, so there'd be more than a few potential attendees who wouldn't be taking time off for it. Relevancy follows:

**International travel:** As with Corflu, a significant number of participants will be from all corners, and in July this wasn't possible, unless you were willing to go a very convoluted route (basically via Mexico). What with redlists and quarantine requirements, *and* with the expectation of lower numbers anyway, concrete professionals from points far west and far east wouldn't be inclined to make the effort, and so it is for Concorde, with international attendance being problematic to say the least. I do note, though, that at least one US traveller (**Rich Coad**) has booked his flights, and there *are* others who are still playing a waiting game.

**Next:** Given that WoC is planned to be back on schedule (January) for 2022, the next show being only six months away from this year's would have prompted more than a few to wait. Corflu Pangloss, all being well, is happening a mere *four* months after Concorde, so it's reasonable to suggest that potential attendees (certainly on this side of the pond) would be additionally inclined to skip it since there'll be another one right along.

The overall situation, though, with Covid variants now up to Greek letter mu (as I write), must still be considered fluid. As with the continued reopening of Las Vegas, however, the opening of the US-Canadian borders (subject to sensible restrictions) must be seen as a genie who will not be compelled to re-enter the bottle easily.



Personally, we've upgraded to attending membership for Pangloss (thank you, Lucky Cab, for granting the time off) and we've booked the hotel - flight arrangements (and the acquisition of passports) will no doubt follow in due course.

As **Rob Jackson** has for Concorde, we perhaps should, however tentatively, proceed on the assumption of the occurrence (and success) of both events, should we not?

## OMPHALOSKEPSIS

Great title for a fanzine, that, or even a great name for a rock band, ey? Go on, look it up.

We've been discussing a fair bit what we might call the "nuts and bolts" of elements of fanzine production, for example the motivations of loccers and their own expectations there - a topic of personal interest fershure, in that this and similar "in house" subjects seem to me to be rarely addressed except perhaps in passing. We tend not to analyze the "why?" of what we do, typical issue #1 editorialising notwithstanding wherein the "Why is this fanzine?" question is sometimes grudgingly answered, only to be abandoned on some dusty rural back road as quickly as possible, lost forever.

I'm seeing a fuck of a lot of intersection worthy of a witty Venn diagram in which the topics criss-cross and bump like a lot of Scalextric chicanes, and that could be expressed by playing with punctuation to ask: "Why, *is* this [a] fanzine?", which plays into the (ugh!) Hugo bollocks in the fan categories which, as observed by several, doesn't even follow their own ostensible rules. James Burke could have made hay with the connections, ey?



I've now clocked where my FAAn award definition of a zine being "an immutable object" originally likely came from. In *nichevo* #1 (and only, November 2000), **Dale Speirs** wrote:

Whether on paper or phosphor screen, I define a zine as a fixed set of graphics and text laid out in a permanent form. More than this, though, it should be a hobby or

non-profit cultural related periodical, devoted to the non-commercial side of life.

It's clear now that I remembered this in formulating my own criteria. **Dale** also wrote:

A true e-zine is that which is issued as a locked-down [...] issue, to be held the same thereafter. If the editor goes back and updates it, thereby changing the reading experience for any subsequent reader, then it is a Website, not an e-zine.

Now I think we've established that an overly strict interpretation of this doesn't void an ish from being an ish if the "update" is a simple fuck-up correction. The implication is really that any kind of *substantive* change (and that would *perhaps* include the addition of comment threads, or would it?) modifies the product to the point that it should no longer be considered "fixed", and thus *not* an actual fanzine.

Continuing to bang the old drum, then, my definitions of "fanwriter", "fanartist" and "letterhack" derive directly from the concept of "the ish", since they must have appeared in an actual fanzine, but still & all with *that* having been said, FAAn award votes are taken on faith - there's nothing to stop a concerted Hugo-style campaign by the likes of John Scalzi or someone resembling "Carmestros Felapton" (real name: Fred Smith) from flooding the ballots, except that we're still mercifully beneath the notice of such scrag-ends.

In *Banana Wings* 71 (September 2018), **Claire Brialey** wrote this:

I could wish that more of the SF fans who are expressing concern about [*BrewDog's attempt to trademark the term "Fanzine", albeit in a limited way*] signalled greater interest in the actual fanzines that still exist in our community, or in the traditions that those fanzines represent. Or, come to that, that more fans had shown any concern about the way that the terms 'fanzine', 'fanwriter' and 'fanartist' are still formally used as the short titles for Hugo awards which are now open to many contenders who - talented and engaging though they may be - aren't operating with any palpable sense of those traditions either. What does 'fanzine' even mean in our own wider community these days?

Once again **Claire** is typically at the apex of the Finger/Bollocks curve here. You might consider that those of us operating within what *we* consider the "tradition" have gone through a messy divorce from the current wider ethos of the Faniverse, fucked-up WorldThings and associated activities, who appear to regard our end of this as vestigial and useless throwbacks to ancient times - the appendix of fandom, suitable only for removal and serving no purpose.

What's actually happened, though, is that the divorce hasn't been "messy" or even that rancorous in a *Kramer vs Kramer* sense, but more like the realisation that we've simply drifted



apart and don't love each other anymore as we did in the early flushes of unbridled passion.

Here's a thing, though: the much-discussed and lamented "graying of fandom" (at our end of the Faniverse) implies that, to put it bluntly, we're all going to be dead soon and for those on the other side of the divide this tends to be seen by some as an overdue euthanasia, because the "palpable sense of those traditions" **Claire** mentions is inconvenient and actually unwanted. However, the "graying" also means that the stubborn traditionalists are those who are entering retirement (if they haven't already) and thus have time, and in several cases also money to pursue the hobby, so it's not at all unreasonable to predict a *resurgence* of fanzine fanac from a gifted and motivated generation.

**Marc Ortlieb** (letters) suggests that **Perry Middlemiss** is on a "one man crusade to resurrect Australian fanzine fandom", having fired up the excellent new title *The Alien Review* as well as more widely distributing his ANZAPA effort *Perryscope*. And oh look, here's *Fanzine* #4 from **Kim Huett**, and since we're not limited to the Antipodes, a long-awaited *Littlebrook* from **Jerry Kaufman** and **Suzanne Tompkins**. After eighteen month (or more) gaps, we're in fair shape to see a new ish of *BEAM*, perhaps *Banana Wings*, and even the equally long-awaited next (final?) *Chunga*? In the meantime **Wm Breiding** has a new and honkin' *Portable Storage*, and the likes of **Johns Hertz** and **Thiel** continue to crank them out, as does **Dale Speirs** and **N3F**, all with regularity and longevity.

Individuals can make their own judgements about the inherent quality (if any) of some titles, but it's a fact that they exist, innit? There may well be more coming, the portents are decent.

Perhaps it's time to revive the Nova Awards?

## TV GUIDE

### AUSTRALIAN SUPES, ONE IN PARTICULAR

What is this? A more-than-already Aussie invasion? Well, no, obviously, but I got a gem here that coincidentally crossed the radar...

This came up in a *Grauniad* article about actual home-grown (or better expressed, home-created) Down Under supes, so we're not talking about Captain Boomerang (DC Flash rogue's gallery ect), Gateway (X-Men) or even the likely much less well-known William "Oz" Chance (ClanDestine) here. In fact, the listing got to be as desperate as to include Barry Humphries' creation Sir Les Patterson on the strength of his James Bond parody movie, but right at the end (and well recent), my interest was immediately piqued by *Cleverman*, the first 6-episode series of which was only

available for purchase off Amazon Prime, although the second is on Netflix.

I'm going to try to do this without major spoilers, so I'll concentrate on the premise, setting and tropes, but it's perhaps inevitable that a giveaway bit will sneak in here and there.

The setting is a near-future dystopian Australia (I'll defer to locals who've seen it as to which specific city, but I don't think it's Sydney because I haven't seen that bridge), a police state, and the dystopian situation is implied to have occurred as a result of an ecological crisis, which makes sense in that the cityscapes and what I'll call "countryscapes" are starkly differentiated. The *dramatis personae* includes the inevitable manipulating media mogul (don't roll your eyes, this one has complex depths), hypocritical politicians (again, don't...) but centers on two aboriginal half-brothers, Waruu and Koen West, of whom more shortly.

The other main situational point is the emergence, or more accurately discovery of a "new" (in fact rather old) race of *genus homo*, colloquially known as "hairies", but more formally (and disparagingly) as "subhumans", or "subbies" in the vernacular. The inconvenient fact, however, is that they're longer lived, more agile and stronger than "regular" humans by a factor of three or so in each instance.

These people are Neanderthal in appearance, which takes me off in a not atypical digression: one of the first, if not *the* first short story collections I bought in my early teens was 'New Writings in SF-13' (which, incidentally created in me an abiding adoration of the form), whose lead story was by John Rackham (a pseudonym for John Thomas Phillifent) 'The Divided House' in which a similar distinction is made among the members of returning survey space crews, who are separated into "Croms" (Cro-Magnon) and "Nandys" (Neanderthals), the former being "doers" (and rigid in thinking), the latter "dreamers" (more empathetic).



Despite a fairly godawful weak ending, the story has DoBFO stuck with me for 50 years (and counting).

Anyway, the titular 'Cleverman' is (sort of) an appointed aboriginal spiritual leader, a link between the living world and the dreaming, and the honor comes with certain powers which are gradually revealed. The gig is passed down from a previous generation, and a large part of the ensuing conflict is the fact that it's given to the younger half-brother (Koen) rather than the expectant of it older one (Waruu), possibly because the latter one is an arsehole of magnificent proportions.

As you'd also expect (police state ect blah blah) there's a fuck of a lot of very overt racism against the hairies / subbies which is implied to have its lineage defined in no small part from previous disdain of aboriginals as inferior.

While it's a clear temptation (and a highly lazy one) to dismiss displayed attitudes as particularly "Australian" in some way, that's just denialism. The "values" (or lack thereof) on display are universal, and this could have been set in absolutely *any other fuckin' country* with at least some undercurrent of first peoples' spiritualism, or even one with any kind of societal difference of tradition, something other than white Anglo-Saxon, or indeed the worldview of Rackham's "Croms".

I recommend this as a watch, in my opinion it's one of the absolute best genre series I've seen in fucknose how long, but I will issue a couple of warnings: one is that there's a *lot* going on in terms of the subplots of the various characters - you will need to pay attention. Secondly (possible spoiler), you're likely to be somewhat dissatisfied with the S2 ending - and the series has neither been officially cancelled nor renewed, so we are left a bit hanging. Still and all, I do urge you to clock this show...

## FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

*The great fallacy is that the game is first and last about winning. It is nothing of the kind. The game is about glory, it is about doing things in style and with a flourish, about going out and beating the other lot, not waiting for them to die of boredom. (Danny Blanchflower, captain of the 1960-61 Tottenham Hotspur First Division Championship and F.A. Cup double winning team.)*

As is becoming the custom, this column has nothing whatsoever to do with the one I originally intended to write. That's okay, this version promises to be more interesting anyway.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> of September, it was announced that Jimmy Greaves, the greatest goal scorer the English game, if not the world game, has ever seen, had died aged 81. On the Sky Sports coverage of Tottenham's home game against Chelsea



(both sides Greaves had played for) that day, Martin Chivers, who had played with Greaves for two seasons in the late sixties, said the only goal scorer remotely similar to Greaves is Lionel Messi. Both of them glided past opposition players with the grace of ice skaters, which is nothing short of a miracle considering the mud baths of pitches that Greaves played on in the days before undersoil heating or clever drainage systems that effectively suck excess moisture through the soil, and both of them had a habit of passing the ball into the net, not blasting it in with power; they were the footballing equivalent of assassins, not muggers.

I was never fortunate enough to see Greaves in a Spurs shirt in anger, he had been moved on to West Ham in exchange for Martin Peters by the time I went to my first game in 1970. The only two live matches I saw him in were when he returned to Spurs to play for West Ham in the 1970-71 season and his testimonial game against Feyenoord in October 1972. Highlights of the West Ham game, which also featured two players I've written about before in these columns – Alan Gilzean and Clyde Best – can be found [here](#). I won't spoil the fun by giving away the score and reading some of the comments may make you realise what a different country the 1970s were, especially in football fan circles.

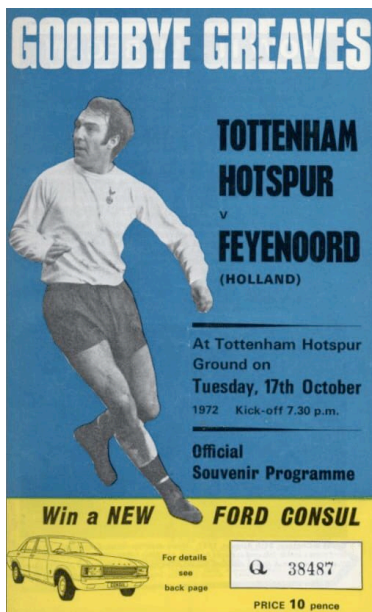
Feyenoord were still an up and coming Dutch side in the early seventies and it seemed a strange choice to invite them to be the opposition in a match titled "[Goodbye Greaves](#)", but technically Dutch football was on the up following the example of Johan Cruyff and Ajax of Amsterdam, who would embody and refine the concept of "Total Football". Over the course of the next decade or so, Spurs and Feyenoord were to become quite bitter European rivals and those hooligan fans mentioned last time out were happy to defend their colours with rioting and fighting between them before, during, and after the 1974 UEFA Cup final second leg



in Rotterdam, which Feyenoord won 2-0. Bill Nicholson, being the “old fashioned gentleman” he was, never once mentioned the Feyenoord fans in his television interview after the game preferring to just say how ashamed he was of the Spurs fans involved, but Dutch fans were amongst the most [notorious and violent](#) throughout the 1970s and 80s. Fighting between the fans also broke out around both UEFA Cup games the teams played in 1983.

I could bang on about Greaves for several of these columns, but fans of other teams would only accuse me of bias or rewriting history. Greaves stood on the Shelf and in the old boy’s enclosure at White Hart Lane as a fan prior to signing for Chelsea in 1955. His rationale for joining Chelsea over Spurs was a greater chance of playing in the first team, which at the time was probably true, but his greatest years were whilst at Spurs and he stated publicly that leaving the club in 1970 broke his heart and he lost interest in football. Greaves and Gilzean – the G Men – were such a legendary partnership that even [The Scotsman newspaper paid homage to Greaves](#), the Englishman who helped demolish them 9-3 at Wembley in 1961. The Guardians [Jimmy Greaves: A Life in Pictures](#) and its related links probably tell his story better than I can.

Greaves death was reported just three days after the [death of Sir Clive Sinclair](#), the British electronics and computer entrepreneur and inventor, also at the age of 81. On the surface Greaves and Sinclair would appear to have little in common, but anyone who owned a ZX-81 or ZX-Spectrum computer in the early eighties will know the unintended impact Sinclair had on football strategy simulation games. Kevin Toms, one of the earliest UK micro-computer programming superstars, first developed Football Manager on the Video Genie, a clone of the Tandy (Radio Shack) TRS-80, but quickly converted them to the ZX-80 and 81 as text only black and white titles sold by mail order. When the colour, “high resolution” (fuck, that’s a funny statement to read about these computers all these years later) ZX-Spectrum appeared in 1982, the subsequent version sold in excess of 500,000 copies. Football Manager continues to this day in some form or another as the title ported from the 8-bit computers of the day to the much missed Commodore Amiga and on



to the ubiquitous PC.

Football Manager was followed by my personal favourite management sim, Football Director, from D&H games. Again, it’s a title that has been ported over various machines and still survives to this day, which says something about the fanatic nature of footie management sim fans. If only some of these titles had ported to the Sinclair-QL I may have wasted £399 on one of those as well. There’s a nice [history of football management sims](#) at History Of...Football Management Games - Part 1 » The Video Game Almanac.

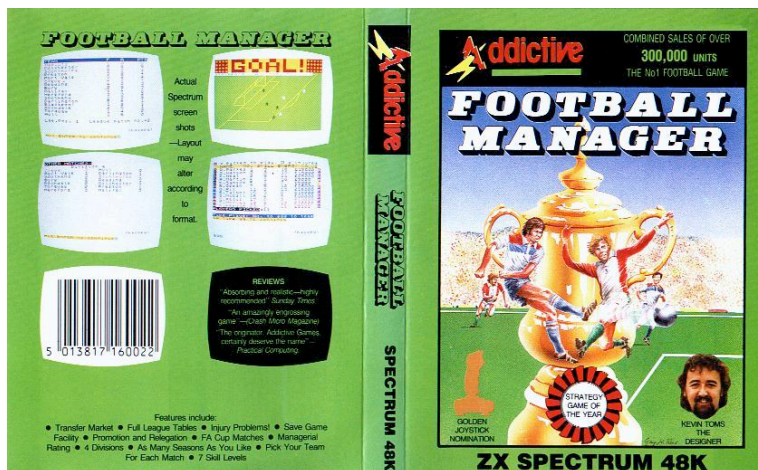
I’m trying to remember the names of Spectrum games I owned back in the 80s. I obviously collected all the Ultimate Play The Game titles like the wonderful Atic Atac,

and there was a multi-tape, multi-player space exploration game that I remember wasting £40 at a computer show at Ally Pally (Alexandra Palace, first home of the BBC, and the basement of the burned out shell of which was the venue for a gig by Siouxsie and the Banshees I went to whilst in sixth form), which supposedly allowed players to take turns, save the turn data to tape, give the tape to the games master, allow him to consolidate the various players data and then set objectives, and redistribute new turn tapes. Needless to say, it never, ever worked...Nice box art though!

One of my favourite footie titles on the Speccy was Footballer Of The Year, a strange hybrid of management sim and playing sim, where you could sign for a club as an apprentice and progress through your career until retirement trying to win individual honours and an increased salary. Part of the game involved scoring penalties against opposition goalkeepers and required a technique that involved violently shaking a joystick (Oo-er, missus...!) left and right before pushing savagely forward and hitting the fire button. If you got it right, the ball started off heading straight at the keeper before swerving off to whichever side

the joystick was on when you pushed forward with the kind of banana curve we’ve been told by various Tories that the EU doesn’t like. I never did manage to become Footballer of the Year, but I did destroy a succession of joysticks. The computer counter assistant at Boots, The Chemist in Wood Green knew me on a first name basis.

This is a slightly shorter



column than usual. I've had some personal issues to deal with that have taken up a lot of my time and mental energy and tomorrow, Friday September 24<sup>th</sup>, I'm attending the funeral of another person that made an impression on me in the 1980s. **Judith Hanna** will hopefully be known to most readers of SF fanzines and **Joseph Nicholas'** [obituary for her](#) will tell you more than I can ever know. The wonderful thing about Judith was when, on first meeting at a pub meet or other gathering, she'd ask: "How are you?" and she genuinely wanted to know if you were okay or not and, if you weren't, she'd listen. She was a genuinely good, honest, and decent person of the type that we wish the world had lots of, but we all know doesn't.



Current football? The new season started, there was an international break for world Cup qualifiers, the Premier League restarted, Chelsea look better than everyone else in the Premier League currently. The season hasn't really started in earnest, but I suspect it's going to be a bit of a bore as the sugar daddy clubs (Manchester City and Chelsea) are the only teams with the money to strengthen significantly in the wake of Covid. I'm pretty sure Nic's Watford won't get relegated; there are three worse teams than them in the Prem. I'm pretty sure Spurs will have a very up and down season, but might surprise once the new manager and players settle in. All very ho-hum, really. Maybe something will happen before next month to inspire me...

## LOCO CITATO

*[[“I believe in practicing prudence at least once every two or three years”. (Molly Ivins)...]]*

From: gandc001@bigpond.com

August 21

**Bruce Gillespie** writes:

Thanks very much, Nic. The presentation [of the 'Radio Winston' column] is good, and the few remaining typos are all mine. It's a pity you couldn't run any further illustrations, but with any luck interested readers can look up most of

these people and items on YouTube or wherever. I'll send on the PDF to Brian Wise, but I suspect he won't know what he's looking at, so probably won't read it.

I do hope that **Irwin Hirsh** receives a copy, as well as the usual crew. Is **Perry Middlemiss** now on your list? **Leigh Edmonds** is. With any luck they can provide enough corrections and additions to form a second 'Radio Winston' column.

*[[Perry has been getting the ishes for a while, and I've just added a few others from your continent at his recommendation. Sorry for typos that remained, including a couple of ballsed-up links (see Jerry Kaufman's loc below)...]]*

I've no way of printing out TH... 45 at the moment, except one-side-only home laser printer. My own small print place in the Melbourne central business district has gone kaput because of the covid --- nobody is working in the city, so no major companies are printing intra-company documents, which has been the main bread and butter of my printer for decades. I can't go out and find a new print place because of current covid restrictions (nothing but 'essential services' remain open; books and other printed matter are not regarded as 'essential' for some reason).

Lots of goodies still to read, especially the letters of comment.

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From: cramynotbieltro@gmail.com

August 21

**Marc Ortleib** writes:

Thanks for the copy of *This Here... 45*. I'm not really involved with fanzines anymore, apart from in ANZAPA but it's good to see that fanzines are still appearing.

Much as I hate to disagree with **Bruce Gillespie** (doing so in Australia is akin to pissing in the archbishop's chalice), The Masters Apprentices were an Adelaide band that relocated to Melbourne. According to Wikipedia, they recorded at Armstrong's studios in South Melbourne. Eventually they became a mixed band, incorporating members from a number of Australian States.

I'm certain that **Bruce** would disagree with me, but my all-time favourite Melbourne band were The Divinyls, featuring Chrissy Amphlett on vocals and Mark McEntee on guitar. Though best known overseas for the double entendre filled "I Touch Myself" they had a sparkling career in Australia with songs such as "Boys In Town" and "Pleasure And Pain".

And here's **Leigh Edmonds** talking about Robert Silverberg and Flowers/Icehouse. Gosh Toto, I don't think I'm in ANZAPA... Mind you, to an Australian, there's only one band called The Angels and that was the one fronted by Doc Neeson - another South Australian, though born in Northern



Ireland. The band was particularly notable for their song "Am I Ever Gonna See Your Face Again" where, upon the singing of that line, the audience would respond with a loud cry of "No way! Get fucked. Fuck off!"

As a note for **Gary Mattingly**, "gobby" simply derives from the term "gob" which means mouth, as in "Shut your gob!" The adjective "gobby" has lost ground to the noun "gobshyte".

I've always considered "mad as a cut snake" to be an Australianism. It was certainly used here as early as 1920.

*[[And so it is, it seems...]]*

Ah, so the copy of *This Here...* in my e-mail is **Perry Middlemiss's** fault. I think he's on a one man crusade to resurrect Australian fanzine fandom and the more power to him! I'm game, as long as it doesn't detract from my Scouting commitments.

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From: mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com

August 22

**Mark Plummer** writes:

Looking on this as a case of hot-iron striking, motivated by what at first seemed an extraordinary coincidence. Plus your egoterial talks about habit and so I'm breaking mine and dropping you a line promptly rather than waiting until just before a new issue appears.

Yesterday **Claire** asked me if I could help with a photo ID. It was a picture of a group of Vegas fans at brunch with **Anna Raftery** during her TAFF trip and while most were identified there were two captioned only with question-marks. Did I know who they were? I'm afraid I didn't.

Then a bit later she called through. It was OK, **John Coxon** had worked it out. She didn't say how or who they were.

About this time I noticed *This Here...* 45 in my inbox and shortly afterwards I got an email from John commenting on my use of the word 'plethora' in my letter. This is an *Octothorpe* thing so I was pleased he noticed.

I then had a look through *TH...* myself, and noticed the photos on page 8. Lots of Vegas fans having a fine sociable time but is it...? Could it be...? I knew **John** had seen *TH...* because he'd emailed me about it so was it the remarkable coincidence of you publishing captioned photos of the fans we'd earlier been trying to ID?

The answer is no. It's not even the same people. Oh well.

Anyway, back to your egoterial and that odd **John Thiel** quote, I was first stuck not so much by the capitalisation of rich brown as that peculiar formulation 'a person calling himself...'. I mean, yeah, I guess he did call

himself that on account of it being his name an' all. 'A person calling himself Dr Gafia' might have made more sense. But yes, as you say, 400+ issues is a triumph of tenacity. I don't know if it's true but I've heard it said that the average number of issues for a fanzine is somewhere between one and two.

*[[See John Thiel's clarifying loc next up...]]*

I'm pretty sure I've said before that I don't recall that Japanese banquet in Hitchin as a "semi-disaster" at all. Truthfully, I recall few specifics, possibly due to the presence of what may or may not have been an authentic quantity of sake, beyond that it started and finished with soup and you did something remarkable with a turnip, a line to which you don't need to append an oo-er missus because I'm clearly doing it deliberately. But I remember it as a good meal, not remotely like anything I'd had before but in a good way. Other aspects though...? I think I was at that Hitchin place at least three times, one of which was the night before we travelled up to Liverpool in 1990, the trip you no longer remember yourself. I have lots of memories of those visits but which was which?

Ransacking the flat trying to find some alcohol, eventually unearthing a bottle of Campari left over from some party; Ann and **Steve Green** singing along loudly to Elvis Costello's 'Shipbuilding'; **Steve Green** becoming trapped in the toilet; **Ian Sales** dropping his glasses over the balcony and having to retrieve them from the roof of the pub below the next morning; having a long discussion about whether we should allow an obviously very drunk you to drive out into Hitchin to find an all-night garage from which you could buy cigarettes and eventually letting you do it, all the while oblivious of a carton of 200 cigarettes in the middle of the kitchen table around which we had been sitting...

*[[I do recall writing a loc to Banana Wings referring in part to that Japanese banquet, in which I asked "Didn't we have sake?", to which your response was a succinct "God, yes...". I also remember an occasion with my old Star Trek mate Rod Summers, who was in for a Team Holodeck meeting for one of the conventions. Just the two of us left in the small hours, we also experienced a dearth of alcohol but unearthed a bottle of champagne (!) hiding in the fridge, a beverage which has always affected me in significantly massive ways. We proceeded to enter the transcendental experience of watching 'Thomas the Tank Engine' while blitzed into alternative planes of existence...]]*

**Rob Jackson** manages a degree of enthusiasm and positivity that makes **James Bacon** sound downbeat. I suppose it is reasonable to 'hope' that UK attending members of Corflu will indeed attend. As one such myself I certainly hope to be there. I'd been going to

between two and six conventions every year for about thirty-four years when it all came crashing to a halt in March of last year. It'll have been two years since Novacon 2019 by the time Corflu rolls around and it'll be nice to see people. However, I note that UK attending members still only total 28 people, and many of the people who were at Newcastle and Winchester haven't signed up for this one. I do hope it works, I really do, but I understand **John Coxon's** reservations.

And I think **Mike Lowrey** is probably right to give Corflu etc a miss too. Eastercon might be viable though, in which respect here's an interesting trivia point. Even aside from the restrictions this last couple of years, the run of European Worldcons means that if **Mike** comes to Eastercon next year he'll be the first TAFF winner at a UK convention since 2014, the first at an Eastercon since 2012, the first whose primary destination was a convention outside London since 2005, and the first at an Eastercon outside London since 2003.

*[[Compelling argument, that. Mike?...]]*

You say you don't know how to listen to podcasts. At the risk of being really patronising, in the case of *Octothorpe*, and at its most basic, you can click this link <https://octothorpe.podbean.com/> and click the [play] icon at the bottom of the most recent episode. Or any other episode. You can download podcasts and listen to them in apps and whatnot too and I imagine that's what the cool kids do but that'll work. Try it. Really, it's like being on a Zoom with **Alison**, **John** and **Liz** only you don't get to say anything yourself. (You can fill in the punchline there.)

*[[Irresistibly. Exactly like being on a Zoom with Alison, then?...]]*

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From: kinethiel@mymetronet.net

August 22

**John Thiel** writes:

I think you got the misconception that I don't know Richard Brown very well from my statement "a person calling himself Rich Brown." I meant that he'd become a different person. I did not ever meet him but had a regular correspondence with him for some years. He and I met through Howard Browne's "Space Club", wherein several of us young people got tight and formed a group of several people who all corresponded with all the rest. You can find this mentioned in **Science Fiction Adventures**, where the reviewer speaks of "Thiel's buddy Rich Brown". About the time he started calling himself "Rich" instead of "Richard" (from which he apparently progressed to using small letters for his name, simulating ee cummings as well as damon knight), we terminated our correspondence when he

sent me a letter containing this verse: "I thot you were a Buck Coulson fan. He don't like Galaxy, dig that if you can." I told him this showed no respect for me at all and accused me of acolytism, and said I didn't want to correspond with him any more. Years later I started up a new fanzine, and finding his new address somewhere sent him a copy, and his letter to that fanzine was what I was talking about. He didn't seem to want to renew correspondence. So I did know him. I'd like it not to seem as if I didn't. I'm considering your other remarks now; you may be right, I wasn't saying anything for sure about that topic.

*[[The clarification and background from your point of view are useful...]]*

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From: srjeffery@aol.com

August 22

**Steve Jeffery** writes:

Oh gosh. If it were indeed possible, **Ulrika's** watercolours just get better and better and that illo on page 14 is just plain gorgeous.

And the mushroom illo on p23 would grace any illustrated book on natural history. (They are mushrooms aren't they, and not toadstools? This why I don't go foraging.)

Graham, a friend of ours runs the monthly book and collectors' fairs in the village (restarted last months after two years of lockdown), turned up at the door a couple of nights back to give us an illustrated hardback copy of Flora Thompson's *The Peverel Papers* (illus. C.F. Tuncliffe), because he recognised the title from Vikki's email address. Not quite the same Peverel we took it from, but no matter.

Which is about the most exciting thing that's happened chez Jeffery / France all moth, apart from the foxes in the cul de sac and next door's back garden, where I watched for about 20 minutes from the bedroom window as the dog ran around playing throw and catch with a kid's ball he'd found while the vixen sat and watched him showing off. (Boys, huh?)

Oh, Vikki bought a bass guitar. Partly because we don't have one, and every house probably should (Next door certainly has, and we can sometimes hear Bilal practicing bass runs through the wall) and also in her belief that it should be easy to learn because it only has four strings. Yeah.

*[[Do it go "plunk"?...]]*

It prompted me to drag the little practice amp down from the spare room (I don't remember it buzzing quite so badly before) and then unboxing various effects pedals (chorus, tremolo, digital delay and a cheap digital multi-effects unit) which have gradually taken over the living room carpet between the sofa and telly.

Egotorial - Oh course, you're supposing that **John Thiel** might want to publish a faanish fanzine rather than the type



of zine he has conceived for himself and therefore should abide by our rules of what a faanish fanzine should look like. This is also bollocks, and reminds me of the same dismissive rejection Vikki and I got when we attempted to send copies of *Inception* for trade or review within fandom. We stopped doing that quick, though we got a much better reaction response when we started trading and corresponding with various goth/occult fanzines. There are fandoms and fandoms, and fanzine fandom is sometimes a lot more close-minded than it likes to believe. I had hoped that might have changed over twenty or thirty years, but maybe there is still too much ancestor-worship and attitude of "this is how it's always been done". That said, I've not read *Pablo Lennis* so I can't say whether or not it's a good fanzine on its own terms of what it's trying to do.

*[[Thiel has habitually used the word "faanish" to describe bits of Pablo Lennis, but with no apparent clue about what the word means to just about everyone else. He seems to have stopped doing it more recently, but the 'Princess Bride' quote remains at hand...]]*

You are spot on thinking that the various artists and cartoonists among *TH...*'s readers (though not just them, I would hazard) would note Cyril Kenneth Bird's admirable simplicity and line work in his cartoons, something that is terribly hard to pull off and make make look so effortless.



*[[As noted lastish, I knew pretty much o about "Fougasse" beyond having much enjoyed his & McCulloch's book as a yoof, much impressed by his rather unique and very clean style...]]*

In his loc **Leigh Edmonds** writes "if `dispos_method <> nsr_METHOD` then `CHK_METHOD='FAIL';`"

No he didn't write that: that is apparently still something left in the Windows clipboard from this morning's coding session. What he actually wrote in his loc was "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."

That sounds pretty much spot-on to me. If I start to write something without being able to visualise who it is I'm writing for than I am immediately stymied because I don't have a natural or immediate starting point. Which is why I am a loccer and if you ask me to write an article (as you did for *BEAM*) I panic and then take months agonising over every sentence. But I can start a letter from a couple of well placed hooks and then just follow where the trail of my thoughts take me at the time. Of course, this often means that if I have made notes about what I might want to say, I end up leaving half of them out because I've gone off in a different direction by the end and there no way of shoehorning them back in without it looking forced or contrived. And this seems to apply to social media as well. I am happy enough commenting on other people's FB/blog posts - or responding in an email if I'm likely to wander off-topic [OK, who laughed at the back there?] - but take ages thinking about how and what I want to write in my own blog posts, and in the same way, I usually only get around that by imagining that I am writing to one person who I hope will read it.

*[[It remains a topic of great interest to hear how (and why) correspondents loc at all, and on this and other aspects of fanzining (see 'Omphaloskepsis') I'm reminded of something wryly related by a Jewish friend: "If you want five opinions on anything, just ask two Jews", or as an equivalent, any two fans...]]*

I'm told a lot of actors or performers (and maybe musicians) also do this on stage, especially if they are prone to stage fright: pick out one member of the audience and treat the performance as if it was addressed to that one person.

I wonder if that's an introvert/extrovert thing?

**Jerry Kaufman** notes of the Comsats that they may be "worth listening to more." Our work here is done. Now can I interest anyone in Modern Eon (and the glorious single "[Child's Play](#)")? I seem to be the only person who remembers them from John Peel's 1980's sessions.

*[[I don't remember them either, but that's a good little slice...]]*

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From: [jakaufman@aol.com](mailto:jakaufman@aol.com)

August 22 & 27

**Jerry Kaufman** writes:

I've been reading the issue - just got to **John Coxon's** letter. You say you don't know how to listen to a podcast? I think all you need to do is to go to [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com), click on the link to *Octothorpe* provided, then scroll down the resulting page and click on "Play." Works for me.

*[[Yes, but who except the idle (and/or retired) rich have that kind of time, ey?...]]*

I'm at the computer so I can listen to the Melbourne songs **Bruce Gillespie** writes about. You couldn't find a link to "Shivers" but when I Googled "The Birthday Party Shivers" I found that it was recorded by "Boys Next Door," which is, it turns out, the Birthday Party's original name. I loved it, and also this long comment on the Youtube video:

Written by guitarist Rowland S Howard at age 16, "Shivers" is a post-punk ballad featuring ironic lyrics regarding teenage relationships and suicide. Originally intended as humorous by Howard, he felt later it had been misinterpreted due to frontman Nick Cave's vocal delivery on the Boys Next Door version. Howard said that "Shivers" was "intended as an ironic comment on the way that I felt that people I knew were making hysterical things out of what were essentially high school crushes". He further explained that the emotional responses of people he knew who were in relationships seemed "incredibly insincere and blown out of proportion" and inspired the cynical lyrics of the song. Howard said later that as a result of Cave's vocals, "Shivers" was "interpreted completely differently and now the song, to most peoples' minds, is something completely different from what I intended it to be". In hindsight, Cave noted that Howard's vocals should have been recorded, as Cave was "never able to do that song justice."

I'm sure I'll have more to offer after I've finished the issue. I listened to bits of each song except two - the links somehow led to the Apple site instead of the songs, but I'll overcome that problem later by Googling. Generally liked what I heard, but especially "Way Out West" and the Hunters and Collectors song.

*[[The Apple site link is a default when you're embedding a hyperlink in this software, and I was insufficiently vigilant to ensure that in those two cases that the intended links had copied in properly. Sorry about that. I did also find that 'Boys Next Door' version but didn't know (or wasn't sure) that they were a previous incarnation of The Birthday Party. Sorry again...]]*

Having finished reading the issue at hand, #45 (a number us Yanks may wish to drop from the list of integers), did I have that much to say?

**Dave Hodson** writes about several star footie players and what their contractual pay will be. Those figures are huge! I know that male professionals in US football, baseball and basketball get awfully high payments but surely 1,000,000 pounds when converted to dollars is far above what any of them have received. Assuming these players are really worth the money in terms of the revenue they bring for the clubs, there must be really huge profits for the club owners.

*[[I'll let Hod-me-son continue to address that, but the simple fact is that the wage bills are well fuckin' bonkers in many cases...]]*

**Suzle** and I keep swinging back and forth on attending Corflu Concorde in person; Covid-related issues are the sticking points. We're in the vulnerable age-range, and the delta variant is going crazy, as you'll know. Will Britain really be safe and open to visitors in November. Would we be able to get back our plane fares if we decide to cancel reservations? Not that we've made any arrangements yet. We've decided that for long flights we're not up to flying coach anymore, and want to fly "Business Class," or the equivalent, which is more comfortable (though not either as lux or as expensive as First Class). We'd be willing to pay for such, but not to lose the money. So we'll almost certainly be Virtual.

*[[See comments in this's 'Corflux'...]]*

**Bill Burns** and others discuss the changes in the Fan Hugo categories, as respects what get nominated. Fanzines as we know them are published by a community of people who largely interact - contributing to one another's zines, loccing them, trading them. (This is a generalization, and we both can think of zines that don't especially fit the pattern.) At one time this applied to all three of the fan categories. I wonder if this pattern could be discerned in the current batch of nominees, It would be interesting if we could get some of them to write about how they picture the community of writers and zines, Is there a community? How much do they interact? Based on what I see in File770.com, I think there is such a community and that they do interact, as do trad fanzines, but with different customs and protocols.

*[[That's rather well put, that is...]]*

Unlike **Gary Mattingly**, I did read (almost) all the novels nominated for the Hugos this year, and tried to read all the short stories (I read only a few pages of two written as far-future fables). I've written about the novels and the one novella I've read, but didn't bother annotating the short stories. Aside from "Little Free Library" by Naomi Kritzer, I was not impressed.

I've never heard the expression "mad as a cut snake." Could it be used mainly in the Southwest?

*[[Turns out I was quite wrong in suggesting it was an Americanism - Australian through-and-through...]]*



**Kim Huett's** observation about the kangaroo and joey on the condom label made me snort with laughter.

Glad to hear that you will be able to attend Pangloss. I really hope it happens.

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From: johnsila32@gmail.com

**John Nielsen Hall** writes:

I say this is a LoC on *TH...*, which I have read and enjoyed, but really this is just my rejoinder to **Leigh Edmonds'** LoC.

The harm done by 'Midsomer Murders' around the world is incalculable. I don't know if **Leigh** has ever been to this Grumpy Island, and I hope I'm not being patronising if I suppose that it must be hard to grasp if you live in Australia (or any nation having enormous virtually uninhabited space) how crammed together we live here. Living outside the cities still means that you live in a small town or a village, and if you are an old misanthrope like me, you have to make a deliberate decision to find accommodation and live outside those communities, and it is a hard thing to do and getting harder all the time. It has nothing to do with "above average lifestyle". Okay, I'm lucky in that I could afford to make the choice, but the older I get, the more my resources dwindle.

*[[If I do end up moving back to the old sod (however unlikely that may be) when I ostensibly retire, I'm still keen on Stranraer...]]*

'Midsomer Murders' is accurate in respect of the fact that the old country estates, both of stately homes and manors / rectories, and all the usual buildings that went with them are now a primary source of living space. Also Barns, Dairies and Windmills, plus the odd Chapel or Church. But you wouldn't, if of sound mind, purchase a Series 1 E-Type for one's day-to-day transport out here. Leaving aside the fact that even back in the day, E-Type Jaguars were never among the most reliable examples of British motor manufacturing art, you have to bear in mind that the un-drained, minimally maintained lanes are full of potholes, covered in mud / horse shit / snow and ice about

eight months out of every twelve, and what 'Midsomer Murders' does not show, particularly when the current Barnaby and his colleagues are apparently hurtling about at breakneck speed in front wheel drive Vauxhalls, BMWs and Volvos is that, lacking the grip and weight of most 4X4s, ordinary vehicles cannot manage these roads at anything more than crawling pace. An E-Type would be in the ditch inside five miles, if it hadn't broken down first.

August 23 *[[Haven't ever seen it meself. While of course there's an enduring Agatha Christie-ish tradition for very British murder mysteries in very British locations, I'm more or less of the opinion that nothing would surpass 'Inspector Morse', so I'm done with the genre...]]*

But I thank **Leigh** for his advice anyway, which I am taking on board. One alternative suggestion that has been put to me is to find myself a live-in carer. This could be a good idea, if I can find the right candidate. May I make use of the respected

pages of *This Here...* to advertise the position? Applicants should be female, have a driving licence and a familiarity with such arcana as vacuum cleaners and steam irons. They should also be younger, bigger and softer than me and be very good with their hands. Remuneration etc. to be agreed, but the main benefit would be living in these beautiful surroundings and, of course, having me for company!

*[[Falls off chair...]]*

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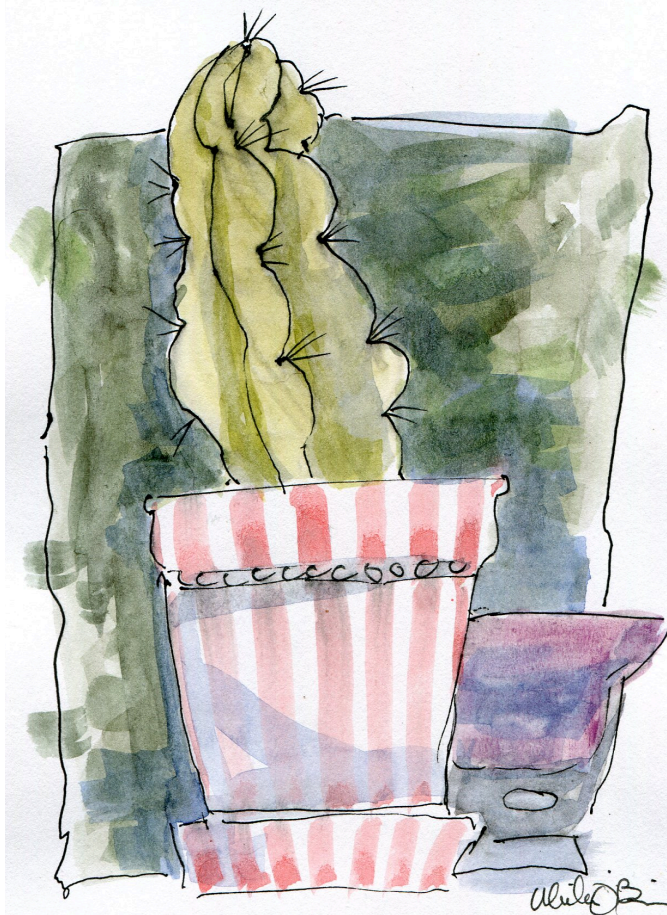
From:  
leighedmonds01@gmail.com

August 24

**Leigh Edmonds** writes:

**Jen's** letter about how disabled people are treated said the same thing that I heard disabled people talking about in the radio the other day. With the Paralympics about the start they

said they were sick of people telling them how 'brave' and 'inspirational' they were. All they really wanted to do was play sport like undisabled people but there was all this carry on as though wanting to play sport was something special that only brave and inspirational people did. There was also the business that you had to have something visibly missing before you were considered disabled, as though having something wrong inside was not really disabled at all and thus, I suppose, not brave and inspirational. Of course, like any trufan, I consider the desire to play sport of any kind a



form of mental disability (though watching it is just a mild mental illness).

*[[That's one point where we'll entirely disagree. Why, o pray tell, must it be the case that skiffy fans simply must abjure all athletic efforts, or pretend to? Back in the day when I could do such things, I well enjoyed semi-organized five a side kickabouts, and also started a work cricket team at Scholl (UK) - strictly sub-Sunday quality, but something we massively enjoyed. I also joined a cricket team when I moved to the States, although they were of higher quality and I usually ended up being twelfth man - still & all some nice Sunday afternoons out. I was a footy (and cricket) fan before I was a skiffy fan, and those aspects quite happily coexist, thanks. No doubt others may fondly recall the traditional Corflu softball games, even though the athleticism of that endeavor might be questionable...]]*

Talking about disabilities, I'm not sure that I was delighted at my own disabilities, spelling, comprehension and making sense, being mentioned right there in black and white. Spelling is something my brain has been disabled at for many years and brings to mind the period in Grade 5 when kids who made mistakes in spelling tests were hauled out to the front of the class and given 'one of the best' on the hand with a leather strap for each mistake, and I usually got four or five of them. As though making my hand hurt would fix my spelling disability! Still, the computer's spelling correction software takes care of most of that. As for making sense, I blame all that on drugs. It's a poor excuse I know, but it's better than nothing.

Having complained about that, let me thank you for editing my words. I always tell people that editors are some of the best people because they make me seem intelligent and coherent. I always read my letters in *This Here ...* with interest to see what I wrote and now I know that the reason they turn out as well as they do is up to you. When I've had editors working on my books they sometimes ask me if I want to see the corrections they've made but I've always told them that I want to read what they've done unbiased by what I had given them and, so far we've both come away from that exercise happy. So, thanks for your efforts with my writing too.

*[[You need less editing than you suggest, though admittedly more than some others...]]*

Having got that out of the way I want to say that your longer Egotorial was an interesting exercise that unpacked something I hadn't really thought about in fanzines. I like to read fanzines that have personalities in them, not collections of material with the personality strained out. Keeping in touch with the trend of including something about Australian fan history as often as possible; the reason that Australian fanzines had such a miserable reputation overseas in the 1950s was really because of this problem. The Sydney Futurians seem to have believed that one

published fanzines to discuss science fiction in a serious and constructive fashion and that individual personalities were not permitted as a consequence. For a moment after the first convention an influx of new fans didn't know this and there are some lively little fanzines like *Vertical Horizons* and *Ugh!*, but they were soon shown the error of their ways or (more likely but not visible in the historical record) those fans did a lot more drinking and partying and thus had less time for writing and publishing fanzines. The result is that the only reason I've read everything I could find published in that period was not because they are fun to read but because I have to. Much more readable were the fanzines published in Australia before the war because the fans here took as their model the fanzines published by Harry Warner Jnr, Bob Tucker and Forry Ackerman who published what were probably the best American fanzines of that era. After the war Sydney fans may well have read the fanzines of Sixth Fandom but they did not follow their lead and dreariness was the result. Here endeth the lesson.

For a while there my failing memory could not remember what you'd written in *Radio Winston* this time and then I went back to see that Our **Bruce** had written it. Very interesting but not something I know much about. Valma and I headed for Canberra at the end of 1979 but before then my radio listening was mainly the ABC's 'youth' station (which came from Sydney), 3CR and perhaps 3RMIT, so I listened to the beginnings of what **Bruce** wrote about. Perhaps the last record I bought before leaving was an EP by Paul Kelly and the Dots which I still remember fondly but have no idea where it now is. (I just looked them up on Google and their discography lists nothing before 1980 but I bought this in 1979 so somebody's record keeping is not complete.) Having returned to the Melbourne area two decades later I missed almost everything that Bruce mentioned but they are still all played on 'old time' Melbourne radio which explains why they are on that list. There is a certain Melbourne aesthetic to most of those tracks, an aesthetic that seems almost in the air you breath when you arrive at Spencer Street Station from elsewhere in the country.

'From St Kilda to Kings Cross' is, of course, about how alien Sydney feels to somebody immersed in that Melbourne sensibility, especially up around the Cross. I always feel like an an outsider when I'm in Sydney while Melbourne is comfortable to me even though I haven't lived there for forty years. Like Kelly I would enjoy a few moments in St Kilda rather than a day on Sydney Harbour. I looked at the film clip that goes with that song and had a little twinge of recognition seeing Paul Kelly on the St Kilda Esplanade (though strangely he is then transported to Port Melbourne for more sea views) and part of that is happy memories because that is where Valma and I lived when we first got together. St Kilda also used to be a hub of fandom in Melbourne where John Bangsund, George Turner, John



Foyster and others lived at various times. The tram that runs along the Esplanade comes from the city along St Kilda Road and ends up in Ackland Street where Valma and I ate many meals - particularly before we figured out what the kitchen in our flat was for - and where we got fat just looking at the pastries in the Jewish pastry shops. The other fannish hub was in Carlton where the Magic Pudding Club was a popular drop in slanshack around the time of Aussiecon and close to where **Bruce** then lived. The fans there probably got fat in Lygon Street, which is where Valma and I put on more weight after we moved from St Kilda to Carlton.

Before I got distracted by nostalgia I was going to write that I always attribute the differences between Sydney and Melbourne to the kinds of footy played in each city. (This is probably something **Bruce** knows nothing about.) In Sydney they favour that ugly and confined Rugby League and in Melbourne they favour the more open and free flowing Australian Rules. Your footy is played in both cities, introduced mainly by migrants after the war, but it seems a timid and tightly choreographed game in comparison, and hardly worthy of consideration. Which, of course, leads me to **Dave Hodson's 'Footy'**.

*[[Graham James might have something to say about Rugby League being "ugly and confined". It was always a more free-flowing game than the Union version, therefore I can only conclude that your version must be "Australian Lack-of Rules"...]]*

**Dave** doesn't say it but it must be true that there is no salary cap in British footy. This must almost inevitably lead to gross inequalities in the quality of players that teams can afford which leads, I'm guessing, to a few teams always dominating the competition. This must be very disheartening to the fans of the poorer clubs which are most likely stuck in the lower divisions with little hope of elevating themselves to more lofty positions in the pecking order. If I felt inclined to do some research I could probably find when the salary cap was introduced to Australian Rules, but it must have been during a period when I wasn't paying any attention to footy and that was a long time ago. That cap and the recruit draft which gives priority to teams lower on the premiership ladder in selecting the best of the new crop of recruits has leveled out the competition very nicely so that teams like Footscray and Richmond have done very well of late and 'my' team, Melbourne, has done very nicely this year.

Going back to talk about disabilities, I've discovered that another one of mine is a distinct lack of moral fiber and an inability to cope with stressful situations. The Melbourne Football Club has done very well so far this year, so well in fact that I've actually enjoyed listening to broadcasts of their matches. Sometimes they have been beaten but never by the humiliating margins of previous years. So we came to last Saturday night on the final round of home-and-away games

with Melbourne and Geelong playing with the winner to end up on top of the league ladder and winner of the 'Minor Premiership'. This has particular significance for Melbourne supporters because the last time Melbourne won that was in 1964, which is also the last time they won the Premiership. Perhaps, if they won this match the footy gods would smile on them again. I'm not one to believe in omens, not much really, but you never know what the footy gods are thinking.

To be honest about it, I was too lily livered to even think about watching the match on the television. All Melbourne supporters know what happens when the team is facing tough competition and it's too awful to watch. So Valma and I settled down to watch some good old British drama instead. I did, however, have my mobile phone with me to keep track of the score and, by half time, Geelong's score was twice that of Melbourne. 'There's no coming back from that', I thought to myself, and counted myself lucky that I wasn't watching the game.

A bit later our show on the telly came to an end and I retired to my room. I dared to turn on the ABC's radio commentary of the game and it was even worse than the sound thrashing I had feared, the Melbourne team were starting to bridge the gap separating them from Geelong. It was exciting stuff but there's nothing worse than hope in hopeless situations so I couldn't even bare to listen and was reduced to keeping track of the scores on my mobile phone. The plan was that I would do something else to distract me but that didn't work so I sat unmoving, staring at the numbers on the screen. Every so often they would change, by one point or by six (remembering that the scoring in Australian Rules is that a team gets one point if they kick the ball through the little posts and six if they kick it through the big posts). Gradually the points between the two teams moved closer together as the Melbourne score jumped by one and then six points to come within a couple of points of the Geelong score. And there it stayed for what seemed like days, Geelong 77 and Melbourne 75 with me hoping against hope that Melbourne would kick one last goal. But as the moments dragged by hope withered and died, after such a long delay the game must surely be over but I couldn't bring myself to turn on the radio to find out for certain. In deep resignation I reached out to turn off the phone and just as I was about to touch the button the Melbourne score jumped to 81 and they had won. I heart jumped and I almost fell out of my chair.

The reason I've gone on about this in such detail is by way of explanation. If you hear that I've expired sometime in the coming four weeks you will understand that I've been following Melbourne's progress through the finals. If the team is humiliated yet again I might well give up on life entirely. If they actually win I may expire through profound relief. If one of the matches is a nail biter like that one I will probably have died from the tension and stress. I will make sure that Valma has the ambulance on speed dial just in case,

but she finds my reaction to Melbourne matches so amusing that she will be too busy laughing.

I was going to mention a couple of other things but I reckon that's enough egoboo for you for now. (Now get editing, I expect perfection.)

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From: daverabban@gmail.com

August 24

**Dave Cockfield** writes:

I finished 'Debris' wanting more because probably for the first time when a tv series is cancelled I've been unable to extrapolate the story in my mind to a possible conclusion.

Quite mind blowingly puzzling.

And of course I've just found out that it was created by the guy behind 'Fringe'.

As you know Nic I had a fall on the platform at London Charing X Station. The 7.5% beer I had at the Dutch Bar De Hems in Soho probably masked how serious it was. An all nighter in A&E followed by 11 hours during the the day finally established why I was in pain and could not walk. The alcohol had dissipated and I had a sprained ankle, a fracture in my tibia and a broken big toe. Something that I have dubbed Right-Leg Syndrome.

I now hobble around wearing a big heavy but fucking funky orthopaedic boot.

Possibly reconditioned Millwall football fan gear.

The NHS staff were magnificent. That was at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Woowich.

Unfortunately the follow up was not so positive as I experienced the ineptitude of the NHS at Lewisham University Hospital. They had no record of my appointment and the relevant Doctor was not on duty. I had to insist on being seen because I had my appointment letter plus I had to stump up £24 to my regular taxi driver, Taiwo, to get there. The same getting home. I eventually saw a Doctor Banerjee. He looked at my X-Ray records, examined my leg, and asked me why I had been referred.

Fractures? Dedicated Fracture Clinic? Duh!

He told me to walk as little as possible and come back in 4 weeks.

The receptionist told me that I would receive a new appointment letter.

What I got was a letter stating that I had not attended my appointment and that I would be removed from the list. This saga is ongoing. Maybe I'll wear the Boot for the rest of my increasingly miserable life.



Looks like I'm stuck indoors watching television for the duration.

The News is full of soundbites. Watford were "sloppy" and Biden is "imbecilic".

*[[No, that was your medical people...]]*

In Kabul we could do with the Tibetan sidekick of Lt. Sampson, The Wolf of Kabul. (Hotspur comic 1961).

His name was Chunga and he cracked the heads of the Afghan enemy with his 'clicky-ba' (cricket bat).

*[[Parodied very well by Steve Bell back in the day in If...]]*

On the subject of comics I fully agree with the choices of **Dave Hodson**. Steve Gerber and David Anthony Kraft were true originals when it came to comic book writing. I especially love the Mike Ploog artwork on *Werewolf by Night* and the opening credits of Ralph Bakshi's animated classic, *Wizards*, but went off him after he became twee on the likes of 'Weirdworld'. I had never read *Man Thing* so managed to pick up the "Complete" volume 2 collection. Four good Ploog issues but also some nice Alfredo Alcala and Rico Rival. The Philippines produced an amazing amount of very good illustrators.

The Bobby Robson definition was spot on. My step father was a violent drunk who terrified me when I was a child. However when he was sober he could be wonderful. When I was in a Sanitorium I remember him buying me Sgt. Peppers by The Beatles.

He also took to to my first football match (turns out to be on 16th November 1963) when I was 12 years old.

It was a promotion year from Division 2. We were second to Leeds. We stood in the Roker End at Roker Park that backed into the sea. It had no roof and was always freezing.

I once remember an evening game where the fog came in from the sea up to the halfway line.

I went home thinking that the result was a 1-1 draw when in fact we had won 3-1 with all but one goal scored at the other end.

Anyway we won that first game I was at 4-1 against Leyton Orient with I believe goals from George Mulhall and George Herd.

I was hooked for life. The half time Bovril and Meat Pie may also share some responsibility.

I know nowt about Australian music unless you count The Bee Gees.

I am actually a fan of quite a few New Zealand groups that I discovered on a three month stay there 10 years ago but I'm afraid that they are for another time.



Not really much of a fannish loc here Nic but it is what it is. Lovely paintings by **Ulrika** as usual.

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From: michelledh@me.com

August 25

**Cuddles** writes:

Just as I finish reading *TH... #45*, the newsfeeds fill up with announcements and tributes for Charlie Watts, who died yesterday. The man was a legend, probably one of the greatest drummers of his generation and the world and I thought Alexis Petridis summed him up the best: "[The calm brilliant eye of the Rolling Stones' rock'n'roll storm](#)." Just two weeks ago, Charlie was talking to an interviewer about dropping out of the postponed US tour, probably the first gig he's missed since 1963, and it still amazes me how vital he looked, given his age and his health problems. Although I wasn't a huge fan, the RS made some fantastic music including the iconic Paint it Black, which was the theme tune for one of my favourite TV shows, 'Tour of Duty' (1987-1990).

I loved your mention of Fougasse. Some of his 'Careless Talk Costs Lives' posters were used in one of our lectures when I was doing my Basic Training in Alderson way back in 1980 (IIRC it was either the two guys in the pub or the blokes sitting in a train). We were discussing the importance of field communications and how they can be misinterpreted, as well as intercepted. The talk also included the infamous yet classic: "Send three and fourpence. We're going to a dance/ Send reinforcements. We're going to Advance."

The "grand reopening of the UK" in mid July (**Mark Plummer** *TH... #44*) conjured up images of packed seaside towns filled with "...people running exuberantly through the streets and licking each other.." (ee-yew), like some mad old-style saucy postcard sold in the tourist shops. However, it was less grand that he suggested, after all Scotland (and Wales) held off until early August and it's been a cautious move to level 0: wearing masks remains mandatory on public transport, indoor shops & hospitality venues and Track & Trace is still necessary but generally, everything else is 'normal'. Punter can prop up the bar as they blether over their pints, Edinburgh got its Fringe back and clubbers can dance the night away!

Glasgow has its fair share of numpties and there have been a few incidents when people have refused but generally, it's nice to see the streets filling up again and everyone looking more relaxed. Our local city council has rattled some nerves though, announcing permits for no less than 34 marches through our city by the Orange Order<sup>1</sup> on 18<sup>th</sup> September [<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-scotland-glasgow-west-58203584>]. Outdoor events of more than 5000 people

need to apply for permission, so with over 7,500 participants expected once all the marching groups converge for their big rally, I think the Council members are taking the piss! Bad enough that there is some cronyism involved but with these parades, it's their supporters who are the biggest problem: the obnoxious, rowdy ones, who drunkenly follow the march as they shout & sing their hateful bigotry to the music of the marching bands, attacking anyone who challenges them. Then there's all the additional costs: it's a huge police operation to manage all the groups on the roads, the inevitable traffic congestion and of course, the huge clean up operation afterwards. Our only hope is that if current new COVID infections and hospitalisations continue to rise, their big walkabout will be cancelled even if that means the Pride Glasgow march on 4<sup>th</sup> September has to be postponed (again) but I can live with that! Ours is a nicer, friendlier, inclusive, Rainbow glorious experience anyway!

*[[I foresee with little actual clairvoyance Gary Mattingly rushing off to whatever reference tools he has to look up "numpties"...]]*

**Ulrika's** beautiful picture on P18, making another appearance since *TH... #43* remains my favourite! I assume it's a night scene, given the colours used and the big moon and those definitely look like bats flying above the trees and you know me, I'm a sucker for bats!

*Leverage* really is a great show (**Gary Mattingly**, *TH... #45*) and is a firm favourite to fall back on when there's nothing else to watch. Sadly, the follow up, *Leverage: Redemption*, isn't available in Europe yet and we don't have an IMDBTV subscription, so we'll have to wait. If they keep the scripts as sharp & clever as before and with most of the cast returning – the exceptions are Noah Wylie, who takes over from Timothy Hutton and Aleyse Shamon, the new Hacker – the show will be fun and the fans will be happy.

*[[So far, so good with 'Redemption' - the dynamic is a little different, missing the characters Nate Ford (Timothy Hutton) entirely and Alec Hardison (Aldis Hodge) for most of it, but it's a welcome continuation. The character of Parker (Beth Reisgraf) remains a magnificent creation...]]*

I've had the chance to catch up on the latest MCUTV shows especially *WandaVision*. After reading advance reviews, I wasn't sure I would like it and whilst the first couple of episodes catch you off guard – definitely weird - it really does make sense by the time you've watched all the episodes. Very clever storytelling and some impressive SFX, on par with the creative excellence we have come to associate with MCU productions but the two leads – Elizabeth Olsen

<sup>1</sup>."The Orange Order is the oldest and biggest Protestant fraternity in Scotland. We are an organisation of people bonded together to promote the ideals of our faith. No other voluntary organisation can match them for colour, music and crowd appeal." [From their website – pfft!]

and Paul Bettany – were superb. They are the heart & soul of this show, holding it all together with compassion, charisma and genuine talent. Also, a special mention for Kathryn Holm, whose own story thread took me completely by surprise!

Isn't it sad that some of TV stuff is better than what has been coming out on the big screen? Yeah, I know the industry is crawling back from the COVID abyss but with it being the holidays, most new titles have been aimed at families and apart from *The Suicide Squad* and *Black Widow*, there's been very little for us GRUPS to get our teeth into. Roll on *No Time to Die*, *Venom: Let There be Carnage*, *Candyman*, Villeneuve's *Dune* and Everybody's Talking about Jamie.

Yeah, I know the latter isn't genre but Richard E. Grant plays a Drag Queen, who mentors the aforementioned Jamie as he takes his first steps into the bright lights of Drag Scene, I can't wait to see Grant strut his stuff. With a Sheffield accent, no less! In a recent *Total Film* interview (issue 315), he is

asked what was more daunting for him, the accent or the Drag performance: "The combination ... was a terror rocket that got me levitating in the middle of the night." After his hilarious cameo in *Loki*, watching this should be a blast (no pun intended).

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From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

August 26

Eli Cohen writes:

I agree with you (and rich brown) about the importance of editorial presence in fanzines. I think one of the problems with co-editing a genzine is one editor overshadowing the other because, say, they are the only one who does lettercol comments -- even when both share the actual editing, selection, and manufacture of said zine. I once co-edited a fanzine (AKOS, a club zine), with Janet Kagan -- we were listed as "editors-in-chafe" -- and both of us responded to locs (as well as each other, though Janet had the last-word advantage due to doing all the typing, and therefore being able to poke at me even in my own editorials). I think the result was an amusing "personality" of warring editors (of course it was all put on, and in real life Janet only threatened to kill me a few times a week). Obviously this is not a problem in perzines, almost by definition. On the other hand, the perzine/genzine boundary can sometimes be fluid: My genzine *Kratophany* was accused of being a perzine after an issue that was, shall we say, somewhat thin on contributors; while conversely, one issue of Susan Wood's "letter-substitute" perzine *Amor* had 4 articles and a letter column! Certainly *This Here...* is infused with your aeccent personality.

Re your comment to **Steve Jeffery**, that "This appears in a fanzine. Therefore it is fannish..." Yes, and as we used to say, anything two fans do together is fanac...

Note to **Leigh Edmonds**: the story about an American state legislature passing a law making pi equal to 3 is somewhat apochryphal. It seems to have been made up by Heinlein, and further fed by some April Fool's articles that were taken too seriously. The 3, however, was not to make things easy, but because that's what's in the Bible, you heathen! It very clearly says in I Kings 7:23 that the tub in Solomon's Temple was ten cubits across and thirty cubits in diameter, and that it was round in compass. Making pi equal to 3. (I'm trying very hard not to say that quantum cubits introduced uncertainty into the measurements. And failing, obviously.)

(Indiana did have a bill in 1897, never passed, which suggested various values of pi -- though not 3 -- because of some nutcase "amateur mathematician". You can find the full story at <https://>





[www.straightdope.com/21341975/did-a-state-legislature-once-pass-a-law-saying-pi-equals-3](http://www.straightdope.com/21341975/did-a-state-legislature-once-pass-a-law-saying-pi-equals-3)).

Re your recommendation of *The Sweeney*, I have, indeed, been watching it, and have enjoyed what I can understand of what they're saying. In fact, I'm currently putting off watching Season 2 Episode 8 ("Poppy") to write this stupid loc. (The previous episode threw in some Aussie accents just to make things more unintelligible. But it did finish with Regan doing his best New York accent for a cute, nicely set up, Kojak reference.)

*[[Possibly worth noting that the cocky Aussie tea-leaves (who appeared in two episodes) were both played by English actors: George Layton and Patrick Mower...]]*

As to your crossword clue ("Actress featured in Titanic and iceberg encounter. (7,6)"): While I can dice and slice with the best of 'em, and remember genzines from the '70s, I'm still learning the rules of your silly game; I had to look this one up. Actually pretty clever.

*[[Solution: CANDICE BERGEN (hidden words)...]]*

*Sweeney*, here I come!

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From: kim.huett@gmail.com

August 28

**Kim Huett** writes:

I hope you understand that the real reason for me to write is to pass onto you some material I just scanned from early issues of *Locus*. I'm in the process of giving my fanzine collection an overhaul and I promised **Perry Middlemiss** and **David Grigg** that when I reached *Locus* I would look for any Hugo related material that might help when they talk about the Hugo Awards on their podcast. In the process of looking for such material I noticed that back in the early 70s Charlie Brown had run a number of polls. Since these include all the obvious fannish categories I thought I'd send copies of these scans to you too. How interesting you will find these I'm not sure seeing as it seems the *Locus* readership had far more sercon tastes than those of yourself.

*[[I found them very interesting, in fact, an addition to the despicable optics of "giving oneself awards" which Andy Hooper has latterly come to deride...]]*

Anyway, seeing as I'm here I might as well make one or two other brief comments.

Damned if I can understand why you might think Rich Brown's refusal to use capitals in regards to his own name is fannish. As far as I'm concerned this stylistic trick is just something used by people who want to convince the world that they're rebels. Whenever I see it employed I immediately think of Rick in The Young One's pretending that he was a wild and crazy revolutionary and how unconvincing the act was.

*[[I don't believe I actually said that I thought rich's affectation was inherently fannish (and I did have a quick look back to make sure). See elsewhere in here for other takes on the terms, but it seems to be some sort of consensus that "fannish stuff" is what fans do, innit?...]]*

My advice is that you take **Bruce Gillespie's** article with a grain of salt. I'm reminded of something I was told by a now deceased fan when I visited the US in 1996. He claimed that there is a tendency for anybody who grows up in NY to consider the USA as consisting of New York City and a stretch of land used to provide resources for the Big Apple. This description amused me because I have found the same to be largely true about anybody who grows up in Melbourne. In this case born and raised Melbournite **Gillespie** tries a little too hard to prove that Melbourne was, and always has been, the centre of rock 'n' roll.

Consequently this desire to believe Melbourne is the centre of everything mars his judgement on occasion.

For example only hard-core Melbournites care about which city a pop music show was made. What's worse, while pointing out this trivial fact **Bruce** fails to mention the real reason 'Countdown' of the 70s was such a dramatic change from the pop programming of the 60s. The fact was until the making of music videos for use of TV became popular Australian TV was at a distinct disadvantage when it came to pop music. A show being made in London or New York had on any given week access to a significant portion of the artists who currently had songs in the singles chart given the proximity of these cities to where most of the acts were located. They could fill their allotted time by having these stars mime to their current hits. For a pop show based in Sydney or Melbourne such a luxury was impossible so if pop was to make it onto TV some way around this had to be found. In the 60s the preferred solution was to hire a team of presentable young lads and lasses and have them perform current hits of the day. This worked quite well, to the extent that many of the better liked performers went on to their own successful careers. For example Johnny Young made it into the top ten on four occasions while Normie Rowe had seven top ten hits.

However by the 70s this tactic would no longer fly. Partly because the market for pop shows had grown a bit more sophisticated but mostly due to Channel Ten and Johnny Young. From 1971 to 1988 'Young Talent Time', hosted by Johnny Young and shown on Channel Ten, featured a team of under-sixteens (though the age rule was relaxed in later years) who would perform sanitised and gussied up versions of recent pop hits.

This show was adored by the mothers of Australia so naturally their teenage children weren't going to be caught dead watching anything with a similar format. Consequently 'Countdown' had to resort to all sorts of tricks in order to fill

an hour each week. The producers eagerly jumped on any random piece of filmed performance they could find and I'm convinced certain songs were hits in Australia simply because somebody found some tape. For example Peter Allen and Michael Nesmith both had unlikely hits about going to Rio in 1977 because there were film clips that could be featured on Countdown.

The producers also brought on an increasing number of Australian acts.

Initially they focussed on the small number of locals who were currently having chart success, Sherbert, Skyhooks, Johnny Farnham, AC-DC but they quickly moved onto featuring unknowns. Just about every successful Australian music act of the Countdown period had their start on the show. This is because when I was a teen everybody watched Countdown, for a lot of us living outside of the state capitals Countdown was our major connection to new pop music as rural AM radio stations didn't tend to cater to teenagers very much. Essentially the different way 'Countdown' went about covering pop music was the reason that the local music scene became, for better or worse, so much larger.

As **Bruce** mentions there is a tendency for Australians to think of New Zealanders who have come to Australia to further their careers as Australians. What he fails to mention is that there is also a tendency for Melbournites to claim musicians from other parts of the country as their own. This is why **Bruce** didn't explain that Brian Cadd is from Perth or that Glen Shorrock was born in England and grew up in Adelaide. In fact Adelaide has always punched above its weight when it comes to the local pop music scene.

I think you will find that the reason you couldn't find a recording of 'Shivers' by The Birthday Party is because they were called The Boys Next Door until 1980.

Here's their recording: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?app=desktop&v=FDkzfnDxCJE>

As a bonus here's Rowland Howard singing it solo:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e1ASWiDhYxg>

You will probably consider it entirely unsurprising to learn that I had a grandfather, George Burns, who was also at Gallipoli, though I imagine he was on a very different part of the coast to Cyril Kenneth Bird. However my grandfather was also invalided out of the army in 1917 when an artillery shell landed too close and filled him full of shrapnel (some of which was still lodged against his spine when he died nearly 60 years later). Anyway the mention of driving and WWI reminds me of an anecdote I encountered a while back about how WWI had a significant effect on car manufacture. The story goes that prior to the war car manufacturers saw no reason to agree on how the controls for their vehicles were laid out. If anything it was to their advantage to be divergent

as this encouraged customers to stick with whichever company they bought their first car from.

This all stopped not long after the war began because the British and French governments called the various car manufacturers together and explained that they would need to purchase large quantities of trucks for war work. They would also need to train lots of drivers, most of whom had no experience of driving because this was 1914 and only a small percentage of the population had been inside a car (and most of them are now officers). Consequently manufacturers would need to decide on a standard set of controls so that inexperienced drivers would never need to deal with an unfamiliar layout. Imagine having trained on one layout but now finds yourself behind the wheel of a truck with a different layout when artillery shells start landing nearby? What are the odds that an inexperienced driver will make a mistake in their haste and make the situation even worse? Exactly!

Which is why Britain and France told the manufacturers it was get in sync or it's no soup for you. And of course once the war was over with there was no point in any manufacturer reverting to individual layouts, not when thousands of potential delivery van and taxi drivers had no experience with anything but the new universal layout.

*[[Fascinating...]]*

Not that I want to give the impression that Britain and France were entirely in sync all the time. After all, the way the French gazumped their partners over miniature railway stock at the start of the war is proof of that. But that's a story for another day.

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From: dave\_redd@hotmail.com

August 28

**David Redd** writes:

Nice **Ulrika** toadstools, although tops in that field was Beatrix Potter in her scientist days; pity I downsized the book.





Gary Mattingly's words on Californian agricultural wages policy hit hard. Coupled with a recent *Sunday Times* article about the San Francisco underclass, his piece made me wonder if we'll ever get this civilisation business right. But examples of both central planning and mere individuals not foreseeing Inevitable Consequences are all too common, and I could find such in my own previous career so am in no position to blame anyone. I just wish putting mistakes right was as easy as making them. (Back in the 1500s, the act uniting Wales with England left off Monmouthshire, so subsequent laws affecting Wales had to have "and Monmouthshire" added, and this didn't get put right until the 1970s.)

*[[“Civilisation”, sadly, is reserved for the grasping few...]]*

Your editorial personality debate: outside fanzines but still in sf, we only need recall John W. Campbell at *Astounding* to see how editorial personality can affect a magazine. Character and objectivity aren't necessarily exclusive. I've got a feeling that this should tie in with **Bill Burns'** "what is a fanzine" discussion. Interesting, although I wouldn't want old coals raked over at length too often; **Bill** got it right here.

Radio Winston usually interests, and this time was no exception. While reading **Bruce Gillespie's** exemplary introduction to Melbourne pop – at least, it seemed such to one innocent of previous knowledge – I reflected that my own vinyl experience is far less cool and worthy than other Winstons'. On the turntable currently: Tony Bird's debut lp of 1976, and surely CBS were delighted to sign such a pleasing songwriter with a voice even more, ahem, distinctive than Dylan's. Tony Bird I can defend, but previously I was listening to "Vapeur En France", a whole album of French steam-engine noises, so good I played it twice. Great rhythms, short on melody and lyrics. (Similar vinyl is available for internal combustion engine fans, I understand.) Before the vapeur, Adge Cutler and the Wurzels were on. Almost defensible compared to Shag Connors and the Carrot Crunchers. Before that lot I listened to my one reasonably cool acquisition for some time, the lo-fi rumbles of "The 299 Game" from 299 (a 2021 pale blue disc from Punk Slime Recordings, nice. Haven't bought anything on blue vinyl since Sweden's Spotnicks were on Karusell.) Anyway, with recent ear-candy including these and the likes of Esther and Abi Ofarim live in concert, you'll see why I find Radio Winston to be unmissable but often at 90° to my own audio experiences. Incidentally, **Bruce** in passing explains why Australia fell for Abba so thoroughly and inexplicably compared to say the USA. Good decision to grab that column.

*[[I too, as a sad railfan, could happily listen to train noises all day. I'm trying to remember whatever it was I had on blue vinyl, I think it was some obscure disco 12". I definitely had the pink vinyl pressing of Graham Parker's EP 'The Pink Parker', likely wearing out the grooves on 'Soul Shoes'. I*

*didn't so much "grab" Bruce's column as ask him ever so nicely to write it up, mind...]]*

Must close, so will just add that I find **D. Hodson's** social analyses even more entertaining and educational than his football. And thanks for the nod to Fougasse.

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From: rw\_lynch@yahoo.com

August 28

**Rich Lynch** writes:

Issue 45 provided lots of interesting reading, as usual, but the thing that I found most of interest was **Bill Burns'** letter regarding the current state of the Fan Hugos and how they appear to have mutated so badly since mid 2000s. **Bill** emphasizes this when he concluded his letter with: "The Fan Hugos have of course continued their decline into irrelevancy." So I guess a valid question is: Are they worth trying to save? I personally doubt there would be enough interest from Worldcon attendees to narrow the definitions of fan art and fan writing to make them more connected with "traditional" fandom -- anyone who offered that amendment would almost certainly be shouted down. But there could be a way to inject a bit more life into the Best Fanzine Hugo category.

Hugo Award administrators have historically chosen not to disqualify blogs from eligibility for Best Fanzine even though they do not meet the "four or more issues" that's hard-wired into the WSFS constitution. And they *should* be disqualified -- every bit of content in a blog such as *File770* has been accessible via a single URL. And we ought to be able to agree that for online publications, a URL is equivalent to an issue. (For instance, each PDF at **efanzines** has its own URL.) So one possible end run around this is to split the Best Fanzine Hugo, spinning off blogs into their own category. In the past few decades or so there have been two new fiction Hugos (one for series and one for graphic stories), one new professional editor Hugo, one new dramatic presentation Hugo, and even a new non-Hugo fiction category. In that time there has been just one new fan Hugo (for fancast). It would not at all be unreasonable to ask for another fan category.

*[[I personally agree with your observation that all of File770 is accessible via a single URL, but then again nitpicky arseholes might also note that each posting has a separate URL of it's own. It might very well seem instinctive to the likes of us that individual ishes having individual URLs in efanzines are, well, individual, but there's also an overarching URL for each title. Structurally, however, it's DoBFO to me that F770 is a rolling blog/newsfeed, whereas the sub-URLs in efanzines are without doubt discrete ishes.*

*The very salient point you make here which has also been made by others is that the Hugo administrators (when it comes to the fan awards) don't even give a single fuckingmonkeybollock about their own fuckin' rules! The endless and futile efforts of John Hertz notwithstanding, if the admins themselves are happy to have allowed the fan categories to descend into utter travesty, well, as the EDM outfit Pendulum observed on the excellent slice '[Blood Sugar](#)': "OK, fuck it. So I lied. It's Drum 'n' Bass. What you gonna do?"...]]*

But as you and **Bill** seem to agree, it might be too late for that. Nobody in the fanzine community is really taking the Fan Hugos seriously anymore, and they're probably right. But on the other hand, maybe it doesn't really have to be that way.

\*\*\*

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

August 31

**John Hertz** writes:

Thanks for your kind notice of *Vanamonde*, although it seems to keep escaping your Fmz Received section.

*[[Apologies for that omission lastish and any others...]]*

Three favorite notes about rich brown. I can't remember if I first heard this from him, but I do remember that he was everyone's rich brother. Toward the end of his life, when his body had grown substantially (though he never had - literally - a brain the size of a planet), his attention was called to a photo of him in earlier days, and he said "I'm not the man I was". And he liked to observe that he was in 'The Lord of the Rings': "The Ents have my skin", he said. "They have rich brown skin".

[...]

*[[Excised more dull circularity about Fan Hugos...]]*

More swell artwork by **Ulrika**, thanks.

\*\*\*

From: perry@middlemiss.org

September 3

**Perry Middlemiss** writes:

Your comments in the Egotorial regarding a fanzine's need to reflect the personality and tastes of its editor strikes a chord. And, as you say, it is easier for that to occur in a perzine than a genzine. Maybe the best direction to take is to commission specific works for a genzine issue rather than just taking up whatever turns up in your inbox. In any event it is going to take some number of issues, I'm guessing, before people start to see patterns and directions emerging. Hopefully that will occur over time with my genzine *The Alien Review*.

Slated for upcoming issues are pieces on a certain musician that I'm a big fan of - I rather suspect you might find him somewhat spew-worthy - and a major Australian crime writer. Hopefully they will be of interest. If not, at least readers will get an idea of what I am interested in.

*[[There's a few candidates for musicians you might deem me to consider "spew-worthy" (a lovely turn of phrase worthy of Kevin Bloody Wilson), but my first two guesses would be Dylan and Neil Young, both of whom I do in fact rate as songwriters (Young less so, but Dylan's songs done by almost anyone else I usually find well enjoyable) but can't fuckin' stand as performers. The longer list is the one of those I consider not untalented but well overrated, which does lead many to think that I don't like them at all, which isn't the case eg Bob Marley, Carlos Santana for another pair. I do actually hope it's not Clapton, who is a thorough piece of ordure, one of the almost more than two things that me and Graham Charnock fully agree upon. More commentary on fanzine "personality" is up in this's column 'Omphaloskepsis', a word not known to have been used by Kevin Bloody Wilson (probably)...]]*

In his capsule history of Australian pop music it is good to see **Bruce Gillespie** giving *Countdown* the recognition it deserved - though Molly Meldrum's world-first championing of ABBA was not a highpoint in my view. He does fail to mention that the rise of *Countdown* coincided with the introduction of colour television to this country which may well have had a lot of influence in its success. It does seem odd that the listeners of the radical radio station 3RRR might once have been consumers of the commercial radio pop of *Countdown*.

One of Molly Meldrum's great interviews was with Prince Charles. When Molly, fumbling and nervous as he always was, noted that he had recently been in London and, speaking here to Charles, "...saw your Mum on parade." "You mean Her Majesty." "Errrrr, yes, sorry..." It is reported that Charles thought this was one of the funniest interviews he had ever been involved with.

*[[Much more on 'Countdown' from that reserved Huett bloke above...]]*

Overall, it is hard to argue with **Bruce's** comments about the 10 singles reviewed, nor about his presumed final order. I do need to correct him, however, by noting that the Hunners' single title was actually "Throw Your Arms Around Me", rather than "Put...". This is a song that has been covered by Pearl Jam, of all people.

*[[You have no need to argue with Archbishop His Bruceness - Marc Ortleib has taken up a cudgel, and Kim Huett has a bagful...]]*

It is a good thing to read that others have found it necessary to send **Bill Burns** "amended" versions of their fanzines. I've now done this twice for two very different reasons.



Hopefully I won't have to do it again; I learn my lessons. Typos can stay, they have as much right to live as anyone else.

*[[It's said that to find a typo you merely need to open any random page of a publication two days after it's gone out...]]*

\*\*\*

From: portablezine@gmail.com

September 5

**W<sup>m</sup> Breiding** writes:

In regards to **Mark Plummer's** comment about the theory and practice of letters of comment, and the box with an X: Mark contradicts himself when writing about the X'd box. In the last *Banana Wings* the final Fishlifter comments of the issue were essentially a warning to their mailing list that silence was not golden and that they would be taking a serious look at their mailing list and doing some pruning. This was couched rather more philosophically, with a searching *why* attached to it, rather than a confrontational X, but to me, when I read that, it came as a warning. When **Mark** and **Claire** decided to print those thoughts, even though I could at that moment send a trade, and had written recent locs to them, I felt it as a soul sloshing.

When I put that blaring box with a possible X in *Portable Storage* it was simply a way of saying "do you really want this?" I put a lot of effort and cash into that fanzine. I think it deserves at least an acknowledgment. Arm twisting a response out of someone? No, I just think others don't take fanzine publishing as a serious act of art like I do, so they might be blithe about receiving it in the mail and may not feel it necessary to respond, when it is absolutely necessary to respond. It doesn't have to be a long letter, just simply a "yeah, I'm digging this, keep sending!" I don't think that's requiring too much, is it? Apparently it is, in this digital age of easy slurping and over consumption. I don't think it's a sin reminding people that fanzining is interactive.

*[[I quite agree there. I don't think I've ever used the 'X' in any ishes I've done, since distribution was as much by editorial whim as anything else, definitely along the lines of "I think you might like this". Certainly for a pdf-only effort like this one, I'm more likely to continue to add suggested recipients, and only remove from the mailing list those who ask to be taken off for whatever reason (see Andy Porter, WAHFs). I did list in early ishes of TH... (when it was a print fanzine) reasons for why people got a copy, concluding with "I can see no other way of annoying you from here", or something like that. While of course regular and interesting correspondents are highly valued, I also get pleasure receiving the occasional note from those who rarely if ever*

*loc, just to say "I want you to know that I do read the ish, and thanks"...]]*

I have to say that you got a really fine article out of **Bruce Gillespie**. You may have called it long - but I read his piece on 3RRR as super succinct and delectably pithy. There were no unnecessary words here. Done to perfection.

*[[Well, "long" only in the sense that my own 'Radio Winston' columns are much shorter, but as you say it was a great piece, for which renewed thanks to the Archbishop...]]*

Comsat Angels. Oh dear. How do you say cheesy? I will confess that I found (and still profoundly do) many of the bands coming from Britain during the 80s as deeply cheesy. Comsat Angles were borderline. (**Jerry Kaufman's** comment about similarities to Joy Division had me falling off my chair.) I think the Dead Milkmen put it quite properly when they called these 80s British New Wave hair bands a bunch of Art Fags in their hilarious song "Instant Club Hit".

'Nuff said.

*[[Music is not something on which we have ever agreed, at least so far. But it's all good...]]*

\*\*\*



From: gsmattingly@yahoo.com

September 12

**Gary Mattingly** writes:

'Egotorial': Wow, that's quite a schedule. My normal schedule is go to bed somewhere between 8:30 PM to 10 PM and get up somewhere between 4:15 AM and 6AM. I do that mainly in order to go to early Bikram Yoga or Pilates classes. I like to get at least 7 to 8 hours of sleep at night. I usually eat my daily food between 2PM and 6PM. Sometimes it winds up being close to 3PM to 6PM. The rest of the day is fasting, only water or coffee. I don't watch any team sports nor listen to any team sports. I occasionally will watch boxing on Friday or Saturday nights, if a current boxing match is being broadcast on ShowTime or HBO. The week usually includes 4 days of 30 or 40 minutes of weight training, possibly a hike of 5 to 10 miles with the dogs once a week, daily walks for the dogs, a mile in the morning, a mile in the afternoon, and Bikram yoga (4 or 5 days) and Pilates/HIIT (1 or 2 days) The rest of the time varies, email, facebook, reading newspaper/book, a game or two of cribbage and solitaire on my phone, watching TV/movies, maybe some yard work, etc. Normally I'll listen to Spotify and occasionally YouTube if I'm doing email, internet or writing a LoC (Hendrix on Spotify at the moment) I too like my familiar schedule. However I'm tempting myself with adding another class three days a week. That's Ashtanga Yoga. Unfortunately it is from 6 to 8 AM in the morning so if I do that I would have to alter my other class schedules a bit. I don't think it is actually a full two hours. Bikram is always 90 minutes and Pilates is 50 to 60 minutes.

*[[I'm either envious of your ability and willingness to do all that stuff, or depressed as fuck because there's no way I could, since I can't even walk very far these days. Whenever I see the word "Pilates" I've always mentally added "Pontius" in front of it...]]*

Okay, now (well, maybe after I do this LoC) have to go check out an ish or two of *Pablo Lennis*. I've looked at it in the past but not for quite some time.

*[[John Thiel has been sending me copies which I do have a glance at for items which aren't fiction or poetry (unless the latter is by Cardinal Cox). It's not something I would otherwise seek out...]]*

Any fmz I have done in the past has mainly been for me. They have contained what I like or was interested in. My ego was not subsumed by an even-handed concept, whatever that is. I actually mainly did fanzines for myself. I never won any awards nor was I ever nominated in the fanzine world, as far as I can recall. I don't consider my writing to be exemplary and frequently I go off on tangents. I will admit that *Skug* (my last fmz) did get a lot of LoCs so it must not have been so horrendous that people tossed it away in disgust. And I did get some good contributions now and

then and some very nice artwork. If I ever do another fanzine, it will be because I feel like gratifying myself (Uh, what?) and doing something I find interesting. I seriously doubt that **Ted White** was ever enthusiastic about anything I pubbed and he definitely seriously disliked and dismissed some fanzines and fans which I particularly liked. And his thing about grammar . . . Grammar is not immutable. Okay, I've had a few pleasant conversations with him but, like maybe two or three in person. Sorry . . . He is extremely vocal about what he likes and considers important and extremely and vocally dismissive and critical of things he does not. Sorry. You could just say I don't revere **Ted White**. I am certain he has a vast knowledge of fanzines from the past, fandom in New York, and many SF books, novels and stories.

*[[I'd suggest that just about all of us do fanzines for ourselves primarily, but it's also a DoBFO attention-seeking hobby, which is why we distribute them, innit?...]]*

**Bruce Gillespie's** article was interesting and enjoyable. It is amazing the amount of memories he has pulled forth in the article. My memory relative to things in life is horrid. The amount I delve into such things as local radio or anything of local interest is minimal to non-existent. I admire people who do it but have no particular desire to do it myself although I do occasionally feel frustrated that I am totally incapable of keeping up my end of any conversation that wanders off into such areas. I can listen but my two cents is, at most, usually about five or ten seconds or nothingness. [...]

I can't honestly say that I found any of these songs classics or, um, top ten material. My opinion might be different if I'd heard them at the time and/or grown up listening to their music.

'Drive, She Said'. Interesting information about Cyril Kenneth Bird. However with respect to driving, I seriously doubt that Las Vegas drivers are worse than the drivers I saw in Peru and Ecuador in the cities. They seem to be competing. They also disregard the lane lines for the most part. I have seen numerous drivers there driving with the lane line right in the middle of their car, and no, that's not the way they're supposed to drive. They'll also bunch up at stop lights where there's heavy traffic. They may be four lanes designated but there could be seven cars side by side. Uruguay in Montevideo wasn't a lot better although it wasn't as bad as Peru and Ecuador.

I liked 'Pictorial'. That's quite a table-full of foods. Patty likes St. Louis Ribs. Since I've been a vegetarian for over 20 years, they're not something I eat anymore. Although I did recently have some good (IMO) fake meat ones from Herbivorous Butchers recently. I think it has to do with the sauce and also that the texture was fairly good. Sometimes fake meats can either be too chewy, too dense or simply fall



apart. Finding that tasty middle ground seems to be difficult.

*[[You may (or more likely may not, given your own assessment of your memory) recall me having mentioned that I was also a non-meat-eater from 1977 to 1994. I was completely vegetarian for about the first six months to a year, but went back to consuming seafood because I missed prawn vindaloo a lot. After crossing the pond to Southern Maryland in 1993 I quickly concluded that if I didn't start eating meat again I'd starve to fuckin' death in fairly short order, so chicken was added to the menu, and pork products not too long after that. I still don't eat red meat, however. I've always had a question about "fake meats" in that it made no sense to me that you'd eat something fixed up to resemble beef, say, when you could have the real thing. Now I realize that there's many fine arguments for doing this, but in my case I wouldn't want anything that tastes like beef because - er - it tastes like beef. So I'm curious as to whether the "fake meats" you consume are designed to emulate the original?...]]*

'Corflux'. I feel fairly certain I would enjoy Corflu Concorde but with Covid regulations going back and forth and sometimes way over to some place totally unexpected. With the Delta Variant, even though I am vaccinated, I think I'll have to pass being there in person. Maybe I will try to Zoom in now and then although I must admit not really being a fan of Zoom for any purpose.

Although I really don't have much to say about Footy since I'm not a fan, I do like **David Hosdon's** quote, "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."

Then on to 'Loco Citato': Gee, over half the issue is LoCs and comments upon said LoCs. I should go back and see if the same was true in earlier issues but I'm lazy.

*[[It generally was - in all incarnations the loccols of This Here... have been substantive and subject to occasionally lengthy (ahem) comment from meself. This is where the conversation happens!...]]*

**Steve Jeffery:** I remembered the name, Comsat Angels, but couldn't really remember their songs. I went to youtube and listened to three of their songs and thought, well, reminds me of the 80s. I don't have any of their albums but I know I listened to them at the time. They're all right but I'm not going to immediately buy any of their albums. Speaking of buying albums the latest ones I ordered were some from Govt Mule. With respect to that fluorescent light I did the

same thing, bought an LED fixture to replace it. Now all I have to do is install it, months after I ordered it . . .

*[[I'm still at the "need to order replacement" stage...]]*

**Leigh Edmonds:** My days have seemed like a lot of endless repetition although I think it is more due to retirement than Covid. Admittedly I have these intermittent trips in between the repetition. I'm not really complaining too loudly about the repetition since I'm the one, for the most part, controlling the contents of that Groundhog day.

With respect to getting into taxis, well first I don't take taxis very often. I don't take Ubers and such much either, at least not while I'm at home. I just drive my car. On vacation, it depends upon the country. Some countries Uber is quite present and prevalent. Other countries, taxis seem to be the primary mode available. With respect to Ubers I usually get into the front seat since the driver tells me to. With respect to taxis, I'm never really sure what is appropriate. I usually wind up in the back seat. I would think with Covid that would be the preferred passenger location but I don't really know. I'm rarely much of a conversationalist with strangers but I'm certainly not going to jump into the front just to start up a conversation.

Hmmm, the first tape recorder I received as a gift when I was maybe in junior high. I didn't really record myself very much. Honestly I don't recall recording myself at all. I remember taking it over on our normal Christmas visit to my great uncle and aunt's house and I recorded "It's a Wonderful Life". I don't remember exactly why I did that but I enjoyed listening to the recording.

**Rich Lynch:** Again mentions of what is a fanzine. This makes me think of fanzines I used to receive from Garth Danielson. There was written material but frequently he added "items" into the envelope, like little plastic figures or ribbons, or buttons or, just odd and (to me) interesting things that obviously wouldn't fit on a fanzine's written page nor most certainly not on [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com), except possibly photos of said odd items. I liked those odd items and I have a feeling they weren't consistent for everyone receiving the particular fanzines. Now they did go along with an "ish" as it were. I think I have vague recollections of possibly one or two other people who sent me odd things with their fanzine also, maybe not. Maybe it was just Garth.

My LoC: I absolutely agree with "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 can think of more than a couple and will admit there have been some times that I hadn't been drinking where I acted in very stupid manner.

**Kim Huett:** And then you mention being unable to afford heroin. I have no idea how much heroin costs. I don't think I ever had very good idea of how much it cost. However many of the people I see in the news that supposedly are

doing heroin but also living on the street don't seem to have a tremendous amount of money. Does that mean it really isn't that expensive or that they spend almost every cent they accrue on heroin, which explains why they're living on the street. I just don't know.

*[[I must admit I lazily assumed that heroin wouldn't be cheap in my response to Kim, but it turns out that it is, relative to actual prescription cost of opioids and indeed to other street drugs, as [this article](#) explains. Of course I'm now wondering if and how Kim knew this...]]*

**Mark Plummer:** I felt this urge to note with respect to leaving Zoom rooms. I leave in person conversations and I certainly don't wish to imply a slight. I usually am not adding that much to the conversation and at some point I just feel the urge to wander or grab a soda or just be somewhere else. Maybe it is simply due to a short attention span on my part. Unless I'm tired and/or inebriated and have become unable to move without it feeling to be too much of an effort, I almost always have to move about, move on, occupy another space, see what else is happening.

Ah, then a list of fmz that I haven't downloaded, received, or read. I always feel an urge to read lots of other fanzines but it takes me forever just to LoC two or three so I realize that probably isn't a great and marvelous idea. I'm sure I'm missing great stuff but . . .

And 'Indulge Me': I have a question, you say, "On the way to work I've been catching a documentary series" which makes me wonder how you are getting to work and how are you catching this documentary. I ask because the first thing that comes to mind with respect to a documentary is a audiovisual thing like a film or a tv show. So are you watching this on a phone or ? I'm sure this is not of great importance but I must admit being curious.

*[[Simply enough, I'm listening to the car radio, BBC World Service (via NPR) at that time of the morning...]]*

And yes, I'm sure chairs have lead to our physical downfall. I have a feeling that kneeling or sitting on an irregular rock or tree or whatever caused one to exercise their legs and bodies to a greater extent. I'm sure, just from yoga, that kneeling or sitting on one's haunches or whatever actually did make you use some of your muscles to a far greater extent that sitting on a comfy chair which is built or positioned at an appropriate height such that one uses no muscles whatsoever.

And a new BEAM, gee does that mean I'll have both a *This Here...* and a BEAM to LoC? Now I'll have to find even more time. (One might think that I like to complain . . .)

Ah, and maybe we'll actually see one another in person at Pangloss.

*[[I certainly hope so Gary. If you don't mind me saying, I do rather like and appreciate what we could call your "default*

*diffidence" in person (at least that's how I fondly recall you), which makes a refreshing change from some of the larger personalities around, when a lot of conversations end up feeling like a National Geographic clip reel of rutting contests in the wild...]]*

And again, quite enjoyed all the artwork from Ulrika and the various photos throughout.

Now it is 2:34 PM and I will go and Break Fast.

\*\*\*

#### WAHF

**Wm Breiding :** Prior to his loc, "Wow, dude. That's a hell of an issue you just produced (#45). I'm looking forward to munching on it after I print it. Last ish (#44) was also excellent. Fully meant to loc it but your deadline is every bit as unrelenting as my own bi-yearly schedule, which is my excuse for not loccing - in the middle of production on the next mammoth issue of *Portable Storage*. Your enthusiasm and energy are inspiring." ; **Bill Burns :** "I remember Dear Prudence." ; **David Grigg,** with thanks for the ish and sending his ANZAPazine as well as a plug for his fortnightly emailed newsletter: <https://biblioscope.substack.com> ; **Cathy Palmer-Lister :** "Always enjoy the footy column. Hubby is now discovering another league, but has moaned that he really has to start being more reasonable. Not sure what that means, but if a Smart TV and Internet arrives at the cottage, I'll consider divorce! I like the game, but not all bloody day!!" ; **Andy Porter :** "I've fallen waaaay behind on reading these, so perhaps it's best if you not send me any more." ; **Paul Skelton,** pointing out that **Kim Huett** had also featured the 'Billabonk' packaging in a loc to *All New or Reprint 7*, a better quality scan than he sent me an'all... ; **Alan White**

#### FANZINES RECEIVED

It won't surprise *too* many people [ahem, falls off chair] that I've managed to piss away significant portions of my weekends since *This Here...* #45, so I'm having a bit of a last-minute rush in getting several bits done, including this one and just about every fuckin' column in here, as well as potentially dreading the late arrival of the Billy Bunter postal order which is the **Claire Brialey** letter of comment, so advance apologies to both anyone who gets missed out and also for not actually having had time to even leave any eyetracks over some of the stuff that came in. Fortunately there wasn't a weekly annish from **John Purcell**. This has been exacerbated by the arrival of a couple of BFDs, if not BFF's ([c] **Leigh Edmonds**), so let's start with them ...

**LITTLEBROOK #11 (Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins)** - aka "Killer's Four-Yearly", it's most welcome to see the title again, as unfairly dominated as it may be by another ten or eleven page chunk of scholarship from **Andy Hooper** on the 1939 Worldcon, this time focusing on William Sykora. I must sadly confess that I've had a bare skim of the



ish, having been massively distracted by the arrival of the second item in this listing - I do note expectedly fab cover art from **Ulrika O'Brien** and a substantial loccol. As much as the Killer's locs are valued around here (and, I suspect, everywhere, or they should be), I'd love to see him and **Suzle** get the next one out in less than the interval between this'un and #10...

**PORTABLE STORAGE #6 (William Breiding)** - It's hard to know where to begin with what's beyond any reasonable doubt the premier genzine of this era, or perhaps any other. 160pp is inevitably going to include its ups and downs, but I haven't got to the downs yet (if any), since if you're like me you'll clock contributions by old and revered friends, so I've read **Dave Langford's** insider notes on the *Science Fiction Encyclopedia*, **Doug Bell** on comics, where he always excels, in this case on sidekicks, **Pete Young** on Charles Yu and **Paul Di Filippo** on Delaney, all bringing their own recognizable and highly readable styles to each topic. **W<sup>m</sup>** advertises thish as "The Great Sercon Issue Part One", and leaves us anticipating Part Two with relish. It's a thumping undertaking, fershure, and **Alan White's** typically in-yer-face wraparound cover is to be followed by another for the next instalment. Apparently it got him kicked out of an artists' group on FBF - there can be no higher praise, shurely?...

**THE OBDURATE EYE 13 (Garth Spencer)**

**COUNTERCLOCK #39 (Wolf von Witting)**

**FANACTIVITY GAZETTE Vol 1 No 4 (George Phillies)**

**FANZINE #4 (Kim Huett)**

**PERRYSCOPE 14 (Perry Middlemiss)**

**VANAMONDE** (several more from **John Hertz**)

## INDULGE ME

✕ **DOTAGE** : I often hate having to *think* (insert massively sarcastic rejoinder from **Ulrika O'Brien** here), but about trivial things which seem less personally trivial as tempus does its fugitting. Typically at home I'll be sitting down on the lav to have a Jimmy, but lately I've had to analyze a decision every time whether to sit or stand, having to weigh the relative pains of standing up or those of *getting* up from the seated position...

✕ **[FALLS OFF CHAIR]** : In a thread on FBF which contains some other fairly bonkers stuff, **Colin Hinz** describes me as "a bit sketchy". I'd like many similar offenses to be taken into consideration, yer honor...

✕ **FBF BOLLOCKS** : I did one of those meme things, the type of which seems to have fallen out of fashion, in which you grab the first ten friends listed when you clock on whatever it is on the left there, in this case a 'Doctor Who' scenario. It turned out well amusing, especially since I

apparently regenerated *from* **Ulrika O'Brien** (obviously not an improvement), and will myself regenerate *into* **Paul Di Filippo**, which equally obviously is. I thought I might get a column out of it, but not right now, apparently ...

✕ **EEK!** : The scariest thing you'll see today (or any day), Mickey Mouse club from the 1930's...



✕ **NATURE NOTES** : [A year in the life of a whale](#), who does seem to get himself about a bit...



✕ **CROSSWORD CLUE** : I gave **Eli Cohen** a heads-up on this one (which I devised myself), and he solved it quickly, more by luck than judgement (and Googling):

Cockney residence starts Robin Trower asking “Code of silence?” (6)

✕ **AGELESS BEAUTY (UK)** : Since somebody gave her a mention, here’s the divine **Sue Lawley**...



✕ **SCIENCE FACT** : This is quite an [amazing bit of cosmology](#) - a star swallows a black hole which then proceeds to consume the star itself from within. Allegorical candidate suggestions for star and black hole within the Faniverse will be occurring to several of you...

✕ **ADVERTISEMENT** : Being Vegas, it’s a daily bombardment of video and static billboards all fuckin’ day. I continue to wonder what this carefully constructed and plated offering it is at Gordon Ramsay’s steakhouse which looks like a tin of cat food. I also ponder what marketing genius in Carrot Top’s crew decided that “Ian Brady in a fright wig” was appealing in any way at all...



✕ **AGELESS BEAUTY (USA)** : No argument over **Diane Keaton**, shurely...



## MIRANDA

*THIS HERE...* is (mostly) written, edited and produced by:  
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Art credits: **Beatrix Potter** (p20); **Ulrika O’Brien** (pp, 11, 13, 18, 23)

“There are men high up there fishing  
Haven’t seen quite enough of the world  
I ain’t seen a sign of my heroes  
And I’m still diving down for pearls”