

Subject: Clareification  
Date: Wed, 30 May 2001 10:59:05 -0400  
From: nrubin <nrubin@compuserve.com>  
To: magnus gunther <magnusg@magma.ca>

Dear Mag,

Your new gadget notwithstanding, I can't say I'm falling over with anticipation to read Clare's snide & barbed pieces. Haven't set eyes on him for well over 20 years and have no particular desire to do so. He was a pretty boy, handy with words and possessed of a superior manner that combined itself with an enquiring mind. Never finished university, though that didn't hurt him. Good journalist but unable to resist the sly dig, which was ok when directed at the enemy - n. Ireland nasties, home-grown southern English fascists, crooked Newcastle Labour Party bosses - but annoying when used against our own preferred projects. Had to put him down the first time when he wrote a laudatory review of the 1st number of the New African (for Varsity) and then, in the last line told the readers not to subscribe as it wouldn't last. Left-leaning but never active in anything, his beef at the ARM was that he hadn't known that Sheila Robertson was in it when he married her (wife No.1). Always a pretty boy, he's casual about wives (now with No. 4, at least, unless he ditched her too) and none too wonderful with his children either. In short, an adornment of the fourth estate.

On another matter: have you heard from Randolph at all? I've not - at least in substance, since his return to the UK from Fish Hoek at the end of Feb. Only an (uncharacteristically abject) apology for not responding and a promise to do so. Can something be wrong?

We should be seeing the Cohens next week, for the odd bit of anti-semitism and cochonaille. (In an email to you a while ago, I referred wrongly to the wife of Robin as being the 2nd gentile Mrs. C. She's the third, of course, as I'd overlooked Susan's claim to be Annie's runner-up).

Yours,

Neville