

# This Here...

“...like ferrets on crack cocaine...” (K Huett)

## EGOTORIAL

### THAT PURCELL MOMENT

I'm writing this at the new desk, I could say, except there are very few accurate words in that statement. First of all, the desk isn't "new", in fact it's Jen's old one which had to get disassembled in favor of making room for her mum's old upright piano (actually acquired by her great grandmother) which we got gifted because her ex didn't want it clogging up their house any more to the extent that he agreed to cough up the dibs for getting it moved, and the kids chipped in for a bit of repair and tuning which wasn't at all ruinous as it turned out - old pianos apparently survive quite well in a dry climate. I'm also not "at" the desk, but adjacent to it, since this is still a two computer mancave thanks to the equally free box I now use for everything *except* the fanzine production, which because templates & that gets done on this ancient grid of an iMac which I suspect is now technically obsolete. (Deadpan: I know, it's only rock 'n' roll, but I like it.) This one go plunk...

I've noted sarcastically in the past that **John Purcell** seemed to have an "annish" of some kind every ten minutes or so, whether determined by date, issue number or some other means derived from some typically shoddy arithmetic. I also opined that this seemed to be much more of an American "thing" than a British one, although we'd probably wave a small flag at the half-century issue number and have a



cupcake washed down with a bit of expensive gin. 2021's Lifetime Achievement Awardee **David Langford** I think derived more amusement from the recent *Ansible* 404 than he did from the milestone 400, although typically unchurlishly for the Deaf Twit there was a bit of coo er gosh involved. I idly wonder whether **John Hertz** celebrated the 1,000<sup>th</sup> issue of *Vanamode* (long ago, now) with a bumper four-page effort including *two* pieces of artwork as he perhaps should have.

While I still think "annish" celebrations are utter bollocks (especially *The Drink Tank* #400 which was like you'd ordered a crate of bollocks, but some ill-trained dispatcher at the bollock warehouse had mislaid the decimal point entirely and your delivery of the resulting unfeasible amount of bollocks ended up blocking the Suez canal) the obvious reason for bringing up this shoddy topic is that this here virtual beermat might conceivably be in the frame for one, depending on which abacus you're using.

Abacus 1 notes that the first *This Here...* of series 3 (#16) dropped in May 2019, so next month would be the two-year "annish".

Abacus 2: Last month was 20 years since #8, the last ish of series 1. Oops, missed it.

Abacus 3: *This* month is ten years since #15, the last ish of series 2 (waves small flag, avoids gin entirely).

When you start down these rabbit holes you can easily start to realize how **John Purcell** manages to have "annishes" with such frequency.

Looking a bit ahead, though, with *This Here...* in its 40s (issue numbers I find quite croggling given my previous form for running out of steam on any given title) that half-century issue number would, if the present schedule is maintained, come around in January 2022, the month of my 64<sup>th</sup> birthday, and, close enough for jazz, near enough to 40 years in fandom, give or take, which I count as starting with my first visit to the London First Thursday pissups, then at the One Tun near Farringdon tube station (pictured on page 1), thanks to a work colleague, Stuart McGregor, (a dedicated Whovian) who clued me in to them. Walkable from the offices at St. John Street, which was well handy.

Time constraints have come back into play more than usual for the fanac - at the beginning of the month Lucky Cab announced that we'll all be back on regular schedule, which is to say 12 hour shifts five days a week, which for me, as a reminder, means off to kip at 5pm, alarm set for 1am to get to work around 2:30, and if I'm lucky home by 3pm with just enough time to watch an hour of one of our favored TV shows while scoffing the nosebag, and then doing it all again. The last twelve months has been in part a luxury of extra time to commit fanac, although then as now it still gets had at on my days off except for the occasional very brief reply to an email here and there. The good side of this, offsetting the cream crackered nature of this life, is that this is all because business has had an uptick the last few weeks, and we'll see if it lasts...

So, Nic, any glorious plans for #50, then?

Fuck no, business as usual...

It's all good.

April 2021

## RADIO WINSTON

# THE SUSPICIOUS CHEESE • LORDS

While there's often been some - er - *old* music in these here columns, there hasn't been so much *very* old music, apart from a bit of coincident snark in the loccol with me and **Leigh Edmonds** taking each other to task for our differing tastes. Fact is, though, I've always had an interest in the classical oeuvre, but also with medieval and Renaissance music, the latter most likely inspired by listening to Gryphon in my yooof.

I first became aware of the Suspicious Cheese Lords many years ago when living in Maryland, and in what was for me internetting infancy discovering that you could search for shared interests among people on Yahoo Messenger, the

stone chisel equivalent of today's DM apps, I'm sure, but that was how I connected with one of the group, and at this remove I can't even recall who, but I *think* it was Lord Gary.

I've often enjoyed *interesting* examples of sacred vocal compositions (which is to say, bog off 'Hallelujah Chorus'), one of my favorites being Bruckner's 'Mass in E minor', the 'Kyrie' in particular off that. Lords founder "Skip" West had what he describes in his bio as "the typical American dream of wanting to sing Thomas Tallis' 'Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah'" and got a bunch of mates from the Cathedral Choral Society (in DC) with the promise of home-cooked nosebag to make this a reality, and they still get together weekly (or did, I presume, until the Plague) at Skip's house for bonhomie.

The group's risible yet memorable name is derived from a Tallis motet, 'Suscipe quæso Domine' from which the cod translation emerged: "Suscipe" suggesting "suspicious", "quæso" being *almost* Spanish for "cheese" and "Domine" which is of course "Lord". It's suspicious of itself that they've never actually performed that particular piece. Alert readers may also notice a similarity with the loccol title for *BEAM*, 'Suscipe Verbum' (part of a Latin mass), which I took both from the Lords' use, the proximity of "Suscipe" to "Suspects", and the literal translation "May we receive these words" - highly appropriate for a loccol, ey?

To digress a little into Tallis himself, he's interesting in part because he's a bit of an enigma. No contemporary portraits exist, pretty much nothing is known of his early life, yet he ended up as a court composer for *four* monarchs, from Henry VIII through Elizabeth I. He was apparently able to adapt his stylings to each's satisfaction, something suggested perhaps by the reverent simplicity of his output, and also rather astonishingly, despite the fact that he remained firmly Roman Catholic. I deduce that he must have had a very self-effacing nature to have managed this. I couldn't find anything by the Lords to represent Skip's Tallis enthusiasm, but here's Part I of 'Lamentations of Jeremiah' anyway (by some other people):

<https://bit.ly/3fXB5fd>

But of course you'll want to hear what I'm making a fuss about, so here's an actual live performance from the lads, doing 'Tibi Christe' (a hymn to St. Michael), setting by Elzéar Genet:

<https://bit.ly/3mBJuGf>

Now I don't happen to believe that anyone needs to be especially religious or even spiritual to appreciate sacred music, although admittedly it might help. It's admirable of itself that the SCL do a fuckin' *load* of research into unknown Renaissance music as part of their remit, and thus perform and record slices which haven't *ever* been recorded previously, and I personally find much of this stuff highly inspiring.

I'll conclude this brief gin-up with 'Missa Almo Redemptoris Mater: Agnus Dei' (Jean Mouton), and hope you've enjoyed this perhaps atypical Radio Winston foray, and if you did, go check out the Suspicious Cheese Lords' website...

<https://bit.ly/2QaOB4b>

[www.suspiciouscheeselords.com](http://www.suspiciouscheeselords.com)

## CORFLUX

### FUTURES

The March 28 FAAn Award presentations so ably MC'd by **Jerry Kaufman** also included both a Q&A on Corflu Concorde, still (re-)scheduled for this November, and the "bid session" as I suppose it might still whimsically be called for Corflu 2022.

A contested bid for a Corflu is a *rara avis* indeed, the only one I remember was when Pete Weston did a spoof presentation in Seattle on the basis that a "bid session" implies that there should be a choice, although his determination that the membership would largely consist of "friends of **James Bacon**" and that the entire programme would be sung (by me!) ensured the expected few votes from the wickedly or whimsically inclined.

The old knock about rooms filled with a specific kind of smoke is often trotted out, but the point is that the currently ensmallled fanzine Faniverse has a clear interest in ensuring Corflu continuity, and the process of gearing up the next year or three's iterations is semi-public these days.

The intention is to return to the Spring timing for Corflu, and **Ulrika O'Brien** (self-described "instigator" rather than chair) offered a proposal to hold Corflu 2022 ('Pangloss') in Vancouver, B.C. which was accepted by acclamation with attendant muttering from **Andy Hooper** about the nature of the presentation (rather than the event concept itself, since he's involved in a few capacities, but he has to moan about *something*). The initial information is [here](#).

In terms of futures, **Tommy Ferguson** has a DoMI memo for you, suggesting Belfast in 2023 as part of a general celebration of Irish fandom, though not in the actual anniversary year originally mooted.

Anyway, the lad's sent out a missive to **Rob Jackson**'s Corflu mailing list, but I wanted to reprint it here to increase the amount of potential feedback, since I do consider you lot to be a good chunk of the fanzine Faniverse.

Tommy writes:

*I really want to host a Corflu in Belfast in 2023, and have been reaching out to various people as potential committee members and also to local hotels - I have a preferred hotel and two back-ups. Given what has happened with con hotels this year, and knowing how the local market is (as I'm helping to organise [TitanCon](#) here in Belfast), I'd like to get moving on bookings.*

*However, I don't want to take my desire and willingness to be seen as fait accompli - hence I have two questions:*

- *Is anyone else thinking of running Corflu in 2023, which people would prefer? I'm happy to take a steer from the hive mind!*
- *If not - I'm proposing dates either side of Easter to tie in with the UK National EasterCon; so the two dates would be 31st March - 2nd April or 14th - 16th April 2023. Which would people prefer?*

*If I can get indicative answers to these I can crack on and present a bid report at Concorde and I will be in Vancouver for Pangloss (courtesy of a rare bonus from work this year!) to present the actual bid.*

*All answers, thoughts and comments welcome.*

We can have bits of the discussion in here, of course, but anyone who prefers to engage Tommy directly on the topic can bother him at [tommy.ferguson@gmail.com](mailto:tommy.ferguson@gmail.com)

He's got my nod, not least for the old-school enthusiasm (also evident in the plans for 'Pangloss') and goshwow Tommy always brings, not to mention some well sound previous...

## FAANWANK

Playing into **Andy Hooper**'s contentions, I'm afraid, but he's correct at least in part in that this column is starting to seem a bit fuckin' obligatory, innit? At least in months when voting is on, or right after the conclusion of it.

It would be extremely churlish of me not to offer congratulations to the various and deserving recipients of the 2021 awards, and for meself to thank the voters for recognizing *This Here...* in their ballots. I might as well indulge in a moment of swank, but I assure you it's already passed. Nice job on the actual trophy an'all.

I'm not about to go into any in-depth analysis on the numbers, other than perhaps to note a satisfying enough increase in voters, thanks in no small part to tedious nagging on my part but also commendable signal boost from news sources *File770* and *Ansible*, several clubzines and other sterling



individuals. I hope this persists into next year with the result that more people might think “All right, I’ll give it a go”. The seeming re-emergence of fanzine review columns in various clubzines in particular (but also **Perry Middlemiss**’ new title *The Alien Review* - see ‘Fanzines Recieved’) is also a welcome development. While 49 ballots might not be considered massively impressive as a raw number, it’s very much a jury of peers, and as far as I’m concerned the more the merrier, not subscribing to the 2019 *reductio* which essentially argued “the fewer, the better”.

It’s totally DoBFO that the primary reason I wouldn’t do a ton of psephology is that I administered the fuckin’ things myself, but also as an award winner it could be a bit unseemly - I thought of asking **Claire Brialey** to do the honors, as she’s likely to delve into the numbers anyway, but then had the “Oh, wait...” moment about Fishlifting inevitability. Because, as the song goes, ‘The Girl Can’t Help It’, though, I expect she’ll weigh in anyway - it’s a week away from getting this out as I write, and as she’s notorious (round here anyway) for getting a loc in ten minutes before publication, I’m not presently ruling out a significant contribution to this column...

And so it came to pass...

**Fanny McFanFace Claire Brialey** writes:

So this comes to you at nearly the last minute not only for the usual reasons – although those too – but inevitably because I’ve also been poring over the *TIR* detail on the FAAn award results. (Since I’m mentioned there to a rather surprising extent, I should perhaps emphasise that I’m enough of a nerd to do this almost every time there’s some voting data to analyse.)

I appreciate that you’ll have done a bit of your own FAAnwankery, but if this fanzine hasn’t got room for some more then I don’t know where does. And as we’ve discussed it’s a bit awkward – as navel-gazing often is – for either of us to do this, but I did mention psephological obsession...

I wasn’t surprised that both the winning Special Publication and Perzine (*Outworlds 71 / Afterworlds* and, well, *This Here...* respectively) romped home some way ahead of the field; and there were comfortable wins, well-deserved in my opinion, as were the wins for **Sara Felix** in Cover (*BEAM 15*) and fanac.org in Website. I have other thoughts on that last category, but that result also highlights the interesting effects of your ‘bonus point’ option for a first place vote; without that, obviously, Fanac would still have won, but I thought it was interesting that it was the first choice for a high proportion of people who voted for it at all.

And of course that approach did have a bearing at the top of several categories. Without the bonus points, for instance, I see that most of the top five in Genzine would have been in a different order. But **William Breiding**’s *Portable Storage* got an impressive number of bonus points and I’m sure **Bruce**

**Gillespie** – whose *SF Commentary* got the highest number of individual votes – wouldn’t begrudge not having to make some space in his very well-stocked awards cabinet. They’re both excellent fanzines, after all; but the ‘bonus point’ system again enabled a significant proportion of voters to indicate that they thought *Portable Storage* stood above the rest of the field this time.

Maybe it felt edgier in the Fan Artist after-party, given that **Ulrika O’Brien** and **Dick Jossen** were so close on points both before and after the application of bonuses – albeit then the other way round. In the Letterhack category the bonuses made for a bit of a shuffle among the top order compared to first place votes, but Mark came out on top either way; interestingly (to me at least, natch), Fan Writer had almost the same order for the top five with or without bonus points.

I think having a first place bonus point and no other ranking probably made the task of voting seem a bit more straightforward for people. I hope that general approach is maintained; I didn’t feel it was onerous – and mostly actively liked – picking my favourite from five things I’d enjoyed. That said, I wasn’t sure why you forced a choice between voting for up to four contenders equally or up to five with one elevated to a top choice; it seems better to have five slots anyway, plus the option to tick a box to pick a top one.

It was slightly harder this time around to make sense of the number of fans who garnered votes (I’m going with “more than 150”) compared to the number who actually submitted ballots (49). Three categories were won by fans who chose not to vote themselves; I’m not criticising that decision or speculating on their reasons – some of which will have been clearly stated already – not least because there are many more who received votes but didn’t cast any, even when you discount those who are dead and can definitely be excused.

One of the other reasons I can’t tell, though, is due to the Website category which – while not going quite so far as the ‘Best Related Work’ Hugo, which includes in the definition ‘and which is not eligible in any other category’ and may now be heading ever more rapidly towards ‘misc.’ – seems to be creaking under the strain of trying to include anything that can fit under the definition ‘fanzine-related website’. And in a number of cases I don’t know who’s responsible for them, or am not sure what the official credit should be; you chose not to list the perpetrators and I chose not to run and find out.

This year, voters’ interpretation of the Website category included a range of fanhistorical resources (some of which include many fanzines to read and/or download), archive sites, convention sites of various types, podcasts, vlogs, and broader science fiction sites and channels. I think we’ve gone beyond the question of comparing apples and oranges, and even past comparing apples and androids; we’re now well on the way to curating a collection of apples, fruit-flavoured alcohol, biographies of fruit farmers, and holograms of

elephants in the orchard. The difficulty here is that lots of those websites do feel as though they fit a fanzines-and-allied-trades ethos; this is fan activity from people who also are/were fanzine fans, and in quite a few cases they contribute significantly to the hobby, enabling greater enjoyment of fanzines. But they're still not actually fanzines themselves, and so the category is sprawling all over the place.

Thanks, as ever, not only for administering the awards but for providing such useful data afterwards. It seems so useful I haven't even been moved to try to check your maths...

Nic Farey resumes his own FAAnwankery:

I honestly took several beer-colored minutes to decide whether to intersperse my comments in usual loccol fashion, or to do as I'm actually doing, appending my reactions here, since I judged that **Claire's** welcome analysis shouldn't be broken up by potentially annoying interruptions.

I'm going to confess at the off that I consider her always thoughtful and on-point psephology to be massively useful, the apex of the Finger/Bollocks curve (not winning a Nobel Prize in mathematics any time soon, however), and also no doubt generating unease anent the anatomical problems implied...

There's two significant points I'm taking on board in going forward to next year, and apologies in advance to **Ulrika O'Brien** for not clandestinely raising these with herself, who is after all The Boss In Waiting.

Bonus points: **Claire** makes a very solid argument that, however this little wrangle affected the results significantly in two categories it's a good indicator of how voters view the excellence of titles and individuals. A designation of "clearly the best of the lot" in any given list of five selections (which most, but not all voters put in play) does suggest buy-in to the concept. I'd earlier had a bit of hem-haw (in a note to **Ulrika**) about whether **Claire's** idea of having five slots but only ticking off one for getting the bonus *if the voter wants to* was a bit of bolted-on minor complexity, but I'm now persuaded that it makes good sense - it's no less wiggly than saying that if you don't have a "top choice" that you're limited to four slots on the ballot, is it?

Website: Yes, well... I'll continue to advocate for the dropping of this category altogether. Even though the ballot asked for "fanzine-related websites", **Claire** correctly describes the votes as "sprawling all over the place". I'll also note that despite Magister **Burns'** annual reminder that he'd much rather voters considered something other than efanzines for the nod, 11 voters either didn't get the memo, or did and effectively ignored it. The "not eligible in any other category" descriptor and the lengthy but spot-on metaphor used shows that really it's a lot of bollocks and very little finger, innit? I will note, however, that more than 50% of

voters (28) submitted votes this time (or *a* vote, at least) in the category, which hasn't previously always been the case. I'm also a bit torn in that it seems reflexively churlish to cancel the category until fanac.org has won at least as many as efanzines did, as cynical as that might sound, but again what's the actual point of having a category that's just apparently substituted one (admittedly highly worthy) inevitable winner for another?...

# FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

Fuck Me!

Monday April 19<sup>th</sup> 2021 will go down in history as the day I finally lost my total shit with football fans, Spurs fans in particular, and probably humanity as whole...

The previous evening, as Manchester United played Burnley at Old Trafford in the Premier League, news started to emerge of a breakaway "European Super League" featuring the English "Big Six": Manchester United, Manchester City, Liverpool, Arsenal, Tottenham, and Chelsea; the three Italian sides of AC Milan, Internazionale Milan, and Juventus; and the Spanish big three of Real Madrid, Barcelona, and Athletic Madrid. Needless to say, the shit hit the fan and the bullshit followed rapidly after ([European Super League: Premier League's 'big six' agree to join new league - BBC Sport](#)).



Gary Neville started the deluge of effluent with [his half-time rant](#) on the Sky broadcast of the United-Burnley game. He then carried on the theme in his [post-match podcast](#) with the geriatric commentator Martyn Tyler, before the lesser floppy-haired buffoon that is Simon Jordan [got in on the act](#) on TalkSport, the footballing equivalent of a Brexiteer shouting at windmill from a Weatherspoon's beer garden whilst not coordinated enough to actually lob a tankard, on Monday morning. By the time the greater floppy-haired buffoon, Boris Johnson, [got involved in the act](#) it was becoming obvious this Super League could well be a fait accompli. I would include screen shots of the majority of European newspapers comments on the project, but they all say the same thing, be it in Spanish, Italian, French, German, or whatever: "Betrayal". Not wanting to be left out at the expense of Neville, Liverpool "legend" Jamie Carragher also decided to display his "man of the people" credentials on Monday Night Football on Sky ([as reported by The Independent](#)).

I have to admit I've been more than slightly unfair to Simon Jordan there. Much of what he says is true, fair, and accurate, but he made such a hash of running Crystal Palace in his time there that I've always questioned his intelligence. Palace has a huge potential catchment area in South-east London, an area that includes Croydon (Nods to The Fishlifters), and lacks, but deserves, a football club of equal stature to the North and West London clubs. Jordan was at least arguing from an informed position, all Neville and Carragher were spouting was hot air and guff.

By the following evening the entire enterprise had reportedly collapsed as the English clubs withdrew under the torrent of bile started by Neville and picked up on by their more militant fans. I have to say, I didn't expect them to cave in quite as quickly as they did, but that's because I spend time reading columns on twitter like [Swiss Ramble](#), the British accountant based in Switzerland who does forensic examinations of the accounts of football clubs and institutions. It came as no surprise to Mr Swiss or me that, even prior to COVID-19, football was heading into a financial shit-storm of a Bruce Willis drilling a hole on an asteroid due to smash into the Earth magnitude. All COVID did was add the Ben Affleck singing "Leaving On A Jet Plane" shit flavoured icing to the already shit flavoured cake. Neville and Carragher are the same kind of worst case populists as Boris Johnson and Donald Trump. They spout absolute nonsense and get away with it because the audience they are appealing to are so thick and lacking in critical thinking skills that nothing they say is ever questioned. It appeals to the emotional immaturity of their followers, whilst those of us who might have a different view, or who might want to just think about things for a short time, will generally keep our heads down or just say

nothing because we've learnt that there's no point arguing back.



The general theme of Neville's argument was that football was "created by the poor (and) stolen by the rich"; an argument taken up by the unwashed masses as sales of white sheets and spray paints skyrocketed in shops suddenly allowed to open as lockdown eased. Looking at the photos of the protestors that broke into Manchester United's training ground prior to their game with Leeds United this weekend, black hoodies, trainers, and trousers also had a similar sales upturn; with the weather improving, it's to be expected that Lynx body spray was probably itemised on the same checkout receipts. Rishi Sunak will have been pleased to see all those V.A.T.-able items flying off the shelves.



It's relatively easy to destroy Neville's basic argument. For example: Manchester United was formed in 1878 as Newton Heath LYR Football Club by the Carriage and Wagon department of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway (LYR) depot at Newton Heath and didn't become independent of the railway company until 1892. In January 1902, with debts of £2,670 (equivalent to £290,000 in 2021) the club was served with a winding-up order. Captain Harry Stafford found four local businessmen, including John Henry Davies (who became club president), each willing to invest £500 in return for a direct interest in running the club and who subsequently changed the name. Liverpool F.C. was founded following a dispute between the Everton committee and John Houlding, club president and owner of the land at Anfield. After eight years at the stadium, Everton relocated to Goodison Park in 1892 and Houlding founded Liverpool F.C. to play at Anfield. Originally named "Everton F.C. and Athletic Grounds Ltd" (Everton Athletic for short), the club became Liverpool F.C. in March 1892 and gained official recognition three months later, after The Football Association refused to recognise the club as Everton. In 1904, Gus Mears acquired the Stamford Bridge athletics stadium with the aim of turning it into a football ground. An offer to lease it to nearby Fulham was turned down, so Mears opted to found his own club to use the stadium. As there was already a team named Fulham in the borough, the name of the adjacent borough of Chelsea was chosen for the new club.

Not many "poor" people in there amongst the railway and land owners of late-Victorian and early Edwardian England.

Of course, it's not impossible to find clubs with what would be considered more "wholesome" origin stories: Originally named Hotspur Football Club, Tottenham Hotspur was formed on 5 September 1882 by a group of schoolboys led by Bobby Buckle. They were members of the Hotspur Cricket Club and the football club was formed to play sports during the winter months. A year later the boys sought help with the club from John Ripsher, the Bible class teacher at All Hallows Church, who became the first president of the club and its treasurer. Ripsher helped and supported the boys through the club's formative years, and reorganised and found premises for the club. In April 1884 the club was renamed "Tottenham Hotspur Football Club" to avoid confusion with another London club named Hotspur, whose post had been mistakenly delivered to North London. Everton was founded as St Domingo FC in 1878 so that members of the congregation of St Domingo Methodist New Connexion Chapel in Breckfield Road North, Everton, could play sport all year round with cricket being played in summer. The club's first game was a 1-0 victory over Everton Church Club. The club was renamed Everton in November 1879 after the local area, as people outside the congregation wished to participate.

But industrialists, land owners, and general businessmen or their offspring are the majority of club founders: The earliest generally accepted incarnation of West Ham United was founded in 1895 as Thames Ironworks F.C., the works team of the largest and last surviving shipbuilder on the Thames, Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, by foreman and local league referee Dave Taylor and owner Arnold Hills and was announced in the Thames Ironworks Gazette of June 1895. Wanderers F.C., one of the founders of the Football Association, was founded by Old Harrovian school leavers; similarly Leicester City was founded as Leicester Fosse by a group of old boys of Wyggeston School. I've written previously about the convoluted formations of the Football League and Football association and the businessmen who funded them, and many of the clubs that joined the Football League in the early days had been acquired by businessmen like Sir Henry Norris, the owner of Arsenal between 1910 and 1926 who was involved in the scandal that saw Arsenal promoted to the old First Division in 1919, be it via bribery or blackmail of then league chairman and owner of Liverpool, John McKenna. Probably more likely is that he lobbied McKenna, who, fearful of Norris exposing the corruption in the league at the time (Manchester United and Liverpool were accused of fixing the last game of the 1914-15 season prior to the suspension of the league due to World War One), yielded to Norris's request to promote Arsenal to Division One. Another accusation put forward is that the League was itself bankrupt after four years of little to no income and Norris "bailed it out". Norris also owned Fulham at the time of the Stamford Bridge offer and there are stories of some kind of chicanery that infuriated Mears so much, he set up Chelsea to deliberately rival Fulham, at which point Norris sold Fulham and started the process that saw Arsenal move from South to North London. Money and the people that had it, and the rivalries between them, were always a driving force in the origins of professional football in England and beyond and "bailing out" is a phrase that crops up quite often.

Demonstrations by fans opposed to the European Super League happened outside the grounds of Leeds United, who hosted Liverpool on Monday (April 19<sup>th</sup>); Chelsea, who played Brighton and Hove Albion, on Tuesday (April 20<sup>th</sup>); and Spurs, who played Southampton, on Wednesday (April 21<sup>st</sup>). I can only really speak for Spurs fans because I am one and pay more attention to their bouts of stupidity than others. It was the usual stuff: "poor" fans equal good; "rich" owners equal evil, and all the club owners and executives have issued unconvincing apologies for their "lack of judgement" since the collapse of the project. Fans of all the clubs involved are calling for the owners to either sell up or be ousted, some are even asking for the government to introduce a version of the flawed 50%+1 share ownership model of German clubs, which would effectively allow them to live the dream of controlling their clubs (\*snort\*). The

government is also threatening to introduce independent oversight of the sport, as if Boris Johnson could ever be taken seriously about fighting corruption. As a member of the Tottenham Hotspur Supporters Trust, an organisation I only joined last year because they were donating all membership fees raised for the duration of the pandemic to a Tottenham foodbank, I've been invited to attend a Zoom meeting this evening (Friday April 23<sup>rd</sup>) to organise calling for Daniel Levy, the Chairman of the club, to step down. I don't think I'll be "attending". I also won't be participating in any of the "fan-led reviews" being called for by the Football Supporters Association.

The voices of supporters of clubs that weren't "invited" to be involved in the ESL have become even shriller. "Ban 'em all..." has become the mantra, but ban them from what? Removing the "Big Six" from the Premier League would destroy the attraction for the television companies that stump up much of the huge sum involved in the top level of the game these days. Moreover, it would probably push Sky and BT to ask for large sums of the existing broadcast contract fees to be refunded and I doubt there's a Henry Norris waiting in the wings to cover this contingency. The other objection I have to the term "Ban 'em all..." is the deliberate omission of the sentence's conclusion: "...so my team can do better!" So much for that "earning the right" nonsense...



Sky Sports Premier League

@SkySportsPL

Wolves have updated their Twitter bio declaring themselves 2018/19 Premier League champions, after they finished 7<sup>th</sup> behind the six clubs planning to join the Super League...



The bottom line is that, in all probability, the ESL hasn't "gone away"; it's just laying low until circumstances allow. That's certainly the view of Real Madrid president Florentino Perez (European Super League: Project is 'on standby', says Real Madrid president Florentino Perez - BBC Sport).

While all the fuss and bother die down there is one question that no-one seems to have considered, albeit understandably so for supporters of clubs outside the "Big Six": considering the wreckage of the footballing economy even before COVID, what if these club owners are right and all they're really doing is ensuring the survival of their clubs in the face of an existential threat? Trickle-down economics may not work in the "real world", but we're constantly being told that it's the transfer fees paid by larger clubs to smaller clubs all the way down the food chain that keeps the football pyramid in place. If even the biggest clubs are feeling under threat in the current circumstances, which have compounded years of mismanagement at most of these clubs, then maybe all of football needs the European Super League.

## LOCO CITATO

*[[“I don't remember everything about my life, but I'm very fortunate to have a group of friends I can rely on - they fill in the blanks.” (Joe Walsh)...]]*

From: johnsila32@gmail.com

March 27

John Nielsen Hall writes:

A very nice appreciation of Bunny Wailer, but I think in passing you are perhaps a bit hard on Chris Blackwell, without whom many of us here in Blighty would never have heard not only Bob Marley & The Wailers, but a vast number of other acts from Jamaica going right back into the early sixties. Yes, it was Blackwell's idea to promote Marley & The Wailers as if they were a rock band, a spectacularly successful ploy, but I don't really think that he had some dark plan to ultimately promote Bob Marley as a solo act. It was just the way things worked out, since touring the U.K. was a necessity and you can hardly blame Bunny or Tosh or indeed anyone born in Jamaica for finding the weather exceedingly trying. Many other Jamaican stars came here, did a tour and rushed gratefully back to Kingston. It was not really good for their careers in terms of longevity in the minds of British record buyers, but it was perfectly understandable.

*[[Well, old Unc, I can certainly agree that Blackwell's influence (and perspicacity) were instrumental in getting the more general public aware of Jamaican music, that is, if you weren't a Graham James-style skinhead of the era who was*



*already aware of fundamental ska at the very least. Blackwell's and Island Records' contributions are worthy of a 'Radio Winston' column all their own, but then again I'd contend that Chris perceptively seized on the main chance when Bunny and Tosh grumbled off - and that's in part what made him a fuckin' good record company exec. It undoubtedly helped with the promotion of Marley that he was present, having decamped to England after being shot at in Jamaica, and there's another whole column to be had, perhaps, about the conspiracy theories around that event...]]*

Also, I don't get the Terry Riley joke. Surely it should go plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk etc. I seem to be increasingly out of touch.

*[[I dunno, old lad, I'll probably incur the usual derision for admitting that I'd never heard of Terry Riley at all, so "woosh" it went over my 'ead anyway. See also comment on Steve Jeffery's loc later on...]]*

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From: portablezine@gmail.com

March 27

**William Breiding** writes:

Did a quick run through—*very* good letter column, which I will read more thoroughly, later. *This Here...* just keeps upping the threshold of what it means to publish a frequent and lively perzine.

Love the quote this ish—I'm now at an age where this is just all too true, yet comforting knowing I *do* have the friends that can fill in the blanks!

*Portable Storage Five* is on a slow train up to Vegas, even as you read this...

*[[See "Fanzines Received", another honkin' ish. W<sup>m</sup> later adds: "I did read your 40th edition, and the letter column is amazing as usual, but I have nothing to further the conversation with, alas. Helen Mirren, though. OMG." ...]]*

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From: phillies@4liberty.net

March 27

**George Phillies** writes:

Always interesting to read your fanzine.

You mention women playing soccer or, as the English call it, football. It is a curious fact that there is also women's tackle football, with a considerable number of professional leagues, including in one state girl's (grade school, middle school, high school) tackle football. (The state is, obviously, Utah.) In most places they play with the same costumes that men do, footgear, knee protectors, elbow protectors, gloves, shoulder pads, helmets, and rugged cloth covering almost

all the rest of the body, though there is a noted (or perhaps notorious) exception, in which the women wear footgear, knee protectors, elbow protectors, gloves, shoulder pads, helmets, and ... I seem to have forgotten something... oh, yes, bikini bathing suits.

*[[Or, as almost all of the rest of the world calls it, "football", and I must confess to mild surprise that you'd repeat such an example of American imperialistic views, although given that it's followed by a barely-disguised denigration of women's sports...]]*

The comment claiming that the N3F is a group only for neofen seems remarkably out of touch with reality, in that we have not in a fair number of years had neofen activities or neofen outreach. That line can be traced back at least to an otherwise-distinguished stfnal author -- as a courtesy to the dead, I omit his name -- who wrote a column for a prozine. It was a clever throwaway clickbait line. However, adding neofen activities seems to be a fine idea for the N3F.

*[[I'm guessing the "elsewise-distinguished" is the old fraud Damon Knight, but as always willing to be corrected. I remain amused by the propensity of some correspondents to be coy about naming names where they'd be relevant. Especially if they're dead, and thus won't care whether you're courteous or not...]]*

With respect to organization, I prefer to stand with **Mike Glycer** and his fine column <http://file770.com/is-your-club-dead-yet/>. If you want a club to keep going, you have lots of stfnal activities. If you don't, Death is taking notes. When new people join the N3F, they get support with something that they want to do. NESFA (noted in **Mike's** column) is like that. (Disclaimer: To my great surprise, I was elected a Fellow of NESFA). MITSFS, custodian of the world's largest SF collection, is like that. Disclaimer 2: I am a former President, Skinner, and Lord High Librarian of MITSFS). The N3F, which is about to celebrate its 80th birthday, is currently like that.

With respect to our current minor fan feud, I followed other advice also seen in **Mike Glycer's** column: "The secret of managing a club is to keep the five guys who hate you away from the five guys who are undecided." (Casey Stengel). *The Lunarians Meeting Notice*, February 1998: "If people wish to flounce, they are welcome to do so, but don't expect the folks you are flouncing from to advertise for you."

Finally, with respect to my political knowledge, I am a former political party State Chair, FEC-filing Treasurer, edited for several decades a series of political zines, author of four books on modern politics and strategy, and (public record, search FEC.gov) a maximum donor to the primary campaigns of Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, Ilhan Omar, and Rashida Tlaib, who from their First Amendment stands are all obvious far-right politicians.

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From: caughranjim@gmail.com

March 29

**Jim Caughran** writes:

FAAn awards: I agree with **Paul Skelton**, I just don't see enough of what's in fanzines to be able to make semi-accurate guesses about what's best. I should probably emulate **Lloyd Penney** and read Everything, but I have enough trouble reading almost nothing.

*[[And yet again I'll argue that's not the fuckin' point, which is about what was the "best" that you read. Broad participation in FAAn award voting (or in any other award effort) reflects everybody's and anybody's thoughts on what they liked, which shouldn't be left to some tiny group of people to decide...]]*

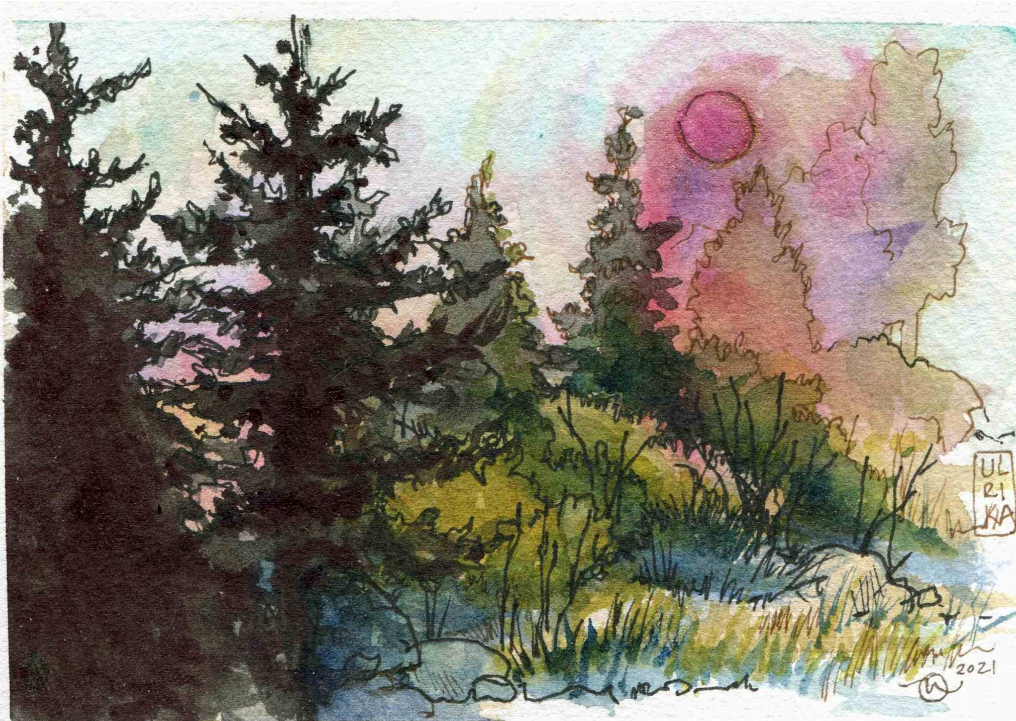
I have a little note near the door out of the apartment. Do I have hearing aids, cane? -- the things that OLD people carry. Do I have shoes on? etc.

*[[I only wear my hearing aids to work, or during Zoom events during which I reserve the right to take them out if Chris Garcia shows up...]]*

I try to let other things, such as a note by the door, keep me going like a real person. If it weren't for computers, I'd never remember much of anything. Life is too troublesome. My coffee here is muddy as drunken convention conversations because I didn't remember to screw the bottom of the brewing thingy on tightly enough.

*[[ "...as muddy as drunken convention conversations..." is a truly marvelous turn of phrase, Jim. I wish I'd said that. ("You will, Nic, you will")...]]*

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From: kim.huett@gmail.com

March 30

**Kim Huett** writes:

Yes, I do disagree with the estimable **Leigh Edmonds** as to when fandom began to fragment. Having given it some more thought my current theory is that there was a longish interregnum from the mid-50s to maybe the mid-60s. Prior to this fandom was a relatively close-knit community, partly because the non-fannish world looked down on SF and thus everybody had a bond due to this, but also because fandom as a group had a relatively narrow range of interests. During the second half of the 50s and into the 60s various interests that had previously had little or no profile began to take up more and more of some fans' interests. This increasing diversity of interests didn't exactly break fandom up, the core activities remained reading SF, running conventions, publishing fanzines, collecting SF, but what could be described as side-projects began to appear.

This is when activities such as costuming and filking began to properly develop, this was when organisations such as the Burroughs Bibliophiles (devoted to Edgar Rice Burroughs) and the Hyborean League (devoted to Robert E. Howard) developed, or The Tolkien Society (devoted to guess who). Look at the newszines of this period and pay attention to who is providing the news and it becomes clear that everybody, not just fanzine fans were contributing to the newszines, they were acting like a conduit between the slowly diverging groups. So by 1960 everything was already slowly fragmenting but the fragments were all on good terms (more or less) and still talking to each other but at the same time lots of fans were putting more of their time and

energy into SF related interests that weren't shared by the majority of fandom. Consequently during the 60s various of these groups grew so large that they stopped paying attention to some or all the other chunks. Mind you, everybody seemed to still all come together for the worldcon.

As a side-note I would like to point out that for a while now I've been giving some thought to the English sitcoms (specifically sitcoms, okay) and have concluded they often contain one or more of three themes not found in sitcoms from other countries. The first theme is class consciousness, the classic example of this one being 'Keeping Up Appearances' though I would also point to series like 'To the Manor Born' (and curiously, 'Blackadder'). The second theme is that of the

eccentric and the prime example of that would be of course 'Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em' though that's far from the only English sitcom in which the main character staggers unconcernedly through life without seemingly being aware of the chaos they cause. The third theme is that of the unwilling companionship, good examples of which include 'Red Dwarf' & 'Steptoe and Son' or military sitcoms such as 'Get Some In' or 'It Ain't Half Hot Mum' or even a workplace sitcom like 'Are You Being Served?' I like to think that the fact so many English sitcoms revolve around this third theme demonstrates that the English hate each other just as much as they hate everybody else. Clearly being trapped on that small, damp island surrounded by hoards of pasty-faced English has sent the entire nation insane with frustration. This would explain the tendency of the English to behave like ferrets on crack cocaine whenever sport occurs in their vicinity.

*[[That's solid analysis, and I'd add that in particular 'Are You Being Served?' encompassed all of the criteria you suggest - it was certainly a class-conscious microcosm, but also a closed environment in terms of the workplace itself, and several characters who are stumbling through it all. Also impressed by your mention of 'Get Some In!' which starred the often underrated Tony Selby. There's another "staggers unconcernedly" classic I'd like to mention, the apparently fairly forgotten yet excellent 'Chance in a Million' starring the arguably slumming Simon Callow, and Brenda Blethyn as his long-suffering girlfriend, she being blessed of perhaps the most impressive shelf ever seen on the telly (which did not always distract from her terrific acting ability)...]]*

P.S. Mr. Huett already has a goodly number of projects on his plate as it is.

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From: fanmailaph@aol.com

March 31

Andy Hooper writes:

*Dr. Jimmy and Mr. Jim  
When I'm pilled you don't notice him  
He only comes out when I drink my gin*

Focal Point Fanzines come in mysterious guises, hiding their ambitions behind brevity, trivia and all forms of desperate fun (like, for example, Footy). But for me, the universal sign of a Focal Point Fanzine is frequency that rewards quick reply and punishes those who turn their back for, what, a mere 8 months? Yes, I had such good intentions of replying to the 'FAAnwank' column in issue #33, in which laid out your theoretical voting criteria for Yon Awards. In fact, I found myself feeling very much like you had written these remarks directly to me – and then used the mash-up of Harpo Marx and Janis Joplin that decorated the page as a way of making sure to draw my attention! But the sad truth

is that Focal Points generally pass me by because I am a poor and tardy correspondent, requiring months or years of consideration before sending back ponderous replies to ideas and issues that have long since been carried away in the current of memory.

*[[It's certainly the case that the #33 column was pitched in part specifically to those with an interest in any analysis of why and how voters might pitch in (you, obviously among them), but really it was intended equally generally as a boost to waverers. And "punishes those who turn their back"? That's very fuckin' snowflake tincture of pure bollocks innit? You either respond (and get in the loccol) or you don't - I'm grateful for any and all response whenever it turns up, and it's nice to get something from you. Why on earth would you feel like you're in some imaginary doghouse?...]]*

So, while I believe the debate has been closed with the resolution that all contemplation of the alleged Focal Point is Bollocks, I wanted to congratulate you on ticking off most of the boxes you proposed in your profile of fanzine virtues in #33. You were frequent, interesting, comely to look upon, and had the loyalty of an eloquent group of readers.

*This Here...* was the focal point fanzine of 2020.

*[[I'm going to disagree, yet agree, in that I'd replace the definite article with the indefinite, something I've also previously expressed. It's clear enough both by measures of regular (and diverse) reader response and by FAAn voting that this here fishwrap is popular at the moment...]]*

To whatever extent there is still a living correspondence ongoing between fanzine fans, you publish a majority of it in *This Here...* Other fanzines publish a similar volume of mail, but no one else did it on a monthly basis last year. By reading up through issue #39, I feel like I have real evidence that fanzine fandom draws breath, in a way that conducting Zoom sessions, with wrinkled, mumbly old effigies that claim to be fans cannot equal.

Focal Points will often generate little cults of personality, with names like The Usual Suspects *[[sic]]* or The Ted White Group Mind. That is, after all, part of what they are for – fostering a group identity through devotion to a shared interest. Awards are also drawn to focal points because they too reflect fannish interests. The focal point of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century to date is eFanzines.com – **Bill Burns** finally had to retire from the getting the Best Website Award, or I doubt anyone else would have received it even now. That's a case where group loyalty simply crushes all other concerns – and if you read all the fanzines posted on eFanzines, when do you have time to visit other sites?

When *Flag* won the Best Personal Fanzine award several years ago, it was on the strength of the letter-column, which featured many of the better letter-hacks in fandom, That's where *This Here...* is right now – and yes, I presume some of

your correspondents voted for the fanzine in which their letters appear. It's also probably not a complete coincidence that the fanzine which devoted the most time to discussing the FAAn Awards ended up winning one of them. But looking at the volume of response inspired by *This Here...* I think you would have won the Best Personal Fanzine Award no matter who was administrator or what system was used for counting the ballots. You give the people what they want.

*[[It's possibly the case that This Here... is the fanzine equivalent of condensed milk sandwiches (a reference which will only likely be got by the BOACA contingent), but I'm understandably reluctant to overanalyze it all. Yes, it's a fair point to make that much discussion of the FAAn awards has occurred in here, and as stated previously a significant part of my motivation in reactivating the title was to enable comment on the 2019 version, but at that time it wasn't the case that I'd envisaged administering the awards for a second time. More below...]]*

It seems like that goes for the FAAn Awards, too. Your zeal for the job of administering the Awards surely exceeds that of any other possible candidate for the job. The categories have had a general continuity for a number of years, with the notable interruption of the Silver Spring Corflu, and that is largely due to your repeated turns as Award Czar. You got 49 people to register ballots, and the Zoom session giving out the awards was the biggest event I have attended in over a year. Some of us were also there for the announcement of Corflu Pantagruel for 2022, but I had the strong impression that everyone present had also voted.

*[[“Zeal” might be overly flattering, but, as one of my hobby-horses, I maintain a high level of interest in the FAAns, and I have definite ideas about how to manage them, some of which are (after substantial discussion) inspired by your own approach, although mine is perhaps less laissez-faire since I'm locked into my (only) “rules” about calendar qualification and consistency of category...]]*

I found the wins by *Portable Storage* and *This Here...* satisfying, as they both seem to have a large community of readers. It was delightful to place in the top five in two categories and getting both *Captain Flashback* and *Flag* into the Personal Fanzine “finals” was especially nice. **Ulrika O'Brien** did a lot of interesting work in a half-dozen styles in 2020; she's certainly the best fan cartoonist to appear in more than two decades. Squeaking out a win by one vote over **Ditmar** was also dramatic.

And the most interesting category this year was Special Publication, which has sometimes had so few candidates appear that several administrators have contemplated dropping it. I wasn't surprised to see *Outworlds 71* lap the field, but it was good to tally some votes for **Jeanne Gomoll's** TAFForensics, which was my favorite “Special Brew” of 2020.

*[[John Hertz has something of a point in querying the inclusion of Outworlds and WOOF in the category, but perhaps thinking along the lines you suggest about “few candidates”, I'd seem to have coincidentally adopted a more relaxed definition of what fits there...]]*

Above all, it was great to get an hour-plus shot of Corflu. It's hard to imagine being able to make it to Bristol, even if international travel is completely normalized. I have not been to Madison to see my family since the fall of 2018, and a trip to see our Grandkids in Pasadena would also be a somewhat higher priority. I think Corflu Pantaloon at English Breach will likely be the next Corflu for me.

While *This Here...* does sometimes talk about other things, it seems as though the FAAn Awards are by far the most durable and avidly followed topic in the zine. Jumping forward to #40, here we see **John Hertz**, the most impenetrably self-satisfied fan in Christendom, sticking his head through the face-hole in the novelty portrait of Louis XVI, so that you can hammer him about the head and shoulders with a whole bag full of large navel oranges. For pure sneer, it was a performance worthy of **Joseph Nicholas** writing about Walt Willis. circa 1981.

*[[John has been consistent in his opinions, or, less charitably, you could say “rigid”. The mantra of “fanwriting is fanwriting” is equivalent to saying “cheese is cheese” and ignoring its diversity, which is one way of saying that I'm quite comfortable with the separation of letterhack into a separate category. There are as many varied textures and flavors of cheese there as there are in the fanwriter category itself...]]*

I think you intuit more meaning from John's remarks than I could; what does he even mean by “secret ballot?” Secret from whom? The administrator? The voters themselves? Are copious amounts of Jesus Juice involved? When have the voters ever been “answerable for their choices?” Wouldn't truly secret ballots be vulnerable to sock-puppetry? Opinions on the FAAn Awards seem to fall into two broad categories: The first is that the FAAn Awards, while a laudable concept, are flawed in very specific ways that only a baroque fifteen-point plan can fix, The second likely reaction is that the FAAn Awards are a hopeless, pointless, soulless boondoggle, and any conversation around them will Plunge All Fandom Into War. You could call them the **John Hertz** and **Fred Lerner** schools of thought, if you like; neither of them is big enough to beat up either of us.

*[[It only now occurs to me, as a result of your remarks, that he may have meant “anonymous ballots”. The dear old Novas had a requirement that the voter should be known to the administrator, and if that wasn't the case, someone had to vouch for you. I don't see that as necessary or desirable for the FAAns. I'm also not sold on the absolute division of opinion into the two camps you suggest. There's definitely been continual tinkering, but nothing as fuckin' horrendous*

*as the Dobson iteration, although Murray Moore did have a go, didn't he? My overall conception is still one of basic simplicity - the awards are for work first published in the previous calendar year, and fanzines can't be in more than one category. I remain dubious about the 'Website' category, though...]]*

There are several more topics one might bring up in response to 8 bloody issues of *This Here...*, but I think I'll close for now and wait and see if I make it above the ~~Mendoza~~ WAHF line. The writing of LoCs is a speculative business, and seldom offers the possibility of the quick return afforded by *This Here...* Besides, I should save something for next time. Maybe

I can get more than 4 votes as Best Letterhack if I write more than 4 LoCs in 2021....

Yours ever in the Shading Plate of Roscoe...

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From: jakaufman@aol.com

April 2

**Jerry Kaufman** writes:

Dreams, eh? I haven't had any in which I use a time machine to have sex with anyone back when I was younger. Mostly I wander through hotel corridors and meeting spaces to find (pick one) my hotel room, the dealers room, a place to eat, the auditorium where I'm about to perform in a play. Or at my old job, but never in the actual office I worked in, and having difficulties with the new computer operating system or finding a place in the neighborhood to eat. Of course, some dreams are less mundane, like when Seattle is being attacked from outer space, or when a good friend is about to die in some hideous ritual.

*[[I've certainly had the "lost somewhere" dreams, which I think are common ones expressing (or obviating) anxiety. Never had the outer space attacks or ritual killings, though...]]*

**John Hertz'** point about the costs of publishing electronically versus on paper would make better sense if fanzine publishers owned their computer equipment only for fanzine publishing. Then you could compare the cost of the equipment, electricity, internet connection, etc. to printing,

paper, and mailing costs. But I'll make a giant generalization and say that very few fans use their computers only for this purpose. Furthermore, John mentions the cost of "paper, ink, a mimeograph." Again, I offer a giant generalization - nobody uses mimeography in this era to publish their zines, so that's not a factor. Instead, it should be photocopying and postage - or using one's own computer and printer so toner and paper are the physical costs. Oh, gosh - maybe the computer is now a necessity either for fanzines printed on paper or created in pixels? Nothing's simple, is it?

*[[Mr. Finger...]]*



When I read *Report on Probability A*, which I may or may not have finished, I thought it had been hugely influenced by the French writer Alain Robbe-Grillet, a proponent of the "New Novel." I read one of his books (translated into English), but I no longer remember which one. He depicted the appearance of his scenes in great detail, but said nothing about characters' internal states, or so I recall. I've had to read the Wikipedia entry about Robbe-Grillet to refresh my memory about Robbe-Grillet's techniques and intentions. Based on that, I'd say that by reporting externals, he was describing emotional states indirectly and by implication.

*[[Yes! I now recall that Aldiss himself may have acknowledged the influence at the time, or at least several critics noticed and commented upon it...]]*

When you mentioned *Rock Dreams* in a response to **John Nielsen Hall**, I rushed to our oversized art book shelves to find my copy, but phoo, it wasn't there. Must be with my music books, packed away in a box in the basement. I'd love to browse through that one again.

I now think the Spanish-language rap song I alluded to was called 'Fuego' but I still can't find it. Searching in Google, I found there are several recent songs of that name, but the one I'm thinking of may be ten years old or more. If I ever turn it up, I'll send you the link.

My long loc in *Beam 15* was largely written in response to **Ulrika's** editorial about John Scalzi, although there were a lot of items in issue #14 that pushed buttons or at least generated responses. I found it difficult to gather my thoughts coherently, as I had some contradictory ideas, and was at the same time trying to test **Ulrika's** negativity against data. Furthermore, I had just completely tapered off some medication I'd been taking, and was experiencing a burst of energy that could be described as manic. So I wrote some false starts before I wrote the emails I sent you and **Ulrika**, but didn't have the stamina to write everything I wanted to say in one sitting. You and she did a good job of whipping some coherence into what I sent.

[[We did...]]

Jen's new smile looks great!

Having a supporting membership in Discon III, I was able to nominate in the Hugos this year, and leading my list for Best Fanzine was *Outworlds 71*. I certainly hope it is on the final ballot, and will do some complaining if it's placed in Best Related. I'll be even more annoyed if someone's heart-felt 2 minute rant is also in that category.

I've been enjoying *Debris*, but *Black Lightning* is annoying because the Pierce family continues to bicker and snarl over every possible incident, never learning to trust each other, listen to each other, or support each other.

[[Fair point about 'Black Lightning', but they're all dealing with their own major issues, not just bickering for the sake of it - it's a fundamental study of dysfunction, innit, but a dysfunction that's being wrought by external forces. I'd call it an ongoing character study, meself...]]

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From: 236 S. Coronado St #409, Los Angeles CA 90057

April 3

**John Hertz** writes:

Thanks for *The Incomplete Register* Results Issue. It's well managed. Thanks for administering the 2021 FAAn awards, also well done, and, I fear, much harder than most of us know. There's a song 'Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen'. A tip of the propeller beanie to you. Maybe it was at Aussiecon 4 that R. Silverberg said "I've never had a propeller beanie tipped to me before", and I answered "There's always a first time".

[*TH... 40*] I am inevitably reminded of Pascal's "They only deserve to be refuted in passing" (*Provincial Letters 4'*, 1657). Here's one. I wrote to Tim Kirk asking if he'd send me some drawings for my fanzine. He did. That's how it went.

[[Fair point, but I suspect most faneds would be a tad reluctant to solicit artwork from artists they don't personally know - which may lead to what you view as a relative paucity of fanart. The internet machine that you

*habitually deride has been a valuable source for noticing excellent work, and I might suggest that your rejection of the online wasteland is a cause of good fanart (from some people) going unrecognized. It's admirable, however, that you specifically promote Tim Kirk, and since you're apparently in touch, I once again state that I'd welcome any submissions - perhaps you'd be so kind as to pass that along?...]]*

Of course I think you're all bollocksed up. But, as Harry Golden said, "you're entitle".

Otherwise I like *TH...* Congratulations on its FAAn award. I'd love to see *TH...* on the Hugo ballot.

[[If *Outworlds 71* couldn't even get on the ballot, what hope is there for a silly little perzine these days? You've waged what's effectively a very lonely campaign to get what you (and I) might consider "actual fanzines" on the ballot, but I'm afraid it's a lost cause. I note that 38 nominations were enough to get what's risibly called a "fanzine" on the Hugo ballot, which is less than the number of FAAn award ballots received this year - and a miserable 10 nominations was the low bar for fanartist. The conclusion has to be that the denizens of the "actual fanzine" Faniverse have little or no interest in the Hugos now. I am chuffed by the FAAn award win, thanks...]]

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From: srjeffery@aol.com

April 3

**Steve Jeffery** writes:

Couldn't make the [FAAn Awards] online ceremony but I caught up with the results on the website and the voting figures in *The Incomplete Register* the next day. A rather better voting turnout this year, and as usual I'm pretty pleased with the results and gratified that my finger is not too far off the pulse despite only seeing or engaging with a smallish fraction of the titles listed. But I'm happy with that too. I've worked out a nice balance that helps keeps me engaged but not feeling overwhelmed and in danger of retreating back into another period of gafia again. Though there were other reasons for that which I may yet come to.

[[I was half-expecting "my finger is not too far off..." to conclude with "the bollocks"...]]

My copy of *TH... #40* is now bristling with little electronic sticky notes since I've learned how to navigate the new Acrobat DC interface, so let's see where they lead.

First one is large thumbs up nestling against **Fred Lerner's** letter on the neatness of having a place for a bureaucratic, structured, rule based fandom like N3F within a wider meritocratic anarchic fandom. This may be a bit cruel on the N3F - I wouldn't really know, as I've not been there - but could also apply to other areas of fandom that seem to like arrays of committees, officers, ribbons and badges (or even

badgers). I'm thinking about conrunning here, which is another place I've never really felt tempted to visit.

*[[I've done my share there, and although it doesn't always quite work out (because humans) my method has been to set up the structure, define responsibilities then let people get the fuck on with it - I'm not a fan of the micromanagement some cannot seem to avoid. I've also noted a kind of giant brane smugness among some conrunning types, which I've come to refer to as "Illingworth's Disease"...]]*

Greg Benford's comment and your reply on Amis *files'* (or Martin of that ilk) cack-handed excursion in sf while denying that he was doing any such thing sparked or echoed a comment I've just written in the Prophecy apa. But as well as writers like Amis who steal the furniture and then spend a lot of effort trying the scrub the serial numbers numbers off afterwards to deny that they've stooped so low as write sf, there are a number of other authors who are not at all sniffy or indeed completely unapologetic about crossing genres if that is the way the story they want to write takes them or needs to be told. I'm thinking here about about people like Chabon, Michel Faber, Sara Maitland, David Mitchell, Joanne Harris or Ishiguro. (Vikki just bought me Ishiguro's *Klara and the Sun* as a birthday present, and which we had been listening to on BBC radio and watched an interview with him on TV.) OK, he may not completely original or groundbreaking in the topics he chooses to take on, but then neither are 80% of sf writers. The difference I think is that when sf writers (or at least those in the first division) tackle the same subject, there is often a sense - and sometimes a distinct admission - that they are in dialogue or even argument with each other, and this is perhaps something you can't expect of writers coming in from outside the genre because they aren't so aware of what has gone before, and much less the internal critical response to some of those works. At least this is the way sf works for me; not so much whether this is a radically new idea (there can't be many of those left) but whether it presents a new and interesting take on an older idea. (I can't recall the sheer number of times I've pulled a new sf book off the library shelf, read something like "the fate of the galaxy rests in the hands of X and her small band of renegades" and slid it straight back on the shelf.) For me, the interesting stuff lies on the margins between genres, and I really don't care from which side it comes from. But of course, your and other people's mileage may vary. As you are wont to say, "it's all good". Or enough of it to keep me happy anyway.

*[[Forbidden Planet on New Oxford Street used to have a section labelled 'Slipstream', which I think was intended to show works that might be considered sf-but-not-quite and as far as I remember included some Ballard and Iain Banks (sans "M")...]]*

I've already commented elsewhere on Ulrika's watercolour artwork in this issue, but I'll say it again anyway. These are

gorgeous, and especially the watercolor treescapes on pages 15 and 18, which are just wonderful in their subtlety and use of colour, and it's a particular nice touch that you can see the texture of the paper come through in how they've been reproduced here.

*[[I'm quite continually astonished meself by Ulrika's apparent ability to produce amazing work in just about any medium there is...]]*

In my defense, to Claire Brialey, part of the reason I sometimes break up a loc into several shorter email replies is because I find sustained reading of long tracts onscreen tiring, and thus often loocing tend to be done "catch as catch can" in short bouts, largely because I am a slow and painful typist but also that it tends to be constantly interrupted by calls (demands) from her downstairs that it's my turn to come and make a coffee, or that I come and see something she's been doing while I've been frittering my time away on fandom.

I absolutely deny that I am a nicer person than Claire. I just tend to delete those comments before I hit Enter or Send. (And I've done that very many times this last week in drafts of work emails or in Microsoft Teams.)

Ha. I completely missed that reference at the time when I wrote about re-coding my MIDI program in C# and failed to spot the obvious semitone transposition from the name of the programming language to Riley's 'In C'. Plunk indeed. Or perhaps clunk.

(I borrowed "this one go plunk" from Tanya Brown, who lifted it in turn from Molesworth - *back in the jug agane*.)

And it was, I am gratified to find, the C that indeed go plunk, while F hav never been the same since molesworth 2 put his chewing gum under it and G: nothing hapen when you hit this note at all.)

*[[I had to go listen to 'In C', which is one of the apparent gaps in my musical knowledge, and gave up after slightly less than 2 minutes, I'm presuming before anything go plunk. Not that I'm reflexively anti-minimalist either, I've always rather liked Philip Glass and actually made a rare theatre visit 100 years ago to see 'Making of the Representative From Planet 8'...]]*

I have to say we eventually gave up on 'Man in Room 301'. Vikki, Claire may be pleased to learn, can never remember the name *Unforgotten* either, so always refers to it as the one where where the two detectives actually behave like adult professionals and are civil and supportive of each other (rather than being constantly drunk, awol, coping with marital breakups or bratty teenagers, suspended for misconduct, or planting/lifting evidence without any apparent checks). It'll never catch on. It's always annoyed me that Rebus constantly treats Siobhan like a doormat or his personal skivvy and I just wish she'd empty a pint over his

head (and then bang some sense into his head with the empty jug) in one episode.

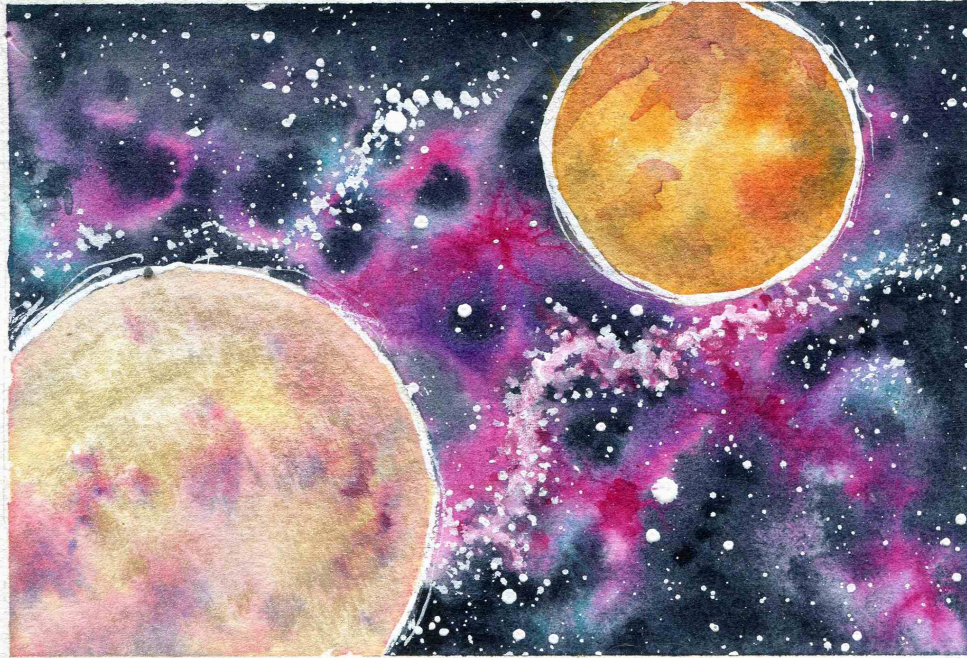
But we may have wandered off topic.

I think the SCIENCE FACT (p. 25 of this issue) comes from XKCD's *Thing Explainer*. I got this for someone's birthday present a few years back. It's a thing of deep joy, based on trying to explain scientific ideas while only allowing a very limited vocabulary of a few hundred common words.

[[Ta for the attribution...]]

As for your almost parting comment about a possible future

topic on "ancestor worship" in fandom, I'll just say it's not my thing, but as **Fred Lerner** noted of N3F, fandom is quite wide enough to accommodate and cater for people who appreciate and those who have little or no interest in enshrining the past (especially uncritically). But it could spark a fascinating discussion/debate/slinging match in the letters column.



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From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

April 4

**Leigh Edmonds** writes:

How do you do it, another issue of *This Here ...*, this time with a rather stunning front page photo. And while we're talking about such things, I was not familiar with the phrase "highly knobble" but if you put it in the same sentence with the name 'Benazir Bhutto' the meaning is quite obvious. (To me at any rate.)

Due to my inability to figure out time-zones I failed to take in the FAAn awards this year, I kept on getting confused because of an inability to deduct eight, or is it ten (or perhaps it was nine due to daylight saving) hours from the advertised time. I did, however, catch up with the results which seem about right. The only one of the winners that I haven't had some contact with over the past year is **Dave Langford** so I must be mixing in august company. Gosh! While you were busy totting up the FAAn votes I was off at an on-line conference at which one of the topics that came up was what

they call 'imposter syndrome' and that's a bit like how I feel when looking at the names listed this time. Anyhow, I look forward to your detailed analysis of the results in the next issue.

Will it surprise you if I admit that I liked the links you provided for Bunny Wailer? I hope you realize that just because I liked these tracks you provided links to doesn't mean that you've converted me to reggae, just that you picked good tracks to illustrate your article.

[[falls off chair...]]

I'm quite partial to **David Hodson's** item on footy this time.

[[falls off chair again...]]

This might be because I'm in a good mood when it comes to Footy - the Mighty D's women's team is in the finals and the men's team has won the first three matches of the season - the first time in almost 20 years so the pundits tell me.

Happy days and I enjoy them as much as I can, knowing the disappointment that will surely follow. I was also delighted to read that **Dave** has always wanted to watch cricket in Australia, which is something that I've not done as much of as I should. I've been to a few days of test cricket at the MCG and I've sat and watched a little bit of local club cricket, but I think the quality of the weather has a lot to do with enjoying a day at the cricket. I can assure him that it is no fun sitting in the blazing sun for day three of a Boxing Day test when it's well into the 30s and the team that's in is not interested in making runs. Neither is it much fun when it's raining, even worse when there are showers so the teams spend more time in the dressing room than on the field. But there are days when the weather is in the mid 20s and there is a light breeze, when watching a session or two is as close as we will come to paradise on earth. I wonder if Benazir Bhutto was a cricket fan?

[[The test cricket ground in Islamabad is named after her, that might give you a clue...]]

**Kim Huett** has sent me a letter which I assume is also a letter of comment to *This Here ...* about the balkanization of fandom. It seems like a reasonable perspective to me but it



does strike me that both he and you are, as **Joseph Nicholas** used to say, 'undertheorized'. Sadly, I am in the same uninformed state so I don't know that there is much that I can say on the matter. It does strike me, however, that fanzines used to serve as the glue between many of the little islands of fandom in the good old days but now that there are other forms of communication, facebook for example, fanzine fandom has become a much more specialized and marginalized branch of fandom than it once was. **Mike Glycer's** letter also has some very good points in it that have set me thinking. I can't say that I've reached any conclusions from what everyone is saying on this topic, and probably never will because it is too nebulous so unless somebody goes out and records a lot of fans oral histories we will never know because the only readily available sources are fanzines and they are a biased source.

*[[Indeed, see **Kim's** missive above, and also interesting comments from **Eli Cohen** below on **Mike's** observations...]]*

Talking of historical evidence, **Dale Nelson** mentions a tape of Lewis, Aldiss and Amis. A lot of fans bought tape recorders during the 1950s and cassette recorders were almost ubiquitous from the mid 1960s so I'd reckon there was a lot of audio recording going on in fandom then, but where is it now? It may well be lurking in people's cupboards unheard because reel-to-reel tape players and cassette players are not now common so it is difficult to assess what is on the tapes. It is easy to look at a letter or a fanzine and see what it is and what it's relevance might be, but all that audio is the same as a lot of old digital information, as good as lost for want of some way of accessing it. Chalk up another one for good old paper.

*[[Possibly unreliable memory suggests that programme items at both **Novacon** and the **Mexicons** were all recorded on old-fashioned cassette tapes...]]*

I must be feeling in a philosophical mood today because your response to **Gary Mattingly** about how letter columns are put together made me wonder if what is important about letters of comment is not really what they are about but their tone or sensibility. If the point of writing a letter of comment is to convey factual information or opinion then it might be alright to chop up the letters and reassemble them by topic, but if letters are an expression of a personality or, as I think I may have written somewhere, a form of performance art, then they should not be cut into slices and rearranged. Besides, what about those letters of comment which really aren't about anything in the previous issue but are a launching pad for new ideas - what would you do with them. **Gary's** letter is, I think, a good example of a letter of comment as a performance giving expression to a particular time, place and frame of mind, and would seem rather odd chopped into separate headings.

*[[Agreed - and as has been alluded to if not directly mentioned in here, the loccol is the prime measure and*

*support structure for creating and maintaining a sense of community...]]*

I was struck by **Claire Brialey's** use of the word "curate" in relation of how letter columns are put together. It is a word that I've heard a lot recently and it seems to have taken on the meaning of assembling things to create a unified whole. Or perhaps to use smaller creations to make up a larger one. I don't know, however, if fanzines are things that you curate, but you might ask **William Breiding** about that one. From the few emails I've exchanged with him I get the impression that he puts a lot more thought into *Portable Storage* than I would put into any genzine I was to create.

*[[Oh, he sure does, and he and I also have some email exchanges outside of these pages. What I find most interesting is that (as with **Andy Hooper**) while we disagree on several if not many elements of detail, our underlying fannish philosophies (if such grand concepts can even be said to exist) are broadly similar. Returning inevitably to the example of the co-editorship of **BEAM**, I'd suggest that a similar dynamic applies - I may (or may not!) be overstating some of the adversarial aspects of that partnership, but even though this might be a bit of a wishy-washy way of putting it, we do this fanac stuff because we believe at our cores that it's simply worth doing...]]*

Your 'Australian News' towards the end of the issue about sex and the Australian politician simplifies the matter, but not by much. What is more complex is the way in which the conservative (I was going to write 'fascist', but that would be unfair to fascists who seem to have sometimes known what they were doing) government seems to believe that if they put their heads in the sand and mumble a lot to drown out the criticism, that it will all go away. I reckon that the same kind of thing goes on in Britain's Houses of Parliament and in the US Congress, but the kind of unsophisticated and boorish way in which many Australians express their sexuality gives an edge to the problem. I'd like to think that things were better in the good old days but I'm sure that many less savoury things happened in the back bar of the Old Parliament House but stories of them were contained and have now died with the participants.

Too much serious discourse for one day. It is a lovely autumnal afternoon with the sun light streaming in onto our front verandah, conveying the message that all's right with the world. (If only it were.) When we arrived here we got some cat netting put up to keep the cats contained on the verandah with a door for visitors so if the cats decide to hurtle out the front door to freedom when visitors arrived they will find a second barrier to their escape. It works very nicely too and for one regular visitor the cats often huddle around the front door in advance of her arrival so as not to miss out on a front verandah adventure. That part of the plan has worked very nicely and our cats have not disappeared off into the distance. What I had not figured

out, however, is how visitors are to leave again with cats already out there and with only one barrier remaining to their escape. Tristan is big, fattish and slow so catching him is not difficult, but little Isolde is much faster and has come to enjoy the game of evading grasping human hands. So I'm looking out the window at the moment and spy a cat lying in the sunlight warming its tummy. If I go out and grab it now while it's relaxed that might solve one of the day's little problems.

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From: mdharro.batcave@ntlworld.com

April 7

**Cuddles** writes:

The regularity of *TH...* appearing in my inbox continues to amaze me. I've not been reading much stuff, put it down to COVID apathy as it has been affecting a lot of my activities, so just as I was finishing *TH...* #39 the latest issue appeared at the end of March!

Fan Artists (**John Hertz**): congratulations to everyone involved including you, for administrating the whole shebang plus getting an award. Nice! The world of fanzines is not something I'm particularly engaged with except as a reader, except for some fairly modest forays into the realm: nothing fancy, mind. A small perzine called *Pabulum*, a newsletter for FOKT\* called *Small Fry* (a modest homage to the great **Dave Langford** and *Ansible*, which I discovered when I started going to the Tun meetings and still remains essential reading), a fan fiction publication called *The Wolf's Tale* and the *Guano Gutterpress* news sheets, spoofing the Supreme Ruler of the Universe events that used to be held over Eastercon weekends. None of which I have done for years, apart from pulling all the news sheets into one collection, *The Complete Smut (So Far)*, in 2018 with a limited print run, originally intended for Eastercon that year. I wasn't able to go and it was handed out at a Trout night.

*[[\* Translation in the interests of SBA (Skelton Bewilderment Avoidance), although he might well have known about the rather legendary Glasgow fan group 'Friends of Kilgore Trout'...]]*

In fact, after overhearing a well known fan writer loudly proclaiming that "Anyone who doesn't publish at least 2 or 3 zines a year is a fake fan" at a convention, I lost all interest with some limited exceptions (mainly media related fan fiction and yes, Nic, even some Slash fiction. The weirdest stuff I read was *Miami Vice* and *Stingray Slash*) and casual browsing at various sharing sites like *efanzines.com*!

*[[Stingray Slash? (falls off chair)...]]*

Anyway, regarding **John Hertz's** comments about Fan Art: I totally agree with your response. There **are** lots of extremely talented fan artists out there and I can't imagine it being

terribly difficult to find one to contribute to a zine. I certainly didn't have difficulties, whether it was for con publications or a fanzine: let's be honest, I can't draw stick men if my life depended on it! Apart from folk I knew personally, I made it a habit of checking zine listings & con art shows and nowadays, there are plenty of social media & internet sites profiling fan art including Pinterest, DeviantArt and Etsy. It's also just as important to give kickbacks for their work, not just the credit in the footnotes, whether that's a pint in the con bar or something more. When *Albacon* had a live action game of *RoboRally*, concept artist Phil Foglio provided two small pieces of art for the game prize. As a thank you, he received a Caithness Glass paperweight with a thistle which, he told me at LonCon, is still busy holding stuff on his office desk.

Footy: meh! I'm still livid after the madness in Glasgow several weeks ago, when ecstatic Rangers fans swarmed at Ibrox and in the city centre, completely ignoring the "Stay at Home" regs, causing a civic nuisance and creating a soupcon of COVID that pushed our infection rates up (and traced to clashes between fans & cops). Totally satisfied to see news reports today, stating that some of their beloved players have been given a 6-game ban for attending house parties in February.

Speaking of COVID: got my jab last week and I was absolutely fine. Didn't feel a thing and got a nifty little sticker. No side effects at all. DH (darling husband) got the same little prick but complained it was nippy, he didn't get a badge and has been groaning and moaning ever since. Pfft! The vaccination programme is going well here in Scotland and places to getting ready to open up at the end of this month, which is great because I can finally visit the Ray Harryhausen exhibition in Edinburgh! Sadly, I'll have to wait until mid-May before I can get back into the cinema!

*[[Speaking of interesting exhibitions, Vegas is getting the Van Gogh immersive exhibit - actually will have got by the time this goes out, and I'm well tempted...]]*

Annie Nightingale (**John Nielsen Hall**): in my final years at High School, the 'cool kids' weren't interested in anything that wasn't played on the popular daytime radio stations or featured on Auntie's Top of the Pops. I was shocked at how few actually listened to music by the likes of Tangerine Dream, Yes or Kraftwerk. Those of us who were more interested in stuff outside the trend regularly swapped records and mix tapes (an emerging technology in the mid to late 70's), tuning into Annie Nightingale & John Peel, who played music that suited us 'weirdos' - Siouxsie & the Banshees, the Specials, X-ray Spex, the Stranglers, the Damned, The Alan Parsons Project, to name but a few but yeah, I liked the Beach Boys too!

'Indulge Me': thanks for the picture quote from Billy Connolly regarding swearing. Totally with the Big Yin on that. And Helen Mirren, ain't she a Goddess!?!

TV: given all the spare time available due to lockdown, I've watched very little new stuff on the goggle box but one thing I did enjoy was a trip down memory lane, courtesy of a trial sub with BritBox, which has loads of old BBC/ITV shows and films. BOACAs will recognise some of my eye candy: the original *Tomorrow People*, *Bagpuss*, Gerry Anderson classics like *Joe 90* and *Space: 1999*, some early Hartnell & Troughton Doctor Who. I was going to watch some of the new *Spitting Image* but by then, I was fed up with too much telly!

*[[I clocked some of the new 'Spitting Image' via the YoobToob, and I thought it was pretty patchy, although the skits of Greta Thunberg with her jobbo boyfriend were hilarious. I'd be fairly interested to learn exactly what first and second Doctor episodes are getting shown, since almost all of the tapes were wiped at the time...]]*

The only new show I've watched has been *The Irregulars* from Netflix. Set in an alternative weird London, a group of young adults are enlisted by Dr. Watson to assist his investigations into disturbing paranormal events in the city. Much older than the original Baker Street Irregulars in the stories & previous TV shows, these street urchins seem better fed & cleaner than you would expect and share digs in a less than squalid basement. Sherlock, Mycroft, Inspector Lestrade and even Mrs. Hudson all make an appearance in the series but I'm not sure fans who are sticklers for the canon of Arthur Conan Doyle's famous detective will like it. Meanwhile, I'm counting down the days until *Lucifer* returns (Netflix, May 28<sup>th</sup>)!

*[[I'm counting down for 'Legends of Tomorrow'. 'The Irregulars' sounds like something I might enjoy, but I've no fuckin' idea when I might find time to clock it. Always good to hear from you, and I'll maintain the use of your 'nom de fan' as above, though wickedly I had the thought, emboldened by thousands of miles of geography between us, that I'd start calling you "Mickey"....]]*

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From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

April 8

Eli Cohen writes:

*[[Excessive littering warning. Continue at your peril...]]*

Back in the old days, it would be easy to start one's first loc to a fanzine with "Thanks for sending me *Whatever*", because the publisher would know who you were (even if only as "that sticky quarters kid"); or, perhaps, with an "I saw your fanzine at the last Fanoclasts meeting...", instantly providing your bonafides (perhaps that should be 'bona fides',

to prevent autocorrection to "bonfires"). But instead, here I am, a presumably unknown stranger (though really, I've only been gafiated for 30 or 40 years!) who read a pdf of *This Here...* #40 on [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com) (if called upon, I could probably provide references from people you do know like **Fred Lerner** and **Jerry Kaufman**, he said, casually dropping a few names).

*[[Well, I've always been rather fond of the adage: "There's no such thing as strangers, only friends we haven't met", especially within the Faniverse, although there are always exceptions to that, and in my case they generally know who they are [ahem]. No refs required in this here loccol, Eli, just an expression of interest, for which much ta...]]*

One of my favorite things about *This Here...* is the Brit vernacular that infuses it, one reason I find your writing delightful. I've always loved listening to British accents, enjoying TV shows like 'The Watch', 'New Tricks', and 'Bulman', to name a few. I remember a wonderful John Oliver bit (while he was still with *The Daily Show*) when he



visited the office of a Congressman who was pushing to make English the official language of the U.S. Oliver enthusiastically agreed with the goal and then launched into 5 minutes of absolutely unintelligible (at least to me, and certainly to the Congressman) Cockney speech. Mind you, reading dialect is not the same as hearing it, a drawback of print media (I remember **Dave Langford**, at Seacon '79, vainly trying to teach me how to pronounce *Twll Ddu*, if you'll pardon another name drop).

*[[Well, me old china, I had to have a lookup of that John Oliver bit (found it!) which was as hilarious as you suggest. For good old vernacular I'll always recommend one of the greatest cop shows of all time, 'The Sweeney', the title itself of course derived from Cockney rhyming slang ("Sweeney Todd" = "Flying Squad"). Killer Kaufman (deliberately) made hay with the pronunciation of 'Twll Ddu' during his Lifetime Achievement Award intro for the deserving Deaf Twit, even though he knows how to elucidate it perfectly well. As any fule kno, it's pronounced "Pickersgill" and presciently translates to "Lifter of Fish"...]]*

I don't want to step into the discussion of the N3F's current self-destructive downward spiral (there is a Thai proverb that "It is worthwhile to try and help an elephant that is trying to stand up, but perfectly useless to help one that happens to be falling down."), but the organization was, in fact, fairly crucial to my early days in fandom -- see, my First Contact was Nycon 3 in 1967 (thanks to Lin Carter's column in *If*), where I somehow found my way to the N3F room and got signed up. This led to my joining an N3F Round Robin (for you young 'uns, a "Round Robin" was a group of people who mailed a stack of letters around, removing their old letter from the top and adding a new one to the bottom before sending the pile on to the next person (a "letter", in this context, was paper with words on it, physically sent from person to person via the Post Office (the "Post Office" in the U.S. was a now-defunct government agency -- which I actually worked at for two summers — that had something to do with snails and was rumored to have been destroyed in a fit of pique by somebody named DeJoy), er, joining a Round Robin which included Richard Labonte and **Linda Bushyager** (then Eyster) (did you hear something drop?), who exposed me to fanzines like *Hugin and Munin* and *Granfalloon*. Speaking of **Fred Lerner** (pay more attention!), when I first met him, in the fall of 1968, he had left the army to start Library School at his old alma mater, and had called the first meeting of the as-yet-unnamed Fantasy & Science Fiction Society of Columbia University (FSFSCU) (gesundheit!). He began the meeting by asking if anyone had had any previous contact with fandom. I hesitantly raised my hand and admitted to being an N3F member, which Fred very grudgingly allowed might count. So I see he hasn't changed his opinion much.

*[[Fred's sloc in #40 summed it up, but I'd disagree with you about the assessment of N3F being in a "downward spiral" in the sense that George Phillies is making valiant (if in part woefully misguided) attempts to expand the membership - there are those within those narrow halls whose work I rather like, Bob Jennings and Justin Busch in particular....]]*

Re **Mike Glycer's** comment on *Energumen* being a focal point joining sercon and fannish fans, I'd like to point out that *Nerg 6 & 7* was actually a double issue that split the fannish content from the sercon, as an experiment; Mike Glicksohn's comments after it give the impression of him and Susan desperately trying to hold together the community of their friends while said friends waged war on each other.

Re **Gary Mattingly's** high school reunions -- I've never gone to one, even missing my 50th in 2016, though I'm still in touch with about 4 of my classmates (one of whom is Jon Singer). (Will somebody please clean up all these dropped names? The floor is getting absolutely covered!)

Anyway, thanks for posting *This Here...* It's not like nobody sends me fanzines any more, it's just that the last *Littlebrook* was almost 4 years ago...

*[[Always worthwhile to have a nag at Jerry about getting another ish on the racks - I've said much the same thing. The Killer has made some subdued noises about getting one out this year, I think...]]*

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From: perry@middlemiss.org

April 8

**Perry Middlemiss** writes:

When I was living in London in the early nineties I always found it rather strange that each club in the top few football leagues in England had their own ground. That also used to be the case here in Australia with the Australian Rules Football clubs all having their own suburban grounds. Then, as crowds started to build, and health, and safety issues became a problem, the clubs started to share grounds and the crowds found the conditions and facilities better, and the clubs shared the costs.

*[[There's been very few examples of ground-sharing in the English Footy League, and where they've existed (eg most recently Coventry City playing at Birmingham FC's ground) they've been temporary. Club rivalries have a lot to do with that, and perhaps the longer history of the game in the UK which essentially precludes what might otherwise be the practicalities of such agreements. Individual grounds, even in (very) minor leagues are regarded with reverence - as one example the ground (Top Field) for my old hometown team, Hitchin Town FC was in the late 2010s subject to potential*

*sale to a supermarket developer, but substantial local protest prevented this...]]*

When I brought this up I used to hear arguments about fixtures and history and all that sort of thing. Well, I pointed out, no-one is saying the grounds have to be demolished, they could stay as training facilities and clubhouses. But no-one wanted to even think about it. Maybe English spectators liked standing on the terraces having someone piss down their leg because they couldn't get to the facilities in time. Who knows?

*[[For some good unclean sporting fixture fun, look up "piss bomb"...]]*

AFL grounds in Australia do have the added bonus of also being used for cricket during the summer months. There is actually a theory that Aussie Rules was developed as a means of keeping cricketers fit during the winter break, hence the use of the same grounds. That has resulted in AFL being the only game in the world played on a ground the same shape as the ball. Odd.

*[[Back in the day there were similar arrangements for footballers playing cricket during the summer, at least semi-professionally so they'd have some income during the fallow months, even though one wag, long ago, described "cricket season" as "the time of year when it is too wet to play football"...]]*

You can tell **David Hodson** that with the recent opening of a "travel bubble" between Australia and New Zealand that I suspect, come the end of 2022, that fully vaccinated people from the UK will be able to visit Australia for the T20 World Cup. Though by that time, "fully vaccinated" will probably mean vaccinated against the standard COVID-19 (as at present) and the next vaccine version to cover the South African, British and maybe the Brazilian variants as well. You are going to feel like a pin cushion but at least the seats in the Australian cricket grounds will be better than standing on hard concrete.

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From: gsmattingly@yahoo.com

April 8

**Gary Mattingly** writes:

And the opening begins. Such a dream. I woke up to a disgusting one this morning (two other people were being disgusting in the dream but fortunately they weren't people I knew.) I won't go into details. I think it was the most disgusting (to me) dream I've had in memory. Don't know what I ate or took to bring it about. Recently I read someone saying that dreams might be alternate realities. I really doubt that and I definitely don't want to go that particular reality.

Interesting Bunny Wailer history. I liked his music and believe I have several reggae/Jamaican collections with some of his music. I must listen to them again soon.

Interesting call and response between you and **John Hertz**. I think you answered things in a sufficiently worthy manner so I'll just stop there.

With respect to my LoC, I am aware of many (most?) of the fmz out there, primarily by seeing distribution by **Bill Burns** of what he is posting and actually I get mailed a number of other fmz, either that paper stuff, or the pdf. My problem isn't so much a lack of knowing about them but rather a lack of time to read and comment on very many of them. Even though I'm retired I'm afraid I fill up my days with many other things, like studying Spanish, exercising, walking the dogs, watching movies and TV series, and, unfortunately looking at too many emails and things on the internet. Sufficient time eludes me ... or I elude it. Not sure which.

*[[I don't (and also can't) read everything either, but I do have to skim the contents (and any loccols) to compile The Incomplete Register. Since I will stop to peruse anything that grabs my interest I probably clock more than some...]]*

Lots of interesting LoCs. I'm still perusing but uncertain exactly how to respond here or there. This is particularly difficult while I'm listening to last Friday's NPR's New Music song playlist and along comes KFC by Richard Swift. Oh my.

<https://bit.ly/3e7B6dX>

I should note that I like all the artwork by **Ulrika O'Brien** that you have included in this issue, particularly the one on page 12.

Ah, although I get NPR's playlist on Spotify I obviously get the URLs from youtube. Youtube went from the somewhat disgusting or at least distracting KFC to the entire album 'Swim Slowly' by Meltt.

<https://bit.ly/3dpJ56Y>

Probably it was based on other things I've listened to on youtube and it certainly is more palatable to my ears. I may listen to the whole thing before returning to Spotify. As an additional aside Spotify is supposed to add another level of subscription with a better audio quality. That news is at least a month old I think and I still haven't heard any more about it from Spotify. Hmm . . .

I quite enjoyed **John Nielsen Hall's** LoC with musical history. Interesting and entertaining.

*[[I do like that you make this point, which gives the lie to **Andy Hooper's** contention that This Here... (at least as he sees it) is primarily if not solely a vehicle for discussing the FAAn Awards and the various machinations associated with them. There's plenty of other stuff to engage with, ey?...]]*

Paul Skelton and I can both beat ourselves up for not wanting to vote [in the FAAns] due to lack of current fmz knowledge. Separately though. That would be odd with us both in a room beating up ourselves separately. Quite odd.

*[[I smell Corflu program item...]]*

Unfortunately his time limit of 20 minutes of investigating efanzines is a rather small window. If guilt were to overtake me I'm sure I could spend days, even weeks, all my time, investigating the new fmz that are on efanzines. I'm not going to do that though. Insufficient guilt.

Gee, you could just include your acronyms on the last page of TH. It might be a growing list.

*[[Fair point about the "growing list", which may make it unintentionally difficult for first-time (or merely occasional) readers to figure out. The counter-argument is that it would be unnecessarily repetitive - also perhaps worthy of note that correspondents have taken some of them up (DoBFO in particular)...]]*

Then my mind throws itself into:

Thrill me, chill me, fulfill me  
 Creature of the night  
 Then if anything grows  
 While you pose  
 I'll oil you up  
 And rub you down

No, no.



*[[Was that the dream soundtrack, Gary?...]]*

With respect to Skel's comment on Corflu, I'm sure I'd love to make it over and have a great deal of fun, in a subdued way, but an almost 6 week trip upcoming to Peru and Bolivia should more than do me in for traveling this year. Sorry about that. Also sorry, I seem to have already mentioned that in the next LoC that appears.

Ooh, then here I am again.

It isn't that I want to be a distance from Shakira, just the way it is. I haven't been to any of her concerts and we, um, live life in very different circles, although mine is more of a small point than a circle.

Going over this LoC I do seem to be repeating myself with respect to what I wrote in the last LoC. Obviously I'm getting old, boring . . . and repetitive.

*[[I think we can all be guilty of similar offenses - it's not like I keep track of stuff I've already said either, but a soupcon of reinforcement doesn't necessarily go amiss. There's that, and possible developments in any given statement as my views are altered (and, one hopes, improved) by new input...]]*

Glad that you attempted to edit my LoC into something slightly more cohesive. Also glad that you enjoy my presence at conventions. May this continue to be true in the future.

*[[Agreed in full!...]]*

[...]

Mark Plummer notes the "skittle music" and I think it's a rainbow.

With respect to Claire Brialey's LoC and the mention of loccing podcasts, I have only listened a very few times to a few moments of any podcast. I think if I were to do a LoC on a podcast I would be doing what I do when I listen to online Spanish conversations or songs, reverse, listen again, jot down a note, possibly reverse again, jot another note down, continue. I would be listening to the podcast or at least portions of it, if it is sufficiently interesting, a myriad number of scrambled times. I'm not sure I want to do that.

My goodness Claire does have quite a palate plateful of things. I have little to no idea what I would like for a last meal, at the moment I would like biscuits and (fake) sausage gravy with a fair amount of pepper and tabasco sauce, but that changes from day to day. It all is rather irksome these days since I seem to be quite ensconced in my current interval/intermittent fasting with 18 to 20 hours of fasting every 24 hours. And food just doesn't seem as much a major point in my life. If I eat very much in the four to six hour period of eating my stomach becomes quite unappreciative so I am far more comfortable eating little during that period. However currently I must eat at least close to 2000 calories particularly if I exercise very much on that day because

otherwise I will just keep losing weight and, at this point, I don't think that's necessarily a good idea.

*[[My initial reaction to your "fasting regime" was that it seemed a bit eccentric, but I then realize that I do much the same thing, since I only eat once a day (dinner) with weekend schedule exceptions. My problem tends to be that, often being well Hank Marvin when I get home from work, I'll eat too quickly (LOADSA carbs) with the inevitable result of gut rumblings next day with occasional episodes of inordinate amounts of time spent on the throne fighting the squirrels who may have acquired new supplies of grappling hooks in the interim...]]*

Oh, I love to check out some new series on TV. Some, IMHO, are abhorrent. I watched one episode of 'Chad' and felt like vomiting. Whereas the new version of 'Kung Fu' isn't half bad, not great, but I'll watch some more episodes. I never did watch any full episodes of 'Sex and the City', as far as I recall. However I watched all of 'Buffy' and 'Big Bang Theory'. (My poor mind, Buffy and the big bang.)

*[[Never heard of 'Chad', so I looked it up - the premise doesn't massively inspire, but I wonder about the cause of the vehemence of your own reaction. Agreed on 'Kung Fu'...]]*

And then there's a nice smile. (Now this isn't related to the previous sentence but rather the lovely photograph)

*[[Jen expressed great (but unwarranted) concern that her new smile might distress me since I'd been used to her previous "cute chipmunk" slight overbite - but of course it's all good as long as she's happy...]]*

I'm afraid I've received less than one third of the fmz you mentioned and only read a few of those. I have this horrible urge to get to *Askew* but I bet it is even longer than this one. Oh well, I've already mentioned my time issues. At least *Tommyworld* is shorter. Maybe I should read that one first.

*[[I don't think Askew is longer, but I do fully agree that the concise Tommyworld is a must-read - I can't over-emphasize how fuckin-A it is to have the lad back at it...]]*

Hm, haven't watched any 'Flash' or 'Black Lightning' this season. Actually I think I only watched the first episode of 'Black Lightning', I think watched a season of 'Flash'. Haven't watched 'Batwoman' either, again, I may have watched the first episode whenever that was.

*[[Possibly a comment to be repeated later, but I'd suggest jumping straight to episode 5 of this season's 'Flash' where it's mostly back to its old self. 'Batwoman' remains well solid...]]*

I've watched all of 'Debris' but it seems a little repetitive to me. I have also watched a couple of episodes of 'The Falcon and the Winter Soldier' which I have found more entertaining. Of course, I'm also watching the current season of 'Young Sheldon', 'The Good Doctor', 'Manifest', 'Last

Week Tonight' and plan to watch 'The Nevers'. Watched all of 'The Irregulars'.

*[[Still very much into 'Debris' - the underlying story arc is well good...]]*

"... a type O" That's funny.

I'm afraid I'm quite terrible at remembering the past, whether it be my own or that of fandom and fanzines. And these days I'm not going to try to collect all those old fanzines and go through them and memorialize them. Sorry. Not my thing. I have read some fannish histories but that was, gee, in the 1970s or 1980s, I think.

*[[Which is why the quote accompanying #40 is so appropriate, innit?...]]*

Hm, this seems a bit short. Sorry. Maybe this would have been longer if I hadn't gone to Dave's Sporting Goods. I couldn't decide what to buy with my gift certificate. I won it by coming in first in the 60-69 men's group of a local 5k run. Of course, there were only four of us running competitively in that age group. And tomorrow I really need to type in my itinerary for the trip which I have been meaning to do for several weeks. Oh wait, I could work on *TommyWorld* and *Askew* or weed whacking in the back yard or working on updating my budget or watching a movie or . . . .

And should I end things with, hm, well, is it fitting?

Stand up 'In the Presence of a Legend'

<https://bit.ly/3uRftFo>

The legend of a focal point . . .

Good song, IMHO.

[...]

\*\*\*

From: daverabban@gmail.com

April 10

Dave Cockfield writes:

You must be on Speed the way *TH...* keeps zooming into my inbox.

*[[Actually the gap between #39 and #40 was five whole weeks - this time it's back to four...]]*

It was very enjoyable yet again and I learned some new phrases as you will see.

I needed something to cheer me up. When I started this I was pretty upbeat but we have just had a major flood from the top of my high rise building with water pouring down the stairwell. The water is now cut off until further notice so I'll just have to avoid going to the loo.

Thankfully my library flat seems okay.

When thinking about it I've only been loccing fanzines for the last two or three years and for me they have basically been extensions of a good chat with people I know.

They have been limited to yourself, the **Charnocks**, **Paul Skelton**, **Mike Meara**, and the indomitable **Rob Jackson**.

I often feel guilty because I have not devoted more time to writing locs that that are perhaps more substantial and meaningful. But whereas you sometimes employ proofreading I invariably resort to proof drinking. Usually 43% single malt. Hence the bollocks that is often passed off as a loc.



*[[Sounds well similar to my personal methods for assembling this here fuckin' thing in the first place. Not single malt in my case, though - I'm fond of quoting Dame Judi Dench from her first appearance as 'M': "I prefer bourbon"...]]*

The footy stuff from **Dave Hodson** is always welcome especially as both of our teams are on a high. Long may it continue. Yay! Something to cheer about.

*[[By "our" teams I guess you mean mine and yours, Dave, since Hod-me-son's Spurs are performing below expectations, although it's daft really that a team currently (as I write) running seventh in the Premier League could be considered to be having a shit year. EPL is the inevitable focus of the footy (and my Hornets are looking good for the immediate return to those hallowed precincts) but I don't share much of the derision and contempt for other leagues. My Liga MX team, Cruz Azul, are top at the moment, but then again if you want to go all-out contrarian and start following Scottish football, I've developed an improbable fondness for Stranraer FC, presently nestled in mid-table in Scottish League Two...]]*

During this Pandemic and the various lockdowns depression is never far away and it is easier to eat, sleep, and lounge on the couch like Mr Potatohead with too many extensions.

I've lost track of how many books that I have read or the number of tv series that I have binged on. Exercise is a dim memory from the past.

As a change of pace I thought that I would try to organise some of my bookshelves and catalogue what I could and it has been going quite well. It could almost be counted as exercise for me. Looking at my crime books I couldn't help thinking how many covers would not be considered very acceptable these days. Appalling incorrectness abounds.

Some by our favourite author attached.



I'm afraid that this is going to be a relatively mindless loc should you wish to call it that.

*[[Readers, insert your own snark here...]]*

I was happy to see that we were on the same wavelength regarding certain tv shows. *Flash* is actually getting rave reviews but it is naff; regurgitating the same actors every season.

*[[I am left with glazed eyes at the thought of a continuing series being criticized for having "the same actors every season"...]]*

*Batwoman* on the other hand surprised me and I'm enjoying it but the ratings have apparently dropped alarmingly, being blamed on bad scripts, so it is likely to be cancelled.

On the subject of super heroes I have to say that I enjoyed the Snyder Cut of *Justice League* but find the vitriol against Joss Whedon over his "studio" cut mind boggling. He has always been known to be an aggressive overbearing director but he can't be all bad because many of his actors have stuck with him over the years in his later projects after *Buffy*. The actresses on his latest creation, *The Nevers*, have even come out in support of him.

So far I'm on the fence over accusations against him because I can't believe that he is that powerful within the film industry. After *Serenity* he seems to have been a jobsworth director to go to when you need a project finished.



One claim that I love is that Gal Godot objected to him trying to make the Wonder Woman character more aggressive and badass. Can you possibly make her more badass than the Snyder Cut? Whedon is usually criticised for making Justice League too soft and lighthearted.

Here are two tv recommendations. The Police corruption drama *Line of Duty* has started again and it is absorbing and so compelling that at the end of an episode I feel like I've been through a brain wringer. I'm assuming that you get this programme in the States.

The other show you do because it is on BBC America. *The Watch* is very loosely based on characters created by Terry Pratchett. I never got into his books and I gather that fans hate this probably because it is so acerbic rather than whimsical.

*[[We don't have a subscription to BBC America in this house, and probably won't unless it turns up in a streaming package we already get - we don't have cable or satellite. Jen did something clever to get a repackage which included stuff we'd already had but got us Disney+ because there were shows she wanted to see, and that's been well nice for me because the deal came with ESPN+ which carries some footy. As guilty as I might feel for not paying the club for the game streams (\$10 a pop, since I didn't stump up for the season pass) it's nice to get a steady feed. I should also mention (re: 'The Watch') that I'm not a Pratchett fan - I read 'The Colour of Magic' with great "meh" and still much prefer Robert Asprin...]]*

Oh a third recommendation is *Con Man*. A web series written, directed, and starring Alan Tudyk as an actor from a failed tv show. *Firefly* by another name. Lots of guests like Nathan Fillion, Summer Glau, Joss Whedon, and Tricia Helfer from *Battlestar Galactica* who he hits on at a Convention for people who have dolls that they identify with as their real babies. Does such a thing actually exist?

Most of the jokes are totally sexist in the extreme often accompanied by appropriate pre-woke vernacular. Obviously aimed at sexually frustrated male geeks. It scored with me.

Well that's it. My befuddled brain has exhausted itself with this mindless trivia. Feel free to proofread it into WAHF.

*[[Well at least I did proofread this one, and renewed apologies for somehow totally missing that job on your previous, mate. It's always a pleasure to hear from you, and as I'm sure you're aware I've also enjoyed the occasional actual natter we've managed on that there Zoom thing...]]*

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From: claire.fishlifter@gmail.com

April 21

Claire Brialey writes:

[...]

I see that all fandom was plunged into war again for a couple of days, and this time almost everyone in the world had an opinion (albeit with an unequal balance of views towards one side). No, obviously this is not about the Hugos, but rather foopball fandom – where I stand with fotherington-tomas:

*'When all the team sa you should hav stoped it fotherington-tomas he repli "I simply don't care a row of buttons whether it was a goal or not nature alone is beattful." i do not think he will catch the selectors eye.'*

Rather than trying to keep up with this week's rolling news coverage of the proposed European Super League – which took over from the death of HRH the DofE as near-unanimous and continuous front page fodder and possible test of True Britishness – I felt I could wait for **Dave Hodson's** take on it all. (I did notice that his team was part of the would-be elite, for all that confirmed English involvement in the ESL arose and fell in the space of a couple of days.) Although given that, as well as **Dave's** previous comments on the rumours about this – and more generally on the issue of how many things in the sport are driven by money – I appreciate he might just choose to devote his column to happier thoughts.

It's remarkable enough that he can not only draw me into noticing more about foopball – although really it seems impossible over here to avoid it at the moment – but actually make me comment on it. My comprehension has only grown so far, though; I understand the recent hooah intellectually, but quite a lot of it – and the reason it was all over all the front pages – is very much about the emotional pull of the game, isn't it? And that's the bit I still don't get; I really don't care, and I can't understand why so many people do care so much about this sport. (Or whatever more-than-a-sport it actually is; **Dave's** comments in #40 about not really feeling it 'without crowds in the grounds to hurl abuse' just increases my alienation.) Although yes, even I can absolutely admire Eric Lamela's goal as highlighted last time.

Then again, a relatively high proportion of people who read at least this fanzine don't actually care about the Fanzine Activity Achievement awards, let alone endless analysis of them. So I clearly just have to live with how the majority feels about foopball, and be content that for most of the time there's a separate section of the newspaper *Guardian* website to cover not only the existing imperial fuckton of actual matches but all the rest of the circus too. And **Dave Hodson** to make sense of it for refuseniks like me.

*[[Well, according to Andy Hooper's loc (earlier) he seems to want to imply that This Here... is all about the FAAn Awards with a smidgen of ancillary material. Since Hodme-son's columns made the BSEA's 'Best of the Year' list, that may be a tad inaccurate, ey?, but your point is well taken (and echoed by others) that not everyone is into everything...]]*

I find links embedded in the text to be fine, by the way, since I always read TH... on some screen or other. It must remain a dilemma, though, given that you do have readers who prefer to print their own copies; although Anzapa has now voted to continue with electronic distribution (originally instituted as a temporary response to the challenges of the plague), I know that some members there print contributions to read and/or to keep. So in our apazines I still set out links in footnotes (albeit with active links in the pdf).

Excellent quotes from Billy Connolly and Helen Mirren, both looking rather good in those photos too. And you're quite wrong, by the way; I agree with you that Benazir Bhutto could also look very attractive. (And yes, I do realise that you were referring to my likely reaction to the way you put it...) But I identify much more, myself, with the unglamorous look usually modelled by Patsy Rowlands in her 'Carry On...' roles, where she often seemed to embody the sort of character described in Barbara Pym's *Excellent Women* – a novel I consider fan-adjacent not only because it was recommended to me in a wave effect that started, I think, with **Roy Kettle** and continued through Randy Byers, but also because Randy claimed that it made him think of me and the fan funds. [Falls off chair.]

*[[The [falls off chair] epidemic continues to spread. Is Mark keeping a spreadsheet of occurrences?...]]*

And **Ulrika's** art this time is so very beautiful that I was temporarily distracted from reading the words on page 12, first time round, by the picture with the crow. That's probably still my favourite, on reflection, but they're all lovely. Ulrika very generously donated some original watercolours to the fan funds auction held at the (virtual) Eastercon, including the 'Blue Nebula' piece that you included on page 8. In passing I should mention that the Eastercon, ConFusion, used the Kunstmatrix system for their art show and I thought that worked really well; it provided spaces for viewing different artists' work in a way that really looked and felt like gallery space, and showed everything to very good effect. As is often the case, the art show was masterminded by Serena Culfeather and John Wilson and they did an excellent job of it.

*[[I suspect it will make you highly envious to learn that, having also massively admired the p12 illo myself (it's titled 'The Watcher' by the way) I now possess the original, since for whatever reason Ulrika kindly decided I should get a late birthday gift...]]*

I was interested to note **Paul Skelton's** comment that he and Cas are leaving their bodies to Manchester University; this might be too nosy a question, but is that for transplant, medical science, or anatomical use more generally? I've recently read memoirs by both forensic pathologist Richard Shepherd and forensic anthropologist Sue Black – respectively *Unnatural Causes* and *All That Remains* – and have become quite interested in anatomical donation; I'm very keen on my body being disposed of as sustainably as possible when I've got no more use for it, which includes not wasting it if someone else would find some or all of it useful. ('Reduce, reuse, repair, recycle' seems to need to go in a slightly different order when it's about bodies...)

*[[I'm leaving my body to science fiction (old joke)...]]*

Talking of bodies, you asked **Mark** whether he'd attended Eroticon Six (thirty years ago this autumn; bloody hell). Due to the influence of the late John Philpott, whose bird you might or might not have been in the course of events, that was the first convention I ran. There are entirely too many anecdotes arising; I assume that the random members of the public who'd popped in to visit the restaurant, bar or loo while the convention was under way still tell theirs too.

*[[I had no idea you ran that! Before we knew each other, of course, and despite the ongoing 127-year friendship, I'm sure I knew Mark less well at that time. Probably because onions. I was also distracted by -er- very distracting distractions. The only thing missing was Benazir Bhutto...]]*

"Have you heard the Who's apocalyptic version of 'Barbara Ann'?" you asked **John Nielsen Hall**. I certainly hadn't, and I'm still not sure I have now, but I have just enjoyed on YouTube a version they did which involved quite a lot of giggling and some occasionally decent harmony. It's put me in a more positive mood with which to discuss punctuation and grammatical errors with **Uncle Johnny** in another – more carefully proofread – loc to him; and I go with **Skel's** voice ringing in my ears: "...clearly fanac is supposed to be fun and I shouldn't be beating myself up like this..."

*[[You have heard the 'Barbara Ann' Who version, which was in the 'The Kids Are Alright' movie. Might as well [link it](#), as I probably should have lastish...]]*

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#### WAHF

**S&ra Bond ; Guy Lillian** : "Haven't started reading the zine but the artwork is splendid". *[[Yes it is, no need to actually read it Guy (side eye)...]]* ; **Joseph Major**, comparing our ailments ; **David Redd** : "Sorry, doom and gloom reign. Good luck 2021 over at Las Vegas..." ; **John Thiel** : "It looks to me like "Look Here" is going nova, with various double entendres, innuendos, and evasive tropes being slung around more than anything else. Everything looks like everybody is scrapping." *[[Which fits with Lloyd Penney's*

contention that we're "hostile" (locs, lastish) but not Claire Brialey's view that we're (mostly) all coming to Jesus (also locs lastish). "Robust discussion", I call it...]]

#### FANZINES RECEIVED

**SF COMMENTARY #105 (Bruce Gillespie)** - I noted my utter shock at a photo including **Leigh Edmonds** in days when he still owned a razor. **Bruce** usefully replied: "**Leigh's** big year was 1970-71. First he adopted granny glasses, a la John Lennon. That was during a process by which 'Revolution No 9' on the White Album inspired him to decide to do something in music, possibly compose, Then the beard grew in wispy bits, and has stayed. And he met Valma, who had spent several weeks trying to survive in the other half of the flat occupied by John Bangsund after he split with Diane. Leigh rescues Valma from certain madness, and they set up house together. I'm not sure when he, at that time a low-order public servant, also decided to become an academic. The net result is that neither Leigh nor Valma are much different from the way they were in 1971, except that Valma has suffered a lot of illness in the last twenty years, so Leigh has been spotted in fannish circles only occasionally, and Valma not at all since Aussiecon IV in 2000"....

**PERRYSCOPE 9 (Perry Middlemiss)** - The lad truly nails the "personal" in personalzine. It might be considered solipsistic that this ANZAPA offering (and for "whoever else [is] unlucky enough to receive it") is all about him, including the cover illo, but of course it's great breezy stuff, similar yet inevitably stylistically different to **Uncle Johnny's Vita Transplantare** which takes a similar approach, though in that case notably and perhaps thankfully *sans* images of the venerable Unc himself...

**THE TYPO KING #69 (Bob Jennings)** - accompanied by the DoBFO note that "It's not *Fadeaway*", Bob punts his SFPA apa offering instead, so at least he's got *something* on the racks. Prufred by drunk Russians, but some Bob is better than no Bob, innit?...

**PORTABLE STORAGE FIVE (William Breiding)** - the latest ish of the FAAn award-winning genzine is expectedly chock full o' goodness. Lesser faneds (looks at reflection) can only admire Wm's apparent facility for acquiring such a quantity and quality of content, and ruefully conclude that it's no wonder few premier league titles are getting out, because this lad has scooped the fuckin' lot for contributors...

**THE ALIEN REVIEW #1 (Perry Middlemiss)** - Well cor!, who's a busy boy then ey? A brand spankin' new reviewzine from Down Under, starting off with the compulsory "Why is this fanzine?" editorial and proceeding with excellent layout to the solid book reviewing itself, all very big on context and highly readable. I can only nod in approval at **Irwin Hirsch** being parachuted in for a fanzine review column, something that seems to be coming back into favor (here primarily tackling **John Coxon's Best. Trip. Ever.**). Planned to be quarterly, it's a real contender...

**TOMMYWORLD 83 (Tommy Ferguson)** - A nice catchup of locs on previous ishes. I'm in the WAHFs, so I must have said something...

**THE OBDURATE EYE #10 (Garth Spencer)** - A good-lookin' Jose Sanchez cover, a suitable plug for Corflu Pangloss, for which Garth is Vancouver boots on the ground, and revisits of both the old "two cows" descriptions of various economic systems and the computer virus names - the tired and creakily ancient bits are well offset by updated ones in both cases. Almost immediately replaced by a revised version since Garth naughtily used artwork without permission...

**VANAMONDE** - (several ishes from **John Hertz**)...

**COUNTERCLOCK #37 - (Wolf Von Witting)** - a long wait since the previous ish, but good to see *any* MIA zine back in the fray...

**ALEXIAD #116 - (Joseph & Lisa Major)** - solid as always with the combination of reviews and the usual topics of monarchy and horse-racing and a well-populated loccol from the usual crew, but also noting one from David M. Shea (formerly aka E.B. Frohvet) who seems to be dipping a toe back in the waters - see also *Portable Storage*). Bonus points if you can tell **Taral Wayne** and **Taras Wolansky** apart! Every ish ends with a pastiche piece which is usually good, but thish's Hemingway effort is quite exceptional...

**N3F** - The usual deluge...

## INDULGE ME

✘ **FOOTY EXTRA** : I learn the other day (from a Manc in the cab!) that American football is called "football" simply because the ball is a foot long...

✘ **QUOTABLE** : "...one of my personal rules for living is a slight amendment of Linus Pauling's version of the Golden Rule: Do unto others 25% better than you expect them to do unto you, to account for observer bias." (**Alison Scott**) ...

✘ **TAFFNICITY** : Yeah, I'm gonna bang on about this *again*, but I'm going to note that several worthies this side of the pond (and the other) are marking September as a decision point for attendance of either or both of Corflu Concorde and Novacon in the UK, both of which (according to **Rob Jackson** and **Tony Berry** respectively) are proceeding with an assumption of go-ahead for both while sensibly also acknowledging potential up-in-the-air issues. Thus, can September also be applied as a decision point for whether **Mike Lowrey** will be able to take his TAFF trip this year? I don't see that as unfeasible. Here's something about a proposed US-UK "travel corridor"...

<https://cnn.it/3doNCXe>

✘ **TV GUIDE** : **Jerry Kaufman** (locs) has been "enjoying *Debris*" while **Gary Mattingly** (also locs) finds it

“repetitive”. That kind of goes along with Jen’s observation that the effects of the titular debris are inconsistent, though I would have said “different”. The disconnect may be that while the pieces all look similar they don’t function the same way. I’m enjoying it, still, because it’s managing some twisty plot points which are unexpected, and again I’ll point out the underlying story arc which is highly engaging to me. *The Flash*, on the other hand, after a raft of crap episodes and one half-decent one, is back being shite, and my brand loyalty is being sorely tested to the point I may give up on it altogether and substitute *Kung Fu* in its place in the limited viewing time. *Supergirl*’s new season though (the final one) is so far fuckin-A...

✗ **HERSTORY** : Having mentioned the acquisition of the family piano (‘Egotorial’) **Jennifer** turned up the *original* receipt for its purchase. Meta Wittrock is her great-grandmother, and their then address was an apartment above a mortuary one block from Hollywood & Vine with a view of the Pantages Theater...

✗ **ANOTHER ONE FOR LIAM** : Shared by several on FBFB who should know better: “Someone was throwing Stephen King books at everyone. I wondered why they were doing that. Then It hit me”...

✗ **VAX POPULI** : It seems I may have got my second dose before Tony Bennett. Gobsmailed...

✗ **AGELESS BEAUTY (UK)** : There was something on FBFB about getting blokes to name women they admire (presumably for qualities other than strict knobability), and it did occur to me that my “ageless beauty” selections aren’t solely based on that nebulous, subjective and superficial quality, but are all admirable in ways which contribute to a definition of “beauty” that goes beyond simple or “conventional” attractiveness eg **Eleanor Bron**...



✗ **TERMINOLOGY** : Once again inspired by the Uncut Bicycle Service, a programme about “surrogate partners” (I think I got that right) primarily in Israel where apparently it’s A Thing. Injured soldiers in particular can access this kind of therapy (paid for by the government) which, although not stated so crudely (but heavily implied), consists in part of getting wanked off. Now I wondered about the terminology we might use here, since if someone is *being* wanked by someone else, the person doing the actual wanking action is technically the wanker, while the recipient is what - the “wankee”?...

✗ **FOOKIN’ LOOXURY** : Weekends, ahhhh! Slept in this morning (April 16) until 3am, did about 4 hours committing fanac, had tea and toast then off for a nap for two hours. Got up for a Jimmy, realized I still felt sleepy so back to kip for *another* two hours. I’m steadfastly refusing to feel guilty...

✗ **SBA** : Not so much for **Skell**, who possibly should know this, but a small sop to those suggesting a glossary: “Uncut Bicycle Service” = the BBC. **Hal O’Brien** among many will certainly clock that it’s from *The Goons*...

MAY-TIME CONDITIONAL SALES CONTRACT MAY CO. LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

No. M10558 DUE DATE 3

MISS META WITTROCK WIFE OR HUSBAND

MRS. META WITTROCK

RESIDENCE ADDRESS 1660 N. ARGYLE CITY Hollywood ZONE 28 STATE HOW LONG

AMOUNT TO PAY CASHIER TODAY FULL  PARTIAL  25.52

IN CONSIDERATION OF THE DELIVERY TO ME/US OF THE PERSONAL PROPERTY LISTED BELOW, THE TOTAL PRICE OF WHICH, INCLUDING TAXES, IS 455.52 AMT. SALE

I/WE AGREE TO PAY UPON SIGNING THIS CONTRACT \$ 25.52 DOWN PAY.

THE DEFERRED BALANCE OF \$ 430.00

PLUS A SERVICE CHARGE FOR 24 MONTHS OF \$ 62.00 SER. CHG.

MAKING A TOTAL SUM DUE \$ 492.00

I/WE AGREE TO PAY IN 24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF \$ 20.50 MO. PAY.

AND A 3 AND FINAL PAYMENT OF \$

FIRST PAYMENT WILL BE DUE Nov 3, 1955 with subsequent payments due on the 3 day of each month thereafter until the full amount has been paid. I/we further agree that title to the above property will remain in May Co. until the full amount has been paid and title will then be transferred to me/us; that I/we will not sell, encumber or remove the property from the above address without the consent of May Co. I/we will pay all taxes levied or assessed and assume all risk of loss or damage to the described merchandise. In case I/we default in any part of this agreement May Co. at its option and without notice or demand may declare the entire unpaid balance due and payable or exercise its right of repossession and consider all sums paid as compensation for use of the merchandise insofar as it is lawful so to do. I/we will pay accumulative charge of one per cent a month on any past due amounts, and costs incurred by the seller in the collection or enforcement of this agreement and if an attorney is employed for any such purposes; buyer agrees to pay all reasonable attorney's fees. Acceptance of overdue payments will not waive any provision of this agreement.

DEPT.	MERCHANDISE	TAXES	CASH PRICE
720	Wurlitzer Studio piano		428.00
	Bench		10.00
	49074	17.52	
	TOTAL TAXES	17.52	
	TOTAL PRICE INCLUDING TAXES		455.52

I/WE HAVE READ AND RECEIVED A COPY OF THIS CONDITIONAL SALES CONTRACT.

WITNESS William 10/10/55 DATE 10/10/55 PURCHASER Mrs. Meta Wittrock

WITNESS Marie K. Steady DATE 10/10/55 PURCHASER Mrs. Marie K. Steady

THIS CONTRACT IS SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE BY THE CREDIT SALES DEPT. OF THE MAY CO. YOU CAN SAVE \$ 62.00 BY PAYING THIS ACCOUNT IN FULL WITHIN 60 DAYS FROM DATE OF THIS CONTRACT. G-242 REV. 2/54

✘ **RADIO WINSTON TRIVIA** : In 1971 Phil Collins failed the audition to be the drummer for Vinegar Joe...

✘ **TAXI-ONOMY** : A tiny tale to give **David Redd** a chirrup - starting at 3am or a little earlier (as I do) you'll tend to get hookers going from hotel to hotel at times. *Some* of them are actually nice (and professional) and we'd politely refer to those among ourselves as "working girls". Conversely, there are whores. I got one of those from Cosmopolitan going to the Luxor last week; she's got those horrible four-inch fingernails that seem to be all the rage these days and has a fairly sour disposition. I wonder (as you do) how she manages to wipe her arse at all (*snifsnif* - well, that's answered that question). We get to Luxor, the fare is \$8.34, she hands me a ten-spot and I give back a dollar (we don't carry coin change) which she hands back for the tip, but then sez "Wait, how much was the fare?" "\$8.34". "Give me my dollar back". "Here", I say, adding "You evidently need it more than I do.", which must be true as she *snatches* the bill from my hand and stomps off in a huff...

✘ **DRINK REVIEW** : Copped from FBF and **Roy Hessinger** : "White Claw tastes like you're drinking tv static while someone screams the name of a fruit from another room" ...



✘ **FIRST WORLD DOTAGE PROBLEMS** : The tiny speaker bit of one of my hearing aids has fell out, gawd nose where (possibly may have still been in my ear'ole for a bit), or if that's not an actual part then the device itself has packed up. Thus I'm down to the left one until I rouse myself from epically typical procrastination to go and see the audiologist...

✘ **NEXT** : Well obviously I haven't got to the "ancestor worship" elements of fandom piece yet (as mentioned lastish), but I've also got an idea for a bit provisionally titled "Why?-Shaped, Coughin'" which isn't as salacious as you might think, and like everything else might not ever get done anyway. I punt these DoMI memos as much as a reminder to myself as anything else...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (US/GREEK)** : **Arianna** of several lengthy and occasionally hyphenated last names...



## MIRANDA

*THIS HERE...* is (mostly) written, edited and produced by: **Nic Farey**, published on efanazines.com by the Grace of Burns.

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Art credits: **Ulrika O'Brien** (pp10, 13, 16, 19) ; **Julie Faith McMurray** (p22)

**"I'm the innocent bystander. Somehow I got stuck between a rock and a hard place, and I'm down on my luck"**