

This Here...

“...nothing coherent at the moment.” (C Connor)

EGOTORIAL

MANIFESTO (OMPHALOSKEPSIS) - LONG VERSION

From time to time, and this *may* apply to any and all faneds, I do enter a phase of wondering why I’m doing this. Whether this is out of an attack of self-doubt or just something that crops up within a more general spate of having the arse about anything and everything I leave as an exercise for the reader, but ey...

I don’t think it does any harm at all to re-appraise the actual *purpose* of any given fanzine from time to time, whether to reaffirm that it’s worthwhile and you’re still up for it, also if there could be a few tweaks and changes to keep it all lively.

This seems an opportune moment for the very occasional reminder of the source of this here fanzine title, which it will surprise almost no-one to learn is musical:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r0P5YPvBiQ>

I’ve always sort-of assumed that while *This Here...* has changed a bit in terms of content over its three series the format has remained much the same. This isn’t entirely true, although looking back at issue #1 (December 1999!) there’s an ‘Egotorial’, a music column then called ‘Tunes!’ An announcement that the loccol would be called ‘Loco Citato’ in continuation from *Arrows of Desire* and the miscellany that is ‘Indulge Me’ at the end, followed by the ‘Fanzine Miranda’ (basic info) and a lyric quote. All these features remain. That first run ended in 2001 with #8. I picked up the reins again with a loc-catchup in summer of 2008 (numbered #8½) and a “proper” issue #9 in December. Looking back over that’un, I note the absence of a music column but the presence of a regular piece on professional wrestling (‘Rasslin’), and what turned out to be a very durable article,

‘The Philosophers’ Song’ about fannish personae (inspired by a **Claire Brialey** essay in *Banana Wings* 36) and discussing the concept of a hypothetical “ideal” fan in Platonic and Aristotelian terms. Yes, *I* fuckin’ did that! For the less academically inclined, there’s also *that* photo of Lilian Edwards...

The ‘Tunes’ column crept back in and “series 2” chugged on until #15 in April 2011 before going back on hiatus for another eight years.

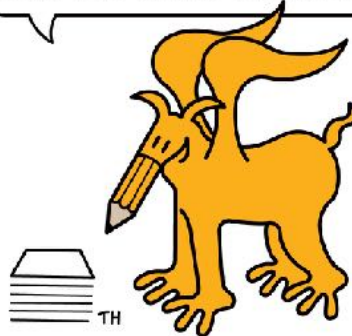
It’s possibly gratuitous filler to recap the circumstances of the “third series” resumption of this here fidget of altar boys, but I’m going to fuckin’ do it anyway, aren’t I?

G Charnock (For It Is He) had revived his old 1970s title *Vibrator* for an impressive monthly run which came to an end in July 2018. For about three years, I think, I contributed a ‘Taxi Tales’ column at his request, and I credit him fully with getting me back into the discipline of regular writing, even though some of the bits were clearly done in drunken haste. The cessation of *Vibrator* seemed to leave a hole to fill in terms of the existence of a scurrilous and

opinionated regular publication, since **Andy Hooper’s** excellent *Flag* had also appeared to fall by the wayside.

The other yuuuge *raison d’etre* by early 2019 was what I (and others) saw as the utter destruction of the FAAn Awards format perpetrated by **Michael Dobson** that year, after I had withdrawn from the admin gig (after having been asked to continue) over a major philosophical difference - the ability of anyone to recuse themselves from consideration. And that, thus, votes for them would not be counted. So, yeah, I had Things To Say. Also in it: a music column, ‘Footy’ rather than ‘Rasslin’ and a guest column from **Grah C** himself.

Unlike other writers, I don’t wear my pencil down to a nub. It continuously regenerates.



The FAAn awards discussions continued for several months with various mixes of agreement, partial agreement, non-agreement, major cases of the arse, and DoBFO indifference - the arguments continue to this day...

Other fannish topics of interest to me (or at least causing whimsy) have seemed to crop up with sufficient regularity to have kept the ish going for the chair-plummeting duration of seven years so far, but there's also been some tweaks and changes, adding TV and movie review columns, although in my not so 'umble opinion the true stroke of genius was placing the latterly renamed 'Footy' column in the hands of The Old Sod **David Hodson** in issue #25, February 2021 - yes mate, *that* long ago, meaning we're long overdue for an anthology collection, shurely? Let me add that to the "to do" list...

What else? The crossword clues have got their own section, promoted from 'Indulge Me', for the three people I believe read them occasionally, and a reflection of one of my other interests, a bit of traingeekery, shows up as the 'Anorak' column (title provided via a comment by **Ulrika O'Brien** on FBF), and it seems that's a popular enough topic.

The fannish topics of Corflu, the FAAns and TAFF continue to provide news bites, and I'm still more than chuffed to be a source of info (and opinion) on all that.

So after that possibly overlong nostalgia break (ahem), let's return to the question of *why* I'm still doing fanzine fanac like this, and the related ask of why I might even be thinking about that around now.

The answers are typically not quite straightforward. The casual reader might presume that this introspection is driven by a spate of tiredness, health stuff, and / or just the anxious-making drudgery elements of getting an ish out on a monthly basis, but that isn't the case at all. I'm certainly past the initial flush of enthusiasm for rattling cages round here (all right, not entirely viz cage-rattling, but ey...), and although I might wish to describe the continued publication of this here bale of turtles as a "duty", albeit a pleasant one, that's easily misinterpreted innit?

Grand and pompous you might think, but I do see the ish as having become a news source of sorts for the fanzine community and a venue for free (well, who would pay for it?) discussion of topics arising. Despite possible echo-chamber appearances, I don't censor views other than my own (which are subject to change in the face of well-argued responses) - I think everyone knows by now that I encourage and have been influenced by them.

What else? Well, the DoBFO personal diary, inevitably reflecting health issues, but also other topics of interest to me (TV, movies, crosswords, traingeekery ect) which are shared by some but no means all of the readership. As so well-put by *Banana Wings* :

We see [the fanzine] as a personal communication between us and a couple of hundred friends...

Speaking of, whether coincidentally or serendipitously, I happened to be re-browsing issue 77 of that title which, perhaps by osmosis, had turned up at the top of the fanzine pile in the lav upon which I spend a disproportionate amount of time of a morning locked in mortal combat with the squirrels. That ish marked what I'll call the post-lockdown return to "public life" of the Fishlifters, in terms of doing writing which wasn't hidden away in APAs. **Claire** engaged in some introspection along the "what's it all *for*, then?" lines and refers to my musings in *This Here...* #47 about the "drudge work" aspects of fanac. **Kat Templeton** might likely express this state with concision as "Fanwriting Is Hard".

Except when it isn't. My personal failing in this respect is actually getting going on something, but once I do it's all subject to diarrheal comparisons, I'm sure. I'm also, happily perhaps, unburdened by an OCD perfectionist nature (DoBFO, shurely?) - I have esteemed co-editors and collaborators for that, you know...

I write in my head, or at least assemble lines I'd like to use, so when I *do* sit down at the keyboard it all gushes out in ways that might also suggest Jackson Pollock, and what a load of Pollocks it all is on many occasions, ey?

What did initially put me on this reflective mood was the thought of musing on the "fanwriting life" as we might call it (typically much better expressed by **Claire** in 2021 qv) since there's quite a bit on the old plate. At the gentle but firm urging of **Geri Sullivan** (She Who Must Be Obeyed) I've punted a couple of bits for her and **Pat Virzi's** upcoming *Spirit of Corflu* massive fanthology, one "Opinionated History of the FAAn Awards" and another vignette on my Boston GoH experience. Then there was a bit for **Dave Hodson's** Corflu 42 Memory Book. Esteemed co-editor **Ulrika O'Brien** and meself are nibbling away at *BEAM 19* (despite RL distractions for both of us) which we rashly hope to have out in October this year. Also, the promised FFS Trip Report which is barely out of the starting blocks at the moment, but still in theory on for this year. And as mentioned earlier, upon the (ahem, very far) back burner rests the possible collection of 'Footy' / 'Old Sod' columns by the noble **David Hodson**. Oh, and APA-V...

Not to mention The Novel which **Jen** continually reminds my I ought to put in a shift on, but also noted so pedants can troll me over the use of "not to mention" when you're DoBFO about to mention what you just said you weren't going to mention. ("Recursive" : see *recursive...* [*The Kerosene Papers*]...)

I'll bang on just a bit more about what generally *isn't* in here, which is all right since **Leigh Edmonds** fell asleep somewhere around halfway down page one, perhaps even sooner.

The standard enjoiner to avoid religion and politics doesn't apply entirely, although I do deliberately avoid the latter which may nevertheless turn up in the loccol. My leanings are well enough known to not have to keep reminding you of them, shurely, and frankly there are more interesting or at least entertaining things to write about rather than the doom and gloom of all that. Religion is another matter, since I more or less lump that in with philosophy, and while overt proselytizing is dull, I'm actually happy enough to engage in theoretical philosophical discussions.

Gossip is a gray-ish area. I have no interest in cackling over the sex lives of the rich and famous, or the poor and infamous, even. I've always considered that nobody's business but their own, and really rank it along with imagining the reigning monarch having a big shit, or indeed your mum and dad engaging in porn-worthy sexual congress. The cringe many of you just experienced is exactly my own reaction an'all. Fandom did used to have a superb gossip columnist, but since she absconded from fan writing decades ago in favor of txtspk and condescending derision, any "who's fucking who?" theorizing is probably limited to *samizdat* First Thursday whispered convo. Honestly though, who fuckin' cares? Realistically that kind of conjecture and sniggering-behind-the-hand schoolboy behavior *was* somewhat prevalent when we were in our 20s and 30s and looking for, if not actively obsessed by getting shags of our own (disclaimers notwithstanding). It's the one subject where, I would suggest, almost all of us were Less Sensible Than Than We Are Now (© **R Hansen**).

So what was the point of all the preceding gobbage, then? I would posit that *This Here...* has a fairly settled Order of Battle (as I refer to the contents organization of *BEAM*) right now: Corflu/FAAn award/TAFF news, personal updates, various recurring features and our DoBFO cherished correspondents weighing in on anything and everything, followed by the miscellany of 'Indulge Me'. I don't see any of it as being in a rut by any means (although others might, I suppose), because it's all subject to change. There is the notion of hitting a "comfort zone", but the advantage of having one of those is, well, the comfort innit?

Claire again, from that issue 77 of *Banana Wings*:

I'm so very, very tired of people asking me in puzzled fashion what it is that I do with my time now.

Later in that essay she remarks upon having no more free time than during her working life to do the things that she *wants* do do (her emphasis). I'm certainly not denigrating that

situation (which still persists, I believe, at least to the extent of her doing loads of stuff which is not fanwriting, but I, mercifully and thankfully, don't really have that problem. My issue is a tendency to laze about doing fuck all when I *could* (and should) be writing, designing, commissioning and editing. Thus, I tend to end up doing fanac in flurries (like now) which, while nicely alliterative isn't as productive as it could be.

Yet again, **Claire** (who does seem to be at least as eminently quotable as the other Fishlifter, even when he's really re-quoting **Rob Hansen**), in *SF Fandom: Its Part In Our Downfall*, describes me as possessing "a surprising amount of discipline and regularity", which if you think about it is as fine an example of a backhanded compliment as you can get. The inherent contradiction is that, yes, I suppose I have the "discipline" to have published a monthly ish since May of 2019, but I tend to feel that I'm rather *undisciplined* in the way I often go about it. Cf discussions on deadlines in 'Loco Citato' thish, though, I do still get at least mildly narked if I don't achieve target dates, even though nobody else seems to give that much of a toss if I'm a day or two late.

I tend to have the inaccurate feeling that my days are quite unstructured when they're really not. I get up, ingest coffee, scroll news, check mail ect, then a lot of days (but by no means all of them) the next few hours are devoted to Fanac With Occasional (ahem) Beer after which it'll be a sandwich and a nap, maybe a household chore or two in there

somewhere. The afternoons are largely spent in Onslow-like slobbering in front of the telly, nosebag followed by whiskey then off to kip.

Fair question: how do I *feel* about what I'm doing here, then? Well, I still enjoy it - the actual writing as well as the associated creative processes of presentation involved, so all of the above doesn't point to self-doubt, even as a bit of self-reflection noses its way in from time to time, no bad thing.

That enjoyment is measured as always in reader response from both the cadre of regulars, semi-regulars and indeed thoroughly irregulars - welcome any and all. If I hadn't have been getting any of that I'd have likely packed this lark in fuckin' ages ago - so you know how to shut me up if you collectively decide to do so.

At which point I could work on The Novel. Hmmm...

It's all good.

June 2025



CORFLUX

PICKLED NEWS



PR1 was published at the beginning of the month and contains a link for hotel booking, which I am happy to confirm works perfectly as advertised. The dates that come up will prompt an 8 night stay (the window for the Corflu rates) rather than just the duration of the convention, so make sure you amend to the dates you actually need...

<https://corflu.org/Corflu43/CorfluPickledPR1.pdf>

Now I don't know if this'll work for you or not, but I got prompted into a "limited time offer" to apply for a Marriott Bonvoy Visa card which, when accepted, gets you a \$400 e-voucher towards the hotel bill! The downside of the card appears to be the \$95 annual fee, but still this is a net saving (and a substantial one) on the room bill innit?

CORFLU 44 (2027) BID ANNOUNCEMENT!

Murray Moore writes:

I am an example of Be Careful What You Say on social media.

I shared, online, that, Due to Circumstances, Mary Ellen and I are doing, best we can, not to support the U.S. economy, best we can do including not attending the 2026 Corflu.

Thoughtlessly, I further said that I would like to attend another Corflu in Vancouver (British Columbia, not Washington State; I am sure that Vancouver, Washington State is a fine community, but, Circumstances...).

"Of course, Murray," you are thinking, "of course you are assembling a committee to bid for the 2027 Corflu to happen in Vancouver, British Columbia."

And you are correct.

Corflu Pangloss (because of COVID-19) occurred in Vancouver, Oct. 21-Oct. 23, 2022, in the Best Western Plus Sands hotel.

We will be bidding for a traditional, February-March, weekend (dates to be determined).

I was hoping to be in the same hotel: but, alas, because of interior alteration, the Best Western Plus Sands hotel no longer can host a Corflu.

Committee (as of June 24, 2025):

Bid Chair, Murray Moore

Agents: Canada, Murray Moore; U.K., Rob Jackson; United States, Alan Rosenthal

Con Suite Helpers, Jeanne Bowman, Mary Ellen Moore
Discord, Claire Brialey
Hotel Contract & Liaison, Suzle
Program, Tom Becker
Progress Reports, Roman Orszanski
Tech, Tommy Ferguson; Microphone, Doug Bell
Treasurer, Alan Rosenthal
Website, Bill Burns

FAAn Awards Admin (*NOT a committee position*), Nic Farey

What might be the name of our 44th Corflu bid? Corflu VanDoo.

VanDoo is a city reference and two puns. Van = Vancouver. Doo = Deux = Two = the second Corflu in Vancouver. Van Doos is the English nickname of the Canadian Army's mostly-francophone Royal 22nd Regiment: 22 = vingt-deux.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/corflu>

<https://corflu.org/>

HEALTH DIARY

HO HUM AND CARTWHEELS

Well, all right, **Jen** isn't *quite* at cartwheel ability level after her just about full recovery from the hip replacement surgery, but she's most definitely at the point where I can resume my impersonation of Onslow from 'Keeping Up Appearances'.



As for meself: somehow I failed to spot (and celebrate) my WBC going under 15 last month, too late now since it's back up at 18.9, but still consistently below 20 which is also still apparently quite all right. The red cell count is back to being high, though, and with a hematocrit value of 52% I am scheduled for a phlebotomy next week (June 19th), the first in about six months. This increase is most likely due to heavier smoking which over the last month crept back up to almost 2 packs a day, which I attribute to general stress, and I'm

trying to at least get back to the one to one and a half level.

The other aggro has been with my right foot, which is not a movie sequel, but possibly a body horror parody. The bugger's been swollen, red and fairly numb for several months. I'd mentioned this to nice Nurse Hannah a couple of months ago and she sent me for X-Rays ect to check if there was a break, or more seriously any blood clotting, which there wasn't. The swelling had gone down a bit although the general grottness remained (no pictures!) - I gave her another look at it and she suggested a visit to Urgent Care. Since I've had previous with cellulitis, that seemed the likely cause.

Off to the Urgent Care I go (after a much needed nap) to get the not unexpected cellulitis diagnosis and a scrip for antibiotics as well as having to wait ages for another ultrasound up and down the right leg which happily again confirms the absence of DVT or anything like it.

So, because antibiotics I expect I'll have to be off the drink for a week or so, which never helps my mood. Channeling Onslow: "Here I am, completely surrounded by no beer..."

That is, DoBFO, an absolute lie, but I have been rationing meself to two beers a day, more or less, (and no whiskey of an evening) mindful of typical admonitions to not get pissed when on antibiotics. The two they've given aren't ones I remember having before, and they've got some specific and different cautions. The pharmacist tells me to knock off the vitamins while I'm taking them, so none of my usual supplements (B-complex, D and iron), and the instructions for one lot of the pills tells me to avoid dairy, a warning which I suspect has to do with side-effects including explosive diarrhea ect. I am also instructed to not lay down for at least 30 minutes after taking them, which put me in mind of the bloke who goes to the doctor with a bowel movement problem. Asked to describe his typical - er - schedule, bloke sez: "I usually have one massive shit about 7 in the morning." Doctor: "OK, so what's the problem?" Bloke: "I don't get up until half eight..."

So I'm naturally having whiskey cravings at the usual hour and grumpily ignoring them. Also, which may be a stunner to a lot of you, I'm in the habit of drinking a glass of whole milk every day, usually with some kind of dessert after the main nosebag. Yesterday evening I weakened and had one with some peanut butter sandwiches, after an internal and external debate about whether I really should or not.



I strongly suspect that of all the stuff I drink that I possibly shouldn't, a glass of milk does not appear on anyone's mental list...

WHITE SMOKE

CORRESPONDENCE

Bob Jennings:

[S]o far as CORFLU goes, I really don't see what all the shouting and whining is about. So the average age of the people attending makes them Social Security recipients; so what? The people who attend the convention are people who are fanzine fans, and they know what the convention is going to be about. Trying to say that the con should be attracting a younger crowd who don't particularly interact (or even care) about the fanzine scene is

ridiculous.

I expect that the con will continue as long as there are people willing to do the work of organizing and setting the thing up, with enuf fans showing up to at least make it a break-even event. Maybe there could be more publicity, or more focused publicity to reach a broader range of people who might be interested in attending if they only knew about it, but I suspect that would be the situation with almost all stf related conventions.

And here's the other thing: even if attendance were to drop down to levels that make renting hotel space prohibitive, CORFLU could simply become a more intimate relaxicon type gathering, taking place at a smaller local hall (library space, community bank meeting room, local bar or restaurant with a meeting space, whatever), and still function as a gathering for people who were interested in fanzines.

I think worrying or trying to change the convention so it will appeal to people who are not primarily fanzine oriented fans is counter productive and foolish. It would be akin to having a WWF wrestling weekend event advertising that they were also going to host free verse poetry slams as part of their programming. Stick with the proven theme and stop worrying about what snooty critics who really don't care about the concept of CORFLU happen to say.

And by the way, that's a really great con related cartoon Lucy Huntzinger provided. Peanuts is still the most popular cartoon strip on the planet, even after twenty-five years of just doing reruns. They might not get the Sonoma County,

CA connection, but I can't imagine there is any fan not familiar with Lucy's psychiatrist booth.

Alison Scott:

(Copied from 'WAHF')

I think a Scandinavian Corflu would be a cracking idea and I'd do whatever it took to be there I think.

Jerry Kaufman:

Corflus may become more international in the coming years, but I'm feeling less likely to make intercontinental trips as my knees become worse. I will have more trouble getting around anywhere I go, but adding the small extra difficulties of navigating long flights, differing customs, etc. make me hesitant.

Leigh Edmonds:

What a lot of discussion on the death of Corflu. It is inevitable that there will be a final one so it's just a matter of when that will be. As a fan well into their 70s who might never make the long trek to another Corflu this is not a personal concern, but no more Corflus would mark, in some ways, the end of fanzine fandom as even a remnant of greater fandom.

As you will have seen on facebook, **Perry, Marc** and I are spending a couple of days a month getting the fanzine collection at Monash University into some semblance of order. In doing this it is fairly easy to see the rapid drop off of general fanzines in the 1990s which coincides almost precisely with the arrival of the internet and its adoption by fans. Previously fanzines had been the glue between fan groups and individual fans but the new technology quickly replaced the old. Fanzines are no longer necessary to world wide (English speaking world anyhow) fandom and fans, who are usually early adopters of office technologies, no longer need them. Those who continue publishing them do so because they like the format, but that is not likely to attract new practitioners. One day fanzine fans will be like the people you see in re-creation societies. Maybe Corflu will be taken over by people wearing propeller beanies and trying to recreate the famous highlights of fandom in the 1950s. Weirder things have happened.

Gary Mattingly:

I hope Corflu doesn't die. I understand the age thing. I don't know any "young" fans and I'm afraid I'm not going to actively go out and find any. Relative to the location, well I'm already in the US so for me that isn't an issue.

Scandinavia would be fine. Unlike a lot of fans, I've never been to Sweden, Norway, Finland, or Denmark. Now whether or not I'd actually get up the energy to go is a different question. I wouldn't mind Mexico as long as it isn't near any drug cartel kingdoms. Mexico City would be okay, although it isn't really the healthiest major city in the world, I think. Iceland? I'd like that. Greenland? That would be fine

with me as long as idiot Trump and Vance don't try to take it over. Of course, I've mentioned Amsterdam in the past. However, I'm not very enthusiastic about chairing or working on a Corflu, just laziness on my part. Australia or New Zealand? Many thanks to those people who have put on Corflus.

Nic Farey:

As we exclusively, I think, reveal on page 4, White Smoke in Santa Rosa is preemptively sorted, as Corflu stalwart **Murray Moore** has assembled a team to bid for 2027 with a plan to return to Vancouver, British Columbia. Attendance in 2022 at Pangloss was around the 40 mark, but that year having shifted to late October because of Circumstances that might not necessarily be considered an indicator of what a future effort might draw. It certainly seems likely that European attendees might return (knowing that eg Fishlifters would have liked to have been at the previous one, and did have attending memberships). For ourselves, I might be cagey as a non-citizen of the USA about crossing the border and attempting to return (lack of problems with the FFS trip notwithstanding), but we shall see what shakes out of the 2026 elections round here. As you should expect, we'll at least be taking out supporting memberships, and I am on staff, having already been asked to continue as FAAn Awards admin...

RADIO WINSTON

RAVE UPS

Back in prehistoric times when I played in bands, you'd quite often conclude the set with what was called a "rave up" ending where everybody took turns with a 4-bar or so "solo" of sorts ie showing off as a means to hopefully gee up the audience into giving us a decent cheer for our efforts. This would come out of a generally mid- or uptempo slice. One of the more solid examples to go on would have been the Faces' 1971 single "Stay With Me", 4 minutes 39 in this recorded version, but tending to go on a bit longer live - not that it matters to **Leigh Edmonds** whose attention span will have had him falling asleep about 35 seconds in anyway...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7FIpap-Ajyg>

And to further annoy the venerable old git, here's the notable live version of "Blockheads" by (DoBFO) Ian Dury and the Blockheads, which has a six minute playlist:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lvCex3XSPvA>

Merriam-Webster defines "rave-up" in specifically this context as follows: "a: the hard-driving sometimes instrumental climactic section of a popular or country music song; b: a song having a rave-up".

This is distinct from the later definition of "rave music" or "rave parties" which emerged from the EDM scene. Other

definitions expand on the term, noting that the “rave up” frequently involves a shift to double time.

There’s a fair number of outfits who embraced “rave up” as a title. Not unexpectedly, perhaps, Emerson, Lake & Palmer are among them, with this’un arguably demonstrating their worst show-off instincts:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pn2sXwOXfZ4>

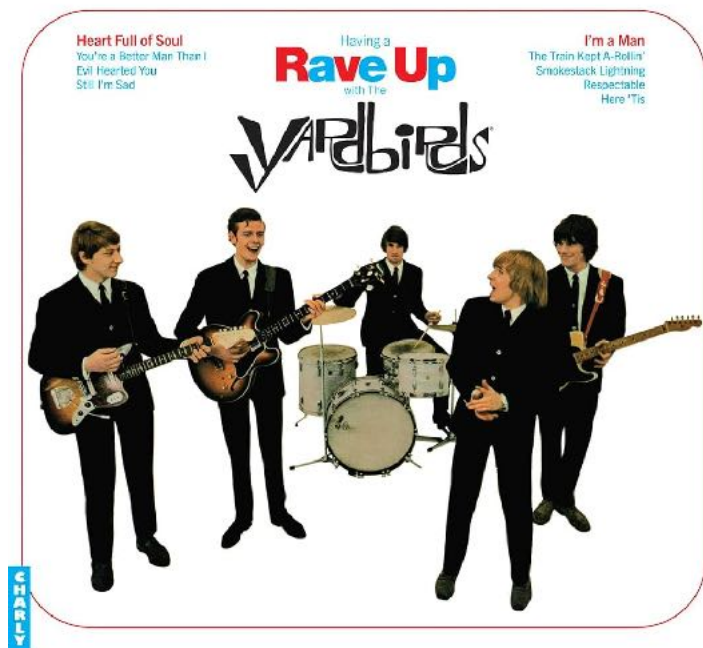
The Knack did a very concise rockabilly style interpretation (clocking in at a mere 1:49) with “(Havin’ A) Rave Up” in 1978:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gQHgwZX3zs4>

It’s arguable that the term was codified to an extent by the Yardbirds’ 1965 set ‘Having a Rave Up with the Yardbirds’, which featured both Clapton on the 1964 live tracks and his replacement Jeff Beck on the 1965 studio recordings. As a quirky side note, only one of the slices on the album was actually written by the band. Here’s the live cover (with Clapton) of Howlin’ Wolf’s “Smokestack Lightnin’”:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Oe2gIwk9LuQ>

stereo



The “rave up” quotient here might be a bit debatable, but it’s a fairly typical Yardbirds arrangement with a middle section instrumental/showoff component. For comparison, here’s “Heart Full of Soul” (A Graham Gouldman composition, for them as keep track of such things) with Beck’s simulation of the sitar (using Jimmy Page’s custom fuzzbox) which had been tried and dropped, although they kept the tabla player.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pM1qZBFiOLU>

Page (later to join the Yardbirds himself), who was working a session in the next studio, apparently bought the sitar for himself anyway.

I might also suggest that encore/end of set medleys might meet the “rave up” standard in the way they use highs and lows to gee up the audience, so here’s Mott the Hoople live at Hammersmith Odeon in 1973. RIP Mick Ralphs, who isn’t on this, having been replaced by “Ariel Bender” (Luther Grosvenor) when he left to form Bad Company, but his songs are represented. The book on how soon into the 16 minutes that Leigh falls asleep is open...

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

BOOK REPORT

THE ADVENTURES OF MARY DARLING

It must be Victoriana summer, having first read and (lastish) recommended S&ra Bond’s ‘Three Men in Orbit’ (cop yours via <https://www.sandra-bond.com/three-men-in-orbit>) and now Pat Murphy’s latest, ‘The Adventures of Mary Darling’. When I mentioned the book on FBF, our friend Donald Finch excitedly queried: “As in, the mother of Wendy etc?”, giving some coo er gosh when I reply in the affirmative.

I’m cognizant here of Pat being slightly miffed (while also being pleased) about a massively glowing review which also managed to give away loads of plot - I’ll try not to make the same mistake here, except to say that the two most dislikable characters in the whole thing are Sherlock Holmes and Peter Pan, but ey...

I was also just a *little* startled by seeing the novel explicitly described as “feminist”, which I suppose it might be in the sense that the central character is a woman, and other women within are portrayed as very much more capable than most, but not all of the blokes.

What I am



going to specifically praise is what I saw as the technical excellence of the writing, since there's quite a lot of flashbacks/backstory chapters which nevertheless don't come across as digressions because they occur exactly where they need to be.

There's also a very in-depth afterword in which the author details her research and places it all in historical context, which was fascinating. When it comes down to brass tacks, though, what we have here is a cracking adventure story by a writer on top form.

<https://tachyonpublications.com/product/the-adventures-of-mary-darling/>

TV GUIDE

INEVITABLY WHO (TL:WGAF)

Now we've got a little bit of distance from the 'Doctor Who' season finale it's probably all right to have some comment off me, since I'll hardly be spoiling anything (you'd think?) for viewers who we'll presume have clocked it.

I'll expect to get excoriated for engaging with the Doctor at all with the usual blah off those who continually prate that the show hasn't been any good since (pick your own date) because (pick your own reasons). I can also self-excoriate since I did say lastish that I already had the arse with the many, *many* (© Eileen Gunn) commenters screeching how shite it all is in lieu of any actual critical analysis, especially all the "I haven't watched it since... (pick your own Doctor/writer/Disney)". Not watching and saying so interminably just makes you an annoying fuckin' troll.

There's still something, though, about the coterie of Whovians in which I include myself that means we just can't help it, ey? Especially old gits like me who can factually claim to have watched the whole fuckin' lot from 1963 on. So [deep breff] here goes...

I suppose we'll have to punt at least a capsule review of the two-part finale. "Wish World" was, on the whole, done reasonably well, at least in the presentation of the fictive world of the title, although we got the usual arguments about whether the DoBFO marginalization of the disabled was heavy-handed moralizing, but then again the visual of a wheelchair-bound underclass was effective. It might have been more interesting if the Doc himself (and Belinda Chandra) had been "written out" of the orderly world because skin color but that would hardly have served the set-up, which this episode mostly was. Adding the threat of Omega to the mix and another Susan Foreman drop-in seemed like RTD overwriting in "chuck it all at the wall and see what sticks" style, a weakness that would become apparent in "The Reality War".

It's seriously arguable that Steven Moffat is the best writer and showrunner of "NuWho" (ugh! dreadful term really) and RTD acknowledges this by having the Time Hotel (from the 2024 Xmas special "Joy to the World", written by Moffat) as central to the solution. I'll say upfront that I did enjoy the episode on the whole, in no small part because I'd managed to avoid spoilers (and quite a lot of the fanwank leading up to it) so the regeneration itself (and into...) came as a genuine surprise. That, however, doesn't mean I can gloss over the weaknesses. It's hard to know what to moan about first, but I think we can agree that Big Bad Omega was an absolute fuckin' dud, dispatched with seeming ease. The Rani (and oh yes, I am also thoroughly bored by "Two Ranis" jokes - barely amusing the first time), albeit a decent turn by Archie Panjabi, seemed more like a revenge-fueled Master than the amoral scientist Rani as per Kate O'Mara that we've seen previously.

The thing that grated most, though, was after having a solid development arc throughout the series, Belinda Chandra is suddenly and jarringly turned into tradwife of the year.

But ok, let's skip to the ending and RTD's predilections for fan service, which are *usually* well-crafted. It's quite in character for the Doctor to engage in an act of self-sacrifice - in this case making sure Poppy exists in a "shifted" timeline. The justification just about holds water, as does the cameo return of Jodie Whittaker's 13th Doctor with what I thought was a lovely in-joke about the return of a previous Doctor always being Tennant.

So, genuine surprise at the regeneration *appearing* to be into the form of Rose Tyler, who, as just about everyone noticed, wasn't given the usual "as the Doctor" credit. I'll note that her (only) line, "Oh hello", quotes from her appearance as The Moment in 2013's 50th anniversary special "The Day of the Doctor" (also written by Steven Moffat).

RTD loves leaving dangling threads, don't he? Sometimes they get resolved, sometimes ignored, but we've got quite a few remaining questions off this episode, viz:

Where has/have the Rani(s) really gone?

Is the next Doctor really in the form of Rose Tyler?

What's with Susan Foreman, then?

Who is "the Boss" of the Time Hotel?

Possibly as prep for writing this, I decided to revisit Peter Capaldi's tenure, prefacing that with Matt Smith's last three episodes. This was a bit of a strain, since I never liked the character of Clara Oswald - and **Jen** got increasingly narked at my disparaging comments, the least of which would be continually referring to Season 9 as "The Clara Show". What's noticeable is that Moffat (and the other writers in the season, presumably at his direction) achieve their aims with solid, professional writing. The overall story arcs (eg Ashildr, Missy) are well-served while individual episodes themselves concentrate on a single threat to be overcome.

While I still fairly detest Oswald, I've theorized an opinion which, to me anyway, makes some sense. First, let's note that it's fairly explicitly stated that, as first up in a new cycle of regenerations, Capaldi's Doctor is on untrodden soil, and reminds you immediately of Colin Baker's start (cf the fifth Doctor's almost last words "It feels different this time"). For good or (mostly) ill, 12 needs an anchor, which ends up being expressed several times as a "duty of care" to his companion. This ends up as a co-dependent situation with he and bossy-boots thrill-seeking Oswald (something Danny Pink clocked pretty swiftly) enabling each others' worst instincts, resulting in 12's descent into complete lunacy by the end of season 9, although 4 billion years trapped in the confession dial won't have helped either.

Long and short of it, Moffat's tenure had more focused writing per episode without ignoring the embedded story arcs. Having got through Gatwa's two seasons, it looks a lot like RTD isn't the all-conquering savior as billed. Moffat might well have been, though. Or Andrew Cartmel...

GOOD STUFF (SMALL BITES)

Continuing to recommend 'Murderbot' (Apple TV+) as everyone else is also doing, it seems.

'Duster' (HBO Max) has stayed impressive - love or hate JJ Abrams, this'un's a winner. How many shows can you think of that get a review in *Car and Driver*, ey?

<https://www.caranddriver.com/features/a64993311/hbo-max-car-chase-show-duster/>

Finally, after seeing positive mentions, we clocked 'Department Q' (Netflix), adapted from Jussi Adler-Olsen's Danish book and film series and relocated to Edinburgh, so it's been dubbed "tartan noir" (groans). It's *very* dense and will require your attention to what's going on, with a load of intersecting stuff occurring, but that attention will be well rewarded...

And, DoBFO, 'Poker Face' continues to entertain, although **Gary Mattingly** seems to be going off it a bit (see locs)...

GIVE US A CLUE

Lastish:

"Clearly noticeable Fishlifter with Meskys and headless fly (8)"

Definition: "Clearly noticeable"

Wordplay: "Fishlifter" = MARK + "Meskys" = ED + "headless fly" = LY, yielding MARKEDLY

"A wrongful act with Midge or Mary, like reading six issues of *Journey Planet* or a single *Vanamonde*? (7)"

Ahem, sorry (not sorry) about this'un...

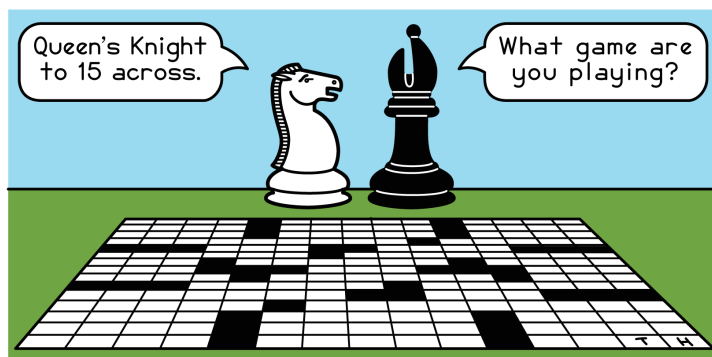
Definition: "like reading six issues of *Journey Planet* or a single *Vanamonde*"

Wordplay: "A wrongful act" = TORT + "Midge or Mary" = URE (Midge Ure of Ultravox ect or actress Mary), yielding TORTURE

"Pole on a ship, argument for pirate (7)"

Definition: "pirate"

Wordplay: "Pole on a ship" = SPAR + "argument" = ROW, yielding SPARROW



Alan Rosenthal :

Fishlifter = MARK, Meskys = ED, headless fly = LY... Clearly noticeable = MARKEDLY.

My brother is a huge Ultravox fan, so Midge = URE. Reading the remainder of the clue, a wrongful act can only be TORT = TORTURE.

I'm guessing there is also a Mary Ure, but I have no idea who she is...

Pole on a ship = SPAR, argument = ROW and pirate = SPARROW.

That was fun, let's do another...

Eli Cohen :

[The first] seems straightforward -- a "Fishlifter" is Mark, "Ed" Meskys was a noted fan, and "ly" is a headless "fly", giving a nice synonym for "clearly noticeable", namely MARKEDLY.

I confess I needed Google to tell me of the existence of Midge Ure and Mary Ure, and also to confirm that "tort" means "a wrongful act", but the result -- TORTURE -- seems to make perfect sense, especially given your lovefest with **John Hertz**.

Finally: well, "pole on a ship" can be a "spar", which could also mean having an argument, but that's only 4 letters, and we still have to involve "pirate" somehow. Well, this is a stretch, but how about SPARRRR?

[[Falls off chair...]]

Thish's dead easy efforts:

"Absconded with BDSM leader by chance? (6)"

"Sounds like this Austrian composer might be difficult to find (5)"

"June holiday commemorating a Hooper fanzine? (4,3)"

ANORAK

WOOD LANE STATION

No, not *that* one, or maybe it is, in part, (as well as the other ones) and if you're confused already it's likely you're not alone unless you're already familiar with the - er - let's say *eccentric* nature of historic London Underground services in the area of Shepherd's Bush.

In 1908 there was a big ole "Franco-British Exhibition" at White City, and so the original Wood Lane station was cobbled together from the Shepherd's Bush sidings, intended to be temporary for the expo (and the 1908 Summer Olympics) but what with the White City stadium an'all it became permanent, replacing Shepherd's Bush station as the Central London Railway terminus. This photo (nicked off the London Transport museum) shows the platform ect in about 1920.



It was around this time (August 1920) that the station, already a seriously fuckin' awkward mess due to its original history as a reversing siding was modified to accommodate through trains from Ealing Broadway to the West End and the City, although it remained as a terminus of sorts. A couple of new tunnels were dug, the station itself ended up being basically triangular. A movable sliding platform (shown top right) had to be included to allow access to and from the depot and to accommodate 7-car trains on the curve of the track.

Given its utter pain in the arse status, it's hardly surprising that the station was closed in 1947 when the new White City station on the Central Line opened nearby, with a few larfs of its own since the utter mess that was Wood Lane meant that White City trains had to run on the right-hand track (rather than the usual left) and swap back over west of the new station. Wood Lane station itself was abandoned and the depot was renamed for White City.



The old station inevitably fell into dereliction but did get used in the occasional movie or TV show (apparently including an episode of 'Department S' as well as 'The Tomorrow People' and 'Doctor Who') when they needed a creepy-looking location.



In 1994 plans were put forward for the Westfield shopping centre development on the site, and the old Wood Lane was finally demolished by 2005. The old roundel was retrieved and restored and is currently on display at the *new* Wood Lane station on the Circle and Hammersmith & City lines which opened in 2008.

That same year, but the way, the Central line Shepherd's Bush station was renamed "Shepherd's Bush Market", since up until then there'd been *three* different "Shepherd's Bush" stations (two on the tube and one overground rail). Your choice of footy teams if you visit, by the way, would be Queens Park Rangers, or a little further afield (a couple of miles away), Chelsea or Fulham...



THE OLD SOD

BY DAVID HODSON

I had intended to start writing this column on Thursday and finish it yesterday (Saturday), but... things got in the way on Thursday and then I changed my mind about what I wanted to write. This column and, probably, the next one are sort of holding columns; the column I really want and need to write I'm not entirely ready for yet and also can't appear until after Geri and Pat's History of Corflu volume. I think this is called a "teaser" in the trade.

Friday was never going to be a writing day for me. I was out at a lunch club I go to on Friday afternoons and Friday evening was spent in the company of Mark Plummer, Claire Brialey, and Alun Harries listening to Men in Suits, an Australian choir that counts Justin Ackroyd amongst its members. Justin's choir and an equivalent British choir started off going to head-to-head singing against each other, although the Aussies did monopolise things for a while whilst the British Choir waited for the arrival of their leader, but, eventually, it was just an evening of communal singing whilst those of us whose voices more closely resemble dogs barking in the night kept silent and drank beer (quick aside: there was an actual shaggy, "Dulux"-style dog in attendance that had picked up the habit of barking along to the applause after each song. I've forgotten his name, but Claire got at least a couple of pictures, so maybe she'll send them in for next issue's lettercol).

Saturday was spent suffering from pollen and pollution rather than the anticipated beer, so not much got done there other than watching the England under-21s win their version of the Euro Football Championship against Germany 3-2 after extra time and listening to or watching the Glastonbury sets I found of interest. Pulp proved that they and neither Oasis nor Blur were the true class acts of 90s Brit Pop (I also have a soft spot for Suede, but, unfortunately, they remain defunct for the moment). Today's highlights, for me at least,

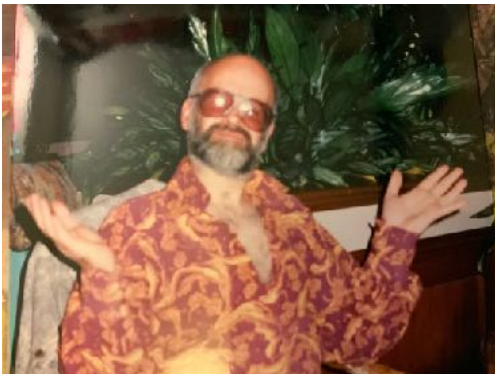
are all on the acoustic stage: P.P. Arnold has a 40-minute slot at 4.00pm and Hothouse Flowers at 8.00pm are followed by Nick Lowe at 9.30pm. Fortunately, I have a contact via reddit that knows how to rip the video and audio from BBC Iplayer at high def quality, so I already have the Pulp and Raye sessions nestling on a hard disc and will add the Sunday sessions as they become available.

I'm currently setting up a new PC but my previous method of keeping costs to a minimum seem to have hit the buffers this time around. The last couple of upgrades, admittedly nearly ten years ago, involved me buying relatively high spec'd bare bones machines and adding graphics and sound cards to drive my monitor and speakers and extra hard discs as required. I found a nice mid-priced, high spec bare bones machine this time around on laptops direct, but the bloody case doesn't have space for extra hard discs, so I'll get the basics up and running and then buy a new case, power supply, and other bits and bobs and upgrade on the fly. It's a bloody nuisance though!

I also need to buy an A3 photorealistic printer at some point to go with the bloody great A3 Epson printer/scanner that already dominates one corner of the room. Time for a new desk as well, I suspect. *Sigh*

All of which means a complete rejig of the living room because I really need a new stand for the television which will allow me to set up the soundbar again and really annoy the neighbours when watching horror movies or relistening to those Glasto sets. I've only been living here for two years now, and there's still shit in boxes, and I can't find my god damn soldering irons to this day.

Justin has gone t'up Norf, Bradford I think it was that was mentioned on Friday evening, to visit Paul Oldroyd, Chris Donaldson, and Julian Headlong. Mark had informed me that, whilst on a zoom call with Ian Sorensen, he'd seen some photos from Nolacon II, the 1988 Worldcon in New Orleans, that Julian had taken (below) and I was in one... with hair! I'm mortified by my resemblance to Steve Dallas in the Bloom County newspaper strip (next page)...



No captions for you, Arch!



BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



LOCO CITATO

[[“I have never written anything in one draft, not even a grocery list, although I have heard from friends that this is actually possible.” (Connie Willis) ...]]

From: fabficbks@aol.com

June 1

Bob Jennings writes:

Received *This Here...* #87 earlier today, and since I am taking a much needed break from mowing the lawn, (one of the least favorite activities in my life), I thot I would shoot off a few random comments while the mower battery pack is recharging.

Have I ever told you how much I absolutely loathe & hate with an undying passion the chore of mowing the stupid lawn? Let me take a few hours and tell you about it. I wish I could find somebody to do the job for me. I've been waiting forty+ years for some bright young high school or college student to knock on my door and offer to mow the lawn. Hasn't happened yet, and it's probably not going to happen in the future either. There are professional lawn services around that will mow the grass, BUT, that is just a small part of their "service". What they really want is you to cough up the big bucks so they can fertilize, reseed, mulch and make the lawn grow greener and faster. The stupid grass already grows so fast I can barely keep up with it. I don't need a lawn service, I need somebody willing to just mow the thing, a somebody that I can't seem to find.

[[I immediately thought of John Amalfi's New York motto from 'Cities in Flight': "Mow Your Lawn, Lady?" ...]]

Well anyway, I am glad **Jen's** hip surgery went OK. You are right that knee replacement surgery is not so easy. I've had both knees replaced, and if anybody tells you that that it's an easy operation they are lying thru their teeth. There is a long recovery period, and it's not fun, but, one day after the surgery and the rehab and all the exercises, one day you will

wake up in the morning and all the pain will be gone, and it will all be worth it. Trust me. It's worth doing.

[[Jen opines whether the surgeon might suggest the knee replacement is feasible to do in a few months, but we suspect the insurance may balk at another big expense this year...]]

All this talk of conventions mostly whizzed by me. I don't attend conventions any more, and even back in the day I mostly attended as a dealer set up in the huckster room selling stuff. This was an ideal situation for me, since it allowed me to meet and talk with a lot of people, old friends and brand new acquaintances, and also to sell stuff to pay for the convention event and (hopefully) take extra money home from the experience.

But, not any more. It's a lot more work than I want to go thru these days, and the sales potential is dramatically less. I did set up for a one day gaming con last November, displaying old out of print, rare stuff at very good prices. It did not work out well for me, or for most of the other sellers there either. I made a grand total of \$33, and most of the dealers started packing up and bailing out around one o'clock.

Attendance was good, with lots of people sticking around for the 9:30 PM closing, but they were there to play games and attend seminars, not to buy anything. Luckily the convention organizer decided not to charge most of us for the space that year, which was a life saver for some of the guys who traveled from far distant places to be there.

You also mention that there are people who assume that if CORFLU drops dead, so will the FAAn awards. As you point out, that ain't so. It's nice that the awards are linked with a convention that is focused on fanzines, but other venues could easily be found to provide a bit of their schedule and space for the dedication ceremony, and they might even spring for the cost of the trivial gimcracks/certificates that go with the awards. This seems to me to be another one of those things people should not be worrying about until a genuine crisis actually looms.

[[Perhaps, but as the current Admin I would suggest that part of the job description is to worry about it and possibly formulate some kind of contingency plan...]]

I do agree with you that the award winners ought to be more widely publicized. In particular I think *Fan Activity Gazette*, the excellent N3F sponsored newszine ought to be carrying the winning names. Their circulation continues to grow and it functions as a more focused service than a lot of others these days. Maybe if somebody actually bothered to send them that information editors Mindy & Jason would be happy to post the results.

[[Mindy was notified when voting opened, but I don't recall if the FAAns got a mention in FanActivity Gazette, although they might have in The National Fantasy Fan or Tightbeam. While it might seem reasonable to expect George Phillies to forward stuff to them, that either doesn't happen, or if it does they ignore it. I should, DoBFO, be proactive and ensure Mindy is on my mailing list. You might have noted my suggestion lastish that, absent any actual fanzine reviews, the Gazette could at least print a summary of uploads to efanzines, a task easily achieved by simply subscribing to the updates. As to "more widely publicized", well, the voting announcements (and results) appeared in Ansible, File770, Locus and faneds generally are encouraged to promote the awards. Some happily do (noting that the results were also published in the latest Alexiad an'all. Apart from the Gazette, where do you suggest wider publicity might occur?...]]

Yeah, I also noticed the sudden appearance of an AI "content summary" feature on a lot of pixel fanzines these days. Who dreamed that up, and why? Fanzines are not business extracts or scientific articles, who would need a summary of a fanzine? How did this thing suddenly get attached to fanzine downloads anyway? It almost makes you wonder whether all that new batch of conspiracy theories about artificial intelligence might contain a grain or two of truth.

Read and enjoyed **David Hodson's** comments about super hero comic books and super hero movies, but no specific comments come to mind, except that he is a lot more tolerant of super hero movies than I am. With all the VERY high level of noise linked with continuous violence and extreme destruction of nearby structures & objects, I sometimes wonder if today's modern Moms, seeing a few of those things, are secretly happy that comic books now cost \$4.00 each, and up, so expensive that their kiddies can't get involved in all that mind rotting crap like we old timers did.

You never read any of the 'Murderbot' books??? Really? Uh...I am at loss for words. Totally, so I'll close.

[[Yes, really. It is quite sad that I read very little of late, but, as noted lastish, I did clock and hugely enjoyed S&ra Bond's 'Three Men in Orbit', and have embarked upon Pat Murphy's latest, 'The Adventures of Mary Darling'...]]

From: absarka_prime@comcast.net

June 1

Curt Phillips writes:

There are in fact several abandoned rail lines in the American South, due both to the destruction of the Civil War and to the fact that some of those abandoned lines had used non-standard rail gauges and were phased out as standardization took place over the years. Within 50 miles of my home in Abingdon, VA there are the remains of at least three unconnected railbeds that were destroyed in the war. The most visible sign of them today is usually found where the lines crossed rivers, and the stone foundations of burned out rail beds remain.

A newer abandoned line ran through Abingdon. Known as the Virginia Creeper, that line connected western North Carolina to the Virginia & Tennessee line at Abingdon (today still active and part of the Norfolk and Southern Railroad) to haul iron ore and lumber out of those mountains. That line shut down decades ago and the main engine is now on display in Abingdon.

[[S&ra Bond also referred me to a nice interactive website of disused US rail lines (<https://www.abandonedrails.com/>) - DoBFO, my assumption of their lack was typically lazy. Looking at Nevada, I really should get out and investigate the Henderson-Boulder City line...]]

Plenty of train hobbyists can be found in America. My son-in-law is at a convention for that hobby this very weekend. Who am I to talk? I go to Science Fiction conventions, after all...

[[Perhaps he'd like to guest an 'Anorak' column?...]]

Very glad to hear that your health seems to be more stable now. May that continue to hold.

TV - Have you watched 'The Residence' on Netflix? Marvelous stuff, highly recommended.

[[Indeed. Watched, highly enjoyed and reviewed in This Here... #85, in fact...]]



From: mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com

June 5

Mark Plummer writes:

OK, this is weird. I know I have a bit of reputation for being a fanhistorian – second class junior fanhistorian, mind, very much looking up to Britain’s greatest living fanhistorian – but it’s not often I get to deploy my scant knowledge of UK *Star Trek* fandom. So thanks for the opportunity.

You are, I believe, wrong on the bidding cycle of 1980s UK *Star Trek* conventions. I am sure that a bid for the August 1987 UK *Star Trek* convention, the one that would have been held over the same bank holiday weekend as Conspiracy ‘87, was made in May 1986.

I should acknowledge that, so far as the bidding cycle is concerned, I do only have that one example to draw on and maybe it was atypical and a full two years was the norm. I’m almost inclined to caveat this further because I’m increasingly wary of asserting based on memory of events nearly 40 years ago, or indeed, pace my letter in #87, asserting at all. But I’m actually reasonably confident about this because May 1986 was my one and only *Star Trek* convention. I imagine you would also remember it as it was run by you and your then-wife Kim, and so it is by some metrics the first time we met. I’m not sure we did actually meet, but I was definitely aware of you and recall seeing you on stage playing keyboards during some cabaret-type event.

As to the bid, I am really quite clear – in as much as I can be about something that’s based solely on memory – that a group made a bid to run a *Trek* con over the August bank holiday weekend in 1987. I can’t recall any other aspects of the bid itself beyond a vague memory that it was made by three women, but when they invited questions from the audience the first person, Chris Chivers I believe, asked them if they were aware that they’d be running against the Worldcon which would, unusually, be in the UK over that same weekend. The bidding group responded that, yes, they did know about the Worldcon. However, they weren’t especially interested in attending; they would far rather attend a dedicated *Star Trek* convention and they believed enough others would feel the same way.

When it came to a vote – and I’m less certain about this bit – the meeting was offered three choices: to approve the bid, reject the bid, or invite the bidders to rebid for a different date. The latter won.

[[You may, unsurprisingly, have a better memory for even Star Trek con stuff than I do, but the bidding interval was usually two years until it got a bit fucked up by Conspiracy ‘87. As far as our first “actual meeting” I still recall that as being at a BSFA London meetup, at least in terms of actually having convo...]]

I just had a look at the fanlore site and that does say ‘The place and time of the future conventions were voted on two years in advance at the business meeting.’ I can’t produce anything to evidence my contention that it was only 15 months on that occasion at least as it is purely a memory. I even hauled out my box of ‘convention publications – other’ on the off chance I still had a souvenir book or something but no luck. However, I do know May 1986 was the only *Star Trek* convention I attended and if my memory is false it’s a pretty bloody well-formed false memory.

Still I have more than enough to do with documenting ‘our’ fandom on F3 so I’m not going to get any further into this. (Although, tangentially, if F3 ever did have **Martin Tudor** married to Bernie Evans – and I can’t see that it did – then it wasn’t me who fixed it.)

[[I might have been the one who fixed Martin’s marital. I did have a very small spate (can there be such a thing? A “spatelet” perhaps?) of editing some Fancy3 entries, including my own, some years ago...]]

Getting back to *This Here...* heartland territory, yes, I was reasonably sure that you didn’t mean me in your not being arsed comment to potential FAAn Award voters. But I still think it’s wrong to castigate people for not voting when the deadline has not yet passed. I can accept reminders for all that I personally don’t need them because clearly others do. But give people a voting deadline and most will wait until somewhere near that deadline before casting a vote. I accept that there’s less of a reason for doing that with the FAAn Awards than with, say, the Hugos. Maybe some of the FAAn voters do use the voting window to catch up on the parts of last year’s output that they didn’t see at the time, although I suspect most don’t. Hugo voters likely do need the equivalent window to do the reading. Similarly there’s arguably a reason to defer voting in say TAFF as well. I usually go into a TAFF race knowing for whom I’m going to vote but I’m often open to being swayed on second or subsequent places and so I’m happy to give the candidates the time to convince me. But even if people are in a position to vote as soon as you open voting they likely won’t and will leave it to somewhere near the end of the window. That’s just what people do.

[[While I take your point about the timing of castigation of non-voters, you’re not necessarily helping your argument by also saying “I know you didn’t mean me”. Any mass mailing is going to have this fault, shurely? I can certainly agree that the wording could all have been a bit nicer, but then again you’re almost getting into American labelling territory which assumes people are extremely stupid (or perhaps more accurately, litigious) and need to be told that eg they shouldn’t sit on the cooker while the burners are on. I shall, however, take your comments on board...]]

Now this may be interesting on the topic of voter turnout and voting windows. You may already know about it but as it's a WorldThing thing maybe not. Last year the Worldcon piloted the idea of a consultative vote. As I understand it, the theory is that the people who don't attend the business meeting may nevertheless have opinions about some of the motions under discussion. The idea was to allow a non-binding consultative online vote on a specific proposal in advance of the convention and open to the whole membership. Voters were presented with the proposal together with short statements from an advocate and an opponent and a straight yes/no choice. The exercise was repeated by this year's Worldcon, albeit with two proposals. The mechanisms were I think largely the same, but the timing and reminders were very different.

Last year every member received a direct email about the process with a voting link. This was sent on the day voting opened, 25 July. The process was open for 10 days until 5 August and every member got a 'last chance to vote' reminder on that day. The Worldcon started on 8 August.

This year the consultative vote was floated in a newsletter where it was the fourth item in a 2,000-word email message. The newsletter was dated 16 April and voting would run from 1 May to 31 May. There was no link at this point although after 1 May there was a voting page on the website if you looked for it. A further newsletter was sent on 18 May, over half-way through the voting period. Here the consultative vote was the seventh item in a 1,700-word message. A further special newsletter was issued on 23 May where the consultative vote was the last item in an 800-word message. The vote closed about 10 weeks before the Worldcon.

Glasgow got 1,260 ballots. Seattle got 343.

Now obviously there could be a number of reasons for the disparity. Last year was a New Thing. Perhaps its proposal was intrinsically more interesting than those this year. Perhaps advocates and opponents campaigned harder. I'm not taking account, because I don't really know, of social media pushes. Seattle were also having to deal with an ongoing controversy and lost some key staff around this time. But it's at least possible that the Glasgow methodology (10-day window with direct email notification at the start and just before close) was more effective than Seattle's where messages were arguably buried in a far longer newsletter.

I'm not saying there's necessarily a lesson in there for FAAn Award voting. Worth considering, though.

[[I reply to Mark that my eyes began to glaze over halfway through his first WorldThing paragraph, and he helpfully summarizes: "I guess the key thing is: 10-day voting window with short targetted reminder on the first and last day got four times as many votes as a 31-day window with reminders only included in a more general message." Point well taken...]]

From: jabberwocky2000@hotmail.com

June 5

Brad Foster writes:

Health notes: We continue to age and widen. My attempts at getting weight back down go, well, it goes up and down, presently has gone back up again. So tiresome. Better news, had latest round of blood tests, MRI, X-ray and C-scans, and no sign of any return of cancer, so that is good.

[[Good news about the tests. My weight doesn't vary much at all, though I've gone up a few pounds since retirement...]]

Movies—As I think I mentioned last time, we are so far behind any new

stuff probably never catch up, though did manage to see "Hundreds of Beavers" and amazed to see someone bring the really and truly over-the-top crazy of old cartoons to life. Right now I have been busy rewatching countless episodes of Mystery Science Theater 3000, Cinematic Titanic, Riff Trax and The Film Crew. Recently discovered we have access to a 24-hour channel on our Dish feed that runs all of those, and is now my "nothing else is on, so click over to Misty" choice. It has gotten to the point where, if I do watch an actual movie, it seems wrong not to have several people making snarky comments about it from the lower half of the screen.

Teddy's toon on page 6 made me laugh out loud.

[[As it seemingly does every fuckin' ish...]]

Speaking of toons, though you used three this ish, only sending two to refill the bin (giving you four to choose from, I believe). Working on new stuff this year, some of those should be coming your way later. Thanks for continuing to give my doodles a home.

[[Thanks as always for the refill. I confirm four in the file...]]

By the by, if anyone has opened an account on the new Bluesky social site, you can find me there under Brad W Foster (or bradwfoster.bsky.social not sure how it actually

THE CONUNDRUM WAS,
HE WAS TRYING TO SELL
DRUMS THAT DIDN'T EXIST-
IT WAS A CON OF UNDRUMS!



works to find someone....). I joined about four months ago when several other friends got on and urged me to "get a page now" with my name. It is different than Facebook, I think more Twitter-like in that there it is less set up to allow for conversations, and more just a place to see what others post. I have decided to use it as a "picture a day" thing, as so far have loaded up about 120 images from the back files, one every day. If anyone is on there and curious to see old Foster bits and pieces pop up, give my account a "follow".

Next up on the drawing board is working on another display banner for Armadillocon, need one for the Registration desk this year. This will make the fourth, not sure how many more they will want to have done, but interesting working on this larger scale than my usual little fannish things. And a couple of other projects need to get done... I wonder if this slow down in drawing rate has anything to do with the regain of weight? Maybe all my art is being sucked up into the fat??? Ick!

From: jakaufman@aol.com

June 6

Jerry Kaufman writes:

I'm trying to get back onto the horse that threw me in the months leading up to Corflu this year - a freeze of my writing desires. I'm gradually getting back into the practice of writing responses to fanzines. I'll start here by saying I hope **Jen's** recovery goes well, and that you don't become any worse with your health challenges. I'll also ask if "Jacob's (Cream Crackers)" is rhyming slang, and if so, for what? I can't figure this one out. It might as well be a cryptic crossword clue.

[["Cream crackered" = "knackered". Jacob's is the premier brand. I expect you either missed or were mystified by "raspberry" in the last paragraph of 'Health Diary'. "Raspberry ripple" = "cripple"...]]

Dave Hodson's comments on superhero comics and movies were interesting. Long ago, I read DC comics as a child, then Marvel comics as a roommate to people who collected them, I got enough of a grounding to be able to give **Suzle** a clue or two about characters in the movies and tv shows we watched. But lately, especially in the MCU films, the characters have ones introduced well after the comics I read. Even though I've also read *Understanding Comics*, the unfamiliar characters give me much less to be invested in.

[[I do much the same for Jen in those movies, though I'm more well-versed in DC canon than Marvel...]]

I hope to meet **Dev Agarwal** someday, maybe at next year's Worldcon.

My opinion is that the homeopathic leg cramp pills didn't work for you because homeopathy doesn't work. Perhaps

you know of some study or other that shows it does? I've formed my opinion over years of reading skeptical books about the theory and practice of this kind of medical treatment, so maybe there is evidence that any improvements are more than just a placebo effect.

[[I don't know that you can generalize all homeopathic treatments as being useless any more than you generalize any particular drug as being "effective" at 100% level...]]

Kim Huett's satirical story about DoBFO and GuNToV and DUFF was amusing, but I'm sure I missed some of its humor because I can't remember what "GuNToV" stands for. (But it would be a good foundation for a password.) I also came up with a better name that "Coughman" for me, but like the Dormouse, I've already forgotten it.

[[Nobody but Kim knows what 'GuNToV' means, if anything. I think its implied meaning is fairly clear though...]]

It took me awhile to figure out who "Ms. East Ham" was, because, if memory serves, **Avedon Carol** and **Rob Hansen** lived in East Ham once upon a time. I like Farah and her scholarly writings on sf and fantasy, and am not keen on calling her names when you and others disagree with her opinions.

[[The derivation of "Ms. East Ham" as a moniker was explained in a footnote on page 1 of This Here... #86. I must take you to task, though, on the concept that deliberate lies in the service of a sneering screed can be construed as "opinion"...]]



Thanks for passing along our plans for a Fanzine Lounge at the Seattle Worldcon. The news is spreading and people are beginning to contact us about it.

[[You're welcome, Killer! I'm happy to punt any updates here that you deem helpful...]]

From: chuck.connor@gmx.co.uk

June 8

Chuck Connor writes:

Sorry I missed you on your recent Grand UK Tour – nothing personal, just other things came up that basically stuffed the calendar for us.

[[Me too. The list of people we wanted to see but didn't is, sadly but predictably, probably longer than the list of those we did...]]

Anyway, wanted to say Mucho Thankeros for the last couple of TH...s. Was going to LoC #86, but got sidetracked in an online forum argument, and next thing you know, along comes #87. So, before they start imitating London buses (the original Rule of Three) I thought it best to abuse some pixel pixies, and let the Ethernet goblins transport the result across the Big Spit to your good selves.

Several comments re Corflu in general: It is inevitable that it will eventually 'die' (gracefully or otherwise) due to the age/diminishing returns factors. Way back in Steve Higgins' *Stomach Pump* (the last issue I think) I said that unless something happened to change the then misperceived image of fanzine fandom (already creating a divide with convention fans) then it was going to fold in on itself until there was nothing left but the staples. You also had the isolationism, even then.

"What did you do in the 1980s, oh Fan Daddy of mine?"

"Well, son, we looked back at the 1950s."

"And what did you do in the 1990s, Fan Daddy?"

"Ah, son, that's easy. We looked back at the 1980s looking back at the 1950s..."

Ho Hum... 20-20 hindsight. Several of us (John Rickett, CHR\$ Cairn, and others) talked to hardened Conventioneers, and got some of them to re-evaluate fanzines, but there wasn't any long term Damascus Road Trip Conversions.

And now you tell me that Farah Mendlesohn has climbed down from the Tower of Academia, and is once more walking the Earth? Had a run in with her about 10 – maybe 15 – years ago. She got nasty, randomly throwing bullshit, I countered with several hard copy letters, then later heard she'd trolled off to anti-Social Media to squawk about it. Last I saw of her she was pushing some 'Learn EVERYTHING about skiffy in a weekend!' course. Maybe it was part of a Media Studies degree....

What is it they say? "Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach?"

[[...and those who can't do either merely criticize. Also, apparently, the leopard does not change its spots...]]

To move on....

Health: As Bette Davis said "Old age ain't for cissies." – though as I had to point out to a mere bloody sproglet recently, 'cis' these days means something totally different. The result of my recent gastroscopy came back – apparently I now have 'Silent Acid Reflux'. "But don't worry, Mr Connor, we have a pill for that..."

Mind you, I'm supposed to be getting an additional procedure involving swallowing a camera.

Could be worse – during a recent EKG, after coating half my ribcage with an orgy's worth of KY, she then proclaimed "I can't find your heart!" "Well I'm not Dr Who, luv – it has to be there somewhere." Then she tells me I have an arrhythmia....

[[So it goes for many of us, it seems...]]

Still, glad to hear the two of you are surviving in the modern world as well.

Television (in my best Stan Freberg voice); So far we're agreeing about 'Elsbeth' and 'Matlock' (though that was originally supposed to be a mini-series of 18, they did some rejigging, added a 19th and lo, there's now a second season.) 'Will Trent' is holding up, 'Georgie & Mandy's First Marriage' (a Chuck Lorre 'Big Bang' spinoff, though much more palatable than 'Young Sheldon') and a KoMut vehicle 'Mid-Century Modern' (on Hulu, so it has the odd 'Fuck' in the dialogue – though sadly Linda Lavin died during the filming – a very good comedy actor and performer) KoMut were behind 'Will & Grace' (though not much success after that.)

However, the latest to hook me has been the 5 episodes (so far) of 'Murderbot' – very dry humour, also very action packed, with each episode ending dramatically, and hooking you to watch the next. I have no idea where the storyline is going as such, but the writing has been impressive. Oddly enough, I ended up going back to the movie 'Robot & Frank' (2012) – and enjoyed it, even though it is dystopic in a lot of respects, but still love the self-destruct sequence <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6zrkHQdJ7wg>. It doesn't answer the question in regard to assisted robotic suicide, but the set-up at the start with the kids, and the payoff towards the end at the start of the getaway, gives you an idea/taste.

Radio Winston input – alas nothing coherent at the moment – mix playing ATT has things like Moloko, PWEI, Mae West (Twist & Shout), The Mixtures (Chicago, not the Aussie "Pushbike Song" – though "Captain Zero" was a good follow-up single), John Cale, Screaming Blue Messiahs, Kiem, and Telex (LaBamba) – as usual, no direction, just favourites.

Okay, I'm off to get Den fed & watered.

All the very best from me and mine, to you and yours.

PS. Whoever they are, they're back shaving cats again – and before you ask, the answer is 'No.' I remember trying to give

my mother's cat a pill years ago. *Fucking Aggressive BASTARD* was the least of the emotive comments come the finish... Closely followed by *Do we have another box of Elastoplasts?*

From: daverabban@gmail.com

June 14

Dave Cockfield writes:

I don't know how you do it. I'm still coming down from Corflu. I had a great time, especially meeting yourself, **Jen**, and **Leigh**, even though I was ill for a chunk of it. Thank Granny Goodness for those ground floor rooms.

In fact I seem to be in a malaise at the moment. Struggling to read books, listen to music or even to watch tv. The film 'Sinners' seems to have pulled me out of it. Best movie I've seen in years and highly recommended to Blues fans. A major Oscar movie surely.

It is set in the 1930s and one classic Irish (not Scottish as many people think) folk song sung by the vampires is "Will You Go Lassie Go / Wild Mountain Thyme". However this was probably not composed until the 1940s and first recorded in the 1950s. So was this a mistake in such a carefully crafted work? I have a theory that it is not but need to watch it again.

Thankfully managed to put together a LOOP disc for our small music collective curated by **Kevin Williams**. Corflu at 50? We are now up to LOOP 63. The aim is for 100 when I will probably be 85. This is of course assuming that we don't get nuked before then.

I often see **Dave Hodson** at a London Comic Mart. I get his point about none comic fans not necessarily understanding the structure of the movies. However a lot of criticism also comes from comic fans.

Generally I have got something out of even the worst movies. Even 'Kraven the Hunter' and 'Captain America Brave New World'. 'The Eternals' was not the legendary Jack Kirby comic but I enjoyed it.

One of the most lambasted was 'Madame Web' which I thought had a great, in canon, plot.

At my age most modern comics make me want to vomit with a few exceptions from certain writers. Geoff Johns, Jonathan Hickman and Jeremy Adams who all seem to have the old storytelling magic.

At Marts I tend buy older stuff that was previously unknown to me or 60s comics that have a naive charm all their own. DC of course before Marvel introduced angst. I have fond memories of the Alan Class B&W UK reprints as a child and recently bought one for the incredible cover.



From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

June 16

Leigh Edmonds writes:

Thanks for yet another issue of *This Here* ... It arrived the same day as the latest issue of *Perryscope*. What are you guys doing, you could at least arrange for your fanzines to arrive a fortnight apart so as not to overload my poor fannish brain.

[[I shall immediately open negotiations with the old larrikin to wickedly inconvenience you as much as we can...]]

Last issue **Dave Hodson** got exercised about Farah and Corflu and this issue **Mark Plummer** got just as exercised about deadlines and the people who set them. I used to be one of those.

Clearly his experience in the Service has scarred him. Deadlines are something that I can get equally exercised about, also from my scarring experience in the Service, but from the other side. Had this topic come up in the bar at The Chequers **Mark** and I could have gone on about it for hours, quoting chapter and verse and telling stories which were not quite so funny at the time.

For the almost eight years I worked in Canberra I spent six of those years as the Ministerial Officer for the Airports Division of the Department of Transport/Aviation, most of the seventh year I spent on sick leave and the final year was

spent much more agreeably in a team writing a big fat policy document. Being in the Ministerial Office meant I was responsible for everything that came in from or went out to the Minister's Office. Leaving aside the speeches, briefings, parliamentary questions and etc, there was the Ministerial Correspondence I remember most vividly.

By the time I started in the job airports had become a hot political potato so there was a lot of it. The Minister's Office decreed that all Ministerial Correspondence had to be answered in a 'timely manner', which was either within three or four weeks. All the correspondence was logged in and out of the Division and a weekly report printed which ran for several pages with the oldest correspondence at the top with a line drawn to separate the timely from the untimely correspondence. And anything that was outstanding, ie untimely, was my responsibility. As I recall it the Division had three Branches so I was responsible to three Assistant Secretaries and a Senior Assistant Secretary for any overdue correspondence. Which is where my allergy to deadlines comes in since I was the one who had to explain to the executive why others were not meeting their deadlines.

There was a lot of the routine stuff that I could handle but there was also a lot that I couldn't and that was farmed out to the officers in the appropriate areas. Strangely, they did not think that answering a brainless letter from a mere member of the public was more important than working out the alignment of a new runway they were planning, the size and shape of a new terminal or how much we would charge for the concession to sell duty free stuff in one of those terminals, so they tended to ignore the letters I was responsible for. I developed a series of strategies to cope with this that included sitting in their offices and staring at them or accosting them in corridors.

[[I can imagine how being accosted by your imposing self would be motivating...]]

Then of course, since anything the Minister signed was, de facto, policy, it had to be approved by a series of managers and Assistant Secretaries who also believed, incorrectly, that all the other thing they had to do were more important than mere Ministerial Correspondence. And did I mention that this was in the days before word processing and that no letter the Minister signed was allowed to have any error or correction so if the typist made a typo on the final line the entire thing had to be typed again. Only the personal secretaries to the Assistant Secretaries and SAS were allowed to type them and their bosses thought, incorrectly of course, that the work they wanted them to do was more important than my letters. So there were deadlines all through the



system that nobody seemed to care about but me, and it was my responsibility to push them through that endless resistance.

You will have noticed that after six years of that I was on sick leave for almost a year. That's why I get exercised on reading Mark's comments about deadlines, why I may still talk funny from time to time and why writing about this forty years later is still stressful - which is why this is the only time I've done it.

On a happier note, Gary Mattingly and I are in the same boat medically. Only a few weeks before my overseas trip my GP decided that it was about time I had a bone density test and it came back with the same result at

Gary's. Pills and an injection every six months is the best they can do for this condition, along with the injunction to be careful and try to avoid falls. Consequently I was more careful on the stairs at The Chequers than I would have been a few weeks earlier.

[[I'm wondering when they'll decide to check me for all that an'all...]]

From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

June 18

Eli Cohen writes:

Note: as I mentioned to Jen, if you sent me a copy of #87, I never got it (just as for #86); fortunately, JenZine provoked me to check efanzines, so I found it there. Have I fallen off your mailing list?

[[I checked over my BCC list and you're still on it. Check other folders, maybe?...]]

I guess I should put the Hugo packet aside for a bit and get this LoC done before another *This Here...* drops.!

I, too, have been enjoying working my way through 'Poker Face'. I really like Natasha Lyonne (have since 'Russian Doll'). I'm especially impressed by the fact that there are 2 episodes she not only starred in, but also co-wrote and directed!

[[We noticed that in this season so far there aren't really any actual premeditated murders as such (possibly apart from the gerbil), and that's made for some interesting stories...]]

For a science joke, I'm going to resurrect one of the many sheep jokes from the "Highmore in '76" fake worldcon bid: "Ram jet rocket fuel -- Ewe 235."

[[Ouch...]]

June 26

Gary Mattingly writes:

'Egotorial' - Hm, I never envisioned you as running a Star Trek convention. Don't know why, but the thought never entered my brain. If I remember correctly, Patty, my spouse, may have gone to a Star Trek convention. I never did. I probably watched every episode of Star Trek, but never had a desire to go to a ST convention.

[[I've documented several time that my initial intro to fandom was the First Thursday London Group meetups in the early '80s, then still at the original One Tun pub in Farringdon, whence I got involved with Star Trek con running as well as doing teck for the BSFG's Novacons...]]

'Corflux' - Relative to having your membership refunded, that wouldn't make me any likelier to want to be the GoH. I honestly don't care one way or another if they want to put that in place, as long as there continues to be some way that I don't have to be GoH.

'Health Diary' - Glad your doctor is pleased with your condition. I have had an iron deficiency for at least a year and am taking a supplement three times a week plus I attempt to eat more iron-rich foods. On other fronts since I was diagnosed with osteoporosis last month I have had one infusion of Reclast to supposedly make my bones stronger. I'm supposed to do that once a year for at least three years. Fortunately, I encountered none of the possible side effects. I hope **Jen's** hip replacement works out perfectly. Relative to sleep habits, I usually try to sleep 7 or 8 hours per night, with it occasionally dropping to 6 if I stay up too late and have an early Bikram yoga class. However, I don't go back to bed or take naps in the daytime. Just not my thing. I usually have no problem getting to sleep. I may wake up once or twice in the middle of the night due to nature's call, but am able to immediately get back to sleep. I've lost track of Patty's schedule and I'm not really sure she has a sleep schedule. She does nap a lot in the daytime. Relative to eating, I usually eat once or twice a day, usually starting 16 to 20 hours after whenever I ate last the previous day (intermittent fasting). I try to keep it below 1500 calories although I prefer to keep it below 1000. Once in a while it gets up to 2000 and I get quite angry with myself. Even if going to bikram yoga and pilates, if I eat over 1500 calories I will usually gain a little weight, or best case, stay the same weight. Currently I'd like to lose 20 or 30 pounds but it is difficult. Today I was at 159 and prefer to be down around 132 to 135.

[[You are trim and tiny! I've put on a mere couple of pounds since retirement and clock in at around 205...]]

'Radio Winston' - I definitely remember "Money" by the Flying Lizards. I liked it. No recollection of Flying Pickets.

Of course, I'm aware of the Flying Burrito Brothers. I have the "California Jukebox" album (CD).

'Movie Night' - I do not recall ever seeing 'Love Hurts'. I also have no recollection of 'Extraterritorial'. The most recent films I've watched were 'The Pianist' directed by Roman Polanski, which I thought was very good although definitely not a happy film, 'Capernaum' (2018) directed by Nadine Labak, another film I enjoyed that was not happy, 'The Phoenician Scheme' directed by Wes Anderson, which I also enjoyed but didn't think was one of his best films, '12th Fail' directed by Vidhu Vinod Chopra, which I also enjoyed, and '3 Idiots' (2009) directed by Rajkumar Hirani, also good with a little Bollywood song and dance thrown in. That's a partial list.

[[We have quite different tastes in movies (DoBFO). I'll often if not always gravitate towards a poorly-reviewed action movie or thriller which, contrary to the critics, I'll typically find serviceable and/or adequate entertainment. Like with food, I prefer the simple over the "posh". There's enough other action movie fans in the readership here to make my mentions worthwhile...]]

'TV Guide' - I've enjoyed 'Murderbot' so far but I wish the episodes were longer. I watched all the new 'Dr. Who' episodes. I watched two episodes of 'Duster', but that's it so far. It is all right, just not a current favorite of mine. I'm still watching 'Poker Face', but it seems a bit goofier than last season. I don't really like it as much as the earlier season. It still has some good moments. However, I'm a little tired of there's a murder, she goes through various problems, and solves it. Over and over again.

[[Well shurely that's the format of the show, innit? It seems odd that you'd complain that a show in this genre does, as they say, exactly what it says on the tin...]]

I'm still not watching 'Leverage: Redemption'. Speaking of Mission: Impossible, Lalo Schiffrin who composed the theme song (and a lot more) just died this month. Let's see, I've watched the new Marvel series, 'Ironheart'. It's okay but not great. I've been watching the continuing episodes of the latest 'Librarian' series, also the new 'Resident Alien' season. I've been watching the new season of 'Astrid' and the British copy of it, which just started, called 'Patience'. I like 'Astrid' better.

'Anorak' - Interesting and entertaining text and photos.

'The Old Sod' - I have watched most of the Marvel and DC comic based movies. I wouldn't say any of them are great and some are very bad, but overall, um, they're okay. I have actually read a number of comics on which these have been based.

'Loco Citato' -

Gary Mattingly - from you - I didn't know that Bela Lugosi was a friend of **Jen's** family. I bet that was interesting.

[[Mentioned in early issues of JenZine, in fact...]]

I actually watched the entire 'Scavengers Reign' animated series.

'Fountain of Youth' was actually a movie, not a series (my error). I watched it. It wasn't great but just okay.

'Indulge Me' - You're not Eynic? I was entertained by Schrodinger's Supermarket.

I enjoyed the photos throughout the issue and the artwork by Cardy, **Teddy Harvia**, **Lucy Huntzinger**, and **Ulrika O'Brien**.

Well this is rather short and I rapidly skimmed through the LoCs so unfortunately no comments from me on all the interesting material. However, your deadline looms.

June has gone by very quickly for me and I seem to have left so many things undone. That might have something to do with going to yoga 6 or 7 days per weeks and pilates 4 or 5 days per week. Together I think they take up almost 1/4 of my day. Add in watching too many news shows, too many emails, too much on facebook, and too much of everything else. Well, gee. . . .

From: Kim.huett@gmail.com

June 28

Kim Huett writes:

G'day GuNToV,

Okay, so I knew that Christians are suppose to say grace before eating each other out but I never knew that it was a forbidden practise for vegetarians. Just goes to show you can teach an old dog new tricks, or at least convince him to keep his mouth shut around vegetarians. Thank you for enlightening me **Gary Mattingly**.

Your mention of The Flying Lizards had me reaching for THE BOOK: TOP 40 RESEARCH 1950 - 2022 as I've always loved their version of "Money".

According to THE BOOK "Money" only made it to #19 in Australia back in 1980. This seems par for the course as quirky songs tend to not make the Top Ten in Australia (there are exceptions of course). Listening to it again makes me wish Weird Al had recorded a parody of this one on the topic of Monet. Maybe something like this:

Modern art is all the rage I see

But you can give MoMA to the birds and bees

I want Monet (that's who I want)

Stacks of wheat (that's what I want)

Limpid ponds (that's what I want)

Landscapes (that's what I want)

I admit I did a bit of a double-take when I saw that photo of Brian Hibbard you included in your thing because I thought it was Ray Dorset, leader singer of Mungo Jerry for the longest time. However, after an extended comparison (this sort of thing takes me a while due to my poor facial recognition skills) I can now see they're not the same person, though they could be brothers.

No, definitely Sid James is who I'm thinking of. His part in St. Trinian's was very small it's true but it still had the classic Geezer Down the Pub vibe as James displayed in the various Carry On... films.

In fact I'm mortally offended by your suggestion that I can't tell classic British comedy actors apart. Next you'll be trying to tell me that Rowan Atkinson played Fletcher in 'Porridge', Alexei Sayle played Battery Sergeant-Major Williams in 'It Ain't Half Hot Mum', Kenneth Williams played Lurcio in 'Up Pompeii', and Reg Varney played Mike in 'The Young Ones'.

[[Those were all Michael Crawford, shurely?...]]

I love me a good intro to a TV show but they do be increasingly rare, or so I'm told. Due to only owning a TV occasionally since moving out of my parents house in 1981 I haven't watched all that many traditional TV series since then. Of the handful of series I've seen in the past couple of decades I've particularly liked the intros to 'Resident Alien', the flying knives intro for 'Kitchen Nightmares', and 'Bojack Horseman'. My current favourite series has no intro to speak of but given that the first two seasons of 'Helluva Boss' is a crowd funded animation on YouTube this is entirely understandable. Anybody making animation without the financial backing of a major studio or TV network can't afford to allocate scarce resources to a bonus feature like an intro. Though now future episodes of 'Helluva Boss' will be appearing on Prime Video it's possible that may now change.

WAHF

S&ra Bond immediately notes the double appearance of the 'Corflux Extra' paragraph in 'Indulge Me', as does **Bill Burns** who suggests I can do newsboy impersonations: "Extra! Extra! Read all abaht it!"... ; **Jerry Kaufman** (pre-loc): "Here's a funny thing. I did not meet or even see **Dev Agarwal** at Corflu, but we became acquainted only a few weeks after our return home. I was looking for contact info for people who were students at Clarion West Writers Workshop because CW retained manuscripts from them and wanted to offer to return said ms rather than trash them outright. I was mainly writing to likely matches on Facebook. **Dev** was the first on my list of 1991 students, and he recognized my name! Nice to see a letter of comment from him." *[[I believe Dev was only at Corflu Friday night and a bit of Saturday...]]* ; **Perry Middlemiss** ; **Alison Scott** : "A very quick note just to say, as ever, that I very much

appreciate receiving *This Here...* even if I don't always manage to tell you so. But also, this time, that I think a Scandinavian Corflu would be a cracking idea and I'd do whatever it took to be there I think. A longer letter might follow but it probably won't – I struggle to express how much life has currently landed on top of me." ; **Heath Row** ; **Kevin Trainor** : "Wow, this is a rather meaty zine, with much to chew on, and a few things to push to the side of the plate because I have no idea what they are. Thank you for the Son of Silvercon mention; I think I'll have a longer LoC after rereading *TH...* later this week." ; **R-Laurraine Tutihasi** ;

FANZINES RECEIVED

With the usual thanks, and an attempt to provide at least a tad of comment...

JENZINE #12 (J L Farey) - Of *course* it's all good stuff, innit?...

MY BACK PAGES 32 (Rich Lynch) - Updating us with more recent essays, handily collected, but also one from 1987!...

PERRYSCOPE 54 (Perry Middlemiss) - I must work to co-ordinate with the old larrikin as we find new ways to annoy **Leigh Edmonds** (see locs)...

ALEXIAD 136 (Joe & Lisa Major) - Kudos to **Joe** for continuing to get the ish out in spite of his own health issues which make mine look like a stubbed toe by comparison...

THE STF AMATEUR #21 (Heath Row) - Bigger and better with the new inclusion of **Heath's** contribution to APA-V...

ORNITHOPTER Vc (Leigh Edmonds) - Lengthy and inevitably interesting trip report, including this year's Corflu and Eastercon...

CAPTAIN FLASHBACK #79 (Andy Hooper) - Seemingly having exhausted the topic of horror hosts, **Andy** reflects on recent reading and includes the latest column from **W^m Breiding**. I still do wish that the Turbo-APA mailing comments would be excised from the generally available version of the zine, but I suppose they do no harm...

FADEAWAY #70 (Bob Jennings) - Just in under the wire, includes another lengthy comics article, thish on Harvey Comics' 'Black Cat'...

INDULGE ME

✕ **STEVE GREEN LIVES!** : I receive the following email, which **Steve** allows me to pass on:

Hi. Some of you receiving this e-mail might wince in vague recognition of my name, others reach for the "delete" button; a small number might not react at all, because they've most likely forgotten it, or thought I'd left this mortal coil (no, not just yet), or we've never

actually been in contact before (in which case, nice to "meet" you).

The fact is, I'm currently rebuilding my contacts book after a lengthy detour from the fanzine superhighway, necessitated by my previous service provider having sunk and taken my e-mail archive with it. Whilst reconstructing my mailing list, I've added a few names gathered from recent lettercolumns and fanzine reviews. In all cases, I will immediately delete anyone who wishes it.

I do, incidentally, have a relatively new e-mail address, <necronaut13@gmail.com>, although the postal address remains the same one from which I sent out my very first fanzine, back in the autumn of 1977: 33 Scott Road, Solihull, B92 7LQ, UK.

✕ **EGOTORIAL EXTRA** : Wot, *more?* Well yeah, a bit, and since this is the DoBFO **Claire Brialey** 'boo and egoscan issue I am bound to observe that unlike her well-constructed essays, mine has not been gone over with a fine-toothed comb, or any comb at all really...

✕ **AGELESS BEAUTY (1)** : Clearly quite a lot of the time I pick an ageless beauty for the sole purpose of winding up **Jerry Kaufman** and making sure he gets his steps in with an increasingly swift stroll past. Sometimes he surprises me by actually knowing who the subject is (since he famously doesn't Google anything), and I wonder if this will be the case with **Anja Huwe**...



✕ **VERA C. RUBIN:** No, not another ageless beauty, but a new observatory in Chile which is now releasing goshwow images of the southern sky. NPR has the story: <https://www.npr.org/2025/06/23/nx-s1-5355034/vera-c-rubin-observatory-first-images> ...

✕ **CONCERT PARTY:** Very occasionally I do get dragged out to an actual event of some kind, and for **Jen's** birthday this amounted to going to see **Weird Al Yankovich** (she's a big fan) at the Venetian with dinner at the Grand Lux Cafe beforehand. I did enjoy the show, despite failing to recognize what was being parodied some of the time. Support act was **Puddles Pity Party**, and I have to observe that his "Stairway to Gilligan's Island" mashup is a work

of sheer genius - at the show the accompanying video included loads of clips from 'Waterworld' since the character apparently has a **Kevin Costner** obsession. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K4MKOMTHpII> ...

✕ **AGELESS BEAUTY (2):** The **Killer** has shurely left the building at warp 99 already, but anyway, **Marcella Detroit**...



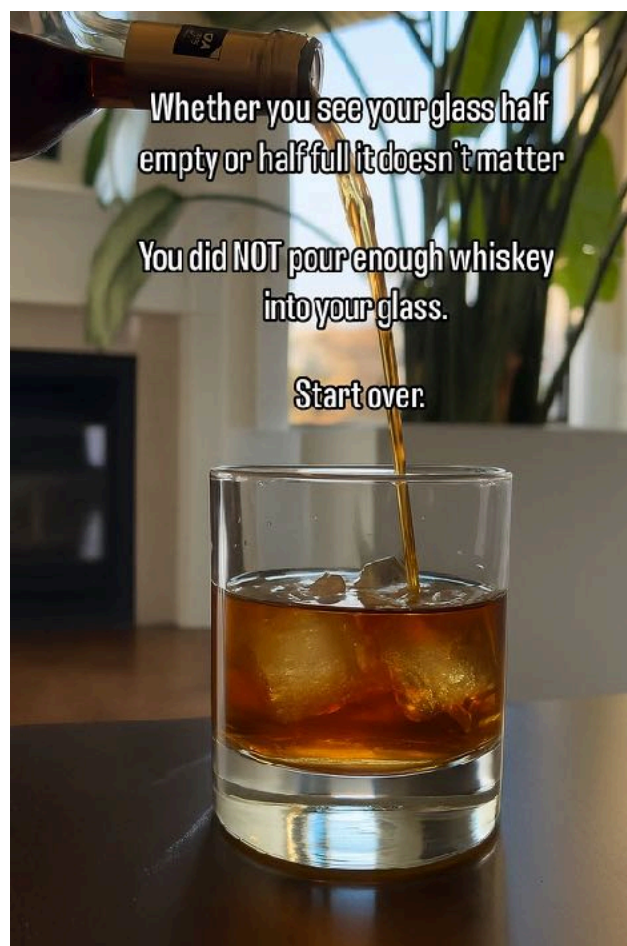
✕ **RECOGNITION AT LAST!** : Apparently some miscreant online decided that my FBF profile was worth cloning, quickly spotted by my old mate **Rick Shipley** who messages me with the news - several people having received friend requests which they immediately sussed as dodgy. **Ken Vaden** and **Cas Skelton** submitted formal complaints that they didn't get one. Related or unrelated, no fuckin' idea, but I've also been the recipient of quite a few emails

with supposed "job offers" with a mysterious salutation to "Ngun"...

✕ **C FISHLIFTER PART 94:** Yes, **Claire** again (sort of). **M Strummer's** 'Roadrunner' column in *Banana Wings* 80 from a year ago concludes with the mention of a pre-lockdown errand to procure "Balsam tissues, Sudafed and catarrh pastilles" for the nasally distressed distaff Fishlifter. I am happy to report that the future is upon us, not in the form of flying cars at all, but with nano "nose robots" which will attend to your sinuses:

<https://www.theguardian.com/science/2025/jun/25/swarms-of-tiny-nose-robots-could-clear-infected-sinuses-researchers-say>

✕ **TERRIBLE "SCIENCE" "JOKE" FOR ELI:** The optimist sees the glass half full. The pessimist sees the glass half empty. The chemist sees the glass as completely full, half with liquid and half with air. I've always preferred the interpretation by **George Carlin** (I think) that the glass is too big...



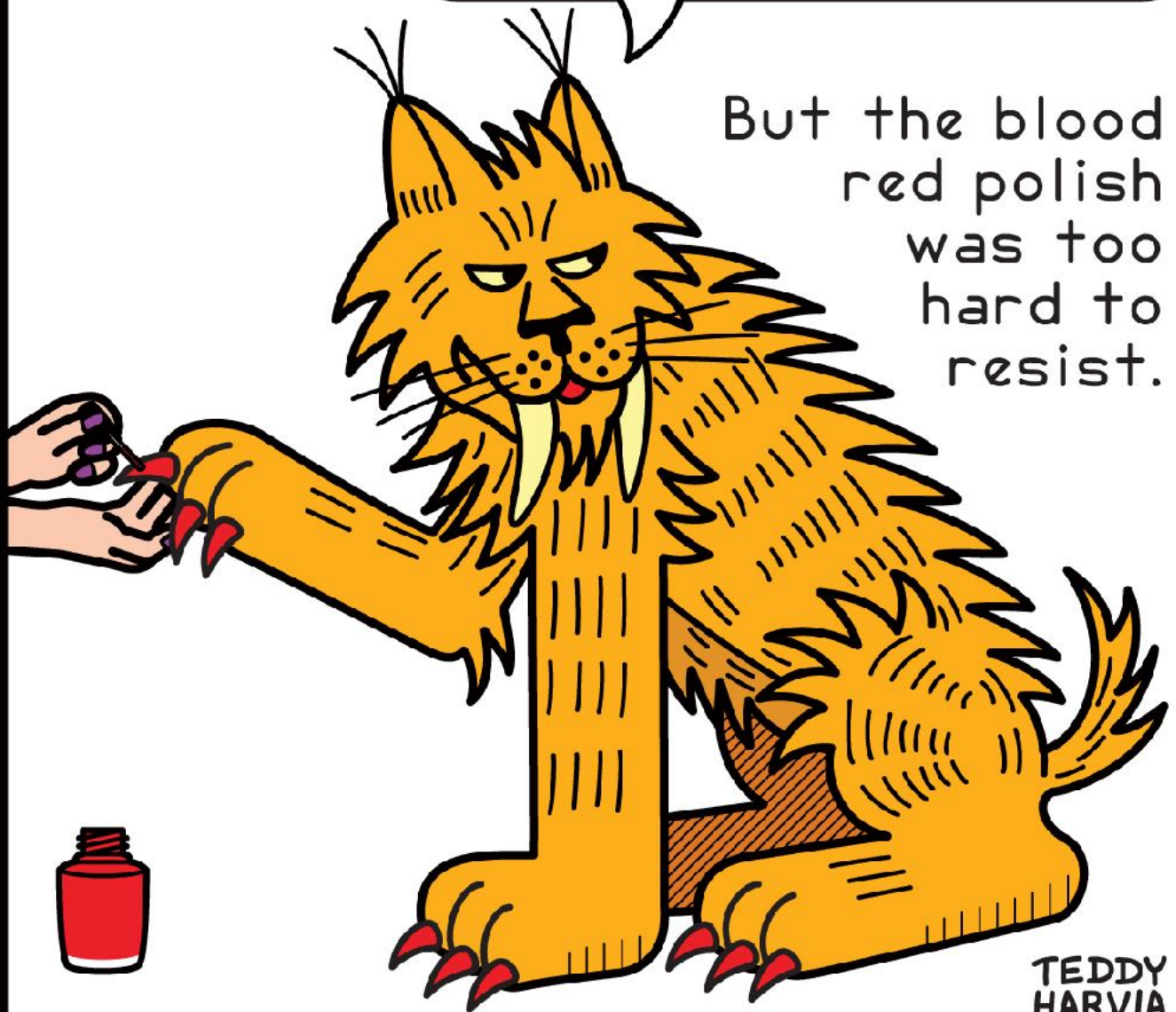
✕ **DID I MENTION CLAIRE BRIALEY?...**

✕ **NEXTISH:** July 26th or thereabouts...

Chat

This sabertooth dislikes having claws clipped.

But the blood red polish was too hard to resist.



MIRANDA

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"Oh, you got me in a sway
And I want to swing you, dove
Now you sailors know
Where your women come for love"