

This Here...

“...so ignorant...” (B Gillespie)

EGOTORIAL

PLAISTOW PATRICIAS

I'm making a bit of an assumption that most readers will be familiar with the spoken intro to that Ian Dury slice, and if not (rude words alert), [here it is...](#)

In this sort-of continuing short series of 'Egotorials' about work and my plans for less of it, I recall **Bob Jennings** remarking about my taxi tales that I seemed to hold my passengers in general contempt which, although I can understand how he might have got that impression, isn't a patch on the contempt in which I hold the vast majority of other taxi drivers in the Meadows.

Plucking a number out of fuck-all evidence, let's say that 90% of the rides are pleasantly uneventful, except there seems to be a latter tendency for the punters to tip less (to my chagrin) or not at all. I do actually remain outwardly pleasant (yet with inner fury) to the second lot, not going as far as some drivers who will, having determined a lack of gratuity, inform the punters in no uncertain terms that they can get their own fuckin' luggage out, as we do this as a courtesy and are not required (and by regulation in fact discouraged) to do so.

It's been noted by me (and others in the loccol) that driving for a living, such as it is, means dealing with some utterly clownish behavior by other road users, but apart from the

awful lack of skill of most Uber drivers (not to mention civilians), my focus of moan here is on other taxi drivers in particular.

A little legislative history: as part of the bill which allowed rideshares to operate in Nevada, there was a clause which permitted taxi companies to lease cabs to individuals rather than having all drivers as employees. Nobody did much with this for over a year, but now there's a lot of lease drivers (with medallions identifying them as such) plying the trade. The supposed advantage of leasing is that the driver gets to keep all the meter (plus tips, of course) rather than the percentage employees get, and can set their own schedule, but the downside (at least for longer-term drivers like meself) is that there's no benefits such as vacation pay, safety bonus, workmans' comp, health insurance and yadda yadda yadda, as well as paying for their gas *in toto*.

Lease costs vary from company to company

(and will also depend on what vehicle you contract to - older grids will be cheaper), but still have to be covered even at slower times of the year (like now, when visitor numbers are down because it's too fuckin' hot for most people).

I've noted the criminal tendencies of a lot of drivers, and have tended to jokingly reply when asked why I didn't stage at the airport much (although these days I will) that given the "pit" (staging area) is full of cabs, the terms of my (long nonexistent) probation preventing me from associating with known criminals makes this a no-no.



The lease drivers are regarded by me and quite a few other old-school cabbies (something that after over 7 years I can apparently call myself) as a level of pond scum even below that of Ubers. They take the money-madness up to 11, and will cheat the customers in a heartbeat, bypassing the airport-to-strip flat rates with cynical abandon, exceeding even that of regular drivers who I refer to as the “two and twice” brigade - 200mph and twice round the beltway.

The old courtesies are also out the window. Back in the day if you were headed east on Tropicana to stage at the airport you’d fall into line with others doing the same, but these days some of these arseholes will cut you off entering the pit. They’ll also try to cut in (or cut out) a cab line to front load, usually falsely claiming “they (the customers) called me”. We’ll file a complaint with the Taxicab Authority who will typically do fuck all except call the cab company, who will themselves do less than that.

Perhaps the silliest thing that annoys me as much if not more than anything else is the impatience or anger displayed by the honking of the horn, an activity I rarely engage in myself. Everyone’s a critic of everyone else, and they get the arse over what I interpret as the fact that I’m a better driver than any of them. No, wanker, you don’t deserve to be let in because you zoomed past a more dutiful set of drivers who know that we’re going down to one lane in a hundred yards or so, and you clowns don’t know what a zipper merge is.

Naturally I’m looking forward to having less of these frustrations, big and small.

The last couple of ‘Egotorials’ have been all moaning, haven’t they? I’ll try to find some chirrup for August...

It’s all good.

July 2022

RADIO WINSTON

ALL RECORD COMPANIES ARE BASTARDS

For those with long memories, **Tony Berry** once wrote an article titled “All Banks Are Bastards! (Trad.)”, whether for his own zine or for **Martin Tudor’s** *Empties* I fail to properly recall (though I think the latter?), and in the context of ‘Radio Winston’ we can apply the same complaint to record companies.

I recalled an episode of the NPR show ‘Sound Opinions’ which had a segment listing classic record company diss slices, and had recalled one that could have been top of the list but wasn’t mentioned: Graham Parker’s ‘[Mercury Poisoning](#)’. Being a member of the Sound Opinions online discussion group (inevitably on FBF) I beetled over there and posted an inquiry about a track listing, or a link to the

episode, or indeed suggestions for this here ‘Radio Winston’ column, and quite a few lovely people delivered, although the episode link I was given was one with a segment about musical feuds in general and not specific gripes and/or pisstakes directed at record companies and/or management.

I could arguably state that the musical tastes of my generation, first established in our early to mid teens at grammar or high school and tending to be mostly faux-intellectually proggy were thoroughly revised in 1976, which for me was the headiest of times to be living in London, ostensibly studying at the London School of Economics and Political Science but in my case at least getting radicalized, going to gigs, getting drunk on very little money and getting the end wet as frequently as possible (achievements unlocked). TFL **Rich Coad** for one may concur with some of that, and if he hadn’t already punted his one loc per decade to *Vita Transplantare* that would be shameless whoring to get one off him.

From that era we get the DoBFO examples of the Pistols’ sneering ‘[EMI](#)’ and the Clash’s more in-depth take on ‘[Complete Control](#)’. I can’t possibly leave out Pink Floyd’s ‘[Have A Cigar](#)’ from my favorite set of theirs ‘Wish You Were Here’, with its Roy Harper vocal which apparently Waters disliked and Gilmour thought was brilliant. Harper did perform this live with the band once, lucky me in attendance at the 1975 Knebworth festival to witness it.

Another admired slice is ‘[Allow Them](#)’ from the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, which could possibly (or even likely) be interpreted as a political statement rather than a specifically anti-record company one, although I’ve always tended to see it in that latter way.

The rest of the slices suggested by members of the Sound Opinions group are:

‘[Don’t Call Us, We’ll Call You](#)’ (Sugarloaf)

‘[Ain’t Gonna Suck Itself](#)’ (Cracker)

‘[Murder on my Mind](#)’ (Hellacopters)

‘[This is Fake](#)’ (Bis)

‘[Death on Two Legs](#)’ (Queen)

‘[I Love My Label](#)’ (Nick Lowe)

And finally, a most amazing one indeed, ‘[Com Trol](#)’ by Bill Lloyd, of whom I had never previously heard but am now getting well into.

Special thanks to Phil Rogofsky for pointing me to that one, and also to others who weighed in: Tom Gryska, Paul Fincannon, Mark Cotton, Corey Lynn, Eric J Peterson, Neil Buelow, Luke Lawrence, John Schiller, Graeme Beamish, Finn Swingley and Jeremy Shatan.

FAANWANK

BY, WITH AND FROM

Joseph Nicholas (locs) makes good points about the perception of the FAAn awards as noted in lastish's column, the core part being this observation: "...the perception that the awards are given out *by* Corflu rather than *at* Corflu".

I recall (perhaps incorrectly) that the original series of FAAn awards were given out at Worldcons, back in the day when the WThings were presumably still interested in fanzines, but later shifted to Corflu (described by some as "the fanzine fans' Worldcon") for DoBFO reasons of constituency and presumed interest. I've noted, probably tediously, that there is an elitist mindset at work within some of the habitual Corflu organizing groups which will have the effect of being exclusionary, reinforcing the attitudes of those who believe "by" rather than "at".

I'll assume a share of guilt by having described the FAAn awards admin gig as essentially a Corflu "staff position", subservient to the chair(s) of the event, yet with a measure of independence. By the time Corflu Craic comes around I'll have worked with four different chairs (five, if you count my brief stint with **Michael Dobson** before resigning) and their approaches have been well different.

These approaches have varied from the mostly to totally hands-off to a more direct executive involvement, and I've had to be adaptable to that, admittedly not always having reacted well, but only having felt compelled to resign that once over a very fundamental disagreement, now mercifully consigned to history (*passim*). My conception of the admin gig as "staff" comes from my own approach to event running, which, rather than having everyone involved in everything in some (to me, silly) effort at total inclusion, can be summarized as "Here is your job. Get on with it".

There is a definite school of thought which considers the awards to be given "by" Corflu, and that's true in the sense that the incumbent convention will essentially appoint (or continue with) the awards administrator and financially support them by paying for trophies (or certificates, or whatever) and the printing of a results zine distributed to members.

The actual management of the process, though, including publicity and awareness efforts, is down to the admin and their attitude toward involvement (which crucially includes *who* they think "deserves" to be involved), which is how you can end up with, for example, a mere 19 ballots returned in 2020 and 66 this year. It's worth noting yet again that, historically, Corflu members have not voted in the awards in significant numbers (at least since the days when attendees could be badgered into voting on the Saturday night of the event itself) - the last time I looked at this in detail the

uptake was around 20% of convention membership, though I suspect that the UK-based Corflus might provide higher numbers. This does seem odd, given that the core constituency for FAAn award voting should be represented by Corflu members, yet the majority of ballots (on my watch) arrive from outside its confines.

This clearly implies that there's an interest in the awards *beyond* Corflu, which of itself could indicate that there's enough separation between the convention and the awards to engage the fanzine Faniverse. Just not some of its more recalcitrant inhabitants...



OMPHALOLDSKEPSIS

Kim Huett sends a scan of a page from *Outworlds* 24 (1975), part one of a "fanpublishing symposium" which I here dutifully and faithfully transcribe as being of interest:

As a preface, moderator/instigator Michael Gorra writes: "Each faneditor has his own approach to publishing, some of them differing wildly from the methods used by editors of the zines he admires most. This symposium is designed to give each of you a little insight into the way others tackle the same problems that you, as faneditors, do. In all probability nothing will be solved by compiling the results of this questionnaire sent to approximately 35 prominent fan publishers of both the past and the present, but I'm sure that it will make interesting reading, and just might help to make the path a little easier both for those of us publishing now and for the neofan yet to come."

[Question] One: "What motivates you to continue your publishing ventures?"

John Bangsund: The need to write for a known, responsive audience.

Bill Bowers: I'm stubborn. I'm going to keep doing it until I get it right. And if I ever do, I probably won't any more... I enjoy surprising people, and have fun doing so. Then there's the sense of power, of accomplishment, in taking the diverse

works of many people, and constructing/assembling something that only I - given my interests, hangups, abilities etc. - could make of such material. It's many things - my way of communication, my bid for immortality... it keeps me off the streets at night, and besides, it's apparently what I can do best.

Terry Carr: When I was publishing regularly, it was primarily because I loved the feeling of creating something good - gathering good material, designing attractive layouts, editing a lively lettercolumn, etc. Sometimes when I'd finished running off a fanzine and had assembled my own copy I'd just sit and grok that, neglecting to send out copies for weeks. (This happened mainly with some early *Innuendo*'s).

Juanita Coulson: I like to print things.

Bruce Gillespie: Force of momentum. It's very expensive to pay back 200 subscriptions or so. A need to continue an outlet for my own writing. Encouraging letters. But the old enthusiasm is gone after six years.

Mike Glicksohn: First, the satisfaction I get from seeing the finished product. Second, of course, the egoboo of pleasing others. (Third, I suppose, would be to show Bowers how it's done.) With *Energumen*, those would have been reversed, but *Xenium* really is largely published for myself, and a mere handful of people who are important to me.

Mike Glycer: A need to keep in touch with fandom; a desire to create something interesting.

Mike Gorra: A few things; the sense of accomplishment I get from having finished an issue, and the egoboo. All kinds of egoboo - the charge of having someone whose work you've admired want to appear in your fanzine, the egoboo from locs and other compliments. I suppose the egoboo *helps* to breed the sense of accomplishment - I doubt I'd publish if I got no response.

Terry Hughes: Pleasure. *Mota* is an outlet for my creative energies and for the energies of others with a similar bent. I resumed fan publishing because no one was doing precisely the type of zine I wanted to read, so I did it myself.

Lesleigh Luttrell: Inertia and Egoboo.

Andy Porter: *Algol*: To publish the very best magazine I'm capable of. *Degler!*: As a biweekly letter to tell my friends what's happening with me, and to do a little personal in-the-stick writing and ripping off unusual graphic trips courtesy the office Xerox machine.

Denis Quane: A filled mailbox.

Harry Warner, Jr.: Vanity, the urge to show off, the fact that some recipients seem to be appreciative, occupational therapy.

OMPHALOSKEPSIS

INSPIRED BY GEORGE PHILLIES...

Yes, I thought to put that up there as the subheading as a wicked attempt to cause worldwide chair-plummeting, but (see locs) **George** makes a point which, after which I'd started commenting, realized that, well, this is a whole fuckin' column, innit? (See also 'FaanWank')

I'll copy George's salient paragraph here:

In the early 1950s, prozines and fanzines were usually easy to tell apart. Fanzines were typed and duplicated. Prozines were professionally printed. Prozines had full color covers. Fanzines might get color out of multiple spirit master stencils or rarely that Holy Artifact, the Gestetner. Now... my *Tightbeam* with **Alan White** (or, increasingly, **Jose Sanchez**) covers is well above prozine cover standards of 60 years ago, and any fanned with a computer gets professional typesetting quality.

This is interesting historical context, but could still be repurposed very cynically to observe that the salient difference back in the day was that "fanzines looked like shit". I've noted previously that in these days of primarily pdf publication of ishes, pretty much anyone with a half-decent computer can produce a clean and readable layout, sometimes with too many bells and whistles attached, but nevertheless aeons ahead of "standards of 60 years ago" - those standards for a merely acceptable publication have risen exponentially.

The downside of it all is that unless you're a very clean yet unfrilly effort like *Banana Wings*, printing costs (for those ishes still designed in that format) start to get prohibitive. *BEAM* has, for several issues, produced a very limited number of print copies in ridiculously high quality (now that I've got that properly sorted, the quality of some earlier efforts was a bit ragged, to the particular detriment of contributing artists) and a rough calculation comes up with a cost of about \$15 per copy. By contrast, you can get *Portable Storage* (with more than double the page count, albeit in a smaller page size) for \$6 off Amazon (cheap!), but that's presented with b/w interiors and color covers, and let's call that a "pulp" sensibility, just about the same as I did with *BEAM* issues #1 and #2, both of which had print runs of about 100 and cost me around \$1,000 each (including postage, I think) - I did have a bit of money then, and you can see where some of it went.

I'm all in favor of solid design and readability, which is nevertheless, I admit, paradoxical in my dogged insistence of punting *TH...* in portrait format *as if* it should be printed rather than a more screen-friendly landscape way. Then again, several readers do print the ish out as I would really (and no doubt unrealistically) like you all to do, which is

equally paradoxical given that links are embedded rather than footnoted, so you need to be in the pdf to access them easily.

I think the first zine I received that demonstrated what George might term “prozine” production values was *Mimosa*, which in perhaps subconscious retrospect I designed *BEAM* to emulate somewhat, also taking undoubted cues from the (semi?-) prozine *Back Brain Recluse*.

There are still, however, ishes out there which, admittedly unkindly, still hew to the “fanzines look like shit” ethos, as readable as their contents might in fact be. I find it difficult to fathom why any given ish would still hew to producing single-column slabs of text which can cause the glazing of eyes, especially given that (in this faned’s opinion anyway) single column text is more suited to on-screen reading (since you don’t have to duck down and back as you do with this here virtual tosh), but looks less good in print. Perhaps, though, in the same way that I’m resolutely locked into portrait format here, old(er)-school practitioners continue to format their work as if it’s still on stencil.

We can mention a lot of titles that do single-column, including (but undoubtedly not limited to) *Pablo Lennis*, *Far Journeys*, *Fadeaway*, *Spartacus*, *MT Void* and the very recent *Meanwhile in Sin City*, and I’d be highly interested to hear from any of the relevant faneds why they make this choice.

FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

It’s been a bittersweet month since the last column. Just after the deadline for the last issue, it was announced that Bryan Barrett had passed away on the 21st of June. Bryan had been a friend of mine for as long as Nic and his visits to the U.K. were always a high point of my life as a bookseller in the eighties. My one and only trip to the U.S. thus far was for the 1988 Worldcon in New Orleans, where I can remember him guzzling down two dozen oysters in a café that seemed to be boiling them up by the hundreds in huge vats (I dunno, I don’t eat the bloody things; I may come from East London stock but we don’t all eat shellfish or jellied eels), resisting all entreaties to dance from Linda Krawecki and Lucy Huntzinger in Tipitina’s, and introducing me to David Hartwell over bowls of gumbo in another back street café. Bryan was one of life’s all round good guys; he got me my first copy of *Howard Who?* By Howard Waldrop when I couldn’t otherwise track a copy down; when I said casually that I wished there had been hardcovers of the *Wild Cards* books, he shipped a box containing the then six volumes available in Book Club editions to the Titan Distributors warehouse in Brooklyn for me and the first I knew about it was when Wilf Wood, the shipping manager at the Bromley-by-Bow warehouse, plonked the box on my desk; he told me

to read T.E.D. Klein; he must have introduced at least half the British fan population to the books of Daniel Pinkwater. When he found out about the illness I had suffered that I mentioned in my last column, he immediately messaged me to tell me to take better care of myself because he hoped he was going to see me at least one more time to compare notes on British and American politics, books, movies, and life in general. When he announced on Facebook that he was seriously ill and facing surgery, I made sure to message him back and remind him of our plans; Nic is going to run a Vegas Corflu I told him and I’m going to make sure I’m there, so take better care of yourself as well and I’ll see you in the bar. Bryan was 64 when he died – too young, far, far too young – so it shouldn’t have been unreasonable to plan two years ahead, but ultimately it was.

The sweet part of the month was meeting Justin Ackroyd for the first time in what must be thirty-five years (we both agreed it must have been *Conspiracy* in 1987 where we’d previously met). After sharing a lunchtime meal with Rob Hansen, Joseph Nicholas, Caroline Mullen, and Brian Ameringen in a Romford town centre Weatherspoons pub (*spit*), Justin, Rob, Joseph, and I ventured off to look at a nearby statue to commemorate the Roneo duplicating machine factory that used to be there. Rob had warned us that the monument might be a “little overgrown”, but when we got there the pair of secateurs he’d bought along proved pretty inadequate to the task at hand. We probably needed a petrol driven strimmer and a couple of machetes to fight our way through the forest in front of us, but I doubt we’d have got them on the bus regardless of how many old age Freedom Passes we could present between us.



Justin is one of those people, like the late Mike Glicksohn (who I also met at *Conspiracy*), that stick in the mind because you know they’re all-round good people; it’s an aura that surrounds them and seeps into you during even the briefest conversations. He also mentioned occasionally

attending the MCG (Melbourne Cricket Ground for the lamb shanks in the audience) for Boxing Day test matches. I've never contemplated visiting Australia, mainly because I hate flying and that's just too much time trapped in pressurised tin cans, but those comments and various remarks in loc's from the 'Stralian members of this parish have got the imagination going.

I'm starting this column a few days later than usual this month after hunkering down with the portable air cons going full blast for Monday and Tuesday this week. "41° Celsius," I hear various lamb shanks and 'Stralians say, "that's not hot, that's just a sunny summer's day!"

It's was fuckin' roastin', pal!

Such extreme heat of course caused the near complete shutdown of the United Kingdom. Train tracks buckled even after being painted white to reflect the sunlight; grasslands, parks, and scrublands around the country caught fire in the same way we've seen wildfires being reported in Europe, California, and Australia in the past; homes were destroyed in the fires, an event completely unthinkable in the U.K. in years past. I went outside for approximately two minutes and thought: "fuck this!" All of which makes it fortunate for me and unfortunate for this column that I changed my planned trip to the Design Museum in Kensington for their [Football: Designing The Beautiful Game](#) exhibition from Tuesday the 19th to Tuesday the 26th, so expect that report next time round.

I'm also starting this column several hours later than intended on Wednesday (the 20th) because England's women's football team is playing a European Championship quarter-final against Spain live on the Beeb.

The women's European Championships this year are being played in England and the home side is one of the favourites to win the tournament. For once, that optimism isn't misplaced; the Lionesses, as they've been nicknamed, absolutely thrashed Norway 8-0 on the 11th of July and followed that up with a 5-0 hammering of Northern Ireland on the 15th. Usually, in international football of any level, such results would indicate either a complete mismatch or a fluke, but, although



Northern Ireland are only starting to carve a niche in the women's game, Norway are nobodies mugs and it was shocking to see them so comprehensively played off the pitch. The game against Spain went into extra time after England's Ella Toone equalised Spain's 54th minute opening goal by Esther Gonzalez in the 84th minute. [England won the game](#) with a 96th minute absolute belter by Georgia Stanway that Harry Kane, Alan Shearer, Bobby Charlton, or any other of the men's game's top strikers would have been proud of. England will now face either Sweden or Belgium in the semi-final on July 26th.

It would be fair to say that no previous women's tournament has received quite as much coverage on mainstream television channels in the U.K. as Euro 2022, and newspapers are joining in with many giving prime space back page coverage to the games. About the only criticism this England side has faced is about a lack of diversity in the squad, with only three of the twenty-three woman squad coming from ethnic minority backgrounds. Anita Asante, a former England international, went to great pains to not criticise the England team or its coach, Sarina Wiegman, for the situation in her [July 18th Guardian column](#), saying it was rather about pathways to progress through the game for black and ethnic minority players, much the same as it is in the men's game. We almost take it for granted that minority players can go on to become television pundits, with Ian Wright and Alex Scott being used by the BBC at almost every

game, let alone every England game, but representation at a managerial level has been painfully slow and, if we're being brutally honest, black managers like Chris Hughton are judged to a more exacting standard than journeyman plodders like, for example, Steve Bruce, an old, white manager who somehow contrives to steal a living at club after club.

I'll make sure I let everyone know who wins Euro 2022 in the next column, but I've already put a few quid on England.

Speaking of putting a few quid on: I received an email from Bet365 telling me I had a free £2.00 bet for the opening weekend of the Football League season commencing Friday

Who is going where?
Mark Douglas analyses clubs to-do lists during the summer window

From Z to A
Zinchenko set for Arsenal move - and he could finally play in his natural position

Euro 2022
ENGLAND 12 SPAIN
Stanway delivers
Extra-time strike sends England into last four
Report, analysis and ratings, p54

Stenson: I'll accept Ryder Cup chop - for now
By Sam Minkin
The return to golf is getting wide-spread...
Stenson had to be able to...
Stenson had to be able to...
Stenson had to be able to...

There is no place in Russia for courageous Gasakina
By Sam Minkin
The return to golf is getting wide-spread...
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Stenson had to be able to...

July 29th. I then realised that the Premier League kicks off on Friday August 5th when Crystal Palace play Arsenal. My initial shock at how early the season was kicking off was replaced with yet more annoyance that it's because we're shaping up for a winter World Cup in Qatar during November and December, inflicted on us by the corrupt Sepp Blatter regime that was in charge of F.I.F.A. prior to 2015.



A much more [imaginative piece of corruption](#) came in the form of a group of Indian scammers who set up and played faked matches in a completely fictitious cricket league in order to relieve Russian gamblers of their rubles, all broadcast live over the internet in high definition with faux BBC branding. The group of farm hands, labourers, and unemployed teenagers managed to play nearly an entire season before being caught by Indian authorities, who found fake umpires receiving instructions via walkie-talkie from scammers who were watching how the betting was developing in real time to pass on to players, who would then hit fours, or sixes, or deliberately get themselves out. The operation was so detailed it even had its own youtube channel which carried highlights of past matches. It obviously helped that the Russian gamblers involved had never encountered cricket before, but you really do have to wonder what was in that vodka they were drinking to fall for the scam.

This is a shorter column than usual because, besides the women's Euros, there's not much going on except for the transfer window and, despite Spurs having already bought six new players including a Brazilian striker who used to play for Watford, it's not even in the interesting phase of that, which comes at the end of August. I've just stumped up £45.00 to join the Spurs membership club so I can purchase tickets for a few games this season, which probably sounds like a bit of a scam in itself, but it also comes with enough discounts on merchandise and the like that by the time I've bought a couple of new hoodies complete with cockerel

motif for the winter and then decided I need some shiny silver cockerel badges for the lapels of my pea coat and other jackets I'll probably just about breakeven.

No Radacanu watch this time around, the poor dear went out of Wimbledon early and has been keeping a low profile, but we do have Marina Sirtis, Counsellor Troi from Star Trek: The Next Generation, proving that you can take the girl out of Tottenham, but you can't take Tottenham out of the girl by flashing her proudly sported shoulder tattoo at us and, in an example of investigative journalism at its finest, the Daily Star told all Spurs fans what they already knew; Magic Dave is here for your pleasure, ladies!



LOCO CITATO

["We all have friends we love dearly who couldn't pass for human in a strict Turing test" (Penn Jillette)..

From: orangemike@gmail.com

June 25

Mike Lowrey writes:

Re Kim Huett's LoC:

I too have worked as a dishwasher. The French *plongeur* ("diver") for a dishwasher inevitably reminds me of the archaic U.S. slang "pearl diver" for a dishwasher. (I've seen it in compendia of slang, but have not encountered in in the field.)

From: cathypl@sympatico.ca

June 25

Cathy Palmer-Lister writes:

I'm glad *Orville* seems to be getting beyond the silly frat boy shenanigans. There were times when it was a great show, and then we'd get an episode where we all went to see

somebody pee. It figures, the show cleans up its act, and we can't watch it because it's on Hulu.

[[There isn't a complete absence of silliness (which I don't mind at all). We're all in here with streaming services - we don't have cable or satellite, but do have an actual antenna to watch the many over-the-air channels available to us...]]

From: phillies@4liberty.net

June 25

George Phillies writes:

Glad you enjoyed the girl scout cookie sales technique joke. As you asked, I bought a supporting Corflu membership.

[[And thanks for that...]]

Sympathies on the *Alexiad* issue.

[[“Sympathies”? ...]]

Designed to be printed... How could you design a zine not to be printed?

[[Once again, Lulzine is how. Just about any website in what we might call “magazine format” (eg football365, as previously noted) is how...]]

In the early days of xerography, people tried black ink on dark red paper. With period machines, that did prevent copying.

Several more modern ideas come to mind. The use of three foot wide columns -- some lateral screen scrolling required -- comes to mind.

Spiral line printing has actually been used in a fanzine; the contributor used an in-period top-end supercomputer to generate the image.

However, suppose the images of the pages on the screen are not flat on top of each other, so the pages pass through each other on the screen.

Some of the letters in a sentence might be on one page, and some on another. You can imagine this in a printed zine by arranging things so that on the top page you have to go in with a razor blade and slit out some letters, because the correct letters were printed on the next page down.

And, finally, there is this wonderful piece of software code known as the blink icon, so the same area on the screen shows as several different images and colors. Run up the blink rate and brightness... the individual letters are composed of lines on one phase of the blink, and lines from the afterimages from a different phase of the blink.

[[I totally failed to follow any of this, starting with “Several more modern ideas...” and the [falls off chair] concept of “three foot wide columns”, a phrase which Claire Brialey will spend hours attempting to sensibly punctuate and, I suspect, fail in doing so...]]

In the early 1950s, prozines and fanzines were usually easy to tell apart. Fanzines were typed and duplicated. Prozines were professionally printed. Prozines had full color covers. Fanzines might get color out of multiple spirit master stencils or rarely that Holy Artifact, the Gestetner. Now... my *Tightbeam* with **Alan White** (or, increasingly, **Jose Sanchez**) covers is well above prozine cover standards of 60 years ago, and any fan-ed with a computer gets professional typesetting quality.

[[See ‘Omphaloskepsis’ thish...]]

As a fan-ed, I can always hope for an award, but do not expect that any of my fanzines (currently four of them) will ever receive one.

[[As noted interminably, I’m not a one to “hope for an award” either, rather, I hope for response, something I’ve been very fortunate to get. That’s the meat and potatoes of the hobby, awards are a nice dessert, if you have room...]]

From: gandc001@bigpond.com

June 27

Bruce Gillespie writes:

I’m ashamed to say that I have just spotted that I seem to have acquired a nickname for the first time in fandom; certainly the first time in *SF Commentary’s* 53-year history. A very odd nickname, though, since I come from a very un-ecclesiastical background. I’ve often written that the organisation of the Churches of Christ (Disciples of Christ in USA), where I grew up until I took permanent leave in my early twenties, is very like that of fandom. Congregations appoint their own ministers, and there is only a loose gathering of member churches. Bishops, let alone archbishops, are anathema to those who grow up in this tradition. Also, all ministers in the C of C tend to be married, with kids, thus avoiding the problems of vows of ‘chastity’ that have been revealed among bishops and archbishops in recent years.

At primary school, nicknames were usually given by those horrible sniggery little boys who smoked behind the shelter shed and did well at football. At various times I was called ‘Professor’ and ‘Gallipoli’. During my two years of attempting to teach secondary students up the country (in 1969 and 1970), suddenly I became ‘Dizzy’ Gillespie. This shows that in 1969 and 1970, the famous jazzman was still a household name in Australia. These days, I suppose no school kid has heard of Dizzy Gillespie.

I did once adopt a pseudonym for a review I wrote, ‘Richard Bishop’, and for the first eleven years of my life, our family lived at the corner of Bishop Street and Haughton Road, Oakleigh, a south-eastern suburb of Melbourne. Also, one of my top ten SF writers is Michael Bishop.

So in which issue of *This Here...* was the nickname used? **Jerry Kaufman** and I seem to be the only fans so blessed in your fanzine, but it might be that you have published an article conferring new nicknames on many fans. If so, I can't find it, even though I've been doing Acrobat searches through older PDFs.

[[Marc Ortlieb, in TH... 46, wrote "Much as I hate to disagree with Bruce Gillespie (doing so in Australia is akin to pissing in the archbishop's chalice)...", so I can't take any personal credit. This also provided the under the title out of context quote for the ish, and subsequent correspondents have taken up the moniker with apparent alacrity...]]

I hope that your ecclesiastical elevation has not cursed me.

Response to *SF Commentary 108* has been disappointing, but maybe that's because I had so much material on file for that issue I had to leave out the letter column. Hence it will take up 40-50 pages in *SFC 110*.

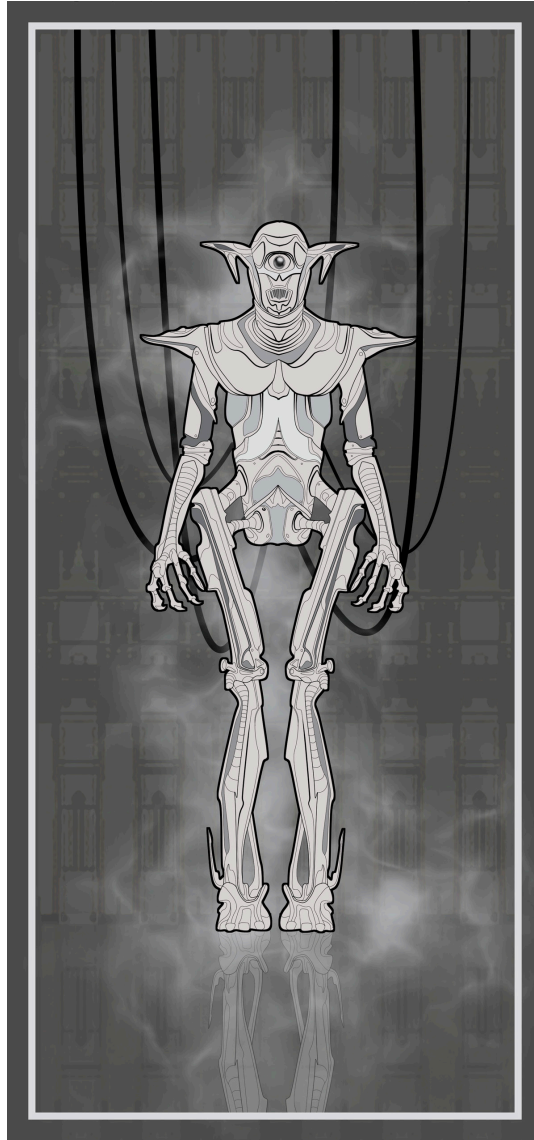
You might wonder that I'm so ignorant of the letter columns of *This Here...* . At some time over the last two years I gained the impression that the main subject matter was quarrelling about various fannish political matters that don't excite me much. It's my fault that I have not been taking the trouble to print each issue on our home printer as it arrives.

[[Admittedly there's been quite a bit of fanpolitik in here, especially prevalent earlier on in this third series of the title, but, as you now find, there's also a wealth of topic which includes the music, the footy and all sorts of digressions...]]

I find in No. 54 a fair breadth of interesting material. In particular I enjoyed **Kim Huett's** loc best, with his tales of the hotel trade.

It seems to be a universal truth of fandom that those who do least complain most about the efforts of those who do most. **William Breiding's** *Portable Storage* is one of the wonders of recent fandom, mainly because it has revealed how desperately many people have been bottling up their desire to write about their favourite reading matter without having to cover their thoughts in academic jargon. What a wonderful well spring of writing has sprung up thanks to

William's enterprise. Also, he has taken a huge amount of effort to get a printed copy to me (via **Mark Plummer** in London), for which I cannot thank him enough. The US Post Office currently makes it impossible for me to post an 80-pager to him, or for him to post a 200-pager to me. **Michael Dobson** has overcome this problem by using Amazon/Lulu to print on demand *Random Jottings* in Australia, but I've always avoided Amazon and wouldn't know how to set up a fanzine to fit the requirements of Lulu.



[["...those who do least complain the most..." might be a valid point (and in my mind I immediately applied that to the management of the FAAn awards), but it's well unfair to lumber them with the impression that they're anti-PS in particular, when the discussion has been more conceptual in terms of reactions to any given "BFF". Perhaps what I find most impressive about W's project is how widely he has cast his trawl for contributors, among whom I surprisingly jostle...]]

I'm currently trying to fit about 120 pages of material into the usual 80 pages. I refuse to alter my way of working because some fans seem too lazy to scan what I publish. I've never expected everybody to read every word of my large fanzine, but I assume people are good at scanning. To me, the great thing about any fanzine is that I can publish what I like -- and that's not possible in any other medium. In Australia, postal weights/rates ensure I have to stick to not much above 80 pages when posting out the print copies, so the PDF copies are the same page-length. I just wish that postage rates and the USPD allowed me to publish the 120-page issues of yesteryear (such as *SFC 19* at the beginning of 1971, and

SFCs 42/43 and 44/45 in the mid 1970s).

[[The Bishopric endures. In further convo, Bruce asks about the derivation of Jerry's "Killer" nickname, which I am happy to provide. Jerry explains it himself, in fact, during his usual stellar turn as FAAn Awards presenter this year (available on YouTube, link at corflu.org I think) - I had added a personal note to the card stating the winner of 'Best Letterhack' (J Kaufman), saying "Wish I could see your face right now, Killer!" prompting the anecdote...]]

From: jakaufman@aol.com

June 30

Jerry Kaufman writes:

I'm pleased to read that your employer has been good to you and your compadre drivers, especially that they kept up your health insurance. Hmm, back in that sentence I tried to avoid a gendered term for the other drivers, like "fellow drivers." That led me to wonder if there are any female cabbies in Las Vegas or, come to that, in Seattle or anywhere else. As I've mentioned, at one time the insurance agency I used to work for wrote insurance for taxi services, and I got to review the Motor Vehicle Records for drivers in Vegas and here. (This was before you worked as a cabbie, so I've never seen your MVR.) I don't recall seeing any women's records. I wonder if Nevenah Smith faced sexism when she drove. (I'm pretty sure she's worked both here and in New Orleans.)

[[I can confirm that there are many female cab drivers in Las Vegas, at least...]]

Kim Huett's story of the hotel kitchenhand scam was amazing - what enterprise the scammer showed. (Would Kitchenhand Scam be a good band name?)

[[“Great name for a rock band” (passim)...]]

If I recall correctly, Jack Gaughan won the two Hugoes he was nominated for. He even may have deserved both, as he did a lot of free art for fanzines and convention publications in the several years preceding his wins. Charming work, too. I always enjoyed his pen work more than his color book cover work.

[[You do recall correctly. Gaughan won the first Fanartist Hugo in 1967, as well as scooping the Pro Artist rocket that year (and in 1968 and 1969). I actually have no problem with this, since while publications cannot and should not be eligible in more than one category, individuals can quite readily be...]]

"Pontificate." I've always understood this to be a slam, as it means (to me at least) speaking as if one were the pope, who gets his material from God and is therefore infallible (according to a Vatican Council in 1870). (That's my own formulation of "infallibility" and not a doctrinally correct one.) I believe you may be the only person that thinks it implies "thoughtful analysis." I will say that all of us literally speak *ex cathedra* or "from the chair."

[[Indeed, it seems I'm getting schooled over this one. Happy as always to be corrected...]]

I can't quite make out the crossword clue you provide in 'Indulge Me.' I get "Dun" as the first word but "Timleary" doesn't have enough letters to be the second.

[[Once again I've no idea if you're taking the piss as much as I expect Eli to (although as I write this I haven't heard from him yet since I do loccol comments as correspondence is

received). Solution to follow, in Eli's loc which arrived shortly after yours...]]

Your Taxi Tale is funny, especially considering that during the **Hal O'Brien** Zoom convo the morning you sent this issue out, we were discussing the very subject of French versus Quebecois - unless you were the one to bring up the subject, thus making it no coincidence.

[[I didn't bring it up (I don't think) but was able to relate...]]

Ageless beauties? Most of the photos you've selected recently are of pleasant looking women who don't strike me as beauties. I'm also wondering what age they are. They don't look elderly enough to be "ageless." As we have been watching *New Tricks*, I'm quite familiar with Amanda Redman. I should know who Lesley-Anne Down is, but can't recall any movies I might have seen her in. It just seems to me that we have differences in our ideas of beauty, as I'm still lobbying for Christine Baranski.

[[They're mostly all older than me, Killer, and when they're not (eg Gillian Gilbert) I'll note that...]]

From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

July 1

Eli Cohen writes:

Nic, you old sod,

Wow! This issue starts with my name! I guess that means I have to write a loc, huh? Oh well, there's still lots of time to finish reading the Hugo packet. Too bad about *Outworlds*, though (but I've only got about 150 pages left -- what was that about BFFs?).

Re **Jerry Kaufman's** mention of Ben Franklin's fanzine *Poor Richard's Almanac*, and the resemblance of early newspapers to perszines, the following is a quotation from my fanzine *Kratophany* (#11, published in Sept. 1978, early in my "new fan" career):

Great Moments in History: The Birth of Fanzines

"Intellectual exchanges between both men of letters and men of science were facilitated by the improvement of public postal services and by the opening of these for use by private correspondents as a means of enabling the services to pay their way. Private correspondence generated newsletters, and these generated newspapers. The first Western printed periodical started publication in 1609 ..."

-- Arnold Toynbee, *Mankind and Mother Earth*

And speaking of Mr. Kaufman -- what does he mean, my Faan Award was just a "leg-pull"! Does that mean I won't get a plaque at Corflu? Even if I limp up to the podium? And then he says "I imagine I'll never hear the end of it." Don't worry, Jerry, you're a leg-end in your own time!

Re Jerry's remark about **Moshe Feder** and fanzines, I mentioned it to Moshe this week over dim sum (this was his next-to-last dim sum get-together before he moves to Connecticut), and he said that he does download and read

fanzines, but doesn't always have time to respond to them. He also said to remind Jerry that he actually had an article in Seattle fanzine *Littlebrook*, ironically, his GoH speech from Corflu 19 entitled "Corflu Fakefan". As he put it in a followup email to me: "Regularly attending the con — well, I did back then — but rarely actually contributing to fanzines. So in that sense, I've already admitted the justice of Jerry's claim in a piece he's forgotten he published!" Moshe then got a bit meta (no, nothing to do with FB), saying "But if you'll pardon a brief moment of Talmudic reasoning: Rabbi Rotsler tells us that the most fannish fans of his era were those whose fanac took SF for granted as a common context, but who rarely wrote about the genre directly, instead favoring jazz, sports cars, bheer, and politics. By analogy, in our new higher dimension of fannishness, the most fannish are those who idealize fanac like a Platonic ideal, appreciating but never practicing it."

[[That's an interesting take, and something to which I can highly relate. I often think back to a conversation with Joyce Katz at a "Vegrants" meet, with me rather marveling that such a disparate and different mob could get together at all, and we ended up concluding that we all had the shared frame of reference of SF, much as Rabbi Rotsler also appears to recognize. This here virtual wrinkled retainer does rather encapsulate that, don't it?...]]

I suppose, Nic, you can make an administrative ruling as to whether the above counts as a loc from Moshe on *This Here...*

[[I rarely make "rulings" about a person's contributions qualifying for the individual categories in the FAAn awards, though this year I did query one where I was fairly sure that the named individual didn't have any "qualifying" (i.e. first published) work from 2021, and it turns out that I was right - the vote was based upon a reprint...]]

For some reason, after **Mark Plummer's** loc I feel compelled to mention that I read *This Here...* on my laptop computer. Ditto for most other fanzines (none of which are dittoed, of course!).

And **Perry Middlemiss** likens doing a fanzine to going to the gym. I guess that explains why I haven't published anything in over 40 years. (I get my exercise by leaping to conclusions.)

And another crossword clue. "With evil yet educational intent: 'Sounds like the Irish resort is finished with an acid guru (3,9)'" So, a fair bit of googling turned up an Irish seaside resort named Dún Laoghaire, which is not only 3 letters followed by 9

letters, but ends in a word apparently pronounced "Leary", like the famous LSD-guru Timothy Leary. Since I was already aware that the Irish can't spell (though at least, unlike the Welsh, their vowels weren't stolen by the English!), I can't say this was as educational as you may have intended, but if it's not the right answer, then sod it.

[[Quite right, of course. "Sounds like" in the clue points to a homophone: "Done Leary" = "DUN LAOGHAIRE". Turns out you're too good at this, Eli...]]

From: portablezine@gmail.com

July 2

W^m Breiding writes:

I made an unfortunate choice of word—"pontificate"—in reference to **Leigh Edmonds'** thoughts on the BFF Problem. Like you, I mistakenly understood the word to be meaning something like "to think through thoroughly with some philosophical measure". Never in an eon would I so backhandedly insult or dismiss Leigh's thoughts—on anything. One of the highlights of *SF Commentary* has been Leigh's featured letters; in the last couple of years as Leigh has broadened a bit in his fanzine reading I have been nothing but delighted by his frequently lengthy letters. They are always fascinating and a joy to read; a thing to look forward to.

I suppose it's pretentious of me to consider fanzine-making as art, and art as a necessary act, and not just a plain old act of mere every day communication; it's all three in my book (or in my BFF), which makes the BFF particularly delectable on many levels. It occurs to me that "sercon" fanzines may tend to lean more in this direction. By "sercon" I don't mean in the traditional "sf criticism" aspect, but in a much broader sense of serious intent. Some fannish fanzines of the past that fall into this "serious intent" category would be **Robert Lichtman's** *Trapdoor* and Terry Hughes' *Mota*. Contemporary fanzines that fits this bill would be **The Fishlifters' Banana Wings**, **Hooper & Juarez's Chunga**, and indeed, **O'Brien and Farey's Beam**. **Bruce Gillespie's SF Commentary** is probably the least

pretentious "sercon" fanzine ever published and this is by design. While Bruce has an abiding interest (fifty years' worth!) in sf criticism and book/ music/ film discussion in



general his spirit is an embodiment of the *faannish*. His incorporation of the sercon and fannish in a clean, well lighted fanzine has been faultless. *Outworlds* on the other hand embodied the same spirit but Bill Bowers had pretensions to larger and more mysterious things, e.g., art.

[[“Pretentious” perhaps, or as I think I might have observed, possibly a little pompous to declaim “fanzine as art”, but nevertheless it’s a totally valid approach which works for you, someone to whom I cannot credibly attach those ‘p’ words - I’ve never included you in the annoying category of “well up themselves”. I can agree that the creation of (some, not all) titles and issues certainly involves “artistry” at various levels of skill, but then again, is it art? I wouldn’t describe this here used onion (c) M Strummer as a “work of art”, though I might be slightly persuadable that BEAM is. What is inarguable in my opinion is that all are acts of creation. It also occurs that you may be channelling (and thus bolstering) my “two tents” theory...]]

Of all the “ageless beauties” you’ve published Anna Coote’s face is most appealing to me. Here there is a real attractiveness reflected in kindness. Too many of the other “ageless beauties” you’ve published have had much work done in plasticizing their faces and look fake to me. I had no idea about the British statute of no women at the bar (unless accompanied by a man) so my admiration for Anna Coote extends far beyond her kind face.

A sweet Taxi Tale this ish. They now have a story to tell.

Kim Huett should be writing modern realist novels.

From: dave_redd@hotmail.com

July 2

David Redd writes:

Covid rates are increasing again around here - my son-in-law is off work with it, but should be back to his postman round next week.

So many good things in 54 right up to your pictorial back cover. **Dave Hodson** again - I am even more in awe and admiration for him after reading this. What a man. **Kim Huett** - a terrific story about the fingerprint clocking-on. Has he sold the film rights yet? You had a nice little story about the tourists from Quebec; sharing a moment like this is a good reason to pub your ish, as I think **Leigh Edmonds** would agree judging by his musings. Fanzine as community.

[[“Fanzine as community”, especially this here effort, I continue to be humbled by...]]

You’re someone with a kind word for Lulu’s “The Man Who Sold The World” despite the competition, and I wouldn’t disagree, although “Life On Mars” was the one that hit me. (As if in Bowie’s assault on the greatest from the Stones to

Crosby I’d guess he deliberately took on “I Am The Walrus”, with lyrics miraculously making sense, a better tune, and building to a climax instead of just fading out. But probably Bowie experts know its proper genesis.)

[[We could ask Lynn Steffan...]]

I confess to not printing pages lately, having found that using reading glasses for a couple of pages at a time is kinder to my eyes than squinting at print through varifocals. Cheaper on ink too. And **Ulrika**’s art encourages me to see on-screen in colour. (p.16.)

[[I’ve got varifocals as well, but I sorely need a new prescription since I scuffed them more than a bit in that face-down collision with the parking lot after too much Jim Beam. I don’t wear them at all at the computer(s), my near vision for that is all right. I’ll probably just get “driving glasses” next go...]]

From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

July 4

Leigh Edmonds writes:

This Here... 54 is here, and has been for a few days. Another little computer problem has cast a small spanner in the works, but things are back to normal. We do depend on our computers a lot and when they don’t work as advertised the world is not in its right shape. Even if I can find something else to do - unpacking still being the order of the day - I’m lost without the streaming that has replaced my previously habitual radio listening. I did hunt out an old radio but we don’t have digital radio in the country so it has all the atmospheric noises too. I’d forgotten all about them, and about when we used to listen to radio broadcasts of the Ashes cricket from England being relayed by the ABC from the BBC shortwave broadcasts. Those were the days... Perhaps some of your readers are young enough not to remember them.

In your mention of Corflu Pangloss there is mention of a ‘supporting membership’. Has this always been so and I’ve just been unobservant. What a good idea! Is there a Corflu equivalent of the Hugo voters package which, everyone assures me, is worth the price of admission to WorldCons.

[[Well, yes, I believe the “supporting membership” level has been a thing for just about ever, and what that gets you these days is a copy of all the con publications (programme book, fanthology, TIR results issue and whatever else) and a con badge amongst any other goodies from the registration package. In a Lichtman anecdote, it could well have been a thing that there might be a betting pool (or along Vegas sportsbook lines, an over/under) on how many minutes it would be after the closing ceremony had concluded that The

Mighty Rob^t would start asking where his supporting membership package was...]]

'Radio Winston' leaves me bemused. When I started reading this issue a week ago I did hit all those little blue links to pieces of music, but I can't remember anything about any of them. Truly unremarkable, apparently.

[[When this happens with you I must regard that particular column as an unqualified success...]]

David Hodson's Footy column reminds me that I heard somewhere that Australia is going to be playing in something called the World Cup. This strikes me as being about as silly as Australia being invited to compete in Eurovision. Perhaps it has something to do with Australia having such a large migrant population and a lot of them being European, so you could perhaps see Australia as a part of Europe that has sort of floated off into the distance. I've watched a few games of 'footy' and I've endured a few sessions of Eurovision so I can only wonder what folks see in either. (This thought was leading somewhere interesting but I got distracted for a moment and now can't remember what it was. Perhaps some little humorous aside about cultural diversity, but who knows.)

Comrade **Plummer** is right to point out that we can now read stuff on a variety of platforms ranging from our mobile phones up to huge screens at sporting and other cultural events. I amaze myself these days when I find myself reading stuff on my mobile while hanging around at the doctor's (or etc) so it's obviously a thing for me and my machine makes the print nice and big so I can read it easily.

However, I don't know about others but I find that my reading habits are different on a screen to on a piece of paper and somehow what I laughingly call my comprehension is greater when the little black marks are on a piece of paper than when they are on a screen. I assume that this is not a problem for youngsters who were brought up reading from screens but I can't explain why my brain works as it does so I have to print out a copy of a fanzine before I get much pleasure from reading it. And these days I have a colour printer so I get to enjoy the lovely art work that is sprinkled throughout this issue. (If I were **Archbishop Gillespie** I might then keep the printout for my collection but, no, it goes in the bin. I've got the original PDF file on my computer if I need to go back to reread bits again.)

I was entertained by the idea in **David Redd's** letter about a couple of Radio Wales Ds filling up a Saturday evening chatting about Australian Rules footy. David neglected to mention the teams that the DJs have adopted because that

might have something to do with whether or not their chat is "pointless eccentricity". If David were to live where I do he could listen to pointless chatter about footy almost every hour of every day on the radio and streamed for the entire footy season. I usually listen on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, specially if Melbourne is playing, and am always entertained that folks can talk so seriously and at such length about something that is basically pointless. If I want to listen to chatter that is less pointless I can listen to a couple of ABC radio channels, but it is good to get away from the problems of the world for a few hours, which is probably how a lot of other people see footy too.

[[I rather think that the DJs in question had latched onto Australian soccer teams rather than Aussie Rules...]]

Like you, I thought the word "pontificate" has a positive spin until I looked it up. If I'd been asked I'd have said it had something to do with the Pope (which it does in a secondary reference) and one would like to think that the

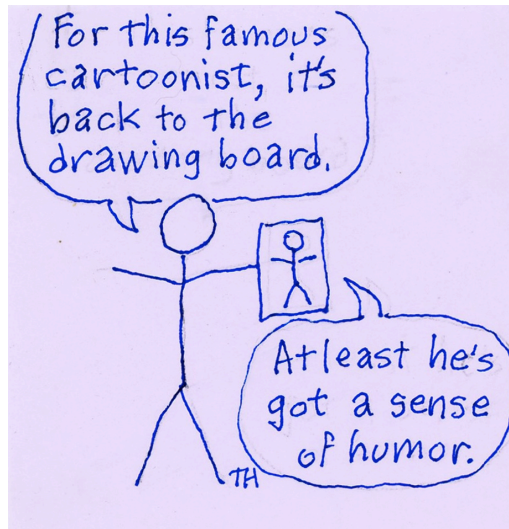
Pope has given some thought to what he says, though perhaps what he says does come out sounding pompous. Since he seems to make pronouncements in Latin, which is not a language I use every day, I wouldn't know whether he is pompous or not.

[[cf other comments on this topic...]]

Anyhow, I had a look at the latest issue of *Portable Storage* yesterday and to say that I am impressed is an understatement. I am appalled that it is over 200 pages long and I don't know how and where I'm going to get the time to read it, but you can see the work, attention to detail and love that has gone into it. In some ways I would

like to be able to hold the paper version just to be impressed by its visual presence and heft, but production and postage costs being what they are I'll have to settle for imagining what it is like. While it is published in the tradition of stf fandom it seems more than a fanzine. **William Breiding** is pushing the boundaries in a way which reminds me of what Harry Warner was doing with *Spaceways* that set a very high standard before the war.

I guess that young **Perry Middlemiss** has something when he says that in his fanatic he is writing something that will outlive him. In this way he is contributing to the other millions of voices of people who have written down their thoughts so that those thoughts outlive their physical bodies. Sometimes I am quite aware that all the books sitting on shelves here are the result of thoughts and efforts of people who are now often long dead. I open a book and read the words in it which bring to mind other times, places and experiences. On the other hand, one of the feelings I almost



inevitably have on entering a bookshop is that there is already enough books in the world so how come I'm also working to add to the cacophony of voices.

However, writing for posterity and then posterity reading and understanding what we've written are two different things. I can't imagine that anyone in the future will have the time, patience or motivation to read even a fraction of what we have written, so while we write it with thoughts of the future I expect the future to ignore us. (That is assuming a future in which people have enough time and resources to spend some of it reading what we've written, which seems doubtful to me.) As an historian who has read a lot of old fanzines in the past few years I can assure young Perry, and others, that the meanings I'm taking out of those words is probably far from why they were written. When, for example, I'm reading old issues of *Etherline* or *Scansion* that were published in the mid 1950s I'm looking for snippets of information (data almost) about their life and times that have almost nothing to do with what they thought they were writing about. For example, I have Perry's latest *Perryscope* here and perhaps I will try to read it in the same way as I read one of those 1950s fanzines. It might look quite different then.

[[I'm minded to observe that, having sent a copy of this fanzine to posterity, it was returned unopened...]]

So Perry and I differ on this. I write only for the present and the future can look after itself. If there is ever some poor PhD student ill informed enough to think there is a thesis in my writing I can only offer them my sympathy. I've certainly left enough words lying around over the years but trying to make any sense of them would be well beyond my abilities.

I was interested to read Perry's comments on Australia making it to the World Cup. He is clearly more informed than I. Now I know what he is doing while sitting around in cafes drinking his coffees or musing on the spirit and nature of the bush in those photos on the covers of *Perryscope*. Who'd have known.

That was a delightful little story about your Canadian passengers. It reminded me of an evening Valma and I spent with a bunch of European historians drinking and chatting in four or so different languages. Five years of 'studying' Francaise at high school seemed to emerge from somewhere in the back of my brain in a way I could not have imagined being at all useful while I was doing the 'studying'. Also a smattering of German and Italian picked up goodness knows where. Opera perhaps?

It's just as well that *This Here...* is more or less written in English then. For which my thanks.

From: daverabban@gmail.com

July 5

David Cockfield writes:

These days I feel like a fake fan, yesterday's news even when it comes to matters of Fandom.

Thankfully however *TH...* is also full of much that is not strictly fan related that I can Grok! Giving me an excuse to pontificate about myself and allowing you to tax your editing muscles.

Retirement is wonderful and coming up to eleven years now. It does help to have a decent pension.

Visiting New Zealand for three months and lots of holidays in Europe have been the big bonus for me.

I worked in family allowance / benefit for 10 years before becoming a Customs Officer in the field of International Mail. At various points over the next 33 years I specialized in the importation of bees, cacti and orchids, weapons, and wines and spirits. I also did a lot of teaching and lecturing with the British Council, the Army, and the RFA (Royal Fleet Auxillary). I loved my job but in the last 4 years raising taxes and controlling immigration became the priorities and coupled with a boss from Hell I was glad to get out.

I got Covid again. Awful for two days. My rheumatoid arthritis gives me constant pain in my finger joints and Long Covid leaves me tired. I consider myself lucky after **Dave Hodson's** account. I commiserate.

I keep hearing the phrase, "We are all getting old". True but does it have to be such a pain.

Fuck immortality.

The two songs that I obsess about are 'Stand By Me' and 'Danny Boy'. Each has dozens of versions.

[[If not hundreds, I'd guess...]]

With the former I especially like those by Ry Cooder, John Lennon, and best of all Willy DeVille and Vanessa Paradis that I saw on the old French music programme, *Rapide*.

Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton have great instrumental versions of Danny Boy but the most affecting version is sung by J.B.White, a screenwriter / producer who appeared in the film 'Gotham' aka 'The Dead Can't Lie'.

He plays a tramp who sings it to Virginia Madsen and Tommy Lee Jones and weirdly it is pivotal to the story about a Private Eye investigating and falling in love with a murdered woman who appears to be very much alive.

A real tear jerker.

You sent me out looking for more Perry Mason to add to my collection and I managed to pick up 8 paperbacks.

There are reputed to be 85 books in the series but at least 3 are collections that only have one Perry Mason story. I love

them. To date I have 47 paperbacks, plus 18 of the 30 Bertha Cool, and 7 unrelated.

[[I've only got one or two of the Cool & Lam novels - smoke me for a kipper!...]]

In the UK second hand copies average out at about \$10 each. I have probably managed to read about a third so far.

As far as your tv stuff is concerned I'm looking forward to 'The Orville' and 'The Boys' plus 'The Umbrella Academy'.

[[We're also clocking 'Umbrella Academy', which is indeed fab, allowing me to repeat the pseudo-meme I came up with: "I wanted to be a Diego, but turned out a Klaus", possibly even to the tune of Big Audio Dynamite's 'I Turned out a Punk'...]]

Sky in the UK has produced a seven part adaptation of John Wyndham's 'The Midwich Cuckoos'.

I've just finished reading the novel which is very rural white middle class. The children are definitely Alien with no human connection. They are the Nazi ideal. Aryan, identical, blond, and golden eyed.

Obviously you can't have that these days. The tv series has a modern setting with a very diverse cast which I doubt reflects rural England even today. The children are linked biologically to their mothers and are equally diverse and different. Even so for five episodes it is well acted gripping television. Unfortunately it is all a bit over the top and nonsensical for the last two episodes. Still worth a look even if only to gaze upon the gorgeous Keeley Hawes. Report me to the Thought Police immediately. Such perverted thinking is not permitted.

[[Sounds worth a look, and I'll see (at some point) if it's available over here...]]

I think I'll leave it there although I see that the Hornets last game of the season is against the Black Cats.

From: kim.huett@gmail.com

July 5

Kim Huett writes:

Well well, so at last I've discovered something we have in common.

I've listened to a good deal of moaning by wait-staff etc. in my time as a dishpig. I actually came to consider it part of my job to let frustrated front of house staff to get whatever stupid they had just been subjected to out of their system. Just between you and me I rather enjoy hearing how irritating some people can be without having to experience it myself. Drama is much more fun when observed from a distance of course.

I rather suspect the Jack Gaughan kerfuffle kicked off because he was nominated in and won in both pro and fan categories in 1967. I suspect that if he had won them in different years it would not of occurred to anybody to complain.

As you know I'm not averse to music. I like a bit of plink plunk twang works [on me] as much as the next sentient being. So the following seems reasonable to bring up given your own coverage of music.

I have here a copy of 'The Illustrated Book of Science Fiction Lists' (compiled by Mike Ashley and published in 1982. It's a useful book to have but as with all reference works I refer to some sections more than others. Who needs to know what Harlan Ellison's astrological sign was for example?

However one list I've previously not had any special use for now has some relevance in regards to yourself. This list being the one about SF writers who are also musicians or composers. This is clearly a far from complete list as Ashley limited himself to a mere eight suspects.

Given how unlikely some of his choices are, how many average readers will be familiar with John Burke for example. I suspect he passed over some obvious choices in order to be as exotic as possible. Why else leave out such obvious candidates as a guitar player like Theodore Sturgeon or a composer like James Blish?

Anyway, Ashley's lyrical eight are Jerome Bixby (composer), Lloyd Biggle Jnr. (music teacher), John Burke (piano and clarinet), Laurence Janifer (piano), John Kippax (saxophone), Sam Lundwall (vocalist), Barry Malzberg (violin), Michael Moorcock (guitar).

But wait, there's more!

What inspired me to pull out my copy of Ashley's book was part of a column by Bob Tucker that appeared in *Outworlds* #37 (edited by Bill Bowers in January 1984). In this section Tucker was busy mocking the sub-standard typesetting of 'The Book of Lists', compiled by Maxim Jakubowski & Malcolm Edwards. This is a book I do not own, or have even seen, and so I cannot comment on whether Tucker is right about Berkley Books doing Jakubowski & Edwards dirty. What did catch my eye though was that in order to prove his point Bob focused on that book's section on SF and fantasy authors who have also recorded rock music.

This led me to wondering if you have or would ever consider mentioning any of these fine individuals in your 'Radio Winston' section. The coverage in 'The Book of Lists' is rather more extensive than 'The Illustrated Book of Science Fiction Lists' and also includes Jean-Pierre Andrevon, Marc Bourgeois, Robert Calvert, Graham Charnock, Mick Farren, Langdon Jones, James Kahn, David Meltzer, Janet Morris, Josephine Saxton, John Shirley, Norman Spinrad, Somtow Sucharitkul, and Elizabeth Vonarburg. Unfortunately as Bob was concerned with other matters he didn't think to include

any details about what particular musical talent these individuals possess.

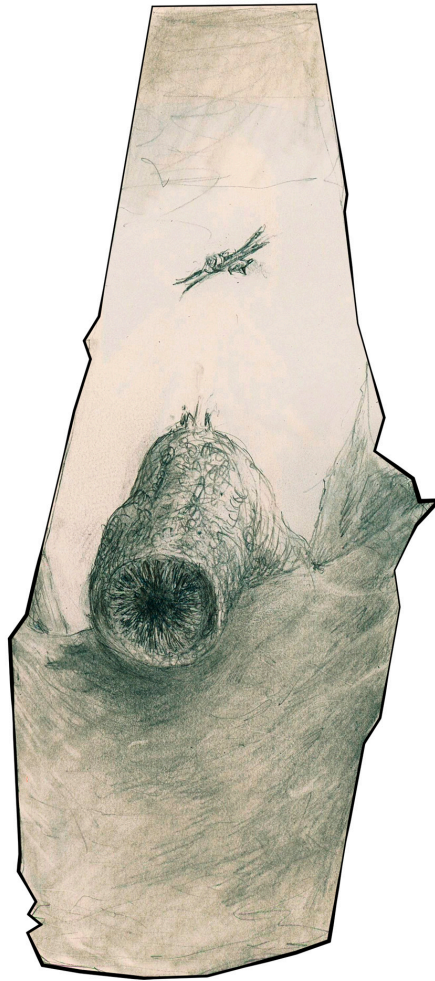
[[I do possess (or at least did, fuck nose where they might be) both those books, in part because I enjoy lists anyway (using them frequently in Arrows of Desire) but also because I wrote and presented trivia quizzes for the local tavern in St. Leonard, Maryland for several years back in the day...]]

Your list of work negatives reminds me of my response to **Leigh Edmonds** and **Christina Lake** when they began agreeing on how amazing it is that the public accept flying. As far as I'm concerned it's not remarkable at all but entirely in line with the average human assumption of invulnerability. Every year tens of thousands of people are ripped into lifeless pieces of flesh due to automobile accidents but despite this millions of individuals clamber into their cars without a second thought about the danger, trusting not only to their own (probably marginal) driving skills but the unknown driving skill of hundreds, if not thousands, of strangers they will share the road with. And Leigh and Christina want me to believe it's remarkable that people with so little regard for their own safety are willing to use a demonstrably safer form of transport? Sheer madness!!!

What **Mark Plummer** doesn't mention while wishing for a simpler age is the absence of Nic Fareys tinkering with the rules back then. During the 1950s wider fandom seemed content to let each worldcon committee do what they liked unhindered. I assume this attitude was based on the idea that the people doing all the work get to make all the choices.

This would explain why I've never encountered any complaint about the Loncon in 1957 choosing not to make any fiction awards other than for the International Fantasy Award. By the mid-1960s however I would argue worldcon format was sufficiently well established that fandom as a whole felt they needed to be more involved in the way various aspects of the worldcon, such as the award system, was decided.

Consequently any change not widely discussed first was going to start an argument regardless of merit. This was also the time when the Nic Fareys of the day became increasingly



obsessed with precisely defining nomination parameters.

[[As you'd expect, I find this analysis of great interest, and almost (but perhaps not quite) fodder for a 'FAAnWank' column. I will agree to the designation "tinkerer", something I have admitted to in The Incomplete Register. However, I'm in favor of minimal "rules" and more clarity rather than what a famous Starfleet engineer once described as "overtaking the plumbing". I have personal, and I think legitimate concerns that my present "system" for FAAn Award management could be seen as somewhat imperial, and that's fair criticism. I do, though, reject your comparison of me to the crop of "rules-lawyers" whose possible only justification for their existence is to gum everything up with bollocks verbiage...]]

And finally, to quote 1980s Sydney band Knieval: "Please note Knieval and Halfway play at Notes in Newtown this Friday 8th April 2011 and not Saturday as implied

in some hysterical tabloid reports." Oh yes!

The yellow press! Why do they stoop so low?

From: excellenceingardening@gmail.com

July 11

Joseph Nicholas writes:

My grateful thanks for your latest few issues (51-54); my heartfelt apologies for not being quicker off the mark in responding to them. Although one item in issue 54 in fact engages with something I've thought about for some time.

You note that various people seem reluctant to engage with, or are even hostile to, the FAAN Awards, regarding them as elitist, or part of a "Corflu cult", or not relevant to their lives, or outside their sphere of interest. This is fair enough: there will always be some people somewhere, in whatever field of endeavour (model railway clubs -- origami societies -- amateur dramatics -- fanzine publishers), who consider "that group over there" as outside the pale. But in this particular case, of the FAAN Awards and Corflu, I wonder if the long association between the two may have given rise to the

perception that the awards are given out *by* Corflu rather than *at* Corflu. If so, this may explain the reluctance, and even refusal, of the likes of Joseph Major and David Shea to vote in the FAANs: why should they care about the awards, if they don't care about the convention?

I have no idea how this misperception (if it exists) may be overcome -- other than by decisively separating the FAAN Awards from Corflu, and keeping them separate for another two decades or so until the perceived association has faded in the public mind. But what then would be the other venue (virtual or actual) for the presentation of the awards? Echo answers: "Duh....."

[[That's well and concisely put (no surprise, coming from you). I was going to reply here (at some length) but inevitably decided that my babblings would end up as a 'FaanWank' column, and so it is...]]

From: perry@middlemiss.org

July 20

Perry Middlemiss writes:

David Redd mentions two Radio Wales DJs adopting two "Australian Football teams to chat about", but neglects to indicate the variety? AFL? Rugby League? Rugby Union? Or that round ball A-League stuff? Enquiring minds, etc...

[[As mentioned earlier I had assumed Association Football, but perhaps David will kindly clear it up for us...]]

I do find it amusing that **Leigh Edmonds** should contact me about going to the MCG to see the Boxing Day Test match via his letter in a fanzine from Las Vegas. But all is well and we have made a tentative sort of arrangement. I can't be definitive at this time as I'm not actually sure I will be attending. Still, I'm certain such worthies as Carey Handfield and Irwin Hirsh can see him right.

I do agree with **Leigh's** suggestion that *Portable Storage* and *SF Commentary* might be better served by being published half the size and twice as often. But then the Archbishop will run into crippling postage costs as he insists on mailing print copies, to me at least.

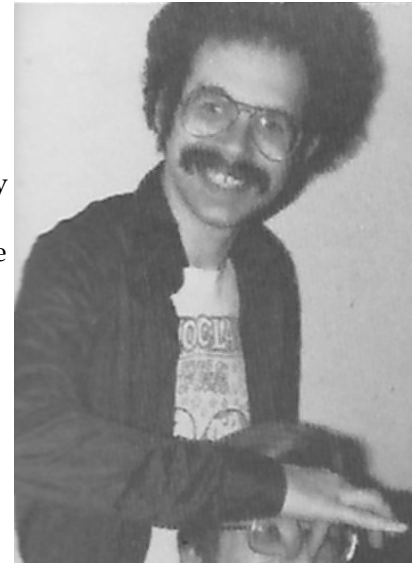
My difficulties with getting to a Corflu revolve more around costs rather than time. It's such a bloody long way and bloody expensive to travel from here to practically anywhere else. So short, sharp journeys are out, and long, drawn-out ones are preferred. Especially by the non-fannish missus.

[[You're basically confirming that I'd have to stand for DUFF to get to have a beer with you, then? I can already visualize the trip report: Part 1 - having a beer with Perry. Part 2 - three weeks later...]]

WAHF

Leybl Botwinik : "Love your quote" ; **Mail Delivery Subsystem** : apparently (and for the last couple ishes, I think) "fanboy@rcn.com"

rejects the mailing due to "spam content" - of course I can't even fuckin' remember who that is, can I?... ; **Kim Huett** (separately from his loc) with a photo giving some small credence to **Claire Brialey's** contention of many moons ago that he and I were doppelgangers, and a page of *Outworlds* 24 of a "fanpublishing symposium" which I have transcribed within ; **Garth Spencer** advises us all that



he may have inadvertently communicated a Trojan virus, so check your devices ; **Taral Wayne**, in response to the email cover quote, sends a privately circulated article, which I enjoyed reading, ("to only a dozen or so people, who were discrete [sic]") writing about dodgy "friends". The piece does end up with a wider airing in *The Balooibus* 8 (see 'Fanzines received' below ; **Alan White** with a preview pdf of *Meanwhile in Sin City* #3 (see below) a couple days before its release, and later his *Westecon 74 Memory Book* (also...)

FANZINES RECEIVED

Since the lastish...

MEANWHILE IN SIN CITY #3 (Alan White) - Lots of local goings on, but perhaps of most interest to many an update on the hospitalization and care of Arnie Katz who is not in good shape. The extensive SNAFFU library has been sold (by Alan, detailed in the ish) to help defray the costs of care...

ALEXIAD 123 (Joseph and Lisa Major) - Always a welcome arrival, a zine much more interested in WorldThings than I generally am, and it's instructive in that respect. Plenty locs, of course, with some newer names in among the usuals. [falls off chair] at **Tom Feller**, who notes that, if attending the WorldThing he would likely fly there, until I realized he was talking about Chicago and not Chengdu. Joe publishes my very short loc complaining that he didn't report the FAAn award results, with no comment...

PERRYSCOPE 24 (Perry Middlemiss) - I am naturally happy to note (feeling highly affirmed) that **Perry** and I are in full agreement on both Asimov and Colin Kapp's 'The Unorthodox Engineers'...

PABLO LENNIS 416 (John Thiel) - Rafts of fiction, but includes a fanzine review column by the editor, who, as admirably as usual sends a copy since *This Here*... gets a

paragraph, idiosyncratic as it is. I am, it seems, a “metropolitan individual” with a “denunciating style”, but in the most *non sequitur* statement I may have ever seen, Thiel concludes that “The photography [...] has enough similarity to [...] **Alan White**’s that you can see they are fellow Las Vegans” [falls off chair]...

VANAMONDE 1426-28, 1493-99 (John Hertz) - the doggedness of it all continues to croggle...

THE BALOOBIUS 8 (Taral Wayne) - Apart from the “It’s my Friends I can’t stand” article, advertises itself correctly as containing “a great deal more than you ever wanted to know about the relaunch of *Fraggle Rock*”. And other stuff of less niche interest, leading off with personal notes on the departure of R Lichtman...

ASKEW 37 (John Purcell) - Again, remarkably, apparently not an annish of some kind. Half of the ten pages are loccol (always a good sign)...

WESTERCON 74 MEMORY BOOK (Alan White) - only Alan could make a fine presentation of what was apparently a rather dull event...

INDULGE ME

✘ **RIP, THE MIGHTY ROBT**^T : Sad news of the demise of **Robert Lichtman**, of whom it seems just about everyone has a nice story. In my case, that would have been in the early or mid-run of *Arrows of Desire*, when we engaged in some correspondence resulting in Rob^t being responsible for greatly expanding my mailing list into the Americas. We did meet once, inevitably at a Corflu, and I found him very affable, approachable, and as encouraging in person as he had been by letter...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (1)** : Apologies to the Killer once again, but remembered with affection by many a randy young lad for her turn as Miss Brunner in *The Final Programme*, here’s **Jenny Runacre**...



✘ **NEOLOGISM OF THE WEEK** : Shared by **Ian Cat Vincent**, a post noting that an asexual friend of the OP identifies themselves as “shagnostic”...

✘ **CROSSWORD CLUE FOR ELI** : “Endless thousands fucked up free stuff (8)”...

✘ **SCIENCE AND NATURE (1)** : [The genome of the duck-billed platypus](#) (and thus perhaps by inference that of *Octothorpe* or even West Germany) is as wacky as you’d have expected...

✘ **WTF FBF?** : The latest inexplicable Facebook annoyance is that it seems to instigate rapid scrolling down, randomly but frequently, for no apparent reason...

✘ **RADIO WINSTON EXTRA** : Talking about “diss” slices in general made me think of George Harrison’s quite stunning rework of ‘[Bye Bye Love](#)’ (after Patti Boyd left him for some bloke called Eric), and TIL that I’ve remembered the lyrics wrong all these years, but I was close. Correct version: “There goes our lady / With a “you know who” / I hope she’s happy / Old Clapper too”. I believe George played every instrument on this...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (2)** : How are you with Germans, Jerry? (They bombed our chip shop, y’know...) Still touring as either ‘Duel’ or ‘xPropaganda’, (L-R) Susanne Freytag and Claudia Brücken...



✘ **SCIENCE AND NATURE (2)** : I tend to find particle physics & that quite fascinating, even though I understand very little of it. Comes from reading a lot of Stephen Baxter, possibly. “[Sterile neutrino](#)”, anybody?...

✘ **REVENANT** : Via the good offices of **W^m Breiding I** hear from 1970s fanartist **Jim McLeod**, who is after getting stuff back into fanzines. Delighted to oblige...

✘ **SELF-INFLICTED, PART 102** : Considering how well langered I was yesterday after finishing off the bottle of

Tuscan Red on top of the usual copious amounts of “cheap pish” (© U O’Brien) during the Third Thursday Zoom (thanks, **Alison Scott**) I didn’t actually feel that bad this morning. Mind you, I did go straight off to kip for ten hours...

✘ **OLD SCRUFF DEPT.** : Shared on FBF by **Jim Burns**...

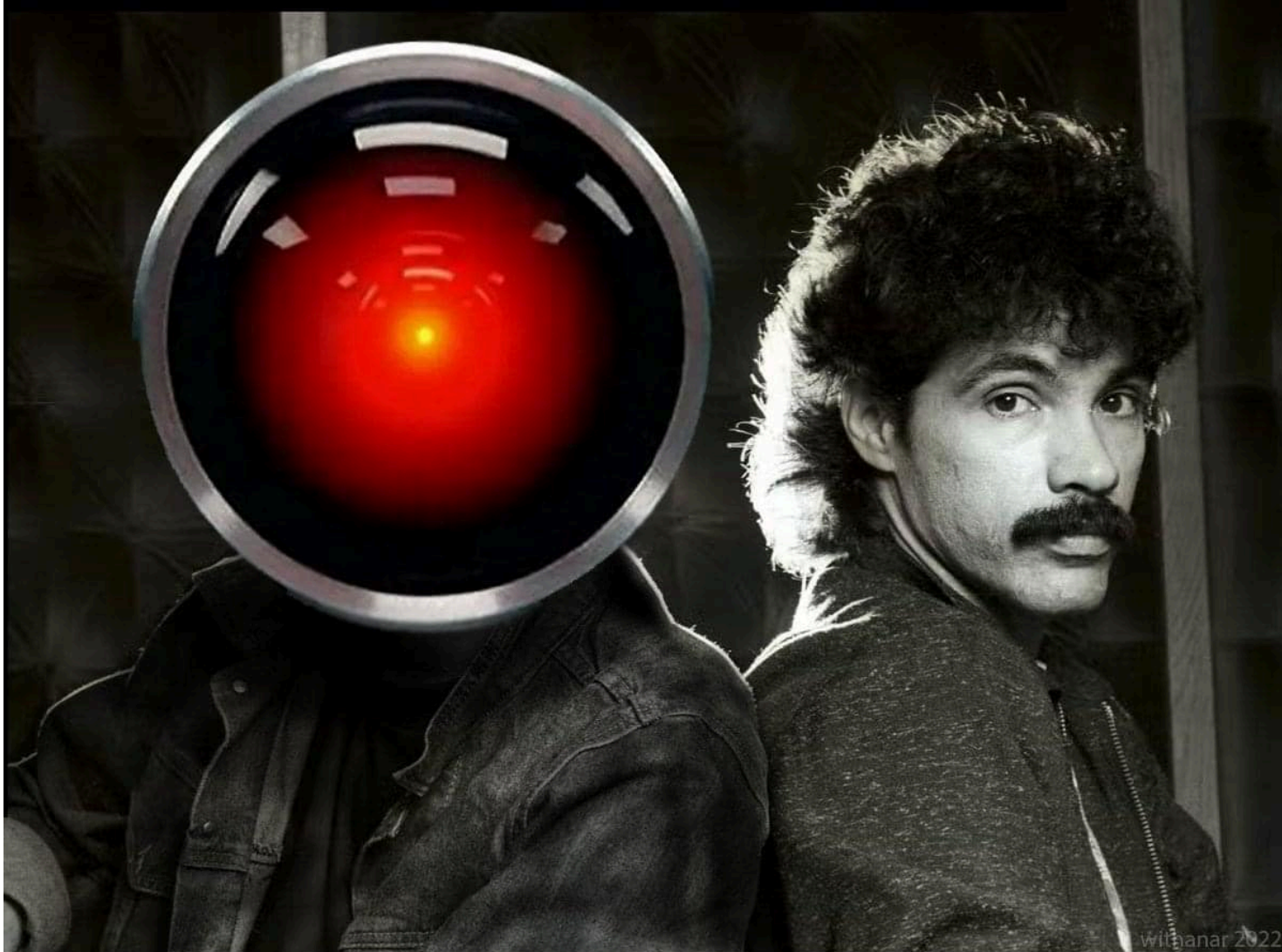


✘ **DOWN UNDER HEADLINE OF THE WEEK** :
[“Mysterious pink glow in sky over Australian town revealed to be from local cannabis facility”](#) ...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (3)** : No doubt causing major trouser effects in **Kev McVeigh**, for one, how about that **Viv Albertine**, then?.....



HAL & OATES



**Sorry Dave,
I'm afraid I can't go for that.**

MIRANDA

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Ulrika O'Brien (p11)

**"And the halls they was empty because everyone was
laid off**

**And he took a wrong turn ends up in the tape vault.
Only one thing to do when you're standing face to face
With the Sticky Fingers, Let It Be master tapes"**