

This Here...

"...stubborn, and not too bright." (D Miller)

EGOTORIAL

HOOPER'S WORST FEARS: REAL SOON NOW

The venerable **A Phineas Hooper** wondered, with some trepidation I think, that since I'd been managing to punt a monthly zine while working a 60-hour week (though later reduced to a mere 48), what mischief might I get up to in retirement? I cackled at the time about "plans afoot" as indeed they were, and are.

It's quite likely a Last Dangerous Visions situation for a faned to announce any forthcoming product, even though I've punted a "nextish" date in this here title for quite a while, and have largely stuck to it, the vagaries of last-minute Old Sodds notwithstanding.

The fanzining microcosm of the Faniverse adopted the phrase "Real Soon Now" as it's equivalent of *mañana* or "soon come", meaning some variation of "when it's good and fuckin' ready", "maybe never if I can't be arsed", or notably and recently "in about 23 years".

Anyway, I'm going to stick me neck out here and tell you about my pubbing schedule for the rest of the year, one which I genuinely have every intention of sticking to. Part of the reason for announcing this lot is doubtless to put collaborators and contributors on the spot and to preemptively establish a narrative that if bits of this don't come to pass it'll be *their* fault, and, yes, I am an utter bastard for doing that.

October:

BEAM #18 (Farey & **O'Brien**). A mere two years since the previous ish, although I wonder if **Ulrika** has been holding

out for 23. My esteemed co-editor has endured an extended outbreak of RL which I shan't relate because it's none of my business (or yours).

This Here... #80

November:

Now here's a turn-up which won't be at all relevant to just about everyone reading this (unless?...). I'm sure I've mentioned our little (almost-a-dozen-member) local Writers' Group ("We Be Writers") and our monthly meetings, and I've rashly punted the idea of reviving APA-

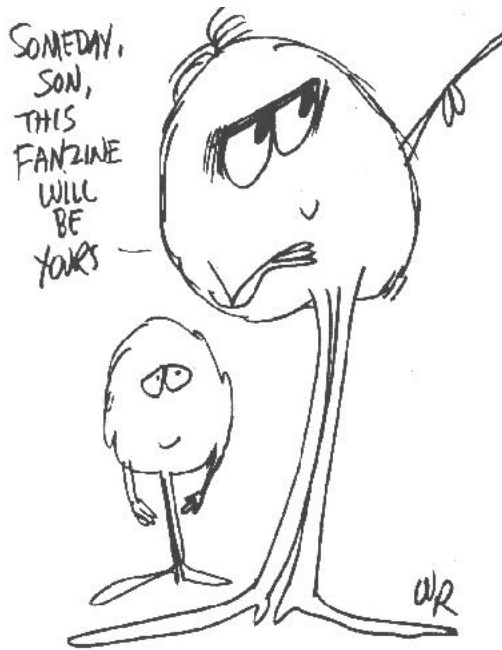
V as an ongoing exercise with a quarterly distribution starting with #67 as a continuation of the original. It might interest **Fred Lerner** to know that I showed a copy of *Lofgeornost* around the August meetup as an exemplar of the form. For my own contribution I've decided to re-use the title from my old LiveJournal: *Faster Than Spinach*. This'un could sadly crash and burn in short order, but we'll give it a go anyway. Just about all of my contribution (and the Official Organ, since I'm lumbered with being the Official Collator) is already written. Hence...

The Kerosene Papers (Farey & **Plummer**). A compilation of previously published indices for "Cow is Giving Kerosene/Paraffin", annotated and with additional new

material. This'un was planned for a bit earlier, but like much else there has been foot-dragging which is mostly situational and thus does not really result in finger-pointing. Well, not a lot, anyway...

This Here... #81

December:



Old Farey's All-Fanac 2025 (Multiple contributors, some of whom are still being approached, and volunteers are also welcomed). A fannish parody of "The Old Farmer's Almanac" (without 100 pages of boring tables) which I'm planning to do as a print-on-demand publication as well as (DoBFO) ending up on efanazines by the Grace of Burns.

This Here... #82

Bleeding over into January, you can also expect *The Incomplete Register 2024 FAAn Award Voters' Guide* early in 2025 an'all.

So there y'go, **Andy**. It may happen...

It's all good.

September 2024

CORFLUX

42 NEWS

PR2 is out (go to the website link below if you haven't seen it yet), brief but heartwarming. 54 attending members so far (good numbers!) out of 66 total.

Notes within on a Free Fanzine Table and invitations for suggesting a "Fanzine of Honour". I have wickedly mooted *Electronic Thumb Piano* (**Justin Ackroyd**) but do not expect this to be taken seriously - for a British Corflu I'd say it should be a given that a British fanzine ought to get the nod.

43 RUMOR MONGERING

I am sworn to schtum still, but I think it only fair to remark that a plan is afoot...

corflu.org

THE FAR-FLUNG FAREY

SAFARI (2025)

Oh look, we have what's passing for an actual witty title now thanks to **Jen** and **Claire Brialey** working in tandem. **Claire** points out that this very handily abbreviates to "FFS"...

Leading off with the slightly updated provisional schedule...

April 2nd : Arrive Gatwick

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

April 4th : TBA

April 5th : Hoo, Kent for a day with the grandkids

April 6th : TBA

April 7th : TBA

April 8th : Watford v Hull City at Vicarage Road (7:45pm)

April 9th : Hitchin

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

April 11th - 13th : Corflu 42

April 14th - 17th : TBA (Midlands and points further North?)

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

April 22nd : Return flight(s)

Just in general terms, it's looking like the first 8 days are going to have us ensconced in the London area (-ish) with a bit of darting in and out to points adjacent. Having had a recent convo with son Sean, currently getting seriously sunburned in Spain because he's Irish, we've settled on Saturday April 5th for a day out with the weans at a nearby little zoo (which they like) and dinner at the pub conveniently next door to it.

I've took the "?" off Hitchin for April 9th, reckoning an overnight stay (**Lord Kettle**, is the old Sun Hotel still all right?) then on the tenth training it to Newbury, a two hour journey via St. Pancras & Paddington (it says here) which would deposit us in the environs of Corflu 42 around 7pm for some undoubted drink and nosebag, so that's all good. Car hire is also a possibility

Also chatting with Sean, we ponder the likelihood of a blood family get-together, and come to the conclusion that, given that I'm - er - disowned by my biological mother it's not going to be a likely or even cheerful proposition. Almost all of the family are in the Portsmouth area, but the only one I chat to on and off there is my sister Emma, so I'll be having a yak with her at some point as to the viability of traveling there for a day ie is it fuckin' worth it? My brother Peter (who I also chat to) is up in Sleaford, so I reckon we'll try for a swingby there for a pint or two and a photo-op at least.

This is still all DoBFO well previous, but I'll be allocating one of the as yet unassigned early April evenings for an LSE/DVs* reunion of sorts - some of the culprits are in or adjacent to the Smoke, although other particularly well-thought of mates are rather further afield eg Colin Anderson in his old home town of Newton Abbott and my old flatmate Neil Smith in - er - Finland! (Presumably nicer than his native Cardiff). Sometime DVs guitarist **Steve Bradbury**, when I asked him if he'd be one to round up a mob, immediately responds with "Don't rely on me!"...

* My college punk/new wave band

HEALTH DIARY

IF THIS GOES ON...

Occasionally, I suppose, I do have to bung in a skiffy reference to remind myself (and you lot) of the increasingly theoretical origins of this here flange of baboons, which are in sf fandom, honest guv...

I dunno if I'm edging, or even careening into "fakefaan" territory with all this "put the personal squarely in the perzine" content, but it is what it is. I read very little of late,

so most of the genre round here comes off a screen, but ey, at least it's *something*.

As much as the bollock™ saga DoBFO gave me quite a bit to write about (to the distress of several readers I know of) we can all do without the kind of extended distress that occurs with such an apocalyptic situation. The book on that, as well as the bollock™ itself is closed up, more or less. Still a bit of discomfort down there and an observation of variable sizing between the sliced up one and the untouched other, but ey...

Leukemia, even the "good kind" that I got, is a life sentence with the accompanying tiredness and aching legs, and although I'm more or less resigned to that, at least on some intellectual level or other. Emotionally it's more of a frustrating pain (as well as a literal one), knowing that I've got to put up with this fuckin' shit for potentially a decade or even two, which in some ways *ought* to convey the cheery prognosis of long life, and it actually does that at times in between gripes of "I fuckin' hate this!".

Nice Dr. Gollard's confident predictions of remission seem to have stalled, with my White Blood Cell count stubbornly stuck in the low 20s for the last several months, although the most recent reading was 19.7, and with the hematocrit value of 50.9 (%), I think) despite being over the 50 that's the apparent benchmark, meant no phlebotomy this month (although maybe next, advises APRN Hannah).

So here we are, mooching about on a kind of plateau where the numbers aren't getting any worse, but nor are they showing improvement.

What will astonish old friends (some of whom occasionally compare my unlikely survival to that of Keith Richards) is that my vitals are all good, as are my liver and kidney functions. Even my lungs are all right despite over 50 years of heavy tobacco smoking.

So all in all, blessings: count 'em...

BOOK REPORT

TOO MUCH TOO YOUNG : THE 2 TONE RECORDS STORY

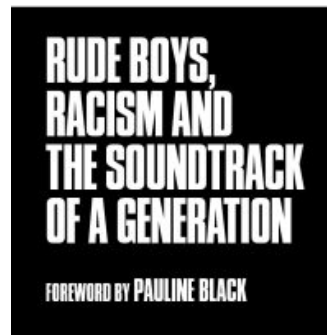
One of the actual famous people I follow on FBF is Ageless Beauty Rhoda Dakar, former lead singer of the Bodysnatchers (as duly mentioned lastish). She's on tour in the UK at the moment doing a retrospective, and mentioned that getting "likes" and "loves" from fans in various & sundry towns helps with the tour planning. I comment "No chance of Vegas, I suppose LOL" and she replies, reasonably, that as much as she'd love to do an American tour, the cost is as prohibitive as you might expect. Next day I get a further reply from author Daniel Rachel, who mentions that as a substitute, he's doing a stop in Vegas on his book tour for

"Too Much Too Young" (The 2 Tone Records Story) which I might like to clock.

Now as **Jen** will tell you in a typically despairing tone, it takes the equivalent of a fuckin' nuclear device to get me off my arse and out into the social whirl that others relish so much (how things change, ey?), although she would equally and correctly note that I will tend to have a good time when I get there. It's a rarity, however, that I meself suggest a Thing To Do, but in this case I am motivated, having clocked the author's website (<https://danielrachel.com/>) and not only determined that I *want* this book, but also that I'd quite like to go and hear his "in conversation" gig at the "Writer's Block" (ho ho) bookstore downtown.

The bookstore (which includes a coffee shop) itself is duly found, and there's a little adjacent meeting room for purposes such as this. I score a copy of the book and we settle in at the front, where I manage to have a bit of convo with the author hisself, relating my friendship with Steve ("Prince Cardboard") Eaton, cover model for the Selector's 'Too Much Pressure' album. It's a good little event, and as soon as I get home I get into the tome itself.

Anyone expecting an in-depth about all of second wave ska might be a bit disappointed, since the book is exactly what it says on the tin, as the saying goes: "The 2 Tone Records



'Daniel Rachel has bagged the whirlwind of 2 Tone with joy, honesty and compassion' **SUGGS**

'The definitive telling of the 2 Tone story' **JOHN HARRIS**

DANIEL RACHEL

story” aka why Jerry Dammers was a true Mad Genius and thus often a great pain in the arse. So, while not exactly in passing, the top dogs Madness and the Beat are only mentioned in the context of their very early 2 Tone releases and participation on the tours (as well as inclusion in the “Dance Craze” movie, recently re-done and rereleased). What you *do* therefore get is loads of the Specials and the Selecter, the brief and contentious life of the Bodysnatchers and a few of the tail end bands who are mostly (and mostly justly) forgotten these days.

What’s hugely impressive is the list of around 100 of the participants whom Rachel interviewed for this and, as he points out in a fine introduction, have markedly different takes on events and in many cases even different recollections. Noting this, the author scrupulously does not take sides, inviting the reader to draw their own conclusions. You’ll learn that just about the only group who were actually mates (for the most part) was Madness, who managed to avoid other mobs’ arguments about songwriting royalties by putting in place a reasonably egalitarian system from the off wherein the credited writer got half the dosh and the rest was divided into sevenths among the band. The Beat credited all their compositions to the entire band for an equal divvy.

Contrarily, neither the Specials nor the Selecter were noted for their internal comity. I think I remember reading in a *memoriam* for Steve Eaton that he’d often remark to Pauline Black that he’d “like to knock yours and Neol’s heads together”, I vaguely recall reported by Pauline herself. Likewise with the Specials, Jerry Dammers’ control freak perfectionist nature alienated Terry Hall and Roddy Byers in particular.

I have to observe that the overall story flags a bit at the scrag-end where they’re aren’t any “stars” as such and almost everyone who’s left comes across as hopelessly inept to an extent, making this a cautionary and/or survivors’ tale of sorts. That does, however, convey a sadness at the whimpering demise of Dammers’ great experiment.

All in all this is an excellent history, although I expect that those who were there and lived through the late 1970s and early ‘80s (as I was, and did) would get more out of it than the casual reader. But I think that’s what you were going for, right Daniel?

RADIO WINSTON

NICK EVANS MOWERY

Regular readers, and **Leigh Edmonds** when he’s awake, will recall that I have a Pandora channel playing away while I’m toiling here in the FanCave, and for the last, oh I dunno, many months that’s been my “Mott the Hoople” channel

which blessedly not only conveys that undeservedly *still* missing from the Rock and Roll Hall of Bollocks outfit as well as a lovely ton of Ian Hunter’s subsequent output, but also other mostly contemporary stuff. Pandora occasionally chucks in a wild card, and in the case a slice by Nick Evans Mowery. I was insufficiently swift to tap the thumbs up in order to get more of him, but noted down the name.



I duly go off to Do Research, and learn first that NEM (as we shall be referring to him by his own volition) is one of those artists who lurks in the environs of Nashville (Murfreesboro, in fact) and who you’ve quite possibly heard without realizing it. Or indeed (as has happened before and undoubtedly will again) I could be about to receive faux-astonished mockery from various corners of the readership that I *hadn’t* heard of him.

Now you won’t be surprised to learn that I’m fucked if I can remember the slice Pandora played for me, so we’ll start here with the title track from his latest set, ‘[Zombies and Porn](#)’, and it’s not hard to deduce that this’un is inspired by his turn in Vegas from 2009-2012, playing (amongst other spots) “House of Blues/Mandalay Bay, BBKings/ Mirage, The Hard Rock, The Railhead, Vamp’d, The Fremont St. Experience, Diablo’s/Monte Carlo” according to [Roots Music Report](#) .

What’s also well impressive is the number of placements of NEM slices in TV shows (and movies) going back to 2010 (from the ‘Roots Music Report’ list in the above link), the most recent being “[Gone Get High](#)” in Paramount+’s ‘Seal Team’ (s7 ep3, aired last month). There’s only one of these which I presume I’ve clocked without realizing: “[Now That I Found You](#)” from ‘Leverage: Redemption’ (ep11) in 2021.

NEM's influences are out front and on his sleeve. Roots Music Report (again) cites those formative artists as "Steely Dan, Tower of Power, Bob Dylan, Van Halen, Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton". I can't, I suppose, dispute any of that since it's from the gob of himself, but honestly I don't agree with any them except the inevitable Dylan.

I'm hearing more traditional Southern/Blues rock, especially on slices like "[Walk A Thin Line](#)", which I include with trepidation since I fear **Leigh Edmonds** may actually like it. There's some definite Springsteen (rootsy version) echoes, and a bit of Paul Thorn in some of the more down-home country efforts. That, and a decent seasoning of the revered Ian Hunter...

I'll leave it, though, with first an apology if you're getting all the fuckin' ads I am from these links, with the official video of "[He Doesn't Like You \(But I Do\)](#)", quirkily without showing Mowery at all, but an all-female band miming (I presume) to the slice. I *like* this guy...

TV GUIDE

MARPLE

It's the time of year when **Jen** does take on transcribing work, doing clip reels from a given show. These are considerably more well-paid than "regular" transcription since a lot more info is required to go into a spreadsheet, something she might tell you all about in a *JenZine*, since the minutiae of it all gives me a raging fuckin' headache. The big side effect of this is that she'll be working during the "me slobbering in front of the tv" slice of what passes for my "schedule" - mid/late afternoon into mid-evening - and that means, other than possibly a single episode while we scoff dinner, anything that we *both* want to watch is off limits.

I thus tend to duck and dive between various old shows that I'd seen before, as well as bingeing some stuff off Britbox that I hadn't (eg 'Lewis', and I've just this week started on 'Endeavour', noting the startling resemblance of Shaun Evans to Roddy McDowall, even down to his range of facial expressions). This method, if you can call it that, recently alighted me on "Agatha Christie's Marple", the first three series starring the inevitably magnificent Geraldine McEwan in the lead role.

I had a bit of memory of the 1984-1992 series starring Joan Hickson, whom I recalled as being stern, smug and mostly humorless - I confirmed this by later clocking that version of "The Body in the Library" from 1984, which also tended to support the contention that all members of the British upper classes should have been subject to French methods of winnowing, and while we're at it let's raze Eton, Harrow and probably Sandhurst to the ground at the very least.

The overall premise of any Marple story is often that she is a meddling old bat, although in several cases her nous *is* appreciated by the "professional" detectives. So you'll almost always get a number of "Wait, what?..." moments off the rozzers when she points out some DoBFO item.

The differences in the interpretations of the character jump out at you, though. Hickson's version isn't particularly likable, at least to me, whereas McEwan has a constant twinkle in her eye and an undercurrent of *amused* cynicism which as far as I'm concerned makes her very likable indeed.

I'll briefly note that Julia McKenzie, who replaced McEwan for later series, despite being also a fine actress, decided for whatever reason to channel Hickson more, accentuating Marple's smugness, unattractively. I watched one episode of hers then gave up.

I suppose I'll have to note the aspects of "modernization" in some of the McEwan stories which, although *mostly* faithfully adapted as far as I could tell, adhered to policy of the time which appeared to decree that everything must have lesbians in it. This doesn't particularly detract from the stories, although (spoiler, I expect) it does provide a new twist on "The Body in the Library", for one.

In sum: Geraldine McEwan, hugely enjoyed. Others, meh at best...



THE ARK

I feel almost duty bound to mention this'un again with some small defense in the face of what seems to be prevalent derision. I refer, for one, to my dear old mate **Ian Sales**, who admittedly and thoroughly addresses such things with a rigor beyond mere entertainment considerations. We've almost always disagreed on several fundamentals of the genre, but then of such argy-bargy long lasting friendships are made, I find...

I previously commented that, while much of what occurs in 'The Ark' is scientific bollocks (with idiot plot trappings), I suggested it's virtue was as an ensemble "character study". The bald truth is that it's really just a fuckin' soap. In space. Wheee! (And I'm still liking it on that simple basis.)...

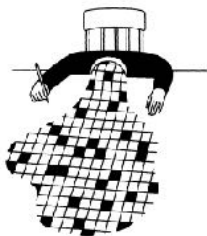
GIVE US A CLUE

Lastish:

"Prophet, rube material? (10)"

Eli Cohen : No idea.

[[I told you no anagrams this time (albeit that I lied) - Eli admitted trying to conjure one out of this and failing. Simply enough: "Prophet" = SEER + "rube" = SUCKER yields SEERSUCKER ("material")...]]



"Wes Anderson camera technique with a bit of leg gets to a Hugo-winning fanwriter (7)"

Eli Cohen : OK, this was actually easy for me, because, coincidentally, I happened to be researching Fan Writer Hugos due to this being the 50th anniversary of Susan Wood winning that Hugo at Discon II. In fact, Susan, who won 3 Fan Writer Hugos (the second tied with Dick Geis, and the third, alas, posthumously) was the only woman to win that award until Cheryl Morgan in 2009! (Of course some of that could be blamed on **Dave Langford**, with his 21 wins.) In any case, the very first winner, in 1967, was Alexei PANSHIN ("PAN" + "SHIN" per the clue). I guess this makes me like the Ancient Mariner -- I stoppeth one of three.

[[Indeed. Similar construction to the previous clue, but much more verbose about it...]]

"Dodgy metaphor for Tom Cruise. Really? (8)"

Eli Cohen : I suspect that "dodgy metaphor" is hinting at an anagram of "metaphor" (which happens to have 8 letters), but that doesn't actually help me come up with anything.

[[Ha! I did chuck in this one anagram clue, and you didn't get it! "Dodgy" (anagram indicator) "metaphor" rearranged to MAPOTHER (Tom Cruise's real last name). "How was I supposed to know that?", Eli complains...]]

Dave Langford forwards a link : "Here's a nice redolent crossword that should appeal to you. Even the title has an unexpected meaning": <https://www.fifteensquared.net/2024/09/17/inquisitor-1872-the-siege-by-the-ace-of-hearts/>

I respond that this expert-level compilation is far beyond my own miserable abilities, but I did enjoy the perusal. I include the link here to convince **Eli** that he doesn't know when he's well off...

Thish's efforts:

"Content of wise, venerated fanzine, that's not too many (5)"

"Core principle for Harry, for example? (6)"

"Pale grand queen, a person doing the five-knuckle shuffle? (6)"

ANORAK

ZEMU

Many of us anoraks out here remember with affection the old DMU (Diesel Multiple Unit) little passenger trains without a separate locomotive, first built and entering service in the 1950s, further defined by their transmission method (ie how the power gets to the wheels), for example DEMU for the later diesel-electric sets.

That's a handy (and pronounceable) abbreviation, not to be confused with a Chinese website selling vast amounts of cheap tat to the masses.

Which brings us to ZEMU, again not to be confused with the winter clothing company of the same name, but instead standing for Zero-Emission Multiple Unit.

It's a long and fairly DoBFO established fact that it's *always* been more efficient, and kinder to the environment to move freight and passengers by train than it is by road or air by the simple measurement of fuel required per ton of whatever you're shifting, and with this development that's even more the case, innit?

Here we must punt an approving nod in the direction of the San Bernardino County Transport Authority (SBCTA).

Quoting [their website page for this new train](#):

The passenger train [...] uses a hybrid hydrogen and battery technology to propel the train and power onboard electrical systems. Water vapor is the only emission generated from the propulsion system, making this a clean transit alternative.



The new train(s) have been on the rails since June 20th for testing. Regular service is scheduled to start in early 2025 on the nine mile route from San Bernardino and Redlands (although the [Victorville Daily Press](#) says "later this year"). At the moment this isn't going to be any kind of solution for

long-haul and freight applications, but for commuter rail it seems pretty golden.

It's well encouraging that what we might think of as the "old technology" of motive power for trains is being added to and improved upon, even as nostalgia for the old'uns is at an all-time high...

THE OLD SOD

BY DAVID HODSON

One of the pleasures of my return to fandom in the last few years has been meeting or re-meeting so many people and finding so many of them share interests other than science fiction with me. Obviously, Nic and I share a rather masochistic, given the teams we support, passion for football (the real stuff, not that grid iron muck), and there are several who share my enjoyment of comic books, but there is only one I know of that simultaneously enjoys the Five Years Later incarnation of The Legion of Super-Heroes and 1960s U.S. garage and psychedelic music – Doug Bell. It would be very fair to say that the only point of contention I have with Doug is his irrational love of The Grateful Dead, the only band capable of boring on for more hours on one song than Hawkwind at their early 70s peak.

I can happily report that Doug has agreed to edit the fanthology for Corflu 42 and his theme, imposed by me because I knew it would be the hook with which to catch him, is music. Part of the reason this column is late getting to Nic and, hence, this issue of *This Here...* is a few hours later than Nic intended, is because I met up with Doug and Christina yesterday to quaff a few beers in a strange little craft beer bar in Muswell Hill before they went off to a second night of having their ears assailed by the Dark Star Orchestra in nearby Alexandra Palace.

I knew Doug was my type of person within a few hours of meeting him at the Corflu in Belfast when the topic of conversation somehow turned to 1960s psychedelic music in Tanzania. I didn't even know they had an electricity supply in Tanzania in the 1960s, let alone wah-wah or reverb pedals (There's an interesting collection of African psychedelic and garage music from the 1960s and 70s on youtube at [African Psychedelic rock, Garage rock - YouTube](#)).

Several of you (I know the names, but it's not my place to say anything) will be contacted shortly to hopefully supply material and I've been tapped up myself to write something, so this column was meant to be my getting some practice in for the task ahead. I assumed my main problem would be picking subject matter (the second wave of Stiff Records artistes, including Rachel Sweet and all those other Akron, Ohio bands that seemed to be in vogue for a short while in the wake of the breakout of Devo; The Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias and other British comedy rock bands; maybe even

a critical evaluation of Kenny Everett's World's Worst Records Show album from 1978, issued by Yuk Records on snot green vinyl – I still have my copy), but, actually, the problem runs deeper than that.



Back in the dim, dark days of 2010, I enrolled on a writing course taught by Charles Shaar Murray, he of *New Musical Express* fame and author of "Boogie Man: The Adventures of John Lee Hooker" and "Crosstown Traffic: Jimi Hendrix and Post-War Pop". I have known Charles since the mid-1980s when his first wife, Ruth, was my assistant when I took over running Forbidden Planet Mail Order from the basement of 28 Denmark Street (Ruth committed the cardinal sin, after having split with Charles, of moving in with a drummer). The main issue I have with writing about music is once you've read Charles' "Shots From The Hip", which collects the best of his first two decades of music journalism and criticism, there really doesn't seem to be much else to say or a remotely adequate way to say it. It's impossible to pretend to have the kind of critical facilities that Charles has for popular music, or the even more venerable Brian Glanville has for football, or George Orwell (a hero of Charles') had for the politics of his day. The party for the end of the course ended up becoming an extended discussion of Orwell's 1946 Tribune column "Books v. Cigarettes", which can be found in the "Essays" volume published by Penguin, but the students weren't doing much of the talking.

Charles' course was an examination of the techniques of "creative journalism" and the Orwell piece is a great example of same, including breakdowns of the comparative prices of a day trip to Blackpool and buying what would have been an under-used commodity to most working-class men of the time such as a book. Other books that were examined and used for reference on the course included "Stephen King On Writing", Tom Wolfe and E. W. Johnson's "The New Journalism", Robert Boynton's "The New New Journalism", and a mixed journalism and fiction volume by

Terry Southern called "Red-Dirt Marijuana and Other Tastes". It was basically ways of imparting information without resorting to lists or dry "he said, she said" reportage.

About a decade before Charles' course, I purchased a book that is still one of my favourites to this day: "O.K. You Mugs; Writers on Movie Actors", edited by Luc Sante and Melissa Holbrook Pierson and published by Granta. My primary reason for buying the book was a chapter called "Warner Brothers' Fat Men" by Dana Gioia, which was the only place in those pre-ebay having multiple copies of everything and nothing really being scarce days to have information on masterful Hollywood villain Sydney Greenstreet (The movie 'The Mask of Dimitrius' is responsible for my ongoing love of Eric Ambler thrillers), but I was also pleasantly surprised to find a chapter by Pierson that discussed the criminally under-rated Warren Oates and his role in the 1974 movie adaptation of Charles Willeford's 'Cockfighter' (Willeford is another favourite; this column is starting to explain why I spent several hours talking to Ted White about mystery and thriller novels in Las Vegas rather than SF). All of the articles in "O.K. You Mugs" are also excellent examples of creative journalism that send you off looking up all kinds of sidebar subjects regardless of how well written or not the article may be.

Of course, every time I mention one of these books, I go to the shelves and find it, then add it to the growing stack on the floor next to me at the computer. This stack has merely become the closest stack of books and magazines on the floor, joining a large heap of Twomorrow's Publications like *Alter Ego*, *Back Issue*, and *Comic Book Artist*, another heap of *Comic Book Marketplace* and a few old *Comics Journals* and *Comic Buyers Guides*, and then there's the stack of back issue comics waiting to be bagged and boarded so I can judge how many comic boxes I need to order next week.

One of the great lessons of that course nearly a decade and a half ago was that if you find the style – the voice – in which you want to write, it will frequently dictate the content. I would love to pretend to be hep and cool and able to dissect the output of some obscure rock 'n' roll band – Widowmaker, for example, with their Mott the Hoople/Hawkwind/Spooky Tooth/Chicken Shack inputs and mere two rather flatly produced albums – but not only has Charles already done that endlessly, more endless numbers of musicians have contributed to deforestation by publishing their memoirs as well, and very few are as entertaining as Ian 'Unter's "Diary of a Rock 'n' Roll Star" (I don't dare go anywhere near Mott or 'Unter, Nic would fucking strangle me). I also don't feel I have the background knowledge to do a real deep dive on any band, musician, or genre. There are lots of bands and artistes that have released several albums that I never not have a copy of (a real copy be it vinyl or compact disc, not a virtual one sitting on Amazon music or

Spotify or some such), but like, for example, Aerosmith, or Rush, or Fairport Convention, or The Blasters, or ad infinitum, I don't like every album they've produced and, often, I might only really enjoy one single track on many of their albums. Aerosmith are a great example of this; 'Pump' and 'Permanent Vacation' from the late 80s are constant favourites, but every other album only throws up occasional tracks like "Back in the Saddle" or their version of "Train Kept A Rollin'".

I could do a comparison of Hawkwind and the Grateful Dead to modern(-ish) dance music genres like trance or techno, because they all sound like a monotonous drone designed to get stoned people swaying and moving, but I really don't know enough about any of those subjects at all.

So, there is my quandary. Doug would like me to write something, I would like to write something for Doug. After all, who wouldn't want to be included in a Corflu fanthology? But I'm in a debilitating period of "know your limitations".

Speaking of comics, as I was earlier up there, DC Comics and their film company seem to be pushing out an awful lot of interesting material. "Batman: Gotham By Gaslight – The Kryptonian Age" is a follow-up to the 1989 one-shot comic by Brian Augustyn, Mike Mignola, and Eduardo Barretto, where Batman pitches his wits against Jack the Ripper. This effort, by Andy Diggle, Leandro Fernandez, and Matt Hollingsworth, tells us about not only the coming of the Victorian Superman, but also the Green Lantern. "Supergirl, Woman of Tomorrow", by Tom King and Bilquis Evely, was a hit last year, is due to be filmed by James Gunn starring Milly Alcock of "House of the Dragon" fame, and has just been released as a deluxe hardcover and is worth every penny. There are various Justice Society of America tie-in series just finishing off, including Alan Scott, the original Green Lantern; Wesley Dodds, the original Sandman; and Jay Garrick, the original Flash; all of which are being collected up in trade paperbacks and deluxe hardcovers. Amazon loves me at the moment (as the till goes ker-ching again).

Football? you ask. Spurs have made a so-so start to the season, but have just won three games on the trot; Nic's Watford are doing okay in the Championship and should be in the promotion play-off running come next May; Tommy's Arsenal seem to think they're in with a shout at the Premier League title along with Manchester City and Liverpool, but my tenner's already on City to make it five titles in a row.

Hey, guess what? England's one-day cricket team just came back from 2-0 down in a fifty over tournament to tie things up at 2-2 before going into the decider tomorrow (Sunday). I have yet another dilemma: Do I watch the cricket or Spurs play Manchester United?

LOCO CITATO

[[“If you end up with a boring miserable life because you listened to your mom, your dad, your teacher, your priest, or some guy on television telling you how to do your shit, then you deserve it.” (Frank Zappa) ...]]

From: daverabban@gmail.com

August 26

Dave Cockfield writes:

TH... 78 was deceptively aimed at me.

Nice picture of Gabrielle Drake that had me mentally reminiscing about ‘UFO’, ‘Au Pair Girls’, and her talented brother Nick Drake who died much too young. Jacki reminded me of the days when I dreamed that I would love to Carry On with her.



[[I clocked an episode of ‘The Champions’ on Britbox the other week which had Gabrielle in it, along with, of course, the other young lad’s crush Alexandra Bastedo. That, and it’s always amused me to see William Gaunt as possibly the world’s most unlikely action hero...]]

Chips in beef dripping.
Yummy! Even better than
Goose fat.

You needn’t worry about
chippies in the UK. Most fry
in a vegetable / corn oil. You

can tell because instead of looking nice and brown and crisp they resemble yellow slugs and taste little better.

David Hodson is obviously a truFan spending all of his time getting pissed and talking to people at WorldCon.

On YouTube I saw a report by some arrogant idiot called Jon Del Arroz who hates the SFWA, LGBTQ, people of a darker complexion, SF fans, and foreigners in general. A real bigot with a Trump-et up his arse. He said that the best attended event was a panel on Cats in SF.

I wanted **Dave** to tell me if the Black Cats were mentioned because we really are in Fantasyland at the moment.

You mentioned the excellent Statham movie, ‘Redemption’. I saw it on Amazon Prime last weekend. I agree that the London locations were great. I however happen to live in a major, often used, location, South Thamesmead in South East London. Concrete City. It features heavily in ‘Clockwork Orange’. I live in one of the high rises on Southmere Lake

where Warren Clarke gets brained in a memorable scene. Many flats are currently being bulldozed for new developments.



‘The Guvnors’, aka Hoodies vs Hooligans (2014) is about a young gang of football hooligans trying to take over the mantle of a much older gang led by an aging David Essex. Set in my local pub at the time, the Barge Pole which was a famous Irish Travellers pub. I was in the darts team but it has also gone. The team and the Pub.

I ingratiated myself with the locals when Guinness had a promotion. With each pint you got a film question card with three possible answers. Every correct card was a free pint. They noticed me getting them right so the Landlord and friends sat me down with about 450 cards.

Embarrassingly I got 14 wrong. However I did get about 20 free pints of Guinness for my efforts on their behalf.

Still here is my Tower Block which featured heavily in the ‘Misfits’ tv series (2009). 5 seasons about young offenders serving Community Service. When struck by lightning they begin to develop Super Powers.

Many tv shows, films, and music videos have been filmed here over the years.

On the Beeb I’ve just finished the excellent crime drama, ‘The Jetty’. Very good with an ending that I didn’t spot. Now on ‘The Good Girl’s Guide to Murder’ based on the YA novels of Holly Jackson. Imagine Veronica Mars relocated to a sleepy English Town. Enjoying it.

From: necronaut13@gmail.com

August 27

Steve Green writes:

Sorry to cast doubt upon your claim to have eschewed red meat since 1977, but I’ve seen you ham it up on a number of occasions, as well as expand upon your many beefs with the world in general and struggles to bring home the bacon.

[[Ho ho very satirical. Factually, actually (ahem) I was a non-meat-eater from 1977-1994 - having moved to the States I quickly realized that I’d starve to fuckin’ death on my

existing diet, so fairly soonish added chicken to the menu. A couple of years after that bacon followed...]]

Gosh, all these tv shows I've never heard of and will almost certainly never watch. As I've probably mentioned before, I gave up on terrestrial television quite some time ago, and found little in the streaming sector worth opening my wallet to view. Unfortunately, not engaging with the BBC's corrupt licensing racket means I do have to forgo Talking Pictures TV, a rather wonderful family-owned channel devoted to vintage movies and shows, but at least their online "catch-up" service falls outside the Corporation's greedy mitts.

[[We do subscribe to probably a little too many streaming services, but we also have a lot of free over-the-air channels available with an antenna...]]

From: jakaufman@aol.com

August 28

Jerry Kaufman writes:

I'm going to start with 'Radio Winston'. I'm aware of the 2-Tone bands, though I don't know any of the groups in depth. Time to remedy that? In most cases I'm seduced by the faster tempos, more varied instrumentation, and great energy in performance that the Selecter and the Beat display (and by Madness - I have their first album), but I really liked Dandy Livingstone's singing on "Rudy, A Message to You." **Andy Hooper** and **Carrie Root** are hosting Vanguard on September 7. Maybe I can borrow some discs from **Andy**.

While I was listening to slices of ska and rocksteady (what's the difference? is it just the tempo?), I noticed an old favorite in the list on the side, "Buckaroo" by Ranch Romance. It's a honky-tonk murder ballad, and the Buckaroo Tavern was a real place. Link: [Ranch Romance Band - Buckaroo](#)

[[It's simplistic, though accurate to describe the difference between ska and rocksteady as tempo-related. The latter also added some bells and whistles off the lead instruments and was the start of the deeper bass sounds which carried through into reggae and indeed on to this day...]]

Now back to 'Egotorial,' which makes me glad we own our home outright, even though this means we have to pay for our own yardwork, utilities, repairs, and so forth. Someday I suppose one of us will be left to sell the house and deal with all the other issues that come with - or maybe we'll donate the house to Habitat for Humanity or some other charity. Otherwise it'll all fall on my sister to take care of.

We watched the first Tom Cruise "Reacher" movie years ago - I wasn't aware he'd been in a second one. Having never read any of the books, I wasn't fazed by Cruise falling well short of Jack Reacher's height, just as it doesn't really bother me that Peter O'Toole was much taller than the real life T.E.

Lawrence. O'Toole captured the legendary strangeness (and charm) of Lawrence just fine.

[[As I said, I reckon the biggest disconnect with the Cruise version is that Reacher isn't a character who exhibits the 1000-watt charm Cruise is noted for...]]

We watched *Dune Part 1* the other night (we'd seen it in a theater when it was first released) to prepare for viewing part 2 sometime soon. The scale of everything is overpowering, dwarfing all the characters.

I went back to Netflix and watched the rest of the first episode of *Supacell*. I'm intrigued and may watch the rest. But I'm getting resistant to plotlines that include time travel and attempts to change events in favor of the main characters' love lives.

[[I recommend perseverance. The "time travel" bit is really just the kickstarter for the plot. I'd expect you to be more baffled by the setting than anything else...]]

We still have a pair of *Umbrella Academy* episodes to go. The use of a subway train to visit different times and timelines isn't quite as clever as you might think. *Russian Doll*'s second season had Natasha Lyonne's character moving through time and space via the New York subway, and inhabiting her own mother at the time Mom was pregnant with her.

[[I might have to have another go at 'Russian Doll', which we started watching because Natasha Lyonne, but couldn't get into it. The "Subway method", if we can call it that, was perhaps most notably used as an organization of Crazy Jane's alters in Grant Morrison's 'Doom Patrol'...]]

I enjoyed **Dave Hodson**'s notes on his Worldcon in Glasgow. I'm glad he got to pick up a couple of books; that was one of my goals for the trip. (I'd hoped to find some Adam Roberts and Alistair Gray, fiction or non, while there, plus **Sandra Bond**'s new one. (I did order *Three Men in Orbit* and have read it.)

Kim Huett says he's working on "A Long and Winding Road: Science Fiction Fandom in Australia Part 1 1939-1969." I can't help wondering in what particulars **Kim**'s account will differ from **Leigh Edmonds**'. I might have to read both to find out.

Andy Hooper's thoughts on APAs includes this: "FAPA and SAPS came to include fanzines distributed to a general audience within their first decade of operation." My understanding of the original purpose of FAPA was that it was to be entirely made up of generally distributed fanzines as a way of reducing the work all those editors put in to mail each copy individually. It didn't take long for those editors to begin fanzines specifically for FAPA while their generally available titles continued to be distributed outside of FAPA.

[[Andy's contribution to the discussion was, I reiterate, most welcomed round here, as is yours and indeed anybody else's. There's always things to learn, for me anyway...]]

You comment to **Leigh** comparing the US Senate to the Australian Senate leads me to point out that when our Constitution was first written, the disparity between the population of the different states wasn't quite as large as it became later. But still, the southern states probably wouldn't have signed off if we had only one house of the legislature based on population alone.

[[Certain right-wing elements still argue for voting eligibility based on property ownership. Very retro...]]

Dave Cockfield writes about his unfortunate love of Newcastle Brown Ale. I can claim that Newky Brown is to blame for any pleasure I take from drinking beer. It was the first beer I drank that I actually liked. (In college I ordered the occasional Rolling Rock but never liked it or any other US beer I tried.) This first taste took place at some Greenwich Village vegetarian restaurant Suzle and I visited shortly before I began my move to Seattle in 1977.

Your math joke for **Eli**, in 'Indulge Me,' is quite a bit like a "How Many..." joke I've told for years. Mine begins "How many pre-Socratic philosophers does it take to screw in a light bulb?"

[[I quote, from somewhere or other: "As a Marxist, one could argue the lightbulb contains the seeds of its own revolution, and thus, no philosophers are required." ...]]

From: vegasmillerman@gmail.com

August 31

Don Miller writes:

I've lived in Vegas for 60+ years.

Housing costs skyrocketed after the year 2000. When I first started searching for a home to buy, some 30 years ago... I was looking at condos in Nic's area, from 70K to 120K. I lucked out, and found a fixer-upper house for a bargain and now I'm ready to pay it off, at retirement age. Without that good luck, inflation would keep retirement on my wish list. My home originally sold for 22K in 1960. Houses in my neighborhood are now selling for over 400K. I've got a brother-in-law, who says he'd never buy a house in Vegas. He's been renting for over 40 years... stubborn, and not too bright.

[[His reasoning, I suppose, is what makes him "stubborn, and not too bright". 3 out of the 4 properties I've ever "owned" ended up repossessed. My perennially weedy credit score always made the prospect of a home purchase unlikely to say the least. Although now it's at much better levels it's too fuckin' late at my age to entertain house-buying, inmit?...]]

From: garth.van.spencer@gmail.com

September 1

Garth Spencer writes:

Sorry to hear about your rent increase. I gather, though, that the cost of your accommodations is still a good deal compared to some places – Vancouver and Toronto, for example. But then, I have been witnessing the inflation of real estate prices for at least forty years now.

Condolences on the several medical issues. You can take comfort in the fact that I will be getting equally creaky Real Soon Now.

George Phillis' letter struck me, because he described similar issues with N'APA and *Frankinzine* that I ran into when I became Official Editor of eAPA. From the outset, though, the APA I inherited from **Chuck Connor** was *already* a) stored on eFanzines.com, b) in zipped format, and c) my job, after stitching other people's contributions together and supplying an accurate Official Organ, was to let the contributors know the mailing's URL and unzip password. It sounds like *Frankinzine* uses the same procedure, albeit without the unzip password.

[[Frankinzine' (according to the N3F's latest update email) is currently only available by download from the website and isn't emailed out, for reasons possibly channelling Martin Tudor's renowned lack of felicity with computers...]]

Andy Hooper's letter neatly explains some mixed messages I received, about how private or public APAs are expected to be. Thank you, **Andy!**

Your "Ageless Beauty" photos are appreciated, as always.

From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

September 2

Eli Cohen writes:

Re your math joke (just for me! I'm flattered), in the version I heard the bartender said "you have to know your limit" before giving them the two beers. I suppose I should respond — how about "Parallel lines have so much in common. It's a shame they'll never meet." or "I just saw my math teacher with a piece of graph paper. I think he must be plotting something." I better stop the math jokes here -- I wouldn't want to contribute a Noether one. Even for an Emmy (though maybe for a Hugo...).

[[Oo that last bit was just too clever! See 'Indulge Me'...]]

From: michelledh@me.com

September 4

Cuddles writes:

Obviously, August was so packed, that this is the first opportunity I've had to comment on recent newsletters.

Worldcon: well, for me, it certainly started off with a blast. Being presented with the Big Heart of Fandom award at the opening ceremony was quite overwhelming. What an honour and privilege to be considered AND to receive it at a Worldcon in my home town! Pretty gobsmacked and what company I share it with.

[[Congrats again for that. Well deserved...]]

Loved **Dave Hodson's** comments about being propositioned by a tart at The Scotia Bar in Glassford Street: it's a venue we go to a lot, mainly to support our favourite band, Blues Mama, and the cheap beer, obviously. It's a very old pub, with its share of colourful regulars but it has a great atmosphere! In the rare times that Glasgow gets good weather, it does get quite warm though.

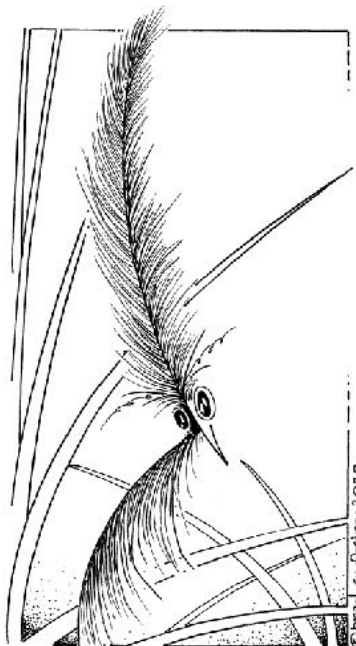
Similarly, the main concourse of the SECC and most of the adjacent Crowne Plaza hotel, tend to overheat when it's wam oot! Loads of fans made the convention weekend hot, sweaty, busy but wonderful. The programme was packed and Scotland was wonderfully featured throughout the programme from talks & panels including GoH Ken Macleod, as well as through music, dance and loads of Worldcon tartan! Ken's Opera was a remarkable hit and, as always, the Worldcon Orchestra was superb. Listening to The Sorcerer's Apprentice live was almost as good as Night on Bald Mountain, which was played in Dublin's.

The featured suite for the Star Trek franchise was also very, very good. I missed a con masquerade for the first time EVER! After half an hour waiting with other Access fans, and 10 minutes before the event was supposed to start, the doors still hadn't opened and the main queue was right up to the back door of the concourse. I decided to do other stuff instead and I'm very thankful that the con organised a Replay service, allowing me to catch up not only with the Masquerade but all the other stuff I couldn't go to.

Met the lovely **Teddy Harvia** in the traders hall, who drew a small toon for my autograph book (it will be going into my Worldcon scrapbook). He mentioned that this was his last TransAtlantic trip but when I said you were leaving Las Vegas for Corflu and Eastercon in Belfast next year, his eyes kinda glazed over for a moment... maybe one more time?

[[We shall see, ey? Teddy mentioned in a note to me that he'd encountered you, claiming that you refused to reveal your actual name (which he put in the email title, ahem). I told him we'd known each other for over 40 years now [falls off chair]...]]

Apart from those backstage, Fangorn was one of the first folk to congratulate me for the BHA, jumping up from his seat on the front row, as I popped out the side entrance to get back to my seat: "Aw, Coodles" (that's the best phonetic spelling I can manage for his Brummie accent). So lovely to see him back in Glasgow as an Artist GoH and I even managed to get hold of an original painting at the silent art auction, which I could afford after finally selling Mumsie's house. Sadly, days after the con ended, Ken's lovely wife Carol died suddenly. There was a modest fan contingent at her funeral on 2nd September, which was packed to standing room only despite the terrible rain.



Movies: only just started going back to the cinema as ill health prevented me from leaving the house but what a comeback. 'Deadpool & Wolverine'! Violent, funny and packed with cameos from the MCU: Channing Tatum's Gambit was spot on, right down to the costume. I have been watching some old classics on't telly though: 'Dirty Dozen', 'Kelly's Heroes', a number of Harryhausen films, The Dirty Harry movies and just the other night, 'Looper'. Probably one of my favourite performances by Joseph Gordon Levitt. Eagerly anticipating the new Beetlejuice movie.

TV: again, not a lot of new stuff although I did binge the last season of 'The Umbrella Academy' and the new animated 'Batman: Caped Crusader'. I didn't enjoy the latter much, at first. The "angry Bruce Wayne"

riled me as did the "dirty, stupid" Bullock (a character I rather liked in the live action Gotham series), but by the end, I was impressed. Kinda weird watching animated Bats without the wonderful voice of Kevin Conroy, though. Many old series on our watchlist just now: 'UFO', selected episodes of 'NCIS' and the original 'A-Team' series has just popped up too! Not sure I want to dive back into 'Rings of Power' or 'House of the Dragon' just yet. Still got S3 'Manifest' to watch!

[[Yeah, a few other people have mentioned not liking the 'Caped Crusader' portrayal of Harvey Bullock, and of course the 'Gotham' version was played brilliantly by Donal Logue, who's also been quite fab in 'Equalizer' alongside Queen Latifah. I'll also recommend (again) 'Terriers', which he co-led in its single season. Lest we forget, his 'Gotham' version of Bullock has a history of being bent. I'll grant you

that in 'CC' he's reduced to being a thuggish caricature, but "alternate continuity" though it might be, that's not totally out of the park. The series is a more-or-less version of 'Batman: Year One' and I'm looking forward to S2 meself...]]

Health: so good to hear that you are feeling much better, especially after such sensitive surgery. I trust that you will be on form when you come across the Pond - wait, I should rephrase that, shouldn't I? Had a bit of a health scare myself recently. Had felt a breast lump just before Worldcon, which got professionally poked and prodded by my GP the day after the con ended. A VERY quick referral to the local breast clinic (2 lumps, not just the 1 that I found) but all the photos & scans were fine and I have a final check in a couple of months but so far, all clear for cancer. *phew*

*[[*phew* indeed. Glad to hear it...]]*

BTW, forgot to mention that we went to see the UK Pink Floyd Experience at the Glasgow Concert Hall. This established tribute band were absolutely amazing, giving their best rendition of many favourites including "Not Now John"! Ralph and Cairnsie, both HUGE Floyd fans, nearly creamed themselves as the actual band rarely plays this at gigs. WAY cheaper but just as good as the real band.

[[There's an "Australian Pink Floyd Show" which usually plays Vegas every year at some point. They're also supposed to be well good, but typical Vegas ticket prices are stupidly high. I ought to check that out next time they come through, though...]]

From: gsmattingly@yahoo.com

September 5

Gary Mattingly writes:

'Egotorial': Sorry about the increase in rent and related. It's a lot lower than rent in the SF Bay Area but I don't think that helps at all. I wish you luck at remaining in your current abode.

'Corflux': I'm still mentally debating whether I will go or not so this may or may not affect me, I guess.

Travel Plans: Good luck with seeing everyone you want to see.

'Radio Winston': Interesting history and lots of good music links to listen to. Most I'm already familiar with but I'll try to take a listen to all you've listed.

[[See also 'Book Report' thish...]]

Listening to Sirius XM, I happened upon a set of Soca music.

Currently listening to SOCA Mix 2024 | The Best of SOCA 2024 by OSOCITY

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1aQOIsTMYpM>

Some history which you probably already know.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Soca_music

Seems like there are a lot of variants.

'Movie Night': Well I don't think I have watched any of the movies you mentioned. I decided I should watch the Jack Reacher movies so I'll try to do that sometime in the future.

Since my last LoC, I've watched :

August 18 - 'Alien: Romulus' . It has received some good reviews but I really didn't like it that much. It has a cast that is younger than previous movies but it still seems like the same story line as previous Alien movies.

August 20 - 'Brain Donors' - I watched this at home. I'm glad I didn't pay for it. Well, I paid for the dvd. I did not think it was very good.

August 26 - 'Sumurun' - It's a 1920 silent film directed by Ernst Lubitsch. He also acts in it. One of the main reasons I watched it was to become more familiar with Pola Negri, an actress who appeared in numerous silent films. I enjoyed the film but it definitely isn't one of the best films by Lubitsch. I have more films to watch with Pola Negri.

August 27 - 'Shoeshine' - a 1946 Italian neorealist film directed by Vittorio De Sica. This film I enjoyed but it was definitely a depressing film.

I would be watching a movie tonight but I'm trying to do this LoC . . .

'TV Guide': I haven't watched 'Batman: Caped Crusader'. I did watch all of the last season of 'Umbrella Academy'. It had some issues but there were some good parts.

I watched the entire season of 'Sunny' which I enjoyed. Still watching 'The Ark', still just fair. 'Bad Monkey' has been entertaining. I've been keeping up with the new season of 'The Rings of Power'. I wouldn't say it is great but it has some interesting parts. Still have to watch the latest 'Outer Range' season. Also 'We Are Lady Parts', 'Time Bandits'. Hm, probably something I've forgotten. I look forward to the new season of 'Old Man'.

'Health Diary': I'm glad some parts of your body are feeling better. I'm sorry your mobility is worse. Cosmo, our 12 year old dog, has arthritis. He's getting two injections per month. I hope it is helping him.

[[Our dear old mutt Lulu has a bit of bother with her legs an'all - she has some better days where she's almost as spry as her younger self, but not so many. As best as we can figure, she's 17 years old now. As for meself, I suppose it's more accurate, perhaps optimistically, to say that my mobility isn't improving rather than getting worse. It's not at all great, though, and I suspect I'm denying what's really DoBFO...]]

'Anorak': Interesting information and photos. Thanks for that!

'The Old Sod': I used to go to worldcons. However there's far too many people for me to be comfortable. I'm not that fond of the programming. Since I don't drink much alcohol any more I'm not much of a bar person. Well, I don't foresee going to a Worldcon in the future. Of course, one never knows.

[[I can sort of clock the attraction of spending time with mates you might not have much of a shot at seeing otherwise, but I'm with you on the crowd size. It also seems to me like a waste of dosh to pay a substantial entry fee to essentially sit up the pub...]]

'Loco Citato': I like the Will Rogers quote.

George Phillis - Frankenzine? Well, I'm watching 'Lisa Frankenstein' now. Very 80s, I guess. It is pretty dopey but does have some amusing moments.

Kim Huett: I haven't watched the 'Decameron' series.

Me: I will have to check out the original Kibbutzim. Ah well, yeah, I do try to take a lot of photos and I'm glad they show up in con reports and fanzines. It is good to have photos of people, in my opinion. And trains. And dogs.

'Time Bandits' is just fair. At times, it may fall well below the level of "good". I try to watch it because I liked the movie but at times, it is difficult for me.

I would agree that 'The Ark' is more of a character study. There are times that I'm not happy with it though. I do keep watching it.

I did get to the Khruangbin concert. It was good. Their lighting and stage sets were pretty good, in my opinion. I don't think the performance was sold out but it was pretty close. I did get a very good seat except before the show it was totally in the sun and it got a little bit warm.

And since last issue I have listened to a lot of Humble Pie and the Small Faces. There are eight CDs in the Humble Pie A&M Box set and I listened to them all, and the Small Faces / Humble Pie set - 3 CDs.

'Indulge Me': Fish & Chips cooked in beef drippings?? Well, I wouldn't be eating fish anyway but now I'll have to think twice about eating any chips in certain locations.

Good luck with the Roundup class action suit. I've received a fair number of letters and emails about class action suits I could enter but have never done so. I don't think I ever would have received very much. I'll never know now.

[[I'm not normally arsed about those lawsuits either, although I have been part of a few, and got tiny, tiny settlements eg Yellow-Checker-Star cab paying out for having fucked over the drivers on minimum wage. I might have got \$50, can't even remember. Incidentally, that prompted them to have their drivers sign a new contract which got them to reject the minimum wage for a one-time payment of a few hundred bucks...]]

I enjoyed all the photos in *This Here...* (and some of mine too!) and definitely enjoyed the artwork by **Brad Foster**, **Teddy Harvia** and **Jose Sanchez**.

And as I finish this and thinking about those photos of older women, I hear :

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

"Tough Mother" - Shemekia Copeland.

From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

September 12

Leigh Edmonds writes:

My travel plans for next year look very similar to yours, not that I have booked any flights yet though I've paid for memberships of both conventions. The plan is to leave here on 2 April and then fly home on the 23rd. I'm planning three days in Paris and four or so in London before moving on to Chequers in Newbury. Quite a few museums are on the wish list but we will see how the energy levels go. The air and space museum at Le Bourget for sure and some tasty places around London are on the menu.

As for the rest of this issue, I read the word "ska" in this installment of 'Radio Winston' and instantly went to sleep. No need to listen to any of that stuff, I could end up in a coma.

[[Mission accomplished. You fuckin' heathen...]]

I do need to thank you for pointing me at *Star Trek: Prodigy* in a previous issue. I was a bit skeptical but gave it a shot and ended up thinking it was some of the best *Star Trek* in a long time. Naturally the appearance was somewhat different to other *Star Treks* but I thought the ideas were more interesting than a lot of *Star Trek* material. I'm now giving it a second viewing because a lot of what happens in earlier episodes makes a lot more sense knowing how the story develops.

I'm relieved that friend **Hodson** likes Australians wearing broad brimmed hats. I've had many over the years but invariably take them off somewhere, like the doctor's waiting room or a pub, and then forget to take them with me when I go. **Perry's** Akubra hat looks great but he must have a better memory than me because he's had it long enough that it is just starting to achieve the right level of patina. I would never keep one long enough for that so I recently bought one that I can sort-of crush up and stuff into my back pack so I don't forget it. Doesn't look quite as good as it might, but at least it's saving me a fortune. And, of course, I need a hat these days, what with the hole in the ozone layer and my thinning hair, you can feel the sun cooking your brains in summer. No comment thanks!

[[Yeah, wouldn't want to risk any of that ska getting in and improving your musical taste...]]

Dave's reflections on football (so called) and the beginning of a new season reminds me of the conversation with my taxi driver yesterday. It being the tail end of the football season here means that cricket is but a little in the future. The driver was Indian, from up Chennai way, and he wanted to know if I knew where that was. I said I'd never been there but, of course, I knew about the place by following cricket. It was like turning on a tap. The Indians are coming to play here over summer so we ended up debating which is the best day to go for the Boxing Day Test. He prefers the first day and I prefer the third. (I think Perry, Irwin and other fannish MCC members prefer the second day.) In any event both the driver and I agreed that you see the game better on the tv from home, but that's not the same experience as being there.

PS Dave mentions that you and Jen, and probably he are planning to see Watford play on 8 April. Where are they playing? I had penciled in a visit to the RAF Museum at Hendon for that day but if I might invite myself along to watch instead ... Since it's what you call football you could probably see a lot of me sleeping.)

[[A brief further correspondence determines that Leigh won't be up for a night game since it would go on past what he calls his "pumpkin time". In any case, good luck nodding off in the crowd noise of any proper footy game, let alone at Vicarage Road, although with Leigh you never know...]]

Gary Mattingly missed the point when he questioned Archbishop Bruce (who was in rude health when I saw him yesterday I'm happy to report) about an 826 page ANZAPA mailing and says that's why he's not in an apa because he has problems getting through a 20 or 30 page fanzine. That's what ANZAPA is made up of, twenty or thirty page fanzines sent in from about 30 members. You don't have to read them all and I suspect that many members don't. Anyhow, the most recent mailing was only 482 pages so getting through it in a couple of months is a doddle. Anyhow, reading an ANZAPA mailing is in the same category as eating an Elephant, if you know what I mean.

From: kim.huett@gmail.com

September 23

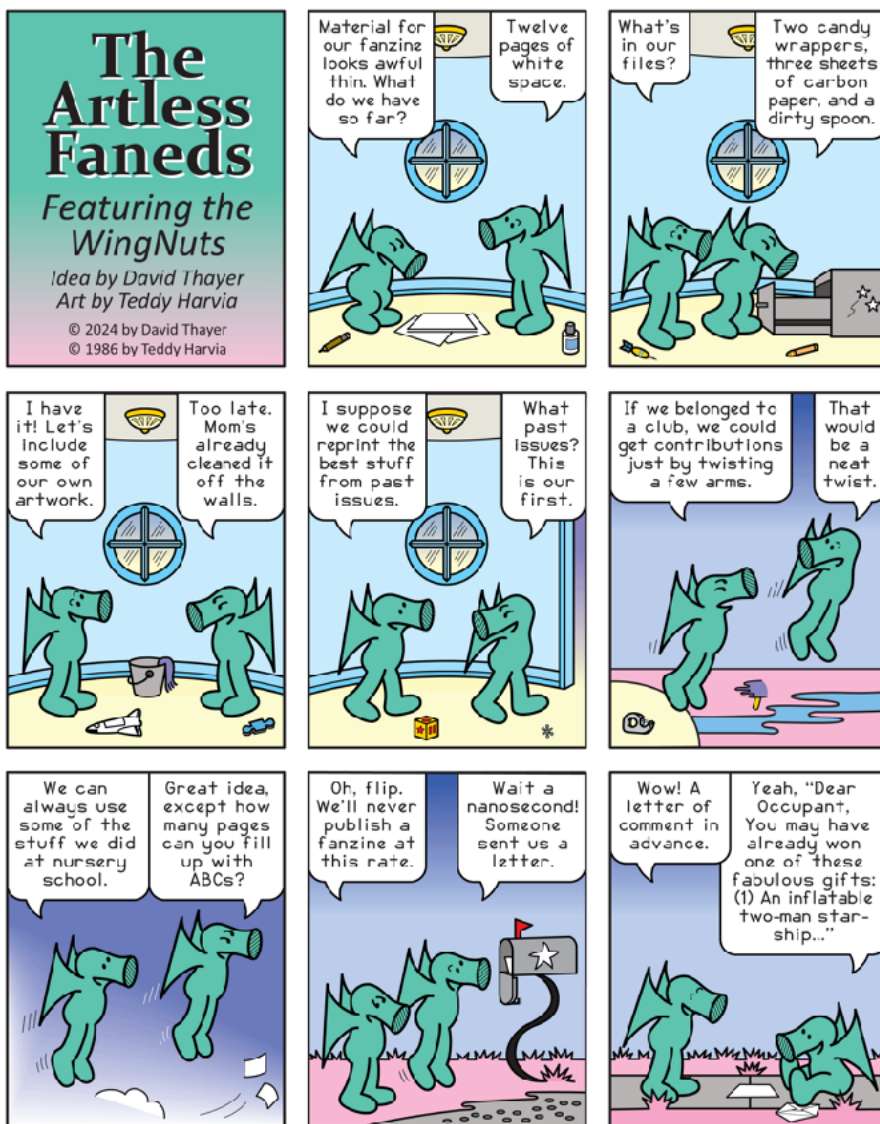
Kim Huett writes:

I just realised that washing my hands is really just allowing them to indulge in a little foreplay while

I watch. I wonder if they enjoy the process as much as I do? I'm surprised that Steve Jeffery had such an un-English reaction to the concept of anal bleaching. Does he not know that his very own Princess Diana was a huge fan of coffee enemas? I assume whoever was employed to administer these enemas was required to sign the Official Secrecy Act. John Brosnan told me all about the Official Secrecy Act.

[[Joan Rivers said something about this, along the lines of "I searched the internet and found that the solution to all my problems was coffee enemas, and now I have a lifetime ban from Starbucks"...]]

Apparently if you're found guilty of a transgression they hang you by the neck with the Union Jack. Horrible way to go but very English. Of course royal protocol requires that only members of the English gentry be allowed to become intimate with the monarch's ass. That's why that deadly enemy of the Huett clan, Henry VIII, had the position of Groom of the Stool awarded to the likes of Hugh Denys (no, not the one who was on 'Mock the Week', that was Hugh Dennis) rather than some urchin with nice small hands for



the insertion thereof. So Nic, if any readers of your thing have dreams of anal sex with any members of the English royal family they would be well advised to keep such longings to themselves. I'm pretty sure such an act would be considered an attack on the monarch's authority and thus high treason. And while the death penalty for high treason was abolished in 1998 there are ways to make an individual regret their life choices without actually killing them.

[[I have occasionally idly wondered (for no reason) whether that death penalty was still in place, as I had thought it was. You are, of course, correct about the 1998 date for its final abolition for all crimes, 29 years after the abolition for murder. The last executions took place in 1964 (it sez here)...]]

Thus for safety of the individuals concerned it remains no more than a rumour that No. 10 Squadron of the Royal Air Force, the unit charged with transporting the monarch and other dignitaries, has a collection of celebrity turds, including a number of royal examples.

[[For the fact-checking minority, while 10 sqn has supplied its Voyager aircraft for the use of the nobs, what was formerly known as "the Queen's Flight" was merged with 32 sqn in 1995...]]

Not sure how such a collection should be displayed. Wrapped in cling-film and hung with string in a walk-in freezer would be my choice. Not exactly English but needs must when the Devil drives.

Yes indeed **Steve Jeffery**, be careful for what you don't wish for.

While **William Breiding** strikes me as being far too cultured to have viewed pornography I'm sure he is aware of it in an intellectual sense. Thus I am sure that in that intellectual sense he will grasp that the evolving aesthetics of the pornography industry have created certain cosmetic trends. For example Brazilian waxing became popular because it created a cleaner, more stylised look, not unlike the rise of formal gardens in 17th century France. In much the same way as French gardeners attempted to emulate the topiary stylings of the Sun King's (Louis XIV) formal garden at Versailles, so actresses working within the industry strove to imitate emulate the topiary of a perfect Brazilian. Of course less cultured individuals will claim that the Brazilian came about due to a trend towards skimpier bathing suits but I say unto such uncouth individuals, "And what trend allowed the fashion industry to skimp on the material used for bathing suits in the first place?" The fashion industry has always operated on the inverse proportion theory, which is why the less tasteful a design the more it costs, so it is hardly surprising that the fashionistas fell like wolves upon wool when they noticed the pre-existing trend towards the Brazilian.

In a similar manner as the pornography industry

moved to using ever better cameras this caused many of those who performed before said cameras to realise they did not possess an even all-over skin tone.

For some reason many of these people felt self-conscious about their newly discovered particoloured image. Such negative feelings aren't confined to the anus but it does seem to have become the focus for concern and the main reason the demand that something should be done spread beyond the confines of the pornography industry. I assume this is because most people would prefer that area to be more anonymous and less like the Bat Signal. And that, **Mr. Breiding**, is the best I can do towards identifying exactly who has had their ringtone changed. Not that I believe for a moment that you genuinely want to know. You strike me as the type who would much prefer to sit in your favourite coffee house and quietly speculate to yourself about who might have been "touched up".

[[Over to you, Wm...]]

One movie I've never seen is Mel Gibson's 'Braveheart'. An oversight I don't plan to correct as nothing I've heard about it promises an enjoyable experience. None the less like Titmouse Tom I cannot fail to be aware that at some point Mel sports some very fetching make-up. No, I mean that, the blue and white squares are a vast improvement. Sort of like painting bricks to hide the foulness of the alleyway. GuNToV as Mel's face is I can't help but wonder how far down the paint job extends. If Ancient Britons once went into battle wearing nothing but a tasteful buffing of woad I would like to think that Mel's paint job went all the way to his toes. Given the Scots always swear that nothing is worn under the kilt (other than a certain tired old joke) I like the idea of him sporting a particoloured scrotum. Just imagine Mel leading the charge, bounding through the heather and waving his sword with his kilt flying up to reveal one white ball and one blue.

[[Game of snooker, anyone? Or in this case, pocket billiards?...]]

How GuNToV would that be? A terrifying sight to behold, both balls jiggling away like mad. I'd be tempted to watch the film if such a scene was included, and I was certain that Mel had been suitably bleached.

P.S. The attached Geis letter appeared in *Quark #7*, 1964.

Richard E. Geis, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon.
Speaking of Tuckerizing books, I have used fan names in others, but not to the extent I did in *PAJAMA PARTY*. When I first started selling short stories to Adam and Sir Knight, back in 1959, I used to do it all the time. Last names only, but it was still a lot of fun.

Like using Grennell as a patron of a future whore house.

Like using Champion and Hoffman as lovers mixed up with a religious sex-cult founded...well, listen to the speech of the high priest: "Welcome to the temple of love, to the temple of the master. One hundred sixty one years ago Yngvi became the master. Weyauwaga is his shrine."

In the same story the villain uses a heavy-duty Grenn-Ell heat gun.

In another story I use Boggs as a rape artist who had escaped jail.

In another, "Death in the Moon," Rika is the hero and Stud Tucker the villain.

In another I named space warp converters, Bloch Converters. And I vaguely remember killing a guy named Bloch once or twice. I used Ackerman as a hero in a book, "Like Crazy, Man," and as a con man in a short story. It's fun...

Unfortunately all the authors capable of fitting you into one of their stories are dead.

[[As far as I know, the only time I've been Tuckerized was by lovely bloke Peter Morwood in his Star Trek novel 'Rules of Engagement', with a walk-on (er, fly-by?) part as a starship captain along with another fan, Gytha North...]]

WAHF

Graham Charnock : "Here's my quote for the next issue: *This Here...* is almost as good as *Vibrator* was." *[[High praise indeed...]]* ; **Brad Foster** ; **Archbishop Gillespie**, with concerns that I hadn't got notifications about *SFC*, which I now have - three times, in fact ; **Dave Langford** (see 'Give Us A Clue') ; **Perry Middlemiss** : "For a bloke that has been incredibly slack about writing to you lately I do seem to get mentioned a lot." ; **Daniel Rachel**, thanking me for the book review which I forwarded to him early, and asking for a physical copy of the zine. I explain efanzines as best as I can... ; **Alison Scott** : "In case I don't get around to loccing, this is my regular note that I very much enjoy getting and reading *This Here...* . I'm currently trying to limit responsibilities to the point where I don't feel exhausted all the time, and I will let you know when I succeed." ; **Kat Templeton** sends a lovely card which I shall properly cherish

FANZINES RECEIVED

With gratitude as always...

THE STF AMATEUR #12 (Heath Row) - His regular APA bundle ...

RHYME & PARADOX #6 (Katrina Templeton) - How fab to get an ish from **Kat**, especially with the striking Mo Starkey cover. **Kat's** particularly one of the *rara avis* writers, along with **Christina Lake**, who we don't see nearly enough of these days, and I do hope thish presages more to come...

ORNITHOPTER MARK IV (Leigh Edmonds) - Another solid effort. Musings on numbered fandom which I still tend to find interesting in a wryly detached way, and a surprising note that *Octothorpe's* Hugo acceptance speech included a staunch "fuck off" to Gaiman, which I apparently totally missed...

CAPTAIN FLASHBACK #70 (Andy Hooper) - Includes the startling revelation that Seattle fandom's favorite horror host is in fact not **Hooper** himself at all. And letters!...

JOHN NIELSEN HALL

"Uncle Johnny", as the old git was familiarly known, left the building this month after too long manfully dealing with a series of serious health problems. I was fortunate to be able to have a natter with him on a private Zoom group on the

20th August, and he was his typical smiley and inevitably avuncular self. I'd only really known him fairly well for a bit over ten years, since he agreed to be the money man for *Corfu 31* , during which we connected and to all appearances (as well as reality) rather got to like each other in that pisstaking way blokes seem to have, especially British ones.

I'm grateful to **Rich Coad** for providing the following eulogy on the basis of his having known John for 50 years...



JOHNNY BE GOOD

BY RICH COAD

The round-faced, white-haired, man sat with his wife, a silver-haired woman with a pair of canes, the kind that slipped around your arms so that they didn't get dropped, quietly drinking tea in the hotel lobby. Stacy and I had seen this couple a few times in the past day and a half, enough so that we had become nodding acquaintances. We were in Vancouver, BC, on a family trip with my mother and aunt, sister and brother-in-law but were currently at a different hotel from the relatives as we had arranged to meet my old friend from London days, John Hall, during the days our visit overlapped. I was a bit annoyed that the hotel said there was nobody of that name staying there. Stacy and I headed to the elevators to go to our room when the white-haired, round-faced man made a louder than usual comment. There was something about the voice... the tone... the phrasing. "Hold on," I said to Stacy. I walked over to the couple. The round-faced, white-haired fellow looked up, quizzically. "Excuse me," I said, not wanting to seem rude, "are you John Hall?"

"Rich?" he asked, incredulously. Sheesh, after only 30 years or so, neither one of us had recognized the other. And naturally he had booked into the hotel as John Nielsen-Hall.

I first met John in 1973, when I was 17. I'd left high school, worked for a year or so, then decided to go first to the Toronto Worldcon, then on to London to see the city where I was born. Unexpectedly I made some lifelong friends when I went to a fan gathering I had been told about. I didn't meet John there as there had been a schism in Ratfandom, as this group was known, some time before but did get to know him somewhat later and found myself frequently meeting up with him to see Dr. Feelgood at The Lord Nelson, on Holloway Road, near the prison. John had uncommonly good taste in music. At a time when most young people were effusive about prog rock or glam rock, John enthused about the basic R&B of Dr. Feelgood, along with the country-rock stylings of Mike Nesmith and Link Wray. In the end we became such regulars at The Lord Nelson that we were invited to the BBC for a taping of a show about pub rock. "Bop," the director directed the audience. The audience didn't. The band played on, the BBC provided free drinks, and the show never aired.

"So," I asked, once we'd established we were who we said we were, "what have you been up to?"

"I realized I was a Buddhist and I gave up drinking. Ah look at that crestfallen face," he said as an aside to Stacy, "Bet he was looking forward to a weekend of debauched drunkenness." Yes, this was definitely the John Hall I knew.

After I had returned to California we kept in touch for a time, trading tapes through the mail. I dare say that John helped my evolving musical taste as much as any radio station or music magazine did. I learned he had married Julia Stone, another fan from the UK, and moved to a high rise apartment in the East End. I was able to visit them when I went to Seacon, the 1979 Worldcon in Brighton. It was on a council estate and I believe they were around the 18th floor. There could have been quite a view but I don't recall there was a lot to see except other council housing. Probably all sold off by Thatcher and now worth millions.

Julia helped John in establishing his own accountancy business. Somewhere along the line he moved away from helping clients set up dodgy tax avoidance schemes and into keeping track of the finances of some large Buddhist organizations. Julia died at far too young an age and John left London for a very rural life in Wiltshire where he lived with Audrey, the very lovely silver-haired woman from the first paragraph.

Having reestablished contact, first via one of Greg Pickersgill's email groups, and now in person, we kept in contact, once again trading music through the mail, although now on CD-ROM rather than cassette tape. Our tastes had diverged, it didn't take long to discover. John was a big fan of techno and other dance music that played big at raves. I had gone through punk rock and ended up in Americana.

Audrey allowed that she liked my disk which made me quietly smug. John did send a great collection based on the old 1960s pirate radio stations, something he knew quite a lot about. And another honoring the late, great, Joe Meek. So we kept in contact and were able to meet up periodically. John, Audrey, and I took a day out from the Richmond Corflu to visit Monticello and had an excellent time. I think it was on this ride that I learned that Audrey was a part owner of a thoroughbred race horse via some large syndicate. Sadly, this Corflu was to be the last time I saw Audrey as she, too, died, quite suddenly and unexpectedly.

John was also starting to have increasingly serious health issues around this time. The removal of a second kidney, and the need for dialysis, kept him from coming to North America but we got together in Newcastle in 2015, visited Avebury before the 2018 Eastercon, and had a good dinner at an extremely crowded pub in Bristol in 2021. By this time John had received a kidney transplant and was making plans to get to the Vancouver Corflu in 2022, since it was in a city he was very fond of. But it was not to be. Bad luck seemed to dog him at every turn and plans to get to Belfast, then Las Vegas, fell through due to cascading health issues. And so I decided that I would at least stop in to visit John in Morecambe before heading off to Scotland for much of this August. And so of course in the week before I got there John had himself a heart attack.

He got better. At least better enough to convince the NHS to transport him from the hospital in Blackpool back to his flat in Morecambe. Roy Kettle, Kathleen Mitchell, and myself arrived shortly after John. The ambulance which had transported him was still parked at the building, a large block of flats with panoramic views of Morecambe Bay. John's flat also had a somewhat less panoramic view of the hills separating Lancashire from Yorkshire. A good pair of binoculars and, from his chair, John could have been one of the first to see if the white roses started a new invasion. He stayed comfortably in that chair, playing musical selections from a hard drive full of them - some of the best choices I had heard from him in a long time, including some great bluesy work by someone whose name I can't remember. His paramour, Dot, who lived four floors above, plied us with tea, coffee, cake, and biscuits. A really wonderful hostess, obviously as fond of John as he was of her. We all sat and chatted about matters of little consequence as old friends generally do. Despite all the mounting health issues, John was chipper and cheerful, throughout. He was a bit tired but, despite every reason to, I can't recall him once moaning about the unfairness of it all. Perhaps it's a Buddhist thing.

Well, I'm not a Buddhist, or anything at all, really, but I can complain about the unfairness. The preceding is just a few snippets from a long friendship. He had a lot of misfortune and, dammit, he was a good man. He deserved better health and fewer deaths of those closest to him. He will be missed.

INDULGE ME

✘ **THIS'S "JOKE" FOR ELI** : A physicist, a biologist and a mathematician are sitting in a street café watching people entering and leaving the house on the other side of the street. First they see two people entering the house. Time passes. After a while they notice three people leaving the house.

The physicist says, "The measurement wasn't accurate."
The biologist says, "They must have reproduced."
The mathematician says, "If one more person enters the house then it will be empty."

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (1)** : Never mind the Kaufman, here's another one for Dave Cockfield to carry on about: Valerie Leon...



✘ **THE JOYS OF RETIREMENT PART 94** : Me: "Oo it smells of armpits in here!" (sniffs) "It's me, isn't it?"...

✘ **SAY WHAT?** : While very old tv shows play in the background, I observe that the American ones (eg 'Twilight Zone') pronounce "robot" as "Robert", or perhaps more accurately its near homophone "robbut"...

✘ **MOVIE NIGHT REDUX** : *Entertainment Weekly*, in one of its fairly typical entries by renowned journo Polly Filler, offers "[The 8 best sci-fi movies on Amazon Prime video](#)", and I am pleased to note 2013's "Coherence" at number 2 since I've highly recommended it before in here, and happy to do so again...

✘ **NOTHING BETTER TO DO DOWN UNDER** : [Reported by The Nightly](#) back in May (and how did we all miss this'un?), complaints about aircraft noise in Australia doubled in 2023 to 51,589. Apparently 21,716 of these were off the [same bloke](#) in Perth (that's an average of 59.5 a day), easily outstripping the next most frequent irate caller from Brisbane with a mere 4,071. And they dare to call the Poms whingers ...

✘ **TIL** : ...that actress Mary Ure ('Where Eagles Dare' ect) was Midge Ure's aunt...

✘ **TV GUIDE EXTRA** : *Another* one for resident fat fucker Dave Cockfield, wherein I'm attempting to watch old episodes of 'The Avengers' on Amazon Prime, which keeps annoyingly telling me "video not available", but I did clock the 1966 episode "A Sense of History" which featured a properly nasty turn by Patrick Mower and (for you, Dave), the eternally adored Jacqueline Pearce (pic from the episode) as "Marianne"...



✘ **THE JOYS OF RETIREMENT PART 94** : Me: "Oo it smells of armpits in here!" (sniffs) "It's me, isn't it?"...

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✘ **COST OF LIVING UPDATE** : From the [Las Vegas Review-Journal](#): "Half of the Las Vegas Valley has been priced out of the real estate market, as the region has a serious shortage of affordable housing, according to a top Clark County housing official."...

✘ **ANORAK EXTRA** : Another excuse to bemoan the lack of proper swift rail transport in the US, perhaps? And again to punt the trivia question, "What is the largest US city without passenger rail?" with the answer "Las Vegas". Although previously beset by some problems on this route, December will inaugurate a high-speed Paris-to-Berlin link, reported [here](#) by the *Grauniad*...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (2)** : “Who’s Queen?” Why, **Miranda Richardson**, of course...



✘ **BLOCKAGE** : Oh, the joys of election season wherein the FBF feed becomes loaded with even more bollocks than usual. The latest thing seems to be fake “endorsements” of MAGA-style slogans by the unlikely likes of Sam Elliott, Keanu Reeves ect, often barking about the dreadful prospect of forgiving student loans vs taking care of veterans, as if this were an either / or scenario (and implying that the former costs loadsamoney, which it really doesn’t). Gratifyingly, I suppose, most of the comments I’ve clocked on these point out not only that, but also that if the 1% were properly taxed you could easily do both, and more. You have to wonder who might actually be persuaded by this (Russian?) trolling. I’m spending several minutes a day blocking them as they appear...

✘ **EGOTORIAL EXTRA - MOCKERY** : Regular readers all know that mockery and *reductio ad absurdum* are my favored approaches to certain issues and circumstances, but there has come a point where even I must draw the line. This was recently brought home by the approx 7 million “cat memes” and associated so-called jokes about “doggie bags” arising from the lie that Haitians in Springfield, OH are nicking and eating neighbors’ pets. As absurd as that is already it would seem ripe for mockery, but the real-world effects of bomb threats and such against that community does rather dampen the humor. This goes far beyond the usual - er - dog-whistle racist tropes and might as well be a

MIRANDA

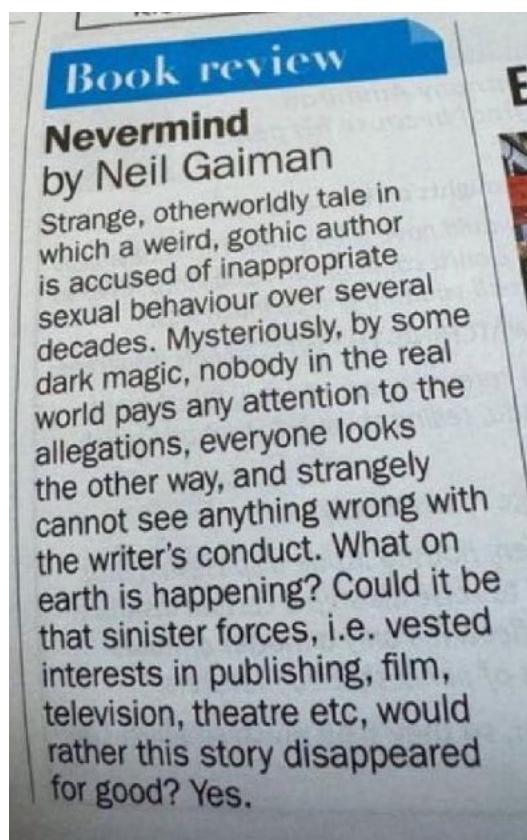
THIS HERE... is (mostly) written, edited and produced by: **Nic Farey**, published on efanazines.com by the Grace of Burns. Locs & that to: 2657 Rungsted Street, Las Vegas NV 89142, or Email fareynic@gmail.com

Art credits: **Brad Foster** (p12) ; **Teddy Harvia** (p15) ; **Rotsler** (p1)

full-page ad in the *Springfield News-Sun* exhorting a new Kristallnacht. It is gratifying to note that in the face of these egregious lies actual residents have responded by supporting Haitian restaurants and other businesses.

The other problematic use of mockery has been the appearance of “jokes” referring to the excessive use of baby oil by Sean Combs in his reported “Freak-Off” parties. My problem here is whether these weak attempts at humor are going to trivialize the serious accusations of sexual assault, human trafficking and the rest. Didn’t something similar occur with Bill Cosby?

There *are* ways to address such topics, even if they’re festooned with fine lines and gray areas eg *Private Eye* here proving that satire is not dead, nor will it ever be while it remains in good, if genuinely few hands...



✘ **NEXTISH** : October 26th looks likely...

**“My guessing game is strong
Way too real to be wrong
Caught up in your show
Yeah, at least now I know”**