

PERRYSCOPE 22



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Cover photograph by Tineke Hazel.

INTRODUCTION

And the typos continue, as they have a wont to do. In **Perryscope 21**, on the bottom of page 2 no less, I noted “Bill Bowers” as the proprietor of the essential fanzine website efanazines. It should, of course, have read “Bill Burns”, as it does in the colophon above. I wrote to Bill to apologise for the error and he decided to “fix” the document that I sent him. There are others – there are always others. So, now we have variants of **P21** out and about in the world. Odd, but amusing.

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Well, maybe April wasn't the “cruellest month” as Eliot said but it wasn't the easiest either. I didn't get a lot of reading done, as you will see later. I put that down to a lack of motivation, and possibly other distractions such as extra screen and cinema time. There are only a certain number of hours in the day after all.

In April I had my son's birthday, my wife's birthday, a weekend away in the country, Easter, Anzac and a host of other things nibbling away, filling the days and weeks. I'm not complaining, just explaining. I didn't get to read an Australian book of any kind so have reprinted a review I wrote some years ago. That was one of the few occasions when I received some feedback on the review from the author. It was positive, and he thanked me for understanding what the book was trying to do rather than dismissing it for its subject matter and approach. I note that he has only written one novel since, in 2018, and I wonder if that might have been due to the undue criticism he received. I hope not.

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When I started this little fanzine a couple of years ago I had hoped that I could write a few things about my past life, where I lived and where I've come from, that sort of thing. I haven't done a lot of that, so far, though this issue sees the second piece I've done about my early life in my old hometown, this time about my primary school years. I had thought I'd be able to finish off this section here, but, as usual, the act of remembering opens up a lot of pathways in the old data banks and there is more there that I need to get down on paper before I forget it all one last time. Something to work on.

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WHERE I WENT TO PRIMARY SCHOOL — Part 1

[The following piece is a sort-of sequel to the article I wrote for **Perryscope 13**, which gave some details about the place where I grew up. You may find this easier to follow and understand some of the references if you have read that first. I hope to have a follow-up piece sometime in the next few months.]

I started Primary School in my hometown of Laura, South Australia, at the end of January 1961; I was 5½ years old. This was fairly standard for children of that time. In such a small country town there was no kindergarten or children's play group.

In the 1960s schooling in South Australia consisted of 7 years of Primary and 5 years of Secondary, and you had to stay until you were 15, and passed Year 10, then known as the Intermediate Certificate. The primary school in Laura catered for all primary year students, sitting them across 4 classrooms: Grade 1, Grades 2 and 3, Grades 4 and 5, and Grades 6 and 7. There was only one teacher for each classroom. Jack Hennessy, who was the principal of the school and Grade 6/7 teacher was there when I started, and there when I left. He seemed to have been there forever. His wife ran the school office and small library, and probably acted as a relief teacher in the event that any of the other teachers was away or sick. During the time I was there, the school probably averaged around 140 students in total across the seven grades. Not big, but a decent size for a small town.

The four classrooms were all situated within the one long, prefabricated weather-board building that was unheated and without any cooling system: when it was hot in summer you opened the windows, and when it was cold in winter there was a wood-fired heater in the corner of each room. If there was a fan mounted on the ceiling I don't remember it. At a guess I'd say that the school building was constructed after the Second World War – late forties or early fifties – prior to which all the students would have been accommodated in the original brick building on the property. By the time I got to the school that building had been converted for use as an office, library, and art room. Directly in front of the classrooms was a netball court, which doubled as an assembly area. A little further to the east, on East Terrace, was a small playground area (more about that later) consisting of a few swings, a slide, a gondola swing, and monkey bars. You can forget about any concept of a soft ground underneath this equipment; there was no artificial covering or pine bark mulch to save children who fell off the playground gear, just the hard baked ground. They built them tough in those days. Or maybe kids tended to bounce more then.

At the western end of the netball court was the dining shed – basically a large corrugated iron building with a roof, enclosed on three sides and with a long wooden bench running around the inner walls where kids could sit out of the weather and have their lunch. And further west again was a wide area for kids to run around on during recess and lunch times. It wasn't a lot in terms of facilities but it suited us fine. You tend to make your own fun at that age anyway.

There was a larger oval across East Terrace on which the older kids (10-12 years) played football (Australian Rules) and cricket. The younger kids weren't so much barred from going onto that ground during play periods, it was more a matter that it was the domain of

Perryscope 22

the bigger kids, and smaller ones were liable to get hurt there and it wasn't a very welcoming place. In any event they had an area of their own to run around on.

My brother was a year ahead of me so he was able to show me the ropes in the early days, and we tended to be in the same classroom in alternate years – as you'll see from above how the various grades were grouped into pairs. My sister followed along four years later, well behind the other two of us. Generally we walked to school, though I suspect either my father or my mother drove us on the odd occasion, or my mother walked with us. We only had one major road to cross on the way to school and we were strictly taught the correct protocols.

You can see the path we took in the map image below. The blue pointer pin in the bottom left is our house on South Terrace, and the one middle right is the school yard. It looks, from this image, as if we are walking through someone's backyard immediately north of our house. But back in the 1960s this was an open block, and it was easier for us to walk out the side gate and head north to O'Halloran Street than to walk all the way down South Terrace and around.



I was about 8 when I nearly died on the playground. I had been helping propel one of the gondola swings – one or two kids facing each other on a wooden contraption suspended from two sets of poles. Somehow I slipped in the pushing and fell face-forward under the swing. I remember thinking that if I could get my head low enough, flat on the ground, I might be all right. Luckily the ground underneath the swing had been worn away a bit into a hollow so I was able to get mostly underneath it. Mostly, but not completely. The next thing I remember is lying in the dinner shed on the bench looking upwards into a sea of faces. The next being carried by my father into a car, and the next waking up in hospital. There was

blood everywhere. My shorts and singlet were soaked in it and I suspect my mother just gave up and threw the whole lot out.

From all of those memories I can sort of piece together what happened. I ended up with a gash on the back of my head and five stitches and a big bandage. Another couple of centimetres higher and I may well have ended up with a broken neck or a fractured skull. I'm guessing I had some level of concussion as well, which would explain the overnight stay in hospital – my first and last ever. I was a lucky kid. The scar is still there of course, but I don't think it will make another appearance, even despite the age-induced hair-loss. It's just a bit too far down one side of my head.

Later I broke the little finger on my right hand at the top joint playing football, and now have this stumpy malformed digit. Not that it's much of a problem these days, and it does make drinking tea in the "preferred English manner" a lot easier. I asked my mother about this accident at one point back in the 1970s and she said she didn't remember it happening at all. Neither do I really. I have vague memories of various painful finger incidents but not this one in particular. I just put that one down to misadventure.

At ten I got a bicycle, as my brother had done before me. This made getting around town and getting to school a lot easier, though cutting the travel time from eight minutes or so to three or four hardly seemed that big a deal. But having a bike opened up a lot more of the town, and my world started to expand accordingly. This was to be the only bike I ever owned as I kept it all the way through high school and only got rid of it when I was going to university and it was way too small to be practicable and way too embarrassing to be seen riding. There was the odd scrape or two in those pre-helmet days, though nothing of any import until the day I came off it over the handlebars and landed with my right knee being cut open by the front mud-guard. Another trip to the hospital and another five stitches, though no overnight stay on this occasion. I have little memory of this event at all. Just going over the top, and staggering up the street to my father's pharmacy shop trying to stop the blood from gushing out.

Three injuries may seem a lot, or not depending on your viewpoint. I thought it about par for the course. As I noted in my earlier piece about growing up in Laura, life was simpler then. Any distractions you had were the ones you created for yourself and your friends. And your friends were the most important part of your spare time. And most of that spare time was spent playing a game or sport of some kind: Australian Rules football in winter, and cricket and tennis in summer. It was also one of the major expectations in country Australia at that time that all kids could swim. Which was rather funny as no-one had a swimming-pool at home and the nearest one was 10 kilometres away. But there seemed to be a great fear among adults that if a body of water was to be present that some kid would try to drown themselves in it. I guess they were worried about unsupervised kids playing in and around dams on farms, which were notoriously deep and cold. Perfect kid traps. But we survived, somehow, and came out the other end in halfway decent condition.

Did I learn anything at school? Mainly arithmetic. Each Monday morning we would have an assembly on the netball court, and then march into class, one grade at a time, chanting our times' tables. That furrows memories that run deep. The numbers are still with me.

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Laura Days by C. J. Dennis

Dreaming to-day in a forest green
Where the great gums rake the sky,
My thoughts turn back to another scene
And to old days, long gone by;
To a land of youth, and a youth's employ,
And — to filch another's phrase —
To the men who were boys, when I was a
boy,
In the long gone Laura days.

To a little town that nestles down
By the hills of Beetaloo,
Where a youth dreamed dreams of fair
renown,
And a man's ambition grew,
'Twas here his earliest songs were sung
And he won his earliest praise
From men who were young when he was
young
In the long gone Laura days.

Spicer, Stockdale, Ballantyne,
Marrie, Mitchell and Braund;
How many a right good pal of mine
Has gone from that sunlit land.
How many a man, how many a lad,
Whose head now slowly greys,
To a song grew glad as I grew glad
In those long gone Laura days.

Susman, Sibly and Dr Cook,
Blume and Barrington,
Oh! the lives of some are a long-closed book,
But many a tale runs on.
Hollis and Harvey, Chandler, Green
Are gone their various ways,
But I see them all in the olden scene
Of the long gone Laura days.

I see them still, I see the town
Under those scrub-clad hills,
The shops where the quiet street runs down,
Wilson, Rowland, Bills.
Taylor, Weste, Felstead too,
Cole of the kindly ways,

And many other friends I knew
In the long gone Laura days.

And the names of some come slow to mind,
But the faces greet me clear,
And I hold them all as men most kind,
As I hold the old town dear;
And so in memory to the end
That old time picture stays,
For I see each face as a faithful friend
Of the far off Laura days.

To the ladies all I lift a glass,
And toast with a right good will,
Every matron, every lass, who
Shine in memory still,
Fair would I hymn them all in rhyme
With soaring song of praise,
Friends of mine from a golden time
In the long gone Laura days.

When the evening sun slants through the
gums,
By my forest-rimmed abode,
Once more the old clear picture comes,
And my mind drifts down the road;
Back to the town by Beetaloo,
Where the Rocky River strays;
Back to the old kind friends I knew
In the dear dead Laura days.

C. J. Dennis sent this poem to the township
of Laura on the occasion of their Golden
Jubilee in 1932.

WHAT I'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT LATELY

Podcasting – TWO CHAIRS TALKING, co-hosted with David Grigg



Notes from this month's podcasts

Episode 73: (20 April 2022) *If I could only remember my name*

In this third anniversary episode we discuss the various books we've been reading lately. I look at 8 sf&f novellas published in 2021 – though none that are on the 2022 Hugo Awards ballot – and David is impressed with a couple of YA novels.

You can access the current, and all past podcast episodes at twochairs.website, or you can subscribe through any podcast subscription service.

Cover notes: the photograph on this month's cover was taken by my step-mother, Tineke Hazel, and features, for the first time, someone other than me as a subject. The gentleman on the left is my father and this photo was taken some time in the mid-1990s when we met up for a tour of the Rutherglen wineries in northern Victoria. I'm not exactly sure where this was taken – though I'd guess outside either All Saint's or St Leonard's wineries – and it's just a reminder of the good times we had on those trips. Interestingly my father here was probably in his mid-60s, about the same age as I am now.

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WHAT I'VE BEEN READING LATELY

Codes – F: format (e for electronic, blank for paper); R: rating, out of 5.0.

Abbr – Anth: Anthology; Nvla: novella.

April 2022 books

Title	Author	Genre	Date	F	R	Pub Date	Notes
<i>New Writings in SF-3</i>	ed John Carnell	Sf	Apr 12		2.7	1965	Anth
<i>And What Can We Offer You Tonight?</i>	Premee Mohamed	Fantasy	Apr 17	e	3.2	2021	Nvla
<i>Flowers for the Sea</i>	Zin E. Rocklyn	Fantasy	Apr 18	e	2.8	2021	Nvla
<i>Sun-Daughters, Sea-Daughters</i>	Aimee Ogden	Sf	Apr 19	e	3.1	2021	Nvla

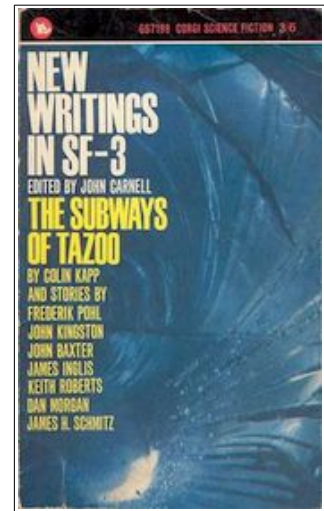
Books read in the month: 4

Yearly total to end of month: 27

Notes:

New Writings in SF-3 (1965) – Continuing my slow way through the many volumes of this original sf anthology series out of the UK. This is a fairly standard selection of sf stories from the mid-1960s. There isn't anything much that stands out here other than the stories by John Kingston (a pseudonym of Keith Roberts) and Dan Morgan. The rest are competent, with Colin Kapp offering one of his Unorthodox Engineers stories ("The Subways of Tazoo"), and a so-so story from Australian author John Baxter ("Testament").

R: 2.7/5.0



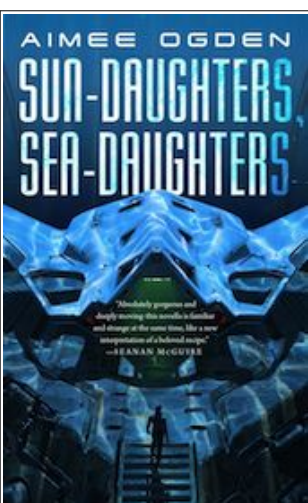
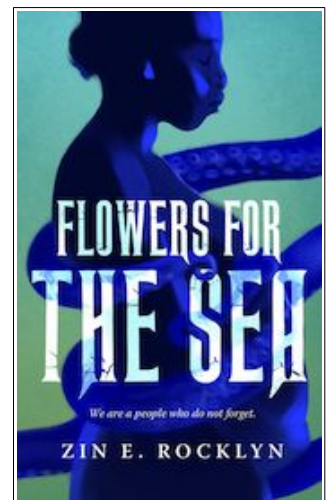
What Can We Offer You Tonight?

(2021) – A finalist for the 2022 Nebula Award for Best Novella. Jewell works at House Bicchieri, one of the classiest brothels in a far future city. When her friend Winfield wakes up after her own funeral, she hardly seems to be put out at all. Winfield decides to find the man who murdered her and gets Jewell's support in the endeavour. But the story here is more about Jewell's inner turmoil, and her attempts to keep the job she hates rather than the murder investigation. This novella promises more than it delivers, though it is evocative and beautifully written. Maybe if it had been a tad longer it might have been able to integrate the two main parts of the story into something more rounded. It just leaves this reader wanting something else.

R: 3.2/5.0

Flowers For the Sea (2021) – A finalist for the 2022 Nebula Award for Best Novella.

This debut novella from Rocklyn features a group of survivors from a flooded kingdom who now live on an ark at sea, surrounded by fearsome creatures which harass them day and night. The main character, Iraxi, is pregnant with a child that might be something more than human. But will it be a monster or the saviour of this group of survivors? Iraxi has been ostracised in the past from her community for refusing a marriage offer from a prince, and now she has to contend with scarce food and resources, the enmity and open hatred of her fellow travelers and the difficulties of her pregnancy and birth. This is a dark, disturbing fantasy which has an impact but which also seems only half-formed. You'd have to expect that it will be expanded into a novel at some time in the future. As a result it doesn't all come together for me. R: 2.8/5.0



Sun-Daughters, Sea-Daughters by Aimee Ogden (2021)

A finalist for the 2022 Nebula Award for Best Novella.

In this science fictional retelling of The Little Mermaid story, Atuale was a mermaid (or maybe selkie, it isn't really clear) who has turned her back on life in the sea on the planet of Maraven. Fifteen years later her husband, Saareval, and his clan have been stricken with a virus that is proving to be 100% fatal. In order to save her husband Atuale turns to the World Witch, a former lover, for help in finding a cure. After a journey across the galaxy the two finally arrive at a place that may be able to help them, if they can get past the quarantine regulations. This is a very predictable story which has the basic plot and world-building elements for a reasonable piece of fiction, but the while thing seems too rushed with little tension or drama. It's not often that I wish a story were longer, though in this case that need is very obvious. R: 3.1/5.0

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Other short fiction

The Giants of the Violet Sea by Eugenia Triantafyllou (2021)
A finalist for the 2022 Nebula Award for Best Novella.

At some time in the past the distant planet of Lethe was colonised by people from Earth's Mediterranean region, bringing with them vines, and fig and olive trees. They also brought dolphins which have adapted and evolved in the ocean of the new planet. Now they are venedolphins, with a sac of poisonous ink that they use to stun their fish prey. But the ink in these sacs is also a powerful drug, prized on many planets. So the venedolphins are being hunted by poachers who extract the sacs and, in the process, kill the creatures. Themis returns to her sea community after the death of her brother Melas to help her mother prepare for his funeral. But she discovers that he was not killed in an accident as reported but murdered, probably because he was trying to uncover the poachers and their activities. So Themis sets out to solve the murder, helped by Melas's best friend and the alien Clem. The resolution of the murder is rather obvious, but the strength of this story lies in the world-building and the journey Themis makes as she re-integrates into her old community. R: 3.8/5.0



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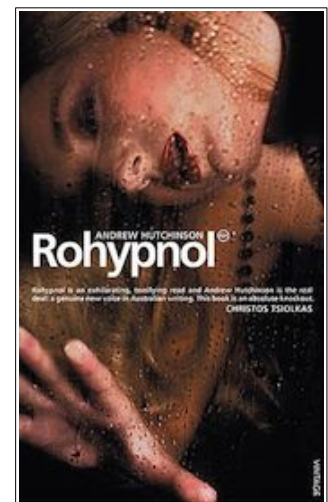
REVIEWS OF AUSTRALIAN BOOKS

Rohypnol (2006) by Andrew Hutchinson

Genre: Literary

[Winner of the 2006 Victorian Premier's Literary Award for an Unpublished Manuscript]

Let me say at the outset that this novel is not a light or easy read: the situations portrayed are unpleasant and unsettling, and the characters that inhabit the book are completely unlikable. When you get to the end it's hard to say that you've actually enjoyed it. But readers who leave this novel repelled by the material will only have



seen the surface layer of what this book has to offer. It would be a common enough response to the work, and it is one that I would have some sympathy with. Yet, in doing so, the reader would be missing an important ingredient of *Rohypnol*, one that lifts it above the general ruck.

Troy, Uncle, Thorley, and the novel's narrator, are a group of disaffected teenagers who have fallen in together for a variety of reasons, and have formed, for want of a better term, a "date-rape" gang. Their favourite mode of operation is for one of their number to spike the drink of a pre-determined target, in a dark pub or nightclub, with Rohypnol, and then to spirit the victim away from the scene and back to an apartment where the sexual assault takes place. The story of the four is told from the point of view of the unnamed narrator, who starts the novel in therapy, fantasising about the therapist and attempting to forestall any form of analysis by her. We are aware early on that something bad has happened; we're not sure what, though it's not hard to figure out. The point of the book is not so much what took place, but how the protagonists got to the state that it could happen.

What we are shown here is the story of teenagers severely out of touch with the society in which they live, and divorced from their own humanity. They appear like predators, circling their prey and waiting for the right time to pounce. Are they really animals, or just disaffected youth who have taken the wrong path? They certainly display a number of sociopathic tendencies: lack of empathy, and control of their own actions being not the least of them. As I said earlier, the characters in the novel are completely unsympathetic, but Hutchinson has hit on a method of making the reader keep turning the pages; searching, I suppose, for some form of redemption or cathartic outcome. In many ways the novel reads like pulp noir fiction: short simple sentences, clipped dialog, with short chapters that jump focus and time. There is little or no reflection on the action of the book by the narrator. The only sense of the narrator's purpose comes from several manifesto-like utterances spread throughout the book:

The New Punk is about intelligence...The New Punk is about raiding the twentieth century to make something new...The New Punk is about taking control. Seeing what you want and taking it, no matter the cost...The New Punk is not about remorse...The New Punk is not about moving towards your future. It is about your life right now, impatiently standing still.

I don't think these work. They add little to the reader's understanding of the novel's philosophy and break the flow of the story. Better is Thorley's explanation of "the rules", the first of which reads: "Never use your real name." Incorporated directly into the story they have more power. It's hard not to be reminded of Chuck Palahniuk's *Fight Club*, at this point, which also laid down a set of rules for its participants: "The first rule of Fight Club is never talk about Fight Club."

Various commentators on this book have been critical of it for what they see as an attempt to shock, concentrating on the actions of the characters and the author's alleged "overuse" of swearing in the dialog. Yes, there are a lot of obscenities used in the book, but I've heard worse at the football and in the pub, so I didn't find the swearing here to be overdone nor repulsive. A certain sense of authenticity is required in a work of this sort and I'd rather this approach than one that was obviously toned down to little effect, or that attempted to replicate a form of slangy jargon. I do, in fact, feel that Hutchinson showed a degree of restraint at times and might well have shovelled the swearing on even harder. Does that

forgive his use of swearing? No, because there is, in my mind, nothing to forgive. It fits the story and that's all that counts. It does, however, show that he was aware of the effect he was attempting to achieve and didn't just allow the thing to run out of control.

The most shocking thing about this book is the fact that people like these actually exist. If the main purpose of any novel is to propel us into a world outside our own experience then this one succeeds. It will certainly not be to everyone's taste, but I suspect you won't forget it in a hurry.

R: 4.2/5.0

[This review originally appeared on my Matilda weblog on 24 August 2007.]

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WHAT I'VE BEEN WATCHING LATELY

Television

Line of Duty (Season 3 – 6 episodes) (2016)

Platform: Netflix

Genre: Crime Drama

With the third season of this British police procedural following the workings of an anti-corruption unit we come to the end of a number of plot threads that have been rippling through the first two seasons. And I have to say that the writers here have done a very, very good job of it. We, the viewers, know who the corrupt coppers are and it becomes fascinating to watch the honest ones get out-manoeuvred, manipulated, accused and locked up as they try to wrestle their way out of a web of lies and deceit. It soon becomes apparent that the whole thing has been designed to protect high-ranking politicians and police who have been involved in an organised pedophile ring. There's even a nod to Jimmy Saville in one scene. I've long heard that this program was one to watch but hadn't been convinced by the first two seasons, this one has changed all of that. Excellent stuff. R: 4.4/5.0



Black Sands (Season 1 – 8 episodes) (2021)

Platform: SBS On Demand

Genre: Crime Drama

Of late I've been coming across a number of crime plots which feature a person (usually a police detective but occasionally someone else with detective skills, eg Aaron Falk in Jane Harper's ***The Dry***) returning to their old home town and becoming involved in a murder case there. This leads to a number of long-buried secrets being unearthed, often involving the returnee's immediate family and friends. This Icelandic police procedural fits that plot-line and, while I would normally be getting a bit tired of these sorts of stories, this one held my interest. Detective Anita Elínardóttir (played by Aldís Amah Hamilton, who also co-wrote the series) has

left Reykjavik in some disgrace and returned home to take up a job at the local police station after being away for 15 years. She is immediately drawn into the death of a tourist on the local Black Sand beach, which looks like an accidental death from a fall off a cliff. But a companion of the woman turns up, also badly injured, who says that a blonde policewoman pushed them both over. And so begins the police procedural as more and more recent tourist deaths become connected and some historical police decisions, which once appeared just sloppy, now take on a more sinister meaning. This worked well until the final episode which was a bit over the top, though satisfying enough. I am pleased to say I picked the killer before my wife, which doesn't happen often at all. In retrospect you will see strong connections between this and an American thriller movie from 1960, but if I tell you which one it will give the game away. R: 4.0/5.0

WandaVision (Season 1 – 9 episodes) (2021)

Platform: Disney +

Genre: Superhero (part of the Marvel Cinematic Universe)

This miniseries forms part of Phase 4 of the MCU and has been produced to introduce a few minor characters and to expand the backstory of Wanda Maximoff (Elizabeth Olsen) prior to her appearance in the upcoming Doctor Strange film. The action is set immediately after the end of the *Avengers : Endgame* (2019) film, following the death of Wanda's husband Vision (Paul Bettany) at the hands of Thanos. Here, Wanda has used her magical powers to create a "perfect" world for herself and Vision where they can live in a paradise of little town America. But, of course, it is all illusionary and is bound to unravel before long. The conceit of the series is that each of the episodes is told in the style of a different classic American television sitcom, starting in the 1950s in black-and-white. It's possible to watch this series purely for the surface action, though there are many, many Easter Eggs scattered throughout for the aficionados. R: 4.2/5.0



Dublin Murders (Season 1 – 8 episodes) (2019)

Platform: SBS On Demand

Genre: Crime Drama

In 1985, twenty years prior to the start of this series, three teenagers enter a wood on the outskirts of Dublin, but only one of them comes out; the others are never seen again. The survivor, Adam, remembers nothing of what happened and is eventually forced, by public pressure, to leave Ireland and settle in England. Now, in 2006, he is back, calling himself Rob, and is working in the Murder Squad of the Dublin Police Force; only his policewoman partner knows who he is. When he is assigned to investigate the murder of a young girl in the same woods she tries to get themselves reassigned but he is insistent on working the case. As he does so, and gets bogged down in details and connections to his own history, he slowly starts to lose control. Meanwhile, his partner leaves the team to go undercover when her doppelganger is found stabbed to death outside the city. This series is based on the first two books of the Dublin Murder Squad series by Tana French. I haven't read any of them but my wife, who has, tells me that the story here is reasonably faithful to the original novels, with a few minor timeline

adjustments to incorporate the two plots into one. This is one of the better police procedurals around, with an excellent script that will keep you guessing right up to the end. R: 4.6/5.0

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Film

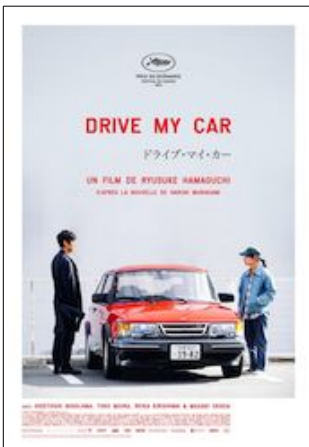
The Ice Road (2021)

Platform: Netflix

Genre: Action Thriller

An explosion at a mine in Manitoba traps 26 miners underground. The only way to save them is to install a new well-head to vent the methane gas building up. The equipment must be trucked in due to the weight, across the Canadian Ice Roads – drama! Trouble is, the Ice Road season finished ten days earlier, and now it is too dangerous to cross the melting ice – tension! Goldenrod (Laurence Fishburne) picks Mike McCann (Liam Neeson) and his PTSD brother (naturally), and a young woman whose brother is trapped in the mine (double naturally) to be his drivers – give me strength! They take three well-heads, so you know only one will get through.

Who will it be? Do we really care? Clichéd from start to finish this film looks like it was rushed together to piggy-back on the popularity of the ***Ice Road Truckers*** reality television series. Boring and completely predictable, it ranks as one of the worst films I've seen in quite some time. R: 1.7/5.0



Drive My Car (2021)

Platform: Cinema

Genre: Drama

Nominated for Best Picture and Winner of Best International Feature Film at the 2022 Academy Awards. Also nominated for Best Director and Best Adapted Screenplay.

This feature, co-written and directed by Ryusuke Hamaguchi and based on the Haruki Murakami short story of the same name, is a three-hour piece of cinema artistry. Split into three parts, the film follows the story of Yūsuke Kafuku (Hidetoshi Nishijima) who is an actor/director married to screenwriter Oto (Reika Kirishima). One day Oto tells her husband that they have to talk about something later that evening, but when Yūsuke returns home that night, late,

he finds her dead on the floor, subsequently diagnosed as a brain haemorrhage. Two years later, in part 2, Yūsuke has taken on a theatre residency in Hiroshima tasked with directing a multi-language, multi-cultural adaptation of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*. It seems it was originally intended that he would take the lead role but he informs his employers that he can no longer perform the role and, during auditions, picks a young actor, Koji Tatatsuki (Masaki Okada) who he suspects may have been one of Oto's lovers. As a part of the residency Yūsuke is also required not to drive his own car, a red Saab 900, and a young female driver, Misaki (Tōko Miura) is provided. As this second part progresses the two become close friends. But Tatatsuki is a head-strong, violent young man who gets into a

fight with a man who tries to take his photo one night. That young man later dies and Yûsuke is left with no choice but to return to the role of Uncle Vanya. In part 3, Yûsuke and Misaki drive across the country to visit the site of her mother's death from a landslide. And it is there that both come to realise the level of guilt they had been carrying for the two deaths, and they come to a better understanding of themselves. The film comes across as a well-tuned novel, slowly opening up from a constricted and slow beginning into something very satisfying indeed. So, from the ridiculous (*The Ice Road*) to the sublime (*Drive My Car*), this is one of the best films I expect to see this year. R: 4.7/5.0

Official Secrets (2019)

Platform: Netflix

Genre: Drama

This film is based on the true story of whistle-blower Katharine Gun, who, in the lead-up to the Second Gulf War in 2003, leaked a secret memo outlining an illegal spying operation that was to be conducted by both British and American intelligence services. The aim of the operation was to gather blackmail material on the ambassadors of the non-permanent members of the UN Security Council in order to persuade them to back the proposed invasion of Iraq. Gun, at the time, was working for GCHQ and was outraged by what she read. So much so that she was willing to break the Official Secrets Act to make it public. The film follows her leaking of the memo, her confession, the British government's attempts to deport her Iraqi husband, and her subsequent trial a year later. It is all very competent, and the main actors (Keira Knightley, Matt Smith and Ralph Fiennes) all do reasonable work but it is rather an average film. Some moral points are made though not really explored in any depth. An easy film to watch, and also an easy one to forget fairly quickly. R: 3.2/5.0



Memoria (2021)

Platform: Cinema

Genre: Drama

Winner of the Jury Prize at the 2021 Cannes Film Festival.

[Warning: I'd usually indicate that I was going to divulge some spoiler or other here, but there don't seem to be any in the film. Anyway, I do mention something below which you may find significant. I didn't.]

There is a form of slow, introspective modern cinema, beloved of festival goers, of which I am completely ignorant. If this is a prime example, then I hope to remain in my ignorance for some time to come. A more pretentious, incomplete, incomprehensible film would be hard to imagine. Jessica, played by Tilda Swinton, is a Scottish woman living in Colombia who one morning is woken by a loud booming bang of a sound. She sets out to investigate, which at least sets up some sort of mystery and driving force in the film. The sound comes infrequently and only once in multiples, and she at last discovers that only she can hear it, and that it does not appear to be a medical condition. But people she encounters seem to have never existed, for which there is no explanation; we have no idea of why she is in Colombia, or why the discover of 6000 year-old skeletons is important. She finally meets a man who may have an explanation, but our hopes are dashed. Oh, yes,

and there is an alien spaceship. Maybe that makes the noise? The narrative device, if you can call it that, appears to be to set up a mystery and then to leave out anything which might possibly give you a clue as to what is happening, and thereby to seem doubly mysterious. Swinton is interesting, the rest, no. Instantly forgettable. R: 1.8/5.0

The Duke (2020)

Platform: Cinema

Genre: Drama

Originally made in 2020 but only now being released in cinemas in Australia due to various pandemic restrictions. This film is based on the real-life story of Kempton Bunton and the theft of a portrait of the Duke of Wellington from the National Gallery in London in the 1960s; its first and only such theft. Bunton admits to police that he stole the painting, after he hands it back, although he says he really only “borrowed” it to make a point about the treatment of Old Age Pensioners and Returned Servicemen. The film follows Bunton from a year or so before the theft and his brushes with the law over not having a television licence, through the crime, and his subsequent trial. Jim Broadbent plays Bunton, and Helen Mirren his wife, in what is a charming and funny film that harks back to the British comedies of an earlier era. Broadbent is a stand-out in the main role, but all the actors do their part to make this a very enjoyable experience. The film was directed by Roger Michell (*Notting Hill*), in what was to be his final film before his death. R: 4.3/5.0



The Little Things (2021)

Platform: Netflix

Genre: Crime Drama

With a trio of high-powered actors (Washington, Malek and Leto) in the lead roles and a director (John Lee Hancock) with some decent films to his credit you might be thinking you're in for a real treat with this one. Unfortunately it doesn't quite get there for me; it gets close but falls away in the last ten minutes or so. Denzel Washington is an ex-LA detective who has been demoted to uniform duties in a small Californian town. He has to return to LA to pick up some evidence when he is drawn into the investigation of a string of murders of young women by the new *wunderkind* of the department played by Rami Malek. Washington picks up some

interesting aspects to the most recent case—appreciated but mostly ignored—and the investigation rolls along until the two hit on one suspect (Jared Leto) whose connection to the case is rather tenuous. But pursue him they do and the whole thing ends up in the desert, with holes being dug with a shovel, in something that is either an homage to David Fincher's *Seven* or a critique of it; it's hard to tell. I don't need to have everything laid out for me in films of this kind but I do need something I can latch onto to give me a sense that something has been achieved. A few more subtly placed clues and hints might have helped. R: 3.2/5.0

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PERRYSCOPE Responses

Perryscope 17:

Rose Mitchell: “It seems your reading plans are set up just like projects. You have critical time lines, goals and milestones, Gantt charts and even a review and assessment process. You may have retired and left the day to day employment drudge behind, but you are still a Project Manager at heart. I wish I was so focused.”

[**PM:** I think it’s just a matter of old habits taking some time to die off. I’ve got goals, and I’ve got plans—doesn’t mean I actually stick to them though. This last month will attest to that.]

“How you described the woes of air travel is how I feel about air travel now — I don’t really want to spend 15 hours or more in a metal tube, crammed into an uncomfortable seat and having strangers so close by. Back in the day, before the Pandemic and when I was so much younger, air travel was exciting and adventurous. Anthony Bourdain’s quote about economy class air travel particularly resonated with me, I just can’t face another long haul in cattle class, must be minimum Premium Economy and Business on the longest leg plus a really good reason to travel there in the first place. Now I want to spend minimum hours getting to my destination in the maximum of comfort. Where is sub-orbital travel; this is 2021 the year George Jetson was born!”

[**PM:** I look on the long-haul flights out of Australia as just a part of the journey that needs to be endured. If I could afford the upgrades I’d take them, but I’d actually prefer to spend the money on the holiday itself rather than the flight over. That being said, I am aiming to use Frequent Flyer points for an upgrade on our long flights to Europe in 2024. But more on that at a later time.]

“I was fascinated with the discussion between yourself and Leigh Edmonds about space tourism: what it would look like, who would go, where would people go, how much would it cost. When I was young, I dreamed of experiencing space hence my interest in science fiction. In my lifetime I thought that there would at least be trips to the Moon, albeit not quite like Space 1999, but to a colony or junkets above Earth’s atmosphere to view ‘Space, the Final Frontier’. Now, I dream of lying on a beach with no people crowding around me and a beach boy bringing me exotic cocktails just like Rhonda!”

[**PM:** A reference that few outside Australia will get, I’m sure.]

Perryscope 18:

Rose Mitchell: “How interesting your detective work/research for the request about James Francis Dwyer. What a character he was; he appeared to be popular in his day but history tells us he was a writer of the time, not to be followed nor reread after his retirement and/or death nor reprinted in other anthologies. I wonder what happened to the State Library’s copy of the John Ramsland book you were seeking to confirm a brash claim about Dwyer? I was struck how Mike Ashley found a reference to an obscure Australian author he was researching in a totally unrelated work led you on your unexpected quest and the lengths researchers go to confirm or prove claims are true.”

[**PM:** It was interesting and fun. It’s always good to come across something new.]

Perryscope 22

“OMG, the cover photo of you! Your children are ‘mini-mes’ of you. And those sandals — I, and every kid on our estate had the exact same sandals. Plastic, from Coles Variety Stores before Coles was bought by Wesfarmers, when Coles Variety Stores were the Kmart of the 50s and 60s. Coles Variety Stores as opposed to Coles New World, the self-serve grocery stores.”

[**PM:** It wouldn't have been Coles in country South Australia. Probably one of a group of general stores called Eudunda Farmers.]

Perryscope 19:

Rose Mitchell: “I was struck by your statement that you read about 50-50 hard copy books and ebooks. Had a bit of a think, and stared at my book shelves, now down to 2. The move last year saw me cull a lot hard copies. I rarely buy a hard copy book any more preferring ebooks: easy to purchase, compact and easily stored, don't collect dust, not too heavy to hold to read nor lug about. I don't think I've bought a hard copy book for years now. Having said that I did buy *Piranesi* and *City We Became* in hard copy, but I had a Dymocks gift card given to me as a birthday present back in July that needed spending.

“You've praised **Flowers for Algernon** in a few issues now so much so, I am inclined to hunt it out and re-read. I did read it back in the day but have not gone back to it since then. I rarely go back to old stuff because there is so much new work to explore. Having said that, I often dip into *Use of Weapons* (Ian M Banks) whom you gave a Hon Mention to in your Year's Best List, albeit that was for *Player of Games*, also an early Culture novel (and it is a Culture book no matter what the purists say).

“I like to read in categories, mixing genres up so don't get bogged down in the one genre and have categorised more or less same as you: SF&F, Crime & Spy Thrillers and ‘General’ which is a catch all for everything that is not SF&F and Crime. A lot of it ain't Literary by any stretch, however, all entertainment. That is my criteria for a good book: was I engaged and entertained? I rarely read Non Fiction but Alan Stewart gave me Alan Dean Foster's memoir *The Director Should Have Shot You* for Christmas and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Highly recommend, but not Literary, not by a long shot. But it does have some wonderful yarns and Foster is a master story teller, full of anecdotes—he'd be fun at the pub or a convention.

“Keep up with *The Detectorists*, it is a lovely little series. And Robyn is right: they are just like fans, some have similar traits to fans I know. Detecting is a fandom and has strict rules, protocols, quirky characters, intrigues, feuds and politics — just like Fandom. When I was new to fandom, an old hand told me that science fiction fandom and its fan feuds had nothing on his father's orchid society fannish carry-ons. It's all the same just different microcosms.”

[**PM:** That's certainly been my experience over the years.]

Perryscope 21:

Marc Ortlieb: “Great outfit and background. All we need to add is a World Scout Badge and I'd happily find you a position as a Scout Leader with Blackburn South...”

[**PM:** The last thing I need at the moment is yet another project to be working on. Thanks, but I'll pass.]

“Thanks for the piece regarding the celebration of your father’s life. It certainly contrasted with my father’s funeral, which was only attended by immediate family — i.e. my brothers and their partners, Mum, and Cath and me. Dad didn’t want any other attendees — something that caused a serious rift between Mum and her neighbours, who had known Dad since we arrived in Elizabeth Downs in 1963. Sadly that rift was never closed. I didn’t get to the scattering of Dad’s ashes, which occurred at Rapid Bay, one of his favourite fishing spots after we’d returned to Melbourne.”

[**PM:** There seems to be a trend these days of having a very small funeral with not many people attending. Not sure why. My father didn’t want anyone at his, mainly, I think, because he didn’t want to put us to any bother. Though it all worked out okay. It took a bit of effort due to the external problems which were outside our control and the fact that I was trying to help organise things from interstate, but we got there in the end. The family and his friends appreciated it. Robyn has great plans for my funeral/wake she says. Though I think she expects the wine cellar will contain more bottles at that time than I intend to leave behind. My final revenge!!]

“I know I’ve read *The Einstein Intersection* and *Lord of Light*, but I can’t remember anything about either novel. Fortunately I didn’t get to talk to Roger Zelazny and so my ignorance wasn’t paraded at UniCon IV.”

[**PM:** I remember passing Zelazny in one of the hotel corridors, and that’s about it for that convention. Easter 1978 is such a long time ago Marc. Aldiss visited Adelaide afterwards, mostly to see John Bangsund I’d reckon. I was there a dinner arranged in his honour at the University of Adelaide?]

“My issue with photographs is that I’ve become the guardian of all of Mum’s photos and I can only identify a few of the people in them. Mum’s dementia and poor health mean that she wouldn’t be able to identify any of them even if she were able to focus on them.”

[**PM:** Yet another reminder that we need to talk to our parents about their histories before it becomes too late. After Dad’s funeral my stepmother and I found, among his papers, a number of photos and slides featuring people I couldn’t recognise. All gone now.]

“Another of your delightful typos suggests that Mark Olson might be a brewer: ‘Mark makes a number of interesting pints which I’ll have to keep in mind...’”

[**PM:** I’m starting to think I should just call these “Easter Eggs” and offer a koala stamp for whoever finds the most each month.]

“You’re right. Those in the know in Australia are aware of ‘Tuckerization’. The Australian sense of the word ‘tucker’ was why the fund to bring Bob Tucker to Australia for Aussiecon was The Tucker Bag.”

Mark Olson: “A quick reply on Leigh and your reply to my comments about *A Memory Called Empire*; To be sure super-human heroes are common in SF, but I expect better today. We used to be treated to a *Ringworld* or a *Rama*, or Psychohistory, or The People – something new and exciting every year, but blockbuster new ideas are getting thin on the ground and modern SF seems to spend more time *using* the old ideas and writing better

stories around them. So I find the book's clunky plot to be annoying.

“(I enjoyed the book and I'm glad I read it, but I don't think that it's going to be remembered as a standout novel like so many 20th century Hugo winners are.)”

[**PM:** Maybe all of the good ideas have been taken? No, I really don't think so. But, if they have, it would be an interesting exercise to try to figure out when we hit peak sf. When was the last really big, new idea introduced? One that didn't rely on re-telling a story from an earlier era. I might have to give that some thought.]

Leigh Edmonds: “Thanks for **Perryscope 21**. I still love the title and I really liked the photo this time. If I was allowed to give this one a title it would be ‘The Native Middlemiss in its Natural Environment’.”

[**PM:** I note that elsewhere, in another fanzine, you thought that I reminded you of some of the Western District farmers you knew of old. It's the hat, I reckon. Or the white beard, or maybe the combination of the two.]

“As usual I will remain silent on the central contents of this issue since you have no suggestions of what I might look at on Netflix at the moment. Right now we are watching a rather 'interesting' thing called – OMG I've forgotten what it's called, we refer to it as the ‘Tattooed Lady’ so that might give a hint – and the series ‘White Queen. We particularly like the latter because it is populated by British actors demonstrating superlative acting skills, as opposed to the performances in the Tattooed Lady. The writing is much better too.

[**PM:** I shall strive to do better on the Netflix front. Though you should also be able to access ABC iView and the SBS On Demand library of programs.]

“Two things interested me in this issue. First was the way in which you wrote so eloquently about your father's funeral, for want of a better thing to call it. You are right, what do you call it? Personally I think of funerals as the full stop to a person's life. Before that they've died but funerals are a way of marking the end of a life in a more formal and social way.

“Most of the funerals I've been to were of my parent's generation, mainly my father's brothers, sisters and in-laws and my mother's sisters. Aunty Betty, on my mother's side, lived the final years of her life in a retirement facility on the Mornington Peninsula in Rosebud but was buried with her parents on the Bellarine Peninsula in Port Arlington (you will have to provide the map) so there were not many people there and after the burial a handful of us went to the Geelong Golf Club for a relatively good lunch.

“On the other hand, my father's relatives were all country folk and were buried in their local communities so there were very good turn-outs. First of the aunts was Jean, then Dot and finally the last of them to go was Aunty Eileen who was big in the local community so the church was full and they set up a marquee outside for the rest. In my mind the most memorable features of those funerals were the gatherings after. All three had been great country cooks and active in the CWA so the tables groaned under the weight of the cakes and other treats spread out before us and I'd reckon that there was enough calorific energy on the table at Aunty Dot's funeral to launch a Saturn V rocket. Recovering took some time.

“Your comments on the arrangements in the cemetery reminded me of some of the stories that my sister tells. One of the jobs she has in her local community is as the Secretary of the

local Cemetery Trust and she has some interesting, and often humorous, stories to tell about the goings on there.

“Joseph and you raise some interesting comments about keeping and scanning photos. We only got a camera in 1993 when we were going overseas and my parents insisted that we buy one so we could take pictures to show them when we got home. Since then I’ve taken a lot of photos but didn’t get a digital camera until some time in the early 2000s so there is a decade or so of photos stored up in boxes. It seems that, unlike you and Joseph, I’ve also kept the negatives (I also have the negatives from our 1974 DUFF trip that remain unprinted – reminder to self, must do something about that before 2024) and so I am able to scan from them rather than the prints and the results are pretty good. The interesting thing is that almost invariably the prints are missing the edges of what’s on the negatives and on a few occasions that makes quite a difference to the image.”

[**PM:** There is much more to this discussion I think..]

Tineke Hazel: “I would like to enlarge on the story of the interment of your Dad's ashes at the Enfield cemetery. To say what a splendid job you did in organizing the ceremony. The many phone calls and emails you had to make during the nearly two years of Covid and its constrictions and border closures with consequent cancellations.

“At last the day arrived when everyone involved was able to come to Enfield. The weather was a perfect autumn day as though to compensate for the sadness of the occasion. Your speech there was heartfelt and our combined families and friends came away with a feeling of acceptance and peace.

“The many hours too, you spent collecting and uploading the photos of your Dad's life so as to have a pictorial record and show them on the screen in the Studio during the Wake, was of great interest to everyone there. Everyone too, liked the way you spoke about what your Dad had accomplished as not many knew what a brilliant and highly intelligent student he was, obtaining his Pharmacy diploma at the age of 20. This meant he was in charge of dangerous drugs but not able to enter a pub and have a drink in those days as he would have had to have been 21 years of age.

“I want to thank you for all the organizing you did and especially for the fact you responded spontaneously to my call for help when your Dad needed you most. You arrived when borders were still open and we were thus able to nurse him at home for those last important days before he died peacefully after seeing you, Robyn and the children that very evening.”

[**PM:** I look back on all of it as an honour.]

Joseph Nicholas: “I was most taken with your piece about the funeral of your father, in part because as I read it I started to well up with the memories of Judith's funeral. As Greg Benford put it in an issue of Fred Lerner's **Lofgeornost**, "the pain never goes away" but perhaps ambushes one less often as the years go by. (He was responding to Fred's piece about the death of his wife Sheryl, remarking on the death of his own wife some 19 – it would now be 20 – years previously.) A neighbour here who lost her own partner to cancer around the time Judith was diagnosed with it in the autumn of 2020 said that it took her a year before she started to see light at the end of the tunnel (and she couldn't go to his

funeral because his side of the family wanted a full-on Roman Catholic ceremony while she is firmly atheist). For the record, Judith's funeral (as you will have gathered if you watched the livestream) was a Humanist-led celebration of her life.

“Judith said before she died that she wished to be cremated, and indeed she was: her ashes sit in a wicker urn in her room, which faces east and looks over the back garden. The room has been somewhat re-organised since the disposal of her crafting materials (wool, tapestry kits, textiles, painting materials) and the urn currently does service as a bookend for her collection of gardening books, although they will eventually be replaced (returned to the shelves on the landing from where they came) with the long-planned but never executed flat for her two Barbie dolls. Constructing this will be one of the many tasks that will occupy me henceforward, as well as finishing the construction and fitting out of her large dolls-house – tasks that keep being postponed because there's so much gardening to be done. I'm starting to realise that keeping the garden and the allotment going really is a two-person job, and if we hadn't spent too much money on the allotment over the past few years (new, bigger shed; recycled and rather expensive plastic plank bed edging, because raised beds mean deeper soil and thus stronger roots) I might have been inclined to surrender it. Instead, I've put several of the beds down permanently to fruit bushes, to reduce the amount of digging and planting out that I'll need to do, but even then I'll need to reduce the quantities of vegetables grown – I currently have an overhang of kale and purple sprouting broccoli, now going off to seed because I can't possibly eat it all and because when we sowed the seeds last spring thought that there would be two of us. The vegetable drawer in the freezer is half-full of frozen kale in any case, so I'll be eating kale several times a week just to make room for the broad beans which are now coming into flower and the climbing beans that I planted a few days ago.

“I think that, when I die, I shall ask for my ashes to be mixed with Judith's and then scattered in two places: on East Hill in Purbeck, overlooking the ruins of Corfe Castle, and in the sea off the arched rock formation of Durdle Door, along the coast to the west. These were (are) two of our favourite places in Britain; places where we had holidayed on several occasions.”

[**PM:** Make sure you make your arrangements early and get someone you trust to carry them out.]

Heath Row: “I'm glad to see that ANZAPA is still active! I included the apa in my *Blue Moon Special* directory of apae back in 2009 (mayhaps it's time for another update; I gafiated from apahacking for about 12 years), and it's inspiring that ANZAPA is still thriving. It has quite an impressive history dating back to 1968. [**PM:** We held a 50th anniversary get-together in Melbourne back in 2018. And it was partly that gathering that persuaded me to rejoin.] I consider myself lucky to have received **Perryscope #21**, my first introduction to your perzine. I'll have to check out **The Alien Review**, your genzine, as well. 80 pages is an impressive page count; how often do you publish issues of **TAR**? [**PM:** Hopefully quarterly, so I really should have numbered the most recent issue 3-4, as there were almost 6 months between that issue and number 2.] That page count might even qualify as a BFF, per recent discussion in the letter column of Nic Farey's **This Here... #51**. It's been a long time since I've published anything close to a BFF.”

[**PM:** It just got a little out of hand the longer it was in development.]

“While I’m sorry to hear about the 2020 death of your father, the recent ceremony and family gathering sounds worthwhile and meaningful. The remains of my grandparents and other relatives of their and previous generations are scattered throughout various cemeteries in the Midwest, but my parents, my wife, and I plan to be cremated. (My wife’s father donated his body to a local university to be used for scientific research.) My wife and I have an estate plan in place, but I haven’t given any thought to what to do with my *ashes* at all whatsoever—and I should check in with my parents to learn their wishes, too. They’re pretty well organized as they approach 80, so I’d be surprised if it wasn’t already documented. Oh, the plans we make!”

[**PM:** I think it’s always good to have your plans in place and finalised so relatives know your thoughts and desires. Though in this case we went ahead with a few things that my father would probably not have wanted, but I think would have appreciated.]

“I’ll also have to explore C. J. Dennis’s *The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke*. I belatedly condole with you and your family, though we haven’t met.”

[**PM:** Thank you. Do check out the Dennis book, though you should be warned that the text is in early 1900’s Australian vernacular. It may take a bit of explaining. And you also need to be aware that some of the language and words used are no longer considered acceptable.]

“I thoroughly enjoyed your book reviews, a serious highlight of the issue. Becky Chambers’s *A Psalm for the Wild-Built* has popped up in a number of places, so I was familiar with the cover, at least. Otherwise, Peter F. Hamilton and Gareth L. Powell’s *Light Chaser*, Roger Zelazny’s *Lord of Light*, E. Catherine Tobler’s *The Necessity of Stars*, and Samuel R. Delany’s *The Einstein Intersection* seem most promising based on my current tastes—even with your relatively negative reviews of the Zelazny and Delany titles.”

[**PM:** It was more a case of being disappointed in the Zelazny and the Delany.]

“Your exchange with John Hertz about Isaac Asimov’s writing style in the letter column gave me light food for thought. I’m currently reading *Foundation*—for the first time!—and will pay more attention to his writing to determine on which side of the debate I fall. I’m also somewhat into Lee Gold’s *Valhalla: Absent Without Leave*, so it was fun to see her book mentioned. (That reminds me; I need to swing by her house to pick up an apa!) Thank you for contributing your perzine to ANZAPA and eFanzines. I look forward to future issues—as well as *The Alien Review*.”

I also heard from: Rob Gerrand; Nic Farey; Jerry Kaufman (“I read some of Michael Connolly’s Harry Bosch novels before the series was made, and think Titus Welliver is terrific as the title character”, to which I can only agree); and **Catherine Middlemiss** (who finally saw her name in print and waved back); thank you one and all.

This fanzine acknowledges the members of the Kulin Nation as the Traditional Owners of the land on which it is produced in Hawthorn, Victoria, and pays respect to their Elders, past, present and emerging.