

# THE (DIRTY DOZENTH) FORTNIGHTLY FIX



“Life is too short to see films about giant ants.”  
-- Barry Norman

## News From Planet Me

It's been a curious couple of weeks since the previous edition of *The FFix*. I've watched the local political landscape metamorphose, with the emergence of our own cross-party coalition (however, in this case it's LibDem / Labour, with the former leading the council for the first time since the authority was created in 1974). I was stung by a wasp whilst in bed (the crafty bugger had secreted itself into a pillowcase) and discovered there's either a nastier species in town or I've become more sensitive since my last unfriendly encounter about five years back (when I pretty much shrugged off three stings on the same arm from a single wasp); this time, it took around eleven days for the inflammation to settle down. Oh, and I attended my first job interview in as many years as a cat has lives.

The last of those is obviously foremost in my mind at the moment. It's for an editorial role at a magazine publisher based in the city centre (a six mile commute to a car park a half-mile from the office), and I managed to slip myself into an all-agency longlist thanks to my friend Joel, who's on the same team and tipped me off. Whether I make it onto the eventual shortlist remains to be seen (I'm beginning to feel like one of those contestants on a Saturday evening talent show, though at least I'm being spared the sinister smirk of Andrew Lloyd Webber). As they say in the funny papers, watch this space.

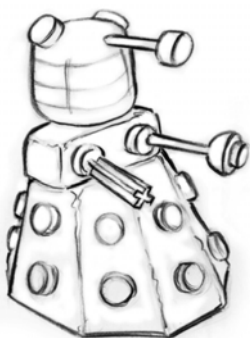
## Ad Ennui

One side-effect of being a regular cinemagoer (sixty-four movies this year as of last night, plus a repeat viewing of the excellent *Iron Man 2*) is repeated exposure to the same ads and trailers. In the former category, there's one for Vodafone which is really beginning to get on my wick, and I noticed this weekend that it's now made its way onto terrestrial television.

A newly-appointed football manager is being honoured by the club's directors when his mobile rings: seems his daughter has been dumped by her partner and is too distraught even to drive home in the rain. He swiftly exits (to general bewilderment), grabs a cab to her location and offers a shoulder to cry upon. Meanwhile, she's clearly oblivious to both the personal and professional sacrifice he's just made to join her.

Now, I'm sure Vodafone's intention was to demonstrate how its service ensures families can remain in touch in times of crisis. All I see is a self-centred attention-seeker whose failure to diarise her father's crowning moment may offer a clue as to why she's just been ditched.

Guess I'm missing the signal on this one.



## TAFF Stuff

Although the preface to my TransAtlantic Fan Fund travelogue appeared in Steven Silver's fanzine *Argentus*, I'm feeling a trifle guilty that the follow-up chapters have yet to see print. However, I am planning to get the initial two - covering my stay in Montreal and my time at the Worldcon -- finished shortly (I already have the first of those in note form).

Meanwhile, Chuck Connor and I have been discussing the best way to release the eventual compilation: my aim is to follow the individual chapters -- which I hope to see published in assorted fanzines -- with a CD compilation, which will of course leave plenty of room for additional fannish material. If you have any suggestions (artwork, archive photographs, convention reports, etc), please drop me a line at the address below.



### Down the Loccol

- Joel Lane : “Thanks for this. Much fun - one of the best so far. I was a little puzzled by the quoted comment about ‘the political spectrum’ being ‘from liberal to conservative and every-thing in between’. What’s in between? Is there a political indigo between blue and violet? What about the rest of the spectrum?”

As I recall, that comment was made by Lloyd Penney, who lives in Toronto. Canadian party politics, I suspect, is a very different beast to our own. Or maybe not, in this undiscovered country of Parliamentary coalitions and consensus manifestos.

- I also heard from: Charlene Shea; Dave Clements; Andy Neilson (“Have you and Guillermo del Toro ever been seen together? I think we should be told!”); Rich Lynch (who sent along the first issue of his own fanzine *My Back Pages*); Phill Probert (with kind support on my election defeat); Lew Stringer; Nik Whitehead (“Interesting... Very interesting... I might take you up on that ‘fanzine for September’ thing.”); Geoff Hill; Christina Lake (“So it’s NaZiProMo a go go!”); Luke McGuff; Dave Hardy; Curt Phillips (with that old faithful, “Please remove me from your mailing list.”); Amanda Baker; Graham James (“Nice to see D West in cartoon form reminiscent of all those he did for *Matrix!*”); Mike Ward; Chris Holmes (“I was sorry to hear about your defeat in the election but at least you have the consolation of knowing that your opponent didn’t bury you!”); Jeff Boman; Ray Nelson. Thanks, (almost) everyone.

This has been the ‘bank holiday special’ twelfth issue of *The Fortnightly Fix*, dated 31 May 2010. Published by Steve Green, who thanks Sue Mason once again for her logo illustration, and Bill Burns for granting me space over at his eFanzines website. Other artwork by Pete Lyon (pg.1), Arthur “ATom” Thomson (pg.2). A Gutter Press publication. Licensed for dancing.