

This Here...

“A potentially fatal mistake...” (E Cohen)

EGOTORIAL

DRUDGERY

It's to all intents and purposes practically inevitable that whatever job you do (even if that "job" is retirement or semi-retirement) that there will be an element of drudgery to it.

Back in the days when I was working construction, while I was lucky enough to have both the skills and the opportunity to engage in some projects that required a bit of creativity, the actual *work* was often pretty repetitive (framing, for example), and the only advantage you get from the repetition of tasks is improved skill, accuracy and speed.

It occurs that the same might well be true of fanac, and I'm going to make that analogy several times in the following.

I've been taxi driving now a tad over six years, most of that doing the sort-of industry standard of 60-hour weeks, which we at Lucky Cab are

back on since the beginning of April. Most drivers get into a routine, or maybe you'd call it a "system" of when and where they'll stage during the day - Las Vegas, unlike most cities and towns, works primarily off the "stand system", in which we go line up at a hotel property (or at the airport) and wait for the rides to show up, rather than cruising around and being flagged down - we are in fact not allowed to pick up (or drop) on the streets, which tends to be confusing to many visitors who can get a bit irate when they're waving frantically at some street corner only to see you glide past them with a shake of the head. Some drivers just work the same stand *all fuckin' day*, returning to it

wherever their ride goes. Not me, though I do have favored spots to work out of, mostly center Strip.

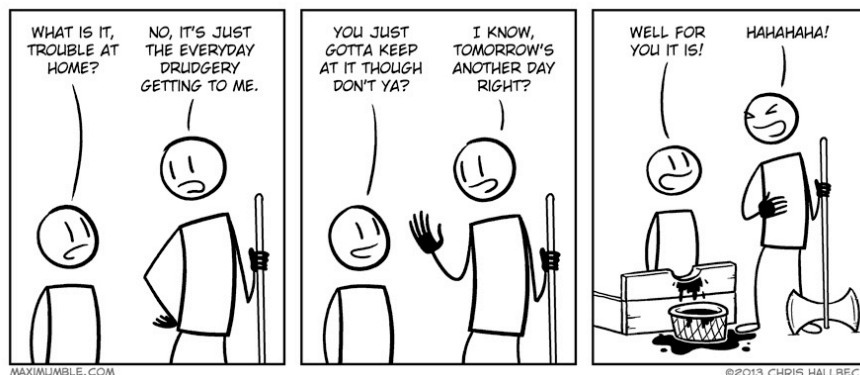
"Well, it must be all right", observe people who've never actually done this job, "Because you meets all sorts of different people every day". Indeed, and Sturgeon's Law applies to them as much as it applies to everything else. I'll get two or three (maybe) *nice* rides with *nice* people out of the 20+ rides per shift that I'll typically now get (yes, business is gratifyingly up), the rest are, well, drudgery.

The equivalence with fanac is in some ways manifold. Certainly I believe it to be the case that frequency of use of *any* skillset does tend to improve speed and accuracy, as well as the skillset itself, at least in the sense that, with continued

use, it remains current and perhaps becomes reflexive (both carpentry and professional driving are solid examples of this). Fanac can be seen as something more creative than more overtly physical tasks, perhaps, yet still requires a bit of discipline to exercise

the muscles required. I've previously noted that the discipline of writing a monthly taxi column for *Vibrator* (even if they were sometimes obviously just phoned in and rubbish) set me up for the perhaps greater discipline of punting (reviving, more accurately, I suppose) a monthly zine of my own after **Graham Charnock** decided to retire that title - was he feeling the drudgery of the effort? Perhaps he'll tell us...

Zine publishing does infer a number of tasks which could be considered utter drudgery: proofreading (and this here very title has had fails there), editing locs, ensuring consistency in presentation, and layout work. Due to the inevitable quirks



of software (and other quirks of using the Palatino font in particular), I'll admit that some of this stuff can get well tiresome, for example: when copy/pasting in locs or other contributions, the absolute fuckin' worst bit of drudgery is going through them to fix the apostrophes, which do not always translate. (The same seems to apply to *BEAM* and the Baskerville font.)

Then there's the likes of **Mark Plummer** (who, I should say, is not the sole offender) whose locs come in with every fuckin' line break translating as a paragraph break, and when you get lovely long locs like that there's a million of the fuckin' things to have to delete.

Layout is something I've always actually rather enjoyed - one of the reasons I got **Jim Mowatt** in as the first co-editor of *BEAM* was that I was (a) having a bit of a fallow time writing and (b) I was more engaged with layout, design and presentation at the time. Not exactly, as he thought, the technical possibility of winning a Nova award. He did, of course, get the boot, the slacker, but I quickly realized that I really did *need* a co-conspirator on that title (nextish RSN [falls off chair]) and as it turns out got well lucky.

Speaking of lucky, I owe a very noisy shout-out to *all* the correspondents who have deemed it worthwhile to engage with these pages. I inevitably (and perhaps too often) return to **Claire Brialey's** comment of many years ago, now, about the desirability of "fanzines talking to each other" and **Andy Hooper's** related remark (locs, lastish) that "To whatever extent there is still a living correspondence ongoing between fanzine fans, you publish a majority of it in *This Here...*".

That's worth any amount of drudgery to encourage it to continue, innit?...

It's all good.

May 2021

RADIO WINSTON

NIFTY AT FIFTY

I've been waylaid from the original plan for *this's* column about Speedy Keen, the answer to the trivia question "Who is the only non-member of the Who to write an original slice for a Who album? ('Armenia City in the Sky', the opener for 'The Who Sell Out' aka "I'm an Ear Sitting in the Sky", which I'll [link to](#) just for chuckles. Well, that and the fact that it's a seminal piece of psychedelia...)

NPR (National Public Radio in the US) is fifty years old this year - I had thought it must be older, but ey - and as part of the recognition of this milestone, 'World Cafe' published a list of 50 [favorite songs from 1971](#), which led me to consider what I was listening to at the tender age of 13 while trying not to get scragged by cooler kids at Hitchin Boys' Grammar School...

At age thirteen you'd correctly surmise that most of my musical knowledge came off 'Top of the Pops' (and 'Lift Off with [excessive drooling] Ayesha', picture below), although there were lads who were into Led Zep, and even weirder outfits like Can - that and there was a significant (as I recall) level of awareness of the then Cat Stevens' 'Tea for the Tillerman', but the majority of us would have been fairly fixated on Bowie and T.Rex as the acts Our Parents Would Not Approve Of, and in my case as well the Who, and interesting to me that the NPR list, perhaps predictably, includes 'Won't Get Fooled Again' from the 'Who's Next' set, while, as utterly brilliant as that slice is (including the early use of synthesizers), my personal fav off that album remains '[Bargain](#)', still and all in this fan's opinion a quintessential example of the lads' best work - you can (well, I can) listen to it over and over, every time isolating each member's performance in yer 'ead and realizing that this is top form.



It's undoubtedly a shameful admission that I wasn't much into the Stones either in those days or earlier, and so apart from having a larf at the 'Sticky Fingers' album cover, it wasn't until rather later that I got into their catalog, despite utter rubbish like 'Angie' and 'Miss You', and I expect I was being as contrarian as ever. When I *did* start getting into

those fuckin' wastrels, they proved to be my entree to an appreciation of earlier blues slices (although the Who also played a part in that shift, confirmed by having seen Daltrey live start out a version of 'Who Are You' as pure Delta, explaining that it really was in Pete's conception, albeit highly transformed).

The inclusion of '[Can't You Hear Me Knocking?](#)' on the NPR list served as a timely reminder of what a totally fuckin' epic slice that is - one of Keef's finest riffs and bought into by everyone else, thankfully the tapes still running as it turns into a fantastic jam.

As to much of the rest, although (TOTP) we'd have been aware of Isaac Hayes' '[Theme from Shaft](#)' and possibly even Carly Simon, the likes of Alice Coltrane and Gil Scott-Heron would have been utterly unknown to our largely then ill-formed tastes.

We can argue significant omissions from NPR's list all fuckin' day (and please, music fans, do feel free to do so), but from 1971 we could also at least mention the DoBFO 'L.A. Woman' set from the Doors, and the perhaps only mildly less obvious 'Meddle' from Pink Floyd, and the perhaps rather more egregiously missing 'Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys' from Traffic...

CORFLUX

NEWS

Hotel bookings for Corflu Concorde are now available. From **Rob Jackson**:

After the recent COVID-related lockdown, the Mercure Holland House is delighted to confirm that in line with nearly all other hotels in England, it is reopening to the general public on May 17th. They are very happy to accept our bookings for Corflu 38 in November.

Room rates: £100.00 per room per night B&B single occupancy; £110 per room per night B&B double occupancy (i.e. £55 per person). These rates apply not only for the four "core" nights of the convention (Thursday 4th-Sunday 7th inclusive) but are available for anyone who wishes to extend their stay earlier or later. No further taxes are applicable. No payment is taken in advance. Credit card details (but not the three-digit CVV number on the back) are only required as security.

How to book: The hotel do not currently operate an online booking system.

Email the information required on page 2 of the form on the Corflu website (either handwritten and scanned, or in a separate email) to:

katie.bell@accor.com or

H6698-SB@accor.com.

For our own records, please c.c. robjackson60@gmail.com.

The emailed information will be shared with nobody else.

If you prefer not to give credit or bank card details by email, please ring the hotel

on (+44)(0)117 968 9900 and ask to speak to Katie Bell, or Events.

<https://corflu.org/>

HUGOWANK

I'm accused by **Justin Busch** in his *Tightbeam* fanzine review column (see 'Fanzines Received') of expending valuable energy on topics I don't really have much interest in, annishes in that particular case, and the Hugos would be another prime example, wouldn't they?

However, these pages have been dragged into at least the periphery of that load of tosh by those wanting to chip in their tuppence, including but not limited to **John Hertz**, **Mike Glycer** and **Geri Sullivan**. The tipping point, if we've actually arrived at one, is the failure of *Outworlds 71* (or *Portable Storage*, come to that) to get on the Hugo fanzine ballot as a result of less than 38 people being inclined to nominate it, and the failure of **Ulrika O'Brien** (or **Dick Janssen**, come to that) to meet the utterly weedy *ten* nominations threshold for Fan Artist.

It's in from DoBFO that **Hertz's** campaign (or extended complain, whatever you want to call it) to encourage denizens of the "actual fanzine" Faniverse to nominate for the Fan Hugos has failed completely. Without doing any kind of balls-aching sums, it's easy enough to conclude that the combined readerships and correspondents of, let's say *This Here...*, *Portable Storage* and *Alexiad* to cite three somewhat separate bits of the fanzine Faniverse could absolutely fuckin' *swamp* the nominations, *if they could be arsed*. So, theoretically, could the membership of N3F, or the community around **Bruce Gillespie's** *Science Fiction Commentary* (in which I might include members of ANZAPA) and so on, and so on. But *they can't be arsed*.

I'm not aware of any "actual fanzines", that I clock anyway, actively shilling for Hugo nominations (including this one, despite **Hertz's** charming but utterly ridiculous suggestion that *This Here...* ought to be in there), which leads me (again) to the conclusion that the prevailing view in our corner of the Faniverse is that the Fan Hugos are worthless. Even the literary end of the pile of ordure may well be thoroughly devalued since the puppy incursions; it seems to me that it's all got into the kind of rules-lawyering beloved by those who are, well, into rules-lawyering (and thanks to **Ulrika** for that apposite term which I'm sure is current but I hadn't been aware of).

No award system (and I will include the FAAns in that) is invulnerable to jiggery-pokery. The FAAns, however, assume goodwill from the voters (largely justified), whereas more and more the Hugos seem to assume at the very least the

potential if not the likelihood of chicanery. Thus layer upon layer of “rules” are added, increasing the likelihood of disinterest among the “fans” who were supposed to be the original constituency.

Fuck your silly rockets, stick ‘em up your asterisk...

FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

Madam, you have between your legs an instrument capable of giving pleasure to thousands and all you can do is scratch it.

THE (ALMOST) END OF SEASON FOOTY COLUMN

I recently ordered a copy of ‘Unf*ck Your Habitat: You’re Better Than Your Mess’ by Rachel Hoffman from Amazon. Unlike a great many ex-booksellers, I have no problem with Amazon. Jeff Bezos had an idea, built it up from scratch risking failure at many turns in the early days and, against the odds, like all successful new business start-ups, established an empire. What’s wrong with that? As much as some people want to criticise his employment practices, they’re no different from a great many companies and probably better than a significant minority. The death of the High Street? That was happening in the U.K. long before Amazon came along with spiraling rents and business rates making many small shops and enterprises unviable before they even opened their doors for the first time (something I have experience of having owned two comic shops at one point). There’s an awful lot of jealousy on display in some of the anti-Amazon rhetoric, willfully disguised as virtue signalling. I’m perfectly happy with my significant discount on the recommended retail price, next day free delivery, and ultra-high definition picture on my television as I waste two hours of my life watching Tom Clancy’s ‘Without Remorse’, thank you very much, but I’ll back you to the hilt as you watch the next season of ‘The Boys’ on a dodgy internet feed whilst pretending that you’d have been at Woodstock “sticking it to da man” if only you’d been old enough/on the same continent/a hippie (delete where inapplicable).

The blurb on the back of Hoffman’s book says: “Finally, a housekeeping and organizational system developed for those who’d describe their current living situation as a ‘f*cking mess that you really need to get around to fixing one day’”. Now, I wouldn’t describe my flat (apartment) as a mess, but it is quite cluttered – books, comics, CDs, DVDs, computer equipment – the kitchen is becoming especially cluttered as I buy equipment and utensils to help me counteract some of the inconveniences of neuropathy. I’ve replaced the old vacuum cleaner with a newer, more light-weight, cordless, stand-up model. I’ve had to get air conditioning units and air filters for the summer; a dehumidifier for the winter; a humidifier for the summer; and various tools for various jobs (an impact driver, right

angled ratcheted screwdrivers, etc, etc). I was going to buy a mini beer pump for the kitchen so I could imbibe chilled Corona draft whilst watching cricket on the idiot box until the counter space was taken up by the mini dish washer. My logic for buying this book was that it might provide suggestions for keeping everything organised whilst dealing with physical problems that impede that and keeping everything as clean as it could be. There are also chapters on letting yourself off the hook on the days when you feel too shitty to actually do anything at all...

Another recent Amazon purchase was ‘The Psychology of Stupidity’, edited by Jean-Francois Marmion. I could say I wanted this in order to finally get to grips with the motivations of a population that votes to leave the European Union, elects successive Tory governments, accepts the pig’s ear of a test and trace system that has contributed to 150,000+ covid-19 deaths in the UK, and will be completely dumbfounded when their universal, free at point of use healthcare system is dismantled around them despite numerous warnings of such. In truth, I probably just want to find out why I continue to try to deal reasonably with unreasonable people and institutions and expect different outcomes. I probably also want to find out why I continue to waste significant amounts of money on television packages to watch football and think I can communicate with other football fans in a way that doesn’t descend into being called a “melt” by tattooed imbeciles on social media. (According to Urbandictionary.com, a “melt” is a “complete fucking idiot”, but what it doesn’t appear to acknowledge is that it’s a term used ironically by complete fucking idiots to accuse anyone that doesn’t agree with their completely fucking idiotic ideas of being complete fucking idiots, or it would be used ironically if complete fucking idiots knew what irony is.) All of which would be ironic if I did indeed try to communicate with the complete fucking idiots that sometimes respond to my posts on social media; I actually don’t, life is too fucking short these days! I was sixty in April and can’t quite wield the baseball bat with the same power I once could.

This Sunday, May 23rd, sees the biggest shit-show of a season I can ever remember finally draw to its interminable end. Manchester City were the Premier League champions weeks ago; Sheffield United, West Bromwich Albion, and Fulham were all relegated to the Championship weeks ago; Norwich City and Nic’s beloved Watford were promoted to the Premier League from the Championship weeks ago. Leicester City surprisingly won the F.A. Cup final against Chelsea last weekend, except that it wasn’t really that surprising as it underlined the fact that just about every team in the Premier League, with the exception of Manchester City, is so seriously flawed that nothing can be taken for granted, which I guess keeps things exciting at a minor level, just not in a good way. The quality of football has been

appalling, supposed “world class” players have been shown up as the clodhoppers they really are. Harry Kane, the footballing equivalent to Graeme Hicks’ cricketing “flat-track bully”, has decided he wants to leave Spurs to win trophies and has set his sights on Manchester City, but will Kane be the difference maker who propels City to greater glory in the biggest competitions? Of course not, City already wins all the biggest domestic trophies and will probably win the Champions League on May 29th, unless Chelsea can pull a “Leicester” that is. More likely, City will buy cheaper, younger players who Pep Guardiola can mould to fill his requirements for several seasons to come. A bigger betting man than I might suspect that Kane will still be wearing a Spurs shirt next season as Daniel Levy, the Spurs Chairman, fails to get the size of transfer fee he would want for the player, but Manchester United present a batshit crazy option that would allow Kane to claim he was trying to fulfil his ambitions whilst not actually achieving anything much more than he probably would at Spurs anyway.

The fall-out from the aborted European Super League continued as lockdown easing allowed 10,000 fans or 10% of venue capacity, whichever was the lower, to attend games from May 17th, just in time for the season’s wind down. Fans at Manchester United and Spurs sang bawdy songs, waved silly little placards, and swore at any passing victim about “sacking the board”, “wanting their club back”, “football being dead” and, probably, the beer still being shit (The Spurs stadium has the longest continuous bar in Europe with pumps that can deliver 10,000 pints in a minute and is supplied by its own onsite brewery. I’ve tried the tinned equivalent of one of the draft beers served at the ground, an Indian Pale Ale, and it’s fucking awful!). Arsenal don’t play a home game until Sunday, but I suspect you’ll be able to cut the atmosphere at the Emirates Stadium with a spoon as fans wave their A4 inkjet-printed placards and proclaim “Meh!” Even Arsenal Fan TV on youtube isn’t as entertaining as it once was, with the “blud” and “fam” quotient falling below critical thresholds as fan apathy at the club’s relentless drive towards maximum mediocrity gathers pace (multiple ticks in the boxes of the football and sporting cliché reference cards for the sports fans reading).

One of the ongoing themes of the season has been the racial and other abuses players frequently face, be it by online trolls, “supporters” when they are in stadia, or, in the case of Scottish league side Albion Rovers’ David Cox, from an opposition player in a game against Stenhousemuir. Cox has a history of mental health issues and has reportedly attempted to take his own life in the past. After a bit of “to and fro” with the Stenhousemuir substitutes, [Cox left the ground and quit the game](#) when it’s alleged that a Stenhousemuir player said: “You should have done it right the first time.” To non-football fans, it may appear strange that I can write this column in the same week as [Billy Porter reveals his has lived with being HIV positive](#) for fourteen years and [Demi Lovato identifies as non-binary](#), yet no top

flight footballer in the United Kingdom has ever come out as gay. The Cox story hammers the reasons home. I’m pretty sure if I was a professional footballer and came out as gay or identified as non-binary, I’d probably be able to cope with opposition, and even home, “fans” abusing me on twitter or whatever; it might even be seen as a backhanded compliment if you’re the player who just stuffed your latest opposition with a second-half hat-trick, or a penalty save, or Man of the Match performance, but I’d be seriously pissed off by and about fellow professionals handing out abuse when they profess to support equality, take a knee, and generally just pay lip service to my rights to live my life as I see fit or even just live my life with the skin colour I happen to have. Of course, I’m 6’4” tall, so people have tended

to not pick on me (a few displays of “short bloke” syndrome notwithstanding), and I’m the classic white male, so maybe (probably) I’m over-estimating the courage I would show in the situation, but I sure as shit know from bitter experience that the most painful abuse is the abuse dished out closest to home.

Sigh!

“Why do we have to have all these third-rate foreign conductors around, when we have so many second-rate ones of our own?”

On Friday June 11th, the delayed Euro2020 international tournament will kick-off when Turkey plays Italy in Rome.



At least, I think that's when they play, and where, and if they even still play when covid is leaving so much up in the air. In the past week a survey in Tokyo has found that nearly 70% of the city's population want the Olympic Games, due to start on July 23rd after itself being postponed in 2020, to be cancelled, but the International Olympic Committee is insistent that its cash cow will go ahead, even without live crowds. A cynic might argue that, just like the Premier League, the IOC is more worried about broadcasters wanting their money back than athlete or spectator health and safety.

The fortnight gap between the end of the Premier League season and the start of Euro2020 will give the tabloid newspapers and Sky Sports News plenty of time to hype up the home nations chances, much to the enrichment of the various betting websites and establishments that advertise on or are attached to their various platforms.

In truth, Scotland, Wales, and even England have absolutely no chance of winning the tournament. Whilst Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland are always portrayed as plucky underdogs whenever they reach tournament finals, England are perpetually overhyped with talk of one "golden generation" of players after another. Realistically, England is a second string international side at best, whose players are flattered in comparison to the mostly third string imports that play in the Premier League. None of the world's top players of the last twenty or thirty years have played in the Premier League whilst at the peak of their powers. Cristiano Ronaldo left Manchester United for Real Madrid in 2009 at the age of 24; Gareth Bale left Tottenham for Real Madrid in 2013 also at the age of 24. Newspapers have been trying to convince readers that Lionel Messi is about to join Manchester City from Barcelona at the sprightly age of 33, but I'll believe it when I see it. Legend has it that the Premier League is the best in the world; the reality is that the Premier League is as it always has been: a thud and blunder, blood and thunder, headless chicken ball chase, hence why a side of such limited tactical acumen as Liverpool in the 2019/20 season could be title winners. It is probably the most exciting league to watch in that cringe worthy way that one watches a (non-)talent show on television from behind spread fingers and feels the hot flush on one's face of embarrassed sympathy for the contestants antics rather than eye widening awe at their talents; it even sometimes induces that same shudder of discomfort that watching 'The Office' once did, especially if you ever had worked in an office in your career. I'll probably watch the England games, but I'd hardly call myself an England supporter anymore, more an observer of the car crash moments (tick in the box of the Ballardian reference card for the skiffy fans reading).

Try everything once, except folk dancing and incest.

You can add expecting the Surrey versus Middlesex County Championship game to be completed in four days in the

midst of the wettest, windiest May in decades, despite Surrey being reduced to 146 for 6 on day one, to that list.

More *sighs*

Right, I'm off to polish my platform boots, press my loon jeans, comb the fringe of my hippie waistcoat, and wash my paisley shirt ready for the Eurovision Song Contest on Saturday. As much as I'm an Abba fan (who isn't?), the wonderful Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias probably [perfected the Eurovision formula](#) without ever getting close to representing the United Kingdom in some cosmopolitan far-off European capital.



LOCO CITATO

["Inside every cynical person there is a disappointed idealist." (George Carlin)...]

From: mikeglyer@cs.com

April 23

Mike Glycer writes:

Holy spumoni, Batman, **George Phillies** wasn't kidding when he said they made him a Fellow of NESFA - in 2018 - [NESFA Fellowship - NESFA](#) (Where was the news media that day, the media asked himself. I would have covered that.)

Andy Hooper's observation and your response about the coincidence of the fanzine doing most to discuss the FAAn Awards winning one provided a rare opportunity to witness a lot of inside baseball conversation about them. Highly interesting.

[[I do rather approve of your "inside baseball" remark at least to the extent that I'm well in favor of having these discussions out in the open, which I consider to be both healthy and productive. In what might be laughingly referred to as "my head" I do fully separate discussion about the FAAns from my administrative role in them, which is after all just basically clerical. The point there is that voters should have confidence that their ballots are recorded accurately and that the process itself is clear and simple...]]

You note that the expected point of congruence between the FAAns and the Hugos - a nomination for *Outworlds 71* - unfortunately didn't happen. And that the self-evident reason is *Outworlds* didn't get at least the 38 votes needed to reach the bottom rung of the finalists (according to the range stats in the press release). However, with all the people cheering that magnificent callback to the best of fanzine fandom, I had thought there would be enough of them with Worldcon memberships to furnish the critical mass of votes. I accept your conclusion that the "denizens of the 'actual fanzine' Faniverse have little or no interest in the Hugos now" - because I think that attitude extends to all awards. There was no one relentlessly flogging them to vote on the Hugos anyway for the sake of tribal pride, otherwise the turnout might have been closer to that of the award which benefits from your own devotion. But I think that's what it would take.

[[See also Jerry Kaufman's loc which alludes to the effective poll tax on the Hugos, and thanks for noticing that the mere 49 FAAn award voters, if acting in concert, could have got Outworlds on the ballot if they could have been arsed. This just reinforces the point that the 'Fan Hugos' are a right load of fuckin' tosh and deserving of nothing but contempt from their original constituency. I'm not about to note the usual disconnect between the FAAns and the Fan Hugos in your own hallowed precincts, since I got flamed to a crisp last time I tried, with only dear old Andy Porter defending the end of us oldpharts. I will note, however, that fanwriter Hugo nominee Cora Buhler got one vote in the FAAns, while of course fanartist Hugo nominee Sara Felix not only placed well in the FAAns fanartist category but also got the win for the BEAM 15 cover, and this perhaps suggests that there might be some (very) faint hope for Fan Hugos after all, with an albeit rare crossover. (See the 'Hugowank' column above for more - er - Hugowank.) I'm also peripherally

reminded of a previous 'Best Cover' win for Brian Parker, a professional artist who nevertheless is old school and a total gent who knows the form. It wasn't hard to spot immediately the utter suitability of Brian's piece for a BEAM cover, and not only did he agree to modify the original to include the issue number, but also, after one commenter on FBF went with the "Oh erewego..." rant about people asking for free use, supplied a very stern rejoinder about how the "fanzine economy" works and that he should shut the fuck up. That's how this all used to work, and in certain cases still does...]]

There is some really good art in this issue -- all praise to **Ulrika O'Brien** and **Julie Faith McMurray**. I would have been happy to look at full-page versions of a couple of those corner illos.

[[Ulrika's originals are postcard-sized, in fact...]]

From: phillies@4liberty.net

April 23

George Phillies writes:

Denigrate?

Footie? *[[sic]]*

I could have brought up the United States Womens footie team. It does let foreigners win a game. On occasion. Rare occasion.

[[You could have, but you didn't...]]

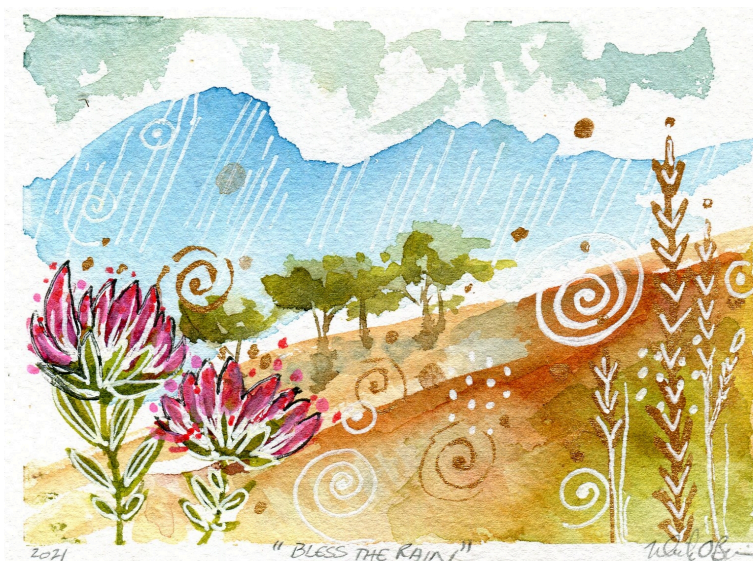
The person I preferred not to mention was Lin Carter, may he rest in peace.

From: cathypl@sympatico.ca

April 24

Cathy Palmer-Lister writes:

Thanks for *TH...*, Nic. I was interested to read the POV of **David Hodson** re the ESL. I was the one who got my husband interested in the sport, but he got so "into" it, I can't watch it anymore. In fact, sometimes he gets so raving mad at "his" team, or the referees, the dog and I take refuge in the office or basement workshop. Granted, the idea that football was made by the poor and stolen by the rich is mostly nonsense when we are



talking League teams, but the ESL would gut the EPL. The rich owners just want to get richer.

Anyway, as I write this, my husband is actually reading **Hodson's** article, and has lots to say for and against his arguments. The big thing is that once a team is in the Super League, they can't be knocked out of it. The fear of being relegated is motivating, I think. And the teams in lower ranks have something to work up to.

[[Our dog takes refuge wherever she can when I'm watching the footy, since she doesn't react well to the inevitable yelling involved, and is now in fact used to me shutting the mancave door while it's on (at least when my lads are playing). I'll look forward to a loc from your old man, shall I?...]]

From: mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com

April 24

Mark Plummer writes:

Claire just said that she has to remind herself from time to time that the second word of your title really does have an "H" in it. I see that. I certainly read it with a Fareyesque delivery as "this 'ere..." and struggle to imagine how anybody would read it otherwise. Perhaps those who have actually learned English as opposed to picking it up. There's an area of north Croydon called Thornton Heath which even generally well-spoken locals tend to render as Fornth Eaf. The only person I know who pronounces it properly is somebody whose native language is German.

[[Quasi-correct, as some dreadful old evangelical yet clueless Marxists of my acquaintance would have said, trying to sound all dialectic & that (and failing). You missed the propensity to replace the "th" with a "v" or even double-v, as in "fevvers" to describe plumage. Thus a possibly stricter application of the vernacular would render the title as "Vissear", ey? Interestingly, in the example you provide of 'Fornth Eaf', it does appear that the 'F' does duty rather than the 'V', depending upon the position of the original "th" and the following (or preceding) vowel. The still much missed John D Rickett wrote me a great piece for 'Arrers' back in the day ('Please, Where Are Being the Palace of Royal?') in part about Skelton levels of bewilderment among foreigners attempting to negotiate English place names, one of his examples being 'Theydon Bois'...]]

I wasn't expecting the manifestation of #41 last night, even though you'd told me when it was due when we last spoke. Just yesterday I'd been thinking I really must write to you about #40, if nothing else to say that I was looking forward to **Dave Hodson's** take on this European super league business. I usually have the sport section of the *Guardian* website permanently hidden so it was something of a surprise on Monday to find all these blue-titled stories breaking out of their ghetto and manifesting in the

'Headlines' section of the site, and moreover to find myself mildly interested in how the story was developing despite my seriously imperfect understanding of what on earth was going on.

Dave's view seems more measured than much of the commentary, and I particularly appreciate the backstory to some of these clubs, challenging the "created by the poor" narrative. It does seem peculiar to me that the club owners could have so misjudged the public reaction so badly, but then it put me in mind of a conversation with a colleague 35 years ago. He was a Liverpoolian and an Everton man and he was explaining how the club and his fellow supporters would never warm to a black player, not that this was his personal position you understand. I wondered why, if that were the case, he stuck with club and his answer was, well, they're my team. So maybe the owners of the big six just assumed their fans would follow them anywhere. (I recall being sufficiently annoyed by my colleague's answer that the next day I reset his network password to "plankton", an act immediately undermined by the speed with which he realised what I'd done and indeed guessed what I'd changed his password to.)

[[Since I'll almost inevitably see things in terms of class structure, I can only observe that it may not be deliberate cluelessness or even contempt for the unwashed supporters that led the club owners to reflexively proceed with the ESL proposal - once again it's a manifestation of "ultra-capitalism" in which them as have an insane proportion of the available dosh really are on another planet than the rest of us. The immediate climbdown was, to me, symptomatic of the realization that the ultra-capitalists don't want to get the innumerable rest of us riled up over anything at all (unless it's internally divisive, of course and gets us fighting each other) since we've got an ever-increasing numbers advantage if there was enough nous to mount a co-ordinated challenge. January 6 over here, for a perhaps bizarre comparison, showed what can happen when a highly motivated but in that case minority group decided that they'd had enuf of whatever they'd been primed to have enuf of. Now imagine that multiplied into a larger (and I'd argue, more experienced in mayhem) group of footy fans with a grudge and nothing better to do than decide to string up some plutocrats. That, in my opinion, is what the owners were shitting themselves over. The story continues...]]

You have a few years on me in going to the First Thursday. My first was March 1985. I met **John Waggott** when he moved to London in February, and he'd either visited the place before or knew about it so we went along in March. We were living in the same building as **Alan Sullivan** at that time and he was also a One Tun regular although I think it took the best part of a year for us to realise this. After the great casting out of February 1987 I didn't go back for years - no reason to, it wasn't a very good pub - but sometime in the

first decade of this century I was in central London with **Spike** and heading back to Croydon via Farringdon station. As we passed the bottom of Saffron Hill I mentioned that we were within ten yards of The One Tun and it turned out that she'd never been there. The landlord was trying to close for the night, but we appealed to the forces of history and may even have implied that Spike had come all the way from California just to visit his pub and so we were allowed in for a swift half.



Without its swirling First Thursday hordes, it's much like many old, small, unremarkable London pubs. I could claim that if you squint hard you can just see the ghost of Frank Arnold and his visitors book at the table by the door but in truth you can't. I have pencilled in my next return visit for 2034.

I think I need to get some of **Steve Jeffery's** "little electronic sticky notes" because I'm sure there were several points where I thought, ooh, I should say something about that, but I'm not sure I can remember what they all were now. There was **Mike Lowrey** and his TAFF trip. Depending on how much you follow news from the homeland, you may know that we reopened non-essential retail and limited outdoor hospitality on 12 April. The next milestone is not before 17 May when the government plans to allow limited indoor hospitality and then not before 21 June "the government hopes to be in a position to remove all legal limits on social contact." **Rob Jackson** seems optimistic about the prospects for Corflu in November, but then I think **Rob** is optimistic about most things. September may indeed be a reasonable point to make decision, although I'm not sure how quickly a generally positive outlook might be reversed by a new wave. It also doesn't allow that long to make plans.

Corflu starts on 5 November and so even a go decision on 1 September only gives just over two months. The figures I have to hand are for westbound races - I worked these out for some now-forgotten purpose a few years back - and most delegates have had four months planning time between close of voting and first day of the destination convention.

Now sure, **Mike** doesn't have to wait until September to start making tentative plans and I know he's sounding out people now but it's not easy when I suspect many people are answering, well, it's too soon to say. And something I heard somebody else saying, something that hadn't occurred to me, is that many people who are currently homeworking have had to repurpose space that they might otherwise use to host visitors and it may be a while

until they know when they're returning to their workplaces.

[[Fair points all about both the shorter leadtime and the availability of hosts for whatever reasons. I'm still, however, going to observe that this paralysis of indecision can't go on, and on, and on, and I'm now having other genuine concerns that, in spite of or perhaps because of not unreasonable arguments such as yours that the deferral of Mike's trip is becoming self-sustaining...]]

Claire's letter reminds me that by not replying to #40 I didn't answer your question about Eroticon Six. Yes, I was there. Truthfully, many of the memories are somewhat jumbled with those of VoCon, a Hitchhikers convention in the same venue two years later, but it's difficult to forget the woman - Trudi somebody? - clad in not even strategically positioned chains who startled two more conventionally dressed (and non-convention attending) women outside the restaurant. And I was recently reminded, thanks to an unearthed photo of me and **Robert Newman** distributing flyers near Forbidden Planet in 1987, that there was an earlier attempt to stage a convention called Eroticon Six. It never got beyond the most rudimentary planning stage and now I mostly remember only John Philpott's discovery of a potential site near Thurrock in a place called North Stifford.

[[That's only because he couldn't find anywhere with a more 'Carry On' name, shurely? Additional but unrelated (except that it's HHG) my dear Texan friend Allison Douglass posted a meme on FBE, viz: "Vogon poetry - still better than 'Twilight'"...]]

For what it's worth, I very much second **Dave Cockfield's** recommendation for *Line of Duty*. Despite the fact the first season aired in 2015 we hadn't watched any episodes until we were poking about on the BBC's iPlayer a few weeks ago after exhausting the back catalogue of *Unforgotten*. We burned through the first five seasons quickly, but with series six the BBC were only releasing one episode a week so we thought we'd wait for the whole lot to be available. With five episodes down and e6 broadcasting tomorrow we thought we'd take the plunge last night and yes, as Dave says, "absorbing and compelling" - and also, as we belatedly realised, this time around it's a seven episode season so the conclusion is eight days away and, well, good grief, did we really used to watch television like this, one episode a week? Then again I was surprised by how many people do still watch broadcast television as evidenced by the mass protests when the BBC shut down all their regular shows as a mark of respect for the recently deceased Prince Philip.

We saw a performance of 'In C' back in 1998, with Riley himself, a string quartet, a brass section and three members

of Pulp. The piece contains 53 sections and each musician works his/her way through all of them. (Do they all play them in the same sequence? I'm not sure, but it certainly didn't sound that way.) The number of musicians and the range of instruments isn't fixed and so performances range from 40 to 90 minutes, and, on one occasion, clocked over four hours. The version we saw lasted about an hour, which seemed about three times too long. It was very disjointing, building up to a crescendo which seemed like it might be the ultimate passage, only to be followed by a fade which looks like it could go all the way to nothing and then another build... and so on. In some respects the uncertainty is interesting; you don't know when it's going to end. However, after a while you almost cease to care as it trundles on and on. It's peculiar: there isn't any obvious major repetition across the length of the piece, at least not that I could detect. The electric bass part, the one I could follow most easily as it's the only instrument I come close to understanding (it was also quite high in the mix), seemed fairly simple yet the pattern was constantly changing. Overall, the idea just didn't keep me interested for an hour.

[...]

[[I wonder if that was inspired by Dudley Moore's version of 'Colonel Bogey' which attempts to resist his every effort to bring it to a conclusion and yet is only four-and-a-bit minutes, [here](#) in the original 'Beyond the Fringe' version...]]

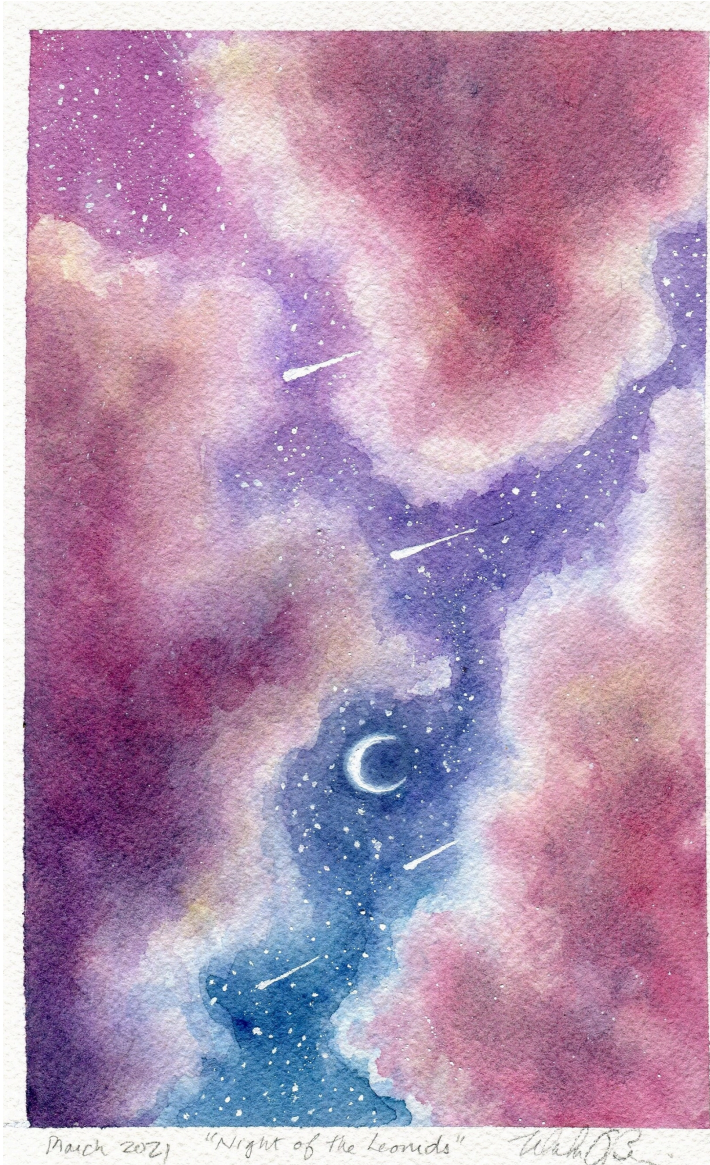
From: steve.green@ghostwords.co.uk

April 24

Steve Green writes:

Audiohistory: It's quite possible selected items at Novacon were recorded, and I know for certain the Birmingham SF Group (which, as many of your readers will know, organises Novacon) taped a number of its monthly meetings in the late 1970s. Unfortunately, like so much archive material from that period, this "audio library" passed into someone's care, the identity of that individual was forgotten and its current location (if it exists at all) is anyone's guess. I have a vague feeling either Chris Chivers or William McCabe may have looked after the box of cassettes at some point, but wouldn't put money on it even if I had any (I'm still recovering from losing an entire dollar when you and I played the slots in Vegas).

[[I do recall taping items through the sound desk at Novacons and Mexicons (with usual caveats of drink). The mention of Chivers gets an eye-roll, is he even still around? The more sensible Bill McCabe, though, ought to be a good source of info if anyone cares to go into the research...]]



From: perry@middlemiss.org

April 24

Perry Middlemiss writes:

Thanks for the ish and the kind words. "Busy"? Yep. But, I suppose, better that than dead.

Starting at the end, thanks for the Warren Zevon quote, always good to have the excitable boy remembered. I find myself now nine years older than he was when he died. I'm glad I gave up smoking when I did back in 1992.

[[I've been taking up the slack...]]

I've passed a copy of this zine along to "Irwin's Hirsch's" alter ego **Irwin Hirsh**, who wonders who the other bloke might possibly be. I keep telling Irwin it's all his fault, but he then goes on to blame his father who got the spelling "wrong". Reminds me of an old mate whose father migrated from the old Yugoslavia to Australia back in the late 1940s and who changed the family name of "Starchevitch" to "Stare", thinking that it would sound more Anglo-like. Turns out they were the only Stares in the phone book.

Is it "egotistic self-absorption" (as per dictionary.com's definition of "solipsism") to restrict my personal-zine (*Perryscope*) to things that I've done or watched or read or are interested in? Absolutely. I'm happy to cop the label. As they say, "a life unexamined" etc etc. I can only assume that by the time I get bored with the idea then others will too. Though I suspect they may well have preceded me in that regard.

I reckon the charge of being "solipsitic" is mainly down to the photos and drawings of me that I use on the front cover. Fair enough. In defence I would note that graphics are not my strong suit and anything that looks part-way reasonable will have to fit the bill. I'll get sick of that idea in due course as well.

[[You have the advantage of being better lookin' than most of the rest of us, mate...]]

By the way: how many Claire Briarley's are there? She seems to be everywhere.

[[I will be passing a copy of this zine to "Claire Briarley's" alter ego Claire Brialey, whom I can confirm there is only one of...]]

From: billb@ftldesign.com

April 25

Bill Burns writes:

Just to say, worthy as fanac.org is, and well deserving of the award this year, it is long past time for **Rob Hansen** to be recognized for the vast amount of research that has gone into his fanhistory site.

After all, efanzines.com and fanac.org (until fairly recently with their live interviews, at least) are largely compilers of other people's work, while **Rob** has dug much deeper and is still expanding on his quite comprehensive history of (largely but not exclusively) British fandom.

[[Few, if any, would disagree, but I'm anxiously awaiting whoever will...]]

From: penneys@bell.net

April 25

Lloyd Penney writes:

I was getting through some late zines, doing some more editorial work, and finally had gotten to issue 40 of *This Here...* and then issue 41 arrived. I really don't like one loc for two issues, but it's what I have, and it's what you're getting.

[[I'll take it, of course, but I could also very snarkily suggest that you could read more selectively...]]

40... Ah, we all have our secret lusts. At least no one can control what we think, and thank Ghu for that. I am sure that some will say that we're just children in adult bodies, and at our ages, I say thank Ghu for that, too. If we can't be kids at our age, when can we? (I am sure **Jennifer** is shaking her head...)

Congratulations to all the FAAn Award winners! I joined the ceremony on Zoom, but left when the discussions turned to Corflu. I wouldn't mind getting to the planned Corflu in Vancouver, but it is actually cheaper in many cases to fly to London than it is to fly to Vancouver. I suspect that as the pandemic carries on, and there are still so many who will not take this health crisis seriously, Corflu will be held in Seattle.

[[Now I'm curious as to why you would book it when "the discussions turned to Corflu". I'd have thought you'd have been at least mildly interested...]]

The loccol... indeed, Mike Glicksohn was charismatic and friendly, and was one of my initial influences when I showed interest in fanzines. I was one of those people who found Trek fandom first, and then found connections after that, especially with my move from Victoria, BC to Toronto for further schooling. I certainly agree with **Jim Caughran**, our premier doesn't really seem to know what to do about the pandemic in the province of Ontario, but he won't listen to the scientific and medical advice given, goes to halfway measures to insure his friends aren't too inconvenienced, and we are getting about 4,000 cases of COVID-19 a day, and about 30 deaths a day. He's extremely unpopular right now, and he's lucky in that the next provincial election is about 14 months away. For the record, sanity is over-recommended, and I am sure I have some around here somewhere... I may have put in a Safe Place, so safe, it's even safe from myself.

Some fans may wonder why I haven't responded to a particular issue of their zines, and I have gotten to the point that I do not write a letter if I have nothing to say. I would prefer not to RAE, BNC as well. And, hello Jen! Good to see you smiling again. Hugs!

41... I sincerely hope we never get "gifted" with a piano. Yvonne and I live by ourselves in a two-bedroom apartment, and years ago, we were in a three-bedroom. Fannish detritus, the usual reason.

It's been a long time since I have Pubbed My Ish, but I won't say I'm not thinking of trying it. There are costs, as per earlier discussions, but we usually already have Word, and e-mail... I remember buying boxes of 500 envelopes, and going through them within a few years, and buying some more. The postage was much cheaper at that time, but still...

The loccol... I certainly do not read everything, and I know some are a little angry with me because I don't respond. Maybe my writing is in demand? Would be nice to think so. I have seen some of the New 'Spitting Image' stuff, and Johnson's cabinet are hilarious, as is Trump and his buffoons.

[[I'd have a sneaking suspicion that the "little angry" contingent don't get any other locs. It perhaps should occur to you that there's a reason for that...]]

I've seen mention of BBC America... BBC Canada went away, guess they couldn't sell enough BBC programme tat. There was another TV station on the Bell service called HiFi, and they have rebranded as BBC First. They have the usual vet programmes, plus an infinite number of episodes of 'Antiques Roadshow'. We were enjoying it, but we knew it would go away because it isn't a part of the basic service we pay for, and sure enough...

[...]

From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

April 26

Leigh Edmonds writes:

So I was reading my way through *This Here ... 41* and making the occasional red note to remind myself to say something about this or that and my strength was starting to give out heading onto page 27. We old and tired fans get tired some times after too much fannish reading. And then I come across **Bruce Gillespie's** potted biography of my life from 1970 to the present - in fifteen thin lines. Fairly accurate too, I might add. But I must add a couple of points of explanation.

The first is that I didn't decide to grow a wispy beard, I decided to stop shaving as a time saving activity and that wispy beard was the result. Have those of you who shave figured out how much time you've spent hacking away at your faces? Roughly I calculate on five minutes a day which

makes 35 minutes a week multiplied by 52 weeks in the year, which comes to over 30 hours a year, say 303 hours a decade, and I stopped shaving in about 1967 so I reckon I've saved about 60 days of my life by growing this thing from my chin. You can read an awful lot of Doc Smith in that time. (By the way, I haven't shaved since about 1967 so my initial time estimate may be way off, and don't count on my arithmetic either, which has been about as impressive as my spelling - as **Bruce** will testify.)

[[I don't spend that much time shaving meself, although I do keep the goatee look so apparently beloved by fan and pro legends. The time I gave up on the activity was when I was in jail, in part because it was inconvenient since the razors were issued (not allowed to be kept) around the time I needed to go to kip to be up at an early hour for work (I was on the work release program). Thus I went almost 18 months with the plumage approaching ZZ Top proportions by the end of the stretch...]]

The second amplification is that it was not John Lennon who inspired me to wear granny glasses, it was an optometrist. Being quite short sighted I was wearing glasses with thick coke-bottle lenses that needed those Buddy Holly frames to carry the weight. Not comfortable at all!. When I went to the optometrist around that time he talked about plastic lenses which were much lighter so that I could have much lighter wire frames as well. It was a revelation, I've never looked back and my nose and ears are still thanking me for relieving them of the burden. (I've looked at some of those round granny glasses but they are not so great with multifocal lenses. I've also wanted to have myself some mirror shades, which I managed to find, but not with my lenses in them. So I can either look cool and go blundering around and knocking things over, or I can look quite ordinary and see where I'm going.)

[[I'm due for some new bins meself soonish, and I'm inclined to go for Warren Zevon as a model...]]

Bruce might be interested to know that what I laughingly call my academic career began at a science fiction convention in Perth. I'd got an upper-second BA which meant I could do more along those lines, we had a good friend in Grant Stone who took us out to Murdoch Uni for a look around and we looked at the price of houses in Perth. It was also August and in



Canberra one was wearing a lot or warm clothing whereas in Perth the weather was much more pleasant. We'd both been thinking about doing something new so this idea popped into my head, let's move to Perth and I'll do a PhD. I suggested it to Valma and she agreed, and that was that. (By the way, my pride was a little wounded to read that I was a 'low-order' public servant at the time, being then a substantive Class 8 and long term acting Class 9, which was not entirely low-order. This, by the way, proved very useful when I was back in Canberra writing the history of the Tax Office, where that kind of thing counted for a lot. When the word got around that I'd been an acting 9 when I resigned twenty years earlier folks were much more accommodating than they had been when I was a mere PhD.)

[[It'll be interesting to see if there's any comparative notes from Fishlifting civil servants elsewhere...]]

Having got that bit of self publicity out of the way, some commentary perhaps. Though this is an observation on the side as well. Congratulations to all who picked up gongs - and very nice looking gongs too - at the FAAn awards this year. I finally managed to find the broadcast on the www a week or so later and enjoyed it though, of course, I could not contribute. I had something that I wanted to say too. Well, not so much a statement as a question. **Jerry Kaufman** looked most august as the MC and I thought he handled it very nicely, but I continued to be distracted by the lovely row of book shelves running down the left side of my screen and trying not to peer around the side of my screen to be able to read the titles of some of the books. However what really I caught my eye was that there was a gap in the lowest shelf right towards the back of the room where there were no books at all. What could that be? I found myself speculating about it, most thoughts not very imaginative I'm afraid. (A trans-dimensional portal seemed the most likely explanation, but on the lowest shelf so you'd have to slither through?) So that's what I need to know, what's that gap in the lowest shelf of your book shelf **Jerry**? I don't know whether a factual answer will be sufficient.

[[I agree that the Killer did a sterling job as awards MC. The gig may well be his as long as he wants it, or even whether he wants it or not...]]

As you might guess, I thoroughly approve of your featured artists this time. I was, however, shocked and appalled to read that you'd never heard of Terry Riley and to read, later, that you'd never listened to 'In C' and that, when you did, you only lasted two minutes. Shocked and appalled, that's all I can say! No doubt you've heard of Philip Glass whose early work runs along similar lines. There was on You Tube a performance on *Einstein on the Beach* which ran for about four hours, it was fabulous but it seems not to be there now. You might not have heard of Morton Feldman who was a true minimalist and is very good listening, to my ears anyhow. So much so that I paid good money for a version of

his String Quartet No 2 which occupies four or five CDs. I see that it's on You Tube in two versions, one runs for four and half hours or you can take in the shorter three and half hour version.

[[Who has that kind of time? A: "Not me, pal" ...]]

I've been hanging out for **Dave Hodson's** Footy column in this issue so he could give me the good oil on what was going on with football in England. Not being one who pays much attention to sport I heard on the radio that a European League was being set up and then, a few days later, that it was off again. I'm still not sure that I'm any the wiser about what happened but I've got a fairly good idea of why it happened thanks to **Dave**. I had thought it a little odd that English teams were wanting to get into a European league just as the country was getting out of Europe but then I find out that it's apparently a way of luring a handful of European teams with bags of money (if you call Spain and Italy Europe) to play in England a lot more. The motivation seems to be money, as **Dave** keeps telling us.

[[You may be none the wiser, Leigh, but you are now better informed (F E Smith)...]]

A bit later on **Claire Brialey** assured us that she doesn't understand this sport thing. I share her bewilderment but still it picks me up and carries me off whether I like it or not. A bit like music, perhaps, which expresses the inexpressible. In far off Las Vegas you will not have caught the news that the Melbourne Football Club has won five matches in a row, the first time since the 1960s when the team also last won a premiership, so there's hope here that will no doubt be snuffed out as the season progressed. I was drawn to **Claire's** comment because there is something purely emotional about sport which defies explanation and I get swept up in it. Melbourne was playing last year's premiership winner on Saturday night and I could not bring myself to listen to the game. I glanced at the score on my phone, 15 points down at quarter time, 'here we go again' I muttered to myself. Still, there was that little seed of hope so I finally gave in and listened, just in time for Melbourne to put on a burst and hit the lead. They stayed there for the rest of the game but there I am in the final quarter with a lead of thirty points and only ten minutes to go. "That's only five goals, they can still lose it", some little demon in my mind is still telling me. And then the final siren brings relief rather than happiness. I wonder why I do it to myself.

[[We all do. One of the greatest moments in Watford FC history was the last-minute promotion playoff semi-final win over Leicester City in 2013, still cited as one of the most amazing finishes in any footy game ever, and a clear showing of the emotion that sport can create...]]

I'm at a loss to understand the N3F but then I was never possessed of the evangelical zeal that seems to drive some fans to want to promote stf in the mundane world. I gather that it has the dual purposes of promotion and also creating

a haven for stf readers who need a home where they can feel supported by other enthusiasts. Speaking of which, it was a delight to see **Eli Cohen** in this issue, a fan I remember fondly from our DUFF trip in 1974 and whom I don't think I've had any contact with since.

[[Even I am crogged by who turns up...]]

A couple more things before I depart. Where has this word "memorialize" come from that **Mark Plummer** used and what does it mean in the context it's being used here? "To commemorate or present a memorial to" are likely definitions. It seems to me that this kind of thing comes close to veneration but, like **Mark**, that does not interest me. To me old fanzines and fannish paraphernalia are historic evidence, material that has come from the fannish past by which we might be able to put together stories about what happened in fandom in the past. Why would we actually want to do that? I'm not sure what motivates other people, but trying to understand the past worlds that fans (and mundanes) lived in is what motivates me.

It's nice to see some fanzine reviews in there, even if **Perry Middlemiss** gets two mentions. Still, he is being a busy boy these days so much power to him. It's also nice to see the art in this issue, it makes me glad that I have a colour printer to enjoy them fully.

From: jakaufman@aol.com

April 27

Jerry Kaufman writes:

Any thoughts on anniversary issues, Jerry? Maybe they were more meaningful when most fanzines came out on a monthly schedule and lasting for an entire year was an accomplishment. I don't remember if any of our titles had annishes, but I doubt it. We aimed at quarterly but usually we were doing well if we had three issues in a year. Intervals between would stretch out more and more until a year or more would lapse. We should rename *Littlebrook* "Science Fiction Four Yearly." But we don't have enough about sf to justify that name.

[[Just get the fuckin' ish out willyer...]]

I enjoyed, mildly, the snippets of the Suspicious Cheese Lords you linked to, but I like classical vocal music less than classical instrumental. There are exceptions, of course, as I like some of Patricia Pettibon's recordings of arias, *The Magic Flute*, and a few other items.

We have hopes that travel between the US and Canada becomes possible later this year, as we want to visit Vancouver again, with a particular eye towards visiting the proposed Corflu hotel and neighborhood. I especially want to visit that Three Brits pub.

That's an interesting idea **Claire Brialey** proposes, of having a box to tick to give one extra point to whomever or whatever the voter thinks is especially good, rather than automatically giving the point to one selection. Let's give it a try next time.

[[I believe we will...]]

I had not heard of the proposed European Super League before reading **Dave Hodson** on the subject. I don't know whether all US sports coverage ignored it, or I simply tuned out such coverage. Could be the latter, as I skip most of the sports pages in our local paper, and the local tv news usually gives only enough time to sports for reportage on local Seattle and Portland pro teams, and Washington or Oregon college play.

[[The latter, definitely, since CNN for one gave it front page coverage...]]

Beautiful water colors by **Ulrika**.

You and **John Hertz** have another go-round regarding the fan Hugo categories. My take on the possibility of "real" fanzines getting on the ballot is that most of the remaining fanzine fans don't feel they get enough from Worldcons to attend or even buy supporting memberships. (And many of us are retired without large bank accounts, so can't afford even the usual \$40 or \$50 supporting membership fees.) So even if they complain about what gets nominated - and what wins - they can't affect the nominations. If all of us felt the Hugos could still be relevant to us, and all bought supporting memberships, we could get a few artists, writers, and zines in front of the total memberships. I suspect, though, that there wouldn't be enough of us to convince the larger Hugo voting population to vote our way.

[[Yeah, that's pretty much my take on it too, Killer. It might be nice to get an "actual fanzine" in the nominees, whether the moved-on voting population recognizes it or not. I would contend, however, that the inability of Outworlds (or Portable Storage, come to that) to even get on the ballot suggests that all hope is finally lost...]]

Eli Cohen played a large part in our earlier days in fandom, and one of the great pleasures of our trip to Dublin was spending time with Eli and his wife Linda Gerstein (and a friend of theirs whose name I've ungraciously forgotten). We even lived with Eli when we moved to New York in the early '70s. ("We" being Suzle and I.) Eli's apartment, shared also with David Emerson, was called "The Avocado Pit," because of Eli's pleasure in growing avocado plants from the pit of the fruit. These never grew big enough to ever bear fruit themselves, thanks to various cats.

The description of White Claw applies to non-alcoholic seltzers as well.

It's been entertaining, this issue; many thanks.

From: eli.cohen @mindspring.com

April 30

Eli Cohen writes:

First of all, thank you for sending me *This Here... #41*.

Comment on my LoC (which was of course the first thing I turned to): You dropped 2 of the 3 closing parentheses after "DeJoy" in my deeply nested (though egg-free) remark, thereby producing unbalanced parentheses! (Parenthesis falls off chair.) - a potentially fatal mistake if my LoC had been a computer program. Fortunately, the result in this case is merely to incorporate the rest of the loccol into my explanation of "letter". (Hmmm, did he mean to do that?)

[[Er, yes of course. Or strong drink may have been taken...]]

Re British accented cop shows, I may have seen a few episodes of *The Sweeney* a long time ago (I have an image of John Thaw in my head, and

I've never

watched *Inspector Morse*); it does share Dennis Waterman with *New Tricks*, which my wife and I recently finished watching the entire run of (on the recommendation of a retired-NYPD-cop friend of hers) and very much enjoyed. In any case, I think I have another 100 years of *Midsomer Murders* left, so it's all good. (I just looked, and Netflix has DVDs of the second season of *The Sweeney* available,

so there's another 11 hours of my life gone.) I am never going to finish *Outworlds 71*!

Footy on the front page of the NY Times! What is the world coming to? The Times article was of course full of fulminating politicians, greedy billionaires, and outraged fans, rather than anything about actual games. Now, usually I skip the footy column - prior to last week all I knew about footy was a joke my son told me (he's a bit of a footy fan), to wit: "What teams have swear words in their names? Answer: Arsenal, Scunthorpe, and Manchester Fucking United." But I must say, I found quite interesting **David Hodson's** column about the origins of the clubs (even without radioactive spiders) and their current money problems. I'm guessing this whole Super League thing will come back to life when they revive Superman?

[[The "swear word" joke is an old'un, but still viable to tell to Americans, I've found. I'll never tire of saying how



grateful I am to have Dave Hodson's work in here, since he's not only a fantastic writer on the footy, but also on any topic he might choose to address. The fact that we've been mates since the early '80s has no bearing on my utter admiration and respect for that lad...]]

Thank you very much, he said sarcastically, for the mentions of *Kung Fu*, which reminded me of the new series' existence. I liked the original, and as a Modesty Blaise fan, I certainly enjoy kickass heroines, so there's another one added to the list. Poor *Outworlds*!

Re Pratchett and Discworld, I like the Vimes books the best, followed by Granny Weatherwax, with Rincewind somewhat behind (though I confess to a fondness for Cohen the Barbarian, for some reason); *Colour of Magic* is not one of the best, so I recommend you try some of the others, like *Night Watch* (my favorite), before you give up. But I think all of the books have little gems sprinkled through them - I mean, the Nac Mac Feegles (a.k.a. the Wee Free Men) have swords

that glow blue in the presence of lawyers, for crissakes!

We're thinking of going to Corflu Pangloss next year - we had been planning on going to the now-cancelled Seattle Westercon, to visit some friends I haven't seen in decades, and Vancouver is, after all, Seattle-adjacent. (Also, I lived in Vancouver for three years, though I haven't been back in over 40.) Maybe I can finish *Outworlds* by then...

[[We're hoping to attend

Pangloss ourselves, but as usual that remains to be seen with the usual time & money caveats (and my acquired reluctance to travel at all, to be honest). It's been several years since my last Corflu, and Jennifer has never been to one at all, as a result being rather keen to meet people who thus far seem rather mythical. It'd certainly be a pleasure to make your acquaintance in person, if Jerry the K doesn't monopolize you with avocados...]]

From: kim.huett@gmail.com

May 4

Kim Huett writes:

'Chance In a Million' is indeed another good example of an eccentric character who is totally unaware of their effect on the world. I would have mentioned it myself if I had been able to remember what the show was called.

I would like to add that I specified English sitcoms in my previous comments because every sitcom from Britain that I could think of (with the possible exception of 'Father Ted') feel very English to me. Have Welsh, Irish, and Scottish sitcoms been made I wonder and do they differ much in theme from the English variety?

[['Father Ted' is Irish (DoBFO), but it's an interesting question...]]

To give you an idea of what I mean by difference in theme I'll give you an example I noticed in US sitcoms. In recent decades many US sitcoms have had a tendency to promote "group unity". In shows like 'Seinfeld', 'Friends', 'Frasier', 'Home Improvement', 'Family Matters' etc conflict within the core group, whether that group is composed of friends or family, is generally transitory with more serious conflict being generated by the intrusion of outsiders. In US sitcoms the group unites against the outside world whereas in English sitcoms groups tend to bicker and work at cross purposes.

I wonder if this fundamental difference is why English sitcoms so frequently don't work when remade in the US?

[['The Office' might be a notable exception, but I think also a significant part of British "closed environment" sitcoms often include some outside influence which requires the normally adversarial group to unite in the face of it, despite their usual animosity. This was certainly the case in 'Are You Being Served?', occasionally in 'Steptoe & Son', and frequently in 'Red Dwarf'...]]

Leigh Edmonds is indeed correct in his assertion that I am quite reasonable (even if certain parties have in the past made the mistake of suggesting otherwise). I'm not sure though that he is entirely correct about fan operated tape recorders being all the go in the 50s.

At least my understanding of the situation is that "wire recorders" were very popular for a time and I've always had the impression that this was a different technology to the later tape recorders. If this is indeed the case then the problem of obsolete technology may raise its steampunkish head.

[[I suspect Magister Burns may know all...]]

On the other hand there are places which will, if you cross their palms with silver, convert almost anything into something compatible with a computer. I believe the National Film & Sound Archive in Canberra is one such place.

What I really can't comprehend is how King John managed to die from a surfeit of lampreys. Apart from the fact that lampreys for din-dins means having to come face to face with multiple lampreys, none of which are likely to have a face a mother could love, there is the concept of accidental surfeit. I mean, I ask you, lampreys are not the least like beer or whiskey. So how is it even possible that anybody, even

somebody as greedy as King John, could down a lamprey too many? I suspect there is more to this tale than has come down to us in the here and now...



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

May 5

John Hertz writes:

I've seen TH... 41. Congratulations *cum abaco*.

The two pages of *Vanamonde 1000*, as some readers may tell you. celebrated with a spaceship that Bob Eggleton had sent, after which I forwarded the original to a Fan Funds auction.

Hurrah for Thomas Tallis!

Fortunately the distinction between "suspicious" and "suspect" makes clear that these gentlemen are Suspicious Cheese-Lords i.e. cheese lords who harbor suspicion. not Suspicious-Cheese Lords, for which the cheese would have to harbor suspicion. I've met suspect cheese, but never cheese that seemed sapient (at which I am inevitably reminded of "Alice - Mutton: Mutton - Alice", 'Through the Looking Glass' ch. 9); sapid, yes.

[[I feel like I'm transcribing some highly suspect cheese here...]]

Andy Hooper, who is usually sharp (not meant as an allusion to 'David Copperfield ch. 2) - he saw at once that cash I handed him was \$19.73 for a lifetime subscription to *Apparatchik* i.e. for the zine's life or mine whichever ended first - at page 12 begins by baffling me.

Christendom ("you've got the wrong vampire" - hello, Mark Blackman)? Louis XVI (**Hooper** has seen my satin pants are not pink, but gray, or as you would write, grey)? Sneer (speaking of blackmen, if I got this "You're a kettle!" it would excel)? "What does he even mean by 'secret ballot'?" Aha. He who fails to look things up makes the fog roll in.

I apologize for failing to see I should have explained this technical term used in managing elections. It means “the name of the voter is unknown to people who see the vote”. Verifying i.e. that the voter is genuine and entitled to vote is separated from counting. There are various ways - nine and sixty aren't needed - in person, by real-mail, electronically. Worldcon site-election does it. So do Federal, State and local elections everywhere I've lived in the US.

[[Yes, and thank you so very fuckin' much for fansplaining that with such dripping condescension and thus placing yourself firmly in the jiant brane camp which dismisses us lesser mortals with an airy wave of a hand containing a tumbler of expensive gin. “Secret ballot”, to me and I suspect most of the world means simply that the vote of the individual is not publicly revealed as theirs, as opposed to, say, a show of hands. This may, I grant you, be a difference between Merkan terminology and that of Yoorp, something that does occur. It's utterly fuckin' idiotic to suggest that a separate verification step ought to be added to the FAAn awards process. It seems to work quite well as is, with “verification” (such as it is) and the count being carried out by the same person. Note my remarks in the ‘Hugowank’ column that the FAAns presume goodwill on the part of the voters. The salient question is: What tiny squirt of difference would it make, if any? (DoBFO memo is on the way.)...]]

Fog must have led AH into the baroque and into hopeless, pointless, soulless boondoggle. Otherwise I'd be honored with mention in the same breath as **Fred Lerner**. Of course he and I are each quite big enough to beat **Andy** up, but I have no intention, and I feel sure **Fred** has none, of trying.

[[Is anyone else lost for words here? Yeah, me too...]]

As to “fanwriting is fanwriting” (evidently this cheese doesn't stand alone) it is precisely because I insist on its diversity that I want locs in Best Fanwriter.

[[Once again we have to revisit the concept of category splits. As with the Genzine/Perzine split which was created because of the perception that perzines were judged to not be competitive against flashier genzines, the fanwriter/letterhack split would have arisen from a similar perception that loccers were underrepresented within the fanwriter category. A better argument currently, and one I could find persuasive, might be to observe that those who might usually have solely appeared in the fanwriter category are also showing up in the letterhack lists, including the 2021 winner of the latter. This is likely to be a function of the unusual nature of 2020 plague concerns, and that, notably, fanwriters (with zines of their own) are additionally loccking others, a fine if perhaps transitory example of Claire Brialey's long-stated belief in the desirability of “fanzines talking to each other” ...]]

My point about the costs of publishing electronically is precisely that fans who so publish, typically not owning the

equipment only for fanac, fail to take account of the costs. Thus they fuel the sheep-bleat “It's EE-EE-EE-asy”.

[[Let's not forget the cost to the public sanity of having to read (and/or fuckin' transcribe) your own bleatings on the topic. Let's just say that the actual cost of e-pubbing is minimal compared to the papernet...]]

You, not I, said “online wasteland” (Newton Minow, Roscoe bless him, went to the same law school as I). Rejection (which we fans are so ready to dish out but scream and leap at the thought of taking)? You jumped, I didn't push you: note e.g that I manage to find *TH*...

[[The fact that you do actually seek out This Here... is gratifying, given your typical if now clearly feigned intransigence over the “wasteland”. Try to properly spot the irony in phrasing next time, though...]]

Lost cause? For six or seven years now I've been saying this is a fan with a spade in hand crying “Why won't that hole get dug?” It is **we, we ourselves** who **couldn't be bothered to muster 38 nominations for TH... - or even ten for Ulrika O'Brien** - Roscoe help us - that made this year's ballot what it is.

[[Do I need to define the acronym 'DILLIGAF' for you? Actually my preferred response derives from a Joe Pesci song: 'AIFC', which stands for “As If I Fuckin' Care” ...]]

Speaking of **Ulrika**, her fanart in *TH*... 41 is a wonder, as ever.

From: daverabban@gmail.com

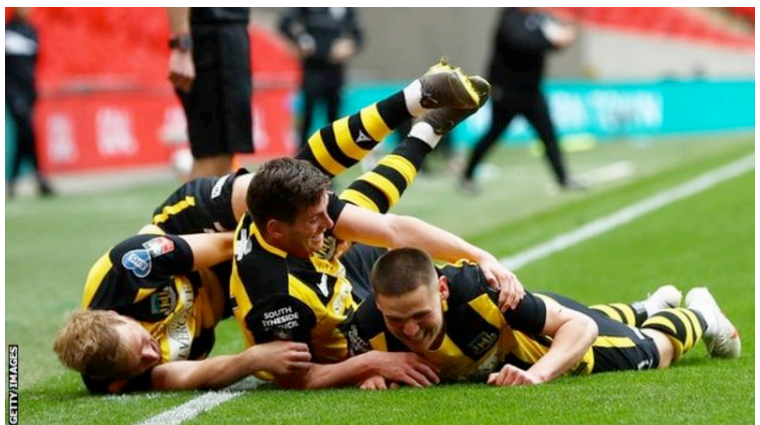
Mostly May 9

Dave Cockfield writes:

Obviously the year for the Hornets.

My home town team Hebburn FC [won the FA Vase Cup Final 3-2 today](#) (May 3) against Consett.

Naturally they play in yellow and black and are nicknamed the Hornets.



Dave Hodson provided a fascinating historical piece about a number of football clubs. This should be a regular feature with the history of say four clubs an issue. However it would

be a marathon task for **Dave** and probably of interest to only a few of us fans.

[[And I suspect the Hod-me-son will be after you in a rage for that suggestion. It was highly relevant to that particular column, though...]]

The big problem with the ESL as I see it is that the 6 English teams will have to play a minimum of 20 extra games a season. They can barely manage with the crowded fixture list as it is now so we would end up with lesser team selections for Cup matches. Perhaps even other teams in the way of the FA Trophy where Under 21 teams from the big clubs are up against League One or non League clubs. This would surely affect revenue from games with smaller clubs, many of whom can pay their expenses for a whole season with just one game against top opposition.

I was interested in the religion in classical music examples. I gave up on organised religion, except for the obligatory visit to a wedding or funeral, a hell of a lot of years ago. That said I tend to love a lot of religious music simply because the composers and singers seem to believe in the message. This often tends to provide exceptional performances. Every year I religiously (pun not intended) watch the Songs of Praise "Choirs of the Year" programmes. They are amazingly uplifting.

Because of my love of the music of Sufjan Stevens I checked out his various guest appearances with various artists on his Asthmatic Kitty Records label. There I discovered [The Welcome Wagon](#). A group from his church led by Reverend Thomas Vito Aito.

From Maria's Gospel Hour on Spotlight, an Irish Country Music Channel I then found [The Church Sisters](#) and [Sounds Like Reign](#).

This is beautiful heartfelt music but it still hasn't managed to lure me back to any form of actual worship. A bit like Fandom really.

If you fall off your chair at the thought of Carly Simon my religious musical choices will almost certainly have you choking on your own vomit.

Don't send me the medical bill.

[[Still probably better than choking on someone else's vomit, though, innit?...]]

I see that a scientific report has determined that Heavy Metal music makes you fat because it influences your eating choices. I would have thought it was the booze.

[[falls off chair...]]

In the past week I have managed three visits to a local microbrew pub (The Kentish Belle) to sample vast quantities of cask ale and cider, freezing my balls off in the process sitting outside. As you can see I am like a big fat bull seal so other than my balls I'm well insulated.



Only a week to go until I can do that inside a pub.

[[Freezing your balls off inside a pub is clearly preferable...]]

From: paulskelton2@gmail.com

May 19

Paul Skelton writes:

Enjoyed the 'Egotorial' – informative and with some nice touches of humour. I can't say the same for 'Radio Winston' this time though.

The Suspicious Cheese Lords didn't do it for me... but then you were already aware that musically I am a blinkered wanker. The music not only reminds me of Church, but also oddly (by association) of Sunday School. My parents never went to Church, but I had to go to fucking Sunday School every Sunday morning, when I could have been out playing and enjoying myself. Just about anything to do with religion pisses me off lately. I was briefly hopeful when I followed the link and saw they were a Carpenters tribute band (albeit

misspelled ‘Carpenteras’), but immediately spotted my mistake.

[[It continues to amaze people who often forget this since it's so dissonant, that not only was I a regular Sunday School attendee (of the Methodist persuasion) I also ended up being a Sunday School teacher for a couple of years, causing severe epidemics of chair plummeting every time I mention it...]]

Actually I have no problem with people believing in God, it's people believing in ‘The Bible’ as a fact book that does my head in. The Universe is 6,000 years old? Get real, people. Evolution is not a fact but a ‘position’? I liked Alan Bennett's take on, if being asked if he was an ‘evolutionist’ he would reply “Only in the sense that I am a gravitationist”. What has this to do with your fanzine? Fuck all of course, but it was religious music and I was in need of a rant. Oddly I liked Judy Collins' ‘Amazing Grace’, but then she was born with a voice that is a ‘Get out of Jail Free’ card.

[[As you'd expect me to disagree with you reflexively, thus I will again: Judy Collins' voice was so utterly pure it achieved a level of blandness never seen before or since - there was zero emotion in it, coming across as just a technical exercise. Give me the Staple Singers every time...]]

Sorry about that... on to the Faanwankery and to **Claire's** analysis. I too am all in favour of the ‘bonus point’ for first place. When you are supposed to be voting for ‘best’, any basis that implies you are not capable of realising that something is better than everything else is seriously flawed. I think that your approach was the perfect compromise between distributing egoboo where deserved and rewarding excellence. It was certainly easier than attempting to rank all the placings whilst rewarding what one considered the most outstanding and I suspect this contributed to the larger number of ballots cast.

[[Thanks for that well-put analysis, and (hopefully you're sitting down so you have a chair to fall off) I agree with you, though perhaps not to the extent that the simplification of just choosing one ‘best of’ contributed to increased voter numbers, which is not to say that it mightn't have been a minor factor...]]

You'll note I skipped over the ‘Belfast in 2023’ business. Personally I am all for it, but when you get to my age, worrying about things two years in the future begins to feel a bit presumptuous.

Excellent letter column - particularly liked... and now discover that a list would feature almost every one... but again I'm enjoying stuff without feeling I have anything important to add. But wait, **Claire Brialey** asks a specific question regarding what use Manchester University intend to make of the bodies Cas and I are leaving them in our will. We have always assumed it would be for anatomical teaching of students intending to become Doctors, Surgeons,

Pathologists, or some such but I'm sure I mentioned somewhere that if we eventually form part of a curriculum in ‘The use of human bodies in flower arrangements’ we won't really give a monkey's.

Ulrika's artwork throughout was an absolute delight.

WAHF

David Langford : “Thanks for this, Nic. In a week or so you will be getting something in the mail”. *[[I vacillate between curiosity and abject terror...]]* ; **Fred Lerner**, querying the correct pronunciation of “Celtic” as in the Glasgow footy team ; **Ulrika O'Brien** ; **John Purcell** : “Welcome to the rabbit hole...” ; **David Redd** : “Early music in TH...? Wot next eh? Brill you're keeping regular.” ; **Garth van Spencer** ; **Taral Wayne** : “Inside every cynical person is a pragmatist who deals better with disappointment” ; **George Wells** (on FBF), expressing late, late crogglements at Buck Coulson's inclusion in the TIR listings ; **Alan White** : “Commence the Delving!” ;

FANZINES RECEIVED

VITA TRANSPLANTARE 17 (John Nielsen Hall) - I'm getting a mildish case of the arse, which isn't Unc's fault at all, it's just that the correspondents and the old scrote himself are mostly this time banging on about their TV and movie watching and reading matter, which I don't have the time to emulate. You lucky bastards. **Graham Charnock** does weigh in with a typically grumpy loc of *miserable*, but paradoxically it's good to hear from that even scrotier old scrote at all...

PERRYSCOPE 10 (Perry Middlemiss) - Through the miracle of ~~CGI~~ old photo albums, a highly de-aged **Middlemiss** appears on the cover. More fodder for a future biographer, I conclude, as I pick dead skin from between my toes...

PABLO LENNIS #402 (John Thiel) - It's admirable that **John** has the old-school philosophy of sending the otherwise whimsically available *Pablo Lennis* to those who are mentioned within, in this (my) case in his equally admirable fanzine review column (any instance of which readers will know that I'm well in favor of). His remarks on *This Here...*, however, I find curious but interesting to the extent that his viewpoint is very different to my conception, viz:

“Nick *[[sic]]* Farey's **This Here** *[[sic]]* #40 seems to be naught but a nova, with everybody letting it all hang out, and improbable exchanges of comments or love-hate abuse. Farey appears to have tossed his hands up in the air. The issue provides no address or email address in the masthead either. There's just been a #41 in which I was surprised to find he had printed my letter of comment which said he seemed to have a nova going. He's stabilized a bit in this issue and maintains a kind of no-comment attitude about what he's been printing in there. **George Phillies** appears in the issue overlooking the slams he got in the previous issues.”

John does note later that he found my address (but as usual never prints email addys), which is, of course, in the place it's been in every issue for 20 years, on the last page. Now I have to say that I don't recognize this here publication at all from his description, and I was almost insulted by his surprise that I published his (emailed) comments, because why wouldn't I? What an odd duck...

THE OBDURATE EYE 11 (Garth Spencer) - Yet again I commend inclusion of a fanzine review section. The pdf is done in that goldie-looking color that used to be *de rigueur* as well. **Garth** fronts the zine with fannish news of interest (Corflu ect) and twirls off into typical quirky silliness - I can quite see how some would think this tiresomely daft, but for me the sheen hasn't wore off, since differently but yet alike to eg **Tommy Ferguson**, there's an underlying exuberance to it all, a real sense that the lad is thoroughly enjoying himself...

TOMMYWORLD 84 (Tommy Ferguson) - A memoriam for Paul Campbell, with contributions from others as well as **Tommy's** own brilliantly written reminiscence, which it will not surprise anyone to learn involves substantial quantities of Guinness and imprecations of "You can't print that!" from previous natters with his subject...

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

ALL NEW OR REPRINT 9 (Paul Skelton) - Lovingly photographed country walks and beer bottles, as well as a good and lengthy loccol with familiar names in it. Apparently I'm on "Mailing List 2" which, since this is dated March, I can only assume is Skel's equivalent of fourth-class post...

N3F - My eyes glaze over with the flood, but I will give mention to **TIGHTBEAM #320**, in which I enjoyed **Stephanie Souders'** capsule comics reviews, and as always **Justin Busch's** zine review column in which he reverently yet perspicaciously tackles *Portable Storage* (among other titles), placing **William Breiding's** award-winner in historical context. Once again I find myself interested in his view of *This Here...*, in which I'm accused of being "cranky" and having my "knickers in a knot" over the many annishes of **John Purcell**. As with **John Hertz's** apparent failure to recognize irony (see locs), **Justin** also fails to see when I'm having an extended taking-the-piss session, something I'm wont to do with **Purcell**, since we've traded (mostly) friendly insults for many years (and have quite happily broken bread together when I was monetarily (and momentarily) stranded at his house for a few days en route back to Vegas from Florida). Now of course I wouldn't have expected **Justin** to have clocked that and thus wouldn't criticize him for his take - even as the majority of readers might have read that 'Egotorial' in the spirit of *knowing* so. It's a top example (with a smidgen of DoBFO) of that Venn diagram of almost entirely separate fanzine communities with a tiny common

intersection, if any, but by such small increments we achieve a measure of *fal-tor-pan*...

SF COMMENTARY 106 (Bruce Gillespie) - There's a sad conclusion that every other zine seems to feature an obituary, in this case for Yvonne Rousseau. Then again, in such capable hands (see also *Tommyworld*) these will be properly celebratory, the fannish equivalent of sitting shiva. More good stuff within, of course, as you'd expect from *the sercon* zine, and a typically honkin' loccol which could be tagged with the cliché "everybody who is anybody". **Perry Middlemiss** (who writes on the 1961 Hugo Awards) may have now acquired "The Inevitable" as his epithet, which he should consider high praise since I'd formerly assigned it to "The Inevitable (Randy) Byers"...

LOFGEORNOST #143 (Fred Lerner) - I continue to be utterly blown away by **Fred's** seemingly effortlessly brilliant prose style. I'd like to think that this perfection flows easily from his pen rather than having to be painstakingly edited into the final form. Here he muses upon "The Other Kipling", John Lockwood Kipling, father of the famous author, and not unexpectedly it's as fascinating as all get out...

DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME (David Langford) - the promised "something for the weekend" arrives (see WAHF): a collection of conreps from His Venerable Deafness. I'll be delving into this as soon as I can, honest...

INDULGE ME

✘ **WATCHING THE DETECTIVES** : Cartoon supplied by **Eli Cohen**...



✘ **SAD STORY** : Via the old scruff **Jim Burns** off FBF: "Got sad news today. After seven years of medical training, my good friend has been struck off after one minor

indiscretion. He slept with one of his patients and can now no longer work in the job he loves. What a waste of training and money. A genuinely nice guy and a brilliant vet..."

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (UK)** : Julie Christie auditioned (or was at least considered for) the role of Honey Ryder in 'Dr. No', but producer Albert Broccoli apparently decided that her tits were too small...



✘ **RADIO WINSTON EXTRA** : I appear to have exhausted the supply of 80s music supplied by **Chuck Connor**, so the background choons now consist of one of my several Pandora channels of older Jamaican music. I've found that switching the primary artist does bring up some different stuff, and I'm rather happy with what I'm getting off "Prince Buster radio" at the moment. I *am*, honest, trying not to let the oeuvre dominate my RW columns, though **Leigh Edmonds'** [falls off chair] new-found appreciation of Bunny Wailer is a huge temptation, as is to utterly baffle him with [Pluto Shervington](#)...

✘ **TV GUIDE** : Still banging the drum for *Debris*, episodes 9 and 10 of which were *so* fuckin-A magnificent that I surmise they have zero chance of getting on the Dramatic Presentation Hugo ballot for next year. Added later: I muse on the perhaps cynical observation that the show won't be up for any awards because it doesn't have any lesbians in it...

✘ **VAX POPULI/UNCUT BICYCLE SERVICE** : I learn off the steam radidio that pregnant women receiving the vaccine will convey antibodies to the fetus, and that they're also transferrable to the newborn via breast milk, which does seem a Good Thing. This is (I presume) something already well known to those who are Not Blokes since there's a lot of historical evidence and research that this has worked for

other vaccines in the past. Thus does my knowledge slowly increment...

✘ **DI FILIPPO FUNNIES** : Off FBF...



✘ **SELF-INFLICTED** : The kind of hangover that results from the Mrs having got a bottle of the *good* whiskey (Bulleit) for me from her Costco sojourn, prompting me to make a valiant attempt to finish off the cheaper stuff so I can get to it. Also various scrapes and bruises from malevolent furniture attacks...

✘ **RADIO WINSTON TRIVIA** : Which reggae artist had more chart hits in the UK in the 1970s than Bob Marley? The huge clue would be in adding the caveat "despite having just about all his slices banned by the BBC". [Judge Dread](#), of course...

✘ **AMBIENCE CHANGE** : I got a different Tuscany scented candle going, this time trying 'Citrus Sunrise' which describes itself as "Grapefruit, Apricot and Jasmine". It's all right, but I prefer the previous 'Caribbean Market' which I might just go back to rather than trying something else...

✘ **TAXIDERMY (EGOTORIAL EXTRA)** : Part of the problem with claiming that “it’s written in me ‘ead” is that when you get to the actual business of *writing*, the effects of time-lapse and drink mean that I forget bits. I had intended to include a section on unsavory working conditions which tend to contribute to the feeling of drudgery in the job. I detailed in a long-ago *Vibrator* column the various restroom facilities available to us toiling drivers, and the situation has only got generally worse. McCarran airport demolished the lavs at the Terminal 1 pit and built new ones, but apparently didn’t solve associated problems of drainage, or the issue beyond their control of the fact that a lot of drivers appear to be thoroughly dirty bastards. There’s three urinals in the newish building, one or two of which may at any given time be almost overflowing, suggesting that while it’s well fuckin’ DoBFO that the flush isn’t working, lads *keep pissing in them*. The Terminal 3 pit facility, meanwhile, retains the general pong of the outside back wall of an East End pub from 1895 which hasn’t been hosed down since 1896. My other creeb is that half the town fuckin’ *reeks* of weed (an odor I highly dislike), as do some of the passengers - I took this couple from the Westgate to the airport the other week, and there has to be a word which conveys some ultimate value of “redolent”. By the time we got there and I could kick them out, my eyes were actually puffy and half-closed from what I’ll assume was either a genuine or a psychosomatic allergic reaction - it doesn’t actually matter which (although I tend to suspect the latter) because the result is the same...

✘ **THICKNESS** : **Don D’Ammassa**, on FBF had been posting updates of far-right wingnuttery for the crogglement

of his readers, but has moved on to simply relaying examples of stupidity. In that spirit, I offer a small taxi tale: while staging at the Vdara, an obviously rather worried young lady approaches me with the sad tale that she’d left her phone in her Lyft ride the previous night. Would I, she asks in all seriousness, possibly have a phone number she could call to try to find it? [falls off driver’s seat]...

✘ **NEXT** : I’d thought that there’d possibly be five weeks between thish and the next, but maybe it’ll be four, with a five-week interval between the June and July efforts...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (US)** : An apparent victim of “Bring Your Wife to Work Day”, for the Hod-me-son: **Pam Dawber**...



MIRANDA

THIS HERE... is (mostly) written, edited and produced by:
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Art credits: **Chris Hallbeck** (p1) ; **Ulrika O’Brien** (pp 7, 9, 10, 15)

**“It’s a God-awful small affair
To the girl with the mousy hair...”**