

This Here...

"...unopened in the inbox." (K Freeman)

EGOTORIAL

WELL, WELL, WELLS

It must be Wells week, or Wells month, Wells minute, whatever, since dear old Herbert George has been turning up with a bit of regularity of late.

In *Far Journeys Vol 3 #1* (whole number 9, I think), **Justin E.A. Busch** embarks upon an analysis of "The long-short stories of H.G. Wells", five tales published between 1936 and 1940 which Wells himself described as "long-short". They are, by current definition, novellas. Here* Justin does a typically thorough job on 'All Aboard for Ararat', the last of the five. I don't want to bung in a ton of spoilers, other than to note that as usual the writing is both scholarly and highly entertaining and approachable, but one thing I took from this is that Wells was somewhat chucking every trick he knew onto the page, including but not limited to his ability to be comic. I'll return to that in a minute.

Not too long after clocking *FJ*, I venture into *Portable Storage 7* from **W^m Breiding**, and up front here's the always spot-on **Christina Lake** writing about Rip Van Winkle style methods for time-shifting a protagonist into some future era, of course not missing 'The Sleeper Wakes'.

Aside: I do tend to muddy up methods of time travel with alternate universe hopping, since that's another favorite sub-genre of mine, and I do recall one of the latter (I think) being wanking, but I can't remember offhand (ahem) who wrote that one. No doubt AKICIF will provide...

* *Far Journeys* is a paper-only sercon fanzine available from **Justin E.A. Busch** at 308 Prince Street #422, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101. Old-school "usual" ie loc, contribution, trade for your print fanzine or send a 9x12 SASE with \$2.50 in stamps for US Domestic First Class, or ask him about International rates...



Hardly a deluge, I suppose, but both Justin's and Chrissie's forays prompted thinks about HG round here, and a somewhat startling realization that the only thing of his I've ever read is 'The History of Mr. Polly', one of the set books for an Eng. Lit. exam at grammar school. This was startling because of Wells' "utopian socialist" ideals, and given my own philosophies you'd think I'd be an avid consumer, but at that time I hadn't got the very lefty sensibilities I have now - as **Uncle Johnny** has correctly surmised in previous missives, the LSE (and general radical tenor of London in the late 70s) achieved that with honors (unlike my final BSc (Econ) degree which didn't have any at all).

Going back to have a look at 'Polly', inevitably via Wikipedia, I was also a little surprised about how much of it I blurrily remembered at an almost 50-year remove with a *lot* of drink taken in the interim. Then again, I also have a good retention of my favorite story from James Joyce's *Dubliners* collection ('Eveline'), including another note that I took the recipe (if it could be grandly called such) for "Grocers' peas" from a different story in that same volume. For the culinary enthusiasts of this here readership, that's peas seasoned with pepper and vinegar, and in my version additionally tossed with butter.

I've seen 'Polly' described as a "comic novel", which in some ways it perhaps is, with the rather farcical progress of the titular protagonist's life, much of which might be described as truly accidental - it's not too much of a stretch to imagine him an antecedent of Reginald Perrin. Polly is someone who is ineffectual and largely unmotivated, exerting no influence upon events (the reverse is true) yet achieving a measure of notoriety. Driftwood upon the currents of existence...

It's all good.

April 2022

TAFFNESSABOUNDS

2022 RACE RESULT

Fia Karlsson writes (on FBF):

I'm incredibly humbled that fandom has elected me to be the TAFF delegate of 2022.

I'm so proud of the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund and of all of the people that have been, and currently are working tirelessly to make this possible year after year. Now I am given the opportunity to contribute as well. It is maddening. Scary. Totally awesome. How did I end up here?

I wanna thank all of the candidates: Julie Faith McMurray, Mikolaj Kowalewski and Anders Holmstrom that have stood beside me.

You are all awesome and deserved to win as well!

Thank you to all my lovely nominators, Jukka Halme, Colette H Fozzard, Lucy Huntzinger, Mihaela Marija Perković and John Clarke. You are all getting a big beer next time we meet. Love you guys!

Thank you to Johan Anglemark, Geri Sullivan, and Michael Lowrey for leading the way, and a final big THANK YOU to all of you in fandom who've voted in TAFF and contributed in some way. You all rock.

Now I believe it's time for a glass of champagne and then the work starts! Talk soon!

Nic adds : This year had the greatest participation in TAFF voting since, I think, 2006, with 238 ballots! It's aliiiiive!!!! Congrats to Fia, of course. Travel plan announcements (apart from the DoBFO Chicago WorldThing) as we get them...

The admins have published TAFFish #2 with the full voting breakdown, which you can see on **Dave Langford's** unofficial TAFF website [here](#)...



RADIO WINSTON

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE DRAPERS?

I have a mystery, and I haven't solved it. If anything, I've got more confused (yes, that *is* apparently possible), and there even turned out to be an Australian connection for which I blame (checks whose turn it is) oh, **Marc Ortleib** at random. (Shameless poke for another loc, there.)



The Drapers (a mostly German band except for the lead singer, as I found out to the similar surprise I had in discovering that old-school ska practitioners Dr. Ring-Ding and the Senior All-Stars were also from that country), appear to have only existed from 2010-2014, with their sole album, 'We No Speak Americano' (subtitled 'Swing for a New Generation') released in 2010.

Now of course I've no fuckin' idea now how I found them in the first place, but I strongly suspect they snuck into a search or indeed a suggestion based on electro swing, which they have been described as, and that turned up their version of '[Yakety Yak](#)', probably the most recent of the covered slices in their repertoire. This appears to be the only video with the band actually in it (and it's a lot of fun).

That find eventually led me to the [title track](#) of the album (here from a German morning tv show), only finding out later that the Australian producer duo known as Yolanda Be Cool did a dance remix, which to all intents and purposes is just a slight tweak to the production and a faster BPM.

The other fun video is a mash-up of Fred Astaire for '[Puttin' on the Ritz](#)' in distinctive Drapers style.

I've put fuckin' *hours* of research (much more than I usually would, to be honest) in trying to find out not only who this lot actually were, but also what happened in 2014 to cause them to cease to be, with very little result.

What I did tortuously find is the name of the singer, a Brazilian, Nivaldo Alvez (also credited as "Nivou" in some appearances), also that of the drummer (Felix Hackmann)

and the lad who plays twin saxes in 'Americano' (David Miltzow, who I've also seen credited as "Mitzow" in one place. I'm well surprised that I haven't been able to find anything on the upright bass player, given his highly distinctively decorated instrument.

For any of you who might be inclined to check out this mob, the full album can be listened to [here](#), including YBC's dance mix and a scrunched medley of the whole set at the end. It's playing on a loop as I write...

OMPHALOSKEPSIS

BLUR THE LINES

Critical thinking, or the lack thereof, has become something of a bugbear round here, but then I started to wonder how that truly applies in the context of this here "theory and practice of fanzining" column, and in some part with an overlap into 'FaanWank' in that we'll be looking at the categorizations of the fanzines we receive.

I've derided the prevalence of knee-jerk "party line" responses to any and all kinds of stuff, even as I could myself ask for many similar offenses to be taken into consideration, a failing I'm well aware of and attempt to ameliorate, but I don't think it will fully vanish any time soon. I don't think it's entirely unusual to have very reflexive and sometimes inappropriate reactions to some things, but we may later think better of them after we've calmed down a bit. Everybody has triggers, however trivial some of them may be, or indeed however significant.

That having been said, it's not realistic that we would apply critical thinking to every single aspect of every little thing that happens in this microcosm of the Faniverse, not least for the practical reason that it would be totally fuckin' exhausting. The energies that we have need to be corralled in useful rather than trivial ways - in other words, don't waste time getting the major arse over minor shit, although admittedly again, what defines as "major" or "minor" is going to vary considerably from individual to individual. Again, several personal offenses can be cited there.

Anyway, here I want to "blur the lines" in a couple of different ways, not limited to the overlap with 'FaanWank', and this will be about the perzine/genzine distinction.

My original sort-of defining metric was based on the Pareto principle (known to most as the 80/20 rule), wherein I posited that a zine (all metrics excluding loccol) which is 80% written by other than the editor(s) is a genzine, and that the reverse metric makes it a perzine. I've subsequently concluded that any attempt at a strict application of Pareto here is tincture of pure bollocks, and that the actuality is typically a lot more wishy-washy. It *might* be fair enough to state that 80/20 defines a genzine, and anything else is a perzine, or conversely is it that if a publication goes over the 20% "other than the editor(s)" threshold, *that's* what makes it

a genzine for our purposes? Let's consider issues 77 and 78 of *Banana Wings*, though, consistently considered a genzine for FAAn voting categorization, yet both only have a single writer (again, excluding locs) who is not an Official Fishlifter, so does that make it a perzine now?

For FAAn categorization, where there's been a possible dispute, I've hewed to the self-definition of the editor(s) on which a publication is, or isn't.

It subsequently occurred that there's a fuck of a lot of faneds who do both a genzine *and* a perzine, even though the latter may be an APazine in several cases. An incompleat (sic) list off the top of me 'ead includes **John Purcell** (*Askance* and *Askew*), **Guy Lillian** (*Challenger* - yes, it still has an ish in the works - and *Spartacus*, as well as *The Zine Dump*), **Bruce Gillespie** (*Science Fiction Commentary* and **brg*), **Claire Brialey** (*Banana Wings* and last year *Weekend Weetabix*), **Mark Plummer** (*Banana Wings* and **mdp*), **Justin E.A. Busch** (*Far Journeys* and *Dreams Remembered*), and of course meself with *BEAM* and *This Here...* (and *The Incompleat Register*). Now we also have my esteemed *BEAM* co-editor **Ulrika O'Brien** positing a possible perzine possibly to be titled *Louche*, despite **Andy Hooper**, displaying his usual contempt for the foolish mortals of the human race, suggesting that while a single-syllable title was a Ghood Thing, most people wouldn't know what that means or even how to pronounce it (to which I duly commented "Looooooosh!").

Now let's assume that the above luminaries (though perhaps not the dismissive **Hooper**) know whereof they speak, and can tell the difference.

I have now formulated a suitably blurry theory of the separation of perzines and genzines and what defines them, and I'm calling this the "two tents" concept. That is, what category we put any given publication into comes down to content and intent, the latter, although the dodgier and more subjective descriptor, yet being perhaps the more useful of the two.

It's easy enough to use this here virtual beermat as an example, and DoBFO one I'm familiar with, you would think. The clear intent of *This Here...* is in no small part to foster open discussion on fannish topics previously only whispered about in smoke-filled rooms - and I do distinguish this from simple gossip and/or snark, which nevertheless is going to play a part, at least when I'm writing it. In my more than ten minutes in fandom (especially fanzine fandom) I've noticed that this type of discussion has often been *samizdat* and restricted to private groups or personal communication, and that still goes on, since I get some DNQ responses from people who quite rightly don't necessarily want to stick their bonces above the parapets in the interests of avoiding any knock-down drag-out bollocks in what's after all an insular and not overly large community, as Balkanized as it may internally be nevertheless.

The intent of *BEAM* is to present a broader range of items of interest, ranging from the sercon (eg **Jane Carnall** on *Rama* from the most recent ish) to the quite fannish (**S&ra Bond's** Corflu GoH speech, fanzine reviews and conreps if we get them) and the purely personal (**Lee Wood's** ongoing 'Taranaki Tales' of rural life in New Zealand and **Stacey Tappan's** inside reporting from *The Met*) from that same #16, all with their own distinct stylings.

Some perzines, like this one, will feature guest contributions (in here that's **David Hodson** with the 'Footy' column), and I was inspired to this inclusion by my own "Taxi Tales" tenure in **Graham Charnock's** *Vibrator*, credit often given to the miserable old git and deservedly so. That and Dave being a *very* long-time mate, of course, who has also written for *BEAM*. These pages have also included guest-written stuff from **Jennifer L Farey**, **Bruce Gillespie** and **Ulrika O'Brien** (and indeed **G Charnock** his scroteous self, in early issues of this third series), but I don't see that as any kind of knock on this being a perzine when it comes down to it, given the clear intent.

As far as content goes, this here load of gob-off properly reflects my own interests: fanac, footy and music, with the occasional foray into whatever else activates the remaining brain cell and thus might be said to be "limited" to that extent, whereas *BEAM* definitely isn't. Not all of you will share those exact same interests, of course, but if you can please (or otherwise engage) some of the people some of the time...

So the upshot: how do we define what's a perzine and what's a ginzine? The answer is that, concurrent with the end of the following 'FaanWank' column, is that we know it when we see it, right?...

FAANWANK

DEFINE TERMS

By way of a followup, I suppose, and a discussion opener for next year's FAAns. I'm not entirely surprised that this topic seems to require a revisit, so erewego...

Firstly, and relevantly, massive and genuine congrats to *Octothorpe* for getting a nomination nod for 'Best Fancast' in the Hugos, leading me to just ever so slightly snarkily observe that when even the rocket-shaped suppository runners define you as being "not a fanzine"...

It could either be considered an advantage or indeed a disadvantage that definitions may be required to determine exactly what's what and what qualifies for any given award. The FAAns are quite deliberately (on my watch, anyway) a very narrow and niche endeavor, I'd suggest to the point that comparisons with just about any other "fan" awards are not only futile but definitely an "apples and oranges" situation. As banged on about, interminably and almost certainly

dully, the Hugo admins have decided that a blog meets the "four issues" standard for being a 'fanzine', even though most sane minds might conclude that the definition of "issue" is being stretched beyond credulity. But that's their call, and in no small part reflects the will of the voters (a concept I'm philosophically in favor of, although not if people are taking the piss), something **Alison Scott** has correctly pointed out.

Let's step back a minute to the "immutable object" definition (crafted with the Hugos in mind) that I collared off **Burnsy** back in 2018, which was solely intended to differentiate zines and blogs *for the purposes of the FAAns*, and subsequently seems to have become a bit of a burden which might well need to be junked at this point, but not necessarily for the reasons you might think.

I started out on my interrupted period of Admin with definite Ideas about the process, a lot of which rightfully fell by the wayside. As a possibly unnecessary reminder to the two people who get exercised about it all, I got the major arse over people (mostly InTheBar at the time I was a member of that discussion group) bitching about the awards without offering any kind of solutions, so I rashly decided to step up, and got lumbered.

Now I've got a format I like that isn't that massively onerous to administrate, and -er- a philosophy of sorts which remains a work in progress, as it should.

Andy Hooper, in his long and admirable stint as admin, took a wholly *laissez faire* position on voting, which at one point resulted in the oft-quoted example of a vote for Elmer Purdue as 'Best New Fan' - a category which has perhaps mercifully fallen by the wayside yet it's prior existence might inspire satirically-minded correspondents to suggest others. Having started out with too many possible rules and metrics, I became persuaded toward Andy's approach though in a more limited fashion.

The problem you can get (as evidenced this year by the small clamor for *Octothorpe* as a fanzine, which even the Hugos don't think it is), is that once you start setting out "rules" and definitions, some wicked bugger is going to seek to game them, perhaps maliciously (absolutely not *Octothorpe* in that category) or just for a larf or a demonstration of typical "Aha!" fannish cleverness.

I think you can see where this is going, and to that end I'll repurpose Fred Pohl's definition of science fiction (which **Leigh Edmonds** attributes to Damon Knight in his loc thish, and he may be right), substituting "fanzine" for "science fiction", for what qualifies for the FAAn awards:

A fanzine is that thing that people who understand fanzines point to, when they point to something and say "That's a fanzine".

And so it is...

TV GUIDE

THE EQUALIZER



I've noted previously that this remake is on our "must watch" list and continue to commend it, yet this last week's episode was so fuckin-A that I felt it deserved a column of its own.

For a quick recap, this is a re-gendered and (ahem) colorized interpretation and modernization of the 1980s series starring Edward Woodward, and is indeed structurally similar to that one (although the former had a better opening theme, one I've often considered to be highly memorable). The always magnificently bad-ass Queen Latifah inhabits the title character, here "Robyn" McCall, specifically noted as being ex-CIA, whereas Woodward's Robert McCall's previous gig was only implied. The divorced Robyn has a family life, with a somewhat rebellious 15-year-old daughter, a doctor ex-husband in the same city (New York), and a support system at home represented by her wise Aunt Vi (superbly played by Lorraine Toussaint) and at "work" by genius hacker Harry and his wife (bar owner and former Air Force sniper) Mel. There's also a sympathetic NYPD detective, and in previous episodes the sort-of equivalent of Robert Lansing's "Control" character from the original, serving as a link between McCall and her former employer, and played by Chris Noth.

Noth, as many will be aware, has been PiNGed* due to quite a few sexual assault allegations. The manner of his exit from the show (before I get into the particular episode I want to gob off about) was an example of the spot-on writing that's prevalent in this series. Noth's character, Bishop, is *presumed* killed in an off-screen plane crash, which is written cleverly enough to retain the slim possibility that he may have survived.

* "Fareyspeak" which, having had to explain the term to **Ulrika** in another context, I realized I should also explain here: 'PiNGed' is my shorthand for "rendered Persona Non Grata"...

So let's (finally) get to this last week's episode, 'Vox Populi', which it dawned on me pretty quickly was a mashup of 'Twelve Angry Men' and 'Perry Mason', and as regular readers will know that was fairly guaranteed to get my attention.

I'll try to avoid overt spoilers, honest. The setup is that Aunt Vi is on a jury considering a murder charge against a black man (who is accused of killing a white woman) who *may* be innocent. The initial jury vote is 11 for "guilty" with only Vi demurring (sound familiar?) - one juror almost-but-not-quite is vocally racist about it all. Two plot threads run in parallel, with Robyn (and Harry and Mel and former (at this point) NYPD detective Marcus Dante, a series regular) investigating the case in fine Perry Mason tradition (which they've found out about of their own volition, Vi does not break her juror's oath by discussing the case), and concurrently the jury deliberations.

Possible spoiler: the case in part relies on eyewitness identification, and one stunningly written scene follows Vi having talked about habitual misidentification of black suspects, and racist juror makes a comment about "your husband", to have it pointed out that "I don't have a husband". The other black woman on the jury says "Im the one with the husband! We've been together here *three weeks* and *you can't tell us apart!*" They look nothing alike. This, as you might conclude, is something of a turning point, and the writing and direction is flawless.

Meanwhile Robyn & co continue to attempt to find the truth, in ways which are very Perry at one point to the extent of finding (in the oft-used Erle Stanley Gardner trope) that the suspect has lied about a salient fact, so is he guilty after all?

Many episodes of the series have a requisite action scene or three with Queenie kicking some serious bad guy ass, but this is tonally different from that, and massively effective. As you might expect, it's "woke" to the extent that with a largely African-American cast there's a focus on social and racial issues (the episode which includes the 'Karen' is exemplary in this respect), yet to me it rarely if ever comes across as preachy (and therefore is not dull).

With the family dynamic and what's really a much less formulaic 'action' format, comparisons with *Black Lightning* could be made, I suppose, at a stretch, but this group is far less fundamentally dysfunctional. Aunt Vi (and to no small extent Marcus Dante) are practically the heart, soul and conscience of the entire effort, and episodes in which she's central (like this one, and the 'Karen') have tended to be the most engaging of them all.

I continue to recommend this show...

FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

After two years or so of writing these columns, whinging and whining about corruption, dodgy refereeing, and various other transgressions in the administration of football, the powers that be (or the shit-show of a Conservative government, as we Brits call them) have finally taken notice of me and, following a “fan-led review”, made ten recommendations aimed at improving football in England. The Department for Digital, Culture, Media, and Sport have confirmed they will be publishing a white paper this summer in a first step towards pushing legislation through Parliament and the likelihood is that things will never be the same again.

The review, carried out in 2021 and led by the former sports minister Tracey Crouch, no relation to the beanpole ex-Spurs, Liverpool, QPR, Portsmouth, and England striker Peter as far as I know, came up with the following ten proposals:

- To ensure the long-term sustainability of football, the government should create a new independent regulator for English football (IREF).
- To ensure financial sustainability of the professional game, IREF should oversee financial regulation in football.
- New owners’ and directors’ tests for clubs should be established by IREF replacing the three existing tests and ensuring that only good custodians and qualified directors can run these vital assets.
- Football needs a new approach to corporate governance to support a long-term sustainable future of the game.
- Football needs to improve equality, diversity and inclusion in clubs with committed EDI Action Plans regularly assessed by IREF.
- As a uniquely important stakeholder, supporters should be properly consulted by their clubs in taking key decisions by means of a Shadow Board.
- Football clubs are a vital part of their local communities, in recognition of this there should be additional protection for key items of club heritage.
- Fair distributions are vital to the long term health of football. The Premier League should guarantee its support to the pyramid and make additional, proportionate contributions to further support football.
- Women’s football should be treated with parity and given its own dedicated review.

- As an urgent matter, the welfare of players exiting the game needs to be better protected – particularly at a young age.

Crouch was, in the usual doublespeak employed by jettisoned Tory ministers who hope to win back favour, pleased that her review was being taken seriously but disappointed that no legislation would likely be passed until 2024; in other words, after the next general election by which time the Tories might not even be in power. And as Boris Johnson indulged in a classic piece of Orwellian political language “designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind” about “securing the future of our national game” which brings “friends, families, and communities together” (*snort*), the football authorities themselves looked on and realised, even if legislation doesn’t hit them anytime soon, that changes are definitely coming down the turnpike.

The Premier League is, of course, up in arms at the proposals. What? A billionaire being told he has to share his wealth down the footballing pyramid with the uncouth, unwashed likes of Bury, or Gillingham, or Accrington Stanley? Are you mad? He’s looking at establishing an enclosed, franchise-based system that means he can fill his ground with rich fans from all over Europe, except that has been proven to be nonsense for decades. What the billionaires want is television attractive fodder around which expensive advertising space can be sold, duplicating the Superbowl model many times over.

Tuesday April 26 2022 | THE TIMES

Sport

Government will force elite to share cash

Premier League must give £1bn more to lower clubs

Martyz Ziegler Chief Sports Reporter
The Premier League has been warned by the government that it must agree a deal to deliver hundreds of millions of pounds more to the lower leagues or face the prospect of being forced to legislate.

Nigel Huddleston, the sports minister, said a proposed new independent regulator would be given powers over financial distribution if there was not a fairer share of the Premier League’s spoils — and that could still include imposing a 10 per cent levy on transfers.

Huddleston also said it was “difficult to imagine” the Football Association becoming the game’s independent regulator, which is the favoured option of the FA and Premier League.

The Premier League has said it will give away £1.6 billion to the rest of the football pyramid over the next three years, about 16 per cent of its revenues. Just over half of that is in parachute payments to relegated clubs and there is pressure for that figure to be raised to 25 per cent — nearly £1 billion more.

Richard Masters, the Premier League chief executive, has previously said it would be “a disaster” if the FA’s request for a 25 per cent cut of broadcast revenues were met.

“There’s absolute recognition that the financial flows, the financial distribution at the moment is not satisfactory. We expect that it is going to be a football-led solution and if that then will fall to the regulator to get involved.”

In terms of the transfer levy proposed by Tracey Crouch MP in her failed review of football, Huddleston added: “It’s potentially in the mix depending upon what the Premier League and others come up with. We want to keep the pressure on for the Premier League to come up with their own solution first.”

“The Premier League said it accepted the need for reform across the game but will continue to maintain that it is not necessary for there to be a statutory-backed regulator.”

Huddleston said there was “huge scepticism” from other MPs about the idea of the FA becoming the independent regulator, adding: “The FA has already got some demands in its dealings with and attacking its own governance structure, challenges. I think it would be difficult to imagine the circumstances where it would at least currently fit the criteria needed to become the independent regulator.”

“The regulator will be funded by football and will be told to apply a tougher owners’ and directors’ test with a new ‘integrity test’ for all owners and executives. Anyone who wants to take over a club will have to satisfy stricter rules around sources of funding.”

However, Huddleston said there would be no requirement for owners to be registered for players on the DF

Welsh rugby in crisis
National team failing, clubs struggle, lack of young talent
Special report, pages 60-61



Lampard may face FA charge

Paul Joyce
Frank Lampard could face a Football Association charge for his comments over the penalty incident in the Merseyside derby that prompted his club to sack the referee. He was not reviewed in greater detail.

“The Everton manager was criticised by the failure to penalise the Liverpool defender Joel Matip for a challenge on Anthony Gordon at the start of the second-half with the score 0-0. Liverpool went on to win 2-0.”

Lampard claimed that a penalty would have been awarded if it had been “Mohamed Salah at the other end” and it is that statement of his post-match comments that has prompted the FA to write to him. It feels that the integrity of the referee, Stuart Attwell, was questioned.

The FA will now await Lampard’s response.

Continued on page 64

‘15 of top 100’ in Saudi event

Angus Oliver
Fifteen of the world’s top 100 players are set to have signed up for the first event of the controversial Saudi-backed Super Golf League in St Albans in June. PGA Tour players had until 10pm BST last night to apply for a confirming-event release that would allow them to play in the breakaway tour’s first tournament, which has a record purse of \$25 million (£20 million).

“The full field list for the 54-hole event at the Centurion Club from June 9-11 which will name the winners a cheque for \$4 million, will not be published until May 27. A report in Golf Digest however, confirmed the number of leading-world-ranked players who have registered for the inaugural LIV Golf Invitational Series event.”

“The deadline for players on the DF”



Can Sterling be the real deal?
Manchester City forward has put contract talks on hold to concentrate on fitting his side to victory against Real Madrid in the Champions League, pages 66-67

Except that this has also been proven to be a completely impossible to pursue fiction: approached by the Observer newspaper, Nielsen Sport, an expert company in measuring television ratings which conducts research on behalf of the Premier League itself, admitted that as “one of the most

viewed fixtures in recent seasons”, Manchester City’s top of the table clash with Liverpool on Sunday April 10th “was likely to exceed [20 million live viewers across the globe](#). Or about five million more than the season-six finale of ‘Line of Duty’ managed on BBC1 last year”. The same article still touts the same old chestnuts about the “global reach” of the Premier League and how overseas television revenues will exceed domestic revenues in the near future, whilst completely ignoring the elephant in the room: the “product” isn’t actually very good or compelling and domestic viewers have switching off in droves over the last few years as subscription fees spiral out of control. Those overseas rights buyers may just feel they’ve been sold a pup in the years to come.

John Nicholson is, and has been for a long time, a journalist on the website Football365. He fulfills pretty much the same function there that I do here: debunking the bullshit and hype of the football and wider sports and entertainment industries (Oooh, get me!). Nicholson made all the same points that I’ve made above in [his April 11th column](#), but the responses to his column betrayed the deep-rooted brainwashing the Premier League has instilled in the fan base over the decades. Nicholson is frequently derided just for asking awkward questions or pointing out inconvenient truths; it would be fair to say he’s an acquired taste, but on a website that was once owned by Sky Sports and has been established for over twenty years, even such a contentious character as Nicholson only garnered 38 comments to his piece and the worldwide web is, indeed, worldwide. There’s something about these numbers – viewer numbers, comments, page views - that exposes the Premier League hype machine for the scam it is.

The other recommendation which is sure to get the average billionaires backs up is allowing those filthy oiks who are only supposed to offer up their ticket money and be otherwise quiet and uncomplaining any kind of say over the activities of these money making machines, and that’s only after some slightly less oiky oiks pass judgement on whether said billionaires are “fit and proper” people to own (spelt e-x-p-l-o-i-t) the clubs. I can’t say I’m a fan of the idea of supporters having a seat on the board of the football clubs they support. Football clubs are ultimately businesses and have to be run as such, but as I’ve made clear over and over again, neither am I a fan of corrupt Arab regimes or oligarch friends of power-mad dictators having control of institutions that have such strong ties to and holds over the communities in which they are embedded. One of the first issues the Government white paper has to address is the establishment of a new ownership model dedicated to the fit and proper oversight of not just football, but all sports clubs and bodies, and proper criminal sanctions for anyone of any nationality who abuses them.

The Football League, which administers all the leagues below the Premier League, will of course be blowing its own trumpet and attempting to convince us of its noble intentions as it oversees the doling out of its new riches to the powerhouses that are Sheffield Wednesday, Barnsley, and Chesterfield, but let’s not forget: the Football League was set up by rich club owners, predominantly late-Victorian, northern industrialists, to create competition between themselves for their clubs in order to charge admittance to workers that they were suddenly being forced to offer time off work to under social reforms that wouldn’t come to culmination for another sixty-to-seventy years with the formation of the National Health Service and social security benefits systems. The Football League are far from blameless for the current shit-show that is English football and, it could be argued, have done far less to reform themselves than the Football Association that oversees the Premier League and F.A. Cup competitions and international relations with F.I.F.A. and U.E.F.A. They also haven’t exactly covered themselves in glory when it has come to vetting dubious owners at clubs like Derby County, who have just been relegated to Division One (really Division Three if we go back to the old, pre-Premier League way of explaining the hierarchy of leagues in England) after they were deducted 21 points for going into administration ostensibly because of losses due to the coronavirus pandemic, although the club had been known to be struggling with debts it couldn’t manage for several years.

Let’s also look at point 9 in that list: women’s football should be treated with parity and given its own dedicated review. On Boxing Day, 1920, Dick Kerr’s Ladies Team, named after a munitions factory in Preston where most of the team worked during World War One, played St. Helen’s Ladies at Everton’s Goodison Park ground in Liverpool. 53,000 people paid to watch the game and thousands more were locked outside.

A year later, on December 5th 1921, the Football Association banned women from playing on F.A.-affiliated pitches. Their reasoning: “the game of football is quite unsuitable for females and ought not to be encouraged.” It took fifty years, until 1971, for the ban to be lifted, although some clubs, such as Luton Town, had surreptitiously allowed women to train using their facilities since the 1950s. The 1975 Sex Discrimination Act introduced by Barbara Castle for the Labour Government of the day allowed women to train to become professional referees, but none ever seemed to make the grade until Sian Massey-Ellis in 2009, a breakthrough for which she was awarded an M.B.E. (Member of the Order of the British Empire) in the 2017 New Year’s Honours list. It’s taken all the years from 1971 for women’s football to finally be accepted to the point that league and cup matches are regularly televised on both free-to-air and subscription channels, rather than just the lip-service of televising international and World Cup games only.

The frightening part of this review, once its proposals are acted upon, is what it is still to uncover. On April 26th, the BBC reported that, according to Europol, [match-fixing had increased across Europe](#) as a consequence of Covid. I've had many a conversation with fellow football fans about corruption, both hard and soft, in the game and have always been accused of being a "conspiracy theorist" but now, Sportradar, a statistical analysis company that specialises in detecting unusual betting patterns, has released a report detailing [over 1,100 suspicious sports matches](#) just since the start of the pandemic in April 2020. The other blight on the game, the quality of officiating of matches, is another chestnut that will have to be addressed because without it being reformed both from the point of view of professional oversight and from the quality of vetting and training of officials, it's impossible to truly stamp out any other form of corruption that may exist in the game.

Okay, let's do a quick overview of events since my last column: Nic's beloved Watford is still a relegation bound embarrassment to him. My beloved Spurs provide a marginally less embarrassing blight on the Premier League. Tommy Ferguson is probably kidding himself that Arsenal is marginally better than both, but they're really not. Manchester City looks like it might pip Liverpool to the Premier League title with five games of the season to go and it's entirely possible they'll be playing each other in the Champions League final. I can't wait for this season to be over, I fancy going to watch some cricket. On the plus side: Emma Raducanu looks absolutely fab in a Spurs shirt!



LOCO CITATO

[[“Some people have no idea what they’re doing, and a lot of them are really good at it.” (George Carlin)...]]

From: keithfreemanrbas@gmail.com

March 27

Keith Freeman writes:

Right at the beginning, always a good place to start, you talk about defining snippet. I'm not going to define it as such, but put it in a sequence:

letter - word - sentence - snippet - item - article - short story - novella - novel - blockbuster - series

Then I got to thinking (always dangerous at my age) ref the **Mike Glycer** kerfuffle, there's another series: discussion - argument - feud - war - world war - apocalypse

You, or your readers, may wish to correct, amend or increase these lists - but much more likely they'll be treated as fluff and, rightly, ignored.

Taffness badge - no doubt it's a rocket - but also very reminiscent of a hypodermic needle... a Covid-19 induced thought!

[[Mea culpa, actually, for forgetting to include the design credit for the long-serving logo, which goes to Anne Stokes. I remembered this time...]]

For a change (?) I found Radio Winston very interesting and will follow up the various URLs when I get my PC fully working again.

[[Whereas Leigh Edmonds will have girded his considerable loins and hurried swiftly on...]]

I was rather surprised to get an email from **Jennifer** of the Farey clan welcoming me to Corflu Pangloss (having already had one shortly after paying), - Now I understand, Jennifer was dotting the i's and crossing the t's, not to mention confusing the K.

[[With the handover of the bookkeeping duties, Ulrika asked Jen to send those out, the Mrs being, of course, blissfully unaware that some might have already been done. It's all good...]]

Footy - transmogrified into "crikkers" / "batsy" ?? was (as usual, again) both interesting and well written. When **David Hodson** got on to Rodney Marsh (wicket keeper par excellence) I was annoyed... "What about the Kent & England wicket keeper I idolised" (I'm Kent born & bred) "whatever his name was" I thought - only to be rewarded with Alan Knott duly making an entrance. At one time I had his autograph (though where it is now I've no idea).

[[“Crikkers”? “Batsy”? Er...]]

Oh dear, the lettercol confirms what I'd been slowly realising - I've not read *TH... 50* in its entirety! I'm positive I started it but must have got distracted, left it (probably for something mundane like a meal or needing sleep) and not returned to it. I'll not make that mistake with this one... Having said that I look down in horror at the bottom of the screen and find I'm on page 12 of 27 - not even half way. Further detective work reveals *TH... 50* is (now was) unopened in the inbox - I'm not sure how (or why) I missed opening it and reading it - but that's now a pleasure to look forward to.

"I would much rather skim and respond to whatever catches my eye. Works for me." Thank you, **Kim Huett**, for putting into words what I now realise is my own method (with the added proviso of far too often not actually completing the job!)

Another reason for disjointedness herein is the clocks went forward last night. I got up late (it wouldn't have been late yesterday), I ate lunch at the 'normal time', even though I wasn't hungry and I think I'm going to be very tired by the end of the day.

"I continue to contend that lack of critical thinking elsewhere is sadly evident, and perhaps that's because it's work, innit?" - your own words quoted in **Leigh Edmonds'** loc - gives me a grand excuse that I don't think you'll find any critical thinking in this loc! Nearest thing to it was spotting the typos in *TH... 50* - but I won't go into that as there are probably more typos in this as a percentage of the word count!

[[Possibly, but hopefully I fixed them. Lovely to hear from you mate!...]]

From: srjeffery@aol.com

March 27

Steve Jeffery writes:

I can't say my life has been diminished unduly up to now by a complete avoidance of *File 770*. Although perhaps avoidance implies something more active than just a general ignorance of and disregard for that particular zine/blog/website/whatever.

Congratulations to **S&ra Bond**, **William Breiding**, yourself, **Ulrika O'Brien**, **Mark Plummer** and **Jerry Kaufman**, and indeed anyone who was placed anywhere in the 2022 FAAN Awards.

Actually, **Alison Scott** does have a point, and an mp3 could be considered an immutable artifact under the IR definition, so something like a recording of a fan panel, presentation or play (or a recording of a round of 'Just a Minac') could realistically qualify, as might a podcast. Those, I believe (I've not looked into the technicalities) are immutable and Chaz Brenchley does a nice one with Writers Drinking Coffee (or,

as often as not, wine) which could be considered suitably fannish. You could also argue that mp3s or podcasts are ideal for visually impaired fans and perhaps we shouldn't rule them out on those grounds.

[[You have inspired this's 'FaanWank' column...]]

You also "publish" a blog post - especially in Blogger. At least that's what the button has written on it. I don't agree with your view here that it's necessarily limited to something you sit down and read. But I'm not going to plunge All Fandom into war over it. There's too much of that going on elsewhere.

[[Isn't there, though?...]]

Neither does the immutable nature of pdf hold up that well any more. Indeed a lot of our documentation during lockdown has been through pdf documents and forms being passed between different team members for updating and approval sign offs.

I should add that for this year's FAAN Awards I cast my vote on the understanding of your (as administrator) interpretation of what constituted a fanzine for this year's voting, although I think there was one title where I was unsure whether it should be a genzine or a perzine and was quite happy for you to move it to the appropriate category you considered it best fit.

[[The categorization is something I'll be strict on, especially after 2020 when titles got votes in different categories, rendering the fanzine results a bit suspect...]]

From: fred@fredlerner.org

March 27

Fred Lerner writes:

One of the things I most enjoy is the unanticipated discovery that something I never cared about might actually be very interesting. I have no interest in professional sports, and even less than that in baseball now that it has lost its roots in history; but when Mitch Wertlieb, a passionate fan of all Boston teams, gives his three-minute sports report during Vermont Public Radio's "Morning Edition" I find myself becoming interested, even at the improbable hour of 6:45 in the morning. **David Hodson's** column on football is utterly irrelevant to me; I have no doubt that soccer is in fact a beautiful game, but I've never known how to appreciate its beauty. I would have said much the same about cricket, but in this issue Brother **Hodson** has successfully communicated his enthusiasm to this nonbeliever.

I live in a place whose demography and economy are heavily influenced by Dartmouth College, and especially its schools of medicine, business, and engineering. This has naturally led to an Indian immigrant and Indian-American

population larger than one might expect to find in rural New England. One result of this has been the recent formation of a cricket club that plays its matches in a local park. When the cricket season begins here I intend to make my way to Civic Memorial Field to watch them and (I hope) to learn something about the sport.

[[I'll note that having played for my works team back in UK, when I moved to the States in 1993 I was quite gratified (and a little astonished) to discover that there was a Washington (DC) and District cricket league, also largely made up of expats, and I joined one of the teams for a couple of years, usually ending up a twelfth man because their standard was far higher than I was used to...]]

My daughter tells me that I can find explanations of its rules and strategies, and videos of cricket matches, on YouTube. I have no doubt that I could, but I would have no way of determining which would be worth watching. I would appreciate any advice on this point.

[[There's more than a few quite dedicated cricket fans from both the ancestral soil and Down Under in the readership here, as you may have clocked, and no doubt they'll happily weigh in. Fred also suggests I forward his missive to Hod-me-son, which I have duly done...]]

From: kim.huett@gmail.com

March 28

Kim Huett writes:

I have to admit that while I find early worldcon history and the evolution of their celebratory buttplugs to be fascinating, both do become increasingly corporate and boring from the 1970s onwards. I think the beginning of the end definitely occurred with MidAmericon in 1976. Held in Kansas City and chaired by Ken Keller, the MidAmeriCon is not a fondly remembered worldcon and a significant increase in the membership fee from \$10 to \$50 is only part of why this should be so. I've been told that the chair of MidAmericon, Ken Keller, decided to raise attendance rates so much because he considered having a large nest egg for the committee to work with early on was more important than the tradition that worldcon membership rates should be affordable for as many people as possible. This stance, among others, is why Keller gained the reputation as a very arrogant person and MidAmericon as a worldcon to be reviled. How much was it loathed I hear you think?

Well, let's take as an example this Allan

Rothstein poem Bruce Pelz published in *Profanity* #12:

BIG MAC

From the very first PR we knew it would smell;
What the rules they made up meant, no one could tell.
They made us so angry that we started to yell

"Big MAC
Big Bad MAC
Big Stupid MAC
The Ultimate Worldcon? Go to hell!"

Reading each update rules-change was what we all dreaded,
And no one knew in which hotel he'd be bedded –
But we all knew for sure the concom was fuggheaded!

Big MAC
Big Bad MAC
Big Stupid MAC

The Ultimate Worldcon? Forget it!
Well, we voted for KC; we've ourselves left to thank.
(Though just one fan admits it, and that's Jackie Franke.)
Things were going so bad even Craig Miller drank!

Big MAC
Big Bad MAC
Big Stupid MAC
The Ultimate Worldcon? How it stank!

It takes a special sort of worldcon committee to inspire hate poetry methinks.

[[Peripherally interesting to me, but interesting nonetheless, confirming as it does my own anti-WorldThing biases...]]

But enough of worldcons and their celebratory buttplugs because I'm sure you would much rather learn that according to my sources it's uncommon for people shot in Malaya to have been mistaken for squirrels or boars. No, in most shooting cases the victims are mistaken for monkeys,

which when you think about it makes far more sense. Not that I find this especially comforting because regardless of the presumed species the key takeaway for me is the general shoot now and determine what later attitude implied. I know this is all happening in heavily forested areas but nonetheless I'm glad I don't live in a country where the immediate reaction to the rustling of leaves is to lay down a hail of gunfire. If nothing else it must make it difficult to perform when trying to have a quiet piss behind a tree.

However Nic, I don't want you to think I believe that Australia is in any way superior to our northern neighbours. Australia, after all, is to the best of my knowledge the only country currently



suffering from an epidemic of toad licking. As with all too many things that have gone wrong in this country the blame for this can be laid at the feet of the idiot arse-monkeys who introduced the cane toad to Australia.

If you look online you will find various news reports about how some dogs have taken to licking the backs of cane toads in search of a high.

Cane toads exude poison from their backs as a defence mechanism but this poison, if taken in small enough doses, isn't fatal. Instead it acts as a hallucinogenic, though just how strong it is seems to be a matter of some debate. Anyway, according to certain discussions on the topic of toad licking I've followed, the practise has become extremely common within the canine population of the Northern Territory and much of Queensland. Luckily, while the substance excreted by the toads is both hallucinogenic and addictive, it doesn't appear to be immediately fatal (obviously nobody knows what the long-term effects are) and doesn't make the users more aggressive.

It has also been mentioned that certain, let us say, counter-cultural individuals living in rural Queensland and northern NSW (look up Nimbin hippies to see what I mean) claim to have been experimenting with cane toads themselves as a means of discovering a legal high. On one hand I don't suppose the practise is any stupider than drinking your own piss in the belief it cures all known ills. And while I'm sure the authorities could make it illegal to get high off cane toads it strikes me as a practise difficult to police. On the other hand I really don't want idiots to start importing toads any further south in order to farm them for a good time. Having an invasive species spread through the country is bad enough without giving the phuquing vile things a hand.

The only good news is that few people will be able to stomach licking a toad. This is not an attractive species and definitely not one most people would be keen to handle. Many years ago when I worked in an accounts department, Sally, whose desk was next to mine, came back from a visit to relatives in Queensland with a stuffed cane toad. By which I mean its insides had been removed and replaced with plastic jell.

The skin had also been treated to preserve it and as a final touch the whole thing had been coated in a lacquer to give it a glossy, wet look. Sally kept this little fellow in a bottom drawer until notified that one of her more annoying visitors was waiting to see her. Out came Mr. Toad to sit on the corner of the desk where it could leer in a dead-eyed way at her visitor. It was actually quite impressive how uncomfortable Mr. Toad could make visitors. I have to admit I didn't care to have it staring at me.

I do wonder if toad licking is entirely limited to Australia as regularly slobbering on cane toads would explain the opinions of one particular correspondent of yours.

[[I can't even remember when I first heard about the psychoactive results of toad licking, but it may even have been as early as the 1970s - the usual redtops here had the expected field day with it. It's perhaps encouraging in some ways that it's taken Australia 50 years to catch up. Have any of you started stuffing hamsters up your bums yet?...]]

From: johnsila32@gmail.com

March 28

John Nielsen Hall writes:

The whole **Glyer** thing is/was a storm in a very small teacup, and personally I hate it when this sort of argument happens. I resent his having a go at **Sandra** over her eminently sensible remarks and I think you have every right to respond to criticism of yourself. However, I think **Glyer** is right when he effectively asserts his right to put, or not put, in his fanzine/website whatever he wants, though it is ludicrous to be dredging up nearly forty year old disputes of the **Langford** with the orcish hordes of Scientology in support of that principle. Look, should I for some reason (like my failing brain) not know who the FAAn winners are/were, I can always consult the Corflu site, or the appropriate *Ansible*, or just ask someone ITB. *File 770* is not a resource I consult generally, or at all. Oh, look! He's published them after all. What the fuck was that all about then?

[[He had to get the grovel off me before condescending to publish the results, and I won't be doing that again - the only people who punt the occasional comment on F770 who we might recognize as part of "our lot" would, as you correctly state, find the results and indeed all the details of the FAAns (pre- and post-voting) by other means anyway, so it's a bit of a waste of time having to jump through a bunch of fuckin' hoops to get a mention over at what's pretty much a disinterested constituency. You're also dead right that it's Glyer's show, and he can report (or not) whatever he likes. I've punted FAAn details in his direction when I've been doing the admin as both a courtesy to the supposed venue for fannish news, but also primarily as an encouragement to involvement from Gen-F(iler), and this has clearly fallen on stony ground. To think that last year he bitched about not getting the results in timely fashion...]]

I'm very pleased to read that the other half of the Farey household may soon publish her own ish. I look forward to that. But what are you talking about when you mention "arseness quota" in relation to VT? Have I upset you? Remember, I am an old fan, and working on only four out of the eight on a good day.

[[As immediately noted to you privately, I was referring to the arseness of that fuckin' weekend, and not to VT at all. The hurried manner in which the ish was finished up may

well have contributed to that wrong impression. Sorry, mate...]]

Ageless Beauty: That is a very old pic of Valerie Singleton. The lady is now some 84 years old, and once went out with Pete Murray. Remember him?

[[I didn't think the pic was that old, but I'll take your word for it...]]

(And in case anyone is in any doubt, she is straight and she never shared a bed with Joan Armatrading.) I liked her voice - she could be brilliant on radio - and she can still smack my arse anytime, in the unlikely event she ever wanted to. But of course you realise, the clue is in the name.

From: rw_lynch@yahoo.com

March 28

Rich Lynch writes:

[...] I was surprised, to say the least, to read a quote you reprint from **Mike Glycer** which stated that you and I "spent part of an issue of *This Here...* egging each other on about the notion that *File 770's* Best Fanzine Hugos were actually illegal". **Mike** is mistaken. What I *did* write, in a loc to *TH...*, was that I didn't believe that blogs should be eligible for the "Best Fanzine" Hugo because of the "4 issues published" requirement. My belief, which I accept is a minority one, is that a blog is the equivalent of a single issue that gets constantly updated. My supporting evidence is that in the digital world, a URL is the equivalent of an issue and every bit of information in a blog has appeared at one time or another under a single URL. Traditional fanzines that have become digitized into PDFs, on the other hand, have individual URLs for each issue. And, lest this comment be further misinterpreted, this is meant only for future Best Fanzine voting, not for Hugos that have already been awarded.

[[I agreed with you then, and agree still. Neither of us, in my opinion, stated or even implied that any of the wins under the interpretation that admitted blogs to the category were "actually illegal" - the point was and is that the rules aren't being applied as they used to be understood, and "illegal" is far too ridiculously OTT a term to describe the situation. Those rules are, however, interpreted consistently, so there's been the de facto result that blogs can and do win 'Best Fanzine' Hugos. It is what it is...]]

I also stated my belief, which again no doubt is a minority one, that this situation could be easily fixed by splitting traditional fanzines and blogs into separate Hugo Award categories. There would be no lack of good nominees for each. In the past few decades there have been lots of new "professional" Hugo categories added but only one new "fan" category (Best Fancast). Adding another fan category would not seem to be a huge imposition.

[[From mutterings I've been hearing it might be more likely that the fan award categories could be dropped altogether...]]

From: perry@middlemiss.org

March 31

Perry Middlemiss writes:

Chong's interactions with fandom are fleeting and rather minimal. He knows a few fans, though mainly through other literary interests. He, and I hope he doesn't mind me speaking for him here, finds fandom both amusing and bemusing. He likes the concept and the activity but isn't terribly sure how it all works. The main reason why we see so little of his work is that he has a day-job as one of the main book designers for Text Publishing, based here in Melbourne. I asked him once how many bookcovers he'd designed and he said "somewhere over 2,000. I've lost count." As a result I feel I can only ask him for something every now and then. He normally has a bit of material on hand already as he is always sketching people around him, and he works pretty quickly. So the fact that he's always looking for someone to have lunch with is an added bonus - a bowl of ramen for an illo that can be turned into a fanzine cover? Sounds like a deal to me.

[[Fair enough, and lucky you...]]

Bemused is also the feeling I had when I came across a reference in *TH...* 51 to the recent death of Australian cricketer Shane Warne. The things you read in fanzines I thought, and US ones at that. Describing Warne as "colourful" is probably as good a word as any to use. Prodigiously talented, charismatic, a bit on the dumb side intellectually, but always out for a good time. Another "colourful" team mate of his, Merv Hughes, called him a "deadset bogan", and you'll need to check the wikipedia entry for a definition of that. Merv, as usual, got it spot on.

[[I looked it up...]]

I only ever had one encounter with Shane Warne, about 20 years ago. A bunch of us from work - some of us members of the Melbourne Cricket Club and our guests - were enjoying a long liquid lunch at the cricket; it was a Shield game between Victoria and some other state, doesn't matter who. It rained on and off during the day so the players only made brief appearances on the playing field between showers. Didn't bother us too much as we were getting stuck into the Peter Lehmann Shiraz with some gusto. By about 5 the barman looked around and saw we were the only punters in the place and so decided to pull the plug; at least he gave us a chance for a last order. We finished that and wandered out to the balcony in front of the Long Room for a last look at the ground before heading home. The five of us left seemed to be the only ones in this massive stadium, but we had noticed the umpires coming out for a pitch inspection in the late

afternoon sunshine. Just then Shane Warne, who was captaining Victoria that day, came running out for a chat with the umpires - probably trying to figure out if there was any chance of further play or if he could start to get onto the turps a little early. One of us got the idea to yell out to him. "Hey, Warnie, give us a wave." He heard us from about 150 metres away, looked up, saw us waving, and waved back. "Softcock," someone said, and we all laughed. But we knew he wasn't.

During summer, when the cricket was on the telly, and I was out the back cooking the snags or just goofing off, and I heard Warne was coming on to bowl, I'd come inside and watch. You always knew something was going to happen.

[[Full of vernacular today ey Perry? - I had to look up "snags" as well, and approve mightily since that's very often a substantial part of the table d'hote round here when we have a cookout...]]

It's a superstition here in Australia that things generally come in "threes". **David Hodson** got the Rod Marsh and Shane Warne connection, but missed out on the great Australian runner John Landy, the second man to break the four-minute mile barrier after Roger Bannister. Landy died on 24 February, and Marsh and Warne on 4 March. All of our heroes are fading away.

From: daverabban@gmail.com

Dave Cockfield writes:

Football mad.

Dave Hodson will be happy with Spurs' thrashing of Newcastle.

If your players hadn't been practising their wrestling techniques you might have scraped a draw.

That said both Watford and Liverpool were shit.

[[We were not shit! Some typical poor finishing let us down, but we had a go. Admittedly Liverpuddle weren't at their best, but given that we got well spanked in the reverse fixture we didn't acquit ourselves too badly...]]

I should be pleased that Sunderland are continuing their good form.

Unfortunately in the last 5 games they have had about 150 shots at goal but only 10 on target.

[[I can relate...]]



Myself and a group of friends (Four Jolly Boys) regularly had short holidays throughout Europe before the Pandemic. My mate Matt is a Hornets fan but always finds some football match to go to wherever we are.

The two of us plan a few days near the end of this month in Newcastle Upon Tyne and Durham.

Real Ale in micropubs, good food, and some sightseeing are all on the agenda.

Then of course Matt surprised me. He has got tickets for the Stadium of Light on the Tuesday evening when we play Rotherham, the top team.

I've never been to a match since they ended up in League 1 so I'm looking forward to it.

Matt is a Hornets season ticket holder and as he puts it, at least it will be a game where I might get to see the home team score.

From: cramynotbeiltro@gmail.com

April 5

Marc Ortlieb writes:

Thanks for the copy of *This Here... #51*. I particularly enjoyed revisiting Kevin Bloody Wilson's joke about suppositories. I didn't realise that his humour had made its way to the U.S.. (I don't think he was responsible for the following definition: Innuendo - an Italian suppository.)

[[I wouldn't have credited the suppository joke to KBW either - I heard it years before I heard of him. I actually found him via a process of looking for Xmas records, finding the eternal favorite 'Hey Santa Claus'...]]

Be ready for more **Bruce Gillespie** fanzines. I note from today's fb that he and Elaine are in iso due to COVID and so he'll have to stay away from the fleshpots of Carlton and concentrate on fanzines. I'll be interested to see how large the April ANZAPA is. The page count hasn't dropped below 500 pages since April 2020. I'm glad I'm retired. That's the only way I manage to keep up with my Mailing Comments.

Nice to see that people still argue over the various fannish awards. My favourite was in the 1980s when a motion was put, regarding the Ditmars (Australian Science Fiction Awards) that they should be made from black, radioactive, biodegradable paper, with the first one to be administered to John Foyster as a suppository. But I'm back to Australians and suppositories...

[[I'll take issue with "argue over" the awards, although of course we do, but I prefer to term it as "discussion", while admitting that it can get a bit shouty at times...]]

Sad that Shane Warne should die so young, but the human body can only take so much and needs to be looked after far better than Warnie ever did. To my mind the best sporting comparison would be to George Best, though I don't think Warnie ever made that much money. At least we've been spared from him becoming a cricket commentator.

[[George Best: "I spent a lot of money on booze, birds and fast cars. The rest I just squandered"...]]

Bob Jennings notes the page counts for fanzines, but ignores the reason for slimmer fanzines in Australia - the cost of postage, especially when one was trying to establish some presence in U.S. or U.K.. They used to refer to it as the tyranny of distance.

[[See also Leigh Edmonds' loc later...]]

I can't remember the particular scene from "Carry On Up The Khyber" that **Kim Huett** references, but I suspect Sid's ability to cause the entire problem go away with one simple gesture might have been influenced by a Goon show episode where Major Bloodnok quells a native uprising by showing them "the last turkey in the shop", something that couldn't be done in a film or TV show as it was a feature of a predecessor to 'The Puppetry of the Penis'. (Spike Milligan mentions the practice in 'Adolf Hitler: My Part In His Downfall'.)

[[Puppetry of the Penis' has a Vegas show, perhaps not surprisingly, although some of you lot might be a tad offended that it's referred to in advertising as "Australia's Greatest Export". Anyone suggesting "I smell Corflu program item" will be cursed with insomnia...]]

Glad to see that there are still fanzines where loccers can quote from The Firesign Theatre without feeling a need to explain the quotation. Thanks to **Gary Mattingly** who appears to be another honoured member of the 1952 club. I retired from teaching at 65 and my 70th birthday this year will see me restricting my Scouting activities to working in Victoria's Scout Museum until they slow me down enough to have me placed in a display cabinet. (Echoes of the old joke about the woman whose pet monkeys died. "Would you like them stuffed and mounted?" "No. Just holding hands would be fine.")

Gosh! The Lovely Aimi McDonald has aged well. Did they ever make her a rich lady?

[[Her net worth is supposedly \$1.5 million...]]

From: eli.cohen@mindspring.com

April 7

Eli Cohen writes:

And yet another *This Here...* drops into my inbox. Well, to be accurate, it fell into my spam folder, the second issue in a row to do that. Don't know what you've done to earthlink (my email provider) to piss them off, but I do try

to check that folder frequently, as they've done the same to certain other senders, despite my marking them "not spam". Maybe they're Monty Python fans...

Jenzine -- what a perfect name! I assume it's a personal zine? How does one get on the emailing list? (Though I don't know if I can cope with even more fanzines. How does one find time for all this fanatic? Asking as a "New Fan", per my recent award from **Jerry Kaufman**.) (Of course, in my misspent youth, I published a fanzine, which meant I didn't have to send people LoCs, and was able to mostly keep to a grueling schedule of publishing every 9 months -- my Avocado Pit roommate Asenath said I was the only fanzine editor in the world who got morning sickness.)

I definitely remember seeing **Alison Scott** in Dublin (my first con in decades), and I do have a vague feeling, as she says, of having met her before that, but no specific recollection. I think it's more likely I knew of her from fanzines -- I certainly don't remember much from Seacon in 1979 (the only British con I've ever been to), so if she was there, it's possible we met then.

As to your comment on my LoC ("Raining Datsun cogs", indeed!), maybe I should mention that when we were trying to come up with a name for that blue Datsun, Dena Benatan suggested "Ice Car", as in "Datsun Ice Car".

[[Much better than Chevrolet failing to realize why their 'Nova' model wasn't selling in Spanish-speaking countries...]]

Another crossword clue, huh? "Power source in Spanish within a Curt Phillips weekend activity (9)". Since I'm just a new fan, an overtly fannish clue is obviously going to be as opaque to me as that British-themed one from lastish. If I assume "within" just means an anagram of some of the letters in the following phrase, I might guess "electrica", but I've lost a lot of my Spanish since Junior High School, so it's just a guess. For all I know, the answer has something to do with civil war reenactments.

[[You were soooo close, even if you apparently didn't realize it! Let me go into a detailed breakdown of what we might call the 'syntax' of a cryptic clue. The first thing you need to do is figure out where the equals sign goes, since that's what typically separates the construction part of the clue from the definition of the solution, so here that's "Power source in Spanish within = a Curt Phillips weekend activity", suggesting that the second part here defines the solution. Now you break down the construction part, in this case as follows: "Power source / in Spanish / within". Far from indicating an anagram, "within" means that something is inserted into another word. So "in (translated into Spanish" ('en') is embedded in the power source ('reactor') to get the solution: 'REENACTOR', the Curt Phillips weekend activity. To think you almost had it!...]]

Looking forward to the next issue, though I don't know how I'll find the time to respond with all the Hugo nominees to read...

From: jakaufman@aol.com

April 8

Jerry Kaufman writes:

I'm glad to hear that Jen is going to pub her own zine; I hope she knows that she should include me and Suzle on her mailing list. But I also hope she not going to write about famous female suppositories.

About your piece on the Hugo versus FAAN Awards as presented in the dustup between various folks and **Mike Glycer**, I'm disappointed that you erased the apparent truce between you and Mike as presented in the comments in File770. That's not the way to mend fences, which you could have done. I don't think Mike is a liar, as regards his view that you and **Rich Lynch** were saying his nomination and win for Best Fanzine was "illegal." That's what he believes you were saying. Stating a sincerely held belief is not a lie, it's a mistake or a wrong interpretation. But when I re-read Rich's letter and your response, I came to the same conclusion.

[[I'm not sure from this whether you came to the same conclusion as me? Now your comment about stating a "sincerely held belief" being open to interpretation is in some ways fair enough, but I certainly don't see Glycer as that kind of low-information bloviator. My sincerely held belief is that he knew what he was saying, and that, as pointed out in a comment he chose to delete, his remarks were factually incorrect. As to "mending fences": while indeed Mike stated that of course he believed that the FAAN award ballots were accurately counted, he did not retract the accusation that the voters themselves were cherry-picked (by me), and that was the statement that some observers considered libelous, and most definitely the one I took great issue with...]]

My take on File770's eligibility for nomination in 2018 is based on the WSFS Constitution's definition of a fanzine. It includes the phrase "or equivalent in other media." The interpretation of this is left to the Hugo administrators, and I went back through Worldcon Business Meeting minutes from previous years to see what people thought they were doing by adding the phrase. Gotta say that including blogs and websites into the mix was exactly what the Business Meeting folks intended. There's no hint that a fanzine had to be on paper before it became a website, or that entries on a

site had to have - or not have - unique URLs as **Rich Lynch** discussed in his loc. Whether you like the "other media equivalency" wording or not, it's there and makes File770 or Galactic Journey (to name another often-nominated "fanzine") eligible to be nominated as 'Best Fanzine.'

[[Yes, and as noted elsewhere in here it's all about that "interpretation", innit? Given that the admins decided (as is their remit and function) that a blog post is the effective "equivalent in other media" of a fanzine "issue", there's no question of "illegality". Rich Lynch consistently argues that a blog post, or indeed a series of them, isn't an "issue" of a publication in the way that used to be understood, but the fact is that the definition, for Hugo purposes, has evolved to a point where "issue" is interpreted very broadly, as much as he (and I, and others) might not like it...]]

I think **Alison Scott** makes an interesting point about the value of the Supporting Membership as a way to get a set of nominated works as a benefit. I hadn't thought about it that way, though I have had either attending or supporting memberships in a number of recent Worldcons. This probably is an entirely personal oversight. It goes along with my dislike of reading longer items on screen, as I mentioned in my previous letter. I did download the short stories from the packet last year and the year before, as those aren't as challenging for me to read as PDFs. But most people who nominate and vote in the Hugos now seem to do much of their reading this way, and not very much on paper.

[[You could, of course, print out this here virtual chunk, as some readers do, and as it's designed for...]]

On the other hand, most of the people who've said in conversation (whether in print or in person) that they don't want to spend the money (or don't have the dosh to spare) are also not much interested in current sf or fantasy fiction, only in the fan categories that no longer reflect their (our) fannish community.

[[That's an interesting and valid point! I don't read much of anything at all except fanzines these days due to the well-documented time constraints, let alone current sf of which I'm sure there is much to admire...]]

Alison also mentions that Dave McCarty claims to have a personal acquaintanceship of 15,000, while she herself has at most 2,000 or so. Wow - that's still a lot. I have about 450 Friends on Facebook, some of whom I'm not really acquainted with. If I add people that are not on Facebook, and those who I've not added to the FB roster because I barely keep track of those already on, I think I might reach



600 to 700. So I'm very impressed with the number Alison lays claim to, and utterly unbelieving about Dave McCarty. After all, he doesn't know me!

[[I have less than 400 FBF friends, yet I still often think that it's time for a cull...]]

Leigh Edmonds asks if I was at Discon II or in New York the week after. That was in 1974, yes? I was there, as well as in New York, but the only thing I can immediately recall was that *A Boy and His Dog* was shown, and that the final reel had not arrived with the rest of the film, so there was a delay of some hours before it was shown. As for Leigh and Valma's visit to Seattle in the 1990s, it's my turn to be baffled.

I was glad to know that Sam Elliott's head did not explode because of some picture about dogs winning the Oscar. Of course, I still want to see both *Power of the Dog* and *CODA*. No telling, though when or if I'll watch either.

From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

April 10

Leigh Edmonds writes:

I was entertained by the thought of you sitting in your cab thinking up things to put in the fanzine, probably a better expenditure of time than some cab drivers - but you would know more about that than me.

Going right to the end of the issue, I was perhaps a little relieved that **Perry Middlemiss** was okay with my description of him. I was a bit surprised that he thought of himself as projecting a Western District image which is, after all, where Malcolm Fraser came from (an Australian political reference you may be able to Google) but we all recall the incident when he was discovered in public minus his trousers, so I don't know how **Perry** relates to that. I think of him as more your Mallee farmer, which might be appropriate since the Mallee stretches around into South Australia from where he originated.

I will, however, dispute that my approach to letter of comment writing is an attempt to cover everything in a fanzine. This is not true, mostly. You will notice that in this letter I will write nothing about Radio Winston, Corflux, FaanWank, Don't Mention the War or most of the contributions in LocoCitato. Perry might be right in suggesting that I do tend to cover a few different topics in each letter and I suspect that this comes from decades of apahacking so it's become second nature to me. Less politely you could say that I write a paragraph or two about more things because my concentration span doesn't last any longer than that.

[[Fair enough, but I'd still contend in part that you have at least a peripheral connection to the "cataloguers", which, although it's an approach to loccing that I don't mind receiving in contrast to some who make mere peripheral reference to the actual zine before veering off into quite unrelated topics, emulating Harry Warner. As someone else (Alison Scott?) pointed out, Kim Huett's excursions are often essays in their own right rather than locs as such, but they're of a quality and interest well beyond "what I had for dinner for the last six weeks" filler, aren't they?...]]

Moving on, your comment towards the front of the issue that you've rediscovered the ability to write quickly, if not always totally coherently, made me wonder how much this is the case for other fans. I don't know that I was ever a slow writer but my time in Canberra knocking out twenty minute speeches with only a few hours warning certainly improved my writing speed if not, as you say, coherence. But in my case the audiences were there for the opening of the airport and the grog that went with it, not to pay keen attention to what the Minister was actually reading.

The point you made before that, moving on again, is the question of where you, or I, or **Archbishop Gillespie**, find all the time we do to do this kind of thing. I prefer to think on this the other way around; where do other people not find the time to fit in all the things that they don't do? I can't imagine the answer to that because I'm not those people. When people ask me what I do with my day the simple and cover-all answer is 'Keep busy'.



[[There are things other than obvious fanac that I might well like to be having at, but (to Jen's occasional distress), fanac is #1 on the list, with watching the footy a close second...]]

In relation to this, but moving on again to the business of the BFF. Perhaps this falls into the category of Damon Knight's definition of stf; what I say when I point at it. Perhaps I might rethink this problem into the problem of the 'Dense

Fanzine', dense relating to, I think, the amount of mental effort that goes into reading one. For example, we might say that SF Commentary is denser than, say, *This Here...* because the content required more concentration and thus thinking. (Flicking on again, I was amused that you took this as a backhand compliment because most people say that writing humour is harder than writing serious stuff and one of the great arts is in making something complicated and difficult seem light and frivolous - which you do quite a bit. (Oh no, not another backhand compliment!))

[[I note that you attribute the "what we point at" definition of sf as coming off Damon Knight, whereas I elsewhere in this very ish credit that to Fred Pohl, suggesting perhaps that one of those worthies nicked it off the other?...]]

Moving onto another part of that topic again, I was interested in **Bob Jennings'** letter and his suggestion that many fanzines used to be 24 pages long because that was how many mimeo stencils came in the box. This is a cultural difference between fannish geographies because, as I recall it, the stencils I used to buy came in boxes of 100. (**Bruce**, being a Gestetner user might have had a different experience.) The limiting factor for me was the cost of postage when that rate was governed by the weight of the item being sent. If I was lucky I could just get in twenty pages under the weight limit but to be on the safe side I often stuck to 18 pages. Bruce, of course, paid no such heed to these mere limitations and was born producing Big Fat and Dense Fanzines almost from the beginning.

These days SFC is something of a mixed bag when it comes to density (as opposed to size) and often I will be cruising through some of his charming and entertaining letter and suddenly bang my head against something much more serious and sercon, and therefore dense in my mind. This was something like, moving on again, what happened to me reading through your letters of comment and suddenly coming across **Gary Mattingly's** letter and words like 'modality', 'encoding', 'symbols' and 'signs'. I had to undust a lot old style academicese to get through that paragraph undamaged, and then we cruised on happily again.

Moving on again, **David Hodson's** column this time about cricket greats was a cracker. Of course I followed the link to watch, again, the Ball of the Century which is as remarkable now as it was then. Back then we didn't know how great Warne would become so Valma and I were just reclining in our lounge chairs in the kind of meditative frame of mind that goes with watching Test Cricket on the tv when Warne came on to bowl that over. We were jolted into overexcitement by that ball, and it took some time to calm down again. I never saw Warne bowl in person, but then I never saw Lillee and Thomson bowl either - being short sighted didn't make it possible. (If they ever invent a commercial time machine I'm going back to watch Bradman bat and Lillee and Thomson put fear into the English batters

in the mid 1970s.) The Australian tour of England in 1975 was a highlight and one of the tests was played during Aussiecon so, while some people (perhaps Americans) thought it was inappropriate to read out the latest score during the Hugo presentations we were glad to be kept informed.

[[Typical imperialistic and ignorant attitude from the Merkans, few of whom I expect would have complained if the scores would have been that of the World Series (of baseball). It's in some ways the same attitude that led to the creation of the fwa (fanzine writers of America), in which definition (according to Ted White) "America" is considered to mean "the entire world". Perhaps the initials should be considered to stand for "fanzine writers of anywhere"?...]]

I liked the story about Tufnell and Gower who I thought was the most elegant batsman I saw and who I would have liked to see more. Tuffers came out to Australia to work for the ABC's broadcasts of Test series and was always great fun to listen to. After reading his story about Gower I perhaps understand why Gower's batting was so fluid.

[[One other Gower story was, having shown up at practice one morning blearily looking like he'd been dragged through several hedges (and had indeed been out on the pop), was remonstrated with by the team manager, so next morning he arrived wearing full dinner attire, only to be greeted by the question "Just got in?"...]]

Changing track again, I can assure **Alison Scott** that I really do like stf. If I had time to read fiction I'd love to catch up on the latest writing which sounds interesting from what I hear. When I get time to watch something on the tv my preference is always for stf and I've seen some pretty terrible stuff, but endured it because it's preferable to what passes for drama on Netflix. A couple of days back I watched a movie called Captain Nova in which a woman goes back in time to prevent an ecological disaster which was caused by drilling for oil at the North Pole. 'Interesting', I thought, 'ocean drilling for oil and gas I know, but drilling through ice first, I wonder how they'll do that'. But when it came to the drilling scene I was apparently watching an alternate reality movie too because there was dry land at the North Pole. Which didn't stop me from watching and more or less enjoying the rest of the movie.

Alison might actually be right that paying \$50 to get the Hugo Voters pack might be good value, but I'd have to feel confident that I was going to read it, and I have to be realistic and realize that I wouldn't be able to find the time to do it. It's a matter of priorities. I have the latest issue of *Banana Wings* queued up in my in-box waiting to be read and I'd rather read that than bits of Hugo contenders in the time I have to spare. Which would you prefer?

[[DoBFO...]]

From: dave_redd@hotmail.com

April 11

David Redd writes:

Oops, this is late and short, but just to reassure you that #51 was received and appreciated. A particular thank you for your description of the creative editorial mind at work, squeezing extra value out of your limited time slots through sheer will-power. I take off my hat to you again.

From: kalel@well.com

April 20

Heath Row writes:

I had forgotten that I'd even *written* you that letter of comment way back when and was pleasantly surprised to see it show up in *This Here...* #27, which I'd missed when it first came out but found belatedly while trawling eFanzines for any of my old apazines that might still be floating around in the ether. I'd received #32 through the National Fantasy Fan Federation's franking service and also recently read #51 so I was relatively up to date. Given the issue gaps in between, you can tell I'm not a dependable reader. As Justin E.A. Busch and John Hertz can attest, I'm an even less dependable correspondent, outside the pages of an apa.

Regardless, thank you for including me in the conversation of #27's lettercol. I was flattered to earn the banner quote—"Now I want to read Van Vogt!"—and have belatedly located my Van Vogt books in storage so I can do so soon. Apparently, the inspiration was fleeting. (First up is finishing Larry Niven's *Ringworld* before proceeding to Jack L. Chalker's *Midnight at the Well of Souls* on the recommendation of a friend.) It's a bit of cognitive dissonance to read about Mike Lowrey's aborted TAFF ventures in "TAFFnessabeys" given that he's just now posting trip reports after such a long delay (Ahoy! There he is in #51's "TAFFnessabounds.") So glad the man finally made it even if I was unsuccessful in connecting him with friends in Spain.

I shall have to pay attention to Radio Winston on an ongoing basis. Every week, friends and I gather to share songs online via Jqbx and Spotify, effectively a collective radio show, and I post weekly playlists of music that's tickled my ear drums. You can see—and hear—a recent example at <https://tinyurl.com/MD20220416>. Your recommendations might even make it to my song sharing with friends! Thank you for that. Between RW and the classical music conversations in APA-L, my ears shall certainly stretch.

[[If you're on Facebook, join the group there...]]

In transcribing my previous letter, you seem to have done a pretty decent job scrying my scribbly handwriting, and I appreciate the effort. Hopefully this emailed attachment—as

good as a properly mailed letter, perhaps!—is easier to decipher. I'll have to check out *BEAM* #15, as the cancel culture discussion continues, with occasional political skirmishes showing up even within the N3F membership, a decidedly vocal conservative portion currently contributing many of the reviews to *The N3F Review of Books*, and occasional comment threads online that border on outright bigotry. There's room for speculative politics in science fiction, but is there room for science fiction in mundane politics? We shall see.

[[I've never had a problem with what's called "small 'c'" conservatives - my father was one after all, but with the rightward drift (or indeed, stampede) that's been happening, what used to be fairly solid leftist parties have been dragged along to become centrist or center-right. I don't like it...]]

Having just signed up as a supporting member for May's upcoming Balticon, you inspired me to check on my supporting membership for Corflu 39. Indeed, I signed up in late March. Phew! #27's lettercol featured a lively and impressive cast of characters, and as an infrequent letterhack at that point in time, I was in fine fettle and good company.

That brings me to #32, which was distributed to Neffers in two sections. I found **Lloyd Penney's** comments on his letterhacking process intriguing. I'll have to look for his LiveJournal archive and consider repurposing my LsOC as blog posts over at my infrequently tended to mediadiet.net. Recently for my LASFAPA apazine, *Faculae & Filigree*, I included some LsOC I'd sent in to various comic books as reviews of a sort. And it made me think about my apahacking process. Like Lloyd, I tend to read through once, then skim again looking for comment hooks for the Comments section of my apazine. It seems reasonable that writing LsOC to fanzines requires a similar approach, though fanzines—even with the best lettercols—are less discussion oriented. (Your practice of interspersing editorial comments throughout the letters argues against that point of view. I like it!) Some members of LASFS's APA-L and LASFAPA would go so far as to say that comments are the whole *point* of apae. To paraphrase Fuzzy's Law, you've got to give comments to get comments. So kudos on the ongoing health of *This Here...*'s lettercol.

In that ish's lettercol, **Leigh Edmonds** asks, "As a technical aside, since so little of this issue is written by the editor, is it a perzine or a genzine?" In my opinion—and others might have already hashed this out in greater detail given my late reading—it's less whether a lettercol dominates a fanzine that makes the distinction, but the kind of content the editor contributes. For example, a fanzine of mostly personal comments and news, even if eclipsed by a lettercol, could still be considered a perzine, while a fanzine of more formally structured articles, essays, interviews, reviews, and stories all written by the same person might be considered a genzine. (Though, that could also be a sercon fanzine, I

suppose.) It might not be who the contributors are, but the kind of content offered. I'll defer to older fans, but it could be as simple as perzine = one person writing and genzine = general contributors (outside of letters). It might not even matter, but it's sure fun to think about!

[[Indeed! See this's 'Omphaloskepsis' column...]]

Onward to *This Here...* #51, which helps makes this letter less dated. "FAAnWank" considered a controversy I'd entirely missed out on, though *The Incomplete Register* recently alluded to it. Arguably, podcasts can be published, because they're posted (published) on the Internet and syndicated through distribution services, even as simple as RSS. Regardless, I'd still argue they're not fanzines. They're *podcasts*. And perhaps they deserve their own category to be grouped with other podcasts rather than with fanzines. Apples to apples. Oranges to oranges. But I wonder how fen handled such matters back in the days of tape trading and earlier forms of audio. At one time, the N3F had an active Tape Bureau that, according to *Fancylopedia*, "stockpiled authors' readings from cons. Ann Ashe was buhead in the mid-1960s, and Joanne Burger beginning in 1969. Ann published at least five issues of the *N3F Tape Bureau Newsletter* from 1965–67. A separate taping bureau read and recorded books for the blind." In that historic example, the tapes themselves were not fanzines, but the newsletter would have been. Outside of sf fandom, the closest I've come to this was an old punk mixtape fanzine called *Troop Librarian*. It was a regularly issued tape series, structured and compiled like a fanzine, but I don't know that it would have been considered a fanzine. Would the radio program *Hour of the Wolf* be considered a fanzine? Probably not. That might be a better standard.

In **Bob Jennings's** LOC, he mentions BFFs. "Big Fucking Fanzines"? If so, I *love* it. Were we to apply traditional standards to it, perhaps a BFF is a fanzine so thick that a standard staple (fine wire) is insufficient to keep it firmly bound. BFFs require medium or heavy wire staples.

[[“BFF” is a Leigh Edmonds coinage, and in his definition stands for “Big Fat Fanzine”, but of course it's inevitable that people would substitute the central adjective...]]

As ever, the lettercol is a joy. You come to *This Here...* for the face that is Nic Farey, perhaps for Radio Winston and commentary on all things FAAnish, and you stay—and return—for the lettercol.

The new **Brad W. Foster** illos are absolutely delicious.

From: excellenceingardening@gmail.com

April 29

Joseph Nicholas writes:

I started reading your summation, with extensive quotes, of the argument between **Mike Glyer** and yourself and others over the relative value and importance of various awards, but I have to say that after some half-dozen pages (well -- it *felt* as though I'd worked my way through half-a-dozen pages) my vision grew dim, my brain glazed over, the fanzine slipped from my suddenly nerveless fingers, etc. etc. (some rhetoric borrowed from the late D West). I daresay that it's because I don't have a dog in this fight and am unlikely ever to win such an award that I couldn't manifest the interest to continue trudging through the (seemingly) ever-more-angry exchanges. (Although I was amused by Glyer's complaint that *Ansible* doesn't have an online comment forum. Why the *!£\$%&!* should it?)

[[Why indeed? I'm beginning to note several examples of this kind of “apples and oranges” false comparison in arguments from the terminally bewildered. You might as well complain that the OED doesn't have much of a plot - or to borrow another old trope, a fish doesn't need a bicycle...]]

I rather agree with **Leigh Edmonds** about the problems of big thick fanzines -- the time they will take to process, whether they will repay that time in any way, the interest that one has (or has not) in their contents, whether one is likely to craft a response of a substance that will repay the effort the editor has put into the thing.... The obvious case in point is **William Breiding's** fanzines, which must outdo every other Big Fat Fanzine currently

being published for their sheer bulk. When I opened the package containing the latest, it took me a minute or so to work out what I was holding. *Amazing Stories?* Why was someone sending me a copy of a chipped old pulp magazine, and what was I expected to do with it? Then I looked more closely, and realised that the title was *Amazing Storage*: a new issue of *Portable Storage*, cleverly wrapped to mislead. But the thing is of such a heft (over 200 pages) that it's more of a book than a magazine, and therefore falls, from my perspective, to be treated as a book... which means that it won't be read immediately: I have such a reading backlog that I have simply placed it in the stack, alongside *Life in Regency England*, *Napoleon the Great*, *Empires of the Silk Road*, *Capital in the Twenty-First Century* and various other titles, including several SF titles, and it could be a year or more before I pick it up again. A long-delayed repayment for



William's efforts, should I eventually craft a response -- by which time he'll doubtless have published another two or three issues, and my comments would be of no value whatever. (It doesn't help, from my perspective, that significant chunks of previous issues seem to have been concerned with the lives and activities of a section of the US fandom of the 1970s and 1980s, a subject in which I have absolutely zero interest and which in consequence does not prompt me to give it my immediate attention.)

[[A very valid viewpoint. I'll typically manage to get through an ish of Portable Storage in the six months before the next one, but I also take your point about thematic interest - I did mention to W^m that a previous ish (to which I guess you refer) focused on San Francisco fandom was all beyond my ken, but there were plenty for whom it was of great interest nonetheless. I'm helped to an extent by the fact that there are fanwriters I resolutely Do Not Read with rare exception for various reasons, and I can see a commonality there with your remark that a previous ish was of "zero interest", which shouldn't of itself be considered dismissive of subsequent efforts...]]

Really, I think those who publish Big Fat Fanzines should take a few moments to consider whether their recipients have the time (the leisure) to spend on them. We all have lives, busy or otherwise, to lead or fill ("the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live, as the greatest he" -- Colonel Thomas Rainsborowe, the 1674 Putney Debates); we cannot possibly devote every hour of the day, or every day of the week, to reading such massive tomes.

[[It's the consumer's choice on what they want to invest their almost invariably limited time on, innit? (As you correctly point out.) Interminably documented in this here virtual tosh, my own is constrained by a 60-hour workweek, and thus my reading is almost entirely limited to fanzines received, most of which is predictably done on the lav of a morning, and equally predictably leads to complaints about eg Banana Wings making me late for work. If I do get to reduce my hours at some point, hopefully in the not too distant future, top of my list will be Gramsci's 'Prison Notebooks', which may garner a small nod of approval from your good self?...]]

WAHF

W^m Breiding : (referring to the mailing cover quote) "You must be talking about me!" ; **Bill Burns** ; **Bruce Gillespie** ; **George Phillies** : "The suggestion that you control the FAAn awards, for any reasonable interpretation of 'control', is beyond bizarre." ; **Alan White**

FANZINES RECEIVED

The April collection...

PERRYSCOPE 21 (Perry Middlemiss) - With more typos than ever, which I relate to **Perry** who is a little distressed...

VANAMONDE (John Hertz) - Another bundle, as of March 14 up to #1490. One cannot but be impressed at the sheer doggedness of it all...

EAR JOURNEYS Vol 3 No 2 (Justin E.A. Busch) - Whole number 10? The HG Wells series continues, including **John Purcell** on 'The Croquet Player', also **Cy Chauvin** on Blish and Budrys who are Not Wells. Of personal interest is what I might call a companion editorial to the discussions in here on "What, exactly, is a fanzine?" as Justin's opening sentence asks, echoing for me **Dale Speirs'** essay in the sole issue of *nichevo*: "What, if anything, is a Fanzine?" The loccol shows excellent engagement from the erudite readership. (See also 'Egotorial' thish)...

ALEXIAD #122 (Joseph & Lisa Major) - I privately commiserate with Joe about ongoing health issues, note that we've both just got new (to us) cars, and register a little disappointment over the non-reporting on the FAAn award results, presumably overshadowed by the nominees for much more glittering prizes. Good commentary, though, on WorldThings in general (and Hugos, of course), but I continue to be a little irked about the stolid and continued ignoral of the FAAns from one of the fanzine Faniverse's most enduring titles...

CAPTAIN FLASHBACK #41 (Andy Hooper & Carrie Root) - Gordon Bennett, I'd forgotten I'd sent a loc on the previous ish in which D'Hoop Dogg complained that the FAAn award voting breakdowns from *TIR* were "ambiguous". I disabused this notion which he, totally plausibly, has now blamed on reporting the results the same night while in a debilitated state. His comment contains one of the most poetic typos you're ever likely to see: "vman otes". The context (in congratulating the Killer on his letterhack win and observing the interest in 'Special Publication') easily translates this as "many votes", but I rather like the original and am likely to steal it in future, adding a new entry to the dictionary of what **Ulrika** terms "Fareyspeak". Credit will be duly given...

INDULGE ME

X PSITTACOSIS : One that I forgot to put in lastish. Couple of blokes in the cab, and as they and we do, we had a convo about the gas prices (Nevada is typically in the top three nationwide, in part due to taxes but also a result of being at the end of a supply chain), and they correctly noted that prices go up a clip but come back down a lot slower. "That's capitalism", I opine, "It's the American Way". "No", asserts one of the scrotes, "It's socialism!". I am left with glazed eyes to ruminate upon the usual *Princess Bride* quote...

✘ **I KNOW HOW HE FEELS** : Billy Crystal, on turning 65 (some time ago now, he's ten years older than I am) : "Now, when I pee it sounds like Morse code"...

✘ **CROSSWORD CLUE FOR ELI** : The solution to last month's clue is in the loccol comment to **Eli**. Let's try another fannish one which may be much easier: "The end of a Pickersgill fanzine is easily achieved" (8)...

✘ **SCIENCE & NATURE (1)** : Australian edition - the Northern Territories are apparently enduring a surfeit of crocodiles which have shifted from their usual aquatic diet to shuffling about on land and [scarfing down the feral pigs](#) with alacrity...

✘ **DOCUMENTARY** : Two which engaged my brain cell, both of which are ongoing series from the venerable Uncut Bicycle Service: firstly, '[Slick](#): the story of oil, Shell and Nigeria' (a highly anti-capitalist job, sorry **Unc**), and next a very interesting bit on 'cultural burning' in Australia, about the [use of aboriginal methods](#) to preserve the shrinking koala habitat...

✘ **PAGE 1** : The photo of H.G. Wells with a duck-billed platypus (or an *Octothorpe*) comes from the same set from which the cover photo on *Far Journeys 9* is obtained...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (1)** : **Marina Sirtis**, whom I delightfully cite from a TNG blooper reel, wherein she blinks impressively mid-scene, and reverting to her native Hackney accent, says "Oh fuck, I've lost me contact lens"...



✘ **AS OTHERS SEE US** : With apologies for the title thievery to one Deaf Twit from another, this from the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel* : "Assembly Republican attorney Michael Gableman is probing the backgrounds of public employees and contractors working on elections to determine their political leanings, including one who he believes is a Democrat because she lives with her boyfriend, loves snakes, plays video games and has a nose ring."

✘ **SCIENCE & NATURE (2)** : '[We Need to Probe Uranus, Scientists Urge](#)', getting an instant "Oo-er Missus!" from Peter Crump on FBF. I'm reminded of a skit from 'Not the Nine O'Clock News' in which Pamela Stephenson (as a newsreader, I forget which one), noted the preferred pronunciation of that planet's name (which is not a homophone of "your anus"), going on to announce the latest discovery of the planet "Bumhole" (pronounced "Boom-Ho-Lay")...

✘ **NEFFY NOMINATIONS** : I learn from *The National Fantasy Fan* that **Ulrika O'Brien**, **Fred Lerner** and **Andy Hooper** have got nods (although I sort-of clock that the nominating phase is ongoing - as usual it's not massively transparent). Me an'all, for 'Best Faneditor', and, shared with the Magnificent U, a mention for *BEAM* in the 'Best non-N3F Fanzine' category. It's nice to even be in the frame, so thanks to whomever punted these noms...

✘ **CRITICAL THEORIES** : Off FBF again, Joyce Scrivner shares an [interesting piece](#) by Bobby Derie on Jim Crow, skiffy and Worldcons, an enlightening read...

✘ **AGELESS BEAUTY (2)** : Dear old **Lesley Hornby** (sorry, **Jerry**, Brits again)...



✘ **NEXTISH** : May 27, I shouldn't wonder...

✘ **LATE BREAKING SAD SHAMELESS FILLER :**

RIP Neal Adams. That GL/GA run was the one that cemented my love for Ollie Queen...



MIRANDA

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**“Sometimes I lay under the moon and thank God
I’m breathin’
Then I pray: Don’t take me soon ‘cause I am here for
a reason.”**