

# This Here...

*"...self-involved and closed..." (G H Lillian III)*

## EGOTORIAL

### TURDOLOGY

As most of you will know, we were in Vancouver BC last weekend for Corflu Pangloss.

A primary takeaway from the event is unfortunately highly scatological. I could not fail to note that the Canadian food (which was, it must be said, generally excellent), no doubt in the combination with copious amounts of Guinness, seemed to habitually produce turds of inordinate length which were also (avails himself of Thesaurus) extremely quaggy as well as being highly malodorous. Add to this the bogroll meeting Churchill's classic North American observation of being "too thin" (we got through a *lot* of it, thankful for the provided spares) and you can see how this might end up being an abiding memory of the trip.

Thankfully for all concerned, this does not translate into a metaphor for what was a fine Corflu indeed, and although there might have been a couple of bits I mildly quailed at, it would be extremely churlish to get picky over them, such was the typical Corflu comity on display. Although (sigh) it does appear that I'm just about the last tobacco smoker left in fanzine fandom - my occasional puffing on the sidewalk pals **Pat Virzi** and **TFL Rich Coad** have long packed up the habit, and **Aileen Forman** wasn't there. I must have racked up more steps than all year so far nipping in and out for a smoke, reminding me

that my legs aren't what they used to be in terms of ease of functionality and nor is my back.

**R Graeme Cameron** summed up the whole shebang pretty well in a posting on FBF: "Everyone present knew each other either by past personal interaction or by reputation. Tremendous sense of family and community. Happy and friendly interaction." While not 100% correct (in terms of everyone knowing everyone else), it's close enough that I'm not going to quibble much, except to note that, other than the Pangloss team, pretty much nobody had met **Jen** at all, but as perhaps the exception proving the rule she was thoroughly welcomed by the assembly and had a fab time,

including but not limited to her runaway win on 'Just A Minac'. While **S&ra Bond** does try to tailor subjects to the initial speaker, Jen of course ended up having to pontificate on topics she knew little about (those topics being well fannish in many cases), but her closeout on the subject of "Tower of Beer Cans to the Moon", noting that "We've got one of those at home!" may have caused mass chair plummeting.

It's well unfair to single out individuals, but of course I'm going to do it anyway. A definite pleasure for me, having interacted with them on Zooms, was to meet the previously mentioned **Notorious RGC**, **Garth Spencer** and **Andrew Murdoch** from Canadian soil. Also it was a fine thing to meet **Eli Cohen** in person, but despite **Jerry Kaufman's** pre-convention remarks that it would be hilarious to observe our competing accents, the Killer never really got to do that, and in any case **Eli's** accent,



Because the Archbishop always asks for a caption:

Clockwise from left: S&ra Bond, Tommy Ferguson, Nic Farey, Jen Farey, Nigel Rowe

such as it is, remains much less broad and more understandable than mine. I had the thought that if anyone's listening to me and **Dave Hodson** when we get gobbing off at each other in Vegas (COR41U 2024, unless we get outbid), they're going to need subtitles and/or earmuffs. I probably missed half of the program due to having to nip out for a smoke or get another Guinness, which was my loss I'm sure.

Nice dinners with yer mates are always a Corflu feature, hence thish's cover photo showing one. We also got to enjoy a nice bit of nosebag and some posh cocktails the following night with **S&ra** again and the Doc **Rob Jackson**, who had assured us that the Bayside Lounge was a quieter spot but fuckin' lied. To be fair, it might have been a bit less noisy when he was previously up there, and I suspect that may have been a daytime excursion rather than an evening one.

My first Corflu in 8 years, and Jen's first *ever* was well lovely, and massive thanks to the Pangloss team who've had to go through some trepidations to make it happen. We'd love to get to Belfast for Corflu Craic next year an'all (now Jen has the bug), but the near impossibility of me getting time off work in March kiboshes that, given that we'd be after a 10-day trip or something like it. There in spirit, though...

It's all good.

October 2022

## RADIO WINSTON

### VIOLA SMITH

Born Viola Schmitz in Mount Calvary, Wisconsin in 1912, she was the sixth of ten siblings (eight girls and two lads in total) in a musical family.

Her parents ran a tavern and concert hall in Fond du Lac, and in the 1920s her old man put together the Schmitz Sisters Family Orchestra. All the kids had learned piano, but Viola ended up picking drums for her role in the group, since it seems as though the instruments were assigned by descending age, and by the time it got to



her the theoretically showy stuff had already been nabbed (if only they knew, ey?). They paid their dues on the circuit, became the 'Smith Sisters Orchestra' for a minute - I'm guessing to get rid of the German-sounding name - and got a real break on the 'Major Bowes Amateur Hour' in the '30s, even though "amateur" they utterly weren't.

In 1938 she formed the Coquettes (another all-female orchestra) with her sister Mildred on sax and clarinet, who had been on bass violin with the Smith Sisters. Multi-talented lot ain't they? The Coquettes lasted until 1942, and here they are in 1939 doing '[Snake Charmer](#)', which gives you a good look at Vi's then signature setup of 13 drums including two shoulder-height 16" toms, an arrangement which was never copied, but made me think that this could have been Neil Peart's kindergarten kit.

In 1942 Smith wrote an article for *Down Beat* magazine strongly advocating for the employ of excellent female musicians in the bands of the time, given that male bandleaders and musicians were off to war, forcefully arguing that it made a lot more sense to get in superior women players rather than possibly mediocre blokes. This happened, despite a typical sexism (much of which still occurs) in seeing these "all-girl" bands as a novelty visual treat, but by gawd they *could* play! Here's [Ada Leonard and her All-Girl Swing Orchestra](#) in 1951 with Vi on a more regularly laid-out kit, but still with plenty drums, showing why she got to be known as the fastest lady drummer and "the female Gene Krupa", and I'm sure we can all figure out why Krupa never got called "the male Viola Smith", ey?

It'd take *books* to properly describe her career, and all a mere 'Radio Winston' column can do is point to the highlights, one of which is anchoring the Kit Kat Band in the 1966 Broadway opening of 'Cabaret'. Their [appearance](#) (also in 1966), here introduced by a rather snarky Steve Allen, shows that she could bring it on *any* kit, even a very basic one.

Vi died in 2020, a mere month shy of what would have been her 108<sup>th</sup> birthday, and was still playing just about right up until the end.

She was [interviewed by Drum Talk TV](#) at a still sprightly 102 years of age.

Inevitably asked about the secret of her longevity (as if there is one), she said "Drums, wine and reading".

Gotta love that!

# OMPHALOSKEPSIS

## THE EDITOR (2)

More commentary ginned by the N3F, I'm afraid, but also in part by the **Sainted Strummer** (see locs).

**Mark** mentions fact-checking as part of the editorial responsibility, and I must admit I was a bit taken aback by the notion that he would think this necessary, but then again not since we've known each other now for more than 102 years and thus I know what he's like. We'll differ here, I think, in that he's keen to not only avoid the possibility of anything egregiously erroneous appearing in *Banana Wings*, but also is attuned to not making correspondents look daft by asserting something quite bonkers, while I'd not only let them have at it but would be handing out spare shovels for digging the hole even deeper.

I can, I suppose, trundle out the excuse that punting a desperately monthly zine doesn't afford the luxury of verifying every single word anyone sends in comment whereas a more leisurely schedule allows that, if you really want to do it.

Referencing "fact-checking" segues, I suppose, into our main consideration here, and that's plagiarism by a contributor, as mentioned in thish's 'Fanzines received' regarding the N3Fs *Ionisphere*, the zine of their "Fan-Pro Co-ordinating Bureau" which is "edited" (deliberate scare quotes) by **John Thiel**. As noted in that review, I don't often look at most of the N3F zines I get emailed except for *Fanactivity Gazette*, mostly for **Justin E.A. Busch's** zine review column 'Fanfaronade'.

I'd been made aware some time ago that Jeffrey Redmond was copying out Wikipedia entries (and in one case an essay from an academic collection edited by Farah Mendlesohn, ho ho) and presenting them under his own name. He'd been caught out and both he and his editor (Thiel) had got a yellow card over it.

Having had an atypical shufti at *Ionisphere* and noting a piece on Sturgeon's Law "by" Redmond, rather than employ **George Phillies'** plagiarism detection method of isolating an unusual phrase and Googling it, I went straight to look at the Wikipedia entry for 'Sturgeon's Law' and voila! Nicked in toto. Took about ten seconds to find out, and I advised George immediately.

I can't say this was a massive surprise, given Redmond's previous, but since this is ostensibly about the editor, you have to ask how much responsibility rests there, since I'm not even a little bit convinced by arguments that this is an auctorial rather than an editorial problem. It's both, of course.

Both author and editor had been warned previously about this exact transgression, so you have to ask why Thiel was thoroughly unbothered to check this contribution, knowing

the form, something which as I said took me about ten seconds to figure out.

Now you're all going, "Oh here he goes, it's personal attack time again", which is DoBFO as it goes, and I'd like to think I don't spend *all* my efforts having a go at particular faneds, but this is utter dereliction of minimal duty, and suggests that Thiel doesn't give a fuck, and isn't so much an "editor" as a lazy assembler of material.

If there's any possible defense of Redmond, it might be that "well, *everyone* uses Wikipedia", and yep, I do when researching (for example) a 'Radio Winston' column, but if I'm quoting it, I'll fuckin' *quote* it and say so, not just nick the text - any narrative on any given topic, fershure, is likely to resemble any other narrative on the same topic, after all. But that doesn't excuse outright lifts.

This isn't necessarily a problem confined to the N3F or Thiel's cavalier attitude to sourcing. I was also made aware by another faned of concerns about a submitted article in a similar vein, which they were initially reluctant to publish (but eventually did, with likely edits I'm unaware of).

The conclusion of this rant, if you haven't already clocked this yourselves, is that I found Redmond's plagiarism (abetted by Thiel) massively, *massively* offensive, not just as an insult to the intelligence of the reader but also as the worst possible example of what **Mark** called out as "editors who don't edit", albeit in a different and more appalling context...

## MOVIE NIGHT

### CONTROL

No, lads, this isn't a misplaced 'Radio Winston' column about Anton Corbijn's 2007 biopic about Ian Curtis. Those with quirky memories for music trivia might recall the story that Curtis' suicide was announced by John Peel on his radio show by saying "Bad news, lads. Ian Curtis is dead", hence my use of "lads" above. In any case, Peel's alleged statement was an easily disproven myth.

But no, not that 'Control'. What we have here is a 2022 more-or-less genre indy effort from Canada, in theaters at the moment (I think) but also available on AppleTV streaming for \$6.99 to rent, \$12.99 to buy. I'll get to whether it's worth that in a minute.

IMDb tags it as "sci-fi" with the covering blurb "A woman is imprisoned by a mysterious organization intent on testing her latent psychic abilities", which is accurate enough as far as it goes, but also misleading in that we might expect something about the "mysterious organization" (evial govt? evial corporation?) to be revealed, but it really isn't, and that's not much of a spoiler, nor is it the point either.

Having mentioned spoilers, it's just about fuckin' impossible to review 'Control' since there's a twisty ending which

makes you consider much of what happens in a revised light. **Jennifer** was telling her son Bill about it on the phone, talking about things that had occurred to her later, and he opined that it can't have been a bad movie if you're still thinking about it the next day.



There's a cast of three (not counting some soldier extras who are shown briefly right at the beginning, so that's not really a giveaway and discounting the unseen "voice"). It's the lead actress who has to carry pretty much the whole thing as the one we have to root for, since her also-appearing ex-husband is unsympathetic to put it mildly.

Canadian actress Sara Mitich has a fair bit of genre cred. She had a one-off role in 'Heroes Reborn', a run in 'The Expanse' as Gia, and an interesting pair of roles in 'Star Trek: Discovery' in which she played bridge officer Airiam in season 1 before being replaced by Hannah Cheeseman in S2 and switching to the part of Lt. (later Lt. Cmdr) Nilsson who eventually takes the bridge position of the deceased Airiam. We didn't recognize her since her Trek character is blonde. Her bio (also IMDb) says she "...is defined by her passion, discipline and remarkably wide range as an actor."

That range is on full display here, along with the remarkable discipline. Mitich has to convey the psychological arc, going from frightened and desperate to a kind of situational acceptance all the way to a bitter and angry psychopathy.

What struck me was that this isn't a "starry" OTT show-off but is simply highly competent, and that's what's required. Also remarkable is her physical acting, perhaps attributable to her original vocation as a ballet dancer before she had a growth spurt which kiboshed that.

Again, I couldn't possibly spoil the ending which you would have to watch to appreciate (and if you're like Jen, think about next day along with how it changes the way you see what's gone before). I can draw some comparisons, though, which you may end up not agreeing with at all if you watch the movie, but they occurred to me. This is for the most part a one-room closed environment conflict situation, and like many such put me in mind of Harold Pinter, 'The Caretaker' in particular. My other initial take was that it's very 'Prisoner'-like, and my third was finding echoes of 'Firestarter' in the development and presumed exploitation of a metahuman ability, and not much of a giveaway at all to say that here it's telekinesis.

So to return to the important question, was it worth the \$6.99? At a mere (for these days) 90 minutes I'd have to say no, at that price, but I'm also not at all displeased that I watched it, just questioning the price point. The movie is in fact exactly as long as it needs to be. I'm sure it'll be free streaming at some point, and it is a well decent effort. Recommended...

## TV GUIDE

### TIMEY-WIMEY ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

I suppose we're going to have to say something about Jodie Whittaker's finale as the Doctor, and there will be spoilers. Probably quite a lot of them.

The scariest four words in any *Doctor Who* episode the last few years must be "written by Chris Chibnall", and this'un has some of his worst qualities on full display, but in all fairness also some well good bits. Chibnall often writes with a shovel, and when he thinks there isn't enough whizz-bang going on he goes and gets a bigger one. It's non-stop action



for the most part with the result that the required infodumps zoom by, leaving bafflement in their wake. The *deus ex machina* energy child was one such.

So we've got Daleks, the regenerating Cybermen *and* the Master in cahoots, and it does get interesting at that point. I'm sorry to have to observe, though, that Sacha Dhawan is the utterly fuckin' *worst* portrayal of the timeless villain. I'm not blaming the actor for this - for all I know he could be excellent in other roles he's done (none of which I've seen) - but good Gawd, whoever decided in the writing and direction departments that he ought to be an OTT version of John Simm doing a combo of Dick Dastardly and Emilio Lizardo should be taken out and shot. Now I can (sort of) understand the premise that the Master has got more overtly deranged in this incarnation, and perhaps it is the case that Dhawan doesn't have the chops for it, and yes, he's still very dangerous, but this'un just doesn't seem as *clever*, does he?

A top selling point for this episode was the return of previous companions Tegan Jovanka and Dorothy McShane (Ace), and we do, happily, see a lot of them. Janet Fielding (Tegan) is unrecognizable from her younger self, but played very well indeed as a thoroughly *bitter* former companion. Ace is still Ace, but without the younger version's naivete - I always adored Aldred and her work with Sylvester McCoy.

Speaking of: Chibnall isn't at all subtle with "easter eggs", and in 'The Power of the Doctor' really transcends the usual definition of the term by having a crate of them to hand and smashing them in your face. These aren't semi-hidden easter eggs at all, more like cameos which I have to say were done fuckin' well.

As part of his dastardly plan, the Master force-regenerates the Doctor into himself with the aim of destroying the Doctor's rep by doing bad stuff. Jodie is shunted into a limbo-like existence where she is confronted by several of her past incarnations: the First (David Bradley), Fifth (Davison), Sixth (Colin Baker), Seventh (McCoy) and Eighth (McGann). Should the middle three have been digitally de-aged for this? Meh, doesn't really matter. They collectively talk her out of taking the final step off the edge and come up with something to fix it all (I think).

That "something" (which Chibs typically conjures out of nowhere) is that Jodie's Doctor had created an AI program (and sneakily tagged everyone with "static electricity") which enables her and the previous lot to interact with the main plot of everybody else trying to resist the Dalek and Cybermen invasions and trying to nobble the Master so that the forced regeneration can be undone. Credit here where it's absolutely due, this allows for reunion scenes with McCoy and Aldred in which the Seventh's Machiavellian motives are resolved between them, and the star spot for me with Davison and Fielding - I *knew* he was going to say "Brave heart, Tegan" at some point, and that's when I had to reach

for the tissues - I'm tearing up *again* as I write this. The AI, by the way, also allows an (excellent, it must also be said) appearance by the "Fugitive Doctor" (Jo Martin) on the end of Chib's twentieth shovel.

Upshot: there's a de-regeneration and the Doctor is Jodie again and the Master is back in his own body (what it was doing in the interim is ignored) and the Daleks and Cybermen are properly splatted. The Master's final act is to zap the Doctor and set up her *actual* regeneration, so she drops Yaz off and gets on with that in a bit of a drawn-out way, but finally does the usual special effect and turns into... David fuckin' Tennant! This reveal was a right turn-up, and a well-written one.

Tennant is credited as being the Fourteenth Doctor, and thereby hangs a load of fanwank on the numbering scheme. Canonically First through Eighth (Hartnell in the original up to McGann) is relatively straightforward, but here's where it goes a bit bonkers. Eccleston is supposedly the Ninth, but he's really the Tenth since the War Doctor comes before him, and there's always the possibility that his regeneration *wasn't* into Eccleston, although from some of his lines in the revival it's heavily implied that he is, the Time War seemingly a recent memory. So that makes Ninth-Thirteenth actually Tenth-Fourteenth, and it's arguable enough that the Doctor-Master forced regeneration is Fifteen, and the fix of that Sixteen, which makes Tennant Seventeen (and Eleven) and the incoming Ncuti Gatwa Eighteen (at least). Chair plummeting ensues...

But let's conclude with a couple of other notes.

Having the Master (who is, in part, masquerading as Rasputin in 1916) dance terribly to the Boney M song of the same name was as cringe-worthy as it gets.

Conversely, the idea of a "former companions support group" was fuckin'-A, and allowed for the brief but welcome cameos of Ian Chesterton (William Russell) who actually got a line ("Wait, *she*?"), Jo Grant (Katy Manning) and Mel Bush (Bonnie Langford). That almost made up for a lot of the dodgy bits...

## TAFFNESSABOUNDS

Admins Fia Karlsson and "Orange" Mike Lowrey have announced that nominations for the 2023 Westward race (to the NASFIC - a first! - in Winnipeg in July) are open. The nominating period goes until December 4<sup>th</sup> and voting begins five days later. As usual all the info is at <https://taff.org.uk>

If anyone considering a run is daft enough to ask me to be a North American nominator, I will, as usual, be happy to oblige unless I think you're that dodgy...

# FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

In less than 30 days, on Sunday November 20<sup>th</sup>, the 2022 F.I.F.A. World Cup kicks off in Qatar when the host nation plays Ecuador. England and Wales play on the second day of the tournament against Iran and the United States respectively. The Australian members of this congregation can see the Socceroos kick-off their tournament, against reigning champions France, on November 22<sup>nd</sup>. All the matches of the tournament will be played in eight stadia all located in an area less than the size of London, in a nation accused (I'm trying to remain as unbiased as possible here) of various abuses of basic human rights, including, but not restricted to, against women, LGBTQ people, overseas workers, anyone who happens to fancy chatting to (up?) a member of the opposite sex, or anyone inserting any part of their anatomy into any part of any other persons anatomy outside of heterosexual wedlock. To say it's been a controversial choice would be understating the case, and that's before taking into account that the tournament had to be re-arranged to fall in the Northern hemisphere winter, slap-bang in the middle of the domestic football calendar, to make sure players weren't being asked to run around in 40°C+ heat.

The British government has advised any English or Welsh fans thinking of going to the World Cup not to. Not the worst piece of advice ever and it astounds me that anyone would be remotely thinking of travelling there anyway. Even if I won a €109million Euromillions jackpot, I wouldn't consider World Cup tickets, just as I would never consider attending next year's Worldcon in Chengdu, China. Oppressive regimes rely on the complicity of useful idiots; in these cases, fans who put their enthusiasms before their ethics or consciences and if anyone wants to take offense at that statement, feel free to do so.

There is one place I wish I could have travelled to this year and that's Australia for the T20 Cricket World Cup. Despite bad weather washing out several matches, including an England versus Australia group game (sledging not optional in this one), there have been some brilliant performances.

The game between Pakistan and India last Sunday (October 23<sup>rd</sup>) was one of the most thrilling I've ever watched as a neutral and India's four wicket victory was secured on the very last ball of the match with Virat Kohli showing why he is accorded near-godlike status in his home nation. The T20 World Cup website has [extensive highlights](#) of this and all games in the tournament and has enough statistical data to please even the most demanding baseball fan.

The domestic football season goes from boring to worse. Arsenal still tops the Premier League table with Manchester City breathing down their necks in second, whilst Spurs have just lost two games in a row (2-0 away to Manchester United and 2-1 at home to Newcastle United) but remain third despite a spate of injuries, mainly to attacking players.

Chelsea's early season form is improving significantly under new manager Graham Potter, once of Brighton and Hove Albion, but Liverpool performances are still hit or miss at best, with injuries again having a role to play. The truth is too many players seem to be playing at three-quarter pace at best, holding back energy and commitment for fear of under-performing at or missing the World Cup entirely if they get injured.

Whilst hunting through the cheap boxes of a local comic shop recently, I lucked upon three issues of [Score 'n' Roar](#), a British football comic from the early 1970s, for a mere 50pence each. It's not a title I remember buying at the time (correction: it's not a title I can remember my grandad buying for me in the huge piles of

comics he bought me every weekend), but I do seem to recall Phantom Of The Forest, drawn by [Jesús Blasco](#) of Adam Eterno and The Steel Claw fame, and Peter The Cat by [Tom Kerr](#). I definitely remember Nipper, by [Francisco Solano Lopez](#) (famous later for the erotic comic series The Young Witches) from his continuing adventures in the later [Tiger comic](#).

There is a single page in one of the issues that is probably of more interest to most *This Here...* readers than any number of footie comic strips – an advert for Airfix model planes, ships, and soldiers (I like Oxford commas, so Therese Coffey can just go fuck herself!). I was bloody useless at model kits (I could never control the amount of glue that oozed out of the tube, meaning all sorts of things got stuck to all sorts of other



things, mostly nothing at all to do with the model), preferring Meccano and Action Man (G.I. Joe to the lamb shanks in the room). I had enough Meccano to build several of the larger scale models at the same time and dozens of Action Man outfits, including several soccer kits, cricket kits, the Australian Bush Fighter uniform (my personal favourite; I loved the jaunty hat and shorts), the space suit and its accompanying capsule. I had three Action Men (an original, a “real hair” one, and a grippy hands one, but never an “eagle-eyed”), two German Shepherd guard-dogs, and a female cousin gave me a Sindy or a Barbie or whatever they were called at the time to keep the fellas company. Thankfully this scenario has had no influence on my preferred genres of porn...

Another recent acquisition, this time from a local charity (thrift) shop, surveys a field that probably has had an (unhealthy?) influence on my choice of porn as well as the sometimes-juvenile turn of my sense of humour: Keeping the British End Up – Four Decades of Saucy Cinema. British smut always had a veneer of seaside postcard humour as it attempted to conceal the genuine grime and sleaze underneath. Carry On movie alumni and rejects and minor television comedy actors rubbed shoulders (and other parts) with porn actresses like Suzy Mandel and Mary Millington all through the 1970s and I eagerly await some post-modern director splicing Jon Pertwee’s appearance in Adventures of a Private Eye into a retrospective Doctor

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Who adventure someday. The wonderful Irene Handl, who I remember affectionately from the gentle television comedy [For The Love Of Ada](#) (1970), progressed from appearing in The Belles of St. Trinian's in 1954 through Come Play With Me, with Mary Millington and Penny Chisholm, in 1977, to ultimately play Mrs Cornelius, Jerry's mum, in The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle in 1979. When asked by a photographer on the set of Come Play With Me if she'd object to being pictured with topless actresses, Handl replied: "Not at all, if I was a bit younger I'd get my tits out with them!" All of this seems to strangely resonate; I can easily imagine Jon Finch as JC calmly walking past Fiona Richmond as she grinds away on some comedian who had appeared on The Wheel-Tappers and Shunters Social Club the previous weekend whilst Jenny Runacre's Miss Brunner absorbs Linzi Drew in the background.

This is a shorter and more scattergun column than usual for several reasons. Firstly, as mentioned above, the actual football being played at the moment is dire and boring. The season just doesn't seem to have any momentum. Secondly, the T20 World Cup is still only in the group stages, so expect the fireworks to be reported on next time out. Thirdly, I've been dealing with some health issues; nothing serious, but things that need to be monitored to make sure they don't become serious. I seem to have suddenly been prescribed so many pills that I imagine I can hear myself rattling as I walk along. By comparison to some

**KEEPING THE BRITISH END UP**

Four decades of saucy cinema

Foreword by Sue Longhurst  
Afterword by Johnny Vegas

**Simon Sheridan**

BAN THIS FILTH!  
Britain's 12 certificate slams

I'm probably in rude health, but I do seem to be spending more and more of my time going to blood tests, talking to doctors or pharmacists on the phone, and trying to chase up hospital referrals. I'm also expecting to move home in the next year or so because the neuropathy in my feet and legs is slowly progressing and three floors worth of stairs to get to my flat is becoming harder and harder work. I've been doing some voluntary work helping the local library set-up an I.T. and crafts suite to be used by students from the nearby F.E. college and equipping trolleys of tools and utensils for outreach work at community groups. The latest gig I have been enlisted for was being interviewed by trainee doctors about what it's like to spend extensive time in hospital and recovering from serious illness. I wasn't told I'd have to pose for a photograph, so I look less than happy (I prefer being on the other side of the lens), but here I am with my pal Richard (far left), Anna from AgeUK Enfield, and the four young students. Doctors, like policeman, seem to get younger every year...\*sigh\*



## LOCO CITATO

*[[“Let us not take ourselves too seriously. None of us has a monopoly on wisdom.” (Queen Elizabeth II)...*

From: phillies@4liberty.net

September 23

George Phillies writes:

Thanks for the coverage of the Laureate Awards. Someone complained that the Laureate nominees were announced in the July *TNFF*. While that is true, they were also announced earlier.

*[[The “someone” was of course Heath Row. You’re welcome on the coverage. I found out about the awards ninetieth hand (or thereabouts) via Brad Foster who mentioned on FBF that he’d heard about his win in a very roundabout way...]]*

Our sequence this year was:

January -- call for discussion of categories. We change regularly.

February -- Announcement of categories and call for nominations. Rule: You may nominate up to three works in each category. (Someone nominated ten in each of many categories.) *[[Heath again, which suggests that your instructions are less than clear...]]*

March -- Some nominations announced

April -- Announcement: “We will close nominations after the next issue of *TNFF*.” More nominations reported.

May -- The long list of nominees was given.

June -- The long list of nominees was closed. Announcement: “By custom, we have a period of time for a discussion of nominees. That Period ends next month. We will have a ballot in the pages of *TNFF*.”

July -- The ballot.

August -- results.

In respect to “best editor”, editing has a lot of aspects. Note <https://accargillauthor.wordpress.com/2022/06/21/types-of-editing-for-your-work-of-fiction/> who lists seven types. For a large book company like Baen, there seems to be the Editor who makes the shop run, leading to product quality, so the Editor is plausibly judged by the quality of the output.

*[[The application of that standard to fanzines may only apply to BFFs, but I’m prepared to have a discussion on that point...]]*

You make an excellent point: The N3F needs an Awards Certificate Production and Forwarding Bureau. We’ll get on with it sooner or later.

*[[Because if there’s anything the N3F loves to pieces it’s another “Bureau”. I can’t but help note that you continue to ignore my remarks on actual published voting numbers (lack thereof), which I’d personally be interested in to compare to the FAAns and a voter roll which, as FAAns admin, would point me to a constituency that might actually be interested in voting for fannish awards, although I readily grant that the FAAns were well-publicized in Fanactivity Gazette. I’d also suspect that Heath, a participant in the N3F process as a prolific nominator but not a voter due to confusion over deadlines (lack of clarity again?) would also be interested in those numbers...]]*

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From: perry@middlemiss.org

September 23

Perry Middlemiss writes:

“Rugged”? Surely you jest. “Ragged” maybe.

Consider yourself waved over. The holiday has been chewing up too much time to concentrate on fannish things but I did read and appreciate #55 and you can assume the same for #56. A quick scan notes **Edmonds** calling out to me again so I will need to put fingers to keyboard in reply. When I return to Godzone country in mid October.

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From: jabberwocky2000@hotmail.com

September 24

**Brad Foster** writes:

Hey, got the hearing aids in—and damn, my house is full of noisy things!

On the other hand, attended a small local con a week ago, and I wasn't saying "What?" three hundred times an hour to people like I've been doing for last several years, so I guess it -is- an improvement.

Yeah, so far the only thing I know about this Neffy award is **Alan White** tagged me in a Facebook post about it, and now you have mentioned it here. Nothing from anyone actually involved with it letting me know... maybe it's all some sort of viral web joke, or I have to download an app first? (Damn messy apps-- I'm not putting any more plates of loaded fries on my phone!) The story continues....

*[[See George Phillis' loc above...]]*

With only basic satellite channels on our tv, most of the hot new tv shows are just a mystery to us, glimpsed in too tightly edited commercials that flash by now and then, and mentions in zines. Do get to enjoy things like "What We Do In The Shadows" and "Resident Alien", but the vast majority of all those Star Wars and Marvel and Star Trek and everything-else-that-is-hot are nowhere to be seen. Like I would need more distractions, right?

*[[We have streaming services only - no cable or satellite, but also an actual antenna. Just started on season 2 of 'La Brea', which we get via streaming a day later than the broadcast...]]*

Started going through the rows of vinyl lps that have been taking up space for so long. Interesting to rediscover some music I had long forgotten, so putting together a new play list. Then hoping to move out these hundreds of records and open up a little more storage space. Have managed to sell a hundred or so of the old toy bots in recent months at shows, though still plenty more to find homes for. And next to tackle will be the double-layered book shelves and stacks of books all over.

The thinning of the herd continues.

*[[Something for me to look forward to in putative retirement, flogging off decades worth of tat...]]*

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From: mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com

September 25

**Mark Plummer** writes:

As **Claire** mentioned in email we were at the cricket yesterday, a one-day international between England and India. I've never seen a first-class cricket match before, understandable as I'm not normally interested in the game although it turned out to be quite enjoyable. I was surprised that I was able to see a great deal more than I'd feared and the atmosphere was pretty good, England and India supporters all mixed up together, a fairly even gender mix and lots of families. They even let you bring your own beer, at least within limits. The stewards, though, were excessively puritanical about flags – it was Lords and I gather it's just

their rules – and I wasn't quite sure why the organisers thought it was necessary to play a few seconds of pop music at the end of every over when the players were changing ends. And sadly it ended in a bit of controversy when an Indian bowler won the game with what I now know is called a 'Mankad run-out', where the bowler doesn't release the ball and stumps the non-striking batter who's left their crease slightly prematurely. It's a legal move although many see it as not quite, well, cricket. I remain surprised at how obsessed I've become with this.

*[[I may have discerned a pattern in your loccing, which could be described as "fuck all for months then two in a week"...]]*

Anyway, Claire's gone back today for another match, leaving me on my own albeit in company with *This Here*... #57.

On the question of professional 'best editor' awards, I'm mindful of the words of a senior British editor, that as an editor you have to just accept that others get the credit and the laurels. The best you can hope for is that your author delivers lavish praise of your contribution in their award acceptance speech and you get a name-check in the acknowledgements alongside the author's family, friends and cats. For the most part, only you and a few professional colleagues will know that your author is barely literate, doesn't know the difference between 'it's' and 'its', and if it wasn't for your intervention the dog who is so central to the dramatic rescue in the closing scenes would have been killed when it was run over by a milk float in chapter three. If the Hugos want to acknowledge the role of the editor they could do so by crediting them alongside the author in the novel category, something that seems in



keeping with burgeoning cast lists in some of the other categories. I'm not sufficiently interested, though, to want to do something about it and so I simply don't vote.

*[[George Phillies makes a reasonable point in suggesting that the finished quality of the product defines the worth of the editorial process, akin perhaps to the idea that you want to know if the sausages are delicious without having to see how they're made...]]*

With fanzines, it seems to me that most awards – at least the Hugos, the FAAns, and in their day the Novas – go to the fanzine rather than the editor, which does rather dispense with the question of the extent to which a person producing a fanzine is a literal 'editor'. The 'editor' we credit is merely the embodiment of the fanzine, fanzines generally lacking mantelpieces of their own on which to display their awards, and 'editor' is what we chose to call the person who is ultimately responsible for any given fanzine. We could as easily call them 'publishers' except that by convention we don't.

*[[That's unsurprisingly (from you) exceptionally well put. I do, I suppose, think of myself to an extent as a "publisher" of fanzines and may even have used the term. I'll note that the credit I give myself, at least in this here skein of sausages, is "written, edited and produced by..." which I deem accurate. If I wanted to be tediously strict in BEAM, rather than the straightforwardly correct "edited by" credits to Ulrika and meself, I could also append a "layout, design and art direction" nod to yours truly, although I see that as unnecessary and not entirely right, since while, yes, I do that stuff, my esteemed co-editor has both input and oversight to my efforts. We tend to assume, as you imply, that awards to a fanzine include a strong element of recognizing editorial skill at whatever level it may be applied...]]*

I am, I admit, surprised by the extent to which some fanzine editors don't edit. The obvious sign is letters printed in full, with salutations and sign-offs, and seemingly no attempt to correct even routine typos, although I suppose it's always possible that the editor was the one who introduced them. I have a feeling I may have said this to you before, but round these parts the general objective is to present any texts, be they letters or articles, in the best possible light. So that means proofreading, yes, and ironing out grammatical infelicities, correcting punctuation, and to a degree fact-checking. We try to avoid letting people claim that the first fanzine Hugo was presented in 1956, that the first Australian Worldcon was in 1985, or that Nic Farey edits a monthly fanzine called *That There...* This can be quite time consuming, especially as I increasingly distrust my own factual memory. I mean, I am entirely sure that the first Australian Worldcon was in 1975, but went back to check the date of the first fanzine Hugo – and just as well because in the first draft of this letter I suggested it would be wrong to

claim it was first given in 1955 when that is very much when it was first given.

*[[That's dedication, that is. I rarely fact check anything, taking statements at the face value of (perhaps lazily) assuming that correspondents know whereof they write, but I will call out something I believe to be wrong from my own admittedly unreliable memory - I will beetle off to fanhistory resources to confirm my own recollections if I feel the need...]]*

Something else we do, and I suspect most others don't, is standardise everything on British-English so changing any 'colors' to 'colours' and 'favorites' to 'favourites'. We also standardise our punctuation to it's always single-quotes and un-spaced en-rules, italics for titles of books, films and fanzines and single quotation marks for short story titles. I do sometimes wonder if anybody notices, but ultimately we do it because it matters to *us*.

*[[I said long ago in Arrows of Desire that letters (and contributions) retained "native" spelling, and I continue to do that here with the obvious example of Dave Hodson's 'Footy' columns which are rendered in British English, as are locs from the likes of yerself. The representation of titling here will vary, although I have previously attempted to make that consistent throughout the ish, and what a fuckin' pain in the arse that is. I've latterly gone more with being ok if a loc is internally consistent in how it does that, although I will almost inevitably change titling if it's done in FUCKIN' BLOODY CAPITAL LETTERS, something that always makes me wince...]]*

Structural editing varies. With articles I think we'll only do something substantial when it really needs it. With letters, though, we do cut, re-order and re-write extensively. Part of that is space constraints, given we have to consider our print edition and the need to keep that below 100g and 5mm thick, but yes, there's being 'ruthless in excising the boring bits' and also in removing duplication. If I say that the first fanzine Hugo *wasn't* presented in 1955 and five people write in to tell me that it was then we're likely to print only those who do so in an interesting way.

*[[I'll note that for the most part in here I don't tend to excise much of the correspondence I get, but happily that's because I don't have to...]]*

I did look up This Is Serious Mum after you mentioned them whenever it was, Third Thursday Zoom probably? Some good titles although as I was talking about proofreading I note that canonically it is 'Greg! The Stop Sign!!' with two exclamation marks after the word 'sign'. I also liked 'Aussiemandias', 'Martin Scorsese Is Really Quite a Jovial Fellow' and 'Johnny To B Or Not To B Goode'.

*[[More Australians (Big Pig) was the plan this time, an'all, but I got waylaid again...]]*

I do take **Dave's** point about the alternative to a monarchy and what idiot might become an elected head of state. I note, for instance, the enduring popularity of Boris Johnson. I think that for me a monarchy, where significant power is bestowed by an accident of birth and who won a battle hundreds of years ago, is surely *wrong* in the twenty-first century, and it's still wrong even if its replacement allows the people to commit collective acts of breath-taking stupidity. I did like the observation on Twitter, 'Given that they had a minute's silence and played the National Anthem before every professional football match this weekend, it only seems fair to allow a brief five-a-side game before the funeral kicks off.'

You only fell off your chair twice this time around, once every ten pages on average and so a distinct improvement on #56 with one fall every eight pages. I am unsurprised that you are bucking the trend for 'plodding into late middle age' where traditionally having a fall becomes more prevalent.

*[[I had the impression there was more chair-plummeting than that in #57, but as usual I'll rely on your rigorous statistical skills, and I expect a chart at some point...]]*

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

September 30

**John Hertz** writes:

"Start of a Latin Christian hymn, sounds like it's describing a letter from Hertz (6)". Hmm. *O Magnum mysterium?* No, *O Magnum* is 7. *Rorate caeli?*

*[[I'm a little surprised you didn't get it, unless you're taking the piss here as usual. Clue to solution deconstruction: "Start of a Latin Christian hymn" (Te Deum) "sounds like" (a homophone) "it's describing a letter from Hertz" = 'TEDIUM'. And I fully admit you prove me wrong with the following...]]*

You're too right about us human beans' tending to blame anything wrong on someone or something else. Leftists do it. Rightists do it. I suppose, if we believe Cole Porter, even educated fleas do it. I saw a cartoon with elephants (U.S. Republicans, conservative) and donkeys (U.S. Democrats, progressive) crowding a path that bore a sign "Blame the other party" while another path, empty, had a sign "Take some responsibility".

*[[I can agree with the scenario, but not your descriptions of the Republicans and Democrats. The Overton window has shifted to the point that the U.S. Democratic party would be regarded (by European standards, certainly) as*

*center-right rather than "progressive", despite the presence of welcome outliers of a more leftist persuasion, and the Republicans somewhere in the same box as Stalin...]]*

The comical thing is that if something is my fault, I might do something to improve it, but if it's someone else's fault I'm a helpless victim.

A teacher of mine said "Blame is who made something go wrong. Responsibility is who will make it go right".

Once while Ann Chancellor was still alive - when I heard Sprague de Camp had written a memoir, 'Time and Chance', I at first thought it was a biography of her - I do have a Sprague de Camp story, but never mind for now - we were sitting around filking at some Worldcon about 3am, and started taking turns with verses for 'The House of the Rising Sun'. When it came round to me I actually sang, shocking everyone - evidently filkers know me as a fellow who shows up at 2 or 3 and sits listening, true enough. My verse was:

I went to the science fiction Convention  
It was full of the most brilliant fen  
All they did was complain  
They made an art of pain  
I guess I'll go there again

Years ago a fellow named Vilfredo Pareto famously noticed the 4 to 1, or if you like 80%-20% proportion that seems to show up everywhere. Eighty percent of the people do twenty percent of the work. Twenty percent of the unpacking takes eighty percent of the time. So maybe Sturgeon's 90% was pessimistic. Imagine, Sturgeon a pessimist. But he wasn't off by much.

*[[As I'm sure you recall I'm familiar with Pareto and have in the past attempted to apply the 80/20 metric to fanzine definition in separating perzines and genzines, though the genuine subjective interpretation of that separation really makes a mockery of any attempt to apply such a test...]]*

I've proposed putting 80% of one's resources into finding and strengthening what's going right, 20% into trying to cure what's going wrong. Apparently people imagine I say 0% not 20%, alas. Anyway, we're in truth living on whatever is going right. The fact that something is wrong suggests there's something we don't see or grasp or understand about it. Certainly we must look carefully and try to improve. But if we put overmuch of our resources there, we may starve before we get a handle on it.

*[[Much more fundamental is the question of who gets to define "right" and "wrong", inmit?...]]*

Ulrika's fanart is swell.

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From: daverabban@gmail.com

October 1

**Dave Cockfield** writes:

*This Here... 57* has absconded. I must have somehow deleted it thinking that I had saved it.

No matter. I've already sent you tidbits about references to myself and the footie team that has lost its sting.

*[[And I've predictably lost the other bits and bobs meself, only just (re)finding this'un and realizing it wasn't in a day or two ago...]]*

So I guess that leaves media matters unless you want a description of the fans in my flat that helped to alleviate the recent heat wave. It seems ridiculous to say it but it is now thankfully wet and cold.

Your comments about 'Quantum Leap' differ from mine. The first episode of the new series was okay but lacking. I pulled out my box set and watched some of the original. It still does it for me. Scott Bakula and Dean Stockwell are a class act. It has what the new series is lacking, "charm".

We Brits are are great at non-PC comedy and intimate dramas such as 'Slow Horses', 'Vera', and the new Karen Pirie, but I find myself binging on American bombastic action and adventure shows. 'Evil' and 'Dark Winds' being the exception among 'The Orville', 'Star Trek: Strange New Worlds', 'Stranger Things', 'The Boys', 'Cobra Kai', and 'For All Mankind'.

Also recently '1883' and the first two seasons of 'Yellowstone'.

'Top Gun: Maverick' is my favourite film of the year. All are in your face and patriotic.

Do I need Psychiatric help or will repeated readings of the back catalogue of *This Here...* save my sanity?

*[[Possibly yes, and er...]]*

Thankfully I've not yet become a Scorsese Taxi Driver in Las Vegas.

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From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

October 3

**Eli Cohen** writes:

About triskaidekaphobia -- I live in apt. 14E of an apartment building which has no 13th floor. This means, of course, that we live on the 13th floor. I remember a comedian's routine (was it Shelley Berman?) about a hotel with no 13th floor, in which he pointed out that not only was the 14th floor the 13th, but because of the mezzanine, so was the 12th floor, so the hotel actually had two 13th floors! Well, I guess our floor numbering marginally increases the value of our

apartment, assuming the prospective superstitious buyer can't count.

Like **Jen**, I very much enjoyed 'Everything Everywhere All At Once', and not just because of the Everything Bagel. My friend Bill Wagner did, however, point out that it's basically all about an IRS audit (Bill works for the IRS, by the way).

And, of course, here's another unintelligible crossword clue, "It's obvious haystack is too high at bridge (9)". Despite banging my head against the wall (I still owe you a bill for wall damage from previous clues, by the way, though maybe the current bill should be split with **Rob Jackson**), and discovering useless information like the existence of a Mount Haystack in the Adirondacks, I have absolutely no idea. I don't even know if it's talking about a card game or a river crossing. You'll have to explain it to me at Corflu.

*[[As you will now know by the time this hits the virtual racks, this one was actually straightforward(-ish). You'll recall that I said there's an implied equals sign which separates the parts of the definition, which in this case drops after "obvious haystack" which would be "overt + rick", the "too high at bridge" (the card game) solution thus being 'OVERTRICK'. Please send the bill to the Doc...]]*

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From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

October 3

**Leigh Edmonds** writes:

Thanks for another issue of *This Here...* There is always a little thrill of excitement when I see that the next issue has arrived in my in-box, wondering what interesting bits and pieces await discovery this time.

This time, however, I have only skimmed the issue rather than consumed it in some detail, as I usually do. I have made a policy decision (twenty years in the Service does that to one) that I've been spending too much time enjoying current day fandom and not enough getting stuck into what brought me back into the fold, which is writing some of its history. So I'm trying to spend afternoons working on the history and what time I have for other fanac has to be found among all the other stuff that occupies the mornings. And there seems to be an awful lot of that other stuff that needs doing. It's just as well I don't have a real job too.

I've been pondering, in the spare moments that I have, what has happened that I feel inclined to this attack of self discipline. It may be that I've reorganized part of my room and the boxes of cards bearing the historical evidence from which the history is to be written is right there in my line of sight every time I enter the room so I can't pretend it isn't there. More likely, I think, is that mundane life is returning to normal with builders and gardeners not a constant

presence around here, meaning that I can get back into some kind of routine. It may also have something to do with the end of the footy season here (but we don't talk about that in this household), and the return of spring and warmer weather.

I was also going to mention covid among those factors but the simple reality is that the virus is still among us and killing people, especially people like me. So while our governments are pretending that it is nothing serious that means it's something I have to be even more serious about. In pre-covid days I'd catch the train down to Melbourne at least once a month and combine reading (usually fnz) with gazing at the passing countryside. There have been a couple of occasions recently when I could/should have gone to Melbourne but decided not to because there is still a risk to it that I can't afford to take. Following my mention of the Boxing Day Test in the pages of your fanzine young **Perry Middlemiss** invited me to join him and his pals (including Carey Handfield and **Irwin Hirsh**) at the second day of this year's test match, sitting in the Members too! With a sinking heart I had to tell them that I had to decline their invitation. It would have been a great day out with some cricket watching thrown in. Perhaps I'm being too cautious and nothing would happen, but if it did happen I would be most annoyed at myself.

Talking of fannish activities, I did get around to joining Corflu as a supporting member this year. More exciting than that, I've been asked to participate in a panel session and, in preparation, had a Zoom chat with John Berry, the distinguished looking Eli, Fran and Spike. When I tested the link the day before with Spike it worked fine but when we were all gathered I could see them but they couldn't see me. It was a very enjoyable and entertaining hour and I can see the attraction in using the internet to see and talk to fannish friends on the other side of the world. However, time zones and the need for some self discipline dictate otherwise.

*[[I'll try to ensure I'm in attendance to heckle. Update: I must have been out having a smoke, sorry...]]*

Since young **Kim Huett** likes to include historical factules into your fanzine let me add one, partly because it is interesting and amusing and may not survive the second draft. I'm sure Kim knows about it since he is most likely the fan who scanned issues of *Science and Fantasy Fan Reporter* into Fanac.org. This comes from issue 8 of September 1941.

Most fans do a lot of corresponding, and gradually build up a huge pile of old letters, which contain, amongst a lot of "talk", a few important statements which might be wanted for reference at any time. And since these statements may be wanted, all the letters must be kept. When a fan wants to look up something, he has to dig through these letters until he finds what he wants. This may take considerable time.

If you sort out all the stuff you are ever likely to need, and copy it out, using some sort of index system, you will be able to dispense with the piles of old letters, and save yourself a lot of trouble when referring back.

The FSS [Futurian Society of Sydney] is quite willing to endorse these copies, providing they are genuine, so that the copies will be guaranteed accurate, preventing any disputes.

Take advantage of this offer now, send both originals and copies to the FSS, and they will do the rest.

I don't even know how to begin thinking about where this idea came from, but it's not the least sensible thing the Sydney Futurians were up to towards the end of 1941.

Finally, thanks very much for Radio Winston this time. I've been aware of TISM for a long time but hadn't been exposed to any of their music except the less offensive 'Greg! The Stop Sign'. I've been missing something very good. Valma and I rarely watched 'Hey Hey It's Saturday', there were many better things to do in Melbourne on a Saturday evening but I assumed it was what people watched after they'd spent the afternoon at the footy. Talking of footy, I assume the football ground in the 'Greg!' song is the old Waverly ground, which comrade Dave would have had fun with in the day. In their wisdom the administrators of the League decided that since Waverley was the geographic center of Melbourne they should build a football ground there. It was a miserable failure, the League now plays at two grounds in the cultural center of the city and I gather that the Waverly ground is now a housing estate, though the grand stand has been preserved as a heritage site. That must be an interesting sight emerging out of suburbia.

\* \* \*

From: ghliiii@yahoo.com

October 5

**Guy Lillian** writes:

It isn't just for my own egoboo that I salute your mention of the National Fan Federation's Laureate Awards, even though we both were touted. I applaud the squib because it's a plank on a bridge across the gap between the N3F and the fanzine fandom we occupy. The N3F is looked upon askance -- no reference to **John Purcell's** perzine intended -- as a haven for neofans, self-involved and closed, clogged with "bureaus" for this interest and that (just what does a "Fan-Pro Coordinating Bureau" do, anyway?). Each committee produces its own zine, with an avalanche of publications resulting, making the group seem more devoted to ersatz bureaucracy than SF or its followers.

*[[I agree about the seemingly overburdened bureaucracy of N3F - that's the way it looks to many, and gets mocked for it by those who prefer to define the Faniverse as an anarchic meritocracy. However, there are those who prefer (and even*

may thrive under) a much more structured (and in some ways insular and secretive) system. I could make a comparison with the vocal and intense lot whose sole purpose in life seems to be centered around WorldThing Business Meetings...]]

The N3F is therefore regarded as juvenile, seldom mentioned in established fanzine fandom, even less in the blog universe which has supplanted it in popularity in fandom as a whole. Reading and reporting on the group's work for my *Zine Dump*, I've come to think of this schism as unfortunate. Amid the dross pumped into the ether by the many publications of the N3F, one can find material for a good genzine, needing only a solid fan editor to cull it out. **Bob Jennings**, for instance, produced a perfectly readable zine when he leant his super-experience to *Tightbeam* a few years ago. N3F would do better by doing less.

[[While perhaps reflexively wanting to agree with you (especially perhaps your concluding sentence), this is far too simplistic a reading. As suggested above, it could be interpreted that Neffers might prefer their effective isolation, so I don't think that "schism" is fair or even necessarily accurate. I must note that, despite the perceived isolation, I get regular (or at least occasional) and welcome correspondence in this here Heath Robinson edifice from George Phillies, Heath Row, Justin E.A. Busch and Bob Jennings from the Neffing end of the Faniverse...]]

Anyway, I see your attention to the Laureate Awards, and the group which presents them, as a conciliatory gesture -- a positive response to the Federation's acknowledgment of quality in non-N3F fanzines. Anything which sparks the promise I see here and there in the N3F jumble deserves a word of approval.

[[I'm going to strongly disagree with your use of "conciliatory" there, Guy. In the first place it comes across as condescending as all fuck, and in every other place attaching "conciliatory" to almost anything I write is about as [falls off chair] as it gets. "Positive response", well, yes. As you've noted yourself in previous commentary I'm well about as much inclusivity as possible, and my methods (at least in this dodgy virtual fish-wrap) are meant to encourage participation in fannish discussion and disagreement out in the open. A gratifying number of people have got into that, while admittedly some just like to sneer their own presumed

superiority and take the piss, though that sniping often happens elsewhere (ie not always in this loccol) in the Faniverse equivalent of trench warfare. I can't say often enough that it's quite all right to disagree with me, and I can change my mind on stuff when I'm presented with a cogent argument and not just a bunch of playground "Nyah nyah". Others will, of course, duck the minutiae of endless fannish blather, and that's all right an'all. There's always the music and the footy...]]

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From: dave\_redd@hotmail.com

October 6

David Redd writes:

Thanks for #57, and again apologies for no proper loc. The great **Hodson** gives much wisdom again. Also, his passing mention of pitch invasions reminds me that a friend in Canada was watching his grand-daughter in a football mini-match, and he saw a herd of elk arrive at the other end, headed by a well-antlered stag. Not a problem I've seen around here.

Are we hard-wired for portrait format, you ask? Well, I'd say yes, in a way. Having our eyes scan a page in quick zig-zags down is a lot easier than a wide sweep across, then head back and drop down one. That's my theory. For my own eyes, anyway.

[[That's a sensible way to describe it, but then again landscape is amenable to more columns than portrait. I now wonder if

there's a fatigue factor in the amount (and distance) of eyetracking in various formats...]]

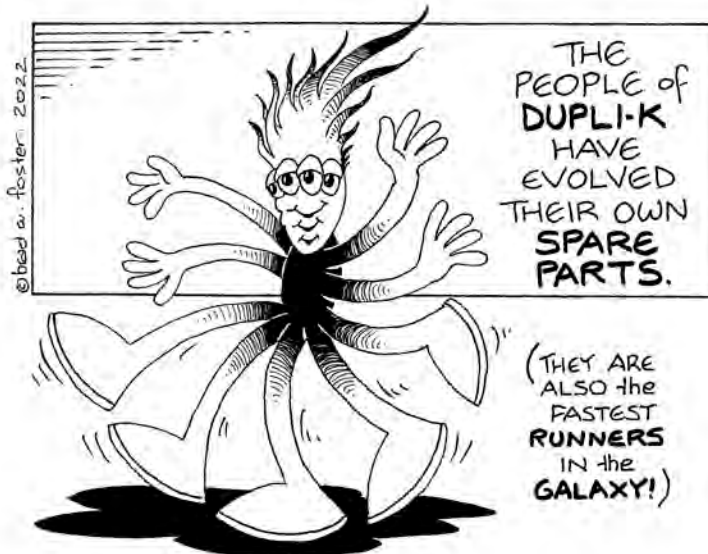
Sad Maureen passed away; sympathies to Paul.

Charles Platt used the Linear City idea in his sf back half a century ago, but I'm still not convinced the world will go that route, any more than I'm convinced people will build a floating New York as a precaution against climate change. Some things are just too much trouble.

[[And this, having prompted a however cursory Plummerish fact check, made me realize I've never read any of his stuff. In any case, I'm sure someone will let us know when the spindizzies are bolted on, rendering it all moot...]]

Ulrika's stylised landscape series continues, rather nicely on p.11.

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From: portablezine@gmail.com

October 7

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

So. **Joseph Major**'s letter pinpointed a lot about certain perceptions that some have of Corflu (and the FAAns) but it was also rife with hearsay. . . "[Tom Feller] had sent a copy to Lucy Huntzinger and she seemed to be... disinterested"... "[Ken Moore] did not think well of her." And then the choice of hotel being a probable mistake for a Corflu. (There have been many of those!)

While I understand taking under advisement the opinions of those you respect or admire, or are friends with, but dismissing an entire segment of fandom (to which Joseph is most definitely connected) because of them seems. . . rash. Or perhaps it was just a bit of ennui considering his end remark, "So I just never got into the habit."

*[[I respect Joe's honesty in relating his experience. There were are likely still are those who "never got into the habit" due to perceived or even actual disinterest in their efforts. I have never forgotten the horrified putdown of an earlier attempt at inclusivity: "Why don't we just invite Henry Welch's mailing list?"...]]*

I do not come at this from the point of view of one of the "inner circle"; I have always felt a bit of antipathy towards certain aspects of fanzine fandom and the personalities therein, and also felt a bit of an outsider. This has caused me to go through periods of crifanac and then gafiate when I get tired of dealing with sensitive fannish faces. What I am saying here is that I don't blame *others* if I feel disjuncted or out of place or unwelcome in a crowd. You find the people you like (or you don't, and you go away) and hang with them. But I have never blamed others for these feelings of mine.

*[[Typically, you make a good point there. I like to think I can get along with almost anybody, at least in the sense of maintaining lines of communication, and I also like to think that these efforts are well-represented in this here loccol which admittedly may contain elements of an "inner circle" but isn't exclusionary...]]*

There are many aspects of Corflu that can seem in-grown, even arcane (the Ted White Group Mind, anyone?) but that's the way of fandom itself. Each person creates their own secret handshake to gain entrance. I suspect that if I went to a Kubla Khan or a DeepSouthCon I would sense the same problems there that anti-Corflu fans feel about the fans that attend Corflu. It's not anyone's fault. It's just way it is. The experience of fandom is always what one brings to it.

**Heath Row**'s letter had a few things that banged my bell. While I don't know Rancid at all I do know a few of their label mates at Lookout Records, which was the epicenter of pop punk and the skate-punk scene for awhile in Berkeley. Of course Green Day the was their biggest act but the Mr. T

Experience and Pansy Division were my faves. Seriously fun shit.

I corresponded with Dishwasher Pete. It came about like this: my mom subscribed to the Christian Science Monitor (she avowed it was the best outlet for *unbiased* reporting) and they did a feature on Dishwasher Pete. My mom cut out the article and said, "I think you guys should be friends." Well, I wrote Pete and told him this story and he wrote back (after awhile: he had a PO Box in Portland that friends checked and forwarded mail from when he decided to sling dishes in a particular city for a lengthy time), amused by my story. We traded zines (at that time I was doing lengthy, articulate Apa-50 zines); *Dishwasher* was frequently hand written (Pete had very neat writing) with cool graphics. After many years of silence I found out that Pete had settled in Amsterdam with a woman and had opened a bike shop there.

*[[I quite agree with your mom about CSM and unbiased reporting, and I used to clock it (and recommend it to others) regularly, but like so much else it's now sadly behind a paywall...]]*

So, if someone did a Kickstarter campaign to help finance *Portable Storage* after my retirement it would no longer be a fanzine? I don't think so. Even semi-pro zines like Andy Porter's *Algol* remained fanzines; it's the intent. Andy remained very much a fan and his zines always had the look and feel of a fanzine no matter how Fancy they got or how much advertising. Yes, the definition of *fanzine* is permeable, and will never have a final answer.

*[[Agreed. This is another strand in the knitting pattern of my "two tents" theory of fanzine definition (content and intent) which I am going to return to in determining perzine/genzine separation in particular (and "what is a fanzine" in general) when FAAn voting comes back around. 'Algol' may have been borderline, though. I don't list, for example, 'Christian New Age Quarterly' in 'The Incomplete Register' since it's a subscription-only publication, even though the likes of Justin E.A. Busch and Guy Lillian will review it in their respective columns/zines. After ultimately failed attempts to define what a fanzine is for the purposes of the FAAns and having been subjected to both attempting gaming of those definitions and indeed outright mockery from some over in the Filerverse, I'm not entirely sorry to simply fall back to "it is what I say it is" imperial admin declarations...]]*

As to your musings on editors and editing, you have to wonder what the N3F's membership was thinking when awarding **Fred Lerner** "best editor". I have no doubt that Fred would be a hella editor if he chose to do a genzine, and of course his own writing is nearly faultless, but at the moment his FAPA zine should have been awarded "best writer" or "best personal zine".

There are two kinds of fan editors, 1) those that take anything that comes over the transom, and 2) those that

curate, and actually work with writers and artists. These are very different types of fan “editors”. You get mixed results with either way of doing business depending on tastes. Curating is far more labor intensive, both brain and body. I have opinions on which is more worthy, as you might imagine.

*[[Indeed. See both this's 'Omphaloskepsis' and the 'Zines Received' review of 'Ionisphere'...]]*

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From: kim.huett@gmail.com

October 7

**Kim Huett** writes:

You will have to excuse me for being quiet of late (as if there was anything you could do about it). This lack of activity is due to my having become a dishpig once more. After two years of genteel idling due to covid and time off for a hernia operation it's taking me a while to readjust to my new four day working week. Especially as the café I started at is somewhat busier than I had been expecting. For example, on the recent Labour Day public holiday we had over 500 sit-down customers. The attached photo will give you some idea of what my section looked like for most of the day. Not that I'm looking for sympathy as the nine hours I worked were on public holiday pay rates.



I like to think being paid \$55.93 an hour made it all worthwhile.

And since you didn't ask, here's what I wear at work. Black cap, black tee-shirt, black pants, black socks, black boots, black apron. Because Frivolity can go fuck itself (and I like to scare children).

And that brings us to TISM where I'm afraid you are working under the weight of a misconception. Your assumption that the reason TISM liked to include certain words in their songs is due to them being Australian is not true of course. TISM certainly included a lot of swear words in their lyrics but this was to a specific end rather than

because swearing comes fucking naturally to Australians. The members of TISM always wanted to be considered outsiders because that way whatever messages they inserted into their music was much less likely to be misinterpreted. The last thing they wanted was for their songs to suffer the fate of Bruce Springsteen's 'Born in the USA'.

*[[I was, of course, being just a tad snarky about Australians all being inevitably swearly. I couldn't imagine the cultured Archbishop, for example, venting a stream of filth, although some of you mob may know otherwise. For comparison, last season one of the footy websites/blogs here did a desperate Phil Space featurette about the Premier League's sweariest fans, and at the top were Watford supporters (as we were in the EPL then - I don't think anyone's done one for the EFL Championship division which we're now in, but I'm guessing that there's stiffer competition there)...]]*

Trouble the broadcast media has never been good about interpreting song lyrics and by the 1970s it had become a bit of a free for all in Australia. Take Squeeze for example (known in Australia as UK Squeeze to avoid confusion with another act) and their song 'Cool for Cats'.

Australian radio and TV happily played 'Cool for Cats' despite the lyrics including a reference to “giving the dog a bone” (something Wikipedia claims Top of the Pops wouldn't allow). The thing is as a teenager in 1979 I knew full well what “giving the dog a bone” meant and I can't believe I was the only one. Then there were local acts such as Supernaut with 'I Like It Both Ways' and Jimmy & the Boys with 'They Won't Let My Girlfriend Talk to Me', which were pretty strong beer for a teenage audience back in the day.

*[[I was again moved to engage in a Strummer-style fact check about the notoriously nervous BBC and Squeeze's 'Cool for Cats' performance on TOTP. Chris Difford told 'Record Collector' magazine in 2007: “We were victims of censorship when we did Cool For Cats. The producers made us change the word 'bleedin' to 'bloomin'”. We also had to change the line 'give the dog a bone'; it became 'give the dog a phone'. Absolute madness, totally farcical. The odd thing about it was that it was for a show which was going out live, with a live vocal, so I could have sang anything I wanted.” The most farcical of all had to be the treatment given to Chuck Berry's 'My Ding-A-Ling', which sat at #1 on the charts for enough weeks that they couldn't ignore it, so they got in Rolf Harris, which in hindsight I'm sure they're now much more ashamed about, to cartoon a handbell along with the suggestive lyrics. Lucky they never had to deal with anything like the exceptionally ribald 'Push Wood' by Jackie Opel...]]*

To give you an even more extreme example go have a listen to Australian Crawl's song 'Boys Light Up' which is full of dubious imagery. My favourite lyrics come in the middle of the song:



Mother's little helper is comin' out for more  
Strategically positioned before the midday show  
Her back is arched, those lips are parched, repeated blow  
by blow

Now if Australian media was willing to allow lyrics like that in 1980 TISM would need to be extremely unsubtle in order to avoid the mainstream media. Of the two obvious options; anti-authoritarian ranting or foul language TISM preferred the latter because they preferred their messaging to be relatively subtle. Besides which I don't think they had any serious hopes of changing attitudes, I think they were more interested in scratching a few annoying itches of their own.

I saw TISM live twice and both times they put on a bloody good live show. Once at Homebake and once at the Uni of Canberra. On both occasions they lived up to their image by setting up a swingball set in the middle of the stage for members to play during songs.

Myself, I have always loved their tongue in cheek attitude and their video for '[Thunderbirds Are Coming Out](#)' remains my all time favourite music video.

I still can't believe you didn't recognise **Jerry Kaufman** in that photo. You're a right Jethro Tull album you are.

*[[I'd have to surmise 'Thick as a Brick' for that one, but again in my defense I didn't know Jerry from those ancient times and he has changed just a tad...]]*

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From: fabficbks@aol.com

October 9

**Bob Jennings** writes:

Interesting comments about your personal myths regarding the number 13 and odd numbers on the radio volume dial. I have a few unique personal superstitions too ridiculous to even bother detailing, but I've never had any kind of adversity toward the number 13. Lots of people have noted that the old Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> being bad luck belief has hung around for centuries despite the fact that there are more Friday the 13ths in a regular calendar year than any other recurring Friday number.

My supposition (based entirely on my own hardly universal experience), is that personal superstitions and irrational fears are based on an individual's subjective reaction to something in the past. It doesn't necessarily have to have been something bad that happened to the individual personally, but some trigger has activated the illogical anomaly. Did you ever have any personal past experience with the number 13 that has caused you to regard it with mild alarm? It might be worth digging thru the memories just to find the root cause.

*[[Not a perusal I'm likely to be bothered with. I'll continue to dismiss it as an odd quirk...]]*

The comments about the annual Neffy Awards and some of the irrationalities associated with fanzine function and definitions struck a chord with me. I have never understood the difference between a Best Fanzine award and a Best Fanzine **Editor** award. In 99.99999% of cases, the editor of a fanzine is also the publisher, so if a zine gets an award for being the best Fanzine, then why isn't the person who publishes and distributes the thing automatically given the Best Editor award at the same time?

So far as actual fanzine editing goes, it depends, as they say. My view has always been that one of the jobs of an editor is to make sure that the contributor's material shines thru at its best. If that means rearranging a few phrases, or cutting a few duplicate words, turning multiple run-along sentences into separate but equal parts, then it's just part of the regular routine.

*[[This really goes back to the perzine/genzine separation, and it seems you're agreeing that a genzine editor has a greater workload. I can agree that under most circumstances 'Best Fanzine' and 'Best Fanzine Editor' are congruent...]]*

More significant is when a writer turns in something that leaves out pertinent information, or misrepresents facts, or skimps on presenting a full readable presentation. My motto for years was "any subject worth writing about is worth covering in depth and detail", which served me well as both a writer and an editor.

In these kinds of cases I often make suggestions to the writer and try to steer him toward more info, or more accurate info, or suggest s/he expand a section or extend the article into additional areas. Usually that results in a much better piece of writing.

*[[Largely my own approach also...]]*

Of course it's better to start with people who are good writers and researchers and are able to present their facts as well as their opinions in a concise, interesting fashion. In Ye Olden Days I edited a long running fanzine in which both Mike Deckinger and rich brown had regular columns. I never had to edit a single word either of those fans sent along.

Sometimes friends send along material that really needs to be rewritten, extensively. I try to clear this with the person before working on the writing, and I usually try to get final approval to the revisions I have made. I have had people who knew what they were talking about, and had solid opinions worth sharing, but whose writing skills were marginal at best. Usually (but not always) these folks were happy to get rewriting help from me.

The hard part about being an editor, for me anyway, is saying no to somebody that has sent in material they think is really good, which I think really isn't good at all. I haven't exactly shattered friendships by turning people down, but it has certainly strained relationships. Explaining the situation

and detailing the problems is often not helpful either. For that reason I try to be low key, and I also only ask for articles from people who I am sure can handle the writing/research/opinionating adequately.

*[[Again, similarly to round here...]]*

So far as the Neffys and the FAAn Awards, and most other awards issued by fandom, the real problem is trying to get people interested enuf to vote. You have written endless paragraphs on this subject, and so have I, but the problem primarily remains with making fan awards relevant. If almost nobody cares enuf to vote, then what relevance do those awards have? How can they possibly be a representation of a majority of a club, or a majority of fanzine readers, or a majority of active science fiction fans, or (*fill in the blank*)--- if only a very small number of people bother to vote for the awards? They can't, and they aren't.

How can we get more people involved in the nomination and the voting process? I dunno. I have made suggestions, and so have you, and so have many other concerned fans, but I am slowly coming to the conclusion that maybe nobody really gives a damn anymore. The reason that so few people bother to participate in these awards is that the overwhelming majority of fans no longer care about them at any level. I wish I were wrong about that, but the evidence of the past decade and the abysmal voting response to these awards seems to confirm my conclusion.

*[[I want to disagree with this, but valid points all, if a tad doom-laden...]]*

I would welcome comments, or better yet an article from you about Nigel Kneale and his television work. He is still primarily remembered for the creation and development of the Quartermass character/stories, but he did plenty of other things as well.

*[[If I write it, you can have it, certainly...]]*

Otherwise than that I am not familiar with the "Country Matters" TV series you mentioned, or most other TV. I watch very little television these days, and find my life more relaxed and enjoyable without it. My main reasons (stop me if you've heard this before, before, before and forever...) are the endless commercials, and the fact that most television now requires paying fees to streaming services or cable companies, which I don't want to do because I consider them dramatically overpriced for what I might actually make the time to watch. No doubt I am missing some great stuff. But, I can catch up (as I sometimes do), when these worthwhile programs come out on DVD and show up on the video shelves of my local library. Without commercials, or user fees either.

*[[I strongly doubt 'Country Matters' was ever shown on tv in the USA, nor ever will be...]]*

Heath Row's comments about supporting memberships to conventions are worth thinking about. I have never taken out a supporting membership to any convention, but then I really hardly ever attend conventions anyway. Back when I did go to conventions it was mainly as a dealer setting up and selling things in the huckster room. A few conventions that I organized and ran myself never offered supporting membership options because I didn't think anybody would bother with such a thing, but Heath does make a point that supporting a con because you would like to be there, except for the prohibiting factors of vast distances or vast expenses involved, makes good sense. That's providing you have the spare change to drop on such a gesture, or course. For people who do go to cons, the COVID crisis has been a real game changer. It seems to me from my remote viewpoint that supporting memberships and virtual memberships offer a real benefit in the Time Of The Plague.

Still sorry and still surprised that you are not a fan of Neil Gaiman. Nobody is perfect, or even close to perfect, and it seems to me (yet again) that we need to separate a person's individual creative talents from their personal lives. Judge the artist by the art created, but by the life s/he lived. I like almost everything Gaiman has created. I'm disappointed in certain aspects of his personal life and behavior, but that does not stop me from appreciating the material he had turned out.

*[[I've argued just that myself in the past, but I continue to have a knee-jerk antipathy to people who are, as we say, massively up themselves, and there's no doubt that Gaiman is one such...]]*

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From: gsmattingly@yahoo.com

October 23

**Gary Mattingly** writes:

Glad you obtained new glasses. It is a wise person who wishes to see what is before them, especially a taxi cab driver. I think you look fine in your new glasses and in all likelihood you look much better than Warren Zevon who has been dead for 19 years.

I don't think my car radio has volume numbers. I don't think that much about the number of occurrences of things, at least not with respect to them being lucky or not. I might note if something occurs three times or five times. I can usually remember the number of occurrences up to that point. Beyond that my memory becomes questionable.

Radio Winston: TISM is interesting but I can't say they'd ever get into my top, um, 500.

With respect to what is an editor I think I agree with your opinions and certainly the one about viewing the before and after. When I did a fmz I also had a very light touch. I liked

getting contributions, preferred keeping the writers' sensibilities and styles in place and didn't want to piss them off in case I wanted more contributions from them.

With respect to TV I am unfamiliar with the programs you mention until you get to 'Andor'. I quite like it although I too was subject to confusion as to what or who Andor was. I think I have it sorted now but can usually follow the story line whether I do or not. I will continue watching it

I am familiar with 'Harley Quinn' and 'Equalizer' but don't watch either. I have watched all episodes of the new 'Quantum Leap'. I watched all of the episodes of the old version. The new version is okay but has more romance and melodrama, IMO. I don't think it is great but will continue watching for a while.

*[[It's good enough for us to continue watching, definitely. Mind you, we also quite like 'La Brea' which seems to be universally derided by the cognoscenti...]]*

As noted in previous locs I have very close to no knowledge of soccer nor about British aircraft carriers. With respect to politicians I believe the number that are honest, reasonable and truly have opinions in sync with mine constitute a very small percentage of politicians. I don't have great faith in monarchies or dictatorships although I believe that a reasonable one might come along now and then although again that number I believe to be quite low.

**George Phillies:** Interesting news wrt award winners although I think you noted earlier that those you knew had no knowledge they'd won. I would have thought they would have been the first ones notified. Odd

**Rob Jackson:** Wrt your note about a photo possibly taken by me I should go back and review last issue (ah yes, I think I did take that photo ) I took Latin in junior high school. That is around seventh or eighth grade. I mainly received A's but only took it for a couple of years. There are so many classes I wish I would have taken and/or continued. I should have finished senior semesters of German, gotten around to taking Spanish and French and so much more. There were only so many classes I could take though.

**Heath Row:** So much music out there with which I am unfamiliar and I should check out. Unfortunately there are only so many hours in a day and so many of my interests already use up that time.

**Dave Cockfeld:** Does he know **Rich Coad**? Just the mention of Hawaiian shirts, drinking and women brought this to mind. I've almost stopped drinking. I had two margaritas

this weekend but that's it. I think I had a few alcoholic beverages in Spain in May but that's probably all for the last year. I'm usually embarrassed by my actions after too much, am not that fond of the taste and calories so I don't have that much reason to drink more.

*[[Lots of people wear Hawaiian shirts, Gary...]]*

**Brad Foster:** I always enjoy his fillos. I've looked into my ancestry to a minimal extent and did send my DNA in. Mainly English ancestry, plus some Scottish, Welsh and German.

**Bob Jennings:** With respect to fanzines I don't think I stopped publishing due to lack of things to say but rather a lack of time and changing priorities.

The whole home sports world relative to both the various activities and the equipment is quite another very large and varied community. Lots of magazines, podcasts, videos, stores (both brick and mortar and online) are out there. My back porch has a fair amount of weights, equipment and a multi-purpose cabled machine. Good to hear you're looking into it. I'm afraid fit fans are few and far between.

**Jerry Kaufman:** I watch and enjoy Resident Alien.

**Jennifer Farey:** I too am a fan of Michelle Yeoh and will try to watch whatever she is in. If I don't forget I'll try to send an update of what I'm watching this season, for whatever that is worth. I usually send such stuff off to **John Hall**. So sad he had health problems and couldn't make it to Corflu Pangloss.

'Indulge Me':

Unfortunately my wife doesn't like any scented candles nor any incense, whereas I am a fan and have actually made scented candles in the past. So no burning of such things here.

As noted I like the **Brad Foster** fillos and also the artwork by **Jim McLeod** and **Ulrika O'Brien** in this issue. Also like the photos you have inserted.

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WAHF

**Dave Cockfield** (and his Watford-supporting mate **Matt Parr**) on EFL Championship footy topics. Ey Dave, I honestly had a couple of Black Cats fans in the cab last week and we had a lovely natter in which you were mentioned... ; **Heath Row** ;



# JUSTIN E A BUSCH

BY WILLIAM BREIDING

[[Nic writes: we're all much saddened by the passing of Justin. I knew that I couldn't do justice with remarks of my own, so asked W<sup>m</sup> to provide, for which many thanks...]]

I first ran across Justin E.A. Busch in Guy Lillian's *The Zine Dump*. It was a brief notice of Justin's third issue of *Far Journeys: A Sercon Fanzine*. Something in the texture of Guy's review moved me. I threw the first four issues of my zine *Portable Storage* in a box and sent them off. A few weeks later I received a packet that included the first three issues of *Far Journeys* and a gaggle of Justin's mini-zines, *Dreams Renewed*.

I immediately felt a strong connection. This happens in fanzine fandom sometimes. In the editorial of the third issue Justin mentioned his battle with multiple myeloma, a type of blood cancer. By ellipses one got the impression that he'd beat the sucker. I was naïve, of course, but Justin's attitude and energy helped one believe it.

What Justin was doing with *Far Journeys* and *Dreams Renewed* (a review zine of a single book per issue) was important but his connection with fanzine fandom was theoretical at best. I took it upon myself to introduce him to my mailing list, and I hoped, the larger theater of fanzine fandom by interviewing Justin and writing up a profile in the fifth issue of *Portable Storage*.

Justin's amazing output, eleven issues of *Far Journeys* in two years, several packets of *Dreams Renewed*, and an endless stream of sercon material and locs for a couple of other zines was impressive. He also joined Stipple-Apa, and greatly valued the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) a venerable old, if odd, organization, and became increasingly involved there, starting out by writing fanzine reviews, eventually taking over editorship on one of its fanzines. It was prodigious and enviable energy spent in the pursuit of crifanac. Even as he was dying he asked me to consider writing something for his thirteenth ish.

What Justin achieved can't be measured in this brief notice. He was doing important work both in the scholarship of fanzines themselves and deep research of its past creators. This mentions nothing of his accomplishments as a [composer](#).

More importantly, Justin E. A. Busch was a good man. Of the little I knew of him through his fanzines and correspondence, he was that rare man who lived both a life of the mind and the life of the heart, both a critical thinking scholar and a man of deep soul who relished friends and physical experience. For me it was hard not to be attracted to such an open kindness that was matched with a natural bent towards complexity and critical thought.

Justin died on October 21st, 2022, the first full day of Corflu Pangloss. Fitting, perhaps, in the way the universe sometimes sorts itself. Fanzine fandom's moment with Justin E.A Busch was brief but exhilarating. I am going to miss him.



## FANZINES RECEIVED

The October surprises. The usual apologies for anything missing...

**MY BACK PAGES #27 (Rich Lynch)** - I can't (and nor should I) do any better than report Rich's chirpy email cover note: "The 27th installment of my personal time capsule appears to be stuck in a pandemic-induced Groundhog Day kind of time loop, but nevertheless has what I hope are interesting essays and commentary involving old-school communication and new-fangled technology, familiar faces and unfamiliar circumstances, a rapid heart rate and a slow invasion, indoor photography and an outdoor autumn stroll, a famous Broadway musical and obscure roadside attractions, oversized home furniture and underwhelming convention programming, colorful sense-of-wonder experiences and a black-and-white television, close friends and distant international colleagues, nearly-forgotten fan organizations and an instantly recognizable TV network logo, a national news broadcast and regional theatre, heavenly barbecue and a demonic treadmill, a ferocious cat

snarl and WOOF. And also, finally, an answer to the often-pondered question: "Where's my flying car?" Hey, it's right over there!..."

**FANACTIVITY GAZETTE Vol 2 No 4 (September 2022) - (George Phillies)**. Always worth it for **Justin Busch's** 'Fanfaronade' zine review column alone. I was startled to find that the N3F website <https://tnfff.org/the-n3f-newszine/> had actually been updated with this, since the last time I clocked over there it was two or three months out of date. Anyone missing or craving a **Lloyd Penney** loc will usually find one here, and Justin continues our mutual admiration pact by describing *This Here...* as "indispensable". Also reviewed: *Jomp, Jr., Askance, The Zine Dump, Spartacus, Vanamonde, Christian New Age Quarterly...*

**IONISPHERE 37 (John Thiel)** - The zine of the N3F's "Fan-Pro co-ordinating bureau" and often includes author interviews and such which can be of interest. I had a little moan at **George Phillies** that I hadn't got the last couple issues of *Fanactivity Gazette* (see above), evidently due to a mailing list glitch. George remedied that, and so moar N3F is expected to flood in, almost all of which I rarely look at, but as it was a few minutes before this morning's vital North London footy derby game (Arsenal v Spurs) I reckoned I would have a swift shufti at this'un. I clocked a column "by" Jeffrey Redmond, who I'd been previously advised had a tendency to plagiarism, or slightly less unkindly, I suppose, using chunks of others' material without attribution, as if that's any better. Sure enough, this piece on Sturgeon's Law was copied from Wikipedia, even down to the inclusion of references, the last one of which his cut-and-paste carelessly missed! Now I suppose it's possible that Redmond was the author of the Wikipedia entry (it's certainly rather badly written) but if that was the case why wouldn't he say so? I let George know about this (and that I'd be mentioning it here), but of course he isn't the editor of the zine, and **John Thiel** is known for his lax attitude to any consideration of copyright. I'm aware that Thiel and Redmond have been Spoken To about all this, seemingly to zero effect. George supplies the following quote: "George thought he had fixed this issue. George was, to put it mildly, not pleased. The N3F Directorate (the five members of our board of directors) was made aware of the matter. We have a bylaw dealing with the issue. It was invoked. An appropriate penalty - there were choices - was voted and applied." See also 'Omphaloskepsis' thish, and *Origin* review below.

**PORTABLE STORAGE EIGHT (William Breiding)** - ¡*Esta aquí!* The 'New Yorker' pastiche ish arrives, and I'm sorry to say my initial reaction was "oh dear" because of the mostly three-column format and some eye-strainingly small fonts and scrunching together of the locs in particular. It will, as usual, take me several months to get through it all (perhaps longer because eyestrain), but there looks like plenty of typically erudite and interesting content, plus some drunken

arsehole who managed to sneak in. I have started on **Archbishop Bruce's** dissertation on Tiptree, preceded by a full-page photo reminding us all how utterly fuckin' drop dead gorgeous she was to observe...

**CAPTAIN FLASHBACK #47 (Andy Hooper)** - one wonders how he even had the time what with his massive Corflu Pangloss workload, but here it is anyway. I'm pondering the more general distribution of some APAzines which seems to be A Thing nowadays. The APA mailing comments within will tend to be unrelatable to those outside the group, and I know at least one (I vaguely recall) APAzine which has a more widely available version which doesn't include them. On the other hand, their inclusion might encourage some to inquire about the APA itself, which can't be a bad thing...

**ORIGIN #56 (John Thiel)** - "Official Organ of the N3F History and Research Bureau", it says here, and the Thiel/Redmond saga continues. On what would apparently normally have been Jeffrey Redmond's page, Thiel petulantly (and incoherently) writes: "Our associate, Jeffrey Redmond, has been put on probation for a large part of a year during which he can have nothing published in N3F publications, by vote of the board of directors of the N3F. Reacting with matchless speed after the distribution of the most recent *Ionisphere*, Nic Farey traced something and reported it to the NFFF President. It was the article on Theodore Sturgeon's "Law", a piece of flippancy about which the writeup showed opinions. This was said to have been in the Wikipedia; if it was, the Wiki is not much of a reference work, printing any sort of palaver without regard to the seriousness of purpose a reference work is supposed to maintain". Shoot the messenger(s) - and don't forget to misrepresent! Sadly for **George Phillies**, whom I have come to conclude does have the probity and relevance of the N3F at heart [mass chair plummeting ensues] despite some previous bone-headedness, his chock full o' Bureaus organization has become a great fuckin' soap opera...

**ALEXIAD 125 (Joseph & Lisa Major)** - The usual solid stuff, and I was engaged (to the point of locking) by what's I suppose an only mildly startling paragraph in a loc from David M. Shea who still, over 20 years later, is making snide references to the "Corflu Cult". Someone buy that man a new drum...

**JENZINE #2 (J L Farey)** - Nepotism prevents overt gushing. It's well good though...

**WAVE WITHOUT A SHORE #5 (Tom Becker)** - received by hand at Corflu Pangloss, Tom's four-pager includes a lovely letter from the late Judith Hanna \*sigh\*...

Noted without comment because I'm in a rush, sorry lads:

**THE MEGALOSCOPE #3 (David Grigg)** - ...

**THE OBDURATE EYE #20 (Garth Spencer)** - ...

**PERRYSCOPE 27 (Perry Middlemiss)** - ...

## INDULGE ME

✘ **DOCUMENTARY** : The Uncut Bicycle Service's '[The Climate Question](#)' continues to impress, with a recent episode about nuclear waste - this is part of an overarching theme about the costs of going "green" in terms of ancillary effects. A new series '[On the Border](#)' (about the issues of notable border areas) had a fascinating initial episode about Maastricht. This'un is a perfect example of the mandate "inform and entertain"...

✘ **CROSSWORD CLUE FOR ELI** : This ought to be easy : "Third letter alternative followed by infection, a fine weekend nonetheless! (6)"...

✘ **POLITICS** : A topic I tend to avoid in here, inasmuch as everyone has pretty much clocked that I stand well to the left, and only really mention that when it specifically arises. Recent developments in the UK have got me pondering a bit, though, and thinking sideways about how male TAFF voters have usually been assumed to vote with their gonads. (I'm going to get slayed for this, but ah well...). I'll make a generalization (to which there are DoBFO exceptions) that Tory women in British politics are generally not considered knobbable (Liz Truss being the current "no thanks" standard-bearer, Esther McVey the standout exception perhaps) yet the American right-wing loons quite often *are* eg Nikki Haley, Lauren Boebert (DoBFO exception: Marjorie Taylor Greene, who nevertheless managed to be serially unfaithful to her husband who is now divorcing her. Must have been some very dark nights)...

✘ **JOHN THIEL RESPONDS!** : ...by blocking my emails as spam, so he won't be seeing this, will he? I'll rely on **George Phillis**, then, to relay what a petty little arsehole Thiel clearly is. I might also assume that I won't be getting any future issues of *Pablo Lennis* in which I might get mentioned in zine reviews, which John has previously (and with proper fannish form) sent along. One imagines him in a darkened basement with his fingers in his ears going "La La La La"...

✘ **SHORT SHRIFT** : Not much in this's 'Indulge Me' I'm afraid, but I'm punting the excuses of post-Corflu knackered and pre-Corflu lazy...

✘ **DOTAGE** : Putting on socks (from a sitting position) I note that while the left one is relatively easy, the bastard on the right is a literal stretch...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY** : **Angela Bassett**, and why not?...



✘ **NEXTISH** : November 25<sup>th</sup> or so, I reckon...

## MIRANDA

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**"And you, you can be mean  
And I, I'll drink all the time  
'Cause we're lovers, and that is a fact  
Yes we're lovers, and that is that"**