

# This Here...

*"...a foul mouthed embarrassment..." (D Cockfield)*

## EGOTORIAL

### NEW BINS AND MYTHS

As mentioned in a loccol comment, I had hied me to Costco for a long-overdue eye test (seven years since the last one), and it was increasingly clear that I needed a new prescription - well, actually it was more blurry than clear, and one lens of the then current bins was well scuffed due to falling over after drinking with Deb Deckert (as described all the way back in *This Here... #23* - I hadn't realized it was that long ago).

So I got two new pairs, same frames for both, one set is transitional lenses and the other straight up polarized for day driving, since transitions don't actually work through a car windshield. I'd decided that I wanted round frames to emulate Warren Zevon, although there'd be no mistaking me for him since he had [teeth and more hair](#). Lucy Huntzinger opined that I'd "rock that look", but as I write it remains to be seen whether she retains that thought, ey? I was advised by the specs person that, since my lenses are also graduated to the varying levels of long-medium-short vision, that they don't recommend round frames since they can get out of whack by turning a bit, but confirming that if that happened I could bring them in to fix that, I stuck with my choice, 'cos I like 'em a lot.

We have a monthly writers' group meeting round here (insert your own snark about how this DoBFO hasn't improved me any), and for each one we do a couple of things: a round robin and a writing exercise of some kind - this month's was an exploration of "personal myths", and I submitted what was a very 'Egotorial' type screed initially about the intersection of myth, superstition and conspiracy theory. A point I've made before is that humans need a

"why" for stuff that happens (or has happened), and I opined that this is also rooted in a need to blame all the shit stuff on someone or something *else* in the denialist principle of "It's not my fault". The need for "why" explains the prevalence of myth, superstition and conspiracy, and it's often both croggling and yet instructive to observe the gymnastics required in these efforts.

Concluding that little rant with a "fuck 'em all" I did proceed to relating a personal superstition which carries a measure of triskaidekaphobia.



Some car radios have volume indicated by a number, and some don't - the Chevy Equinox cab I drive doesn't, my new Honda HR-V personal vehicle does. Where the number exists (as it also does on the hp desktop here in the Fancave) I have an aversion to the volume being set at 13, or indeed *any* odd number. Of course there's no sane reason for this.

Also, I have a vague assumption that the thirteenth ride on any taxi shift is going to be shit - either because I've possibly waited an hour for a \$7 ride with no fuckin' tip, or it's one that takes me off-strip to points east or west of woop-woop and thus obviating much chance of any quick turnaround as I'll have to deadhead back to the strip, downtown or

airport where the action is.

Like most drivers I'll have tended to keep track of my progress throughout the day, checking how many rides I've got for what amount of book, but getting unreasonably a bit stressy over the pending ride 13 has encouraged me to stop doing that, and I've noticed that waiting to have a look at the numbers can leave me pleasantly surprised that I'm doing a bit better than I thought I was, though never as good as the "two and twice" brigade (which I remind you are those who

drive 200mph and go twice round the beltway for much better \$\$ than I make).

If I ever get called in to the headmaster's office and asked why I'm only doing (say) 18 rides a day while others are doing 25+, I have a response lined up: Well, I'm not driving 200mph, I'm not front-loading or back-loading, I'm not cutting in the line or zooming past other cabs heading to a stage, and I'm not sucking any doorman's dick. Apart from all that, no idea...

It's all good.

September 2022

## CORFLUX

### IMPORTANT TRAVEL INFO

Jennifer writes: I was just googling COVID restrictions as they relate to visiting Canada, and discovered there is a required app to be used when crossing the border, whether by land, sea, or air. It is ArriveCAN. Here is the link to the official info page: <https://www.canada.ca/en/border-services-agency/services/arrivecan.html>

Apparently not using this entry app leaves the traveler subject to a hefty fine...

## RADIO WINSTON

### TISM



I've had several possible subjects/topics on the back burner for 'RW', and my original plan for this'un was to do a piece on the much-loved-by-too-few Bristol/Bath area band Stackridge, particularly their album 'The Man in the Bowler Hat', but then I met **David Cake** at a fortnightly "Hal's Pals" Zoom visiting hour for **Hal O'Brien**, remarkable of itself since it was something like 2am in Perth, WA (not Washington state) at the time, and David (as we get to talking about music for a minute) advises me of the Aussie

mob TISM, which stands for "This Is Serious, Mum", describing them as "death disco" amongst other things and noting their preference for over-the-top costuming. "I wrote it down", as **The Sainted Strummer** (who is everywhere thish) once said, and thought to have a look, since my interest had been piqued.

We must leave aside the oddity of a Perth recommending a Melbourne band, but might conclude that any east-west rivalry is thoroughly eclipsed by that between Melbourne and Sydney.

Starting with the usual Google-fu, it swiftly became highly DoBFO that I couldn't *not* write about a band when the search immediately turns up the anthemic, if not signature slice '[I Might Be A Cunt, But I'm Not A Fucking Cunt](#)' - a single which unsurprisingly got little if any airplay. It does somehow seem very Australian though, don't it?

These lads have been around since 1982, and had a bit of a faltering start, disbanding but then reforming fairly swiftly, something that might have encouraged their ongoing contention that every gig they do is in fact a "reunion". Inspired, I can only surmise, by the Residents, the band chose to be anonymous in terms of their actual identities, leading to a fair bit of conjecture about who they all really were, including whether they were schoolteachers (which turned out to be about right) or even moonlighting AFL (Aussie rules footy) players given their lyrical references to that sport.

They got something of an underground following, and occasionally troubled the charts, but a perhaps pivotal moment occurred in 1989 when they appeared on the variety show 'Hey Hey It's Saturday', which as far as I can tell was an even more downmarket version of *TISWAS* rather renowned for pissing, but impossible to take seriously given that a puppet (Ossie Ostrich) was a co-host. The band got the arse after being told that they'd be miming their performance and decided to turn up the piss dial to 11 (at a minimum), in no small part with their choice of song, '[Saturday Night Palsy](#)' which has a go at the show itself. As you'll see in the video (spoilers!) the band starts with its usual seven-piece lineup, but then brings on seven *more* ostensible members, followed a verse later by another fourteen. This stunt/prank led to some consternation in the studio.

1995 gives us the high point set 'Machiavelli and the Four Seasons' which, surprisingly to almost everyone but especially the band themselves, ended up certified gold. Moving away from the previous "alt-rock" style we get dance and techno here, but still with the loud guitars and actual melodic vocals. Jonathan Lewis (AllMusic) wrote, in part: "Funny, clever and just tasteless enough to make it interesting", which might even describe TISM's entire output.

The impression you might get is that these are just a bunch of provocative jobs, but the fact is that they're musically and lyrically very adept. Take this example from '[Greg! The Stop Sign](#)' off the 'Machiavelli' set:

The rich kid becomes a junkie  
The poor kid an advertiser  
What a tragic waste of potential  
Being a junkie's not so good either

2001 sees the release of the fairly honkin' and very satirical set 'De Rigueur Mortis' which includes the slice '[BFW \(Big Fucken Whoopee\)](#)', half song and half spoken rant which was ever so slightly bleeped by the record company, erasing the mention of Kylie Minogue, who was rather startlingly a labelmate at the time. The cover art is a Roger Dean parody.

The last hurrah, but perhaps not, was 2004's 'The White Alburn' [sic], which supplied one single, 'Everyone Else Has Had More Sex Than Me', although this wasn't officially released in Australia, but some copies were sent to radio DJs. The unique story here is that TISM initiated a competition to create [a video for the song](#), won by Bernard Derriman, which ended up getting plenty of internet views and the single being released in Germany where it did creep into the top 100.

And that's that, except that a 2022 reunion is occurring, so what, I wonder, will be next for an outfit called by some "the most underrated band ever". Thanks again (or blame) to **David Cake**, who, as I write, is sensibly in hiding in Kuala Lumpur or somewhere equally inaccessible...

## OMPHALOSKEPSIS

### THE EDITOR

**George Phillies** Does It Again! Prompted by his listing of the N3F Laureate Awards (still familiarly though now unofficially referred to as "Neffys", I understand), and by **Heath Row's** loc which includes comment on them, I begin to ponder the basis for any award for "Best Editor" (fan or pro, but particularly in this here column concentrating on the fan end).

Congrats, by the way, to **Andy Hooper** and **Brad Foster** for their individual writer and artist nods (which neither of them seemed to be aware of - was anyone supposed to tell them?) and also to **Guy Lillian III** for 'Best non-N3F Fanzine' (*The Zine Dump*).

Also, of course, to **Fred Lerner** who was voted 'Best Fan Editor', which actually gave me pause. What, exactly, I wondered does Fred actually "edit", apart from presumably himself and his correspondents in *Lofgeornost* - and that isn't to denigrate in any way a person whose work I highly admire.

This leads me to consider what might or ought to be the criteria for an "editor" award - and it could be instructive to consider in that respect perennial pro winner **Toni Weisskopf** - how would anyone *know* whether or not any editor was any good unless they had been able to peruse pre- and post-edited work and thus be able to judge the influence of the editorial hand? This solidly harks back to **Moshe Feder's** original "guild" concept for FAAn award nominations in that you can make a strong case that only those with at least some editorial experience on their dance card could fairly determine the worth of another in that endeavor.

Let's return to our fanzine focus, though, and that question of criteria by asking, well, what does a faned actually *do*?

The wishy-washy answer is "Well, it depends..."

Editing a perzine like this here trolley-load of questionable fungi, at least in the sense of marshaling the verbiage within, consists merely(!) of a reasonable standard of proofreading (which is almost never 100%, and as **Perry Middlemiss** has opined "typos have a right to exist as well"). Thus the perzine editor will tend to be more focused on presentation, design and similar aspects, if they can be bothered. Part of this effort is in establishing a format which, once sorted, provides a familiarity and contributes to that sense of community which we all refer to so often, properly so.

From one extreme to another, the editor of a BFF (as almost all genzines get referred to round here, it seems) has a multiplicity of tasks which in the pro world would be accomplished by a staff of dozens.

*BEAM* for one (and *Portable Storage* as I know from correspondence with **W<sup>m</sup> Breiding**) commissions the majority of content - of course, that's a nicer way of saying "begging", as previously noted. So the editor(s) are commissioning editors to a significant extent. Judgements can be made about the reach and quality of material sought out, including artwork and other illustration as well as writing.

Design, and art direction, are both also tasks the BFF faned will undertake. We're lucky to have specialists like **carl juarez** and **Pat Virzi** among us for those who've been able to take advantage of their skills - the rest of us can only gaze upon their works and despair.

The final part is the one that's the same for all faneds, what I suppose we'd call actual editing of contributions (whether articles or locs). This is something I've personally generally had a light touch on, whereas my *BEAM* co-editor tends to salivate and talk about "sharpening the machete". It's not unfair to observe that she's better at that than I am (for values of "better" which imply a philosophical discussion about leniency vs stridency in this task), or at least more ruthless in excising the boring bits, which for certain correspondents whose letters consist largely of boring bits can come as a bit of a shock (and we rarely hear from them



again). It's perhaps time once again to note something about collaborative editorships - I've continually (and without *too* much exaggeration) referred to working with **Ulrika O'Brien** as "adversarial", which indeed it can be, but this has tended to create a productive energy and is underpinned by the belief that while we're not necessarily always on the same page, we're most definitely reading from the same book.

Returning to the ostensible topic, who's in the frame for a genuine 'Best Fan Editor' plaudit, then? Given the above considerations, the top two would have to be **W<sup>m</sup> Breiding** and **Bruce Gillespie**, I would suggest, with their handling of every fuckin' aspect of what a faned does. Although, neither of those worthies, to my knowledge, has essayed the task of editing James Bacon, something an old friend once described to me as "akin to translating a foreign language".

We should continue to spare them that...

## TV GUIDE

### BITS AND PIECES

I started this column out as a retrospective on the genre work of Nigel Kneale, which wasn't at all limited to his notable creation of Bernard Quatermass (who achieved much, including being parodied as 'Ned Quartermess' in the *Goon Show* episode 'The Scarlet Capsule' based on 'Quatermass and the Pit'), but I got horribly bogged down, possibly depressed by Kneale's dismissal of sf in general, reported by **Dave Langford**, quoting Kneale's widow in *Ansible* 363 (October 2017).



I'd also thought to have a bit of a ramble about H.E. Bates, notably adapted for the telly with 'The Darling Buds of May', but thinking more about the anthology series 'Country Matters' which I found it difficult to find out much about, although that seems to have changed, and the series is available on DVD. Bates' theme seemed to be Women Of A Certain Age being all moody in many

cases and craving a bit of knob - none of which is shown explicitly, of course, amidst some glorious English countryside. I remembered in particular the episode 'The Simple Life' (not recalling its actual title which I only just found out) in which Australian actress Maggie Fitzgibbon (pictured below left in a shamelessly stolen cast photo from that episode) is not liking the country cottage her husband has shifted them to, until perked up by the arrival of strapping young man Peter Firth (!) with whom naughty is committed, even though he's not that much into it, and with vague homoerotic undertones would rather go fishing with her old man. One standout scene which cements Firth's character's rejection of her desires has Fitzgibbon breathlessly (and desperately) telling him "Look, I've got nothing on under this dress!" (a posh red velvet number if I remember right) only for Firth to exit unimpressed. The other odd side-note is that Maggie's character smokes du Maurier cigarettes, which came in a flat red box and looked well stylish. After watching the episode, I smoked them too for a while, but without the "nothing on under this dress" bit (no doubt to the relief of you all). The Deputy Manager at the Woolworths in Hitchin where I worked after school inevitably referred to them as "Daphnes", of course.



We just started on the latest *Star Wars* milking, 'Andor' and I'm fairly well fuckin' confused by it all, probably because I don't really know who any of the characters are and it's all very down-at-heel. The confusion wasn't helped by initially thinking that Andor was a planet and not a person, likely getting it all mixed up with Endor and, no doubt, Andoria from *Star Trek*. We'll keep going at it for now, though.

'Harley Quinn' continues to massively impress, and I'm told by the keeper of the Lists of Stuff that we have the 'Quantum Leap' reboot to clock this weekend an'all.

'The Equalizer' starring the always brilliant Queen Latifah resumes next month from last season's cliffhanger ending, and Jen tells me that Donal Logue (Harvey Bullock from 'Gotham') has been added to the cast - that ought to be well good...

# FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

It's almost impossible to write a regular footie column at the moment. Something always seems to come along and disrupt the schedules. If it isn't a global pandemic, it's a poorly thought through Winter World Cup in an Arab nation with no footballing heritage, but trumping all potential obstacles, with maybe<sup>1</sup> the exception of nuclear holocaust, must be the death of Britain's longest-serving monarch.

Elizabeth II shuffled off this mortal coil on Thursday September 8<sup>th</sup>. Almost immediately, just about every sport in the UK cleared their schedules in mourning, only for rugby and horse racing to do an about face just in time for Saturday morning opening time at Paddy Power. Football at all levels was left completely out of step and accused of not having the pulse of the nation; surely it would have been better for the tens of thousands of beered-up fans around the kingdom to belt out off-key renditions of God Save The Queen/King in these cathedrals of sport so beloved of Liz. When footie did return in somewhat truncated form a week later, the breaking of the pre-game one minute silence at one of the televised Premier League fixtures by an obvious republican subversive was met with a telling, bellowed riposte that bought a tear to the eye and a lump to the throat: "Show some fuckin' respect, you cunt!" The only blemish to the poignant moment was the lack of received pronunciation at either end of the exchange.

Football was always going to be criticised regardless of what it decided to do to pay homage to the departed queen. It has never enjoyed the same popularity with the monarchy as the nags or broken nosed, cauliflower eared rugby players who get [a chest full of medals just for marrying into the family](#). The interruption also came at what was perceived to be a critical juncture in the early weeks of the new season: surprise Prem leaders Arsenal, having just suffered their first defeat of the season at Manchester United, were due to face draw specialists Everton at home, whilst third placed Tottenham were due to play away to second placed

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<sup>1</sup> I say "maybe" because, as every right-thinking (in both meanings of the term) person knows, Brexit has placed an invisible shield around the United Kingdom that makes it impervious to all forms of outside attack as well as trade. There's also the imminent return of British sea power projecting force around the globe once the navy finds the starting handle for their new aircraft carrier that broke down off the coast of the Isle of Wight, but only if sea temperatures aren't excessively high. Nic adds: Ironically perhaps it was the HMS *Prince of Wales* (pictured getting towed in)...

Manchester City, putting the only two unbeaten records of the season at risk. European footie at least continued pretty much as usual in midweek, although, as a Spurs fan, I could have done without the 2-0 defeat away to Sporting Clube de Portugal in Lisbon.

All of which leaves us going into the last international break before the World Cup and me with not much to talk about...

Quick aside: I'm not a monarchist, but I'm also not really a republican; I've seen too many Tory twits elected to the UK parliament and too many presidents like Reagan and Trump elected in the US to trust the general public to elect any official anywhere in the world to any kind of office, let alone the very highest office. I am struck by a curious contradiction in my views though: Let's say that Britain in its 1960s or 70s socialist heyday had decided to abolish the monarchy and replace the House of Lords with a completely elected second chamber headed by a President. I'm struggling to think of anyone I might have trusted more with that position than Her Maj, the Queen, anyway, and I'm pretty sure if she'd stood for the position, she'd have been elected. She never expected to become Queen until the abdication of her Uncle put her father on the throne, so seemed to have very different attitudes to many members of her extended family; she saw the damage the position of King did to her father; She seemed to be a generally decent person, certainly more so than many of her offspring who have been raised with an expectation of position and privilege that she didn't have. Her late husband, Prince Phillip, was undoubtedly an old-fashioned, unreconstructed "man's man", but at least some of the medals he paraded around were actually earned in battle during WWII, unlike the rows of precious metal adorning the chests of Charles and Andrew. I am really struggling to reconcile these views and I'm rethinking my opinions on how an elected second chamber in the UK should work whilst reconsidering them. I also can't think of a single British politician over the last fifty years I'd have trusted to be elected President and that's probably colouring my opinion too. Anyway...

I have recently started watching the TV show 'Dopesick' on Disney+ in the UK. It's been around for a few months and





it's surprising that I haven't caught up with it already on two counts. Firstly, I'm a huge fan of these types of based on real events "investigative procedural" films and shows; I never miss a television re-run of 'All The President's Men'. Secondly, I also admit to a colossal crush on the magnificence that is Rosario Dawson; Marvel better be bringing her "Night Nurse" character back in the revived Daredevil show or there will be a stern letter of complaint (I can't say that Will Poulter's turn in the show gives me a great deal of optimism about his casting as Adam Warlock in Guardians of the Galaxy 3; he just doesn't convince).

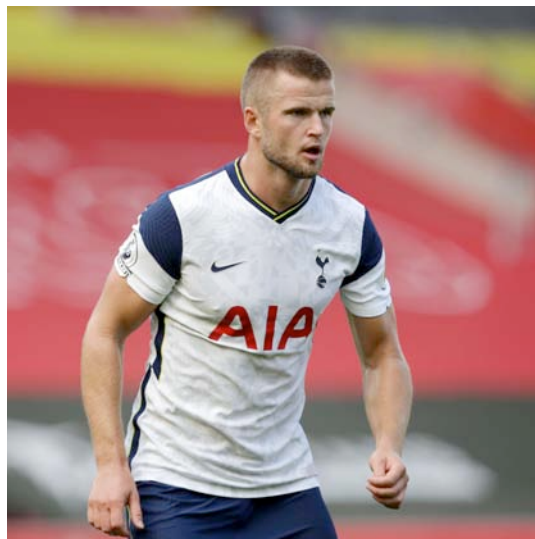
I had already known about the "opioid crisis" that was being widely reported in the United States, but I hadn't really investigated the "Hillbilly Heroin" label that I'd first encountered when OxyContin was mentioned in the television series 'Justified'. 'Dopesick' is obviously a mash-up of various stories and characters, but it at least gave me a few reference points to type into Google and then investigate further from there. There is a line in one of the early episodes that compares the Appalachian Mountain mining communities where much of the story is set to San Francisco at the start of the AIDS crisis and various inner-city communities at the start of the Crack epidemic. The authorities in the area were seeing huge increases in robberies, thefts, violence, child and family abandonments, and all kinds of other anti-social activities, but they just didn't know why. They were the "ground zero" of something they just weren't yet able to identify at that point; the canary in the coalmine, if you will.

Nic sent me a link to a newspaper piece recently. It was called '[Silence over football's links with sexual and domestic violence is deafening](#)' and it's about exactly what it says it's about. One telling quote from it is: "Football and sport sits in a curious position in our lives. It is close enough to dictate your emotions, some of your most open displays of passion – yet far enough removed from day-to-day life that you can approach it in some sort of moral vacuum. Between three o'clock and five o'clock your normal ethical code need not apply – especially if it's a really good player we're talking about." Oh, God, it's another contradiction I struggle with. I love football, I love various other sports, they do give me some of my most emotional highs, but I'm also painfully aware that most of the people that play them or follow them are people I wouldn't want to spend an hour with in a pub. There's a difficult balancing act here: I know I could sit and talk to Nic or Tommy Ferguson or our mutual acquaintance Nikki Basar about football because I also know our discussions would be wide-ranging; we'd start talking

football, get on to politics, maybe a couple of films or tv shows, back to football, on to cricket for a bit, various type of fandoms, music... You get the idea. There are also people, including people in sf fandom, that I know I can't talk to about football or most other things because they're too busy virtue signalling ("I only watch women's football now" (especially when their team's men's side isn't winning anymore), etc) and that gets right on my tits as the saying goes. Why do you want to fit in with a group if you don't genuinely subscribe to the values of that group or the people that make it up? The knuckle-dragging, tattoo-sleeved pissheads that bellow profanities at games are the easiest to avoid.

Two other newspaper stories grabbed my attention recently: The Daily Telegraph, not normally a rag I'd pay much attention to, reported that [football related crime had risen to an eight-year high](#) after a spate of pitch invasions and flare incidents. Police officers that deal with football related disorder are convinced that drugs, especially [cocaine, and alcohol](#) are key factors in the rise and are looking to expand the scope of ground banning orders to include people under the influence of either. Whilst it would be wrong to suggest that things are going back to the bad old days of the 1970s and 80s, it's impossible to miss the parallels between those years and now. We're entering, or have already entered, economic recessions across the entirety of the western world, interest rates are going up, rents are rising along with fuel bills to the point where Tory governments that would traditionally happily watch the hoi polloi starve are having to intervene, and food prices are rising noticeably week-on-week.

The other story was Tottenham centre-back Eric Dier (pictured), in an interview with The Guardian, revealing that abuse of family members of away players has been increasing and [he no longer allows his family to attend away games](#) to watch him play. Dier was the player who entered the stands after Spurs lost to Norwich City in the F.A. Cup in 2020 when he saw his brother being abused by home



supporters. Another recent Spurs related item (I support Spurs, so I'm bound to notice stories about the club and its players more than any others. I'm not touting any anti-Spurs agenda here) was Son Heung-min requesting that fans not take photos of his family in the stands at games, as the pictures were sometimes being used to target them for abuse. It really does seem a very long time since I've had the opportunity to write a wholly positive column about football... Coalmines and canaries?

## LOCO CITATO

[[*"What is freedom of expression? Without the freedom to offend, it ceases to exist."* (Salman Rushdie)...

From: jtmajor@iglou.com

August 26

**Joseph Major** writes:

You ask about Corflu.

Back when I had work, there was a Corflu nearby, in Nashville. However, it was the same weekend as the Sherlock Holmes/ Arthur Conan Doyle Symposium, which we had been going to for a few years. We considered passing up the SH/ACD Symposium, or even, in a daring adventure, commuting. The Symposium was in Dayton, but Elizabeth was a manic driver and the Symposium was mostly on Saturday, anyhow.

But then we talked to Tom Feller, who was in Jackson, Mississippi in those days, doing *The Chimneyville Gazette*. He had sent a copy to **Lucy Huntzinger** and she seemed, he said, to be . . . disinterested.

[[*As an aside, Nashville was going to be my first Corflu, but Dee Ann's cancer diagnosis put the kibosh on that. My actual first was Boston at which I was chucked in the deep end by being the randomly drawn GoH...*]]

Somewhat later that year I met Ken Moore, the then grand master of Nashville fandom. He did not think well of her.

Now Khen was something of an overwhelming personality, one could say. Yet his *Kubla Khan* consisted of everything he liked about fandom. He got writers like Fred Pohl and even Stephen King (!) and Harlan Ellison (!?! ) as guest of honor. He threw parties that were fun.

More to the point, he knew Nashville hotels. Mostly through having them be unavailable for Kubla because Opryland had bought the place. And the last one, the Days Inn Airport, was rather run down. (It's since been demolished.)

This did not seem to be an entirely welcoming experience. Some of the other Corflu regulars seemed of like mind.

So I never got into the habit, even though those people had faded away.

[[*And thanks for providing your end of this tale...*]]

Well, congratulations on your awards and under your prodding I did report them.

[[*Thanks for that also. Whether you personally choose to vote in the awards or not, all visibility is good...*]]

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From: phillies@4liberty.net

August 26

**George Phillies** writes:

A sound message: [[*referring to the email cover quote...*]]

The Laureate Awards were mentioned. The N3F was founded in 1941 and started giving awards soon thereafter.

These awards were first given in 1941 at the Denvention. Lifting not quite verbatim from the Denvention Con report:

Walter J. Daugherty awarded medals to the following people: 4e for best fan and being of most service to fandom; Roy Hunt for best fan artist; Higgins for the best and most consistent fan mag; Damon Knight for being the top humorist, and Julie Unger for putting out the best news-weekly.

From *Bonfire* (first name of this zine) 1.3, December 1941:

The matter of Annual Awards . Unanimous agreement, but the details are still being worked out, and will be presented to the Board very shortly . This is a continuation of the awards made personally by Walt Daugherty at the Denvention.

These became the Laureate Awards. As with many fannish activities, the awards process was less than completely timely. At some point, there was an interregnum, following which the awards were revived as the N3F Speculative Fiction (Neffy) Awards. This year, we revived the original name of the Awards. The exact list of awards has wandered a bit from year to year. For example, this year **Bob Jennings** urged that the anthology award should be split off from the novel award, which was done.

This year's Laureate Awards were:

Best Fan Writer: Andy Hooper

Best Fan Artist: Brad Foster

Best Fan Editor: Fred Lerner

Best Non-N3F Fan Publication: The Zine Dump

Best N3F Fanzine: Tightbeam

Best Literary-Critical or Historical Work: 2021 First Fandom Annual

Best Novel: Child of Destiny by Chris Nuttall

Best Shorter Work or Collection Thereof: Fantastic Schools

edited by Jagi Lamplighter and Chris Nuttall

Best Book Editor: Toni Weisskopf

Best Pro Artist: Brad Fraunfelter

Best Manga/Comic Book/Graphic Novel:

Tie between Telepaths and Jinnie Hex

Best Live-Action Television Show: Stargirl

Best Animation: Komi Can't Communicate

[[*See comments on Heath Row's loc below on this topic. Also (you did it again, George), thish's 'Omphaloskepsis'...*]]

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From: robjackson60@gmail.com

August 26

**Rob Jackson** writes:

Thanks for the latest *TH...*, appreciated as ever. This time round you have set various puzzles, of varying degrees of solubility. I will take them in reverse order. Your crossword clue for Eli – “Bollocks! Experiment gets a bad slice (9)” – was not all that difficult in the end, as the definition part of the clue was pretty much direct. (The answer was TESTICLES, for anyone who didn’t get it.) The wordplay part was split into two bits: the first four letters were another definition, and the last five were an anagram of slice (anagram indicator: “bad”). Apologies for this slightly obsessive deconstruction, but I do spend far too much time on *Guardian* and *Observer* crosswords.

*[[The Doc then generously supplies thish’s ‘Crossword clue for Eli’ - see ‘Indulge Me’...]]*

Rather more intractable as a puzzle was **John Hertz’s** Latin on page 13. My Latin vocabulary has sunk into sludge by now as I took my Latin O level ooh umm er 57 years ago. As Google is the last refuge of the failed intellectual, I pasted the phrases into Google Translate. *Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus* comes out as “Sometimes I am indignant. Good sleep Homer;” and *Ad caput coquite* is “Cook to the head.” I guess that means I have to be forgiven for failing to understand John Hertz...

*[[Failed Latin ‘O’ level twice, me, though I still like to have at it somewhat, as in loccol titles, and you give me the chance to note again the derivations of the two I use, the first being “Loco Citato”, which I’ve employed since Arrows of Desire days, translating as “In the place quoted”, including the DoBFO pun on “loc”. For BEAM I coined “Suscipe Verbum”, inspired in part from the implication of ‘Suspect’ used by the vocal group The Suspicious Cheese Lords (subject of a previous ‘Radio Winston’ column) and is a standard Latin mass line, meaning “May we receive these words”. My response (‘Ad caput coquite’) to Hertz’s showing off was an attempt to construct a phrase that could be loosely translated as “go boil yer ‘ead’...]]*

On less abstruse matters, I was rather chuffed to be reverse-Tuckerised as Willie Nelson simply for wearing a Beam T-shirt at Corflu Glitter. I’d have to practice the guitar first, though. You can do the headband much better than I can, though, as in this one of his classic performances which comes up on

YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R7f189Z0v0Y>

The only connection with Willie that we have locally is that our daughter Venetia and son-in-law Simon have a blue Staffie they have called Wilson, from either end of the singer’s name.

*[[I am now able to note, thanks to the all-knowing M Strummer (and I should have guessed this anyway) that the photo credit goes to Gary Mattingly. “Reverse-Tuckerized” is a new phrase on me. I like it...]]*

Finally, right into core fannish topics, I couldn’t agree more about the FAANs being essentially a self-selected exercise by those interested, and thus a club with no real bar to entry except that inside the potential member’s head.

Not sure if that quote about Google is a potential strapline for a future issue of *TH...* It’s up to you either way, of course...

*[[Sadly for you, I got a much more obvious one but please do keep trying! The Sainted Strummer (there he is again) wondered out loud in a loc some while ago whether people were deliberately trying to include a likely below the title out of context quote in their letters. Thish’s strapline was too good not to use, which is a shame because if I had chosen to hoik one out of your loc it would have been “...has sunk into sludge...” ...]]*

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From: kalel@well.com

August 26

**Heath Row** writes:

Why, oh, why do I do this to myself? Instead of reading each issue of *This Here...* as they come out, I let them pile up—even if just in my inbox—and eventually realize that I haven’t tuned in for several issues. Each issue deserves a deep and thoughtful read, especially when planning to write a letter of comment. But three? Daunting. Daunting like Mount Chomolunga. I bristle to think of the task before me, but this is a letter of comment on *TH* #54-56. Maybe I’ll learn my lesson.

I can think of no better taxi driver to seek out while in Las Vegas than one Nic Farey. I didn’t go to Westercon in person this year, only joining a couple of morning sessions via Zoom, but what might the fare have been from Vegas to Tonopah? At more than 200 miles, a dear fare, for sure, but well worth the conversation. Lucky Cab: Noted. “Foul-mouthed drunken ex-jailbird.” Noted.





*[[Since you ask, I'd estimate a minimum of \$700...]]*

Now that I'm paying more attention to 'Radio Winston', it offers plenty of quality options for my weekly shared playlist with friends. I appreciated #54's consideration of cover songs (even the Lulu cover of David Bowie; you're right: It's not bad), as well as your enthusiasm for Rancid's 'Ruby Soho'. I've been listening to Rancid since their first 7-inch on Lookout Records and was interested in them because of a couple of the members previous presence in the band Operation Ivy. If you haven't listened to Op IV yet, particularly their album *Energy*, you owe it to yourself to do so. It remains one of my favorite records. Singer Jesse Michaels, who did not go on to Rancid, later sang for bands including Classics of Love and Common Rider, which are also worth checking out. Michaels published a non-sf fanzine in 1987, *Kill Deal for 50 Cents*, published a novel, and graduated not that long ago from UCLA. He joined Tim Armstrong earlier this year to perform at least one Op IV song, "Sound System," at a local festival. Footage is available on YouTube at <https://tinyurl.com/4meh4se2>.

*[[I believe I'm now subconsciously tailoring possible 'Radio Winston' subjects to stuff that you might be interested in (and that W<sup>m</sup> Breiding will inevitably know even more about) rather than my typical process of considering what will annoy Leigh Edmonds...]]*

'Corflux' reminded me to check whether I'd secured a supporting membership for Corflu; I had. And the 'FaanWank' commentary on Big Name Fanzines not mobilizing their readers to participate in broader fandom resonated with this year's National Fantasy Fan Federation Laureate Awards—the Neffys. I don't know how many Neffers ended up voting, but I didn't. I'd nominated more than 100 contenders across categories and saw only two of my nominations show up as nominees. That's not why I didn't vote, but it was discouraging. (I missed the unpublicized deadline.) In the end, I think the fan categories ended up with excellent award recipients, but the literature and media categories were somewhat sparse. Part of the challenge, I think, was the vote mobilization. Nominees were published in the July issue of the *National Fantasy Fan*, without a deadline, and the results were published in August. So lobbying letters of comment and discussion of the nominees were also published in August, after it was all over. It's not the same challenge, or set of challenges, but it's similar.

*[[I've remarked previously that the Neffys (now re-renamed as the "Laureate Awards") are less than transparent to the point of actual and utter obfuscation. George Phillies has informed me previously that it's paid-up members who get to nominate (and vote) - fair enough - but nomination and voting numbers aren't made public, unlike the FAAn awards (or even the fuckin' Hugos) which not only typically publish*

*a full voting breakdown but also in the case of the FAAns provides a voter list. I continue to suspect that the N3F participation is so weedy that revealing these numbers would be an embarrassment...]]*

And 'Loco Citato'! I think the letter column is what proves most daunting when I let back issues pile up. I'll have to refer to **Justin E.A. Busch's** letter of comment that attracted so much discussion, and it strikes me that if *we're* all still discussing what a fanzine is and is not, it must not be an easily arrived at definition. I also enjoyed the discussion of BFFs and how likely or unlikely they are to be read or to inspire LOCs. If I find three issues of *This Here...* daunting, what of *Portable Storage* or Michael Dobson's *Random Jottings* #21?

*[[Justin continues to address the topic in his reply to David M. Shea's loc in the latest Far Journeys...]]*

In #55, 'Omphaloldskepsis' was awesome. Kudos to **Kim Huett** for digging into the archives for *Outworlds* #24. It's interesting how our motivations might not have changed much since 1975, it was heartening to see some familiar names, and I applaud folks continuing to refer to past fanzines. In the recent distribution of LASFAPA, David Schlosser remarked on my "[c]iting an item in a 30-year-old *Mimosa*." He seemed to find that amusing! I frequently see what I can learn about someone or something from past fanzines—particularly for my monthly research about the Patron Saints of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. So much great stuff is available via *eFanzines*, *Fanac*, *Scribd*, *Yumpu* (what the hey now?), and other sources.

I read **George Phillies'** comment to you in 'Omphaloskepsis' somewhat differently, I think. Instead of focusing on the *quality* of production or design—which desktop publishing and digital tools certainly afford us—I'd distinguish fanzines as being homemade (however they're made and however good they turn out) and prozines as having a budget, a business model, or some sort of income rather than being funded out of pocket. Selling the zine isn't sufficient. Neither is selling subscriptions. But are there advertisements? Is the staff paid? Is there perhaps a profit? (I might even consider Kickstarter-funded efforts prozines, given the degree of comfort granted by adequate funding.) Fanzines thrive on your money, energy, time, and attention. They're an avocation. Prozines thrive on the money of others, as might you. Prozines are a vocation.

*[[Fanzines are also a vocation, but not a money-making career choice...]]*

**Kim Huett** and **Mike Lowrey's** discussions of dishwashing reminds of the non-sf fanzine *Dishwasher*, which was published by Pete Jordan—in the zine, "Dishwasher Pete"—and later collected in the book *Dishwasher: One Man's Quest to Wash Dishes in All Fifty States* (Harper Perennial, 2007). The book might be of interest to plongeurs, cabbies, and others

alike. Also in that lettercol, **Leigh Edmonds** wrote, "In your mention of Corflu Pangloss there is mention of a 'supporting membership.' Has this always been so and I've just been unobservant. What a good idea!" All cons should offer supporting memberships, even if no one buys them—because someone just might. Not only did I join Corflu as a supporting member, but I frequently try to participate vicariously in even lesser cons around the country, as finances allow. As friends from LASFS prepare for their own trips to Chicon 8 (not one of those "lesser cons") early next month, I was late to join as a supporter, but did. The Hugo voting packet alone is worth the beans.

The N3F Laureate Awards mentioned by Huett in #56 are indeed the precursors to the Neffy Awards. We recently renamed them—formally—the Laureate Awards, returning to the historical name and calling them the Neffys with affection. I'm sure that Mr. Phillis and **Jon Swartz** will be able to tell us more.

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From: srjeffery@aol.com

August 26/29

**Steve Jeffery** writes:

The trouble is when people stop thinking of the freedom to offend as a right but as a duty, and then that that is the only way to engage.

Then they grow up to be Liz Truss.

Two full bottles of Heineken standing on the path on the way to the Co-op this morning so even though I'm not a lager drinker (or tbh much of a drinker at all, despite Vikki's insistence that a bottle of wine every other week classifies me as a virtual alcoholic) I've given them a good home. Nice start to the day.

*[[Hopefully then it wasn't skunked. Back in Maryland days (redneck central) we'd have a good larf at Jeff Foxworthy's "You might be a redneck" routines, which included "If you mow your lawn and find a car...". One time I was weed-whacking the fairly overgrown lower part of the front "yard" (the house was on a precipitous hill), and in the course of that generated a less grand version: "If you mow your lawn and find an unopened bottle of Budweiser"...]]*

Definitely going to have a look up on James Booker. Sounds good fun. Thanks for that.

Here one with Booker and Garcia (Jerry, not Chris)

[James Booker with Jerry Garcia - Slowly But Surely - YouTube](#)

And this

[James Booker: St. James Infirmary - YouTube](#)

*[[I did link 'St. James Infirmary', of course...]]*

Skips over 'Faanwank' because honestly, there are more important things to worry about.

*[[Fair enough. Not everybody's cuppa...]]*

Why feature fanart - and specifically fillo art - in fanzines? Some of us draw, or paint, other write, and some lucky few can do both with equal ability, but it's all response and that is primarily what a fanzine editor is looking as a reward (or perhaps just reassurance) that the work involved in putting together and sending out a fanzine is appreciated by at least a few on the mailing list. Just be more wary sending issues of *TH...* to sculptors or taxidermists. (Several fan artists also do cross stitch but I've yet to see a fanzine with an embroidered cover, and I'm likewise wondering about how you'd incorporate **Sue Mason's** interest in pyrography or **Freda Warrington's** stained glass.)

*[[Perhaps worthy of note that Freda's interest in stained glass was sparked by my late second wife Dee Ann, who also used to do that as a hobby...]]*

I wondered how long it would take **Dave Hodson** to feature a picture of Chloe Kelley with her top off.

I actually watched quite a lot of England's progress through Women's European Championship largely because, as a team, they seemed to remember which end the opponent's goal was in and went for it whenever the opportunity arose rather than spending half the match passing the ball back and forth between the defence and goalkeeper in their own half until this viewer at least gets bored and picks up a book or wanders off to watch something more interesting, like paint dry.

"Sexy Spurs hit the spot in bed". Wouldn't that tear holes the bedsheets?

Fanzines as the Lord Kitchener recruiting poster of sf fandom ("This Fandom Needs You."). There's a thought. ("What did you do in Staple Wars, Daddy?")

*[[Long, long ago...]]*

You could start including a white feather in the mailing envelope to continual non-respondents.

*[[Well, that would be an attached jpg or gif these days, wouldn't it?...]]*

You've started me thinking about where Gordon Liddy's reverse-assertion test could apply. (90% of anything that comes out of a politician's mouth for a start or a spokesperson reading a "prepared statement" about something they've dismally failed to address after a mere 20 years since it was first raised as an issue.)

Probiotic and antibiotic? Or is the latter just the robots in *Terminator*, or Al Reynolds' Inhibitor series? What about pro-septic or pro-histamine?

I think I'd better stop there.

Have to disagree with **Kim Huett** about two column format being ugly and difficult to read. That came home to me in the last(?) issue of *Portable Storage* where Wm. changed from a

usual two column format to single column format for one article (Cheryl's?) and my eyes kept sliding across where I was expecting the column break to be. So maybe it's not one or the other, but maintaining an overall consistency in terms of layout and font size, even though some editors might see that as overly constraining or boring.

\*\*\*



From: daverabban@gmail.com

August 27

**Dave Cockfield** writes:

*TH... 56* cheered me up.

Most of my friends consider me to be a foul mouthed embarrassment because of speaking my mind, exercising my freedom of expression, rather loudly. This only really happens when I am well lubricated with alcohol.

Being completely deaf in one ear and having frequency problems in the other doesn't help. I have a "Party" ear in that I can often hear people across a room better than someone next to me.

I keep saying just tell me when I'm speaking too loud because I really cannot tell.

Normally I am a shy introverted individual so seeing my pictures with three lovely women was quite an embarrassment. However after a large single malt Talisker scotch whisky I'm naturally chuffed.

That is the "loudest" of my four Hawaiian shirts. It is amazing how many women compliment me and say how they suit me. Paradise Hawaiian Style (1966). I like your Friday shirt too!

Despite extensive gender and diversity changes I think that the *Sandman* tv series is a great adaptation.

That said I would have loved to see the traditional white, teenage, Goth version of Death from the comics. A favourite all time character.

So why do you not like Gaiman? At his best, perhaps 50% of the time I think that he is a wonderful novelist and comics writer.

*[[Apart from the fact he's a totally up himself shameless self-promoting git who treated his first wife abominably?...]]*

Recently I watched the obscenely expensive Netflix movie 'The Gray Man'. Mindless, but enjoyable, action that remains in the memory for about 20 minutes after watching. It did persuade me to read the novel by Mark Greaney which is a million times better and only loosely contributes to the movie plot.

*[[I liked it...]]*

A great read for fans of Lee Child, James Swallow, and Scott Mariani.

'The Last Kingdom' set during the Danish invasions of Britain, a violent 5 season epic, is well worth hunting out. it is even better than Vikings.

In the cinema I've just seen 'Fisherman's Friends : All For One'. A more serious sequel. The Sea Shanty music is excellent. Lots of Cornishness, and a serious story about family grief managed to have mini waterfalls presenting themselves in my eyes. Not sure that it would appeal to Americans.

Not a good day. Somehow Wankford and Chunderland have lost home matches.

*[[Early days. Your Black Cats are doing all right, especially with the previous manager off on his toes to Stoke...]]*

Oh. As usual nice artwork throughout the issue.

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From: jabberwocky2000@hotmail.com

August 29

**Brad Foster** writes:

First, to make sure I keep up on my promise, looks like you used two fillos in issue 56, so that leaves you with 1 still to use in your files, and here are two new ones to bring that up to "selection level". As usual, if anything I send just isn't



something you want to use, let me know, and I'll replace it with something else.

*[[Ta as always Brad. It's good to be on your list again, and congratulations on your Not the Neffy Anymore Laureate award for best fanartist...]]*

Cindy is fascinated by all the ancestor stuff, but since I have had a hard enough time even remembering the names of close cousins all my life, just not something I ever got into. Never saw that it would make any difference to my own life what some ancestor or mine did or did not do way back when, and I guess to be honest, too much self-centered to seek it out. Does this make me a bad person?

*[[I probably would have remained uninterested in it all myself if my son Sean hadn't taken the lead on it...]]*

Multiple appointments this week to try and jump-start finally getting a hearing aid. Maybe if I can clearly hear people again, I can fake being interesting in person, and not have to just keep going "Me draw pretty one day!" and showing my doodles in their faces to try and make an impression. Or, maybe not...

*[[I only usually wear mine for work, but I mostly remember to when we're watching a movie at home. Days like today (when we went to Costco for my eye test and thence ordering new specs) I don't bother, or forget, only to be reminded that I really should have added the bionics because I do have a bit of trouble hearing what people say...]]*

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From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

August 30

**Eli Cohen** writes:

Hmmn. I don't seem to have much to say about this ish. It may be that I'm too distracted by packing for Worldcon (I could say I don't have time because of a 92 page Australian fanzine that just showed up, but then I couldn't use you as an excuse to **Bruce Gillespie** for not having time to loc his fanzine). Anyway, I feel like I just sent a loc on some Farey zine...

But loc or not, I can't ignore another crossword clue. "Bollocks! Experiment gets a bad slice (9)" This is a puzzlement. I believe "bollocks" is the polite British word for "testicles", which has 9 letters, so I wonder if that's somehow related? An "experiment" I guess could also be called a "test", and whaddya know? "icles" is an anagram, i.e. a bad spelling, of "slice"! So I'm going to say that "experiment gets a bad slice" is a very convoluted way to describe "testicles", which is a 9 letter synonym for "Bollocks", and therefore the answer. Of course, now you're going to tell me it actually has something to do with golf... or maybe pizza.

*[[I do generally consider golf to be bollocks, but the mere concept of a bollock pizza gives me pause. See Rob Jackson's loc earlier for the proper deconstruction of clue to solution. The Doc also, unprompted but happily, provided thish's effort (see 'Indulge Me' as usual)...]]*

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

August 30

**John Hertz** writes:

Nic Farey thinks I'm condescending.  
His thirst for resentment's unending.  
What with wodges and tranches,  
I wonder who stanches  
The flow of blood as his zine's ending.

Hmm, needs work...

*[[Bonus crossword clue: "Start of a Latin Christian hymn sounds like it's describing a letter from Hertz (6)"...]]*

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From: dave\_redd@hotmail.com

September 4

**David Redd** writes:

Thanks for #56, sorry I am brain-dead this month. **Brad Foster's** "nobody is normal" cartoon has lodged in my head and won't go away. And the p.21 illo would make a great book cover! Call it a tie for best art.

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From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

September 5

**Leigh Edmonds** writes:

Thanks for another fun packed issue of *This Here* ...

Before I start blathering on too much here's a couple of quick comments.

The reason that I called young **Perry Middlemiss** 'young' is because people have begun reminding me that I'm getting 'old', so this is my retaliation. Anyone under 70 is hereby deemed to be 'young'. You are under 70, aren't you, Perry?

Your comment in **Gary Mattingly's** letter about the effects of substituting green tea for coffee taking 87% of the fun out of life is right. I recently came to the conclusion that I was consuming too much caffeine during the day and have cut back, a lot. I don't know about 87% though, but at least 50%.

*[[Back when living in Maryland, on non-working days I'd typically consume an entire pot of coffee of a morning, which of course got me more than a bit jittery so I had to pile into*

*an 18-pack of beer to calm down. I determined that this possibly wasn't good, so nowadays I have two cups of coffee only, and I've got the beer amount down to about a 12-pack...]]*

A third short comment that just came to mind. I quite liked this issue's 'Radio Winston'. It was quite pleasant, enjoyable even. You're slipping. "Must do better" as they no doubt wrote in your school report. They certainly did in mine. Back to the reggae for you would be a safe bet.

*[[They did indeed, more than once. I have done a lot of old Jamaican music in 'RW', and I love to annoy you with it, but it's also all right to reflect other genres and stuff I admire. I've mentioned more than once that at work I listen to one of several Pandora channels of old ska and reggae, but at home now (while toiling here in the Fancave) I've switched that up to Delta blues for now, and that's what prompted the piece on James Booker...]]*

After writing that I had to do some shopping and came back about as frustrated as **Bob Jennings** was at the beginning of his letter.

A day or two ago I got an email from Telstra (the old privatized PMG which provides our internet connection) telling me that they had introduced a two-step verification process and then telling me how to get on board with it. Frankly, I didn't understand the process they set out and when I tried to follow their instruction that was more than one day's frustration right there.

The only solution was to go into the Telstra shop and sort out the problem in person, which I was happy to do since we needed some stuff from the supermarket and we had decided to get a new cat scratching post, from a shop just around the corner. So I marched into the Telstra shop - I might have been a bit aggressive about it, still being frustrated from my initial attempt to resolve the problem yesterday - to be greeted by a happy smiling staff person who told me that they get a lot of people like me coming in about this. The solution, he told me, was quite simple. He then set out to explain what a two-step-verification system was in words of one syllable, which annoyed me even more. (I sometimes wish I carried around with me my PhD certificate for occasions like that to prove I'm not stupid.) It turned out that the process I had to go through had almost nothing to do with what was written in the email and I left muttering to myself about the youth of today, mutter, mutter. I'll try



to get that problem resolved tomorrow, I've had enough frustration for one day and the thought of half an hour or more spent waiting in a telephone queue to get it sorted does not fill me with joy.

That was a nice little letter from **David Grigg**. (David and I are supposed to meet in town for lunch one of these days but Covid has happened since we talked about that. But we must get around to it in the next two or three years.) His suggestion that there might be a 'natural shape' to fanzines set my mind aflutter. 'Natural'? Is there something 'natural' about humans liking to read things that are printed in books and other reading material that is taller than it is wide? Turning around to look at the wall of books behind me, over a thousand by rough calculation, I see less than a handful that are printed in landscape format rather than portrait. Why is it so? I was tempted to think that it might have to do with the mechanics of printing presses but then I gather that most books from the days when books were hand copied were also the same way. So perhaps fanzines that are longer than they are wide is natural for humans. If anyone knows the answer I'd love to read it.

*[[It's an interesting question, whether our brains are hard-wired to readily accept the portrait format. I vaguely recall that cuneiform tablets were done the same way? I also continue to be highly amused that the Melbourne area social calendar is being partly organized in this here far-flung publication...]]*

**Jerry Kaufman's** musings on the community built around fanzines also stirred some thought, particularly about the 'gift economy and 'the lens of creating, building and binding community'. Because I've had a chapter published in an academic book about fans and fanzines Academia.com keeps sending me little reminders about how many academic mentions my name gets and wants money for it, and also sends the occasional PDF academic article about 'zines' and 'fandom'. Offhand I can't think of one that goes further back in time than the zines that grew out of rock and punk - no mention of us and our traditions. I always feel inclined to drop the author a severe email about the invention of the word 'fanzine' in 1939 and all that, but life is too short. I've also looked at the zine collection in the State Library of Victoria and the little Zine shop in deGraves Lane, and the two things lacking from everything I've looked at are a letter column and the phrase that they are available for 'the usual'.



*[[It's almost been a truism that zine scenes created later, and independently from those in the sf community all think (or pretend) that they invented the form. Punk zines eg the seminal 'Sniffin' Glue' could be cited, as could many footy zines, some of which ended up fairly mainstream. There's an argument to be made that the music magazine 'ZigZag' had much of a fanzine ethos, especially under Kris Needs' editorship in the late 70s. "The usual" ain't wot it used t'be, and only now still exists in a very vestigial way...]]*

What, you may ask, do we learn from the above, apart from the fact that portrait format fanzines may be the 'natural' fanzine format? We learn, I think, that fanzines were invented and designed to construct a community using the social media of the time, the postal service. (This was stated very nicely in the display of Tucker's Den at the recent Chicon which had a little placard that said the same thing.) Nowadays the people who congregate around various hobbies, beliefs and the like on the interweb like to call themselves 'communities' but it is something that fans invented fifty years earlier using the technological systems available to them. Future thinkers indeed! Why did they do that? How much space have you got?

**[[BEAM article?...]]**

**Bob Jennings** makes an interesting point about the publishing life of a fanzine fan. He may be right about some fans running out of things to say/write and therefore stopping publication, but in my case, if and when that happened I started publishing newszines in which I didn't have to think anything original at all apart from some book reviews. What happened to me was simply that I started on a PhD and fairly soon after that the process involved swelled up to occupy all the vacant space in my brain, pushing out all fanac except my SAPS membership. After that, trying to make a living through commission work kept that space fully occupied until some fool talked me into writing a history of fandom in Australia. After that **Dan Steffan** sent me a fanzine, then **Graham Charnock**, and here I am. After being away for two or three decades it's a lot like returning home to a place that is safe and relaxing, wiser (perhaps) but also older and less driven. There are some old friends and many new ones and I may well be having too much fun for my own good. It's certainly taking up more of my time that I can really afford, but it's like going down to the local grogorium for lunch and then having trouble breaking away to get back to work.

All right **Gary Mattingly**. You're fit! No need to rub it in. Okay, I gave up and went and bought one of those treadmill things a few weeks back in the hope of getting in some walking in the dark hours, and some other bits and pieces of 'fitness' gear in the hope of getting back some upper body strength. So far so good. To get that equipment I had to go into a 'sport' store, which was like entering an alternate universe. There is a whole world out there, that friend

David might know about since he knows about footy, of exercise equipment and clothing and shoes to wear while using said equipment. I couldn't get out quick enough. I would have gone into a book shop to cleanse myself, except if I go into one of those I will end up buying books that I won't live long enough to read.

*[[I continue to be mildly annoyed that the likes of Christina Lake in particular (who is the same age as me, within a mere couple of months) is off running marathons & that while I'm tired out just getting to the beer fridge here in the Fancave across the room...]]*

That **Kim Hewitt** is a naughty boy, isn't he? Loved his stories.

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From: 308 Prince St. #422, St. Paul, MN 55101

September 6

**Justin E.A. Busch** writes:

A couple of belated responses to questions you posed earlier. As regards a single page column rather than two — I like the feeling of spaciousness the former gives me. It's also the case that for quite a few issues I had a considerable number of illustrations accompanying articles, and, in general, I did not think that they would fit as well in a two-column format. Ironically, when I wrote my Discon 2 con report for *Far Journeys* 8, I intended it to appear in two columns, but setting



them up without wrecking the rest of the issue proved to be such a hassle that I simply gave up.

*[[Given that I know you also work with 'Pages' software, that surprises me, since even in the cranky old many-upgrades-ago version I ply over here, I wouldn't have found the switching of one to two columns (and back) difficult at all. I note that in BEAM (mostly two-columns. left-justified) the lyric parodies are single-column centered text. While This Here... is set up as continuously linked text boxes, BEAM breaks those links between pieces...]]*

My reasons for design echo those of others; my reasons for doing fanzines are, at least to a degree, rather different from what I've seen. In a certain sense, I create fanzines because, a) it's fun ("half the fun," as Bill Bowers commented (*Don-o-Saur* 37, October, 1974), "is trying different processes, and doing the best with what you can get your hands on;" b) it gives me the feeling of belonging to a community stretching back and sideways through time; and, most importantly, c) it's a way of discharging a very deep debt to those, pro and fan alike, whose work has given me so much pleasure over so many years. This is especially evident in the *Dreams Renewed* minimags, in which each is an essay on some story or book to which I wish to call the reader's attention, but it lurks behind much even in *Far Journeys*. In the latter, there's also a sense of paying it forward, particularly in the 'Lyric Visions' section, wherein I print not just the songs I've written based on fan poems, but introductions where I provide at least some details regarding the life and activities of the fan in question (the research for these can actually take longer than writing the song did). Some of these writers are very obscure indeed, which is part of the point: fandom is not, or should not be, just about the BNFs (there is, doubtless, a degree of personal sentiment involved here as well).

*[[I'd say that in a very general sense that's fully true - each of us presents and reflects our own interests, enthusiasms and obsessions, using the myriad processes available to us, as Bowers noted. You've remarked several times in your 'Fanfaronade' column for Fanactivity Gazette that this here carton of boiled rice has the "feel" of a genzine, and I've come to realize that your conclusion reflects a certain breadth of topic, even as those topics are regular and recurring. Alongside fannish (or even "faanish") musings on Corflus, FAAn awards and the theory and practice of fanzining ('Omphaloskepsis') there's the footy, of course, TV and movie reviews, 'Radio Winston' and the varied snippets in 'Indulge Me' of brief items of interest. Others (in the perzine arena) compartmentalize their fanac more strictly eg Guy Lillian III with the valuable listzine The Zine Dump and his "journal of opinion" Spartacus. Much else could be pegged as "What I'm Watching/Reading/Listening To" often sprinkled with personal updates and/or reminiscence, citing*

*the usual sterling examples of Perryscope and Vita Transplantare...]]*

In *TH...* 56 Kim Huett waxes sarcastic at the expense of William Breiding and "modern realist novels," asserting that "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." This is hardly new; Goncharov's 1859 novel *Oblomov* depicts exactly this sort of person (in my copy it takes about 40 pages for Oblomov to get out of bed and sit in a chair). Yet the novel is in fact quite engaging. While I'm not wholly sure what counts here, I suspect that the same is true of at least some among the more recent such novels (although they have not yet been weeded out by the hand of time); certainly, to name one recent novel chosen not quite at random, Margaret Drabble's *The Dark Flood Rises* is very powerful indeed.

[Interlude: in one of my early 'Fanfaronade' columns, which you, Nic, may in fact never have seen, I recommended two taxi books. Time having passed, I thought it worth mentioning them again, as I think each deserves a wider audience: Khaled Al Khamissi's *Taxi* (Aflame Books, 2008), 58 very short chapters grounded in taxi driving in Cairo, and "Code Two," Part Three of John Moore's *Three of a Kind* (Ekstasis Editions, 2001), which is poignantly grounded in Moore's experiences as a taxi driver.]

I'm with Leigh Edmonds on the parallels between Mahler symphonies and Big Fat Fanzines. Properly done, the latter do leave the reader with a sense of having been on a lengthy voyage with a variety of companions, most of whom were interesting, some of whom were less so, and some of whom were dull or incoherent. The flip side of this is found in a brief colloquy between Mahler and Sibelius: the former argued that the symphony should express a world; the latter that it should center upon, and develop, a single idea as tightly as possible. No fanzine with a lettercol can ever be quite as focussed as Sibelius demanded, but some come close (Catherine Groves's *Christian\*New Age Quarterly*, comes to mind; everything in it is guided by her editorial vision). The major distinction here, though, is that the better a BFF is, the less it is Mahlerian, since the range of differing voices is not, and can not, be the same as a single creation by one person. But since a symphony is not a fanzine (or vice versa), this fact is no reflection upon either the quality or the character of the BFF in question.

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From: jakaufman@aol.com

September 9

Jerry Kaufman writes:

We spent the last eight days in Chicago (or traveling there and back) for the Worldcon, with a bit of unremarkable sightseeing to fill in the time. I imagine I'll write more about

it in the next *Littlebrook*. One of the highlights was the time Suzle and I spent with **Eli Cohen** and Linda Gerstein. Writing letters to your fanzine has added a bit of fodder to our conversations.

[[*"If there is one thing worse than being talked about, it is not being talked about" ...*]]

I liked the photo of your grandmother and her children, though if asked to guess at its date, I might have presumed it to be much earlier than 1940.

Thanks for running the photos also of **Dave Cockfield**, He looks like an agreeable chap.

[[*He is indeed (for a Sunderland fan, ahem)...*]]

Do you watch *Resident Alien*? Linda Hamilton has a recurring role in that series, and rather than "Ageless Beauty" I think she's well-aged. Either a lot of make-up was applied in the photo you include, or she's not wearing any makeup in the series. And how old is Nigella Lawson in the shot on the same page?

[[*62, I believe...*]]

As you can tell, I didn't have much to say about this issue, despite finding much of it interesting. I may have more to say next time around, once I've recovered from Covid.

[[*Get well soon, Killer, and see you (and Eli) next month...*]]

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From: mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com

September 19

**Mark Plummer** writes:

I was thinking earlier that I should do something productive with today's special funereal bank holiday seeing as I'm largely avoiding the event itself, and it looks like you win – or, depending how you feel about it, lose. Although the day has taken a slightly unexpected turn, and very much not for the better, with the news that Maureen Speller died last night. We knew Maureen had had a cancer diagnosis back in April, but she was sounding reasonably upbeat on Twitter at the beginning of August. We'd not really heard much for a few months until yesterday morning when we received an email from Caroline, quoting Paul saying that Maureen's health had massively deteriorated and she likely had only hours left, and then a message over Discord saying that she died at about 10pm. We've had relatively little contact with Maureen and Paul in the last decade, but I would like to think we were close back in the 1990s and she was hugely supportive of our earliest fan-publishing ventures. I trust our royal family don't mind that for some of us our thoughts today will be on something other than their loss, and anyway I don't much care if they mind or not.

[[*No royalist, me, but the mild sadness I felt about Liz 2 being on her way was most definitely eclipsed by the news of*

*Maureen's demise. I probably hadn't had much if any contact with her in two decades or a little more, though I did have occasion to be in touch with Paul about my suggestion to fanthologize one of his zine review columns from **Banana Wings**, which surprised and pleased him. We were good mates with the both of them at *Novacons* and *Mexicons* back in the day, and Maureen was - er - "gifted" with a *Farey* moniker as I always only slightly wickedly referred to her as "Mo", which she didn't seem to mind. Very occasionally I also called her "Scammell" for reasons perhaps best left unexplained. The only photo I have of her from them days only shows the bottom half of her face (with a massive grin) as she is being worshipped by me and, I think Mike Ford (judging by the sweater) on the occasion of her scooping the *Best Fanwriter Nova* that year...]]*

Anyway, to *This Here...* #56, although first to something I meant to say about #55. **Jerry Kaufman** notes that '... all of us literally speak *ex cathedra* or "from the chair."' But surely you, Nic, speak *sub cathedra*, 'from under the chair', given the likelihood that that you have fallen off of the chair, something you seemingly do (on the evidence of *This Here...*) about thirty-seven times every day. I see, though, that in #56 there are only three instances of chair plummeting so let's hear it for greater stability in the closing months of 2022.

[[*Unlikely. [falls off chair]...*]]

Really about #56 now, I should start off by acknowledging something that I expect the Australian contingent have already pointed out about my contention that Amazon Australia is a 'recent development'. I suppose it is *recent* compared with the US and UK where we've had the benefit of Amazon's services since the 1990s, but equally 2017, the launch date of amazon.com.au, probably doesn't count as *recent* by most standards. I blame the time-warping effects of the Covid lockdowns.

An odd thing, though. *Portable Storage* #8 sells for \$4.06 in the US. In the UK it's £3.37 and given our weak currency that's about \$3.84. However the same item on Australian Amazon it's A\$9.18 which is about US\$6.15. So it probably is cheaper to order Australian copies from Australian Amazon but it doesn't save quite as much as it seems. Unless I'm missing something.

I suspect this is all more than usually scattershot, but here we go. Although I'm still an office worker – well, two days a week anyway – I've long since given up suits and ties. For the best part of twenty years now my work-shirts have been corduroy in a variety of single colours. I like these so much that I bought some extras when the company was having a sale. However they hardly ever develop holes or tears in the pockets or anywhere else. The worst you can say is that the colours get a little less bright. So for over a decade I've had several brand new shirts still in their packaging sitting in a wooden chest at the bottom of the wardrobe, waiting for

their moment which on current estimates will come in about 2057.

On the origin of the FAAn Awards, I guess you could say it was a clique in that the original intent was to restrict nomination and voting to 'currently active fanzine fans', arguably meeting the 'do not readily allow others to join' part of the definition. And I suppose it was a small group relative to the voting pool of the Hugos. But mostly I think there's a perception that the awards are dominated by clique causing some not to participate and thus strengthening the perception that the awards are dominated by clique. John Cleese fronted an advertising campaign over here for the Liberal Democrats many years back, possibly so far back that it was rather the Liberals, arguing that if all the people who said they would vote for the LibDems if they thought they could win did in fact vote for the LibDems then the LibDems would win. If all the people who think the FAAn Awards are dominated by a clique...

*[[That's exactly the conclusion others are also realizing, though I suspect the antipathy of some of them may be well ingrained at this point. It might be notable that John Thiel marshalled a lot of his friends to submit ballots for the 2018 awards but since he didn't win anything (though placing well, causing Andy Hooper to remark that he "threw up in his mouth" every time Thiel's name came up in the top five or so vote-getters) he appears to have subsequently abandoned the effort. This does hark back to one year's whining about the Novas that the Leeds group had mobbed the voting, causing Tony Berry to then comment "this is the point of the bloody award!" (annoying some wankers) meaning that them as can be bothered to fuckin' vote will determine the outcome. As you well know I'm all in favor of getting as wide of a participation as possible. Much as I have come to dislike continually harking (and harping) back to 2019, 19 ballots received was an utter fuckin' joke, exacerbated by Mike Dobson's pathetic attempts to justify the results. Lest we forget. Despite justifiable criticism of John Purcell's 2020 management of the EAAs (due entirely to category confusion), kudos to him, really, for trying to get it all back on track after that debacle...]]*

I do though disagree with this notion of the Hugos being 'poll-taxed'. They're awards given by an organisation, the World Science Fiction Society, and the membership of that organisation consists of the members of the Worldcon. Yes, you have to pay to join the organisation, but it seems to me

that that's not really the same as a poll-tax. Having looked it up, though, I think the term has a different meaning in our country, where it is simply a tax levied on every individual without reference to their means.

*[[Spot on. When I use "poll-taxed" to describe the Hugos I am using the American definition of the term which describes a voting fee, and not the British one which is as you state...]]*

Why do we include fanart in our fanzines? Because it's one of the things that makes them look like fanzines – and maybe in our case the way in which we do or don't include it makes the fanzines look less like fanzines and rather more like (according to **Jay Kinney**) the newsletter of the *International Communist Current*. And sometimes fanart is better way to say something than words, even if the pictures/ words exchange rate is no longer holding steady at 1,000 in our current economic crisis.

And flipping back to #55 again, I'm grateful to **Dave Hodson** for confirming that it's not my imagination and the football season really did start early this year to accommodate a year-end World Cup. Not quite sure what the recent mourning-provoked postponements will do to the schedule. I was rather surprised that football matches were cancelled, that being the sort of thing that seems likely to bolster republican sentiment. Somebody told me – with all the caveats that implies – that it was less about respect and more about a shortage of outside broadcast capability.

*[[The Scottish Leagues played on that weekend, and apparently Celtic fans sang an anti-monarchist ditty during the one-minute silence...]]*

**Claire's** quite a fan of The Hundred cricketing tournament, especially because it gets the women's game onto network tv, and so I have ended up half-watching some of it. The strips are, er, interesting, as is the unlikely sponsorship from snack foods. I suppose it does work though as I was blissfully unaware of the existence of Pom Bears until they started sponsoring Southern Brave. **John Coxon** introduced me to these potato snacks that aspire to be in the shape of cheerful and friendly bears although the mass production process means they're more likely a kind of post-apocalyptic mutant bear that really would give you a surprise if you went down to the woods.

I'd not heard of the N3F Laureate Awards mentioned by **Kim Huett**. I do however see that *Fancylopedia 3* has a completely





different set of winners of 1950. Looks like it's a question of terminology. The list of 1950 winners Kim provides includes *Galaxy* as the best magazine but its first issue only appeared in October 1950 and so I assume it's a list of awards for 1950 eligibility whereas the *Fancy3* list is those awards given in 1950, something that backed up by the inclusion of a best fan of 1949 (Art Rapp). It seems then they were given at least twice, then, for 1949 and 1950. *Fancy2* calls them 'more or less annual certificates in recognition of excellence presented to outstanding fans by the N3F' and that was in 1959, possibly suggesting they were still around. Kim and I often have this kind of discussion in the pages of Anzapa. It seems a little odd to be having it here.

**[[This Here... continues to function as an Anzapa outpost...]]**

There's doubtless much more I could say here but I will stop as I have to prep dinner. It is, as a long-time fan friend of mine says, all good.

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From: fareyjen@gmail.com

September 22

**Jennifer Farey** writes:

I have to say that the current version of *Harley Quinn* (on HBO Max) is right at the top of the list of "TV shows that shocked the crap out of me." Sure, I've seen enough of the DC animated universe to know that they're meant for adults (*Constantine*, anyone?) but HQ takes it to a new level. There was more than one double take from me during the first episode, and not in a bad way. Just very unexpected. There's a lot of good voice work in it, particularly from Kaley Cuoco, who plays Harley. Cuoco played Penny in *The Big Bang Theory*, who, let's be honest, had a bit of that Harley-vibe around the edges. She's also the titular character in *The Flight Attendant* (another enjoyable series on HBO Max), so the gal has range. But in HQ, she's positively manic, while still finding those moments to remind you who Harley used to be and that she's really still a person who wants to be loved. She just has a, shall we say, overzealous way of going about it. So yes, I'm enjoying Harley Quinn, although at the moment I've become really invested in the side story of Poison Ivy (Lake Bell) and Kite Man. I don't think it will end well.

**[[Your uncanny writerly ability to spot plot developments and twists in the offing spoils a lot of stuff, you know...]]**

As for Michelle Yeoh, I'm game to watch whatever she does. The woman can play anything. Our double-header was fun, but I enjoyed *Everything Everywhere All at Once* much more than *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, and not just because of the subtitles. EEAAO had some subtitles, but I was glued to the screen during the entire movie. It was inventive, crazy, heartfelt, confusing, aggravating, and incredibly fun. Yeoh was her usual amazing self. Jamie Lee Curtis played totally

against type and was fabulous. But the actor that really stayed with me was Ke Huy Quan (if you want to know why, I go into much more detail in my own perzine, *JenZine*, coming out the first weekend in October... shameless plug).

**[[Cue a reminder to anyone who would like the pdf of JenZine as a direct send, please let Jen know...]]**

Now that the Fall TV season is going at full force, the problem isn't finding something to watch, it's prioritizing which of the shows in our queue to fit into our limited TV time first. And as I write this, I'm wondering what we'll watch tonight, and I'm realizing that I'm hungry, and, oh yeah, we got a Marcos coupon in the mail... so what do you think, Babe, should we order a pizza?

**[[Casa Farey update: we did order pizza and watched the third episode of 'Andor' followed by the first of the new 'Quantum Leap'. 'Andor' is starting to make some sense and 'QL' looks promising. We followed up with the initial two-parter of the original 'QL', and it was a bit of a slog to be honest, given how generally wooden (even inept) Scott Bakula is (though I recall him getting much better as the series went on). Sheer joy, though, watching Dean Stockwell on top form - episode 1 of the new effort is dedicated to him...]]**

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#### WAHF

**W<sup>m</sup> Breiding** advising the status of the upcoming *Portable Storage 8* and some printer/formatting issues which are delaying it. Now sorted, we're told. Re: *BEAM*, I know how he feels ; **Justin E A Busch**, requesting a direct send of *JenZine* for review ; **Mike Lowrey** : "I am so innocent and good-natured as to not only be aware of that meaning of "pearl diver", but to have earned my red wings on one memorable occasion." ; **Jim McLeod** with moar art! ; **Perry Middlemiss** : "as the saying goes - those that are easily offended should be offended more often." Perry also claims that he's going to wave at me from the airplane while on his way from LAX to the Chicago WorldThing... ;

#### FANZINES RECEIVED

A bonzer crop since the lastish...

**ALEXIAD #124 (Joseph & Lisa Major)** - Arriving mere hours after *TH... 56* goes out, the usual solid mix of reviews, letters and reportage on their topics of interest (equestrianism and monarchy included) as well as listing the FAAn award winners for 2022, something Joe says to me in other correspondence that he has indeed been neglectful of (see also locs). The issue-closing parody piece this time (*Lensmen vs Penguin*) is especially fine...

**SCIENCE FICTION COMMENTARY 110 (Bruce Gillespie)** - A direct send of the pdf, ta Bish! 90+ pages of BFF, thorough reviewing and hefty locs as usual, and we must mention the excellent front and bacover art from Carol Kewley...

**INCA 20 (Rob Jackson)** - Not *exactly* all Taral all the time, but he does have the cover and a substantial chunk of the within. Also a typically enjoyable travelogue from the Doc himself plus material from **S&ra Bond**, **Uncle Johnny** and some gobshite delivering a faux "apology" at Corflu Concorde...

**FAR JOURNEYS Vol 3 No 3 (Justin E A Busch)** - The cover belongs to Julie E. Czerneda (and a lovely detachable signed photo), who is interviewed extensively within by Jennifer Svarckopf. Timely, as Czerneda has just been elected to the CSFFA Hall of Fame. More fanmusic bits, the H. G. Wells "long-short" story series continues with a substantial dissertation on 'Star Begotten', and a rather welcome plug for *This Here...* pops up in Justin's reply to the lead loc from David M. Shea...

**CAPTAIN FLASHBACK #45-46 (Andy Hooper)** - The newly-minted N3F Laureate continues to wax upon TV horror hosts, includes mailing comments on the APA in which this zine primarily appears and appends an inevitable "What I'm reading". If I did interlineations in here (or anywhere) - Andy lists the sources of his from the previous issue as standard - I'd include his remark: "Narrative reliability [is] an overvalued commodity". #46 has a welcome and more populated loccol...

**PERRYSCOPE 26 (Perry Middlemiss)** - Ah, there's the rugged old sod back on the cover! Notes on his then pending travels, an excellent piece on working on a bibliography of the Australian poet C. J. Dennis, plus all the usual ketchup on reading and viewing. We disagree on 'All the Old Knives' which I liked pretty well but Perry didn't...

**VANAMONDE several issues (John Hertz)** - A clump of plinths...

**THE BALOOBIUS 9 (Taral Wayne)** - Musings on the accession of King Charles III, a lovely parody piece from Walt Wentz based on Monty Python ("Nobody expects the British Succession!"), and an invasive mouse - I refer the editor to a long-ago piece in *Banana Wings* titled "He Needed Killin'" on how to deal with that. The loccol is christened 'Penney Lane' for easily deduced reasons...

**THE OBDURATE EYE 19-19.5 (Garth Spencer)** - Very newsy on Corflu and other in-person fanac, also noting the cancellation of VCON which apparently leaves the organizer on the hook for \$10,000. Fuck!...

## INDULGE ME

✘ **WORLDTHINGWANK** : Congrats to Glasgow for 2024 - that's actually a one we might aspire to attend (dosh permitting, of course) given the well-deserved presence of Fishlifters as fan GoHs, and other guests who I've actually heard of...

✘ **CROSSWORD CLUE FOR ELI** : (Supplied by **Rob Jackson**, for which thanks!) : "It's obvious haystack is too high at bridge (9)"...

✘ **SCIENCE AND NATURE (1)** : More deep-sea weirdness, possibly something even Stephen Baxter couldn't make up: [Fighting Elvis Worms](#) (!)...



✘ **THE FUTURE** : Definitely one for us dedicated **Paul Di Filippo** fans - the [linear city](#) will be a thing (maybe)...

✘ **SCENTED CANDLE UPDATE** : Having acceded to wifely entreaties to not get the lilac one again, we're now on the almost seasonally appropriate 'Fall Festival' : "Spices and soft musk" which isn't so redolent, and quite nice. Next up will be the perennial favorite 'Caribbean Market' which some notables might wish was skunky weed but thankfully isn't...

✘ **RADIO WINSTON EXTRA** : I find a map from 2017 (and thus likely now outdated) showing the top-selling artists born in each US state. Washington (not D.C.) may not wish to admit that theirs is Kenny G...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (1)** : No doubt a crass opportunity for some to go all f'nar f'nar about "getting yer Oates", here's **Joyce Carol** of that ilk...



✘ **DOTAGE** : One of the strange effects of plodding into late middle age, as I might wistfully and possibly inaccurately call it, is that your tastes can get a bit reactionary. I realized this first when I started liking Rush, and crucially when I began to think that Celine Dion was a bit of all right to look at, really. Recent Las Vegas billboards advertising a new restaurant ('The Bedford') at the Paris hotel have got me thinking the same about [falls off chair] Martha Stewart...

✘ **DOWN UNDER HEADLINE OF THE WEEK** : "[King's alleged love child Simon Dorante-Day reveals telling Prince Harry detail](#)". This Queensland bloke claims to be the secret love child of Charles and Camilla and next in line for the throne, and probably gets way too much press...

✘ **SCIENCE AND NATURE (2)** : Shared on FBF by **Al Sirois**, it seems oddly mad that Einstein's Theory of General Relativity would be subject to simple, physical proof, but [so it is](#)...

✘ **TAXI TALE** : Almost forgot this. I was staging at the Linq in the early wee hours, sitting third in line, and a young couple came out, carrying half a case of bottled water and a couple other things. They went up to the first cab, which promptly drove off at a clip. The second one simply refused to take them at all (illegally) and the lad was getting a bit irate by now and a bit of a shouting match occurs. So they come up to me, and I sez "Get in, where are you going?" and as expected by the reactions from the other arseholes it's just across the street to Ballys. I explain that the driver's refusal was illegal and they should note his cab number and call in a complaint to the taxicab authority - the girl takes a photo of his cab, causing the driver to start berating them (again), but then someone with luggage comes out, presumably an airport ride (\$29) and he can't load it quick enough. The lass also photos the little plaque in my cab (and all cabs) that gives the Taxicab Authority phone number. "Make sure you file the complaint", I advise. We get across the street and the lad says "Look, I'm Canadian and this is against my religion, but I'm giving you a \$10 tip" (on the \$6 ride). I bet the git in front of me didn't get that much, and I doubt I would if he hadn't been such a fuckbag...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (2)** : **Charlotte Rampling**, looking predictably unrampled...



✘ **NEXTISH** : Because Corflu Pangloss is the weekend we'd normally be publishing, you can expect #58 around October 28th...

## MIRANDA

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

Locs & that to: 2657 Rungsted Street, Las Vegas NV 89142, or Email [fareynic@gmail.com](mailto:fareynic@gmail.com)

Art credits: **Brad W Foster** (pp8, 17) ; **Jim McLeod** (p13) ; **Ulrika O'Brien** (pp11, 14)

**"My head was in a bad place  
But I'm having such a good time  
I been running trying to get hung up in my mind  
Got to give myself a little talking to this time"**