

This Here...

"...exactly what I wanted to hear." (T Ferguson)

EGOTORIAL

PROOF IN THE PUDDING

I'm sure I've mentioned before how cringeworthy I find common phrases or aphorisms which have been corrupted to the point that they're Dead Wrong.

For example, the proof is not *in* the pudding - the proof of the pudding is in *the eating*, which ought to be so fuckin' DoBFO as not to require explanation. The other food-related one that irks me unreasonably is "You can't have your cake and eat it", which is totally arse-backwards. You *have* cake, then you *eat* the cake, after which you no longer have it, do you? And get off my fuckin' lawn!

What's that got to do with bollocks™ and the price of used onions, then?

It's always been a standard fannish expression of sympathy for unfortunate occurrences that "At least you'll get a fanzine article out of it", and the proof of *that* treacle sponge (studiously avoiding "spotted dick", you see what I did there) is shurely herein with several pages of bollockery™ - that's almost certainly not a real word but probably should be.

I'm occasionally reminded of the long-ago assessment of my old friend **John Nielsen Hall** of *This Here...* being the record of "the long, slow-motion train wreck that is [Nic's] life" - or it might have been "car crash", perhaps neither of us is bothered to remember at this remove, and rightly so I expect since the old crab has consistently stated that he

regrets having said it. The inordinately lengthy bollock™ saga seems to me to be *exactly* what **Uncle Johnny** was talking about way back then. One hopes for cheerier content nextish.

I have been cheered by mostly nice (and very thorough) conreps for Cor41u, first in *Banana Wings* (as noted lastish) and now **Rob Jackson's** expectedly extended efforts in *Inca 24* (see 'Fanzines Received'), which also includes about half a page of review from **Murray Moore**, accompanied by three (or four?) pages of footnotes. Ho ho very satirical.

The half-filled teacup that is any given WorldThing is getting its usual share of attention for unfortunate if not actively silly reasons, with some old portly bloke (not **Uncle Johnny** this time) complaining about form-filling, and *another* HugoWank where some 'erbert tried to fix the awards in such a DoBFO clumsy way that they were caught out swiftly and easily. Good.

In the course of events I also learn that the noted old scruff **Jim Burns** is (and you might want to sit down for this so you have a chair to fall off) getting his jacket dry-cleaned as well as booking in

at the sheep-shearer's for a haircut! I opine that he'll definitely need his name badge lest he remain totally unrecognizable...

It's all good.

July 2024



CORFLUX

See latish's column and/or go to corflu.org

I can also cagily report that plans *are* afoot for 2026, and once the journalistic embargo on that is lifted I'll report what's goin' on...

TRAVEL PLANS (2025)

Not really any shift on this topic, so I'll just punt this reminder of the itinerary so far (as we know it). I hope to have something more substantial nextish...

April 2nd : Arrive Gatwick

April 3rd : First Thursday Fandom drinks, the Bishop's Finger, Smithfield.

April 8th : Watford v Hull City at Vicarage Road

April 10th : Arrive at Chequers hotel, Newbury for Corflu 42

April 11th - 13th : Corflu 42

April 18th - 21st : Reconnect (Belfast Eastercon)

April 22nd : Return flight(s)

RADIO WINSTON

HUMBLE PIE, EVENTUALLY

As usual, the sort of thing that takes me fuckin' ages is figuring out how to tweak a Pandora channel. From having set a few classic ska channels up for my daily work listening (and getting quite a lot of favorable comments often leading to some interesting convo, including with actual people of Jamaican heritage who have nodded with approval at my knowledge of the genre), I started off by reflexively tapping the "like" thumbs up on just about everything which turns out to be a bit of a pointless exercise once you realize that judicious use of the "thumbs down" is much better at marshaling what you get.

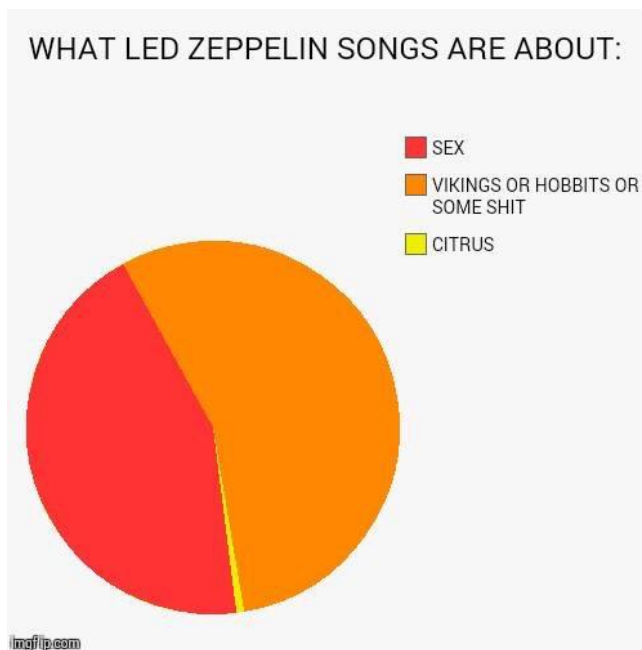
What's been consistently playing in the FanCave for several months has been my "Mott the Hoople" channel, which apart from DoBFO including the Godlike 'Unter's solo output features a lot of Mott contemporaries, and I have clocked that tapping "like" on an occasional slice will happily increase the frequency of eg Be Bop Deluxe and Roxy Music.

What's given me a bit of pause for thought, though, has been the occurrences of Humble Pie, especially when adjacent to Led Zeppelin for comparison., which means I'm almost certainly about to get contentious don't it?

Anyway, I've sort-of arrived at the topic of "blues rock" as practiced by various outfits, and to do that we should make some sort of attempt to define it (and quickly give up), even though we all likely think we know it when we hear it, a possible exemplar being Ian Hunter's slice "[Who Do You Love?](#)" off his 1975 self-titled first solo set, with its basic

chug-a chug-a rhythm (and typically awesome guitar work from Mick Ronson). Noting that 'Midnight Rambler' starts out exactly the same...

Speaking of, you do have to point to the Stones as the standard for taking American blues traditions into the more popular arena, some of which was later heaved up into the thundering riff-based in-yer-face slices essayed by Led Zeppelin, who admittedly took on broader influences. That's just an excuse to reprint the Led Zep pie chart, anyway...



"Eventually" eventually arrives, and we alight upon Humble Pie, although not literally as they would get a bit squished wouldn't they? Steve Marriott was getting a bit tired of the Small Faces, especially the chirpy cockney music hall persona on display in '[Lazy Sunday](#)'. Despite the legendary status of the "Ogden's Nut Gone Flake" set, Steve wasn't entirely happy with the band's musical direction (also getting a bit weary of his supposed "teen idol" status and feeling that he'd like to be taken a bit more seriously, please), wanting to get into stuff with a more solid blues/R&B foundation.

He got to be mates with Peter Frampton in 1968 (who was also "suffering" as a heartthrob - ahem) and tried hard to get the Small Faces to add him as a second guitarist. Ronnie Land and Ian McLaren weren't keen, to put it mildly, and for unknown reasons were even *less* enthused after a week of sessions backing Johnny Halliday in Paris.

Instead of merely assisting Frampton in putting a band together, Marriott decided he was going to be in it, announcing his departure from the Small Faces after flouncing off stage at a New Year's Eve gig, although he did finish out the tour. The Small Faces' "official" breakup was announced in March 1969, along with "plans" for Marriott and Frampton's new band, which had in fact been together and rehearsing since January.



There was a bit of a delay while contractual issues with Frampton were sorted out, and apparently the band managed to put together three albums' worth of material in the meantime, a lot of which didn't get released for decades.

The UK music press labelled the lads as a "supergroup", and the name 'Humble Pie' was deliberately chosen to play this down. Steve and Peter were the DoBFO star attractions, but they also had the substantial benefit of ex-Spooky Tooth bass player Greg Ridley - although I always recall Ian Hunter describing that outfit as a "disaster" in the process of persuading guitarist Luther Grosvenor to change his name to "Ariel Bender" when he joined Mott the Hoople as Mick Ralphs' replacement. As an aside there, Grosvenor had the rep of being a fine live player but a bit crap in the studio, but ah well...

Pie's first album 'As Safe as Yesterday Is' came out in August, and Mike Saunders' review in *Rolling Stone* included an early mention of the term "heavy metal", even though the set was a not entirely coherent mixture of acoustic folky bits and pop along with that "blues rock" stuff, such as the first single "[Natural Born Bugie](#)", a number 4 hit and not so much "heavy metal" as bog-standard (if enjoyable) chug-a chug-a - and you can get a bit of a giggle about what a shortarse Marriott really was.

Their second set, 'Town and Country' was shifted in a rush (November) in part because their label Immediate records was more or less skint by this point. 1970-71 gave us a move to A&M and a concentration on the USA where there was mostly modest chart success but a growing live reputation. Marriott had recruited a backing vocal trio, and you've got this quite fab 'Midnight Special' version of "[I Don't Need No Doctor](#)" (an Ashford/Simpson/Armsted composition), which, since it's over 8 minutes long, probably induces slumber in **Leigh Edmonds** at about the 90 second mark. I could contend that this slice gives credence to Keith Richards' statement that he considered Marriott to be the best English rock singer, presumably to the chagrin of his bandmate.

Frampton fucks off at this point to embark on his solo career and is replaced by Clem Clempson, an arguably less famous

but equally skilled player. His first album with the band - the international success 'Smokin' moved them to a heavier sound, including slowed down covers of Eddie Cochran's "C'mon Everybody" and Holland-Dozier-Holland's "[Road Runner](#)", which I include as a deliberate and respectful nod to **M Strummer**'s regular column title in *Banana Wings*, wondering if it was [this](#) version that he had in mind when naming it, especially since I know he's a fellow Small Faces fan.



Listen, though, to Ridley's solid bassline on that'un! He might not be flashy but he's spot on. Which brings me to the "perfect slice" contender, one of Pie's most famous: Marriott's own composition "[30 Days in the Hole](#)". From the fuckabout shenanigans lead-in to the kick of the riff followed by the *second* kick of Ridley's bassline, the whole thing being tighter than a nun's chuff on a holy day, and [that](#), my friends, is what you can call fuckin' perfect "blues rock"...

MOVIE NIGHT

...AND ALL THAT

Mark Plummer asked me the other day if, in retirement, I'd settled down to a revised arrangement of my day, to which I replied that yes, I mostly had until waylaid by bollocks™.

The New Life includes a possibly excessive amount of time slobbering off in front of various streaming services, bingeing or re-bingeing tv shows but also in part randomly clocking movies in between naps.

I'll have fairly standard go-tos for movies which, as regular readers will know, often involve Stuff That Go Bang (ie action movies, ideally but not necessarily with a bit of skiffy thrown in) and anything with Jason Statham in it. Since it came up in the "recommended for you" crawl at the top of the smart tv home screen, I clicked on 'Blitz' (2011) without realizing that I had in fact already seen it. Now you can apply two possible explanations for my failure to suss this, the - er - kinder one being that I am old, daft and forgetful, and the less kind one being that Statham's movies are all the fuckin' same anyway.

I'm very much inclined to argue that the sameness creeb is a majorly lazy accusation while, yes, conceding that he's typecast as the "tough guy", the circumstances of each of his characters are often if not always different, and I'll also note that he's not afraid to poke a bit of fun at his image as in eg 'Spy' (2015) with Melissa McCarthy.

'Blitz' has other attractions, not least of which is the London setting which also pushes a button for me, but also a *very*

good cast which includes Paddy Considine as co-lead (playing an openly gay police inspector) who has good on-screen chemistry with our Jase, and also David Morrissey and Mark Rylance in supporting roles.

The basic plot involves trying to find and apprehend a serial cop killer (the self-named "Biltz" of the title) played with appropriately creepy relish by Aidan Gillen. There's nothing new in the story, of course, but if you ask me the workmanlike performances do put this a cut above yer average, despite mostly mediocre reviews. One positive response came from Cath Clarke of the *Grauniad*: "Who knows, we might be looking at the evolution of the guilty-pleasure movie - padded out with top-drawer talent to spare audience blushes."

I can't say I agree with her about "guilty pleasure", since I reckon that's yet another lazy reviewer's term for any movie not deemed crushingly "worthy" (ie often dull), and that's not what this kind of flick is *for*.

The ending owes some DoBFO debt to both 'Dirty Harry' and the 1988 James Woods vehicle 'Cop', but saying that isn't going to spoil it for you. At a compact 97 minutes, this'un isn't going to take a chunk out of your life that you'll regret much...



TV GUIDE

NETFUX BINGE 1: 'STAR TREK PRODIGY'

I remember clocking a few episodes of this'un which first hit the screens in 2021/22 with the two part season 1. I recall not being that impressed at the time, in part perhaps since 'Star Trek : ~~South Park~~ Lower Decks' was properly finding its feet around then...

However, fairly laudatory bits in somewhere like *Inverse* or *ScreenRant* prompted me to have another go, and as it turned out that was worth it. The only link to previous 'Star Trek' starts out as the presence of Hologram Janeway on the USS

'Protostar' which has been nicked by a ragged bunch of escapees from a prison asteroid. There's an amount of fan service going on (*much* more later) with members of the motley lot including a Tellarite and a Medusan - although you have to mostly clock this yourselves since there really *aren't* whopping great infodumps despite the presence of Hologram Janeway who is DoBFO there for that purpose. This is nice, since the story arc isn't the most straightforward, yet the intended audience (kids) are't treated like morons.

Going forward, there really are loads of nods, in no small part largely to 'Star Trek: Voyager' as you might expect (and to **Jen's** delight since that's the series she's extremely familiar with). Possible spoilers: you also get classic characters (eg Spock, Scotty) cleverly represented by archive audio as well as Admiral Jellico (Ronny Cox), Robert Picard reprising the Doctor and Robert Beltran returning to the Only Job He's Ever Had. The second season story arc picks up where S1 left off, the universe and Starfleet having been saved (just about, anyway), and I *really* don't want to spoil any of that. If you're not a 'Star Trek' fan, or even only a casual one, the loads of fanwank will likely go right over yer 'ead, but I'll recommend this'un anyway. One particular nice little touch I must mention: naming a Vulcan character "Maj'el"...

NETFUX BINGE 2: 'SUPACELL'

Again via *ScreenRant* or something of its ilk, I learn of the six episode series 'Supacell' which appeals in no small part due to the premise of ordinary people acquiring superpowers in contemporary Sarf Lunnun. Tosin Cole (a former companion of Jodie's Doctor) as the lead is also a selling point.

Spoilers ahead, I expect.

The story arc is driven by Michael (Cole), a delivery driver who manifests teleportation and time travel abilities, the latter booting him a few months into the future where he learns from his future self that his fiancée Dionne (Adelayo Adedayo) will die and that he needs to collect a particular group of four other supers to prevent this, although he's not specifically told how.

We get episodes concentrating on each one of them while also containing advancement of the plot. Tazer (Josh Teduku) is the leader of a small criminal gang and has the power of invisibility. Sabrina (Nadine Mills) is a nurse living with her somewhat wayward sister and exhibits telekinesis. Andre (Eric Kofi-Abrefa) is a financially struggling father and ex-con who has super-strength, and Rodney (Calvin Demba) is a young but seemingly well-established drug dealer with superspeed.

What we get is excellent writing defining all of them (and indeed just about everyone else) in ways that doesn't slow down the storytelling. Maybe it's in part because I immediately identified with the locations (Lewisham and environs) as well as the people I got well into it very swiftly indeed.

The most intriguing basis for the concept is that the supers' abilities are created by a sickle cell mutation (the "Supacell" of the title although that also refers to the group), so of course they're all black. You've also got the inevitable secret agency type of organization which is trying to round them all up into a hidden facility for undoubtedly nefarious purposes, leading to your expected confrontation.

I won't spoil the ending, except to say it plays out in a way which does firmly set up a continuation of the story. Creator Andrew Onwubolu (aka and credited as "Rapman") has said his original idea encompassed three seasons. No word yet on renewal, but I really hope they go for it...



SPEAKING OF ENDINGS (NO SPOILERS)...

We've had the wrap-ups of both 'The Boys' and 'Outer Range' latest seasons, neither of which ties a neat bow on the package, and to be quote honest I didn't expect either of them to do so. In common with 'Supacell' (see above), I wouldn't call either of the conclusions "cliffhangers" by any sane definition of the term, but rather setups for whatever's next (if anything). The big pain in the arse is the seeming wait times of fuckin' *years* between seasons, innit?...

HEALTH DIARY

OUCH! (JUMBO BOLLOCK™ EDITION)

This first week of July has been, in the classic vernacular, as rough as a badger's arse.

Having been required to pack up on my usual pain pills (ibuprofen) 10 days before Monday's surgery because they're blood thinners, and although I'm scoffing a couple of Tylenol of a morning instead, that stuff has never really worked for me. Result: I've been in increasing pain - headache, back, legs mostly, as I related to **Jerry Kaufman** the other day with a suffering shrug and a spoken determination to tuff it out for another few days with the expected Good Stuff prescription that next week it will be All Better.

I hate being whiny, but I also hate being ill (a trait learned from my adopted father, and for all I know also inherited from my biological one) and this all combines to make me very cranky indeed, even with the chirrup of the July 4th election results in the UK. Then again there's the potential for the footy team to disappoint us on Saturday, not to mention the dissonance of watching another game where you want both teams to get stuffed (France v Portugal) - although if there's anything better than seeing that twat Rees-Smaug blubbing it'll be clocking Cristiano Ronaldo doing the same (cf that ultimate greasy fuckin' cheat Maradona). And there I go off-topic again...

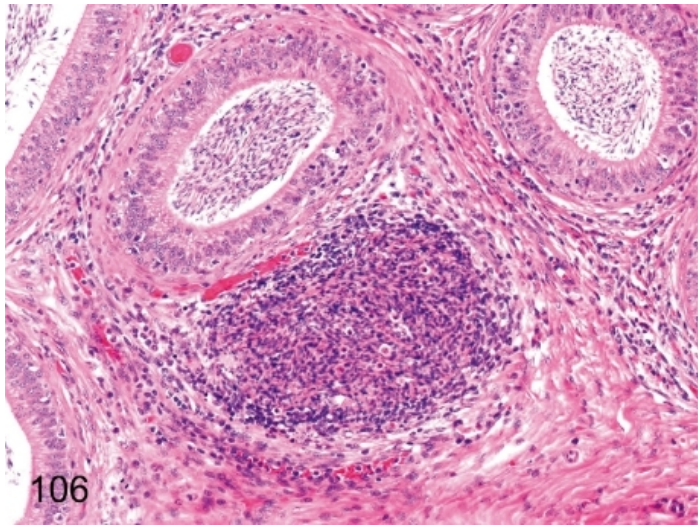
I think I'd better chuck in a trigger warning at this point, since I'm about to be describing the details and aftermath of Cutting Up Bollocks™ which might well be either or both of distressing and distasteful (or simply tasteless?) to some readers.

Anyway, the surgery, yesterday as I write, went off without a hitch but turned out to involve the excision of a bit more scar tissue than rockstar Dr. Finkelstein expected. I've got given a couple of thorough pages of instructions for post-surgery and I am mostly determined to be a Good Boy and do as they say. Overall recovery is expected to take "up to 5 weeks" as per the injunction to "avoid vigorous activity or lifting more than ten pounds" for that length of time..

So at bollock™-slicing day +1 I decide to peel down the ball-carrier (officially: "scrotal support", ie a large Liz which I'm supposed to be wearing every day for "at least two weeks") so I can have the morning pony and change the wound dressing, which I subsequently clock I have possibly done a day too early since there's a skein of blood dripping out of the left one, and the dressings I remove are well soaked with the red stuff. Oh, and it's all fuckin' sore, but not unexpectedly I suppose.

I've already got the scrip for antibiotics (5 days worth) but the pharmacy is holding up the Good Stuff painkillers because the doc's request was missing some detail required for the dispensing of a narcotic, and this'un is apparently even better heroin than the previous baby dose Tramadol I got when my back was ~~being an utter cunt~~ misbehaving somewhat a couple of months ago. Today feels like I might be needing them an'all, but I've still got a lot of that Tramadol prescription left if needed since I only took it for a few days after which it was job done. (I have just took one because ow! ow!)

"Ice", advises Dr F, "and lots of it", which I'll likely get to today, since having had a look at the environs while changing that dressing, I am left to ponder what might meet the criteria of "excessive swelling", having gone from satsuma to grapefruit in no time at all, deducing that part of the purpose of the Liz is to prevent the bollock™ ending up in my left sock - were I not barefoot. "You may have bruising



Spermatic granuloma: (not mine - image from NIH), looking like a tie-dye failure, shurely?...

or swelling at the surgical site”, it says here. “This should subside in 2 to 4 weeks”.

Bollock™-slicing day +2 : Because my dear old consultant **Rob Jackson** likes to be kept abreast of this sort of thing, after a mild glitch in the paperwork to do with the “duration” of the prescription, I have got a promotion up the heroin league to Oxycodone (actually an Oxy / Acetaminophen compound), which the nice pharmacist at Smith’s advises is pretty strong stuff and sends **Jen** home with several cautions. I note that there’s a caveat in the paperwork which says that there is an addiction risk *even if only taking the prescribed dose*. The other fun instruction is to avoid grapefruit (and its juice) altogether, as this apparently may cause an ‘orrible reaction. I don’t think that means the one between me legs. We’re not so worried about me overindulging, though, given my usual wariness over chemical remedies. The directions say take one (or two) of the 5-325 tablets (I’m guessing that’s a mg measure of some sort) every 4 (or 6) hours as required. The pharmacist says “see how you go”, basically, suggesting one to start then upping the dosage if I’m still screaming in pain. I’m sticking so far to one every 6 hours and relying on my high pain tolerance as well as the info that I can take ibuprofen in between doses, which I haven’t done yet but might get around to.

This morning’s 4:30am ingestion amounted to the Oxy, Cephalexin 500mg (antibiotic), my regular little B12 pill and a couple of Ex-Lax for preemptive reasons of possible clog, to be followed by the regular Calquence at 6am.

I’m also sitting at the Fanzine Computer in the FanCave while balancing an ice block against the left one, which remains sore as fuck, as promised. Today’s the day when the dressing can come off, which will occur either before or after

the footy, just to be rinsed off, treated to a slick of Neosporin (topical antibiotic) a couple of times a day - unless the fucker decides it still wants to bleed, which indicates *after* footy on the schedule, since I don’t want to miss England’s semi in the general spirit of masochism...

Apart from the England win (I slept through a lot of the second half, mind) the day proceeds to a tits-up situation. I’m writing this bit on day +3, having mostly recovered from that.

I put me ‘ead down for a pre-match nap at, I dunno, 7-ish I think, a nap plagued by a distressing and apocalyptic dream which I thankfully retain only murky memory of, and getting back up at about 10am found meself very dizzy and light-headed to the point of almost-but-not-quite falling down, prevented by the handy wall next to the bed. I blame the heroin for this and discontinue it with alacrity, going back to my preferred ibuprofen. The rest of the day chugs on (as do England), and I nap again after the game, this time getting up with considerably less wobbly legs, thank fuck.

Soberly (yes, really!) assessing my balance, I arrive at shower time (just let water run over the bollock™ area) and get a first proper look at the incision which is a fuckin’ monster - Doc F’s report that there was a *lot* of scar tissue to scrape out would appear to be accurate. And no, no pictures!

Very little appetite yesterday an’ all (wobbly guts), but **Jen** typically manages to insist on feeding me *something*, which amounts to scrambled egg & toast, later followed up with a bowl of chocolate ice cream. Diet of champions ey?

I’m tired and very sweaty all day, ending up going off for the “main” kip by 9pm, said kip interrupted several times until I surrender to getting up about 4:30am this morning to ply myself with pills not including the heroin, fuck that shit.

The morning nap is going to happen soon, I’m sure, and I hope and expect that the rest of this column can get condensed due to dull repetition of “more of the same”...

I can report now, the afternoon of day +3, that there are signs of an all-new routine, amounting to: up at the usual 4:30 or 5am, back down for a nap at 7ish, up for a couple of hours then nap 2 somewhere about 11am or midday, followed by the shower and application of Neosporin to the Great Gashby. I am happy to report that the swelling is now down from grapefruit to orange, and having allowed a suitable time to elapse since ditching the heroin I’m having a beer.

I prevailed upon the saintly **Jen** to wash the Liz yesterday evening, getting *most* of the blood off. I’ve got to admit it’s a bit disconcerting to note the extra bit of dangling fabric on the front, clearly designed to accommodate a todger of more impressive length than this one. At least it’s a “large”...

I shall now settle in in front of the telly until I get tired again, which might be as late as 10pm but possibly earlier, or then



No thanks, I'll pass...

again I could jump across to one of the other columns in progress of this here bouquet of dandelions.

Bollock™-slicing day +4 : Arg! Took fuckin' ages to fall asleep last night. I had remarked that the Liz was getting a bit uncomfortable, not to say damply rufous. **Jen**, sensibly as always, suggests giving it a rinse-out and leaving it off for the night, with the solid logic that while I'm laying down the dangly bits aren't exactly swinging around, are they? She also, equally sensibly, suggests I might lay off the ibuprofen a bit, since it's a blood thinner and might well be contributing to the leakage of claret.

Arg! again - woke up at 3 fuckin' thirty. Mindful of wifely advice I forgo the ibuprofen this morning, so I'm back to probably trying to get through on sheer bloody-mindedness again, at least for a few days. We'll see how that goes. It's 6:30am and I'm off back to bed, ideally to sleep, perchance to not have rotten head-games occurring while doing so...

Bah! That didn't work so well either. What with no pain meds so far today, it's really just the incision itself that hurts (along with the usual headaches & back pain). I'll have another go after I catch up on a couple of locs...

Bollock™-slicing day +5 : (sings) "Well-ll I woke up this mornin'...", which I DoBFO did (achievement unlocked) and for a change felt all right (for certain values ect...). Feeling better rested, anyway, after grumbling just about all last evening about the pains, going resignedly off to kip about 8:30pm and again taking a fuckin' age to properly fall asleep. Once I did, though, the Land of Nod held me in its embrace until about 3:30am, and this morning the pains seemed to have retreated a bit, with the needle reading "dull annoyance", which I might also call "my daily normal".

The morning inspection reveals a bit of crimson seepage from the incision, no signs of infection or the like, and I'm noting only a mildish headache. Well, all righty then! Being me, I am going to attribute this to a monumental decision

yesterday evening as I announce to **Jen** "Fuck it - I'm having a whiskey", the rationale being that having quickly decided to cancel the heroin *and* mostly going off the ibuprofen (because blood thinning) I'm looking at that swift return to my eternally favored painkiller.

I also entertain the merry thought that, should she choose to do so, someone closely resembling **Claire Brialey**, perhaps, could now give a WorldThing GoH presentation entitled "Everything I Never Wanted to Know About Nic Farey's Bollocks™". This idea amuses me greatly, wondering how long she'd be able to sustain the required deadpan mock-seriousness and gravitas.

In sum so far, this tells you that at least in relative terms I am feeling rather chipper, or more accurately as chipper as I've been all week, and I deem this a Good Thing, although given the foregoing, **Claire** might not...

Day +6 : Swings and roundabouts. Prepare to be "strewn with 'fucks' and 'arses'", as **Bob Jennings'** assessment of this here guide to the gutters of the English language would have it. Rotten night last night of being unable to sleep properly, despite all the practice I have during the day, in no small part because the lower end of the mighty incision really, *really* fuckin' hurts, and as I find when divesting the relevant garments to allow for a Jimmy, it's also continuing to seep blood, consistently if not copiously.

Jen insists I shall have to call the doc's office tomorrow (Monday) to inquire whether there's anything especially untoward going on, and as far as the pain goes I've chuffed 4 Tylenol 500mg rapid release this morning to see if they'll do any good - and I can report that a bit over an hour after ingestion that I might be getting a bit of relief. Tylenol means being back to a precautionary regime of No Beer again (sigh), which won't necessarily hobble my viewing of England v Spain later but will make it a bit untraditional, I suppose...

Day +7 : "I DON'T WANT TO WRIIIIITE!" wails the faned, and the reason for this is that there's a downturn occurring, downturns are depressing, and depressing is difficult to make entertaining innit?

England's 2-1 loss in the Euro final hasn't contributed to the depression much at all, since it was generally expected albeit that the lads did have a bit of a go here and there.

Basically, seepage continues, if not apace then with a dull consistency, and **Jen** notices (as subsequently do I) the characteristic unpleasant niff of infection. This isn't an entirely unusual result coming off surgery, but I have been following instructions as per care of wound and taking the antibiotics which have now run out the five-day supply. The call to the doc's office now seems well fuckin' imperative, and I'll get to that as soon as they open (at 9am, I think). Rockstar Dr F is, I know, off this week, and I'm resignedly

expecting them to direct me to Urgent Care who will most likely re-up that antibiotic scrip - but we shall see...

Early morning extra kip, I'm back up at 9, change the dressing on the wound and call the urologist's office. The usual "Please listen carefully as our menu options have changed", until I get to "To speak to a medical assistant press 5" - yes, yes, doink. Connected almost right away, I describe the situation and get told "I will pass this message along to the provider". Oh. All right, I'll have me shower then. I find that in the space of a bare 30 minutes the changed dressing is well soaked through. Ugh! I suppose I'll give them a couple of hours and if I haven't heard anything I'll be off to Urgent Care of my own volition.

As indeed I end up doing, having had no callback from Dr F's office (and still haven't had a peep out of them going into day +8). More or less expectedly, I get a new prescription for a more high-octane antibiotic (Sulfamethoxazole) off the inevitably nice Dr Eddie Mathis, who is quite the jovial fellow. He also advises warm compresses on the "red, swollen area" several times a day for 15 minutes a go. This leads to inadvertent hilarity later when **Jen** finds the hot/cold compress thingy which was lurking in the FanCave, and recalling how long it needs in the microwave, I say "it needs 15 minutes" referring, DoBFO, to the time it needs to be *in situ* on the bollock™ and not the microwave timer. She falls about larffing, I am less amused because I'm fuckin' sick of this lot already (as you may also be, dear reader) and grumpier than usual.

Dr Mathis says that the original antibiotic prescription was actually fairly useless in this situation, and to give the new one a couple of days to see if it's doing the job it should. The other point of note is that he wants to check my white cell count before confirming the scrip, so I advise him that because leukemia it'll be a bit high and has been running in the low 20s for the last few months. Amazingly, the result is 19, a number with which we are well pleased...

Bollock™-slicing day +9, and glory be! Dr Mathis' supercharged antibiotics are well on the job, and the seepage has slowed up massively, if not quite down to o yet. After yesterday's morning dose, I am minded to recall the strong advice to "take with food", as the guts are a bit wobbly for a minute afterwards. Apparently the other pills don't entirely count as "breakfast", so this morning I manage to ingest a donut with the coffee and hope that's enough.

I've abandoned the Liz - boxer briefs are shurely snug enough to hold everything in and the fuckin' thing isn't exactly a comfy choice of underwear. It still hurts at the wound site, but manageably I suppose. I idly ponder the likely effectiveness of "Would you like to see my bollock™ scar" as a chat-up line, and immediately arrive at the same conclusion as the rest of you already have on that one...

Day +10, and Bah! I've been dealing with being mostly Dead Fuckin' Tired - I'm sure the temperatures of 110F and up don't help, but it's not like I'm going out at all, is it? - and yesterday evening I'm feeling like I need to go and lie down at about 6:30pm, despite having had a couple of substantial naps earlier in the day. I also take the radical decision to let the air get to the wound to see if that'll dry the bastard out, so a towel is positioned and I get me 'ead down. Perhaps inevitably I wake up around 9pm. And 11:30pm. And 2:30am, at which point fuck it, I'm up then (and DoBFO, writing).

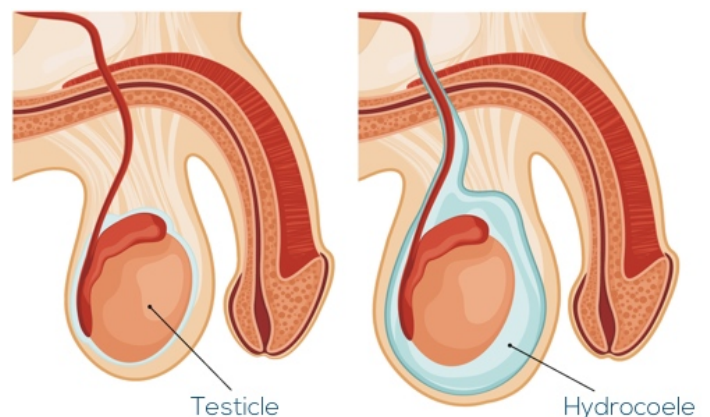
The answer to "Will it dry out?" turns up as "No, it won't", although the spoo meter isn't really in the excessively red. I anoint the environs with Neosporin, slap on a gauze pad and shimmy into fresh-but-not-for-long boxer briefs, get the coffee on and hie me into this here FanCave to scribble this latest. It occurs me to ponder why we still say "scribble" in this situation, when I'm actually typing, and no pens or pencils (or even crayons) are harmed in the process. Or is it just me?

I forget who formulated the good news/bad news principle of delivering updates, but the suggested order was something like "Give me the bad news first so I may temper it with the good". (Cursory research suggests this may originate in the Christian Bible.) Thus I shall now report that the pain levels are markedly reduced, at least this morning. It's still all ups & downs, innit? I'd hoped by this point (as indeed probably had you) that we'd be down to terse one-liners approaching the state of "It's all good", but not yet I'm afraid...

And I spoke too soon. The pain is inching back...

Day +11, a kinda sorta goodish kind of "meh", ie all is much the same, perhaps even cautiously a bit improved...

Day +12, and again, still a bit of bleeding and a bit of pain, but also from last evening the inevitable itch which suggests



Scrotal masses and swelling (image via Brisbane Urology Clinic - anyone we know?)...

healing is in process. This morning's challenge, though, is to stay awake until at least 8am (I got up at 3) since our yard bloke Oscar is coming round to Hoover up all the fuckin' needley twiggy bits that fall off the tree in the little front yard, copiously at this time of year. That, and the palm tree needs a trim. The difficulty with this is that the super-antibiotic does cause some drowsiness (as it did last night, and I went to bed at 8pm to toss & turn for over an hour before I got into a typically interrupted kip). So I suppose there'll be more caffeine ingested shortly in the form of an unleaded Pepsi concurrent with attempts at writing stuff...

Day +13, cautious optimism as the bleeding seems down to *almost* 0, and the pain does seem to be receding to usual pre-bollock™-slicing levels. I decided (well, the lazy got me) this morning that the injunction to take the antibiotic with food works if I count all the other pills as "breakfast". Actually that's only part too lazy to fix meself anything, but also because I never feel like eating first thing. Onward...

Checking after the early morning nap, still a little bit of bleeding, and of course wonky guts because I didn't ingest actual food for the antibiotic to rest on (sigh). **Jen** will be off out soon for her regular gaming day with **Nate & Cora Silva** and I'll have a sandwich and spend most of that time working on the midday nap I expect. Still at mostly reduced pain levels, especially at the wound site, although the head and neck aches are barking a bit. Lazy Sunday...

Day +14, no change for the worse. Tell you what, I'm not half gagging for a whiskey of an evening, though. (I remain resolute, however.)

Day +15, and Arg! Terrible fuckin' night, rough as a hedgehogs bollocks™. Could only sleep for an hour at a time before I kept waking up for a slash, so I gave up and got out of bed at 2:30am, still tired as fuck. Back to bed a bit before 6 and yep, slept an hour before waking up *again*. Just about managed to crank out this paragraph. I reckon today's a bust for getting anything else done...

Day +16 : I suppose I should report that I actually managed to get 2 consecutive hours of sleep last night bracketed by periods of - er - not two hours of consecutive kip. Mind you, I don't feel that bad overall apart from being dead tired all the fuckin' time. Tomorrow (Thursday) is my followup with Dr F, and the last of the antibiotics, after which drink beckons. I have been getting quite antsy of an evening with regular mournful glances at the bottle of Bulleit. The main plus point is that the pain register is about as minimal as it gets round here, although the wound site is still a bit sore...

Day +17 : Well stone me ragged, I actually had a fair night's kip for the first time this week! Not that I feel massively energized, though, and we'll be taking the precaution of having **Jen** drive me to the urologist appointment later today because it's about bang in the middle of my midday nap

time, and my body clock might not be co-operative to the attention required for the task. Doctor F's report to follow...

Day +18 : Many people I know never clock the true joy of waking up of a morning with a mildish hangover and a bounce redolent with the remonstrations of "Had a drop last night, then?", especially after a spell of unwanted but necessary abstinence. Anyway, I know you're all gagging for the report from Dr F, which turned out to include some startling information which we all might have thought they should have told me about earlier. I attribute the delay to waiting for a pathology report, although the dates on it suggest that was turned around pretty quick, but then Dr F was off last week, so...

The scar tissue itself ("compatible with spermatic granuloma") came up "negative for malignancy or dysplasia" ie no actual cancer of the bollock™, which is DoBFO good to hear, innit?

However, I am also informed in both medical and layman's terms that there was also a yuuuuge fuckin' infection present, which does explain the nasty niff of early discharge from the wound, and the requirement for an extra 10 days of super-antibiotic. For the medically fluent, here's what it says:

Submitted as scrotal skin:

- Skin with dermal abscess pocket and associated mixed inflammation and surrounding fibroinflammatory response.
- Occasional multinucleated giant cells with engulfed debris.

Comment: Although there is no residual epithelium within the lesion, the findings suggest this may represent the residuum of an inflamed squamous epithelial lined structure/cyst, and clinical correlation advised.

The conclusion is that this honkin' infection has been present for months, perhaps even over a year, and likely explains the persistence of a white blood cell count in the low 20s (an above normal result), as those "multinucleated giant cells with engulfed debris" are indeed them. This would also tie in with the WBC being down to 19 when tested by Dr Mathis at the Urgent Care a week post-surgery and having had five days' worth of the not-as-good but still presumably a little effective pills.

I describe to Dr F that the wound is still weeping just a tad, and he suggests he might refer me to a wound care specialist, but after he has a gander he is surprised and pleased at the state of it. He'd not expected the healing to be going as well as it is, as he gleefully describes having had to open the bollock™ right up to get at all the bad bits. It seems I have been a Very Good Boy for keeping the wound properly clean, anointing it with Neosporin regularly ect ect, and he also nods approvingly that I have now abandoned the gauze dressings in favor of letting a bit of air get to it.



It's still a process, and I must be mindful that the enjoiner to not be lifting anything over 10 pounds continues for "up to 5 weeks".

Off for blood work today ahead of next week's oncology appointment, and it's going to be *very* interesting to see if the WBC has dropped further.

And I tell you what, this beer tastes fuckin' lovely...

GIVE US A CLUE

Lastish:

"Sheldon Cooper, for example, in dinner debacle (4)"

Eli Cohen : I think "in" means "inside" here, which lets me find dinNER Debacle, i.e. NERD as the answer, which certainly applies to Sheldon.

[[Indeed. Very basic hidden word clue. Jen, who thinks all these British-style crossword clues are quite mad, nevertheless does have a go, and got this one...]]

"Even in prison, Donald's heading for President (9)"

Eli Cohen : I wouldn't have gotten this in a million years, but fortunately Google could solve it, though with a very convoluted explanation:

"President" is the definition. "Even in prison Donald's heading" is the wordplay. "Even" becomes LEVEL (similar in meaning). "in" is an insertion indicator. "prison" becomes CAN (American slang for prison). "heading" suggests taking the first letters (head could mean the top letter). The initial letter of "Donald's" is D. LEVEL going into CAN is CLEVELAN + D = CLEVELAND i.e. President Grover Cleveland.

[[Very well Googled and cut & pasted. When Dave Langford sends me an interesting clue it's usually from a "best of" summary which is Googable...]]

"Borg Eli gets my unusual description of my old man's trousers (9)"

Skel : I think [this] crossword clue is a bit unfair to folk on your current side of the Atlantic. It's a dated UK expression anyway and also expecting them to be aware of a 1960's UK Skiffle hit song 'My Old Man's a Dustman' by Lonnie Donegan (whose lyrics, Google insists are "cor blimey trousers") is even more unfair.

[[Google doesn't "insist" on that at all. Plenty of lyrics sites cite "Gorblimey", but I agree that "cor blimey" probably turns up just as much. Mind you, listening to the actual recording, sounds like "Gorblimey" to me. And since when

did you worry so much about being unfair to Americans, ey? Langford predictably solved this'un immediately ...]]

Eli Cohen : Clueless. As a result of this, I did learn that not only is "Old Man's Trousers" a book by Josh Rogan, it's also a Discworld herb. This knowledge does not, however, help me to solve the clue.

[[Skel is right in that I wouldn't have expected many, or any Americans to latch onto the lyrics of "My Old Man's a Dustman". "Description of my old man's trousers" is the definition, the wordplay is BORG ELI + ("gets") MY, "unusual" (anagram indicator) = GORBLIMEY...]]

"Following the study of algebra, perhaps, a period of unpleasant consequences (9)"

Eli Cohen : Equally hopeless: I feel like I should be able to solve this one. Coincidentally, it was the graduate Algebra class I took in my junior year of college that convinced me I wasn't cut out to be a math major, and caused me to switch to statistics (in which I got an M.A. and M.Phil. through 4 years of graduate school, but never, alas, finished my doctoral thesis...); can't come up with a 9-letter summary of that, though.

[[Quite straightforward, really, after the previous two clues : "Following" = AFTER + "the study of algebra, perhaps" = MATH which yields "a period of unpleasant consequences", AFTERMATH...]]

Thish's efforts (which I consider reasonably easy, even for **Eli**):

"Distort tenor's music, somehow (11)"

"One vicar struggles to find famous American Lake" (8)

And the requisite fannish one: "We hear what drops in a realization for a frequent loccer (6)"

ANORAK

GG1 : OTT?

Because Merka, I suppose, but also because of the earlier days of impressive locomotive engineering, there's a fair few trains which were seriously impressive for looks as well as anything else, and the Pennsylvania Railroad class GG1 was definitely one such.

139 of these were built by General Electric, entering service in 1935, which most people might think is well early for a wholly electric loco, until you have a look and realize that the first known electric loco, powered by batteries, was built in Aberdeen in 1837.

The GG1 was notable for several reasons apart from the "art deco" shell - it could haul at up to 100mph and remained in service until 1983, when the last one was retired by New Jersey Transit. Sixteen of them are in various museums.

That's enough Jeff Redmond-style cribbing off Wikipedia, since really this is just an excuse for a couple of lovely photos of a loco noted for its longevity as well as its art deco looks.

One other engineering note, though, is that the frame of the loco was articulated into two halves with a ball joint in the middle, allowing for tighter curves to be negotiated. I suspect this might have been innovative at the time, but as usual can't be arsed to properly find out, so, yes, here are the pictures...



THE OLD SOD

BY DAVID HODSON

Thank Gawd that's over...

The July 4th Bishop's Finger meeting in London was quite lowkey in many ways, with a general feeling of "no, I'm not drinking too much tonight. I want to be able to appreciate it when Jacob Rees-Mogg/Liz Truss/enter name of the particular Conservative MP you most despise here lose their seat in Parliament." We weren't disappointed, although frog-faced neo-Nazi Nigel Farage, newly re-installed as leader of Reform UK, did finally win a commons seat at the eighth time of trying in the coastal backwater of Clacton-on-Sea.

(I have to admit I am writing/editing/re-reading parts of this as the 2024 Olympic Opening Ceremony in Paris is being broadcast on the Beeb. Sorry guys, but, despite your garlic and snail infused claims that this would be a spectacular visual and audio feast, I'm underwhelmed, and London 2012 remains the standard to try to beat. Am I the only person who feels that, despite their cultural and social claims (cutting heads off monarchs? We should try that sometime... Oh, we did, but then relented...) and snobbery about cuisine, the French are really just fucking weird and trying to cover their tracks? I'm also not entirely sure that all that banging '90s and '00s dance music being played was exclusively French, either (cultural appropriation, anyone?).

One thing I will say about the French, despite the occasional outbreaks of rioting around cities like Paris and Marseille, is I quite admire the way that at least some of the populations of immigrants from former colonies seem to embrace actually being French. During the aforesaid banging dance routines, I was struck by how similar some of the dancers looked to a former French girlfriend of mine who originated from Martinique; they even moved the same way, which is a really difficult concept to explain. Women from Martinique tend to be quite petite and beautifully proportioned and move very gracefully. It was just a shame that Cathy couldn't get over that dose of ole time religion she'd been inculcated with back in her childhood...)

The 174-seat majority that the Labour party gained means that, despite some reservations in more left-wing quarters, we should have a more egalitarian government than we've enjoyed since at least 2010 and definitely since 2015. It also meant that some political commentators in the west could start to breathe a little more easily as the first Molotov cocktail in the threatened overthrow of democracy by extreme right-wing parties in Europe and the U.S. remained unthrown.

(Rather than listen to the tinny version of Supernature by Cerrone coming through the TV speakers, I put on the headphones and listened to the ten-minute version on Cerrone 3. I'll catch up with the opening ceremony remix at some later point sans sign language interpretation.)

(What the fuck does Lady Gaga have to do with France or Paris anyway?)

It's even possible that the UK election had an indirect effect on the second round of voting in the French election on July 7th. There were certainly fears that the right-wing populists National Rally and their minor party allies would win many more than the 104 seats in the French National Assembly than they did and maybe the surprise size of the Labour majority galvanised some action amongst a previously slightly apathetic French electorate. Either way, the turn-out in both the UK general election (59.9%) and both rounds of

the French election (66.71% in round one; 66.63% in round two) should be a cause for concern.

The other thing I was pleased to see the back of was the Euros. Fuck me, watching England play football under Gareth Southgate was less entertaining than haemorrhoids, and the less entertaining they were the more successful they seemed to become, although the semi-final against the Netherlands was a reasonable game between two flawed sides because they were both flawed in different ways. The final, on Sunday July 14th, against Spain, undoubtedly (and somewhat surprisingly) the best side in the whole tournament, was always going to be a smash-and-grab raid if England were going to win it. The first half ended even at 0-0 because Spain, despite being the better side, was showing England way too much respect, probably because they couldn't believe any side could be as fluke as England had been all the way through the tournament; surely there had to be some quality or adventure in there somewhere.

The entire narrative of the game changed within two minutes of the restart when a classic winger-to-winger attack put Spain in down their left flank and Nico Williams opened the scoring. A flurry of substitutions from England saw a well worked equaliser from Cole Palmer in the 73rd minute, but England fell back into their defensive, counter-attacking mode and were beaten in the 86th minute by another well-worked goal from Mikel Oyarzabal. The annoying thing is, once Palmer had come on to the pitch, England were, up until their equaliser, the better side; Palmer and the highly regarded but underwhelming Jude Bellingham looked, at least for a while, like they could give Spain a game, especially when the tortoise-like Harry Kane was replaced by the mediocre but at least mobile Ollie Watkins.



Being an England fan watching England at tournaments is like root canal surgery. Much is written, mostly in the tabloid press, about another "golden generation" of England footballers, but most of them are mediocrities at best. Bellingham looks like he could be the real McCoy but needs

another season at Real Madrid like his last one to fully convince, and Palmer shows promise, but Kane, Kyle Walker, Kieran Trippier, and sundry others need pensioning off and replacing with younger players by whoever the new England manager will be following Gareth Southgate's resignation post the tournament.

By the time of the next column, I'll have done what I promised myself I'd never do again: attend a bloody Worldcon. I blame James Bacon and Vincent Doherty, who caught me unawares, unbreakfasted, and, most importantly, uncoffed at the Belfast Corflu and convinced me what a great idea it would be to go along. Vincent even had his best "you can pay the membership in instalments so it's easier to manage" routine down pat, which he used at a strategic point whilst I had a mouthful of bacon, so the good vibes enzymes were at full play and helped blind optimism overcome my more natural cynicism at the idea of being in the same space as 5,000 science fiction fans.

I've been suffering from an ear infection. I've assumed it was caused by pollen and pollution playing up the sinuses, etc, but the quack seems to think I may have had a dose of mild covid at some point in the recent past. When I told her that I've not had any positive tests for months and that I have to test weekly for the Moderna vaccine trial I've been on, she rather alarmingly told me that the tests haven't been re-engineered since the original virus and its first few variants and just don't pick up most of the most recent variants.

The upshot is I'm nearly deaf in my right lughole and need another dose of antibiotic spray before going up to Scottish land or I'll be doing Langford-style ear trumpet impersonations; "yes, boss; no, boss; I haven't got a fucking clue what you're saying, boss."

The other disconcerting thing about this Worldcon malarky is the number of emails about "business meetings". Since when did a science fiction convention, even a Worldcon, need more business meetings and a greater level of bureaucracy than it takes to run a small nation-state? And why do we need more Hugo categories? I'm all for advocating for fewer categories – novel, short form fiction, dramatic presentation, artist, fanzine – fuck it, that's enough, unless, of course, it's all a scam to try and get more freebies for the voter packs (voter packs? What fucking idiot publisher/producer falls for this shit?). And that's before we even get to the discord servers and other bullshit. Just print the fucking programme on recycled paper, give it to everyone, and collect up the programmes and assorted leaflets that are either left or discarded at the end of the convention and send them to be recycled again. Has anyone actually calculated the carbon footprint of 5,000 smartphones all trying to download the same pdf at the same time in a conference centre with a less than perfect signal? (I'm sure someone will tell me at some point that "that's not how it

works" and yes, I know, that's probably not how it works, but I'm regressing to a near-neanderthal state of Ludditeness in protest at attending a Worldcon again. You'll probably find me in the bar talking to Jim Burns in Glasgow.)

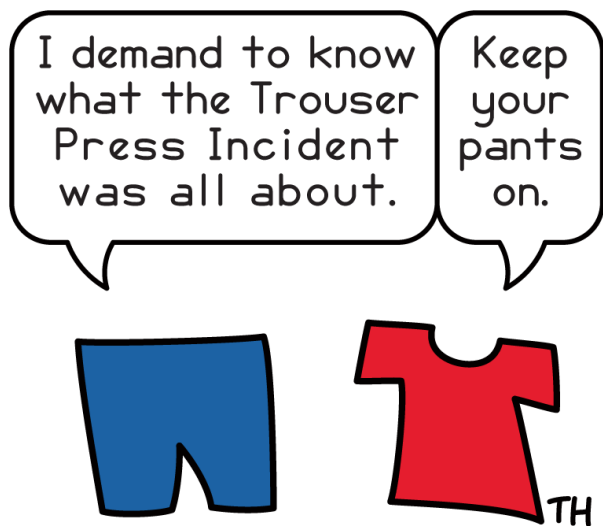
I know I've got to get my head around discord servers; I know they're nothing more than glorified bulletin boards – "gosh, wow, it has colour...golly!" I know I should be grateful that I no longer have to wait hours for a ZX Spectrum to speak to a remote computer via a snail's pace acoustic coupler, but... I'll get a crash course off Claire once she and Mark have recovered from being very deserving Guests of Honour in Glasgow, I promise.

Okay, time to call it quits. To anyone who wants to know or cares: I'll be in Glasgow from the afternoon of Wednesday August 7th until the morning of Tuesday August 13th. My mobile number is 07485 370 589 and I'm on whatsapp if that's easier. I have no intention of existing on conference centre food, so all suggestions for food/drinks elsewhere will be gratefully received.

See some of you in a week or so!

LOCO CITATO

[[*"We know, in our own lives, complexity, humility, the ability to accept uncertainty, the ability to listen to other people and change your mind, all these things are at the very centre of what makes for a competent human being."* (Rory Stewart) ...]]



From: phillies@4liberty.net

George Phillies writes:

I much enjoyed a slow read of your latest issue. Are APAs destroying zines? I am not sure, but the discussion was very interesting to read.

Once upon a time NESFA published *Instant Message* (its business zine), *APA-Nesfa* (iirc correctly its name), and *Proper Boskonian* (a zine).

They are now down to *Instant Message*.

From: gandc001@bigpond.com

June 29

Bruce Gillespie writes:

Thanks very much, Nic, for No. 76 -- but you're firing them too fast for me at the moment...

I've put *SFC 116* up on efanzines.com, but have sent out no other notices, because 117 was supposed to be published the same week. And here I am still trying to finish 117, and still not telling anybody about 116 until I have time to post out notices for both. If 116 is the second half of 115 (i.e. the large letter column for which I didn't have room in 115), then 117 is the second half of 116. And that's because I do send out some print copies to Australian readers, but my printer in Greensborough can only do 84-page issues of folded A3. I'm not prepared to go to all-PDF because I want pretty print copies sitting on my own shelf, let alone anybody else's. Why not look for another printer? Because mine charges me half the amount per copy that Copy Place charged for many years. And my new printer is very easy to work with.

Sorry to hear about further health problems -- especially expenses -- and I'm still glad that when the time comes I can be seriously ill in Australia and not in the US.

Leigh Edmonds and I face what might be a unique problem in the merry world of apas -- an apa that is doing too well. Because **David Grigg** changed ANZAPA to an all-PDF apa when he took over from me in 2020, many people rejoined after many years because they wouldn't have to produce 30 copies of a print edition. Which swelled the membership. Most of our members are retired, and love the opportunity to spend their retiree days nattering onto a computer keyboard. And each of them suddenly started producing 30- and 40-page contributions instead of the usual just-above-minac that most of us produced when ANZAPA was all-print. And then people like me and **Perry** and **Leigh** and **David**, who produce large genzines, decided that the easiest way to get our products out to at least the 30 members of ANZAPA was to attach them to ANZAPA. If people wanted to print them out, there they were.

June 29

The result? April's mailing was 826 pages. Admittedly, none of those pages cost anybody anything, unless they printed out the whole apa (which I do every two months). So Perry volunteered to remove *Perryscope*, which is a damn nuisance from my point of view. Now I have to get my printer to do Perry's fanzines separately from the rest of the apa. In my

case, *SFC 115* seems to have proved an indigestible pill (84 pages), and nobody responded to it in the June mailing. I think **Leigh** has found the same for the copies of *Ornithopter* he's run through ANZAPA. My solution for the June mailing has been to publish a big bit of 116 in my apazine (*brg 135*), plus a big chunk of the as-yet-unpublished 117. But I will be seen as a traitor to the apa because I have not written my usual 30 pages of mailing comments. I must do better.

Some members of ANZAPA are not your usual apa-hacks by any means. Both **Mark** and **Claire** have been writing large amounts of very fine and entertaining prose in ANZAPA since they joined in 2004. It is a pity that people in fanzine fandom generally are not seeing this fine prose, but **David Grigg** has put down his Official Bloody Editorial foot and said: the membership limit remains at 30. I'm just lucky I'm still part of the 30.

[[So if you're still (we presume) the Archbishop, does that make D Grigg Pope?...]]

Sorry for the lack of music notes this time. Has anybody else just discovered the divine voice of Katie Melua?

From: paulskelton2@gmail.com

July 2

Skel writes:

OK, on the basis that a brief response is better than no response at all, I'll strike whilst the iron is hot. Yeah, you're right, it's been three days now, so let's make that 'whilst the iron is lukewarm'.

Firstly I have to point out that you were dead wrong about Labour being against electoral reform. Sir Keir is on record as stating that that he intends to bring in a bill of electoral reform in the next parliament if Labour wins. Of course it is not the reform you were writing about, but rather to lower the age of voting to 16. Obviously he is doing this because it is believed that younger people are more idealistic and left-leaning, which would guarantee a Labour government until the End of Eternity.

[[I think Joseph Nicholas and Dave Hodson wrote more about electoral reform that I did, although we're all three in favor of more systemic changes than poncing about with the voting age...]]

Not mentioned though is the corollary inherent in the change. After all wasn't the reduction from 21 to 18 significantly based on the argument that if, in the event of

war, you are old enough to be called up to fight, and possibly die, for your country, then clearly common sense would indicate you are old enough to put an 'X' on a ballot paper? If so shouldn't this mean that if you are old enough to vote, you might also be required to take responsibility for defending your country? Maybe not, but if I was sixteen I would definitely be seeing that as the nigger in this particular woodpile.

I hasten to add that I use this expression having been assured it was not considered racist. Back in the day my boss had apologised to his boss, a gentleman of colour, for using the term to describe us solving a thorny Payroll Software problem, and was assured by his boss it wasn't considered so as it referred to a particular kind of snake. Just as an aside, his boss and his boss's wife had been in one of the twin towers when they were attacked, so I guess I also have to accept the possibility that he was simply exceptionally good at shrugging things off.

[[Yeah, I'm as skeptical of that as you'd expect...]]

My apologies to **Leigh Edmonds** - I never responded to his three issues of a genzine because I never knew they existed. I do occasionally, in desperation (My God I NEED a fanzine!) go looking on efanzines, but invariably, when I do, the current recent options invariably fail to bang my buttons. I still have this naïve belief that if somebody wants me to read their fanzine they will send it to me. I need to be invited in. To the best of my memory, which I will admit would never have got a bid even in one of Ted Tubb's famous auctions, the only fanzine I have ever locced, which wasn't sent directly to me, was the issue of *Banana Wings* I found on Mike Glicksohn's desktop after his death, which so blew me away I used the blatant excuse I was loccing it on his behalf to barge my way onto their mailing list. They clearly saw through this subterfuge, but

humoured me anyway.

So, I have now read, and thoroughly enjoyed his trip report, and the latest issue (the second issue still awaits) but if you don't publish this part of this LoC he will never know, just as I wouldn't have known about his fanzines if you hadn't published his LoC.

But enough! I still haven't locced *Idea 13*, never mind *Idea 14*, not to mention the latest *Banana Wings*, and others too numerous to mention.

See you at the next Corflu.



From: daverabban@gmail.com

July 3

Dave Cockfield writes:

Politics. Nasty stuff. I avoid it like the plague.

From experience I know how insanely passionate people can get and next thing you know you are ostracized.

Many people consider me right wing because I praised Rishi Sunak for helping pensioners. Because of him in the last two years I have had two good pension rises and £1200 tax free towards my cost of living expenses. Credit where it is due. So would I vote for the Tories? Fuck me with a baseball bat! Of course not because most of them are scumbag tosspots. Can't stand Starmer. He will be our next Prime Minister with Angela Rayner pulling his strings amongst other things. But he has said that he will rebuild the country. Meccano and Lego battling it out for the contract. Not sure who I want to vote for but it really doesn't matter. My Labour MP has a very large majority.

A very basic leaflet has Starkers saying vote for her. No details or photograph unlike leaflets from other candidates. She is a Ghanaian and the large Nigerian population in my area are guaranteed to re-elect her. Likewise in the States Biden will continue with his Rip Van Winkle impressions while his wife and an AI manipulates him. I think that he will beat the turnip and be re-elected though. Not because of his cognitive acumen but because of the Democratic record since he attained sentience. Which I believe has been good.

[[A lot of people round here are well worried about the Orange Wankbucket getting back in, and seriously making sure that passports ect are all in order in that event. We've all clocked the Heritage Foundation's "2025 Project", basically a blueprint for dictatorship should the felon get in...]]

'Doctor Who' ceased to exist when they created The Timeless Child timeline. The Doctor should be happy that Gallifrey is gone. After all they arrived there as a small black girl who because of their regenerative abilities was repeatedly murdered until the biological secret of regeneration could be utilized to create Time Lords.

The current Disney Season One had a lot that I enjoyed. Especially the Goblins in the Xmas Special and "The Devil's Chord". Unfortunately most of the buckets (plots) were so full of holes that even Liza would have struggled to mend them. The rest of the time it

went off track as a Gay Rom Com with a character that bore no resemblance to The Doctor.

Millie Gibson was great and at times Gatwa showed real verve that highlighted what a great Doctor he could have been if he had played it straight. No pun intended.

It appears that along with Season Two we may also have a Martha Smith or Jones / Rose pairing with UNIT investigating the Sea Devils. Not based on a Russ Heath comic unfortunately.

[[We shall see, I suppose. I'm still a loyal (if occasionally critical) fan...]]

I'm really looking forward to meeting you at Geriatricflu next year.

[[Are you sure?...]]

Maybe we can have a walking stick fight over the delights of bourbon versus single malt whisky which I can No longer drink. Spirits and wine bring in Vertigo attacks. Thankfully cask ale is still a medicinal remedy.

David Hodson seems to think that we will need to converse in a soundproof room to protect the sensitive sensibilities of other fans from our loud Anglo-Saxon invective.

[[That's a pot & kettle situation if ever I heard one...]]

From: jakaufman@aol.com

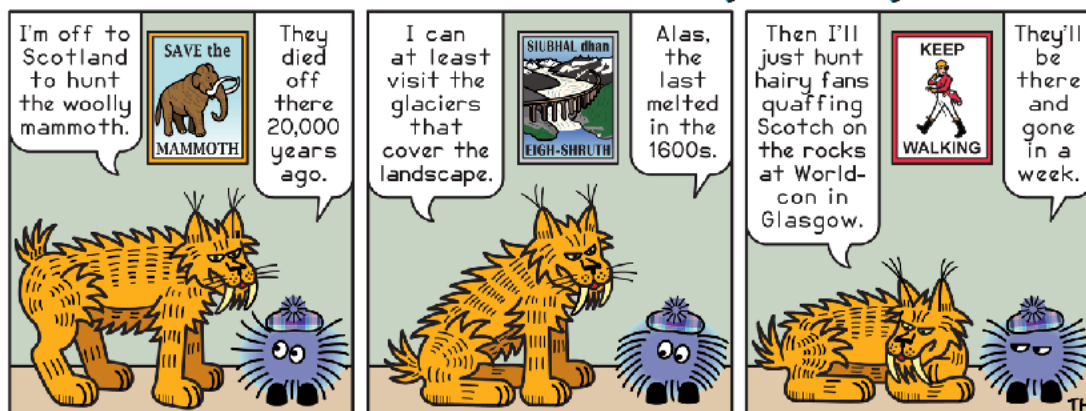
July 6

Jerry Kaufman writes:

I liked the **Teddy / Brad** strip you used for a cover. As for Chat, I see the big guy's pile of zines includes only the ones that have used **T Harvia** art recently. I should write directly to Teddy to point out that a few drawings would not do *Littlebrook* any harm.

[[He's on a roll at the moment - I'm sure this will be considered an ask. Meanwhile, extra 'Chat' for you below...]]

Chat, the 4th Fannish Ghod by Teddy Harvia



We've watched some BBC news over the past few days, and today caught the announcement of the final MP winner, a Liberal Democrat in Scotland. I marvel at how different the UK's system is from the US. But you've heard this all before.

[[There's continual commentary about what's worse - the British first-past-the-post system or the Merkan electoral college. Both shit if you ask me, although we'll bear in mind that if the UK had any kind of Proportional Representation, the far right loonies would have done rather well this go, cf France...]]

Good luck with your travel plans next year - I hope you and Jen have a great time.

Thanks for your discussion about apas with **William Breiding**. At one time I was active in a number of apas, even being in more at one time. But I've decided I don't have enough to say to maintain a schedule of publishing necessary to meet minac and beat deadlines. So I decline the many enticements to join FAPA, SAPS, TurboAPA, etc. and enjoy Turbo, ANZAPA, APA-L and a few others through the mailing comments included. (I enjoy *Lofgeornost* but not as a manifestation of FAPA because, as you know Jim Nic, **Fred Lerner** doesn't include mailing comments.)

Nice to see Sid James included as another of your "Ageless Beauties." You sure can pick 'em.

[[You're getting dafter as you get older, aren't you Killer?...]]

From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

July 7

Leigh Edmonds writes:

Thanks for *This Here...* 76. As usual I print out my copy and leave it until I have to make to train trip to Melbourne to read. However, I've not been out of Ballarat for the past month (apart from lunch with my sister up the road in Ararat) and so this issue has lain around unattended. This morning, however, I thought I might read it anyhow from the comfort of my nice big chair but found that the cats have discovered it and been chewing on it. The last page with the image of the big cat has received particular attention, but that didn't stop me from reading the rest of the issue. Good fun as always.

I did enjoy 'Radio Winston' this time though it was, for once, too short. Mainly, right on brother about the superiority of the Vandellas over the Supremes.

[[Somehow I always feel just a little disappointed when you agree with the 'RW' column...]]

I'm in agreement with just about everything of a political nature in this issue, I guess that most of your readers and

correspondents are card carrying 'Pinkos are us' members so I would only be preaching to the converted if I were to go on about politics. I did like your observation about Bernie Sanders being branded a SOCIALIST when he is vaguely to the right of even European social democrats. I did wake this morning to the happy news that the French have come to their senses and moved somewhat to the left too. French politics is always more vibrant than most of us Anglo-Saxon mobs and I will try to keep the new state of affairs there more in mind.

One observation, however, having seen that I wrote previously that I am happy to live in the land of preferential and compulsory voting. I just have to know how come the full result of the UK election was not known on the night. How hard is it to put pieces of paper in piles and then measure which pile is the highest? Shouldn't take more than a couple of hours, surely. And yet, the vote counting seemed to stop when only a couple of hundred seats had been declared. Sure, the outcome was clear, but I was disappointed when the count stopped when it was only mid morning here on my computer. The description of 'landslide' seems rather tame in comparison to how Fuck(ed) the Tories really got. I'm not so much on top of UK politics to know what name the Whigs go under these days, but I hope they did well.

[[All that depends a lot on which version of the Whigs you subscribe to - they do have a complicated history both in the UK and US versions (as I am currently reading about as a result of your remarks)...]]

All this about politics and elections brings me to your dialogue with **Wm** about apas. **Andy Hooper** asked why **Mark Plummer** was voted best fan writer when he only published one piece of writing outside ANZAPA. The answer is, of course, because it's an award for "best" rather than "prolific". Anyhow, **Andy** might like to know that within the sacred groves of ANZAPA **Mark** is not considered the best where that accolade last year went to Gary Mason. Gary who? Gary is an old time fan who was active in Australian fandom in the late 1960s and early 1970s. He was/is a comic fan from the period when sf and comic fans got together here to make up the numbers so he may still be well known in comic fandom where he is currently the CAPA-alpha Central Mailer. Gary, along with several Australian old timers writes delightful rambling contributions about daily life, mailing comments and whatever else interests him. However, the highlights of many of his contributions are his reportage of the election night experience of the vote counting, which are to my mind, highly informed and entertaining. I'm hopeful that the next mailing will contain his observations of the UK election. If **Wm** was still publishing his ish he might have asked Gary if he could reprint it, if he had known that Gary had written it of course.

[[Quite so. In a long ago 'FAAnWank' I described a set of considerations for voting, and while prolificness was one of them, it's DoBFO not the only one. Individual voters will make their own decisions about what's more important to them. I have vague recollections of a 'Best Fanwriter' Nova Award (BSFG annual prizes, now discontinued) which caused some consternation as the winner (who I fail to recall - Julian Headlong? Roy Kettle?) was voted for on the basis of a single piece of writing...]]

One of the reasons ANZAPA is so huge these days is because many of its members are old and retired Australian BNFs who now have the time to devote some of it to fanac. I guess that they wouldn't be active at all if it were not that a lot of their old mates are also members and there is the bi-monthly deadline that encourages them to write at least something. I reckon we should be grateful for what we've got rather than wishing for what we used to have, even if it was thirty or fifty years ago. I remember there used to be a time when it seemed there was a new genzine in my letterbox every time I went to it. Circumstances have changed and fandom has changed with them so I'm happy when new fanzines do turn up or I see them on efanazines. Besides, I didn't have time to respond to them all back then and I certainly wouldn't have the time and energy now.

A brief note following on from where I was with my previous letter in selling and buying houses. I have signed up to sell this house and it will go on the market officially in a couple of days. It took the best part of a month to get rid of a lot of the kipple infesting this place so that it is marketable, and this has wrecked havoc on my mental state and sense of wellbeing. But now the process has started and I've bought my membership in the next Corflu, so here's hoping.

I could write more, of course, but I must away to work on my fabulous ANZAPA contribution instead. (Only kidding. In reality I have to fill out this multi page form to authorize somebody to do the legal work to sell this house.)

From: portablezine@gmail.com

July 11

W^m Breiding writes:

Read And Enjoyed. . . But No Comment.

Well, almost. Since it has been an issue for us **Kim Huett**'s comments about moving out of the city for cheaper rent and your return comment resonated. Kim doesn't have any reason to know that rental properties have skyrocketed in the last decade in the US. If you are indeed renting a house in Vegas at \$1200/

month you are getting a deal. And it's no better in small towns or rural areas. It's a real problem for the working poor and retired folks like you and I who are relying primarily on Social Security checks and minor pensions. Albuquerque is only slightly less expensive than Tucson and we were looking at small one bedroom apartments for about \$1200 in high-rise buildings. We got lucky to find this two room casita in a treelined suburb for \$1500 a month. It's high, yes, but worth it not to be in a crowded building in an inner-urban environment. There's nothing cheaper anywhere else.

[[We know we've got a good deal and an absentee landlord who deals with the place via an agency. We ducked an increase last year by them firing the existing yard work lot (who were fuckin' useless) and thus getting tasked with that ourselves. Now DoBFO we can't really manage that ourselves much (me not at all at the moment), but we've found a bloke who does a fab job for about \$80 a pop - depending on the season (ie is the front yard tree shedding) that'll be between every 6 to 10 weeks, an effective rent increase of not too much...]]

The apa-chat read well. I only made a minor fool of myself. So Britain bucked the conservative trend! If only America would follow that lead. . .but it won't.

[[We all hope you're wrong, but we're doing some tentative research about which other country to move to...]]

Leigh Edmonds was sounding positively chipper!

It was a gas seeing all the **Harvia** cartoons. Great fun.

[[Teddy looks like being a regular now...]]

And so, how did the surgery go? Are you rockin' the casbah?

[[See interminably long 'Health Diary'...]]

From: srjeffery@aol.com

July 12

Steve Jeffery writes:

I'm not really that inclined to "prove my theory" (**William Breiding** in 'Omphaloskepsis' last ish) that there can be a degree of crossover between apa writing and writing for fanzines, but if he wants an example, he can look some of my locs to *Inca*, *Banana Wings* or *SF Commentary*, where I've adapted some of my apa writing into locs to those fanzines. In particular one to *Inca 20* which includes a discussion of Nicholson Baker's long essay "lumber" from his collection *The Size of Thoughts*.



Although I rather think the onus is on **William** to prove, or at least justify, his own assertion that people who write for apas would suddenly flock to fanzine fandom if they weren't writing for apas. I rather think the direction they would head in is blogs or social media (or podcasts) rather than a bunch of people still discussing who sawed Courtney's boat. And we can perhaps rope in **Alison Scott** to argue that blogs and podcasts can also be viewed as fanzines.

[[No, I don't want to go through all that with Alison again. A Muscovy duck isn't a swan no matter how much you photoshop it and give it a title card which you then call a cover. The fundamental point is that those definitions don't even matter until you want or need to stratify stuff into - er - award categories. It's all fanac innit?. I didn't know that your locs were often adaptations from apahacking, but then I wouldn't have if you hadn't told us. Nothing wrong with that in my book...]]

As I said, I am the only person in the apa I contribute to who also contributes to fanzines. Of the others, Vikki comes to Corflu conventions but for her it's mainly a social thing, two others are pro writers (one of whom has a Substack podcast) and the others have zero interest in sf fandom, let alone the small dusty corner of fanzine fandom.

But on the whole, I find the argument as weird as an assertion that if people would just stop eating chocolate then they would have more time to enjoy avocados. (You could try that on Vikki, whose first encounter with guacamole was also her last.)

Her indoors nodded approvingly at the photos of the Class 40 and APT in 'Anorak' as she glanced across at the screen while I was reading *TH...* . Not enough to persuade her into fanzine fandom, but start posting few pics of 1970s WMPTE trolleybuses and you never know.

Teddy Harvia's cartoon on p. 20 reminds me of a similar joke that "I used to have a lot of get up and go before it all got up and went". (It still hasn't come back.)

Gosh is that really Mary Hopkin? And can I have some of whatever she's taking?

[[That photo was, I believe, from a publicity set for her current project with her daughter...]]

From: tommy@tommyworld.net

July 12

Tommy Ferguson writes:

As a side note I saw various GPs, doctors and consultants (Mr. Had no less...) about a testicular cancer scare.

"I've one question for you sir. Any surgery in this area?"

"No. Er, does a vasectomy count..?"

"Yes – exactly what I wanted to hear. It's just scar tissue..."

From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

July 15

Eli Cohen writes:

A thank you to **Steve Jeffery** for joining the "furlongs per fortnight" school of measurements. Measurement units can be so weird... I was living in Canada when they went metric, and I remember one crazy radio station that started giving the wind chill in watts per square meter! I mean, they could blame it on the new metric system, but horsepower per square foot would have been just as ridiculous (and useless). I think it must have been a protest against the change. Fortunately (?), in Saskatchewan, once the temperature dropped to -40 it didn't matter whether it was Fahrenheit or Celsius.

From: kim.huett@gmail.com

July 15

Kim Huett writes:

Did you know that the phrase "changed the ringtone" is now code for having had anal bleaching done? Neither did I till the other day. Just goes to show how educational working in a commercial kitchen can be.

[[Didn't know that either...]]

Your mention of the Lead and Backing Group name format brought back to me memories of living in Sydney during the early 1980s. Influenced, I suspect, by successful acts like Skyhooks, Mental As Anything, and Jimmy & the Boys, it was fashionable back then for unknown bands to give themselves joke/outré names. I can recall seeing live the likes of Love Mum & the Urgent Ring Me, Culture & the Corpse Grinders, Smacked Bum Quartet, Serious Young Insects, People With Chairs Up Their Noses, The Celibate Rifles, and North 2 Alaskans (who did a great cover of Crimson & Clover, go look it up on YouTube if you dare). The Lead and the Back Group name format was very popular back then as it easily lent itself to absurd parody. I remember with particular fondness Jimmy & the Boys (you can find them on YouTube too) as they could always be counted on to put on a good live show. It was with great sadness that I saw that Ignatius Jones, one time lead singer of the band, had recently passed away. Rest In Perversion Ignatius.

[[From my much earlier years I vaguely recall the almost certainly fictitious band name of Grimey P Stayne & the Y-Fronts. I also recall Davey Johnstone of Elton John's band including in his resume an outfit known as "the Gonner Ears"...]]

I certainly do assume that rural living is cheaper than urban living, at least it terms of rent because that's more or less the situation in Australia. There are two main exceptions to this rule, the first being there are certain areas wealthier citizens like to retreat to in order to put some distance between themselves and the great unwashed. The Sydney end of the Southern Tablelands is a good example of this. The other exception being certain regions that have become popular retirement areas. I doubt there is much unoccupied Queensland coast left for example. Putting such areas to one side the basic question to be asked is how few facilities can I live with? There are remote areas where I could buy a house for less than my monthly rent costs me.

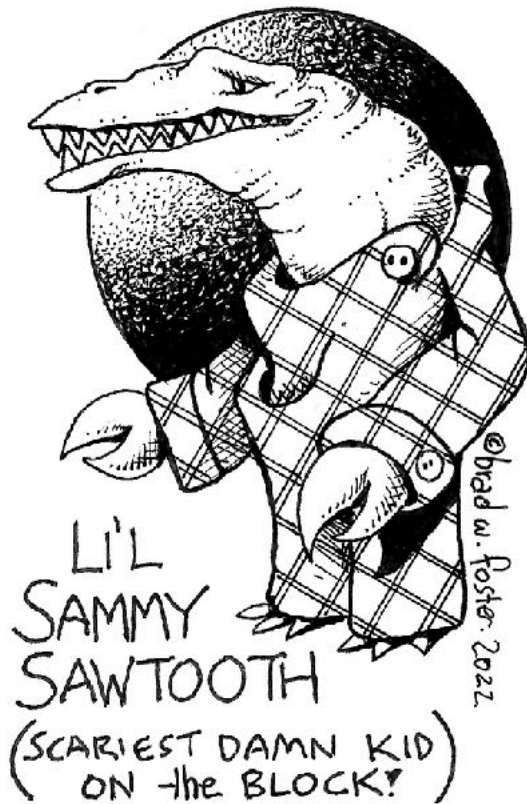
However, if I was to live that far out I would have next to no access to facilities and would probably be dead for a year before my body was discovered. So to me it's all about the right balance between rent and access to medical facilities, Internet, transport etc.

[[Quite so. When first looking around these parts for a place, I spent a day with the generous assistance of Earl Kemp looking at off-grid properties, also because you could get a fair chunk of desert (35 acres or more) for not a lot in Arizona then. One of the more promising spots got ruled out when Earl pointed out that absolutely everything (eg water, propane) would have to be trucked in over basically no roads at substantial cost. See also W^m Breiding's loc...]]

I gave up on Doctor Who quite some time ago when it became clear that the show had given up on problem solving plots. I'm not against episodes where it turns out the Moon is an egg or fully grown trees manage to cover the Earth overnight but such absurdities need to be set in a story where absurdity is reasonable. Once upon a time the BBC would use serials like The Celestial Toymaker to justify such absurdity. These days however it seems nothing need make sense which leaves me with nothing to engage with, so I don't.

Did **Mr. Hertz** really quote me without acknowledging who actually wrote those words? Is this his fuck-up or yours? I really need to know who as I'm really fucking annoyed about this!

[[John Hertz's loc was transcribed verbatim. Take it up with him...]]



According to something I read Sid James was a hairdresser in South Africa. You better believe I have trouble imagining Sid James as a South African hairdresser. Talk about GuNToV to the edge of absurdity.

[[He was, though...]]

And for the benefit of Skinhead Skippy here's the Dog's Stick Song:

I found a stick on the ground and now I'm gunna use it!
All this power that I found I'm gunna totally abuse it!
Gunna hit so much stuff so do not get in my way!
Because I've found myself a stick and I'm using it today!

Use it wisely,

WAHF

Jennifer Farey : "At last, I recognize the back cover lyric! Ballroom Blitz. Sweet! (see what I did there?)" ; **David Langford** ; **Guy Lillian** (who still owes me \$20), fretting extensively about this year's WOOF, and later sending me his submission under the apparent and quite erroneous impression that I have anything to do with it ; **Alan Rosenthal** ; **Karen Schaffer** ;

FANZINES RECEIVED

With gratitude as always...

THE STF AMATEUR #10 (Heath Row) - ...

PERRYSCOPE 45 (Perry Middlemiss) - The cover photo might be subtitled "A Larrikin on the Piss", or possibly "A Larrikin About to Have a Piss", or even more terrifyingly "A Larrikin Actually Having a Piss (urine stream photoshopped out)"? Do not under any circumstances attempt to conjecture where this man's left hand is and what it is doing. Swivel-eyed insomnia will result...

INCA 24 (Rob Jackson) - As you'd expect, a lengthy conrep/travelogue on Cor41u from both the Doc hisself and **Murray Moore**. Leading off, another spiffing **Kev Williams** essay, this time on Ian Fleming and his most famous creation. Also within, a typically quirky and nicely done *memoriam* for Chris Priest from the pen of **Graham Charnock**, and a very well-populated loccol brimful of **Asha** erudition ...

INDULGE ME

✕ **RIP GEORGE (THE CAT)** : Readers of *BEAM*, especially the contributions from Taranaki, NZ by our old friend **Lee Wood** will recall the various adventures of George the cat therein. We're sad to have to report that George Stanley Lord Strange (to give his full documented name) was diagnosed with lymphoma at the beginning of June, three large tumors. **Lee** recalls how she acquired the moggy in the first place: "He came with the name George. Belonged to the Japanese girlfriend of the guy next door. She went back to Japan, and the cat decided he liked living at ours more than Tim's. One day the cat walks in my door and yowls at me with those big eyes that tells me he's hurt. So I took him to the vet, and yup, something large had chomped on him. Antibiotics and painkillers and a bill. I said to Tim, either he's your cat and you pay the bill or he's my cat and I pay the bill. Tim said, you've got yourself a cat."

Lee also relates George's final moments : "He sat on my chest while I watched television last night, then cuddled next to me when I went to bed. I gave him his meds this morning, but I knew he was close - this Monday would have been his last day, I had an appointment for the vet to come to the house. But today was the last day of term, so I kissed him on his head this morning, told him how much I loved him, left the warmer going on the bed to keep him comfortable and went off to teach my last day for the term."



"Sometime while I was in a math class of Year 10s, he peed himself on the bed, then tried to get off on the other end. I found him lying on his side, looking like he was sleeping, on the floor beside the bed. It took me a moment before I realised he wasn't breathing. He was still warm, but I wasn't there when he died. I wasn't there. I wasn't there."

"A couple boys at Inglewood made me a Kitty Casket yesterday, so he's got a coffin to be

buried in. At the moment, he's lying in state on his favourite towel in a laundry basket. Tomorrow, I'll bury him in the garden. And sometime over the break, I want to get the imprint of his front paws, pink and black bean toes, tattooed over my heart. He was an amazing cat, incredibly smart, genuinely loving, the best friend anyone one could have. George Stanley Lord Strange, born 4th of July, 2009 in Dunedin, died 5th of July, 2024 in Stratford. I love him doesn't even come close."

Much sympathy from here to add to the general outpouring...

✕ **AGELESS BEAUTY (1)** : With an occasional nod of kindness in the direction of **Jerry Kaufman**, who may actually recognize **Linda Thorson**...



✕ **WAHF EXTRA** : I get a one-line "how are you doing" email allegedly from "**Steve Green**" which DoBFO isn't, since the address is something like "kasr*&ieygt9" ect. This is presumably a new twist on the fake FBF friend requests, and I let my old mate know about it...

✕ **TV GUIDE EXTRA** : The current sporadic binge of a show I've not previously seen but should have is 'Person of Interest', wherein I'm up into season 2 and enjoying it quite a bit...

✘ **IF IT'S LATE IT MUST BE A FANZINE** : There's been the occasional blip in getting *This Here...* out, and I've skipped the occasional month of this third series of the title for arguably good reasons such as finalizing the previous ish of *BEAM* (fuck me, almost 2 years ago!) and this year rushing to complete the publications and other stuff for Cor41u. It therefore seems a bit fuckin' silly that I feel I should apologize for thish being *one day* late from the promised schedule. I do, though ...

✘ **WORLDTHINGWANK** : Serious best wishes for a good time to all my mates who are heading to Glasgow, especially (DoBFO) Fishlifting Fan GoHs...

✘ **TOO RICH OR TOO THIN** : Sorry that this edition of 'Indulge Me' is the latter rather than the former. 'Health Diary' sucked up all the fuckin' oxygen thish...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (2)** : Sorry (not sorry) as usual **Killer**: As much as you seemed to admire Sid James lastish, I reckon **Carol Hawkins** looks a lot better...

✘ **LATE ADDITION FOR ELI** : Since he mentioned statistics, I'm sure **Eli Cohen** will be familiar with the story of three statisticians who went duck hunting. The first one shoots, but misses high by three feet. The second also has a go but misses three feet low. The third yells "We got it!" ...

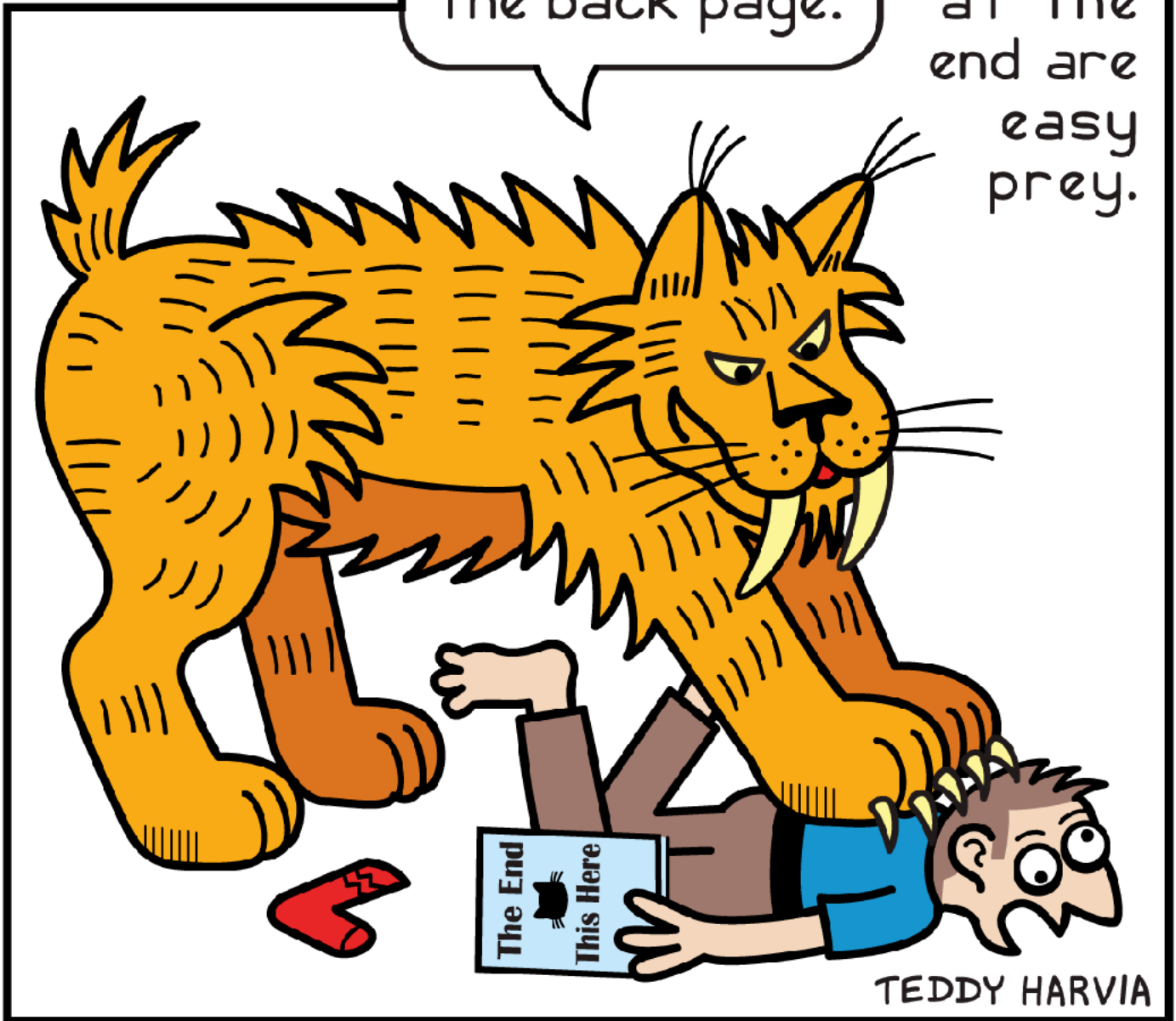
✘ **NEXTISH** : I'm going to go for August 24th, since we're planning a Fifth Saturday party the following week. We'll see how that goes, ey?...



Chat

I don't mind being put on the back page.

Tired readers at the end are easy prey.



MIRANDA

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Art credits: Brad W Foster (pp 14, 19); Teddy Harvia : (pp 13, 15, 22) ; Jose Sanchez (p 17)

**"Black Nepalese, it got you weak in your knees
Gonna sneeze some dust that you got buzzed on
You know it's so hard to please
Newcastle Brown can sure smack you down"**