

# This Here...

“...[hasn't] yet thought of anything original...” (D Grigg)

## EGOTORIAL

### PART ONE: ANCESTRY

Readers may recall **Lucy Huntzinger's** article 'DNA Don't Lie' from *BEAM 16* about her search for her biological family (having been adopted), and if you haven't you should go read it because it's excellent.

As an adoptee myself, this was of great interest, since I'd never been bothered about searching out any of mine, even though I knew my birth mother's name from my original birth certificate, but as I've got further into dotage, it does occur that some health history might be useful. Some of you might be a bit startled by the revelation of my birth circumstances (almost certainly out of wedlock), but it's not something I've ever concealed, having pretty much always known about it myself, but then again it doesn't come up in everyday conversation, does it?

My elder son Sean got interested in all the ancestry stuff, being a bit more curious than me about the blood lineage on my side (his mother's lot are Irish going back forever), and he got one of those DNA kit things for Xmas last year and started having at it - focused lad, he is, when he decides he's after doing something. The results for the national origins of his DNA came back about half Irish (yeah, we knew that) with the rest presumed to be my contribution, mostly English with a bit of Celt (primarily Welsh) in it.

Now apparently this scheme tries to give you matches to your DNA to others who presumably have also provided the

requisite samples, and up pops one Vicky Portman from Cannock (Staffordshire), and they're initially thinking this is a Carey match (i.e. the Irish side), but then...

“Here's where it gets complicated”, Sean tells me.

Vicky is a descendant of the Ansell clan, and Sean remembers that Ansell was my birth mother's name and it next gets figured out that Vicky's dad is my mother's cousin, born to *her* mother's sister. (I hope you're keeping up.)



We have a family tree which shows six Ansell siblings, and where it really gets complicated is that they were all adopted out after their mother died aged a mere 40 in 1955 of cancer (in Walsall Wood, West Midlands - she's buried in Brownhills).

The photo on the left there shows grandma Frances holding my mother Hettie, eldest brother Bernard (d. 2004) and older sister Evelyn (d. 2017) at the front, and the visible lump being next daughter (also to be named Frances) on the way. This would be 1939 or 1940. I don't know about you, but I reckon grandma looks a bit older than what would have been her actual age of around 24 here. Hard life. Auntie Frances, though, is still living at 81 years old.

Small aside: Grandma F had her first child aged 19, and Hettie produced me at either 20 or 21. Starting young might have been an Ansell thing, and Sean and I wondered whether the family was Catholic or, perhaps equally likely, didn't have available birth control.

The fact that the siblings got adopted out makes tracing anybody a bit difficult, although I'm told Bernard did

reconnect and was apparently quite the gregarious and well-liked bloke.

Hettie *may* still be alive (she'd be 84 or 85) as might Sidney (b. 1942) and Edward (b. 1944). We just don't know yet.

Sean tells me aunty Frances would like to have a chat at some point, and I'm up for that, mostly because I'm keen to share what meager information I have, or even just to say "Ello Aunty!". If she can navigate email at 81 years old, it'll all be good.

Vicky's in touch with me as well now - she's keen on finding living descendants of the Ansell, and has fact-checked all this for which much ta!



Aunty Frances on the left (drink in hand, runs in the family then) and an early colorized photo of grandma Frances on the right.

## PART TWO: ONE SHIRT TOO MANY

For most of the year my upper body workwear of choice is a Hawaiian shirt, for several reasons: people admire at least some of them, and having the customers liking you is good for the tips ; they all have a shirt pocket for holding the bare essentials (pen and a pack of smokes) ; we usually get them cheap off Kohls bargain rack with **Jennifer's** "Kohls cash" discount as well.

The last set lasted well enough, but there comes a point where the corner of the pocket gets a rip or a hole in it from the constant in and out of the pen (oo-er missus), and of course they'll start getting a bit raggedy overall anyway. It was time, earlier this year, for my darling spouse to get five

new ones (yes, I let her buy me clothes, being a fairly fuckin' awful shopper - it's an activity I take little delight from unless it's in a bookshop (or an off-licence).

Five new shirts duly arrive, and they're all good, especially the ones with geckos on them, one of which (the red one) also features cactus and road runners, but extra especially the newly designated "Friday" shirt shown here:



However, and this is really the least of any problems, I got the confirmation from work last week that my request to go to four days instead of five is approved and I'll be working Sunday - Wednesday with a three-day weekend (which is still a 48-hour workweek).

So now I have one shirt too many...

It's all good.

August 2022

## CORFLUX

A swift news snippet: Pangloss Progress Report 3 is now out, and can be clocked at <https://corflu.org> . **Claire Brialey** writes a guide to Discord and **Lucy Huntzinger** relates Corflu's origins among other valuable and pertinent content...



# RADIO WINSTON

JAMES BOOKER



James Booker at Jazz Fest 11/09/58 Michael B Smith, 1978

No less a luminary than Dr. John described the man born in 1939 and named James Carroll Booker III as “the best black, gay, one-eyed junkie piano genius New Orleans has ever produced”, and he was undoubtedly correct.

It’s well fuckin’ ridiculous to even suggest that a mere ‘Radio WINston’ column could do him justice, but this could serve as a small introduction and might encourage you to seek out his repertoire. In typical all-over-the-place style, let’s go to 1978 (five years before his death at the age of 43) when Booker played a concert in Leipzig, then East Germany. While hugely admired within the New Orleans music community (and its periphery) he’d found that Europe was more tolerant of his eccentricities, let’s call them, and his conspiracy theorist’s fear of the CIA would likely have made him relatively more comfortable over there. To say he musically took the piss out of the first several rows of Stasi might be an understatement, including [his version](#) of Aretha Franklin’s ‘People Get Ready’ (after having punted ‘Let’s Make A Better World’) which might have got him hauled off to a prison camp, except that he probably dismayed the authorities by going straight into Chopin’s ‘Minute Waltz’. The full concert recording can be accessed via the above link.

“Prodigy” might be a devalued term with overuse, but it truly applies to Booker, who, being the son of two piano players, also got a saxophone for his 10th birthday. He’d wanted a trumpet, apparently, but quickly mastered the sax anyway.

He worked with anybody and everybody who was anybody, and was in fact also Fats Domino - well, Booker was brought in to play Fats on an album (in the mid-1950s) which the more famous piano player was too busy touring to record himself.

His personal history was about as tragic as any New Orleans jazz/bluesman could claim. Although it was never really revealed how he lost his eye, he was allegedly struck by an ambulance traveling at 70mph (by his own account) and dragged 30 feet, almost requiring the amputation of a leg. He got put on morphine, undoubtedly contributing to his later heroin dependency (and being partial to a *lot* of drink) which was what did for him in the end.

What most astounded his peers and contemporaries was not just the sheer magnificence of his technical ability (he played at concert pianist level, and beyond) but also the ability to blend and interpret genres (while maintaining that N’Awlins “feel”), and I’ll submit [this medley](#) of Penny Lane / I Saw Her Standing There / One Hell of a Nerve as a fine example.

It might seem an utter swerve to mention Harry Connick, Jr. here, but in fact he was, for a time, Booker’s pupil, and produced a heartfelt encomium at the latter’s demise (though perhaps not as defining as Dr. John’s).

I encourage you to check out what’s available on the YoobToob (and other sources) of Booker’s repertoire (which is a fair bit). Known variously as “Black Liberace” and “Bayou Maharajah”, it’s the latter moniker which leads me to conclude with his go at a bona fide blues classic: [St. James Infirmary](#)...

## FAANWANK

### CLIQUE

**John Hertz**, with typical condescension, writes: “Maybe, Roscoe help us, it’s your reading ability (or as some of us lawyers say, *vel non*). In *TH*... 55 (p17 - synchronicity, or the Cosmic Joker, strikes again) you say “[in] *Alexiad* 123 Joe publishes my very short loc complaining that he didn’t report the FAAn award results, with no comment.” Indeed A 123 published your loc (p8). But earlier in the zine (p2) Joe says “Nic Farey asks why we don’t cover the FAAN (sic) awards. When they started, it was by a clique, and I’ve never been able to get into a clique. So I never got into the habit”.

Yes, it’s all true - **Joseph Major** did make that remark in his opening comments, and neither did he comment (directly) on my loc, but John H will seize upon any given opportunity to show how much he enjoys a good playground “Nyah, nyah!” but with posher words.

Joe’s blithe yet honest dismissal, however, really should be unpacked at what’s likely to be unfortunate length (as usual), and you have Hertz to blame for that, since I was mostly inclined to let it go.

Let’s theorize that there are two fundamental methods (and subsets thereof) of determining awards, and all could be defined as “cliquish” to greater or lesser degrees, admittedly stretching the definition of “clique” to the limits of its tolerance. One method is by “popular” vote (which may be constrained by definitions of who’s included in the

constituency), the other is by jury. These clear distinctions apply to awards given at Corflu: the FAAnS have been decided by vote, the Lifetime Achievement Award by jury (under my management of them anyway, I don't know how others have done the latter). A jury, you might suppose, could be said to be inherently "cliquish" but also could (and should) be both focused, knowledgeable and representative. Let's address Joe's "started by a clique" statement.

According to *Fancylopedia 3*:

After discussions at the 1974 Midwestcon and at Discon II in Washington about the sad state of the Hugo's fannish categories, in late October, 1974, Moshe Feder sent out a mimeographed letter to influential fanzine fans proposing the creation of the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards (FAAn Awards) as an alternative. Where the Hugos were popularly-voted awards, the FAAnS would be a peer award imitating the Oscars. Nominating would be by guilds — fanwriters nominate fanwriters, fanartists nominate fanartists, etc. — followed by a final ballot voted on by all eligible to nominate in any category. Only currently active fanzine fans would be eligible to nominate and vote. (This was abandoned.)

Moshe's proposal was well received and a committee was formed to refine the concept and run the inaugural award process. Committee members took turns publishing *The Zine Fan*, the discussion-zine in which the awards' business was conducted. The members of the founding committee were Bill Bowers, Donn Brazier, Linda Bushyager, Don D'Amassa, Tom Digby, Moshe Feder, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glyer, Eric Lindsay, Sam Long, Ray Nelson, Darroll Pardoe, Peter Roberts, Jim Shull, Jeff Smith, and Harry Warner, Jr..

That's sixteen people, which leads to the question of whether there's an upper boundary limit beyond which you can't define it as a "clique" - an unwieldy conspiracy, perhaps, but hey, let's accept Joe's statement that the above noble lot constituted such a clique - unless, of course, you consider that the whole shebang was stated by a clique of one - **Moshe Feder**. Given that some of those worthies are still around, it might be nice to hear from them.

Whether or not you think Joe is correct in his initial rejection of the concept of the awards, the fact of his admission of having "never got into the habit" of reporting the FAAnS (for 47 years since their inception) suggests a rigidity of thinking and a sad inability to reassess that. The Hugos, for example, which Joe does report (along with much else) are indeed popularly voted upon, but as I've (interminably) pointed out, are poll-taxed (requiring WorldThing membership). The FAAnS are the only awards in which anyone with an interest can vote upon. As **Justin E.A. Busch** succinctly puts it in his January 2022 'Fanfaronade' column for the N3F's *Fanactivity*

*Gazette*: "...to vote is to demonstrate one's interest, and to demonstrate one's interest is to demonstrate one's eligibility to vote."

Thus I'd consider the FAAnS the least cliquish of any fan awards. Well, Joe?...

## OMPHALOSKEPSIS

### THE PRECIOUS BREED

We haven't really discussed fanart and fanartists directly, although there've been some mentions in the loccol. "The precious breed" as I described fanartists somewhere or other, either with that moniker or something similar can, as I then opined, be a quirky and finicky lot at times, and I've had my run-ins with a couple of them.

I'm going to frame this'un as a sort of personal history of fanart and how I've worked with (and sometimes without) it.

Back in neo days, some ishes of *Arrows of Desire* didn't have any artwork at all, in some cases not even a cover (issues 1, 5 1/2 and 8), although I did manage to cop good ones from Colin Langeveld, Sylvia Starshine, Rod Summers (a *Star Trek* fan friend), Bruce Benedickter (a mate from work) and Justin Budreau (my stepson at the time). I got a note of approval from one correspondent for not having fillos dotting the thing, to which I naturally responded by getting a load of Olafs from Ken Cheslin drawn specifically for the 'Death' themed issue (#5). Sylvia also provided an interior piece in #3 covering several pages, the originals of which I recall took me fuckin' *years* to return to her (being thick about the form that I should have). That zine was photocopied, and we didn't have email or jpegs, of course.

The main reason I didn't have pages festooned with toons was primarily that no-one was sending me any. Anything I got had been begged for, with the exception of some pieces from a South African anarchist art collective of some kind (published in the 'Religion' issue) who got my address from *Factsheet Five*.

By the time I got around to *This Here...* and *BEAM* it had become a lot easier.

With *BEAM* in particular, just about everything in it is commissioned specifically (a more professional-sounding way of saying "begged for"), much as Robert Lichtman got unique header art for articles in *Trapdoor*. Apart from cover art, I also for one issue requested loc-specific cartoons from **Brad Foster**, which were expectedly good.

That rather leads into the question of how (rather than why) we include fanart (or not) in our zines. It's easy enough these days to nick photos to illustrate articles, columns or general text, but it seems I'm hewing to something **Tobes Valois** might remark upon as "It's traditional, innit?" (a comment



first coined, I think, for the practise of he and I having one last pint together before departing whichever convention we both happened to be at) in presenting mostly unrelated fanart to break up the loccol.

This concept has allowed me, in these pages, to happily feature the likes of **Julie Faith McMurray** and particularly **Ulrika O'Brien**. Ulrika's watercolor work in particular has garnered much praise (not to mention an award or three), and very kindly in this year's Best Fanartist FAAn award acceptance speech credited me with recognizing the suitability of those pieces for fanzine inclusion (which she apparently hadn't). The relative ease with which artwork can now be scanned, sent, downloaded, cropped, resized and whatever else is worlds along from the days of FLLS (a probably unpronounceable acronym (except in Welsh) unlikely to gain wide currency).

It's an aside, but we can't not mention the work of artist/writers, most notably **Alan White**, who in the recent *Meanwhile in Sin City* and *Westercon Memory Book* combines art, text and photography into a unified product, something which his broad and impressive skillset allows, but not an option available to (or willing to be essayed by) us lesser mortals.

A "precious breed" run-in story to finish: I worked with **Jay Kinney** on the *BEAM* label parody which adorned issue #1, and appears in every subsequent one, as well as being used for the stylish t-shirts (pictured below).

For whatever reason, I decided to embed the label design in a jagged gray background on that cover, and Jay went ballistic when he saw that, me getting an earful in no uncertain terms. A little later, he did admit that my cover design was actually all right, but remained miffed that I hadn't run it by him before publication, and I took that to heart. I'm fairly sure we're still friends...



Since **Archbishop Bruce** will inevitably beg for photo identification: L-R: Steve Earle (with his then wife), Willie Nelson, Reese Witherspoon, Jack Nicholson, Christopher Lloyd (partially obscured), Marlon Brando...

## TV GUIDE

### ANIMATED (AND GARY OLDMAN)

*Mea culpa*, I still haven't got around to finishing the latest season of *Umbrella Academy*, which might actually happen round here this weekend (we shall see). Part of the problem is that when I get back from work of a weeknight I'm a bit more brain-dead than usual (insert your own snark here) and not always up for anything that might require actual dedicated attention. There's that, and the fact that I'm working off just the one hearing aid until I hear (ahem, or find out) that the other has been repaired via the audiologists who are not exactly fab at letting me know if it is.

The possible binge-finish of *Umbrella Academy* has got derailed the last few weekends by Other Stuff (see 'Movie Night' below) but also by clocking *Slow Horses*, which we initially thought was a TV movie but turned out to be a six episode series which I simply had to see through, not least because of the many plaudits I'd seen for Mick Herron's original novel but also because of my inculcated liking for spy stories (and down-at-heel ones in particular cf Harry Palmer), and naturally the utter magnificence of Gary Oldman as well as the usual effortless skill of Jonathan Pryce in a minor but important role. I couldn't help thinking at regular intervals about Oldman's spot-on portrayal of the quintessentially grotty (but, as it turns out, capable) leader of his equally grotty group, that "Wait, this man played fuckin' Smiley!". If you have Apple TV+, definitely check it out. I hear further seasons are in the offing.



So, the brain-dead bit tends to make me default to easily watchable (at less than 30 minutes an episode) stuff from the DC Animated Universe (DCAU), which flicks between the original DCAU 'Batman' series and the much later 'Young Justice' which are all well good and do get less kiddie-friendly as they go along, not just because of the depicted violence, because there's plenty of fight scenes, but for me the depiction of many (if not most, if not all) of the characters as highly flawed in one way or another. 'Young Justice' (which takes place in a continuity separate from the

main DCAU) is definitely “adult” in the sense that we have well-defined yet often conflicted characters who are worlds away from the classic Superman “boy scout” persona. The time jump to season 2 (five years later than s1) isn’t over-explicated (or explicated at all, really), and it’s rather a good thing that the audience is expected to put some work in to figure it all out, although there’s a strong presumption that viewers are familiar with DC canon and characters - I have to explain quite a few things to Jen as she cursorily has half an eye on what’s going on as I scoff the nightly nosebag with added slurping of cheap beer.

I’ve also started working my way through ‘Harley Quinn’ (one of the great all-time comics characters, if you ask me, and I’ll go to the mat on that one), since I clocked somewhere that season 3 of that was about to drop and I hadn’t seen any of them. In just about all of the previous DCAU efforts, Joker has been memorably voiced by Mark Hammill, to the point of legend status, but here, when I started clocking some episodes, it didn’t take long to realise that it wasn’t Hammill this time, but someone doing a very fair but slightly individualistic version of his turn, and that someone turns out to be Alan Tudyk, and coo er gosh! ‘Harley Quinn’ is a genuinely adult animated show, suitable, as we’d say, only for grown-ups or especially disturbed children. Highly entertaining, but incredibly foul-mouthed, and you might take a second to consider the merits of a tv show which I describe as “foul-mouthed”. I recommend this’un an’all, motherfuckers...

## MOVIE NIGHT

### KETCHUP

Jen lists in “want to watch” more stuff than I could ever clock (until retirement), yet I inevitably come up with something not on her “my list” that I’d like to watch on any given weekend movie night (which now does of course amount to two whole nights).

Having clocked the utterly fantastic (in all senses of the word) ‘Everything, Everywhere, All at Once’ a short while ago, it occurred to me (because Michelle Yeoh) that I’d never seen ‘Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon’, so we remedied that. Jen’s in-and-out on anything with subtitles, since she’s usually sitting there with her close-up glasses, laptop on - er - lap, so she doesn’t easily see what’s written on screen, possibly also partially due to her viewing position at an angle to the tv, whereas I’m right in front of it.

I did enjoy this’un, to an extent. The basic tale, which is two related love stories interspersed by what often turns out to be silly (but impressively staged) martial arts is narratively solid, and I enjoyed it well enough, despite Chow Yun-Fat playing a stoic-to-the-point-of-woodenness part

when you’re half expecting him to emerge with fifteen guns and an even more zen Denzel Washington-like (cf *The Equalizer* movies) takedown of the bad’uns. In short, he’s a bit boring, although you can see what Yeoh’s character sees in him, sort of. I liked the underlying story more than the action sequences, which could be considered unusual given my typical preference for explosions & that in action movies.

The other almost forgot to clock it movie was ‘Space Sweepers’, the South Korean sf film which came out a year or so ago, which looked interesting but wasn’t heaped with rejoicing from the critics. The audience reaction and response was a whole other story. One prevalent criticism was about how derivative much of it is (and that’s a cavil that could be applied to a fuckin’ *lot* of similar tries, ey?) which was interpreted by viewers more as “This has everything!”, and indeed it does, if you can imagine more than one of the *Star Wars* dog fights in tunnels dialed up so far past 11 to make Luke Skywalker’s supposed ace piloting look like he was driving a clapped-out dune buggy at a top speed of not very much.

The basic scenario is of a bickering crew (shades of *Firefly*) of titular “space sweepers” who collect orbiting trash and sell it back to the omnipresent thoroughly evil corporation (yes, this is firmly anti-capitalist in tone, yippee!) who discover a young girl hiding in a shuttle who is initially thought to be an android bomb but really isn’t, turning out to be much more of a threat to wicked plans of the CEO than that.

The main cast (and even some of the supporting lot) are given solid backstories, making them fully rendered and engaging our sympathy. There’s a even a transgender subplot for the robot, probably leading the movie to be banned in Arkansas if they ever had the wit to get wind of it.

The narrative arc is solid, but with frequent subtitles, again, due to the multi-lingual cast, needs paying attention to. One reviewer did note the nice plausibility of not assuming that everyone in the future speaks English. The most astonishing thing about ‘Space Sweepers’ has to perhaps be the fact that it was made for thirty bob and some used stamps. Well, all right, it was actually \$21 million, but compared to any other “blockbuster” effort that’s pocket change, innit?





# FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

So, the new footy season has started. We're already three weeks in and both Nic's beloved Watford and my Tottenham have made good starts and sit near the top of their respective leagues. Watford look likely to win promotion and continue their annual yo-yoing between the Premier League and the Championship, whilst Spurs are still unbeaten after three games including a feisty dust-up with Chelsea at Stamford Bridge that ended in a 2-2 draw. Chelsea seem to have decided that Spurs are the team they prefer to kick these days, whereas their old adversaries from the 1970s, Leeds United, have decided they still like taking physical lumps out of Chelsea and savaged them 3-0 this past weekend. The only negative at this moment, as Manchester United and Liverpool also struggle to get going this season, is that Arsenal sit top of the league with a 100% record. Just like that proverbial elephant sitting in a tree, no one really knows how they've got there, but we all know that it won't be long before they come crashing down to earth with a hideous crunch.

Right, that's got the basic housekeeping of the column out of the way, so let's talk about serious stuff. Remember them English women who were doing a sterling job of showing up the men who have won bugger all for the last fifty-six years? When last we met them, they were beating Spain in a European Championships quarter-final and setting up a semi-final meeting with Sweden, who they absolutely whopped 4-0 on July 26<sup>th</sup>. Then, on July 31<sup>st</sup>, at a Wembley Stadium packed to the gunwales with 87,192 immaculately behaved fans, England beat Germany 2-1 with an absolute stunner of a goal from Ella Toone and a goal poacher's tap-in of the kind beloved of Gary Lineker from Chloe Kelly during extra-time, at which point absolute pandemonium broke out in the sports editorial departments of every major English newspaper as Kelly whipped off her England top and made a mad dash towards the touchline twirling it around her head whilst flashing her sports bra.

The following day's front and back pages, including the usually much more restrained pink pages of The Financial Times, couldn't stop themselves from printing pictures of [Kelly's celebrations](#) as Umbro marketing executives anticipated how many zeros were about to be added to their yearly bonus cheques. Little Englander newspapers like the Daily Mail and the Daily Express, that would have been critical of a "lewd display" had England lost the game, were suddenly having to "strain every sinew" (the Mail and the Express both love a cliché, especially when it's extolling the manly virtues of a newly minted English national hero overcoming the dastardly Hun or the cowardly frogs) and mangle every metaphor (don't even get me started on the

similes) to turn Kelly into a [feminist icon](#) who was breaking down barriers that Germaine Greer could never have anticipated in a million years.



The 2022 Women's European Championships has definitely broken down some of the final barriers to acceptance of the women's game in the English media, and the joyful crowds that attended most of the games in large numbers all around the country were in stark contrast to the riotous scenes at the final of the men's tournament last year, when Wembley's gates were stormed by the archetypal tattooed piss-heads with necks thicker than their heads that seem to follow the male national team. It's probably not an exaggeration to say that many parents will be happier taking their children to women's club and international games than to men's games, where just this past weekend Chelsea have announced a life ban on at least one fan for racist abuse of Son Heung-min at the previous week's game with Spurs, and that's after over a year of Premier League players "taking the knee" before every match to highlight their opposition to racism in the game.

The drive to gain equality for the women's game with the men's, which it would undoubtedly already have if not for the Football Association's [fifty year ban](#) on the use of affiliated club's facilities may have to borrow some ideas from cricket to take those final few steps. The Hundred is a new short-form cricket tournament (100 balls per innings, 20 overs of 5 balls each, smaller boundaries, etc), now in its second season in England and Wales, where the men's and women's games are played on the same day, one after the other. Crowds at these games are, much like the women's international football matches, very mixed with very many more obvious families attending during the school summer holidays. All of the matches are shown on Sky Sports Cricket and a large selection is also shown on the terrestrial BBC channels. The women's matches do take place in the earlier timeslot at the moment, probably to encourage people working 9-to-5 jobs to get along in time for the 6.30pm start of the second, men's, game, but this is a pretty transparent ploy to socialise the younger, earlier crowds to the women's game, which to be fair is less big-hitting but has all the same

subtleties of the best parts of the men's game, and finally break the back of the stuffed shirt MCC control of English cricket. Much as was displayed in the European football championships, the women's game in both sports relies more on finesse than outright power and that's not a bad thing. Hopefully it's a lesson that will be absorbed into the men's game in both sports, especially football, which for too long has relied on athleticism over talent.

I finally got along to the Design Museum to look at their Football: Designing the Beautiful Game exhibition. It's unsettlingly interesting to see how sport can be looked at through different eyes. The study of the evolution of the boots worn to play the game on its own tells much about the evolution of society as a whole; with the move from purely function "kick and rush" hob nail boots of the late 1800s through heavy leather reinforced toe-cap studded sports boots of the 1930s to 50s, very similar to those worn by cricketers of the time because you didn't want nearly six ounces of solid leather landing on the tip of your big toe, to modern, lightweight, highly stylised boots that don't require soaking in dubbin and saddle soap for six months before use, mirroring the development of just about every other household item we all use on a daily basis. Despite all the work to make football shirts lighter and more comfortable to wear with snazzy patterns designed to take them into the "casual wear" market, it's the "retro" shirt market that is enjoying the largest growth in terms of sales; I have to replace my 1950s and 1960-61 replica shirts because I've outgrown my originals (chants of "you fat bastard, you fat bastard" emanate from one N. Farey esq), and I've always hankered after a 1970 Brazil World Cup shirt, although the 1970s classic, red CCCP Russian shirt might have to wait for current political affairs to subside before becoming fashionable again. As an aside, one of my most treasured possessions is my 1992 England cricket World Cup shirt, an original that was bought for me at the time as a present. All of the Hundred tournament cricket teams play in snazzy coloured kits made by New Balance and I'm kicking myself that I missed the opportunity to buy several pairs of the

trousers in different colours before the season started and everyone else bought them all; they look really cool (both temperature and fashion wise) and comfortable.

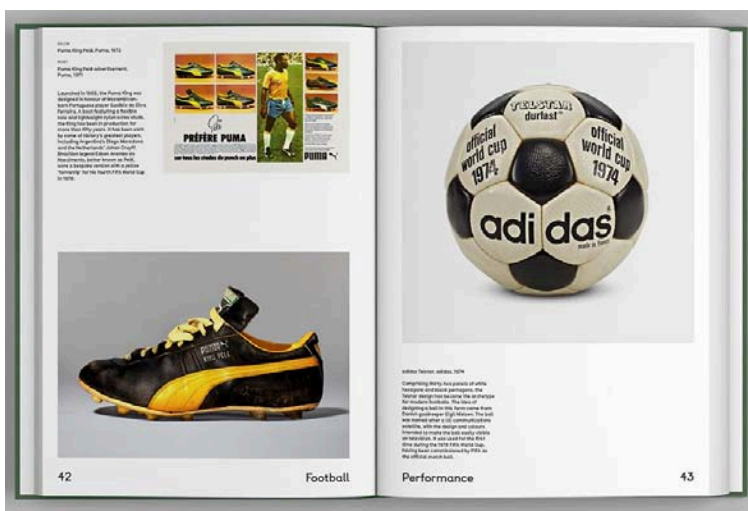
(Brief interlude whilst I change television channels from Sky Sports Cricket's coverage of the second Test Match between England and South Africa to BT Sports for coverage of the draw for the group stages of the 2022/3 UEFA Champions League. Tottenham, who are amongst the eight second seeds in the tournament, have just been drawn against Eintracht Frankfurt (a top seed courtesy of winning last season's Europa League), Sporting Clube de Portugal (better known to old gits like Nic and I as Sporting Lisbon), and Olympique de Marseille. Not a group to be frightened of and I fully expect Spurs to progress to the knock-out stages of the tournament in 2023. Normal service is now resumed...)

Another part of the exhibition of particular interest to me covered developments in stadium design, with the new Spurs stadium represented heavily with scale models and comparisons to other great stadia around the world. There was also a large amount of information about fan groups from around the world and their "styles" ("casual" clothing, scarves, even hooligan group calling cards), with the notorious Italian and eastern European Ultra groups not ignored, so the exhibition director, Tim Marlow, can hardly be accused of putting on a sanitised show. There was some material on programme design, mainstream and fan magazine publishing (football fans, like music fans, seem to think they originated the term "fanzine"), and board and computer games, but these areas were disappointingly thin. The one modern-ish board game in the display was "Wembley", which is also one of the most common to find (I own two 1970s versions).

The [exhibition catalogue](#) is interesting and full of examples of many of the items on display with added background material (Football: Designing the Beautiful Game Exhibition Catalogue – Design Museum Shop), but for a Design Museum publication, the actual layout and design is very pedestrian and unexciting, suffering from a major case of DTPitis, and the price, £29.95, is enough to choke a camel. I'm glad I went along, I wouldn't go twice, and, in retrospect, I wish I'd spent the nearly thirty quid extra in the pub.

(Breaking news: England women's football team manager Sarina Wiegman has just been named [UEFA women's Coach of the Year 2021/22](#) following the England European Championship win. I doubt Gareth Southgate will equal her success with the men's team any time soon!)

This weekend Spurs travel to Nottingham Forest in the Premier League, Arsenal host Fulham, and Nic's Watford are at home to Queen's Park Rangers in the Championship. Next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday see a complete Premier League programme of matches all being screened live on BT, much like the Boxing Day fixtures will all be simultaneously





live on Amazon Prime. Spurs will go to West Ham and Arsenal play at Home to Aston Villa; given current form I can't see Spurs overtaking Arsenal at the top of the table, but I can't see them falling any further behind either. Arsenal has been given a nice, easy start to the season, whilst Spurs have got one of their toughest away games of the season out of the way early. The following midweek the Champions League starts its curtailed program leading into the November/December World Cup. The transfer window is a week away from closing and many clubs, including Spurs, are still trying to get players in and out the door. Manchester United, despite beating Liverpool 2-1 at Old Trafford on Monday, appear to be panic buying what they can get (30 year old defensive midfielder Casemiro for £80million from Real Madrid on £350,000 a week wages?), rather than who they want (25 year old Frenkie De Jong from Barcelona, both reputedly offered significantly less). They've also just been rejected by a 32 year old goalkeeper currently at Eintracht Frankfurt. It's fair to say their pulling power has taken a severe dip. Liverpool, long touted as the only real challengers to Manchester City for the Premier League title, have a meagre two points from three games, although Bournemouth at Anfield should be easy pickings on Saturday. All of which is a roundabout way of saying it's another disjointed season after a couple of covid disrupted seasons. I think I'll have a sneaky double at Bet365 on Spurs and Watford to win; I may also back Fulham for a draw at Arsenal, but that's a longshot. I keep getting sent free £1.00 and £2.00 bets on televised games and I'm just short of £30.00 ahead at the moment, so I'm not even having to invest my own money. I've never really been a gambler, at least not on sports (guffaw!), but it adds a little interest to proceedings. I've just got to make sure the bug doesn't bite me too deeply before rocking up to Vegas the year after next.

## LOCO CITATO

*[[“The only way to relieve oneself of the pain that has to be endured by reading every line is to express one's opinions vividly, precisely, and compactly.” (Joanna Russ)...*

From: cathypl@sympatico.ca

July 22

**Cathy Palmer-Lister** writes:

Interesting thoughts on zines and how they are formatted, printed, etc. WARP, MonSFFA's club zine, was originally cut and pasted and photocopied. You can imagine how dreadful they look when compared to the quality of zines today. The photos are so badly reproduced, we have trouble identifying the members! But we were happy with what we had, which was more than many clubs could realize with the budgets we had in those days. We still actually print WARP for

members who ask for it, on 11 X 17 paper, folded, and stapled down the centre. Looks very nice, but costs a fortune to print. Also, the page count has to be a number divisible by 4, causing no end of headaches as the count always seems to end up falling in the middle so we have to fiddle with the size of the pictures to either cut down the number of pages, or add a couple. We have managed to scan and archive all but 2 of WARP on our website, [www.monsffa.ca](http://www.monsffa.ca).

*[[We've had the exact same page count considerations with BEAM (and the same solutions)...]]*

Footy - the headline "Sexy Spurs hit the spot in bed". Seriously?? Looks to me like some fans need to grow up.

*[[We're blaming the tabloid "newspaper" rather than the fans themselves...]]*

\*\*\*

From: billb@ftldesign.com

July 24

**Bill Burns** writes:

Does no-one in Australia know that *Portable Storage* is available as print-on-demand from Amazon.au, as it is from other non-US Amazons?

Issues are the equivalent of about US\$12, far cheaper than the postage from here to there.

[https://www.amazon.com.au/s?i=books-single-index&rh=p\\_27%3AWilliam+M.+Breiding](https://www.amazon.com.au/s?i=books-single-index&rh=p_27%3AWilliam+M.+Breiding)

*[[I am told by the Sainted M Strummer that Amazon Australia is a fairly recent development, so not everyone may have clocked it yet...]]*

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From: david.grigg@gmail.com

July 24

**David Grigg** writes:

Thanks so much for continuing to send me *This Here...* despite my non-existent response so far. No excuses, really, just a feeling that *This Here...* is part of a long conversation between others which I'm overhearing with interest but haven't yet thought of anything original to pipe up with.

*[[Like most titles (that get letters) there's a reliable cadre of habitual and regular correspondents, but also well good and occasional ones. I've frequently compared such loccols to a suitably fortified convo up the pub, which works even if you're a one with an elbow on the bar just listening...]]*

Under your heading 'Omphaloskepsis', however, I thought I should say that I still think of fanzines as though they were printed material. For whatever reason I really dislike fanzines laid out in landscape format, no matter how much

better use they make of the real estate on a computer screen. It's as though there's a natural *shape* to fanzines, and to me that's a portrait format. Two columns, yes, because single columns tend give text too long a line length (I was always told to judge the "best" column width as being "two and a half alphabets wide" in the body font). Your own format, which I presume is American Quarto size, is better than the A4 size we use in Australia, because it allows for two pretty wide columns.

*[[Excellent comments! I like the concept of fanzines having a "natural shape", as you well put it...]]*

\*\*\*



From: jakaufman@aol.com

July 24

**Jerry Kaufman** writes:

*[[Jerry titles his email: "The So Ignorant Issue"...]]*

Weird but true - I didn't recognize the song title 'Plaiستow Patricia,' yet I must have listened to it, as I am sure I have the album it comes from. Yes! But I only remember 'Wake Up and Make Love to Me,' 'Billaricay Dickie,' and 'Sex n Drugs n Rock'n'Roll.' (I also remember 'Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick' but it's not on this album.) Guess I fixed on the songs I liked and ignored the rest. And bought not another album by Mr. Dury.

We've not had much luck with "rideshare" apps, but did take an Uber when we were in Washington DC last

December. This was because we visited the National Air and Space Museum, and when we exited the building, I sent us walking the wrong way to a subway station. With legs worn down to nubs (that happens to us easily), we opted for Uber and it only took us two tries to find our driver.

However, I'd like to see a different term for this class of amateur taxi drivers. Maybe originally one used it to find a ride with someone who was already going your way, but as Uber or Lyft no longer (if they ever did) really offer "sharing a ride," I'd like to find a new word for "apps that call a ride service."

*[[Taxi drivers already have several words for those clowns, of course...]]*

Apropos of songs calling down fire and hot stones on the heads of record companies and so forth, I'd include Elvis Costello's "Radio, Radio" as it's at least in the neighborhood of such screeds. As you know, Nic, playing that tune on Saturday Night Live (after having agreed to play 'Oliver's Army,' I think) got Costello barred from the show for decades.

*[[I did not know that...]]*

My memory is almost as vague as yours about where the original series of FAAn Awards were given out, but am pretty sure it wasn't at Worldcons. I was at one of the cons, and I think it was a Midwestcon with the awards announced at the Sunday banquet. We got our Randy Bathurst-designed statuettes in person, I do know that.

*[[Fancylopedia 3 has a [substantial entry](#) on the awards, it seems, and your memory is correct - the ceremonies you refer to were the first awards given (in 1975). Fancy also states that Moshe Feder was a prime mover in getting the FAAns started, so Corflu Pangloss program item, shurely?...]]*

I would say that Suzle and I publish fanzines for reasons much the same as those folks who answered questions for the *Outworlds* symposium. In fact, it's just recently dawned on me that fanzines created the sf community as much as letter columns in prozines and clubs like the Science Fiction League in the early days of fandom (1930s and 1940s). In the past, my thinking about zines and features like lettercolumns stressed the "gift economy" aspect of these - trading zines, contributing to them, writing letters to them. But now I'm looking at them more through the lens of creating, building, and binding community.

*[[I'd add re-establishing community to that...]]*

I appreciated **Dave Hodson's** first portion of his column for its description of his friendships with Bryan Barrett and Justin Ackroyd, both of whom have been friends of mine. I think I've known them for about the same length of time, with Bryan having attended early Norwescons (Seattle's annual regional convention) and Justin attending and auctioneering at the Syncon (Australian NatCon) in 1983. I



hadn't realized how many friendships Bryan had in UK fandom until I read Dave's (and other fans') tributes.

Thanks to **George Phillis** for buying a supporting membership in Corflu Pangloss - we could use a few more. I understood some of George's suggestions on how not to print a readable fanzine. The idea of cutting out bits so words are completed on succeeding pages is similar to how some greeting cards use cutout bits to create a joke on the inside of the card, or how some paperback book covers do something similar with images should help you to visualize the practice, Nic. It would indeed make it hard to print such a zine.

I never thought of Googling for information to solve your crossword puzzle clues, the way that Eli admits to. My proposed and obviously incorrect solution was only partially tongue-in-cheek. I was sure the clue was pointing to Timothy Leary, but couldn't see how that would fit into the answer.

*[[I recalled the place and pronunciation from years ago when G. Gordon Liddy (remember him?) on his radio show at the time had occasion to mention it, and typically utterly mangled it as "Dun Log-Air". I may have sent him a letter of correction, humorously, since Liddy was friends with Leary. Since you'd likely find it startling that I would even listen to Liddy at all, given that we'd disagree politically on just about everything, he was always a one for proper rigorous argument rather than mere party-line bollocks (which is why I presume he fell out of favor). Liddy attributed this rigor to his Jesuit education. He formulated a test for any assertion, which was that if the direct opposite of a position doesn't make any sense (or cannot be credibly used), then neither does the cardinal statement. Thus, both "pro-life" and "pro-choice" are exposed as just slogans (in his analysis), since no-one goes around describing themselves as "anti-life" or "anti-choice", do they?...]]*

My memory has plenty of holes, including for what Suzle and I published in the first issue of *Littlebrook* twenty years ago. That's when we pubbed Moshe's Corflu GoH speech. Little wonder I didn't remember it, but as Eli reports, my snide comment about Moshe's fanzine fanac is true. It would be nice if that changes; I wonder if Corflu will energize Moshe to that extent.

Lots of other interesting comments in the lettercolumn, and I enjoyed that photo of "**Kim Huett**" pinching Bill Bowers' nose on page 17. But as you and I know, that's me, not Kim. If **Claire Brialey** said "many moons ago" that Kim and you were doppelgangers, does that make me a trippelganger?

*[[And as you now know, Killer, I had no fuckin' clue that it was you in the picture (!) since Kim's missive merely referred to "one of your regular correspondents". If I have an excuse, it'd be that I didn't know you back in 1921 or whenever that pic was taken - I'm much more likely to recognize early pics of fellow Brits...]]*

Page 19 reminds me that I should read Viv Albertine's memoir sometime. And page 20 reminds me to thank you for **Jim McLeod's** contact info. It's very good to see Jim's work in *This Here...* and I hope to have some in the next *Littlebrook*.

*[[Looking forward to it...]]*

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From: fabficbks@aol.com

July 24

**Bob Jennings** writes:

Received *TH...55* a couple of days ago, but just got around to downloading it today. I've spend many frustrating hours trying to get the TracFone people to send me the new device that will work with the new 4/5G network requirements. They say they will send me a new phone, but when I try to communicate with these people I always get some Spanish lady whose accent is so thick I cannot understand most of what she is saying. Starting with attempt number three I explained the situation, gave her my name, address/email/contact info and hoped for the best. But, they want to send an email verification number, and when that finally arrives, nothing seems to get done.... I am up to attempt number five and I am about to say to hell with TracFone. I need a portable phone for emergency contact info in my vehicle, and I have used it that way a couple of times, but surely there must be other short use portable phones on the market I can use instead TracFone.

Anyway, pardon my frustration.

I read the new issue with interest. Speaking of frustration, I can certainly sympathize with your annoyance at the new cadre of contract cabbies. The state where I live (Massachusetts) tried the same ploy about twenty years back. The deal of leasing your own cab (even leading to eventually ownership of the cab) seemed very attractive. A couple of friends tried it, but both of them gave up about six months into the agreement. You don't make much more money than if you were a company employee, while supposedly being your own boss and able to set you own hours actually meant that the guys worked way *more* hours than they normally would (presumably trying to catch up on the income and payments), plus there were other frustrations and expense problems that went with the job.

Considering the cost of gasoline these days and the loss of employment benefits that go with the deal, I am amazed that anybody would sign up to be a contact cabbie. I also suspect that the turnover with people in that situation would be very high.

*[[At Lucky cab there is apparently a substantial waiting list to get a lease cab. It possibly makes sense for someone getting in at the ground floor, I suppose, but not a bit for someone like me who's been with the firm as an employee for long enough to accrue decent benefits...]]*

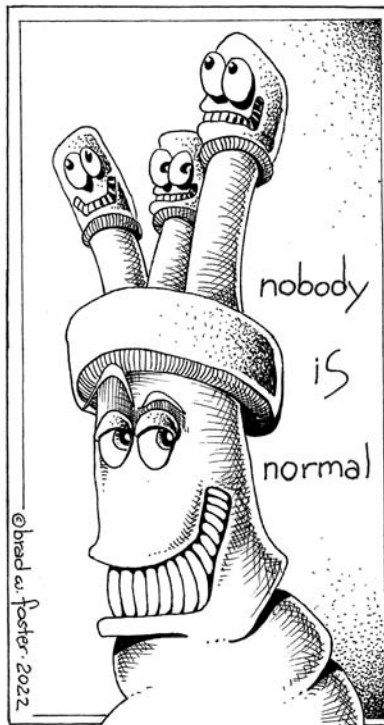
I understand, sorta, kinda, in a way, your comments about Corflu and the FAAn Awards. However, even if the actual mechanics of setting up and administrating the awards is primarily independent of the convention itself, the awards are billed as being part of the con, sanctioned by the con, and therefore they are linked with Corflu in the minds of almost everyone.

There have been various levels of voting, and fan involvement with the awards over the past six or eight years, and yes, for whatever reason, a lot of the people who actually show up at Corflu don't bother to vote. However again, awards hitching themselves to physical conventions is a long standing tradition in stf fandom, and I think that if the awards were run as a stand-alone fan activity independent of Corflu that the participation and the fan response would be much lower than it is right now. Would you really want to separate the awards from Corflu to see if my opinion is right?

*[[No, I wouldn't, and even though Joseph Nicholas phrased the suggestion in a semi-serious manner, it was a satirical one. The alternative, if it even exists, would be to reinvent the FAAns as one of those "never heard of it" online polls/award schemes which just seem to me to be exercises in logrolling. That was brought home to me, instructively, by the artist Denny Marshall refusing to vote in the FAAns (he said this in writing) because I hadn't voted for him (or, in fact, anyone) in one of those online awards, as if there were a quid pro quo...]]*

Interesting flash survey of fanzine editors from the past and why they published fanzines. The urge to communicate, to write something and say something to people interested in the same things you are (science fiction/fantasy being the springboard) is a primal urge for most fans. I think it would have been more enlightening if somehow a bunch of fanzine editors who had stopped publishing had been corralled and asked why they abandoned the fanzine world. It has been noted that the actual fan-life of somebody in stf fandom runs three years or so, with a lot of people dropping out after five years of involvement. Sure, the mundane world pressures are a major factor--family, spouse & kiddies, everyday economic pressures, but maybe a lot of these fans simply wrote/said everything they wanted to say, and felt that they had hit a re-run treadmill after a certain point.

*[[I'm interested in the concept of "actual fan-life" here. I suspect that will end up as an 'Omphaloskepsis' column...]]*



So far as old zines vs new zines, the cost of producing a print fanzine has never been cheap. The cost of turning out a zine via mimeo or ditto involved lots of work, plus plenty of expenses for paper, ink, stencils/masters, then, of course, for the postage. In the old days the Post Office was interested in fostering communication among citizens and provided a third-class postage rate so fanzines, newsletters, church bulletins, political rants, or whatever could go out at a relatively reasonable cost. But even then, it still wasn't all that cheap, especially if you were sending out a couple of hundred copies or more. The costs added up, and unless you were gainfully employed with no serious economic drains on your income, it took a chunk of your available change to keep producing a fanzine on a regular basis.

Nowadays the costs are still high. If the faned uses a computer, as almost everybody does now, the physical printing costs have actually declined slightly. That's if you are turning out a b&w zine. Color at any level adds a lot more expense to the equation. But these days the really big wallet gouger is the postage. Unless you produce a trade paperback sized publication that could go out Media Mail, you have to send the physical copies out first class, and first class postage is really *really* damn costly.

This is the main reason so many zines are being offered now as pdf files and delivered over the internet.

*[[Or as print-on-demand...]]*

I have to challenge your accretion that all zines in ye distant past "looked like shit" even if the words inside were of interest. There were plenty of zines that looked pretty plain; paper vessels designed specifically to carry the text the editor and his contributors has come up with and nothing more, but at the same time and in every decade I have been involved with, there were always fanzines that worked the creative limits of mimeo and ditto to the maximum. It took maybe seven issues of apprentice zine publishing before I managed to learn how to make the mimeo machine perform; how to cut illos into the stencils properly, how to do layout, and how to turn out a fanzine that was physically attractive as well as (hopefully) carrying interesting written material inside.

*[[Well, I was being somewhat sarcastic [falls off chair] at George Phillie's expense in translating his observation. When I look back, for example, at issues of Arrows of Desire, they could most kindly be described as "amateurish", even though a fair bit of effort went into them, and I suspect that's really what George was getting at...]]*



So far as your comment about e-zines featuring full page line texts vs double column texts; I can only speak for my own zine, *Fadeaway*. I personally prefer the full page, full line format, and I try to break up those full pages with pics throughout. But I am not wedded to the concept. If you check some of the back issues on the [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com) site, you will note that I have made use of double columns (with justified margins) on any number of occasions; it's just that I personally prefer the full page, full line format, and I personally have no problem reading e-zines that use that format.

If the full page format really bothers you, I am pretty sure there is a simple adjustment in your computer word processing system that would reduce an e-zine full page down to the size of a single column on your computer screen, and then you could enlarge the type font to whatever size you prefer. I'm pretty sure that would stretch and illos completely out of shape, but it might make it easier for you to read.

*[[Whenever I see a phrase such as "a simple adjustment in your computer word processing system" my eyes glaze over and I reach for the whiskey...]]*

I am intrigued at the info **David Hodson** mentioned of a fake cricket league created by Indian scammers specifically designed to cheat Russian gamblers. I have to admire the sheer gall of the concept, let alone all the intricate details that had to be worked out to make the thing appear authentic. How long did this pretend league last? One wonders why the Russian gamblers didn't bother to check the internet, or the sports papers to see how their league was doing against everybody else. I wonder if it was just Russians who got suckered in on the betting fixes? Really, I have to admire the sheer genius of the entire enterprise. He also neglected to mention how this whole operation finally got nabbed by the cops. When he comes up with these intriguing asides, I think you should insist that he at least provide some kind of internet link so the rest of us can check out the details.

*[[There was a link to the news report...]]*

I guess the summer heat is getting to me. I read and mostly enjoyed the letter column, but have no comments to add this round.

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From: 236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles CA 90057

July 25

**John Hertz** writes:

My "obviousness is relative" has been quoted. Evidently my handwriting overcame obviousness, since in *TH... 54* (p17) you quote my "was in a P.S." as "was in a P.D." I'm not that much of a fan of Phil Dick.

*[[It might, but probably won't give you pause that it didn't even occur to me that it was "P.S." due to the typical incomprehensibility of your mutterings...]]*

[...]

I've written to **Alan White** that his Westercon LXXIV Memory Book, while visually handsome, is, alas, substantively unhandsome (although treating me kindly, gosh). He keeps saying Nothing Ever Happened. Plenty happened. Evidently he didn't notice. *Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

*[[Ad caput coquite...]]*

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From: kim.huett@gmail.com

July 26

**Kim Huett** writes:

While I appreciate **W<sup>m</sup> Breiding**'s kind words I'm afraid I have to disappoint him as modern realist novels are something which fail to interest me. What I actually aspire to write are the sort of lectures New Zealand's favourite son, Fred Dagg, use to deliver on the radiophonic device. Fred had a way with words and could be relied on to defeat logic two falls out of three. I suggest you have a poke about on YouTube and see if you can find his superlative lecture, "The Meaning Of Life". It will change yours if you do.

However if your boy **W<sup>m</sup>** fancies having a go himself at the modern realist wheeze, and he does seem the wheezy type, I can offer a few sage words of advice. It's true that every novel needs a protagonist because without one there is no valid connection to the world at large. But don't worry, the protagonist is just there to fill in pages once you've decided upon the sort of style you propose to dazzle the masses with. Style, as your actual professional author will tell you, is everything. So your protagonist need not be in any way interesting.

Indeed, a protagonist who never willingly takes any action at all is perfect. Nothing like a blank slate upon which to write large the agony and the ecstasy of the common man. Some sort of setting or background for your protagonist is also highly recommended. Something vaguely exotic you can practise your style upon would be nice. Be careful to avoid any location too colourful though, you don't want the environment obscuring the quality of your prose. Down an anonymous hole in the middle of Antarctica is always a good start. Don't mind the frigid atmosphere, you'll soon have a story that reads like something sired by J.D. Salinger out of Ernest Hemingway. Style, it's how you fake it.

Since people seem to like my hotel story I'll share with you a couple of anecdotes from my time working at the Canberra Yacht Club. First though I need to point out that while it might seem strange for a city located so far away from the ocean to have such a club it was a result of the federal

government building Lake Burley Griffin in 1963. Obviously the locals had to do something with all this water or appear ungrateful so in 1966 they built a yacht club. Thus nature balances itself.

Anyway, while the kitchen, offices, and various public areas are on the upper floor of the club, most of the storage areas and the fish and chip shop are on the lower floor. The only internal connection between these floors being a stairwell that opens onto the kitchen.

This is a narrow brick stairwell that has been repeatedly painted over to give it that classic institutional look, the sort of place you would expect to find in an old fashioned gaol. Due to the narrowness it was normal for people and goods to repeatedly rub against the white painted bricks so they would become very dirty indeed.

This was always a cause of concern for me that there was a real danger that once the stairwell became sufficiently grubby Dave, the head chef, would have any apprentices and kitchen hands rostered on during the afternoon to clean it. Now I don't know about you but I'm no fan of scrubbing bricks and I was frequently rostered on during the afternoon. So every now and then, after the kitchen was closed and the chefs all gone home, (by which I mean they were busy drinking in the bar) I would slip into the stairwell and clean a few bricks, never more than three and always well spread apart. This was guaranteed to catch the eye of the general manager the next morning because the clean bricks would shine little little moons against the general dinginess. The inevitable result would involve a work detail of front of house staff scrubbing everything clean before I arrived for the lunch shift. This is called maximum effect for minimal effort.

**[[Genius!...]]**

Then there is the time I hid the booze. Out behind the club building is a large marquee used for wedding receptions. This marquee is accessed by opening a garage style roller door on that side of the club building. Now on this particular day, probably a Saturday, the marquee had been booked by yet another wedding reception so one of the front of house staff was moving various supplies out there in preparation. Being a marquee, and thus not exactly secure, it was normal practice to only store tables and chairs out there when not in use. Anyway, this boofhead fills a trolley with all the spirits and utensils necessary for running the marquee bar and wheels it as far as the roller door. He then stops. Apparently

he's forgotten something so he leaves the trolley sitting just outside where anybody walking from the parking lot to the marquee can see it and goes back upstairs. As it happened I was downstairs too, doing I forget what in the fish and chip shop. I noticed what boofhead had done and thought it might be fun to teach him a lesson. So as soon as he was out of sight I took the trolley and put it in one of the cool rooms.

I assumed boofhead would find the trolley when he returned, it wasn't as if I had gone to much trouble to hide it, but no, it never occurred to him to look anywhere inside. Instead he wandered around outside for a minute before coming in to ask me if I'd seen anything. I told him no and suggested that he needed to alert the general manager to the situation asap. He reluctantly trudged upstairs to deliver the bad news while I shifted the trolley back outside and parked it by the wall a couple of metres away from the door. I then hid in the fish and chip shop in case of shrapnel. Soon enough boofhead and the general manager returned and naturally it took the latter mere seconds to locate the missing trolley. Not surprisingly she questioned boofhead's grasp on reality but on the whole he got off lightly. I don't know if he learnt his lesson or not but I did my best.



**[[These stories just cry out to be collected, don't they?...]]**

In other news I see in Bob Tucker's *Science Fiction News Letter* #21 news of the National Fantasy Fan Federation's 1950 Laureate Awards.

Given your intense interest in such matters I thought I had better share the winners with you:

Pro Editor - H.L. Gold  
 Pro Magazine - *Galaxy Science Fiction*  
 Pro Writer - Ray Bradbury  
 Pro Artist - Edd Cartier  
 Fan Editor - Lee Hoffman  
 Fan Magazine - *Fanscient* (Don Day)

Bob had some concerns however as according to him there were only five matches between the top ten best fan editors and top ten best fanzines. Why he saw this as a cause for concern I've no idea (and no, he didn't do us the favour of listing the relevant top ten best lists). What I'm much more interested in knowing is just how long these Laureate Awards lasted as this is the first I've heard of them.

**[[These sound like some kind of forerunner to the 'Neffy' awards voted upon and given out by the N3F annually. We**



*can't make any comparison with the EAAs which don't have an 'Editor' category. However, perhaps George Phillis can mention this to N3F historian Jon D. Swartz for the purposes of enlightenment of the rest of us. I won't expect any of the detail Tucker failed to mention, though. They still don't publish voting numbers...]]*

Finally, are you going to tell **Mike Lowrey** about the other meaning of the term "pearl diver"? Given your brief excursion into Ian Dury this issue I suspect you might enjoy doing so.

*[[Orange Mike is far too sheltered and sweet-natured to be subjected to cummilingus references (and his beard gets in the way anyway)...]]*

Oh, and before I forget, the double column format is ugly and hard to read. Asking why I use an elegant and easy to read single column format is like wondering why I don't punch myself in the face with a knife every morning,

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From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

July 26

**Eli Cohen** writes:

You have an actual TV antenna? And watch over-the-air channels? Wow! That takes me back. It's so 20th century! When I was a boy, we had to actually stand up and walk over to the TV to change the channel! I still remember when we got our first color TV -- 'The Wizard of Oz' is just not the same in black-and-white... But enough nostalgia! Why, in these modern times, things are so advanced you can even stream 'Rocky Jones, Space Ranger' online. In black-and-white, of course.

*[[There was some directive or other many years ago which compelled the major broadcast networks to continue over-the-air availability, and the Las Vegas valley is in fact perfectly suited to it, with the transmitters perching in the surrounding mountains. We rarely watch over-the-air, though we will on occasion for live events like the Oscars or sometimes footy. The list of channels is [here](#)...]]*

**Leigh Edmonds** has some interesting thoughts in his loc -- an historian reading old fanzines, indeed. I love your line: "...having sent a copy of this fanzine to posterity, it was returned unopened". Not even "Moved. No Forwarding Address."? While I was publishing, I never really thought about people reading my fanzines decades later --



they were primarily a way to communicate with geographically distant (not-present?) friends in the present day (I would say "contemporaries" -- but of course, most con interactions are temporary). Which is not to say I wasn't very pleased when I met **Sandra Bond** in Dublin and she complimented me on some of those old issues, which she had read somewhat recently. Well, you know we new fans (sorry, **Jerry**) have to get our egoboo wherever we can. I confess to recently re-reading some old fanzines myself, part of going through old boxes and sorting stuff. I find that mixed with delight in re-discovering old memories (not to mention old puns) is some sadness about all those writing or mentioned who are no longer with us. But I'm glad that we have these remnants of them. And unlike readers of the future, I at least can understand obscure, archaic terms like "slipsheet", "mimeograph", and "mail delivery".

And yet another crossword clue: "Endless thousands fucked up free stuff (8)". Well, I will guess that "Endless thousands" is simply "thousand", and "fucked up" is a hint at an anagram, somewhat supported by "thousand" having 8 letters. So I propose "handouts" as the 8-letter anagram solution for "free stuff". Did I do good?

*[[Nailed it, as always...]]*

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From: portablezine@gmail.com

July 27

**Wm Breiding** writes:

The Radio Winston piece was delish! I was not familiar with Bis at all and it turned out to be my fave of those links. Great stuff. Brought me right back to the days of yore. Will have to peruse Bis at some point. Yes — Bill Lloyd is great. Started out in the mid-80s with the country-pop band Foster and Lloyd. Their semi-brief career coincided with the rise of Dwight Yoakum, who went on to greater fortunes and fame. Bill Lloyd immediately went indy in a series of great Power Pop albums. Radney Foster continued to toil away in Nashville but never made any particular headway, though his albums were quite good.

A song you missed giving the finger to the music industry was John Fogerty's "Zanz Kant Danz" about the royal screw job that Saul Zaentz of Fantasy Records gave Creedence Clearwater Revival. Many lawsuits and counter-lawsuits ensued. Fogerty won every single one of them.

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From: cramynotbieltro@gmail.com

July 30

**Marc Ortlieb** writes:

Thanks for continuing to send me *This Here...*; I see you're up to issue 55, which, I guess, makes you serious about it. I note your use of rhyming slang for Americans. I guess you're familiar with the Australian version - Septics, as in Septic Tanks. (Not that I'd use that in reference to any of my friends who are only just coming out of the shadow of their ex-President whose rhyming slang term must surely be something like Giant Dump.)

*[[The Hod-me-son was using "lamb shanks" in his column, certainly, at your peril not to be confused with "Sherman" i.e. "Sherman tank" = "wank"...]]*

I wish I had **David Hodson's** luck in spending time with Justin Ackroyd. Justin and I live in the same city, have, at one time shared a house, he's the non religious god parent to one of our kids and was a regular at our poker games pre-COVID and I don't think I've seen him, other than on Zoom, in over a year. It used to be far easier when he ran a bookshop in Melbourne CBD.

Regarding colour in fanzines, I did briefly dabble in it - having a Roneo stencil duplicator with both a black ink drum and a blue ink drum. Sadly I didn't have an electro stencil machine and so I'd get artwork stencilled by Adelaide fan Allan Bray, who did have such a machine. Then, if I was feeling really adventurous, I'd run the text using the black drum, leaving space for the illo, which I'd load onto the blue drum and then I'd run the paper through a second time. Once the paper went through the third time, for the other side of the page, the chances of getting more than sixty or so copies without a major paper jam were vanishingly low. All I can say is thank heaven for pdf fanzines.

Thanks for the link to the article on platypus genetics. I hadn't seen that article before and I am interested in all sorts of evolutionary curiosities. My book about the platypus is sadly out of date. I had read the article about the pink glowing cannabis facility.

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From: srjeffery@aol.com

July 31

**Steve Jeffery** writes:

As an aside, reading your piece at the top of page 5 under 'Omphaloskepsis' (Inspired by **George Phillies**) about the readability of single or two column formats, why do we still produce electronic (pdf) fanzines formatted for traditional US Letter or A4 page sizes?

*[[Because that's the default page size in the programs?...]]*

I note **Bruce Gillespie** produces both portrait (print) and landscape (screen reading) pdf versions of *SF Commentary*, and often I will download both depending on whether I'm reading on the laptop or wide screen monitor.

Re. **George Phillies'** own letter, I do remember a period where some documents were printed with a paper ink combination that made them un-photocopiable, although I think it was often blue on (slightly different) blue. I seem to remember it was often the manuals for computer games that did this, presumably to prevent piracy. (Now, you'd just go online and do a search in Google.)

After that, reality seems to depart and some of the later ideas only go to prove the point that just because something is possible there's a very good reason why it hasn't caught on. (There was a similar craze for inventing arcane and unusable - indeed often unreadable - programming languages such as BEFUNGE in the 1970s purely because it could be done, in which I confess I played a very minor part.)

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From: dave\_redd@hotmail.com

August 1

**David Redd** writes:

Thanks for another action-packed issue. I see I'd better clarify my previous note about the Welsh DJs and their summer interest in Australian football. They were definitely not following soccer but had chosen almost at random to take an interest in Aussie Rules football. ("We cannot describe how mad it is!") This pair, Robin and Leroy, tracked the progress of two teams which I think I heard as GWS Giants and Richmond Tigers. Later, I discovered in my intermittent listening that some folk in a Welsh Australian Rules Football League had been playing 9-a-side matches for some years now. Robin and Leroy got invited to Pontcanna to join Cardiff Panthers for a training session, and survived. I only mention all this as a rather good example of silly-season attempts to fill airtime interestingly.

*[[Thanks for clearing that up...]]*

So to the rest of *This Here...* which as usual tells me more things I didn't know, starting with your taxi tales about what a jungle it is out there. I also liked **Dave Hodson's** brief mention of the Indian scammers' fictitious cricket league - a Netflix drama-doc for that one soon? Surprised that the majority of FAAn votes are from outside Corflu; efforts to spread the word must have paid off, so well done team. As for "Danny Boy", I confess to preferring it without lyrics as "The Londonderry Air", but do admit that the Eva Cassidy version almost made me change my mind.

That pink glow in the southern night sky was a cannabis farm? I saw a photo of pink night sky over Antarctica



supposedly due to a Tongan volcano – clearly the scientists didn't realise how large a cannabis farm can be.

Sad to hear that Robert Lichtman has left us. Another one much missed.

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From: daverabban@gmail.com

August 1

**Dave Cockfield** writes:

I'm really looking forward to **David Hodson** commenting on the handball controversy in the Euro 22 Final.

On balance Germany had a case but I think that the VAR decision to deny the Germans was that the ball hit the crook of the arm so not necessarily in the right area for a penalty.

I was never a fan of the cover art of Dick Gaughan but loved many of his small black and white line drawings. I once stupidly turned down the chance to buy a couple based on Jack Vance stories.

Give me Michael Whelan, George Barr, Ron Walotsky, Kelly Freas, or Leo and Diane Dillon anyday.

Your "Ageless Beauties" tend to be my age. A week ago I was lucky enough to meet three of them and have some good conversation. All three are in their early 70s. Maddy in particular was great fun and even put a picture of us on her Facebook page.

Friends have called me a "Babe" Magnet but I think that it was the shirt.

"Ageless Babe" Magnet?

Pictures are me with Maddy Smith and with Pauline Peart having fun with my walking stick plus Caroline Munro.

*[[I'm happy to let you show off with these, mate!...]]*

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From: gsmattingly@yahoo.com

August 6

**Gary Mattingly** writes:

'Egotorial': A fun intro to the song.

Unfortunately I'm frequently uncertain exactly what I should tip a taxi driver. My apologies for my ignorance. I actually don't take taxis much although I did when I was in Spain. Some drivers are pleasant and helpful. Some drivers are impatient and come very close to yelling at me. I probably won't forget the guy who was impatient with me when he was dropping me off. He preferred cash to credit card and I was taking too long pulling it together out of my pockets. I frequently don't deal well with people in general and definitely have issues when I'm speaking to people who are providing a service to me. I'm just a little unclear as to exactly what I'm supposed to say or do. I understand your complaints both about passengers and about other taxi drivers and Uber drivers. I've seen some taxi drivers try to slip into lines at airport and railroad taxi stops and I've also seen other drivers get mad at them. I've also seen people/passengers who try to skip the line and jump into the first taxi they can grab. Usually that doesn't work.

*[[As far as tipping goes (at least for Vegas taxis) a rule of thumb is 20% or \$5, whichever is the greater. Sometimes when you get an extra-short ride (anything under \$10, say), it's considered appropriate to give \$20 for that, which most people don't, of course...]]*

I complain a lot. Just ask **Rich Coad**. So I don't have issues with you doing the same.

Interesting and enjoyable 'Radio Winston' article about record companies and now I have to go back and follow all the links to songs.

'FaanWank' - Of course now I'm curious about what I obviously overlooked / didn't read when you resigned from Corflu under Michael Dobson. I'm sure there are articles

written (I assume, at least) and somehow I managed to not get around to reading them. Bad Gary. Sometimes I vote and frequently I don't. I always feel inadequate with respect to voting, having more often than not, not read all or most of the nominees. I have been chastised for this but feeling inadequate and not getting around to doing things is always so much fun (should I say lazier?)

*[[Gordon Bennett, and now I have to repeat myself yet again - voting isn't about whether you think you've read enough titles, it's about what you did read and liked. My resignation as admin was entirely due to Mike insisting that there should be a poll on whether people (specifically Steve Stiles and Bill Burns) should be given a "special award" and excluded from future voting. I had no idea he would completely overhaul the awards in the way he did, and criticized this extensively in early issues of this here third series...]]*

'Omphaloldskepsis': Interesting reasons why specific people publish.

'Omphaloskepsis': More interesting notes on fanzine publishing. Wow, I'm so loquacious on these topics . . . or not. I haven't published in a long time and don't see a great likelihood of doing so in the near future. I mainly published things that I liked but that is all a lot of work.

'Footy': Bryan Barrett was indeed a good guy and I too am saddened by his death.

'Loco Citato':

**Mike Lowrey / Kim Huett:** In college I worked as a dishwasher in a hospital for a short period of time. I also worked in a 24 hour short order restaurant from 10PM to 6AM in the morning on Friday and Saturday nights. I was cook and dishwasher from 10 to 2 and everything from 2 to 6AM, when the farmers and truck drivers started coming in. I also was a delivery person for a Pizza Hut for a while but also occasionally washed dishes there. I preferred being a switchboard operator which was my longest job in college, I do believe. In high school I sacked groceries. I'm not sure why, during that entire period I didn't sign up at some temp agency as an office worker since I could type over 100 words per minute with good accuracy. Stupidity I think. Well, I also probably would have had to wear a tie. I hate wearing a tie.

**Cathy Palmer-Lister:** I watched a few episodes of *Orville* in its first season. It wasn't really to my taste. Where I live we can't really get very good antenna-based reception. I suppose if I put up a really tall antenna maybe we could but DirecTV and streaming works fine for me at this point.

**George Phillis:** A three foot wide column?!?!

**Eli Cohen:** Re **Perry Middlemiss** - doing a fanzine is like going to the gym? Nah, I disagree. It doesn't take weeks to months to get everything together to go to the gym. If you

go to the gym regularly it takes little to no time to decide what to do next. It's the same thing you did last time. Sure you can change things up but it really doesn't take a lot of thought. I can't remember ever sweating when doing a fanzine. No, very different.

Various mentions of "pontificate". If I already knew what it meant and how it is used do I win a prize? I don't actually use it very much although there are a few people that I mention in the same sentence.

**David Cockfield:** about getting older and it being a pain. It doesn't have to be a pain. One can exercise a lot and eat properly and then it is only boring and requires work. I suppose you could describe that as a pain but a different kind of pain. Of course for some, even exercise and eating right won't stop hereditary maladies / disorders sticking their ugly face up into your face.

*[[I'll break a sweat putting my socks on of a morning. I saw a good one a few weeks ago: "If you replace your morning coffee with green tea you can reduce by 87% what little joy remains in your life" ...]]*

And as previously mentioned I'm not really a fan of *Orville* plus I didn't really find *The Boys* that entertaining. However I do like *The Umbrella Academy*.

'Indulge Me': Also sad news about Robert Lichtman.

Alcohol intake: I may drink two to four times over an entire year over the last three or four years. And those may involve a couple of glasses of wine, or a couple of mixed drinks, or maybe a bottle of beer. Although it may cause me to talk more, all things considered, I don't think it balances out the calorie intake, the way I may feel the next day and any other number of things that I don't like. This is just my opinion and just for me. Actually I eat less than I used to also. Maybe I'll have a couple of beers at Corflu but it is more likely that I'll have water or some soft drink (sugar free).

Is there a particular reason or reasons you're posting the Ageless Beauty photos? Or did I miss your explanation? I don't mind. Just curious. Some people age well. Some don't. Some people appreciate those who have aged, whether or not physical beauty remains. As far as I know, everyone gets old and then dies. Unfortunately some people don't get old but die before they get old. For the most part I don't like that. I don't like people dying either way, again, for the most part. I must admit there are a few (many?) people who I feel should have died ages ago. Now if they hadn't been born at all, so much the better.

*[[Ageless Beauties' is a kind of continuation feature from previous series of this here virtual tosh, in what I suppose is a general expression of appreciation of pulchritude...]]*

I found Hal and Oates amusing.



I enjoyed the artwork by **Teddy Harvia**, **Jim McLeod** and **Ulrika O'Brien** and the various photos here and there.

Sorry for this being relatively brief and not sending anything for the last few issues. My mind wanders. I abuse my "free time" with other activities, yoga, weightlifting, walking the dogs, hiking with the dogs, watching movies, watching too many TV series. They come and go. Now there's 'Sandman'. I've enjoyed several episodes of that so far. I even actually get out and work on the yard now and then although I need to do a lot more out there, or I think I should do a lot more out there. The "need" to do it is all relative, I suppose.

*[[I won't be watching 'Sandman' because it's Gaiman...]]*

I was off in Spain for a month and five days. The extra five days due to testing positive for Covid at the airport on the day I was supposed to leave. Those definitely weren't my most enjoyable days in Spain. Finally tested negative and took a plane out the next day. Really minimal symptoms. Thought I just had some allergy issues. They were actually decreasing when I actually had the Covid test and were gone when I tested negative. Still, the rest of the trip was enjoyable. Hiked a bit on Camino del Norte. Two days hiking from one town another, both about 16 to 18 miles per day, plus another day preceding that hiking about the same at Gargantes del Cares (aka Cares Gorge). Did a little hiking at the end of the trip also in the Costa Brava area. In between those I was with **Rich Coad**, visiting a lot of museums and other old things, like aqueducts and old Roman forts and such, with some enjoyable walks into a park here and there. Ate too much ice cream but only gained a few pounds over the entire period of the trip fortunately. Rich never did get covid although he had a few other health issues.

Next year I'm seriously considering hiking in Patagonia. Maybe I'll spend a few days in Santiago or maybe an idle day at some vineyard in Argentina. Easter Island is down that way too. All TBD. Then I think about a music tour in Morocco I read about, including some Sufi music and dancing with the dervishes. That could be quite entertaining I do believe.

*[[Makes me tired just reading about it...]]*

Meanwhile NPR's New Music Friday playlist is playing in the background. Some things I like, some things, not so much. Bouncing around to lyrics I don't necessarily appreciate happens now and then.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PvIrJ7WA\\_QI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PvIrJ7WA_QI)

Say, where's my spandex?

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From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

August 7

**Leigh Edmonds** writes:

Thanks for *This Here...* 55 which was, well the best word that comes to mind is "educational". For example, your comments about cab drivers. It's a world I know so little about that even your short item was an education. That flowed right into Radio Winston which was novel and also very educational. Of all the artists you mentioned I'd only heard of Pink Floyd, Queen and Nick Lowe. I'm hopeful that my saying I 'learned a lot' will not encourage you to do more of this kind of thing, given what you think about my knowledge of and tastes in music. I must have heard 'Have a Cigar' before but don't recall it so I did enjoy that and its acidic feel, so now I suppose you won't be mentioning Pink Floyd again, either.

*[[I'm appalled, I tell you, that you got into a 'Radio Winston' column, and I had to have a substantial lie-down. I'll try to avoid future instances...]]*

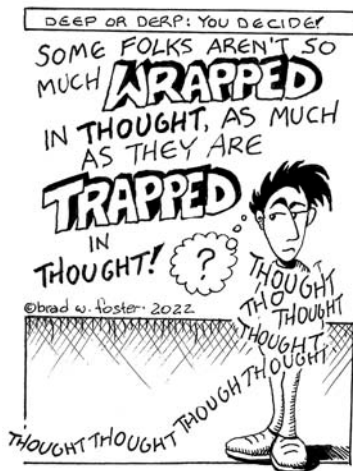
'Faanwank' this time makes me think I must have been an anarchist in a previous life because that's generally my attitude to fandom. When it comes to things like the FAAn awards I'm happy for whoever runs them to do what they like under the old SAPS adage, "The OE does the work and makes the rules". I like what you're doing so keep doing it. When you run out of steam some other fan might pick up the task and run the awards as they see fit. And if I don't like what they are doing I will find something else to occupy my thoughts, not that I think about those awards very much as it is. Though that's more than I think about

the Hugos or Oscars.

*[[Fair enough...]]*

Two Omphalo(ld)skepsis this time. (What, might I ask, is the plural.) In the first one there were many interesting and diverse responses of which I liked those from John Bangsund and Terry Carr the best. Terry's response in particular, that when all the work was done he would simply sit and grok what he'd achieved. I imagine that many of us who have put our hearts and souls into what has turned out to be a good looking ish would know the feeling.

*[[Interesting question about the plural - since 'Omphaloskepsis' translates as "navel gazing" would the plural (or possible plurals) refer to gazing at many navels or indeed many people gazing at a single navel? I think this would affect the construction. I am reminded of a discussion (mentioned previously) in Private Eye magazine many years ago about the proper plural of "clitoris" - the definitive*



*conclusion seemed to be that, given Greek origins, the proper answer should be "clitorides"...*]

It is probably true to say that back in the days before computers and their magic a great many fanzines "looked like shit". That was probably partly because the reproductive technologies of the time were difficult to master and partly because most fanzines were produced to simply convey words to readers so appearance was not the primary focus. On the other hand, when the editor was master of the reproductive technology, was good with words and had a good stable of writers and artists, their fanzines were far from shit. I think again to Harry Warner's *Spaceways* of the late 1930s which looks to me about as professional and expert as you could get with the technology of those times. By the 1960s mimeo technology had moved on, particularly for artwork, so that the best fanzines of those years are fabulous artefacts to look at and hold. They might not have looked as 'professional' as newsstand magazines, but they were different and they pushed the technology that was available to them to its limits, and often beyond.

Having said that, most fanzines of the time were much more casually produced to convey words on pieces of paper and, as long as you could read the words that was the main thing. I don't know how many apas were in operation during that period but there were a lot and there were lots of fans churning out their apazines, and some of them might have looked like shit. But that wasn't the reason they had been printed.

*[[Excellent points again, that fanzines in their callow youth were conveyances for words primarily...]]*

On the matter of whether we should produce our PDF fanzines in horizontal or vertical format, I've tried both.. For over a decade I produced a monthly fanzine for our local scale modelling club - they didn't know it was a fanzine but it was because that's what I knew how to publish - and in the final few years I did it in a horizontal format. Later I also published *iOTA* in the horizontal format. I ended up not liking it because it reminded me of what it must have been like to peer through the vision slit of a Tiger Tank. The idea behind both was that it would be easier to read on a computer screen but it had other formatting problems that I didn't like - one of which was the relation between text size and column width. So when I find the time to get back to *iOTA* it will be in this vertical format again.

I guess that **Dave Hodson** is relieved that winter is on its way so he won't have to endure any more of those 40C days, not until next year anyhow. I imagine that air conditioning sales in Britain are through the roof at the moment. In earlier times I found 40C to be quite an acceptable sunny summer day and would be out and about (wearing a hat of course) but as my dotage encroaches I find the heat more taxing. Fortunately we here in the Antipodes have known about hot

weather for many years and most of us are no strangers to air conditioning. These days I set the thermostat on 27C and let it rip all summer long, happy in the knowledge that the sun beating down on the house is also beating down on the solar panels that are powering the air conditioning. (Even in the heat of last summer our first power bill after the solar panels were installed was \$2.11. In winter, when the sun isn't shining and it gets what we would call "bloody cold" but Poms might think is "mildly cool", our energy bill to keep the house relatively warm is terrifying.)

*[[In Vegas we'll typically consider anything less than 70F (whatever that is in French money) to be a bit nippy...]]*

I had not realized why **Archbishop Bruce** insists on publishing big fat fanzines until I read his lovely letter this time. The cost of sending paper copies of almost anything was always a limiting factor for me and, I imagine, most Australian fans sending their fanzines overseas. It was also a balance between how quickly we wanted feedback in the days when surface mail still existed and the cost of sending fanzines airmail to get our dose of egoboo sooner. I had always aimed to get in beneath the lowest barrier but Bruce has been more thorough in his calculations and worked out the sweet spot in getting the best value for his postage spend. Now that the cost of postage has risen even higher and Bruce's revenue has declined it will be interesting to see how SFC evolves. The Archbishop knows what I think but it's had no effect in the past so I don't expect it will in the future.

Talking of big fat fanzines I'm tempted to take the first paragraph of **William Breiding's** letter and put it somewhere for easy reference any time I'm feeling dim and dispirited. I'm feeling somewhat dim at the moment because I've been trying to find a way of resolving the question of whether fanzines can be art and under what circumstances that might be. I'm tempted to the "more than the sum of its parts" definition in that, for example, the most recent *Portable Storage* seems to me to be more uplifting or inspirational than any one of its individual components. So perhaps what seems to put fanzines like *Portable Storage*, *SFC* or *Beam* on the artistic side of the balance is the way in which the individual components have quality but the overall fanzines seems even better again. I'm thinking here about Mahler symphonies which can be quite trite in parts but leave you with a feeling of having entered an elevated state of consciousness when considered as a whole. Or is that a bit over the top? I leave you to resolve this ineffable question.

*[[Yeah, I'll get to that [falls off chair]...]]*

William's comments about the fanzines of Terry Hughes and Robert Lichtman brought me to a reflective mood since both of them have now died, Terry a long time ago now but still fondly remembered, and Robert more recently and just as fondly remembered. I never met Robert, that I know of, but



enjoyed a long relationship through the pages of SAPS. I met Terry at first through the pages of APA-45 and then when Valma and I were in Washington a couple of times in the 1990s. I was reminded of them both quite recently when I was visiting Robin Johnson and sorting through his fannish material, and coming across copies of both *Mota* and *Trapdoor*. It seemed to me that Terry was pushing up against the boundaries of what was possible with the mimeograph with *Mota* and that the only real difference between the appearance of *Mota* and that of *Trapdoor* was that the latter used slicker paper but still had a similar aesthetic. Which makes me wonder if there is a fannish aesthetic, or was, because looking at the pages of the latest *This Here...* and, for example, that lovely piece of art on page 11 and the way it is embedded in the text, it occurs to me that there is something of the old but much of the new in what is happening in some fanzines these days. Still in the fannish tradition but with embellishments. Trying to describe this makes me wish that I'd studied art and design rather than history. Then again, perhaps not.

*[[I do put a bit of effort into the layout, meself. Some might snark that I should put more into the actual content, but ey...]]*

Alright, you make a supporting membership for Corflu Pangloss sound too good to pass up. So I've sent some money. Wow, the Pacific Peso (aka the AUD) is hardly worth the plastic it's printed on. I'll have to work out how many McDonalds Value Meals I could have bought with that.

*[[And thanks for that, on behalf of Pangloss...]]*

In closing, I'm sorry to have to disagree with **Kim Huett** on the topic of public attitudes to flying. Back in the mists of time I wrote a scholarly article explaining how Kim is wrong on this which was published in an academic journal with extensive footnoting to support my thesis. You can look it up, if you have nothing else to do, '[How Australians Were Made Airminded](#)', *Continuum*, (Journal of Media & Cultural Studies) Vol 7 No 1, 1993, pp.183-206. If that's too hard and you are still at a loose end you can look up a copy that I've put on my website through the magic of OCR. Isn't it wonderful what computers can do?

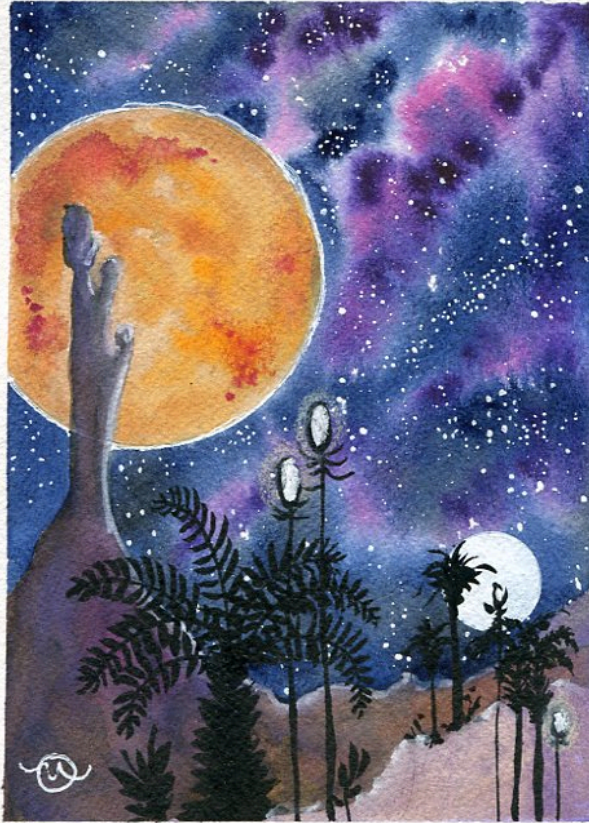
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From: jabberwocky2000@hotmail.com

August 12

**Brad Foster** writes:

Once more playing catch-up on almost half a year of mail and email. Looks like you've been busy since *This Here...* #51, and I've been letting them stack up in the "fannish emails" file along with too many other things. But, hey, late is less worse than never better on time, or some such nonsense!



I think when I read your reply where you said: "looks like I'm using all of these" that you meant you liked them all, and would be using over next few issues. Didn't realize they would all be in the next one. So as emails came in and I had to quickly sort, I just kept moving new issues off to the side to "get to later", figuring I would have a couple of issues before you ran out.

Clearly, my mistake, as I found tonight when I opened the file on issue #51 and, well, there they all were!

So, here are three more new ones. From now on, even if not time to respond, I promise to at least check the file for each new issue, and as you use these up, all at once or spread out, I'll keep you supplied with replacements, so you always have three or so on hand at any time.

*[[Much appreciated, of course! Art submissions can be flaky in that it seems to be feast or famine, and currently I'm quite flush with pieces from Ulrika, Jim McLeod and now you. As I mentioned in my reply, I've got better at marshalling it all and have artist folders on the desktop...]]*

So many people to get to, so much groveling for taking so long to do so. How did I ever keep up with this when everything was by postal mail? The mind boggles at all the youthful energy and focus!

Publish or perish!

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From: perry@middlemiss.org

August 15

**Perry Middlemiss** writes:

I love the **Bruce Gillespie** quote: "But the old enthusiasm is gone after six years." And yet here he is, in 2022, another

47 years on and still publishing. The Bish just keeps on and on.

So why do I format *Perryscope* in one column only? Don't know really. Maybe it's just inertia. Though I do find it easier to layout as a single column rather than two, and even then I stuff it up from time to time.

And now **Leigh Edmonds** refers to me as "young"! Colour me bemused. I sure don't feel like it.

The basic idea about me producing *Perryscope* partly for my kids comes from my father. At some time in the early 2000s he sat down and started to write his memoirs. Not with any thought of publishing them but as a means of communicating to his kids (the three of us) what life was like for him as a kid, how he handled getting into university and how he came to meet and marry our mother. I find it fascinating stuff, and was able to use it extensively in the little speech I gave at his wake. And that was enough of a reason to value its existence.

Thankfully I've been able to encourage a number of fannish types to join my good self in beers on various Friday nights in the suburbs of Melbourne, so, if and/or when you make a DUFF trip to these pleasant climes there will be a number of us that'll see you right. Bloody pints are getting expensive though.

*[[Having presumptively mentioned it, the "if and/or when" of me trying a DUFF run isn't, I suppose, entirely unserious, but is probably finely balanced with an edge to "if". I'm certainly buoyed by and appreciative of the antipodean correspondence in this here sack of fighting quokkas, having got to know you lot a bit by now and thinking that joining your good self and other selves over some grog would likely be very nice indeed. In practical terms, though, there's the financials to consider, since Jen would of course be coming with (presumably at our own expense), and then there's the timing, since depending on which direction the races are run, we'd be looking at 2025 or '26, and we'd all be increasingly ancient (I'd be 67 or 68). Not to mention the attendant arrangements of being away from house and dog for what I guess would be several weeks...]]*

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#### WAHF

**Greg Benford** ; **Graham Charnock** (referring to the email cover quote): "I wish some of your correspondents could learn that lesson" ; **John Coxon**, requesting that **Tobes Valois** be added to the mailing list. Happy to oblige ; **Tommy Ferguson** sends PR2 for Corflu Craic - must get our supporting memberships in... ; **Fishlifters** ; **Kim Huett** (separately from his loc): "I think it's only fair to warn you that you are going to get so much stick for thinking that photo is of me. I just assumed you would instantly recognise

who it actually is" *[[Which I DoBFO didn't, but the actual person in the photo revealed themselves in a Zoom confab shortly thereafter (see locs)]]* ; **Jim McLeod** with moar art, ta! ; **Heath Row** ; **Alan White**

#### FANZINES RECEIVED

Since the lastish...

**MEGALOSCOPE 1 & 2 (David Grigg)** - Another ANZAPA contribution escapes into the wild of reviewzines...

**PERRYSCOPE 25 (Perry Middlemiss)** - He isn't on the cover! It's a photo of the house, and the reprinted tale of its purchase is within. Despite a bit of tribulation about it, I was somewhat envious since just about any house-buying endeavor of my own (counting the Woodcote House flat in Hitchin) tended to end up quite disastrously...

**ASKANCE #53 (John Purcell)** - Is John deliberately doing another not-an-annish so that I'll comment on the fact? Might be like the buses, no annish for ages and then three come at once...

**THE OBDURATE EYE 18 (Garth Spencer)** - *Caveat lector*, I am quoted within. Slightly misleadingly, I think, but then Garth is quite mad so we'll cut him some slack...

Several **VANAMONDE (John Hertz)** - a wodge, I think we'll call it, accompanying John's loc, or perhaps a "tranche" (word of the week)?...

**LOFGEORNOST #148 (Fred Lerner)** - another travelogue, something at which Fred particularly excels, a seafaring tour of "Ancient Isles" of Britain, Ireland and Norway. I look forward to the account of the upcoming tour of northwestern India, "Kipling and the Raj"...

**JENZINE #1 (J L Farey)** - Ooh, I *shouldn't* toot the horn of my beloved spouse's first fanzining effort, but I will urge you to tod off to efanzines to check it out, since I'm not the only one who thinks it's rather good...

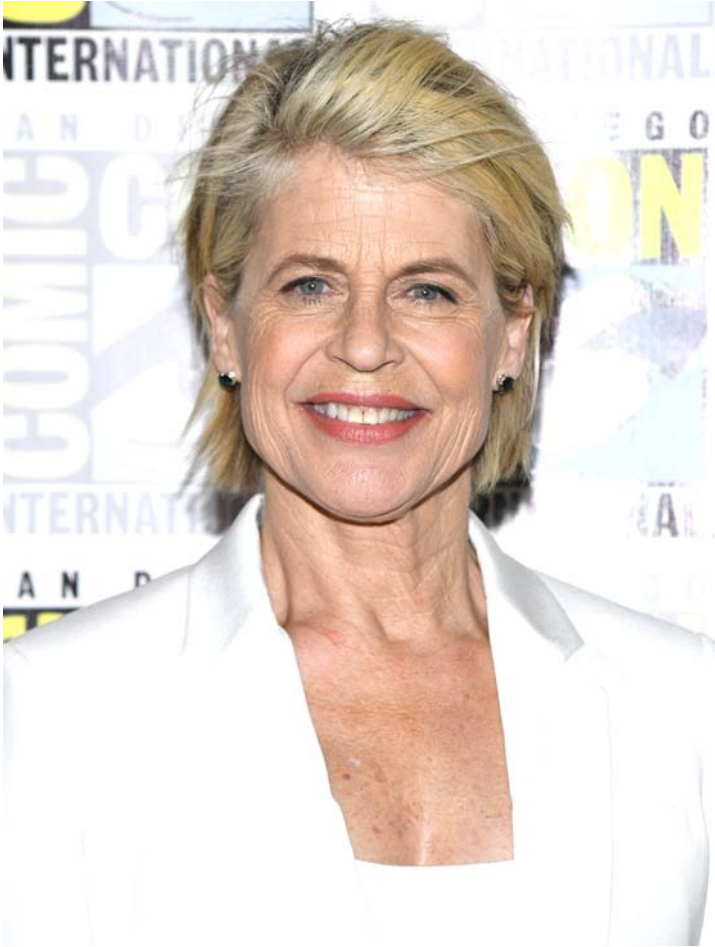
## INDULGE ME

✘ **DOCUMENTARY** : It's been a minute since I noted any of these, but recently 'The Climate Question' on the dear old Uncut Bicycle Service had [one episode](#) reflecting upon consumerism and "influencers", which reminded me greatly of **Alison Scott's** "Buy Nothing Life" philosophy. There was another episode of 'Compass', part of a series noting some inconvenient truths about "green energy", this one detailing the appalling conditions (and ecosystem battering) of cobalt mining in Congo and lithium mining in Chile. The dear old *Grauniad* also had [an article on the latter](#)...

✘ **CROSSWORD CLUE FOR ELI** : "Bollocks! Experiment gets a bad slice (9)"...



✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (1)** : Oh, all right Jerry, at least one non-Brit: **Linda Hamilton**...



✘ **SCIENCE AND NATURE (1)** : Life in the abyssal depths of the oceans is [typically weird](#) at the more macro level. Who knew, for example, that a “gummy squirrel” is something that exists?...



✘ **SCIENCE AND NATURE (2)** : Back to the fundamental nature of the universe (aka “WTF is goin’ on?”), possible confusion reigns as it seems that the Hubble constant [might not be so constant](#) after all...

✘ **SCENTED CANDLE UPDATE** : Still trying some new ones here and there, and the latest is the most scented so far: ‘Lilac Blossom’, which is well in yer face (“with a hint of violet”, the label says). This’un brings back some pleasant memories of our house in Pirton, which had a massive lilac bush in the back garden. **Jen**, on the other hand, instructs me not to get it again since she says it just smells like soap...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (2)** : A slight cheat again, but less than two years younger than me, and with a likely nod of approval from **Uncle Johnny** who has previously expressed a liking for what he calls “posh totty”, here’s domestic goddess **Nigella Lawson**...



✘ **[FALLS OFF CHAIR]** : I was in two minds (1½ more than I usually have running) about relating this, but it’s kind of too good (or too bizarre, perhaps) not to: I was having a chat with a longtime fan friend last week, whom I won’t identify but is at liberty to reveal themselves, of course, and was informed that “I’ve always seen you as fandom’s Keith Richards”. I wouldn’t have ascribed that level of relative stardom to meself, but passed this on to [another](#) longtime fan friend (who is likewise at liberty to fess up), who expounded upon this by explaining “Well, yes, in the sense that some of us are surprised that you’re not dead yet, and still doing [fanac]”. I believe this to be a reference to a fair bit of hard living and a lifetime of bad habits...

✘ **DOWN UNDER HEADLINE OF THE WEEK** : [“Queensland police deputy commissioner resigns over ‘vagina whisperer’ comment”](#) ...

✘ **RADIO WINSTON EXTRA** : A David Bowie story shared on FBF by the Grate Aitch, **Harry Bell** : (While filming ‘Ashes to Ashes’) Bowie related: “So we’re on the beach shooting this scene with a giant bulldozer. The camera was on a very long lens. (The camera is a long way away but

the artist fills the frame.) In this video I'm dressed from head to toe in a clown suit. Why not? I hear playback and the music starts. So off I go, I start singing and walking, but as soon as I do this old geezer with an old dog walks right between me and the camera... Well, knowing this is gonna take a while I walked past the old guy and sat next to the camera in my full costume waiting for him to pass. As he is walking by the camera the director said, excuse me mister, do you know who this is? The old guy looks at me from bottom to top, looks back at the director and said "Of course I do!!!! It's some cunt in a clown suit". That was a huge moment for me, it put me back in my place and made me realize, yes, I'm just a cunt in a clown suit. I think about that old guy all the time" ...

✘ **READERS' WIVES COMPANIONS** : Photo from WB, somewhere in the Faniverse...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (3)** : Oh go on then, room for one more, in this case **Julia Cameron**...



✘ **NEXTISH** : September 23rd sounds about right...

## MIRANDA

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**"Here we are now going to the West side  
Weapons in hand as we go for a ride  
Some may come love and some may stay  
Watching out for the sunny day"**