

# This Here...

*"...can all be done in about thirty seconds." (B Burns)*

## EGOTORIAL

### RAMBLE ON

It's time for one of those all-over-the-fuckin'-shop personal update egotorials, which does represent a break from the different kind of ramble of spurious bollocks and philosophical musings of occasionally skiffy nature, ey?

On a typical workday I'm up at 1am and out of the house around 2, and the dog is usually mostly motionless on the couch during this time. On my days off I'm wont to sleep in a bit, then slurp the coffee

before moving swiftly on to beer & fanac. On these days Lulu will start bugging me to go out in fairly short order. I'd been under instruction from Jennifer to not let her out so early because woof noises, but the fuckin' beast quickly figured out that if she started barking *indoors* then I might as well open the doggy door anyway. I finally worked out (thickness) that what clues her in that it's not a workday is me lighting the scented candle. Fair enough, she just

mostly sits in her favored corner of the little back yard, so all is (again, mostly) well on the noises front. Next door neighbor Eddie had a massively yappy little mutt, but that's either gone away or had its vocal chords removed since we haven't heard its call-and-response in weeks. We didn't complain about it (Eddie's a nice bloke, and a footy fan - Cruz Azul, Liga MX) but I suppose that the presumption is that others would have.

Speaking of work, the uptick in business has been highly gratefully received around here - the scrimping, begging and bill-paying nervousness of the last year-and-a-bit is having a



rest, and we've even managed to build up a little cushion against the next disaster. I remain minded, however, of the pessimistic observation by (I'm fairly sure) **Joseph Major** in a previous incarnation of this here virtual beermat along the lines of "the acquisition of money will be countered by a problem requiring an equal or greater amount of money". That's a bit of a miserable sod attitude, but I also continue to remain equally mindful of **Uncle Johnny's** description (which irks him every time I revive it) of the "slow-motion train wreck" nature of the course of my span so far. I must say, though, that I remain basically quite content, the

awesomeness of Jen being, I would suggest, the primary cause there.

Speaking of our dear old **Unc**, he may be relieved to learn, after expressing horror at the coif I gave myself months ago, that I have indeed now "cut it all off", since my preferred "style" (if it can even be called that) for a Las Vegas summer is Jason Statham.

There's domicile news, which is only a *little* anxious-making, I suppose, since it doesn't immediately suggest the kind of peripatetic existence that Jen

and her mother and grandmother endured. We've been in this nice little house on Rungsted Street three years now (and of course we *still* have a garage full of unpacked boxes), the first two being on a two-year lease agreement, the last one month-to-month. The landlord's agent has now offered us a new one-year lease with the expected rent increase - an extra \$100 a month which frankly could have been a fuck of a lot more if they'd felt like it, given the state of the Meadows housing market. Lisa, the agent, has however expressed several times that they're all well pleased with us

as tenants, in no small part, I judge, from the fact that we kept the rent paid on time through the tuff year (and more), and also perhaps that the police don't get called round here every ten minutes (although they did once due to dog barking, a matter swiftly resolved by the nice officer who clearly had more arse with the complainant than with us). I only mention that aspect because the cozzers were called to action a couple times at Cape Cod Drive, and I did have the unexpected joy of waking up one morning to go to work to find the street taped off for a drive-by shooting at a trailer across the street.

Anyway, given Jen's history of moving quite a few times, a mere one-year lease does have a sort of temporary feel about it, although I want to stay confident that we'll remain in good graces with the management company (and obviously, by extension, the landlord himself who remains abroad allegedly doing spook stuff for the CIA - whether true or not that's *interesting*, innit?). Lisa is coming round Tuesday to do an inspection, which we hope and perhaps indeed expect might be fairly cursory, so this weekend (which will have been last week when you receive this) will be a bit of a frenzy of cleaning and tidying (oo me poor back, legs ect), as well as having to shoehorn in a Friday visit to "**Lord Jim**" **Taylor** and **Tee Cochran** to give carpenter-type advice on their garage door trim about which their HOA are having snits, as well as our local Writers' Group meeting (still via Zoom, but planned to be in-person next month) on Saturday. Swiftly followed by another 60-hour work week.

It's all good.

June 2021

## RADIO WINSTON

### SPIN DOCTORS

Waylaid again - I remain all over the fuckin' place.



Spin Doctors sort of started out as a side gig for John Popper (of Blues Traveller) and were then called 'Trucking

Company'. Popper waddled off to concentrate on his main gig and the band was renamed, having had a bit of a personnel shift.

Spin Doctors held (and continue to hold) a reputation as a "jam band", probably due to their initial association with Popper, and to an extent they justify that with values of terrific musicianship and crowdpleasing antics.

I've tended to see them a little differently, though. Even though it's arguable to some extent that the Grateful Dead (jam band *sui generis*) incorporated and perhaps even celebrated "Southern rock" influences in their music, I'd generally considered Spin Doctors as a more expansive version of a Southern rock band - perhaps even Lynryd Skynyrd for Deadheads, if you wanted to go that far.

I'd cite two slices in particular, both of which are in my opinion "Southern rock" in construction, riff and in the first case also topic. The first, I would think pretty DoBFO, is '[Little Miss Can't Be Wrong](#)'. Now of course there's some guitar showoff in the breaks, but structurally, to me anyway, this is a pure Skynyrd-lift of a riff and a concurrent diss of a spoilt Suth'n girl in no uncertain terms. Chris Barron's vocal drips with utter condescension for his subject, and I'm at least *fairly* sure I used a lyric in this very here fanzine as a closer box: "I hope those cigarettes are gonna make you cough, I hope you hear this song and it piss you off"...

It might be less obvious that I consider '[Jimmy Olsen's Blues](#)' to be in the same vein, but I'll anecdotally observe that I used to perform this slice at karaoke (yes, I used to do that) at the Tavern pub in St. Leonard MD, and it usually seemed to go down well with the fairly redneck audience. Again, there's Suth'n riffing on display here, even though the topic is well removed from typical regional concerns.

Perhaps egregiously, this allows me to add a photo referring to "I got so bad for this little journalist" (here, Frida Ghitis, a fine writer on global affairs, of course).

As a final peg for the argument I'll cite a later slice of theirs, '[You Let Your Heart Go Too Fast](#)', which also incorporates some very country-ish (and well decent) slide work.

Quite croggling that they're from New York, innit?...



## FAANWANK IN HISTORY

I've separately attached to this mailing a pdf received from **Kim Huett** who rightly deduced that I might be interested, consisting of the 1976 FAAn awards nominating form, something he's also sent to fanac.org as jpegs, apparently. I urge you to have a look before you read this column, or at least download and open the file so you can refer to it.

And yes, **Ulrika**, I'm wallowing in some timebinding, I suppose, but not exactly in the sense of any pure devotion to fanhistory, rather an interest in comparison between the mechanisms of the awards then and now.

In that early (six year) incarnation of the FAAns, the awards were dated for the year previous, whereas after the 1995 revival they were marked as in the year given, at least still ostensibly for work in the previous year, though I believe this was shaded here and there for compliance with the Rule of LAWS amongst other considerations. I do note, however, that this early version did apply strict calendar rules of "eligibility".

What interests me more, though, is the frankly fuckin' godawful setup of the awards administration which looks like an utterly incestuous circle jerk, and I'm going to be *very* keen to hear any observations from **Andy Hooper** on this, since it seems to be like something he might have at least tacitly approved of, or at least have implied a willingness to consent to. Honestly, a lot of this bollocks looks like it could have been written by a then unformed Victor Gonzalez.

Check out this bit:

"The Fanzine Achievement Awards Committee (FAAnAC) has sole authority to rule on nominee, nominator or voter eligibility, recategorization of nominees and all other matters relating to the awards. The current members of the committee are Bruce D Arthurs, Sheryl Birkhead, Frank Denton, Moshe Feder, Jackie Franke, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glycer, Rob Jackson and Bruce Pelz. One-third of the committee is elected each year (to three-year terms) by those who nominate and vote in the awards. If you qualified to nominate in at least one category, you have the right to nominate your fellow fanzine fans to places on FAAnAC. Successful nominees will be listed on the final ballot."

We could *almost* glibly pass over the two-stage process (nominations followed by actual voting) which **Murray Moore** attempted to revive (to fairly general derision), except that there's a corollary implied purpose, in that it gives the "committee" two chances to eliminate things they don't like, as if choosing their own voters for themselves wasn't enough of a gerrymander in the first place.

It might be slightly instructive, however, to note at this point that in this given year, only one of the committee members

(Mike Glicksohn) actually won an award (although **Rob Jackson** did win four in the following two years).

Given that several of the members of that year's wankfest committee are still around, and may even remember, vaguely, events of 45 years ago due to relative sobriety between then and now, I'd like to hear any of their own recollections, or even justifications, if that's even possible, for the hugely "fuck off, in crowd at work" nature of the setup.

There's DoBFO comparisons to be made with current voter suppression efforts in Glorious Merka, isn't there? Efforts that I doubt any of the select committee named up there would support, and yet that's fuckin' *exactly* what they tried to put in place for the FAAns, innit?...

## WORD!

I've been Zooming on a more-or-less unfixed monthly basis with **Fishlifters** of my acquaintance (as you do), the last go also including cruelly aged cyclist **Doug Bell**, although not **Christina Lake** (who would also have been most welcome) who was predictably and annoyingly off running around the perimeter of Cornwall for no other reason than to make me feel even more weedy than I already now am, given that **Chrissie** and I are the same age.

Now these joyous conversations, as you would rightfully expect, involve a bit of sekrit smoffing, ongoing discussion about All Fandom Plunged into Getting **Noel Collyer's** phiz tattooed on their collective arses, and copious swearing, at least from the Las Vegas end. Speaking of ends (and, well, arses actually), the conversation turned to a possible Swear for **Claire** mid-year effort on the perhaps less controversial topic of farts.

There is, I might contend, a puerile part of all of us that is still six years old and finds farts hilarious, especially perhaps in general delight at the misfortunes of others who might experience fart-related (and often curry-related) emergencies wherein the flatulence is not as dry as we might have liked. "Sorry pet, I must have had a bad pint".

Jasper Carrott had a typically well-told story about a mate whose party piece was setting light to his farts, noting that on one particular occasion he experienced the phenomenon known as "blowback", ruefully observing that "he was a hairy bugger an'all" and ended up in the Emergency Room as a result with third-degree burns, with the duty nurse seriously inquiring "Has he been setting light to his farts?"

Our convo, however, also alighted on some euphemisms and/or remarks which might accompany a fart - I've always been amused by the services (I think) expression: "Speak up, Brown, you're through", but there are of course many others, and I'll rely on the international readership of this here tawdry rag to provide their own country's favored versions.

Some examples:

"More room on the outside".

After a particularly difficult to achieve bottom burp: "Arg, get out and walk you bastard!"

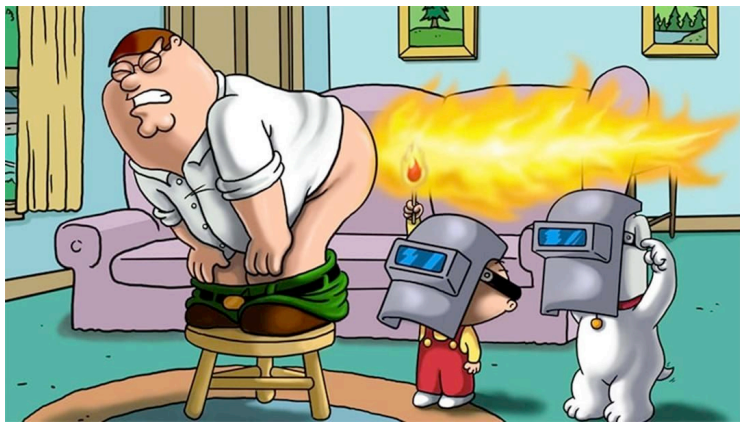
A particularly vile effort: "Oo, there was a Brussell sprout on the end of that one" (Johnny Fartpants, *Viz* comic).

New one on me: "A turd whistling for the right of way".

My late 2nd wife Dee Ann's preferred term was "Barking spiders".

It's probably good to finish this nauseous column with a supposedly genuine Scots tombstone (inevitably to be disputed by that **Doug Bell**, who also incorrectly claims to have never uttered the words "Ruby Murray") that bears the legend:

*Where'e'er ye be, let your wind go free  
For it was the wind that killed me*



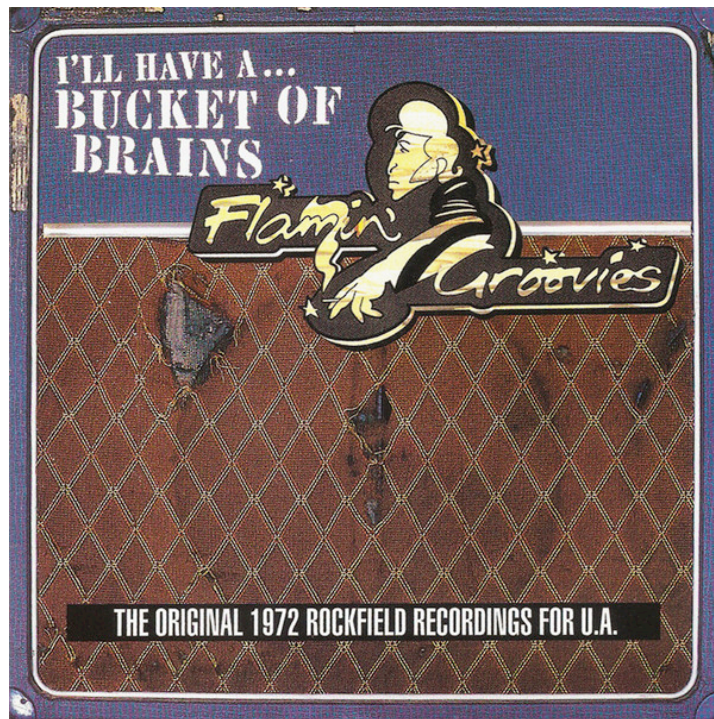
## FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

This is the eighteenth footie column I've written for Nic and, after checking the footie column folder contents, I find it's the fifteenth where I've started to construct the column around one topic only for another to come along in the last week before the deadline and cause me to start afresh.

\*Sigh\*

The 2020 European Championship finally kicked-off on Friday, June 11<sup>th</sup>, when Italy hammered Turkey with three second-half goals. I watched the first half, got bored, started to catch up on episodes of NCIS and Law & Order: SVU (Stabler's back soon – yah! For the lamb shanks in the audience, we're weeks or months behind you with the schedules), and made the decision that rather than watch Wales play Switzerland the following afternoon I would travel to Crouch End, an area of London famous for providing the title for a Stephen King Cthulhu related story and also housing Bob Dylan at various points in the late 1970s, to buy two albums released exclusively for Record Shop Day.

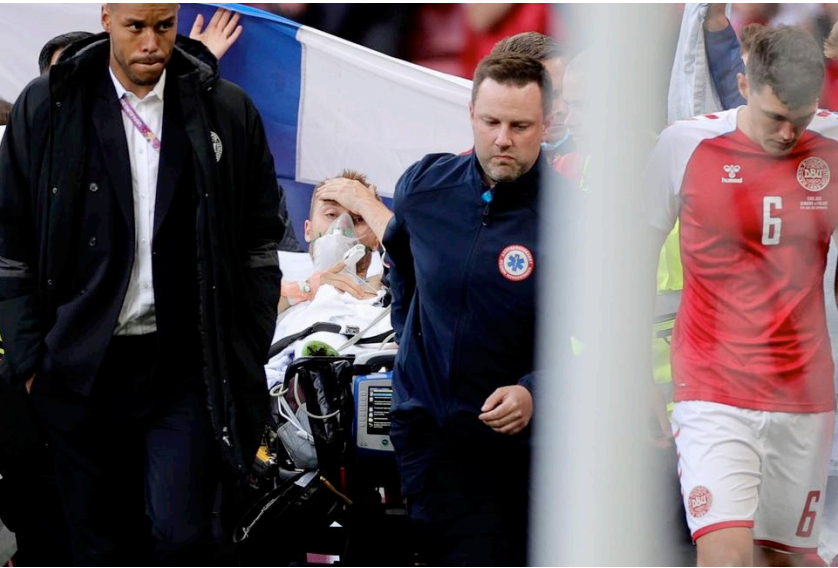


My mission was successful despite the sweltering heat, the dust, the flies, the non-air conditioned London buses, and the sweaty record collectors I had to fight my way past to get to the counter of Flashback Records on Crouch Hill. I am now the proud owner of "Somewhere With Devo: Devo Live At The Palace, Hollywood, CA, December 9 1988" and the 10" vinyl reissue of "I'll Have A... Bucket Of Brains: The Original 1972 Rockfield Recordings for United Artists" by Flamin' Groovies (there is no "The" in the band name contrary to popular belief). I also acquired a white vinyl first Stiff Records pressing of "Fool Around" by Rachel Sweet; an album I've previously owned, still own on compact disc, and couldn't resist buying again for less than a tenner! I liked those punk and industrial bands that came out of Akron, Ohio, in the late seventies; they were heirs to the New York Dolls, MC5, and The Stooges, and antecedents to Black Flag, Circle Jerks, and Suicidal Tendencies. At this point I'll point those with an interest to my favourite 80s American punk band: San Francisco's [The Avengers](#), whilst reassuring everyone that even my taste isn't bad enough to have liked [Destroy All Monsters](#), despite the band featuring Ron Asheton of The Stooges on guitar and Mike Davis of MC5 on bass.

Getting home from my mammoth trek around 5pm, I switched on the tellybox expecting to catch most of Denmark's game against Finland (actually I was expecting to start watching the game, get bored, hunt through various channels for something to entertain me, finally decide to subscribe to AppleTV, and watch Ted Lasso), only to find a fuckin' gardening programme on the Beeb – I don't have a friggin' garden, so why was I being affronted with this? (Don't get me wrong; I would love to have a garden,

especially in this weather, with a bottle of Pimms, heaps of ice, and a gallon of lemonade, but I ain't that wealthy!)

A quick check of the Beeb's website told me that the game had been postponed following a medical emergency involving Denmark captain and ex-Spurs player Christian Eriksen. Apparently he had suffered a cardiac arrest in the first half of the game, collapsed, was briefly dead whilst CPR was administered, was revived using a defibrillator, and then transferred to hospital, where he was stabilised and, hopefully, started his fullest possible recovery.



*[Photo credit: Friedemann Vogel/Pool via AP]*

In the mid-1970s, when I was in my mid-teens, my family and I lived in Rivulet Road, on the Tottenham/Wood Green border. I was then the oldest of seven children (I would eventually become the oldest of eight), and, like most boys in the area at the time, sport mad. I played football for my school and cricket for the local boys' team managed by a lovely man called Stan Edwards, who was head of the Haringey Sports Council and ran a drapers shop in Lordship Lane, opposite the entrance to the Lordship Recreation Grounds (the 'Rec for short), just along from the public Lido. At about this time, Summer-ish 1975/6, my brother John, who is fifteen months younger than I, and I got a few local mates together to start a five-a-side footie team to play in a Saturday morning competition held at the local Army Drill Hall opposite the Spurs ground in Tottenham High Road. My father was "the manager", I played in goal (I loved playing in goal, I idolised Pat Jennings, the then spurs goalkeeper), I got my schoolmate Ian Miller to join the team (not a popular move, Ian's dad was the desk sergeant of the local nick and my dad was not only a builder by trade, but also a bit of a minor villain, like many of the "builders" in the area...), Peter Nelmes lived in Compton Crescent and joined us as a "ringer" (he was a year too old for the competition, but used his younger

brother Ronnie's birth certificate to jump on board), and John got his classmate Gary Harrison to join as well. Gary was well-known to my family because his dad, Harry (no, not that one...), frequently worked for my dad as a tiler. Harry taught me to tile and grout on a huge health farm job in Hungerford my dad did for a less minor villain of the times.

Despite Nelmesy and Gary scoring shedloads of goals over the multi-week tournament, we didn't win it. We lost one game out of 12 or 14, I can't recall how many now, when we ran across the only team to have more over-age ringers than us. The 2-1 defeat was mostly my fault as I let an easy shot slip through my hands into the goal, but we were also on the wrong side of some dodgy refereeing which saw my dad grab the referee by the shirt after the game and threaten to punch his fuckin' face in... The 70s really were different times!

Wind forward 20-odd years, some point in the mid-to-late 90s, I was now the father of three children and had, for various reasons, stopped playing football long before except for the odd lunchtime game whilst I worked at Titan in the 80s (we did also play one or two friendlies against other teams on proper pitches, but nothing more organised than that because we didn't really have enough regular players for a team). I met up with

all my family for my parents wedding anniversary party, which meant a lot of John's school-friends turned up. Following on from that initial five-a-side team, my father had kept on running youth football teams all through the 70s and 80s and well into the 90s for John; our next brother down, Peter (the most talented of all of us); and then for all and sundry. He became an accredited referee; organised international youth tournaments via the Eurosporting, which saw us go to places like Holland and France and host teams from all over Europe in London; and generally came to be regarded as a bit of a good egg in those circles.

With only just over a year's age difference between us, I knew all of John's school-friends who were at the party. I also saw Harry and his wife and their two daughters at the party, but there was no sign of Gary, so I asked John where he was. "Don't you know? Gary died," said John. It seems he had been playing football for a Sunday morning team where he then lived, walked off the pitch into the changing rooms to get a shower and change, and suddenly collapsed and died. At the age of 29, the same age as Christian Eriksen, Gary had suffered a cardiac arrest; unlike Christian Eriksen, Gary wasn't lucky enough to have teams of highly trained medics and doctors on hand to save his life and even if defibrillators had been commonplace back then, who's to say it would have been in usable condition? Just as

it's a forlorn hope that anti-vaxxers all die gasping for breath on a respirator, it's unlikely the imbeciles that [vandalised the defibrillator at Sudbrook Cricket Club](#) in Caldicot, Monmouthshire, will drop to the floor clutching their chests in agony as they score whatever drugs they use to rot their brains.

On the evening of March 17<sup>th</sup>, 2012, whilst my father lay in a bed in Whipp's Cross Hospital dying from end stage prostate cancer, Spurs played Bolton Wanderers at White Hart Lane, just around the corner from the house in Princes Street, Tottenham, from which my dad ran various football teams over the years. Seemingly endless numbers of lads had piled into cars and the backs of vans to be ferried around different playing grounds in the London boroughs of Haringey and Enfield over those years; I think it was running those teams that finally gave my father true purpose in his life. He was definitely a happier man after starting to manage and coach those teams than the one I remember from before.

Forty-one minutes into the game between Spurs and Bolton, Patrice Muamba, a Bolton midfield player, collapsed and needed mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. As he was removed from the pitch by medics, he was still not breathing despite the use – twice – of a defibrillator in full view of the crowd. Muamba was eventually revived after being dead for a full six minutes. Again, the medical staff of both clubs, along with a Spurs supporting heart specialist who happened to be attending the game that evening, were rightly praised for their quick and decisive interventions. Just as both sets of fans at the Denmark-Finland game chanted Eriksen's name as he was wheeled from the pitch on a stretcher, both Spurs and Bolton fans chanted Muamba's name whilst medics worked on him on the pitch and as he was removed to hospital\*.

The then twenty-four year old Patrice Muamba would never play football again. He has since studied for a BA in sports journalism at Staffordshire University. He has also started working towards his football coaching badges whilst working with the under-16 years old teams at Rochdale F.C. He was also watching on television as Eriksen collapsed. Eriksen will now have an [implantable cardioverter defibrillator](#) fitted to regulate an abnormal heart rhythm, it's unknown whether he will play football again as there are examples of players, like Muamba, who have had to end their careers, but there are also examples, such as Daley Blind, the Dutch international midfielder

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\*Editorial note: I looked at links to embed for this, also possible photographs to include, but decided they were actually too distressing, which might seem odd since I've included an AP photo of Eriksen being stretchered off. Anyone who feels the need for more information can Google "Patrice Muamba collapse", with a trigger warning...

who is playing at Euro2020, who have been able to continue after having the same device fitted.

Okay, I'll put you all out of your misery: The Surrey vs Middlesex cricket match mentioned in my last column did indeed end in the predicted draw as the predicted weather decided to continue on its wet and windy way. You can read the match report and scorecard [here](#). If anyone should wish to gain an understanding of the mechanics of the game of cricket, just email me, I'll await the deluge...

Oh, and the United Kingdom scored nil points in the Eurovision Song Contest, something that was meant to be statistically impossible, as an Italian sort of glammy (in the British musical sense: More The Sweet than Kiss), rocky hair band won the title. It's that bloody Brexit bullshit again, I tells ya, plus the song was shite and the singer bland. [Bill Bailey intends to write the United Kingdom entry for 2022](#) ; let's hope it's one of his [homages to Billy Bragg](#) . I did at least enjoy the French entry by Barbara Pravi, although I wouldn't exactly put her in the same league as Edith Piaf like some commentators did.

By the time of the next column, I'll be able to confirm France as the winner of Euro2020. You can take that to the bookie and tell him I sent you.

## LOCO CITATO

[[*"They sicken of the calm who know the storm."* (Dorothy Parker)...]]

From: ulrika.obrien@gmail.com

May 21

Ulrika O'Brien writes:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAARGH!

I know you often affect the persona of an ignorant, feckless, knuckle-dragging yob for allegedly humorous effect, so I fully recognize that you may simply be yanking the audience's collective chain, **but** my own pedantic tendencies are so pathologically compulsive that I can't resist: the audience infers, the speaker implies. The act of fanzine publishing is not a cognizant being, therefore it cannot fucking infer any fucking thing. It might imply. But it's incapable of inferring fuck all.

I expect this letter to be printed in full, fucks included.

Signed,

Yr Sometime Collaborator, (Mrs.)

[[*And thus does the audience infer why our collaboration is so productive, in quality if not quantity...*]]

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From: cathypl@sympatico.ca

May 21

Cathy Palmer-Lister writes:

Thanks for printing my LoC. Good news, you won't likely hear from the hubby. From the yelling and screaming, I gather the wrong Manchester team is top of the chart.

Gosh, those illustrations are GORGEOUS!!

*[[I mention to Cathy that I pretty much print everything I get (because why wouldn't I, cf John Thiel lastish) to which she responds with a giggle: "...and anything written to you is assumed to be a loc?" Well, if it refers to the contents of the zine, then - er - yeah. It won't surprise anyone to learn that there is, however, correspondence that goes on behind the screens. Certain people know me well enough (and I them) to assume DNQ when it's DoBFO, otherwise it's all grist, innit?...]]*

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From: mikeglyer@cs.com

May 21

Mike Glyer writes:

Ulrika's watercolors may be postcard-sized in the original but remember -- *you* control the horizontal, *you* control the vertical.

*[[I do, of course, meddle with sizing (and masking) in the placement of the loccol art - Ulrika has expressed pleasure at how the pieces are presented, which is gratifying...]]*

I'll second **Bill Burns'** call to recognize **Rob Hansen's** *THEN* site by saying why I enjoy it so much. Once Rob finds the old fanzines, photos, and recordings -- an Herculean effort in its own right -- he presents them with a narrative, an interesting story, giving a reason to care about them. I notice this because I only lived through about 5% of what he covers and need someone to supply the context. And every time he adds something new I know it's going to be fun to read.

Since you're happy to see **Sara Felix** among the Best Fanartist finalists, and I'm happy, too, can we work in a chorus of Kumbaya here?

*[[Much chair plummeting at the thought of you and I as a choral duet, Mike, I would suspect. As usual, though, you give me pause for thought, and the fact is that there's a definite difference in my attitude when I've been lucky enough to have worked with someone as talented and as amenable as Sara. I'm unlikely to get at all excited about names I don't know at all - but having had the excellent experience of getting that BEAM 15 cover, I'm clearly going to be pleased by her nomination, whether or not it was driven by her appearance in an "actual fanzine" ...]]*

At this point the lettercol has surfaced a number of reasons why *This Here...* readers don't vote in the Hugos and aren't

putting their own picks on the ballot. But I'll tell you something else. The perpetual angst about "real fanzines" not making the Hugo ballot involves a Schrödingeresque paradox that whenever by operation of other people's votes a real fanzine gets on the ballot the devotees thereafter treat it as dead to them. Looking back to the first decade of the twenty-first century (imagine me saying that in the tones of Orson Welles) **Chris Garcia** won a FAAn Award and went on to become the TAFF delegate, and soon after James Bacon also became the TAFF delegate. Because I still bear the scars from reporting the Martha Beck TAFF candidacy, I know that only a Real Fanzine Fan could win TAFF. So here we have two such specimens who later teamed up to publish fanzines which have received 10 Hugo nominations and won twice. Yet does anyone ever regard these facts as being any more than so many more lilies on the gravemound of the Hugo Awards? Mister Speaker (switching over to Churchill) let the opposition answer *that!*

*[[Your history is uncharacteristically (and significantly) unreliable here Mike. First of all, Garcia never got anywhere near a FAAn award - you might be thinking of the Novas - Journey Planet won Best Fanzine in 2010 when it was still capably co-edited by Claire Brialey. Bacon was TAFF delegate in 2004, before Garcia who got the nod in 2008. Two Hugo wins is correct, though: The Drink Tank in 2011 and Journey Planet in 2015. As occasionally happens in these pages a bit more overtly than in your own, Mike, you're wickedly poking the anthill on this one, aren't you? Garcia in particular produces a flood of product which is evidently well-received in certain quarters, although it's a bit of a cult of personality, I'd say. He's seemingly the one driving the*



*steamroller as fast as he can in a quixotic effort to do a sort of Evel Knievel act and jump it over a line of 30 nuns, forever trying to break the existing record of 1/2 a nun...]]*

Your quote in the cover email -- "They sicken of the calm who know the storm" -- deserves a response invoking the name of Sam Moskowitz. I wish I had thought of one.

*[[So do I...]]*

It may only have been a trick of my eyes, but I thought there were a lot of words squeezed into your 20 pages this time. So I decided to do a test. I counted the words on one page of your issue. Then I counted the words on the second side of the latest *Ansible*. I was surprised -- *Ansible* still has twice as many words on a page as you have.

I found out the hard way how much content **Dave Langford** gets into those two pages when I did a send-up on two pages of *File 770* #107. I didn't have enough real news to fill up those pages, much less the rest of my issue (not that I let it stop me.)

*[[Smaller font for Ansible, of course...]]*

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From: gandc001@bigpond.com

May 21

**Bruce Gillespie** writes:

I see that I've managed to drag out of **Leigh Edmonds** a few valuable bits of Australian fan history, matters that have puzzled a few of us for nearly fifty years. The trouble is that the only valuable information about fandom is that which appears in fanzines, but some matters are so taken for granted that they are never written down. To me, who called in on **Leigh** from time to time during early 1971, the granny glasses just appeared out of nowhere. I didn't hear the story of their genesis then, but now I have. Not long after, I decided that it really was becoming too difficult to look at movies in the cinema, and went looking for my own pair of long-distance spectacles. I insisted on the granny glasses design for my own new set of specs, but you'll find those specs only in a small number of photographs from that period (early 70s). I needed the glasses only for looking at movies, and panels at conventions, so sometimes somebody took a photo of me wearing them after a panel had finished at a convention.

I still haven't travelled to Perth or Western Australia. Maybe my whole life would have been changed if I had met Grant Stone over there. I didn't, and I doubt that doing so would have changed the direction of my life. That kept changing all by itself during the 1970s.

Thanks for the review of *SFC 106*. I hope that people use the bibliography to track down Yvonne Rousseau's brilliant essays. (I'm not sure whether *Australian Science Fiction Review, Series 2* has yet appeared at [fanac.org](http://fanac.org), but I hope so. Yvonne was not only convener of the group who published

it, but wrote many fine pieces there, as well as in my magazines and many others.)

*[[This Here... : the journal of Australian fanhistory? (falls off chair)...]]*

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From: perry@middlemiss.org

May 21

**Perry Middlemiss** writes:

I, for one, am a member of the *SFC* and *This Here...* communities, and ANZAPA, and was arsed enough to get my Hugo nominations in this year. And, yes, *Outworlds*, *SFC* and *This Here...* were in my list of fanzines. Not that I want to crow about it, just want to get my bona fides out there. While **John Hertz** and I do have a few disagreements over things - mostly regarding the works of Heinlein - I do agree with him in this instance: getting the fannish community to nominate for the Hugos is a very worthwhile thing to be doing. Not having *Outworlds* on the ballot somewhere is a travesty in my view. I still tend to read the nominated works of fiction each year and often wonder at some nominators' understanding of the word "story". I get the distinct impression that for works to be nominated for the Hugo these days they must be deemed to be "worthy", in the new 21st century sense of the word. A case of "never mind the quality, feel the virtue."

*[[Exceptionally well-put! I had the same less well-expressed thought in my 'Indulge Me' remark about Debris lastish. Diversity, "wokeness", whatever you could call it, is now valued higher than actual literary quality - affirmative action by any other name. I'd like to think that anyone who isn't an old white bloke (like wot I am) is now, in some instances, on a more level playing field - citing the arts here and not the broader and still fuckin' dire social structure. That having been said, I still see tokenism, perhaps even where it doesn't necessarily exist, because I'm probably conditioned that way. We're a fuck of a long way, still, from the utopia where all humans are treated equally and have default respect for each other, and I will freely admit that my core belief in that principle is sorely tested on a daily basis by people I encounter driving the taxi. On these occasions I remind myself of a quote from, I think, Will Rogers, who said (more or less): "Racism is stupid. There are more than enough reasons to dislike people on an individual basis". As you do...]]*

As a (cough) double Worldcon Chair I have a vested interest in Worldcons in general, and non-US ones in particular. So I tend to take the Site Selection voting route to becoming a Worldcon supporting member. It works out at about \$1/week for a membership which I reckon is pretty good value overall. A method I would recommend to anyone with even a modicum of interest in the Worldcon or the Hugos. Gotta



be involved to make the changes required. In other words I'm a "pissing out of tent, not in" sort of guy.

*[[It's certainly been instructive to hear from readers (see also M Strummer) who do nominate for the rocket-shaped suppositories, and their reasons for doing so, even though it's not changing my mind...]]*

Ah, yes, I do need to apologise to **Claire Brialey** for throwing an extra 'r' into her surname - "Sorry mate." This is a classic case of a variant of John Bangsund's Muphry's Law: "If you write anything criticising editing or proofreading, there will be a fault of some kind in what you have written." Fell for it again.

"Inevitable" - co-incidental more like. The piece I wrote for **Bruce Gillespie** for *SFC* was finished in around August last year, it just took a little while to appear. And I only have one more piece out waiting to see the light of day. I suspect my future work will be mostly in-house. And there is enough of that to keep me busy.

*[[**"The Coincidental Middlemiss"!** Sold!...]]*

I'll leave the "better lookin'" description exactly where it needs to be: forgotten.

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From: phillies@4liberty.net

May 22

**George Phillies** writes:

Thanks for another issue of *This Here...* I am a bit surprised that it reached my mail box, because historically the box chokes at about 10Mb for a single file.

You lamented the failure of Hugo voters to nominate *Outworlds* or *Portable Storage*. Please, be pleased to learn that these are the two nominees for the N3F Neffy Best Fanzine award. Your opinion as to which of them is better, sent as a LoC, would be most appreciated.

*[[As you perhaps ought to expect, I'm not going there, since I don't get a vote anyway, and I'd like to think that the voter can make his or her or their own mind up. Other reasons to remain uninvolved in the Neffys are what is (to me) zero transparency in how the list of nominees is arrived at, although you have said they're suggested by members, or any hard numbers attached to either the nomination or the voting process and results, something I've always considered **de rigeur**. How many nominations, for example, manage to produce a single nominee in any category? Is there a threshold for qualification? It's all a big **sekrit**, innit?...]]*

**Mike Glycer** and I have found a point on which we agree. He and I were both surprised to learn that I was elected as a Fellow of NESFA. (I have since been surprised to learn that I have been elected as an Honorary Member.)

*[[George provides a list of Neffy nominees which I'm not going to reprint, but the F770 news item is [here](#). The list does not include **Outworlds**: the (non-N3F) fanzine nominees are given as **Portable Storage** and **Event Horizon**...]]*

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From: srjeffery@aol.com

May 23

**Steve Jeffery** writes:

Thanks for *This Here...* (or this 'ere) #42. (A fine fannish number.)

You're right in one thing ("just one?" Ed.) that a lot of people, myself included, regard the fanzine Hugos as being utterly irrelevant to fandom as we know it and have done for many years, and the go-to place for fanzine fandom is the FAAns, not least because since *The Incomplete Register* you can see how the votes were cast and also who voted (though wisely not both together).

Sky Arts have been featuring the Who a lot recently, and *Who's Next* as one of their classic albums, and I was

interested to discover how Townshend got that synthesiser intro to 'Won't Get Fooled Again', by routing an organ through a sample and hold filter on a early ARP omni.

(I love early analogue synths. I have fond memories of playing with a EMS VCS 3 at Ealing College, and the first synth I bought, round about the same time, was the plastic Wasp, which had a huge dirty sound. Sadly, having been in the loft for years, it no longer works, though last time I checked the Roland SH101 and MC202 sequencer still work. I must clear some space to play with them again.

Some lovely art from **Ulrika** again. I especially like those on pages 9 and 15.

Scrolling though I was arrested by the WTF photo at the end of **Kim Huett**'s loc on page 16. Why would anyone want to eat one of those things, never mind a surfeit?

Still laughing at **Jim Burns**' joke.

*[[The old scruff remains a source of entertainment...]]*

Oh, and at some point I'm going to have show Vikki that cartoon just above it on page 20. Too true. Though much of our ire on this topic is currently directed at *Battlestar Galactica* which seems to have only two audio levels: extreme shouty loud and inaudible whispering.

A quick follow up on **Kim**'s comment that he didn't think tape recorders were commonly used by fans in the 1950s:

Commercial magnetic tape recorders were around as early as 1948 (Ampex) though probably only affordable to the rich or committed enthusiasts. The BBC had a couple of machines as early as 1946, and I suspect these may have been still in use when Daphne Oram started the Radiophonic workshop, and maybe even Delia Derbyshire was spooling yards of tape round the room to make echo effects (long, long before Fripp and Eno were playing with long delays and looping on *No Pussyfooting*). So I think it's entirely possible that fans were using them at least by the mid/late 1950s.

I remember recording Radio Luxembourg programs in the 1960s on an old reel to reel deck that was salvaged from somewhere.

In fact it looked remarkably similar to the top of one of these, although we didn't have the whole console, and dropped it into a wooden box with a power supply and old value amplifier.

Opinions seem to be divided in the loccol of *TH...42* (as they are in this house) over the appeal of Terry Riley's In C and minimalism in general.

I came to it sideways by way of Brian Eno's ambient



album *Discreet Music* (and especially Eno's quirky liner notes on its composition and the diagram on the back of the sleeve, which sparked my whole interest in programmatic music (as opposed to program music), where you set up a set basic sequence of notes (or in Riley's case, 53 of them), a set of simple rules, and press Go and see what happens. Which, as Vikki points out, can be very little, and for quite a long time. It appealed to software programmer side of me, plus a deep fascination - verging on addiction - for echo effects (it's what also got me into dub, and also John Martyn). But sometimes the result can be both calming, almost meditative in its slow changes, and occasionally surprising.

*[[I did have the pleasure of seeing John Martyn in concert at LSE (around the time of 'Solid Air', I think), and the echoplex was pretty fuckin' amazing. Perhaps sadly, I still remember him best for his contention that Ravel's 'Bolero' was "designed for nothing else but fucking"...]]*

Somewhere I have entire composition of In C written out as around half a dozen lines of code than run in a MIDI language called Keykit.

(This actually has 54 sequences, but one of them, like the G on molesworth's skool piano, do nothing at all when you hit it.)

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From: billb@ftl.design.com

May 23

**Bill Burns** writes:

Ref fixing formatting issues. When creating new pages on my website with lots of copied text, I do the fixes for line breaks and single and double quote marks in Word.

Fix quote marks: Do a Replace all of ' with ' and " with ". Word will automatically change to apostrophes and left and right single and double smart quotes. The only manual fixes are for things like "the '60s", where the leading apostrophe should be a right single quote and not a left.

Fix line breaks: Turn on Show paragraph marks (the paragraph symbol in the menu bar. If the line breaks and paragraph breaks are different symbols, just replace all the line breaks with a single space. Use the Special dropdown to get the manual line break symbol, or use ^l (caret & lower case l).

If the line breaks and paragraph breaks are the same symbol, the lines probably have one and the

paragraphs two. Replace all double paragraphs with non-used symbols: replace ^p^p with ##, for example, then replace the remaining single paragraph marks with a space, then reverse the first operation by replacing ## with either ^p^p if you want double spacing, or with ^p for single spacing.

This can all be done in about thirty seconds, leaving only minor cleanup before pasting into your layout.

*[[Now of course I didn't understand a single fuckin' "Word" (ahem) of all that, but it might be useful to somebody, ey? Most of my apostrophe issues aren't about single/double cockups, but mostly that a cut & paste (as happened with this loc, as well the line break thing) doesn't always translate them to the actual Palatino font version, which is slanted rather than vertical...]]*

Just saw **Kim Huett**'s mention of 'Chance in a Million'. I'd been trying to remember who suggested it, and even asked that nice Mr **Kettle** if it was him, but of course it was you in the previous ish. After watching the one episode I found to download I bought the three-disc DVD set on US eBay for an astoundingly reasonable \$4.99 plus three bucks shipping, and Mary and I have been rationing watching the 18 episodes ever since. We've just finished the first series and are greatly enjoying it.

*[[Very tempted at \$4.99. It was indeed a well good show...]]*

The technology of wire and tape as magnetic recording mediums is pretty well identical - you're persuading magnetic regions in the wire or tape to line up in various directions according to the magnetic field you're applying via the record head, which arranges the magnetic regions to match the audio input. Playback is the reverse in each case - as the magnetic regions move past the playback head they induce electric currents in a coil inside the head, and this generates a varying signal which corresponds to the original audio input.

*[[Having suggested that you might know all, O Magister, you have not disappointed us (as if!)...]]*

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From: dave\_redd@hotmail.com

May 24

**David Redd** writes:

The link to 'I'm an Ear Sitting in the Sky' didn't work on my download, possibly because Norton always sanitises your scripts as I approach *This Here...* However, after a little research the YouTube for 'Armenia City in the Sky' worked fine, and very nostalgic it was. Reminded me of the Small Faces in their 'Green Circles' phase.

*[[Norton may have a point. Is its first name Graham?...]]*

**Kim Huett** - I could mention a 70s Welsh-language sitcom, 'Fo a Fe' ('Him and Him'), which probably wouldn't have translated into English too well, being based around the cultural and dialect differences between North Wales ("Fo") and South Wales ("Fe"). When the sketch show 'Ryan & Ronnie' got translated, some lines still relied on the viewer knowing Welsh-language constructions, e.g. "Don't call your father Will" became "Don't call Will on your father!" Perhaps English-language viewers just thought R&R quaint? Oops, off-topic a bit.

*[[More grist for the Huett mill...]]*

Bumper issue for Ageless Beauty, I note.

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From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

May 24

**Leigh Edmonds** writes:

Thanks for going through the drudgery of putting together *This Here ...* 42. It wasn't drudgery to read (and the facilities here are reasonably clean), so you can count that as a plus. I'm aware of the problem of finding a paragraph return symbol at the end of every line and the drudgery of having to go through and delete them all and the solution would be to ask all your letter writers to send you text files rather than emails, which is where this problem normally arises for me. However, I've thought it the height of pride to assume that you are actually going to print the letter I've written so it would be presumptuous of me to send you a text file rather than an email. Normally I write my letters in a word processor (because it has a spell checker that works for me) and then copy that across to an email, so maybe I, and anyone else who does the same thing, could just cut out that step. Would that work for you?

*[[I don't really have a huge gripe about paragraph returns and everything else, but I do like to have a moan which doubles as a tease on some correspondents. I accept that bit of drudgery as part of the gig, and conversely can look at it as a pleasure (ok, sort of) because I'm getting locs, which as you're all well aware is a situation I'm well fuckin' grateful about...]]*

I cannot remember what I was listening to in 1971 and I didn't remember at least half of the songs on the NPR list, if I ever heard them in the first place. I do remember almost wearing out The Who's 'Live At Leeds', but that's about it. Music seemed to calm down a couple of years before that and David Bowie completely missed me. Too much thinking and not enough rock and roll, and AC/DC was still two years in the future. And, by the way, I didn't need to be reminded of 'Armenia City in the Sky' which is not one of the high water marks in 20th Century music.

*[[David Redd would disagree - see above. I'm interested in your contention that "music seemed to calm down" in 1969 - this bears further analysis...]]*

No, I shan't be turning up at Corflu this year. Lots of reasons, most too obvious to mention though I can't not mention the virus, which is ever present. After not having had a locally transmitted case here in over 80 days four new cases emerged yesterday and other states are poised to ban interstate travel again. And then it looks like the Commonwealth government isn't going to open the national borders until some time in 2022, so I think I'll just have to stay at home and count my blessings, whatever they might be. The other reason is that I seem to have become even more of a hermit in the past year. I see that local fans like **Perry Middlemiss** and Julian Warner are off gallivanting around the country, drinking in the sights, sounds and local vintages while I seem to be quite happy staying at home. This may have something to do with the new big comfortable room that I'm now working in with the big window I can look out from over the top of my computer screen to the street beyond. True, I am going to go out and have lunch with a friend tomorrow and I have an appointment with my dentist in Melbourne some time after my second injection, so there might be hope yet.

*[[Maybe someone needs to punt a Corflu bid for Melbourne. [falls off chair]. Actually there was what was generally regarded as a spoof bid many years ago for Airlie Beach...]]*

The reason that I couldn't be 'arsed' to nominated for the Hugos is because I've been struggling under the belief that one had to be a member of the immediate past or pending Worldcons to nominate. Tell me it isn't so. It's not that I'm not interested in principle, but I'm not interested enough to take out a Worldcon membership in order to be able to nominate and vote. If one had to be a member of Corflu to vote for the FAAn awards I might not be very interested in them either. It seems likely that most people who take out Worldcon memberships are what one might loosely call 'convention' fans and therefore not interested in what fanzine fans are up to. This is due to the balkanization of fandom which has been a matter of past discussion. So while I'd love to see **Bruce Gillespie** and **Dick Jenssen** pick up Hugos, the way in which the

nominating and voting is restricted means that I'm not going to contribute to their success.

*[[I believe that membership, previous or current, requirement may be true, but I don't keep up with such things. Them as do will undoubtedly enlighten you...]]*

**Dave Hodson** was in fine form this issue with the first few paragraphs having little or nothing to do with football and then a lot of well expressed grumpiness. I don't know that I want to unfuck my habits, I've given up trying to control my mess, that's what carpets are for. I'm hopeful that I will be dead before it all catches up with me. I don't know that I've read *The Psychology of Stupidity* but a friend send me an academic paper on the topic a few years ago which made more or less that same points that **Dave** conveys here.

Stupidity is everywhere, it's catching and even the most intelligent people catch it from time to time. It is rife in universities so goodness knows what it's like in the real world. Maybe avoiding stupidity is a good reason to become a hermit, though goodness knows I see enough in my own actions and thoughts, and I try to shove them under the carpet too.

I had picked up hints that the season of footy in the UK was coming to an end for another year but given it no great thought, despite the insights that **Dave** has passed on in his columns on the topic. Do I detect a hint of bitterness - or is it irony - in his comments about the state of footy in the UK? Since I have formed the view, through his writing, that the football industry there is basically a big money making machine one shouldn't be surprised at how things are

turning out. Time to take up an interest in some other sport, might I suggest Chess. (I only suggest this because last night I discovered that you can watch chess matches on Youtube and wasted the rest of the evening watching a couple of quick (15 minutes playing time each) games. What I know about chess can be written on the back of a very small stamp but I did enjoy watching two people battle it out without doing each other any bodily damage.) Of course the footy season here is only about half way through the year and so far the Melbourne Football Club is doing very nicely thank you. You will be aware, of course, that unlike British footy, the AFL has finals in which the top eight teams play to win the Premiership. The team that is on top of the ladder at the end of the home-and-away rounds is called the 'Minor



*moonrise*

Premier' and wins nothing of worth except the ability to lose one of the finals matches and still play on. This does seem to add a bit more drama to the season because it's not the best team across the year but the best team in the day that wins. Some say that is unfair, but that's life for you.

*[[No, I wasn't remotely aware of the AFL finals format, and have already forgotten your explanation of it...]]*

Reading on, I see that **Jerry Kaufman** has already written what I did earlier in this letter about fanzine fans not wanting to spend their money on supporting a Worldcon just so they can vote for the Hugos. The solution to this problem would be to change the rules of the World SF Society (if it's still called that) so that anyone can nominate at least. Since I understand that there is a Hugo Voters package that goes out to the members this might at least give nominated fanzines, writers and artists better exposure. However, I'm sure that most of us have even less excitement about amending the WSFS constitution than we have in nominating and voting for the Hugos.

I'd be interested to know what other fans know of the use of tape recorders in fandom in the 1950s. I recall mention of two of them being used to record either the second or third Australian convention and it is written that Merv Binns was given one for his 21st birthday that members of the Melbourne SF Group messed around with. I think I heard somewhere that tape recorders were first used in Germany during the Second World War so perhaps wire recorders were used before that. I've seen one of them and I can't see how they worked without the wire getting tangled up all the time. The handy thing about tape is that it runs off one spool and onto the other in a nice orderly fashion because it's flat but wire would be different unless there was a way of ordering it on the spool the way that cotton thread is layered on its bobbin. **Kim Huett** suggests that the National Film and Sound Archive might convert sound and movies but when I called in there when I was last in Canberra all they did was give me a sheet with the names of commercial providers of that service on it. I haven't got any further than that yet.

*[[There are discourses on recording methods within this loccol, as you will see...]]*

Yes, I'm baffled by Pluto Shervington. The music bounced along happily but the lyrics seem to have been sung in Lithuanian. There was that time in the London underground when I asked the attendant on duty a question which he answered in his West Indies accent. All I could say was 'What?' I understood better the attendant I talked to in the French underground a week or two later.

*[[I derive such guilty pleasure from overexplaining stuff for you, Leigh, so I offer the following: The Shervington song relates the cautionary tale of Rasta Ozzy, who is mentally calculating the cost of provisions and is concerned that he won't have any money left to buy some marijuana. Spying*

*the butcher's assistant, they begin negotiation over what Ozzy might purchase, with each suggestion finding disfavor as either too expensive or unpalatable. The final offer is a cheap cut of pork, forbidden under Rastafarian dietary law. Ozzy weakens, but nevertheless refuses to name the proscribed meat, instead choosing to simply call it "Dat". Meeting a fellow Rasta, Jeremiah, on his way back home, he attempts to hide the package under his coat and denies its origin, simply remarking that tonight a cooking fire will be lit and he will irreligiously "eat upon a DAT" ...]]*

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From: jakaufman@aol.com

May 24

**Jerry Kaufman** writes:

Is this issue the Meaning of Life, the Universe, and Everything? Or just another in a series? Yes. we'll know soon enough. We modern fen don't know real drudgery like in them old days. How about James White and Walt Willis hand-setting type for the early issues of *Slant*, rewriting each page so as to reduce the number of 'e's needed?

I also underrated the Stones in their early years, holding the Beatles up as a shining example, and buying the newspaper assessments of the Stones as merely the "ugliest band in Britain." But once I hit college and started hearing songs from albums like *Beggars Banquet* and *Let It Bleed*, I started picking up earlier albums. Another reason I changed my mind was Paul Williams' collection *Outlaw Blues*, a collection of essays and reviews from *Crawdaddy!* It included a piece on the Rolling Stones, as well as on Dylan's 'All Along the Watchtower' that I found insightful.

You mention Dudley Moore's rendition of the 'Colonel Bogey March' to **Mark Plummer** as a possible influence on Terry Riley. Suzle and I are fans of 'Beyond the Fringe' and recall Moore's frantic efforts to end the piece, and we are agreed that it's a parody of Beethoven pieces that goes from climax to climax without ever quite resolving.

*[[I was only making the comparison in the sense that Moore's 'Colonel Bogey' gave the impression of being interminable. 'In C', by contrast, actually is...]]*

**Steve Green** talks about tapes of Birmingham SF Club meetings that have long since disappeared. This reminds me that Frank Dietz used to record Worldcons in the ancient times when they had but one track of programming. I believe he then sold copies to anyone that wanted such. I wonder if any of them are still extant, and if any university collection has them.

*[[Over to the readership. AKICIF...]]*

**Leigh Edmonds** asks about the apparently bare shelf in our bookcase, as seen in the FAAn Awards zoom. The factual answer, which will not satisfy him, is that it's not a bare shelf, not even a shelf. It's an opening for a heating vent that

can't be covered with books. (Less factually, it's a door into Fae, the Upside Down, the Underworld, or into Summer.)

**Leigh** goes on to write about **Dave Hodson's** remarks on the proposed European League, remarking in a parenthetical "if you call Spain and Italy Europe." What else would you call them? I'm asking **Leigh**, of course, not you, Nic.

As avocados do not grow in Canada, and I wouldn't think of transporting them from here (where they also do not grow, come to that), I will have to monopolize **Eli Cohen** some other way. But I'd love to hang around when you and he meet (hoping that said meeting actually happens) to hear the clash of accents.

*[[That sounds plausibly like a source of great amusement...]]*

**Dave Cockfield** looks like a friendly sort; here's hoping (there's that word again) that we can meet in Bristol.

I'm enjoying *Debris*, while still wondering how and why so many bits of the debris do such different and apparently meaningless things, and how such would work together as a ship. I also wonder if the ship was actually crewed. Every time a crew member walked down a hallway, they would have been in 17 different kinds of peril - touch a wall and find themselves paralyzed, transported to a different part of the ship or an alternate time stream, poisoned, turned inside out, etc.

*[[Trying to avoid spoilers, since the show isn't yet easily available in the UK and I know some (Fishlifters) who are keen to clock it, "how such would work together" is being addressed, sort of, in later episodes. I subsequently learn that the show isn't being renewed for a second season, giving me a major case of the arse. Inevitably, there was a cliffhanger and several unresolved plot points from the main arc...]]*

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From: mark.fishlifter@googlemail.com

May 26

**Mark Plummer** writes:

I'm going to attach this text as an RTF file as I don't want to be difficult. Out of curiosity, I just took the text of my email to *TH...#41* and copied it from Thunderbird to Word and it comes out fine and without line breaks at the end of every line although all the hard returns come out as soft returns for some reason. I can only assume something magical happens as the email passes from Thunderbird through my gmail into your gmail and perhaps beyond depending on how you managed your email.

*[[I know pretty much o about all these email widgets & that, which is why it takes me a fuckin' age to actually find something from yonks ago that I need now eg BEAM stuff, although I have sort-of got half a clue*

*about folders in gmail. I get weird shit happening wherein things like Lulzine turn up in the 'Updates' bit rather than the main inbox, or even in 'Promotions', as does the deluge of N3F mailings. I've no idea (and quite possibly little inclination either) of how to fix any of this, so I just deal with it in some made-up grand tradition of fannish inefficiency. The RTF version, by the way, copied in perfectly...]]*

We do see something similar with emails to *Banana Wings* (remember that?) and I usually deal with it through macros that also address things like double-spaces, changing double-quotes to single (and smartening where required), standardising on en-dashes and so on. A few people do send letters as attached Word files or similar and that is generally helpful, although at the same time I feel slightly awkward doing it myself, perhaps because it emphasises the sense that this is for-publication and erodes any pretence that I am simply writing to somebody.

*[[I don't get that. When I write to a fanzine (as opposed to sekret smoffing) it's with the expectation of publication, and emails I receive are dealt with in the same spirit (cf Cathy Palmer-Lister's loc)...]]*

It's interesting, though, given this discussion of the drudgery inherent in some aspects of fanzine production, whether even this crude semi-automation is somehow distancing. I recall somebody saying a few years ago that producing labels via a mail merge for a print fanzine introduces a degree of disconnect from the mailing list. You think, and care, more about who's on your mailing list when you have to hand-address every single envelope.

*[[I'm not so sure about this either, though I see what you're getting at. I'd have thought that mailing labels or even hand addressing would cause contemplation about whether to dump someone from the distribution list for whatever reason(s) - so, yes, it implies more of a "connection" but I'd suggest greater opportunity for disconnection. Conversely, it's easy enough to add to the email list, but as you say it sort of severs any individual connection in the sense that you're not really thinking about each recipient. I have removed names from the list a couple of times, usually because the mail is bouncing, but also because someone asked...]]*

I have sometimes wondered how I'd have coped with producing fanzines in a time where the only practical option was to type stencils and then run them off on a duplicator. We came in on the end of that, and even then avoided some of the drudgery. The first thirteen issues of *Banana Wings* were written in Word from which we produced laser-printed masters and then retro-teched them into electrostencils to run off on **Maureen Speller's** Gestetner. We then did a few issues on Maureen's copier

after she scrapped the duplicators, before switching to commercial printers, first Store Street in London and for the last decade Sheffield Hallam. In recent years we haven't even seen an issue on paper until it comes back from the printers. It's produced in Word, turned into a PDF and emailed to Sheffield who send us a couple of boxes of collated and stapled fanzines a few days later which we then post out.

That's not a trivial amount of effort, but really it's as nothing to days gone by. Would I have had the patience to type – and inevitably have to correct – stencils, tip in artwork and headings, run the thing off by hand (Maureen's dupers were electric), collate and staple the duplicated sheets, and hand-address copies?

*[[From what I remember of doing the 'Federation Information Bureau' Trek clubzine with first wife Kim, we had the gear set up in the back bedroom of the Woodcote House joint - electrostencil scanner and the duplicator itself. That was a lot of work, usually taking up a full weekend with Dave & Ros Liddle coming down from Cov to assist. Later, doing the 'Better Than Life' Red Dwarf fanclub zine, I remember taking the primordial computer file over to the house of the lads (also in Hitchin) who were running the 'Return to the Forbidden Planet' fanclub and generating masters off their printer which then (I think) got taken to a print and t-shirt shop a few steps up the road from the flats. Those lads' names are long-forgotten, but the reek of cat piss in their house isn't. Max may (almost certainly will) remember much more than me - she and I worked closely on those early ishes. "Arrers" was, I think, always photocopied...]]*

Actually, these days the drudge work comes from us offering multiple formats. The 'print master' is an A5 mono PDF. I then restore some colour and proper hyperlinks in a portrait version, reformat that into a landscape, then convert it to HTML and from that into epub and mobi files. We email out portrait PDF, landscape PDF, epub or mobi according to preference. It was kinda fun at first, when I was working out how to do it, but now I know and it's just a question of doing the



same thing over and over. I don't doubt there are people who will tell me all the ways in which I'm doing this inefficiently.

That was all a bit meta. Moving on to more general content in *TH...#42*, I hadn't seen the NPR list of 50 favourite songs from 1971 but there was a *Guardian* review of a new Apple TV+ docuseries on *1971: The Year That Music Changed Everything* which I gather argues for it as a 'a seminal, transitional year'. The list seems lighter on long-haired white guys with electric guitars than I would have expected, not that that was my focus in 1971. I was only seven and so *Top of the Pops* was pretty much the limit of my musical world view, that and the Sunday night chart show on Radio 1 and the easy-listening Radio 2 stuff favoured by my parents. Much as I'd like to say I recognised the brilliance of *Hunky Dory* and *Sticky Fingers* at the time, I suspect that in 1971 I would have been most likely to register UK number one singles such as

'Grandad' by Clive Dunn and 'Ernie (The Fastest Milkman in the West)' by Benny Hill, although my earliest distinct music memory is seeing George Harrison playing 'My Sweet Lord' on the Christmas *Top of the Pops* show.

*[[I have not linked the Clive Dunn or Benny Hill slices for what BOACAs and no doubt others except perhaps Paul Skelton would consider obvious cringe reasons...]]*

I have a book called *Rockin' Croydon* which lists all the popular music concerts in the borough between 1960 and 1980. I just checked and fifty years ago this month I could have seen Edgar Broughton, The Dubliners, The Byrds (supported by Rita Coolidge), Status Quo, Count Basie, Caravan, Funkadelic, T-Rex, The Faces and King Crimson, most of which had a ticket price of 50p.

I suspect "the prevailing view in our corner of the Faniverse" is primarily that people aren't interested in Worldcons, although yes, I'm sure many people think the fan Hugos – and likely all Hugos – are worthless too. I don't really buy the idea that there's an effective poll tax. The Hugos are the awards of the WSFS and it seems

entirely reasonable that they should be voted by dues-paying members which is to say members of the Worldcon. \$50, the typical cost of a supporting membership, isn't unreasonable but nor is it a trivial sum. If you're interested in contemporary science fiction then the Hugo voter packet probably does represent value for money, but not everybody is. Me, I am sufficiently interested to continue to take at least supporting memberships, and we have attended seven out of the last ten Worldcons. And I do nominate, albeit with no expectation of seeing my tastes reflected in the eventual shortlists.

*[[Expecting to be chided by Justin Busch for expending more words on this topic, I might as well just observe that WorldThings and the Hugos don't have much relevance for me, although they clearly do for you and Perry Middlemiss among many others. I've only ever really attended one Worldcon, Brighton, the source of one of the more memorable 'Nic Farey Stole My Bird' Grandad stories in which I ended up with a dose of the crabs for my trouble. I did briefly turn up at the Philcon the year before Corflu Valentine, ostensibly to promote the latter, which consisted of me dropping some flyers and behaving in a very drunk & disorderly fashion for 24 hours, undoubtedly not doing much for the cause. As mentioned lastish, I'm not currently keen on any travel at all due to a combination of knackered and lazy, although we fully intend to get to Corflu Pangloss in Vancouver. As Jen pointed out, it's not like I have to drive there. It'll depend largely on whether I can get the time off work...]]*

I hadn't realised until after it happened that English first class football had re-opened to spectators, even if only at

the end of the season. English pubs reopened for indoor service on Monday 17 May but our favourite craft beer bar doesn't open on Mondays and Tuesday so their first day coincided with Crystal Palace's first-and-last before-a-crowd match of the season. A helpful income bump for them, I trust.

I know what **Dave Hodson's** talking about but being "relegated to the Championship" does seem a little counter-intuitive.

It's a fair point that the **Mike Lowrey's** TAFF trip shouldn't be deferred indefinitely. It's just that I don't think we're yet at a reasonable point by which a decision should be made.

Imagine it's 2037. The Worldcon is in Trondheim, and the fannish issue *du jour* is that somebody has discovered that even though there are now 157 Hugo categories, there's one chap who's going to the convention who isn't on the ballot. One proposed solution is to split the newly-minted 'best assistant editor (poetry) of a semiprozine first published no earlier than five years previously and publishing between three and six issues a year' into two age bands for 'under-30s' and '30-and-over', but there is a body of opinion that says that really the voters won't wear another category and perhaps it would be better to increase the shortlists to 20 places instead.

Nobody has taken a TAFF trip since 2019 when **Geri Sullivan** travelled to Dublin. The pandemic is mostly just a bad memory, and Covid has been normalised in society. It's considered no more of a threat than seasonal flu. A delegation of fannish elders (led by **John Coxon**) approach **Mike Lowrey**. "So, Mike, what do you think? This year, maybe?" Mike has a bit of think. "Well, I'm still

not entirely sure. There was that bloke in Oslo just three months ago who had something that they thought for a while might have been Covid, even if in the end it wasn't. No, I don't think so. Maybe next year for Dublin 2038 – A Fourth Irish Worldcon. Maybe..."

*[[Orange Mike would, I must observe, be 84 years old in 2037. John Coxon, of course, would still be fourteen, James Bacon would be submitting his ninth unsuccessful application for parole and Ulrika O'Brien would be promising that her BEAM 16 editorial will be done very soon, honest, as soon as she's finished the PR for*





*Corflu Pangloss XIV in Anchorage...]]*

In case it's not obvious, I exaggerate for effect\*. My point is that obviously there's a point when **Mike** really should be taking his trip. I really don't know when that point will be but I don't see it being this year. If Mike decides around September time that he'd like to do a trip to Corflu and Novacon this November and there's a reasonably prospect of being able to do so under at least near normal conditions then good luck to him. But if he thinks, no, it's not viable then that'll be a perfectly reasonable decision too.

*[[\*So do I, mostly. It'll undoubtedly embarrass M Strummer a tad (AIIFC), for me to observe that the above is a perfect example of the utter greatness of his writing when it comes to a bit of fannish parody at which he inevitably excels...]]*

Can't find anything online about how an Australian civil service 'substantive Class 8 and long term acting Class 9' maps onto the UK civil service so I'm afraid I don't know whether I need to look up to **Leigh Edmonds** (I do, obviously, but for non-public sector reasons). I do know that my current civil service grade is comparable to a Commander (RN), Lieutenant Colonel (army), and Wing Commander (RAF) whereas **Claire** was similarly a Captain, Colonel or Group Captain.

*[[falls off chair - SIR! (NB "Commander" is also James Bond's Navy rank, so Claire, as I have long suspected, is in fact 'M')...]]*

I can think of a handful of Scottish and Welsh sitcoms – *The Book Group* (American woman moves to Glasgow and forms a book group to meet people), *The High Life* (set at Glasgow Prestwich airport), and *Tourist Trap* (mockumentary about the Welsh tourist board) – but not many. Oh, and in the interests of accuracy, the "surfeit of lampreys" was Henry I, not John. Ah, how soon you forget your national heritage...

\*\*\*

From: ianmillsted@hotmail.com

**Ian Millsted** writes:

Thanks for the latest, which arrived the day before the Eurovision Song Contest. Given the comments in the zine about the Hugos I did start, perhaps unfairly, to make comparisons. Both events are arguably more entertaining for the controversies than the actual content they are supposed to be about? Both operate autonomously from the industry they are intended to be showcases for? Both are scrutinised for voting trends? Both go on far too long? Anyway, I didn't actually watch the Eurovision Song Contest. But I'm sort of glad it's still there.

\*\*\*

From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

May 30

**Eli Cohen** writes:

I opened *This Here...#42* with anticipation, about to start ego-scanning, and wham! there's my name at the top of the fanzine! I *almost* fell off my chair!

*[[It's something I do like to do for new (and also occasional) correspondents with the out-of-context pullquote in the header...]]*

I will avoid making any cheap jokes about "fanzines talking to each other" -- but the nightmare vision of my *Algols* screaming at my *Xeniums* (which are not only in a different box, but a different closet!) will now keep me up at night.

As to your favorite sport -- I think the NY Times has been taken over by footy fans: Not only was the Super League stuff all over their front page, a recent Times crossword puzzle had ACMILAN as an answer! (The clue was "Renowned football club founded in 1899", as if "football" had anything to do with that game you foreigners play.) What is the world coming to...

*[[Your denigration of the very term "football" is the sort of example of the Merkan-centric worldview I wouldn't have expected from you - but of course you're just trying to get a rise out of the rest of us, aren't you? NY Times gets it right! (Film at eleven). It may be of mild interest that the original version of the club was indeed formed in 1899 as 'Milan Foot-Ball and Cricket Club'...]]*

Dudley Moore's Beethoven parody was great -- it reminds me of Peter Shickele's [sportscast of Beethoven's 5th](#): "This piece is gonna go into overtime!"

I am deeply hurt that **Leigh Edmonds** says he hasn't had any contact with me since 1974, when in fact we've been in touch as recently as 1981, when I sent him the last issue of *Kratophany!* I do fondly remember him at the 1974 Discon (I have a treasured photo of **Leigh**, Valma, and me surrounding Susan Wood and her Fan Writer Hugo).

May 29 As to **Jerry & Suzle's** *Seattle Fandom Four Yearly*, pub your ish, already! (To be fair, they assured me *Littlebrook* would be out Real Soon Now.) As to the avocados at the Avocado Pit: Yarik, the oldest, grew to 7 feet high. But cats or not, I suspect it would be very difficult to get an indoor avocado plant to grow fruit. (The cats, by the way, denied all knowledge the time we found one of the plants knocked over.)

Finally, I'm glad you liked the Brit detectives cartoon I sent, allowing me to almost bookend the issue. Clearly, I have achieved the best positioning possible, given that I will never be eligible for the 'Ageless Beauty' spot.

\*\*\*

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

May 30

**John Hertz** writes:

WSYMIYDALLYGAF.

Even you can be tiresome. I realize that when you seemed to be dripping with condescension over my letter you were only spilling your Nolet's Reserve as you waved your hand. But your belabored insistence that right-thinking people ought to deem fan-category Hugos worthless, having not bothered to nominate, is about as tasty as any other sour grapes. Or wheat, speaking of Nolet's.

"Don't get enough out of Worldcons to buy supporting memberships" is about the same. The purpose of a supporting membership is to support. Worldcons are what we make them. Ask not what your Worldcon can do for you, ask what you can do for your Worldcon. Fanziners know about taking part in things without being physically present.

"Can't afford to pay \$40 for a supporting membership" may well be true for some. So far as that goes, no blame, as the *I Ching* says. But in the big picture this isn't very impressive. Only forty-nine people bothered to vote in the FAAn Awards, where nobody had to pay anything.

[[Sigh... "tiresome" indeed...]]

Wire recorders: they were indeed the Big Thing for a while, particularly mid-1940s to mid-1950s. Steel wire (speaking of irony) is more compact, robust and heat-resistant than magnetic tape; also relatively free from background hiss. Wire correspondence among US fans was masterminded by the late great Shelby Vick. There's wire recording in 'Between Planets'. Or will you call this fansplaining and spill Nolet's again?

[[I don't drink gin, and what I do drink I try not to spill...]]

\*\*\*

From: penneys@bell.net

June 9

**Lloyd Penney** writes:

For me right now, the real drudgery is the continual job hunt. I have been looking for just over three years now, and even with the extensive editorial work with *Amazing Stories*, and their associated books, I have had few nibbles... until now. Looks like I may be in demand with the CSA Group, Next Magazine, and perhaps one of the local agencies. I could use a little feast after all this famine. However, I am still in the hoping and interviewing stage, and I do have an assignment to do tonight, so cross my fingers and hope for the best. But if the national lottery wants to burden me with untold wealth, well, I am sure I can adapt. I'd like the opportunity to try.

[[Good luck!...]]

My loc... reading more selectively? How else would I know about what's happening here and there? I do prefer to participate rather than simply read, and I do participate as much as I can. I am mildly interested in Corflu, I have been to a couple, but wish I had the wherewithal to go, and unfortunately, I do not. I'd rather not torment myself with things I just can't have. I need more transporter credits!

[[By mentioning "selective reading" my implication was that you're reading (and responding to) stuff that you surely must know is fuckin' rubbish. Now in some ways it's arguably admirable that you'd gift responses to zines simply on the basis that because they've put out an ish at all they're deserving of some acknowledgement. I'd suggest, however, that this isn't the case - some publications might be deemed more worthy of reader interaction than others, not to mention the quality of response that would ensue from a more judicious mindset...]]

Officially, we are still under lockdown here, so we cannot go to any restaurants or pubs, as they are still closed due to pandemic. I need a good sit-down dinner, preferably a curry, and a haircut, and not necessarily in that order. And, a tasty cider would definitely help. Our local, called Orwell's (established 1984), will soon be open, and we want to be there for the grand re-opening, whenever that might be.

I can imagine what Vegas is like right now, seeing I have been there only once, and that was for a Corflu. (The other was Toronto.) It is hot and muggy here, and the AC is struggling mightily. It is close to dinner, and I must cook up something that won't make me look medium rare. Sandwiches just won't do it, so off I go to the kitchen to search.

[[Vegas is rarely "muggy", although this week we'll have temps in excess of 115F (46 in French money) and it is a bit extra-sultry because of wildfire haze...]]

\*\*\*

From: claire.fishlifter@googlemail.com

June 17

**Claire Brialey** writes:

Well, I'm obviously annoyed with myself not to have managed the time better to respond properly to issue 42 (or issue 41, but y'know) but unfortunately **Perry Middlemiss** is mistaken and there's only one of me. Although if I did have clones, the variant spellings of my names would be a too-subtle way for most people to track which one was which.

[[I'll only be really worried if one of those variant spellings turns out "Farah Mendlesohn"...]]

This one, though, emerged from under June's two APA deadlines into the final stages of helping to run Punctuation 2 this very weekend; reading, responding to and writing for other people's fanzines, trying to finally get it together to sort out one of our own again - why yes, I do have things to

say about drudge work, but not yet, especially given that you'd have to convert anything useful I wrote here from email text - and the many, mostly extremely drudgy, non-fannish tasks that take up so much time, as well as actually getting to read books for pleasure the way I always want to do more than anything... well, all those things will have to wait for another week. Or two.

*[[This rather confirms my suspicions that rather than just the merest bit of occasional smoffing, you are in fact In Charge Of Everything - see also comment on Mark Plummer's loc re: equivalent service ranking...]]*

Sorry about my problems with time - but obviously I wanted to say thanks again for the fanzine and that better-than-normal service might one day be resumed.

\*\*\*

#### WAHF

**Mike Glycer** separately providing the newslink for the NEFFY awards nominations - thanks Mike! ; **Andy Hooper** : "Who needs need needs nothing" *[[Er...?]]* ; **Kim Huett** (see 'FAAnwank') ; **David Langford**, to whom I had written correcting the spelling of 'Tawny Kitaen' in *Ansible 407* : "Not as embarrassing as the previous issue's use of bad information from IMDb, which *still* informs us that a Japanese anime guy born in 1964 had his first animation director credit in 1966. Presumably they've conflated two people. I remember reporting an ISFDB entry that I suspected was for at least two writers of the same name; it eventually turned out to be five." ; **John Thiel** inviting me to join an apa. No time for that kind of thing, I'm afraid, I tersely reply ; **Alan White** ;

#### FANZINES RECEIVED

**VITA TRANSPLANTARE 18 (John Nielsen Hall)** - A typically solid ish from the old lad, nevertheless missing **Gary Mattingly**, who is equally typically sneaking around various Central and South American parts. **Graham Charnock** locs again! (He must be bored)...

**ASKANCE #51 (John Purcell)** - A typically ahhh-mazing cover from **Alan White** rather overshadows the rest of this fairly short ish (I've done numbers of *This Here...* with a higher page count). Decent contributions from **Bill Fischer**, **Wolf Von Witting** and of course **John** himself with a last leg TAFF trip report segment...

**PERRYSCOPE 11 (Perry Middlemiss)** - More good stuff from the coincidental solipsist (terrific portrait cover from W H Chong), including reminiscences of Jiant John Bangsund and plenty else. If I haven't said this before, the layout and presentation is astonishingly good, clean as the proverbial whistle...

**TOMMYWORLD 85 (Tommy Ferguson)** - A well worthy read comparing the virtues (or otherwise) of virtual vs in-

person cons. Does not mention Arsenal for what I'd suggest are DoBFO reasons...

**LULZINE** issues up to #12, I think (**John Coxon & Espana Sheriff**) - this still turns up in all sorts of wayward places i.e. not the "regular" Gmail inbox, ever, so I'm often a minute late getting to it or even finding the fuckin' thing. A zine of comedy (intentionally, unlike some others) and always worth a shufti - Ian Snell suggests in #12 that Wolf 359 was an inside job. Next they'll probably make a case for the ultimate fate of the Golgafrincham 'B' Ark, I shouldn't wonder, if they haven't already done so and I missed it...

**NAMELESS NEWS (George Phillies, I think)** - A brand new "newszine" from N3F, and before opening the file I was only mildly terrified that it was going to be exclusively reporting what **George** had for dinner last night. However! This apparently to be renamed title (by member votes, yes, you can all go "Oh dear!") is apparently the new home for **Justin Busch's** 'Fanfaronade' zine review column, which I have praised previously and I'm about to up the ante. Agree or disagree with his conclusions, but this particular effort has **Justin** well into high gear with a combined and expertly done comparative look at *TommyWorld 84, This Here... 42* and (gasp!) *Pablo Lennis 402*, finding more in common than any knee-jerk initial reaction might suggest, also (as in his previous episode) chucking in historical context with a reference to a 1990 (!) ish of *Trap Door*, and quoting **The Mighty Rob! Lichtman**. Poor editing has excised the first part of a paragraph on page 3, and such is my increasing admiration for **Justin's** writing that this was well fuckin' annoying...

**VANAMONDE (John Hertz)** - Several rather more recent issues accompanying his loc. We'll not run out of firefighters any time soon...

## INDULGE ME

✘ **NATURE NOTES** : Moving on from technicolor squirrels, I now discover that there's a fungus called "Massospora" that makes cicadas even more sex-mad than they already were, despite replacing their naughty bits and causing their arses to fall off...

<https://www.npr.org/2021/05/18/997998920/the-fungus-thats-making-cicadas-sex-crazy>

✘ **CAB CONVERSATION** : The other week I was required to confirm the definition of a British phrase by a Brit passenger to their American friend, that crucial expression being "taking the piss"...

✘ **RADIO WINSTON EXTRA** : In honor of Ian Hunter's 82nd birthday in June, I have created a 'Mott the Hoople' Pandora channel which is now playing. Thanks in no small part to **Joel Zakem** who posted on the FBF 'Radio

Winston' group a very fav YoobToob link: 'Unter at the Isle of Wight in 2013 doing the ['Saturday Gigs/All the Young Dudes'](#) medley to close his set. Pandora's algorithm is, well let's just say "quirky". The channel predictably includes Bowie, T.Rex and - er - the Kinks, but currently playing Ten Years After...

✘ **MUSICAL AGELESS BEAUTY (UK) : Elkie Brooks**, still going strong...



✘ **CORFLUX** : It's been said in the past that it takes ten years to recover from running a Corflu. We have the 38th (Concorde) and 39th (Pangloss) versions set up, and we got **Tommy Ferguson** wanting to do #40 in Belfast in 2023. Working off the alleged "ten years rule" it occurs to me that Cor31u in Richmond might be sequelled by a Cor41u. There, I've said it, now talk me out of it...

✘ **QUOTABLE** : From a review of Nghi Vo's new novel: "Like the source it pulls from [*The Great Gatsby*] 'The Chosen and the Beautiful' is saturated in longing - soaked through as thoroughly as strawberries left overnight in vodka" (Jessica P. Wick)...

✘ **SELF-INFLICTED** : On the throne of a morning, chasing out the squirrels, and getting to think that I must have put a *lot* of hot sauce on them enchiladas...

✘ **LEIGH EDMONDS EXTRA** : In ongoing furtherance of Antipodean bewilderment, after his inability to discern the meaning of Pluto Shervington's 'Dat' (see locs), I wickedly offer [this](#) for his consideration...

✘ **GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN** : With unusually good leadtime, I've set up the FBF event for what'll be our first substantial in-person gathering in well over a year (Fifth Saturday on Friday in July). What's a tad distressing as I scroll through the friends list to ping out invites is how many dead people there are on there...

✘ **CROSSWORD CLUE** : Since bookend **Eli Cohen** mentioned the NY Times crossword (locs) I'll deem him an aficionado. I used to do the cryptics years ago, and even compiled some of my own. A favorite clue, then: "HIJKLMNO (5)". The solution: WATER...

✘ **DOTAGE** : I *know* I had at least three more items for 'Indulge Me', but I'm fucked if I can remember what they were...

✘ **NEXT** : We'll be taking five weeks this next go, with #44 scheduled to be out July 23rd or 24th, as per contractual arrangements with my esteemed Footy columnist...

✘ **MUSICAL AGELESS BEAUTY (US)** : Bending the rules a little here, since **Jane Wiedlin** is actually younger than I am, but only by four months...



## MIRANDA

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**"In this long line there's been some real strange genes,  
You got 'em all, you got 'em all, with some extras  
thrown in..."**