

This Here...

"...god damned fucking necessary..." (W Breiding)

EGOTORIAL

KILLER CURE

Yeah, me again.

It was a deliberate and clearly wise decision to start #31 with a chirrup, since most if not all of what I had to gob off about was a fuck of a lot of gloom and doom, although I had planned to at least mention the nice birthday lunch for Jen as a bit of light relief. A quick memo from the DoBFO* led to cries of "Hey Jen!" and thus the atypically joyous opener garners smiley approval from various sources all nodding "I see what you did there".

So anyway, back to - *something* - including a triply punning 'Egotorial' subtitle which is an example of oh-so-smug pleased with myself cleverness that carries the usual associate risk of disappearing up its own arse with a resounding "woosh". (Noises off, including "Ow!")

Oh yeah, apropos of nothing other than layout, I did a home haircut, as you see. I was inspired to act by **Hal O'Brien**, whose own revised coif, at least above the ears, looks like something that might be sported by Steve Buscemi playing somebody very unsavory indeed.

Let me do some pleasantries here (and don't worry, it *will* all get expectedly worse), but I want to make it very clear that what immediately follows is well fuckin' genuine and not at all intended to embarrass the recipient, although it undoubtedly will. I noted a previous virtual attendance at the Seattle Second Sunday pubmeet, now inevitably conducted via Zoom by the usually smirking **Ulrika O'Brien** (and I've come to consider that her default expression which is, on Her Swedishness at least, rather charming since it seems to be accompanied by an eye-

twinkle redolent with barely-suppressed intent). I'll know about half the people there from Corflus past, and it's a good group overall - an example of what can be done with all this virtual virtuosity by inviting out-of-towners such as my oft-inebriated swearsy self. My "attendance" will be hit and miss, since Sunday is a workday and I might get home wanting nothing but a couple of beers, some nosebag and kip, but having had almost tsunami levels of *miseriae* lately, I strongly felt the need to see one particular person whom I will describe as the nicest man in the Faniverse, one who never fails to share whatever superpowers of interest, positivity and engagement that he has with anyone fortunate enough to cross his eyetracks.

Step forward, as we used to say, **Jerry "Killer" Kaufman**.

The Killer is someone with whom I've had limited in person interaction, but a fair bit more in correspondence, not least in these pages. One of the things about Jerry that I value most greatly is something I'd suggest we have in common - a willingness to discuss anything by saying what's on his mind, always with the implied caveat that the development of the argument can cause reflection and reassessment of any given opinion. It's also very FIJAGH, almost always including a sense of not taking anything *too* seriously, as some of us (ahem) may be wont to do. Any minute spent in

convo with the man is joy unconfined. Hyperbole? Not for me, and having a word with Killer, however briefly, was something I desperately needed at the time.

While a fair few might know that I've had a habit of bestowing personal nicknames for some denizens of the Faniverse, I'll give you the brief for "Killer", which he might expand on in nextish's loccol. At Corflu 26 in Seattle the honor of "Past President, fwa" (possibly the silliest award there is) was decided by a spontaneous and mercifully brief



Not J Kaufman

* Department of the Blindingly Fuckin' Obvious

wrestling match between Jerry and **Andy Hooper**, a mismatch made in - er - well, a significant mismatch anyway with the bookies refusing to even offer a line. My conrep reported this as "Killer" Kaufman vs "Man Mountain" Hooper, and while the latter would now disavow that descriptor, no doubt, Jerry at the time immediately spotted the allusion to wrestler 'Killer' Kowalski and was amused. While his oppo is less mountainous these days, I've stuck with the "Killer" moniker for Jerry ever since. I've always thought he ought to get another shot at the title, meself.

Before I get to the next bit, let me also thank **Ulrika** for a FBF post of Paul Krugman's years-too-fuckin'-late *apologia* for getting globalization a bit wrong. That gave me the opportunity to exercise rarely-used economic theory braincells in crafting a comment. This also counts as a chirrup.

Potential herd immunity to Covid-19 seems to have fallen out of the conversation on the Plague. Perhaps even tiny orange wankbucket can appreciate this, although I'd have my doubts that anyone who can't spell "hamburger" would be up for even elementary sums. The (Republican) Governor of Mississippi, Tate Reeves, put out a series of tweets about the idea. Not a health expert, as he admits, but he is a numbers guy, and I was interested in his observations since Mississippi has about the same population as Nevada (3 million) and very similar Plague numbers overall. Even with his posited 40% infection rate requirement for herd immunity (which he states is half what the experts estimate), that's 1.2 million of his constituents who would have to contract the virus.

The set of numbers we've got on various measures are a bit all over the place, but let me make some slightly different assumptions to Gov Reeves and have a go at this. This Plague is considered highly infectious, but let's not go as far as measles, which requires something like 95% infection (or vaccination, which amounts to the same thing) for herd immunity. I'd conjecture that Reeves' exercise using 40% is likely low, so let's go with 70%. Scaling up, the population of the US is 328 million or so, 70% of which is 230 million. The death rate of the virus is 3.7% in the US, 4.2% worldwide, although there is substantial regional variation (Nevada currently is less than 2%). Let's call it 4%, though, and with a 70% infection rate for US herd immunity, that translates to over 9 million dead *in this country alone*. Low compared to the 85 million overall who died in World War 2, but oh wait, that was 3% of the world population at the time. 407,000 (officially) American servicemen and women casualties inform the WW2 total, so Covid herd immunity deaths would be 22 times that. That's the price of what's a policy of inaction, which is why I believe you don't hear about it as a valid tactic, because there are still those who can do math.

Now obviously work on treatment and vaccines are going to alter these numbers going forward, and there's been some promising news in those areas - remember that a vaccination is equivalent to an infection in this calculation, so it's actually unlikely that the death totals will reach these horrendous levels.

Stay safe, my friends...

Late July 2020

RADIO WINSTON

DOM FLEMONS

I do write rather a lot about Jamaican music and musicians, don't I? In the interests of finding something *else* that **Leigh Edmonds** can denigrate (see locs), let's have a stroll into some Americana for a change.

I first became aware of Dom Flemons without realizing that I was, in fact, already aware of Dom Flemons, which does sound like a fairly typical Farey scenario, don't it? Several (almost five?) years ago now I was either answering a radio call for a taxi at Boulder Station or just passing through there on the offchance in the early morn, and here's an imposing chap with a couple of guitar cases (one, I surmised, actually containing a banjo) and a somewhat weathered traveller's grip, who would like to get to the airport, please. Mr. Flemons (for it was he) and I had, as you might expect I would instigate, a terrific convo about music in general (and the overall importance of the blues in particular) on the 20-minute ride to McCarran, and he left me a card which I still have (and I'm looking at it as I write) which includes his bestowed epithet "The American Songster".



As you do (© **Claire Brialey**) I had a Google when I got home (which, if you're of a certain mindset, sounds a lot naughtier than it is) to find that Dom was a founding

member of the Carolina Chocolate Drops, who'd already had slices posted a couple of times in the RW FBF group. They're what you'd call an "old-time string band" with an emphasis on the contributions of black folk to the musical history and traditions of the Carolinas, Piedmont blues and similar styles. These talented multi-instrumentalists may have first got posted in RW (with the caveat that you know what my addled memory is like) with the slice "Cornbread and Butterbeans" - one live version is here, I've seen others where the fiddle and banjo players are reversed, but Dom plays jug and bones on all of the ones I've seen.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UbxMDsJPXKw>

The Drops scored a Grammy (Best Traditional Folk Album) for their 2010 set 'Genuine Negro Jig', a title that would likely startle a lot of people, I'm sure, but the chops *and* the cred of the group would ensure that it's seen in proper context. The tune referred to is in fact generally known as "Snowden's Jig", and defies expectations of what most Celtic traditionalists might define as a "jig", with its slower pace and undertones of melancholy.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nliiRDmBbEQ>

By the time I met Dom he'd already left the band (in 2013) to exclusively pursue a solo career which was ongoing while he was still a member.

So what prompted me to gift the great man with this column (as tiny a gift as it might be)? Inevitably late to clocking internet machine things, it wouldn't surprise too many to learn that I only somewhat recently realized that you can "follow" the famous on FBF, and you would correctly conclude that since I've never engaged with Twitter this was something of an eye-opener. Not that I've gone mad with that, at least not musically, since I'm following a mere three profiles which would give you a bit of a clue as to how broad my musical taste can get (or, if you want to be unkind, "all over the fuckin' shop"): Dom Flemons, Morgan Fisher and The Polyphonic Spree. Pause for multitudes to fall off *their* chairs.

Dom's 2014 album 'Prospect Hill', correctly described as "seminal" by *Rolling Stone*, got an expanded re-release this year with a boat-load of extra, rarer material. His solo version of "Milwaukee Blues" appeared in my FBF feed last week:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vf43lUsqnHw>

The 2018 set 'Dom Flemons Presents Black Cowboys' also garnered a Grammy nomination, and his devotion, let's even call it scholarship on what's a virtually unknown history caused him to end up as a "go to" for more highbrow music journalists for comment on the phenomenon of Lil Nas X and "Old Town Road".

The reissue of 'Prospect Hill' has also occasioned a re-release of the slice "Too Long (I've Been Gone)" about the life and

thoughts of a weary traveling musician. Dom said (to *Rolling Stone*):

For more than a decade, I've traveled nearly 100,000 miles every year serving as a tradition bearer to American roots music. This journey has taken me everywhere from Australia, Malaysia, Europe, the U.K. and almost every state in America. This song is a reminder of the mantra 'when the world seems so far away, I've got nothing left except my mind.'

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yXlycgoKRPk>

<https://theamericansongster.com>

FAANS, PAUSE, CLAUSE

TAKE FIVE

I would actually like to take a little break from this topic before I launch into the next deluge which is going to be about voter considerations and thus possibly even more grist to the mill of them as like to imply that I'm imposing horrendous restrictions on the process. The point there will be, though, to open some discussion on what values FAAn voters might apply in making their ballot choices - a discussion in which there isn't any expectation of absolutes in the sense of there being any kind of "right answer", but one I believe which will be informative.

There's already been some comments in previous loccols from individuals mentioning their preferred method(s) for their ballots, and I'd like to think that the mechanics we've now established for the 2021 awards will accommodate most of those.

I would, however, at this point like to state my very grateful thanks to those who've contributed to the debate establishing the process for the next go, a debate which has overall worked better for being out in the open. Previous sekret smoffing which led to me ceding the position after my previous stint had some acrimony to it, and I'd like to think that I learned something from that. It's not irrational to suggest that a public discussion such as this has been might constrain contributors in the sense that the language used would be more "reasonable" than it might under DNQ conditions, though I would also note that anyone with a point to make has made it clearly enough, as I believe the development of my own thinking out loud would attest.

Those who may idly follow my constant whimsical and often willfully obscure musical references on *any* fuckin' topic might wonder about this column's title, so to spare the two people who might be kept awake of a night, the reference is to 'Pads, Paws and Claws' from Elvis Costello's 'Spike' set, one of his finest except for possibly that actual slice which is a throwaway, co-written with McCartney (P), and at less than three minutes, as musically decent as it is, could have been left in the bin...

FOOTY

BY DAVID HODSON

There is a Reddit group that recently carried a discussion called “Things You Know Are True But Can’t Prove.” Topics ranged from the heavy duty serious like “Life exists elsewhere in the universe” to the painfully personal like “my ex was sleeping with my best friend before she dumped me for him”, and all points between. Football was, of course, well represented. “Messi is better than Ronaldo” was a given and only the most myopic football fan would argue otherwise; “Manchester United owe most of their fame to sympathy over the Munich air crash” is one I tend to agree with; and, if it was possible to up-vote more than once, “the 1970 Brazil world cup team is the greatest side to ever play football” would have seen me replacing my mouse several times over as they clicked into oblivion.

Even in the wake of Arsenal having defeated Manchester City to get to the F.A. Cup final and Manchester United flopping dismally to allow Chelsea to stroll into the final in the other semi-final, it’s also a fair bet that at least two out of Arsenal, Chelsea, and Manchester United will have sacked their current manager before the end of the upcoming 2020-21 season. The likelihood is that Mikel Arteta, in his first managerial role at Arsenal after a successful coaching spell under Pep Guardiola at Manchester City, will be the survivor. Chelsea and United still harbour ambitions like winning Premier League and Champions League titles, whereas Arsenal really do seem content to scrape into the top four, take the Champions League money, and run, and are willing to allow a manager time to prove he can’t achieve it.

The 2020 F.A. Cup final is tomorrow (Saturday, August 1st); Chelsea vs. Arsenal is another one of those fixtures that rankles with trophy starved Tottenham fans like me. At least if Chelsea win the cup, Spurs will be let off having to play in any qualifying rounds of the 2020/21 Europa League due to the complicated qualifying criteria for the European competitions, but it’s a hollow consolation. Things could, of course, be worse, and I could be Nic Farey. His beloved Watford, who I had been reassuring him all season would be safe from relegation, proceeded to implode in such spectacular fashion, they got relegated. In my 50+ years of supporting Tottenham, I have only experienced this once, in 1976/77 season, and it’s an upsetting and unsettling episode for any football fan. There are absolutely no guarantees of a return to the top or even a higher level of competition, and any potential return seems to recede further and further from sight into a bleak and bleary future as a club’s best players inevitably leave for greener pastures.

Hertfordshire’s loss will be West London’s gain as Fulham defeated Cardiff City and Brentford overcame Swansea City

to be the sides contesting the Championship play-off final on August 4th for promotion to the Premier League alongside Leeds United and West Bromwich Albion. Brentford would be a completely new name in the top division of English football and it would be nice to see them get a chance as they move into a new 17,250 seat stadium near Kew Bridge. It’s just a shame that the legend of the “only ground in the world with a pub at each corner” of Griffin Park will be lost.

Of course, in light of “real world” events, all of this seems rather inconsequential. Covid-19 continues to baffle and befuddle the world. Areas across the North, and predominantly the North-West, of England have had new travel and social distancing restrictions put in place as of today (July 31st) to curtail an increase in corona virus cases in various regions as reported by the Office of National Statistics. The ONS now estimates that about 1 in 1,500 people in homes in England are infected (roughly 36,000 people in total) with 4,200 new infections each day. Both up on last week’s numbers, when it was estimated there were 2,800 new infections each day and that one in 2,000 people (28,000 in total) were infected in homes in England. Test events with restricted crowds at Goodwood (horse racing), Sheffield’s Crucible (snooker), and The Oval (cricket) have now been cancelled for the foreseeable future and it’s becoming increasingly clear to anyone with even the tiniest amount of insight that things really are not returning to “normal” anytime soon, if at all. I had hoped to attend at least one more Novacon before I pop my clogs, but, given the age demographic of fanzine fandom and the devastation being caused in both terms of numbers of deaths and numbers of businesses unable to survive economically, I find myself doubting if another Novacon will ever even happen. I may have to break my promise to Nic to one day get to Vegas.

The other global event that has impacted football and sport in general is the Black Lives Matter demonstrations. All footballers and officials in the televised matches post-restart (it almost sounds like another DC Comics reboot of their continuity) have taken the knee, a la Colin Kaepernick of the San Francisco 49ers in 2016, in support of BLM. The demonstrations in U.S. cities protesting the murder (and it WAS, undoubtedly, murder) by police officers of George Floyd in Minneapolis quickly spread to the U.K., with the iconic toppling of the statue of seventeenth and eighteenth century slave trading merchant Edward Colston in Bristol on June 7th taking a goodly chunk of the news coverage.

I collect, and read, biographies of Spurs players of a certain vintage, predominantly 1970’s and before. Most recently I purchased **The King Of White Hart Lane: The Authorised Biography of Alan Gilzean** by Mike Donovan. Gilzean joined Spurs in December 1964 from Scottish side Dundee and played 343 games for Spurs up to 1974. I went to his testimonial game against Red Star Belgrade at White Hart

Lane in November 1974 with my grandfather. Gilzean also, rather at odds for players of the time, stated he actually disliked football and had no intention of continuing in the sport in any capacity after his playing retirement. He worked for a transport company in Enfield for a few years after retiring, and then seemingly just vanished. Rumours circulated about him having been seen sleeping rough in Bristol and other areas of the West Country and these prompted Spurs supporting journalist James Morgan to set about tracking him down. Contrary to the rumours, Gilzean was living peacefully in retirement with his wife, thinking nothing of football. The search became the basis of **In Search Of Alan Gilzean: The Lost Legacy Of A Dundee And Spurs Legend** by Morgan. Gilzean was eventually inducted into the Scottish Football Hall Of Fame, appeared at the final game at the old White Hart Lane stadium, and realised that he'd come to be regarded as a legend of the game in his absence. Jimmy Greaves had said of Gilzean: "He was the greatest player I played with. I thought the world of him." The finest goal scorer the world has seen this side of Lionel Messi thought the world of Alan Gilzean, who didn't even



like football that much! Gilzean died on the 8th of July 2018, aged 79. I cried.

The reason I bring up Gilzean is he didn't really dislike football; he treated it as a job and nothing more, but still ended up being regarded as a legend. Benoît Assou-Ekotto, who played for Spurs 155 times between 2006 and 2015 after joining them from French side Lens and was affectionately known as "Disco Benny", has also professed to not really caring much for football, just for the high rewards it offers. After moving to London, Assou-Ekotto used an Oyster Card to travel the city on public transport, always stopped when asked for selfies, and used to walk to the ground before games from the local train station he got off at happily chatting with any supporters who were around. He mingled with locals during the Tottenham riots in 2011, made significant contributions to charities like the London Evening Standard's Dispossessed Fund and the Tottenham Hotspur Foundation, which supports youth education in the area, and supported the movement advocating that footballers donate 1% of their salaries to good causes local to their club. In the early days of the Covid-19 pandemic, Danny Rose, a Spurs player since joining from Leeds United in 2007 and scorer of at least one legendary goal against the detested Arsenal in a Norf London derby, donated nearly £20,000 to North Middlesex University Hospital in Edmonton (the hospital which saved my life when I was struck down with Sepsis in 2016, but has an undeserved diabolical reputation in the local area), after having been sent out on loan to Newcastle United. Rose has also been diagnosed with depression and has appeared on television, in a show with Prince William of the British royal family, speaking openly and frankly about depression in men and men's sport. Both Assou-Ekotto and Rose have been publicly criticised for speaking too openly and too much about things that many feel they shouldn't have an opinion on.

Despite being held in high affection by the vast majority of Spurs fans, it's doubtful that Assou-Ekotto or Rose will ever be extolled as legends in the way Gilzean is. Why is that? I adored and admired Gilzean; more than any other player during my formative years watching football with my grandfather in the early 1970's, Gilzean was the one who opened my soul to the joy of watching football. He seemed so louche at times, leaning against a goalpost with his slicked back, greying hair, waiting for a corner to be taken so he could flick it on or in with his deft heading abilities. He always looked like he should be in a Flash 'Arry's Spiv overcoat hawking nylons, cigarettes, and watches and couldn't wait to start sinking whiskies in the Corner Pin, a very local pub that he most definitely frequented with Greaves and other Spurs players, after the game, but he was really nothing like that at all. You could just tell he had a different perspective on the game from his attitude and body

language on the pitch and it painted him as a kind of footballing pirate.

In time to come, I hope Assou-Ekotto and Danny Rose are inducted into footballing Halls of Fame, are feted for their openness and honesty in what appear to be very reactionary working environments, and are asked to share their opinions more often and openly in the media. They deserve it. Unfortunately, the omens aren't good.



Another recent acquisition, although not about an ex-Spurs player this time, is 'The Acid Test' by Clyde Best. Best arrived in London from Bermuda in August 1968 and spent the next eight years making 186 appearances for West Ham United and, although his Wikipedia page states he eventually became a fan favourite at Upton Park, that's not what I recall. West Ham have one of the most notoriously racist fan bases in England, up there with Chelsea, who still think it's fun to hiss at Spurs fans in emulation of the gas chambers in nazi concentration camps; Leeds United; and Millwall. It was nothing unusual to see Best pelted with bananas even when playing home games, in fact probably more so at home games. He has credited players of the time like Bobby Moore, Harry Redknapp, and Billy Bonds for trying to help him cope with racist abuse from the terraces,

but, again, why aren't I seeing Clyde Best MBE (He was awarded an MBE in the January 2006 New Year's Honours list for services to football and the community in Bermuda) being interviewed, quoted, and asked to advise in numerous newspaper columns and television shows? Why are my ears assaulted by inane, clothes hanger, tattoo-ed assholes like Robbie Savage or terminally boring non-entitles like Danny Murphy when Clyde Best or Assou-Ekotto could be telling me so much more?

LOCO CITATO

[[Being one of those things that eventually occurs to me: the email of This Here... is sent out with a quotation in the body text, and some correspondents mention it, perhaps to the bewilderment of those who download or view on efanazines. So, I thought, I should probably mention it at the top of the nextish's loccol, thus:

"The difference between a violin and a viola is that a viola burns longer" (Victor Borge)

Lloyd's loc on #30 arrived about 4 seconds before #31 was sent out, prompting a follow-up comment of "I told you so!" ...]]

From: penneys@bell.net

July 4

Lloyd Penney writes:

[...] I admit I am way behind yet again! Probably issue 31 is being sorted and packed right now. A few comments, just to say I had a look...

You need a schedule? So do I. Seeing I am what others might call semi-retired (and I would call I can't get a job for love nor money), I need to create a schedule for myself, and I cross off or check off what I do on that list. Otherwise, I'd probably spend most of my days lounging around in bed, which sounds pretty good, actually, but no! I shouldn't do that! (Awwwww, c'mon...)

Whether I like it or not, I finally did get the long ago-ordered webcam, and I have enjoyed some online chats via Zoom. I am not sure I'd ever want to set these things up, but I can click on the link, and chat away; that's more my speed.

[[Having sought advice from those with experience, and doing a little trial run, the 'Fifth Saturday' turned out mostly all right. The setup wasn't too horrendous...]]

My loc... we have graduated from old coots who laugh at us as we wear our masks, to right-wing assholes who threaten us for wearing masks. We call the store, and threaten to call the police if they do not remove these jerks, and while either store security or the called police do that job, we have a little peace and quiet as we and others shop. There is still the

threat of a second wave, but on the other hand, the promised government assistance has been extended a couple of months, and I shall apply when the time comes. I think the government was more concerned with getting the financial aid out to the public. I am continuing to check my eligibility, but the more I research, the more it looks like I do qualify.

AmazingCon in mid-June was actually a lot of fun. Zoomcons seem to be a thing that works relatively well, and the second AmazingCon has already been scheduled, for March of 2021.

[[Our governor Sisolak's mask-wearing mandate has resulted in an instruction from the cab company that we should refuse a ride to any passenger not wearing one. I haven't personally had any grief over this, yet...]]

How do I put my loc together? Stream of consciousness, I suppose. I read it over once, and write comments the second time. Send it out, get to work on the next one. (I also slap it on my LiveJournal archive, but only if the faned I write to doesn't go mental if I do that.)

[[Will the last person on LiveJournal turn out the lights?...]]

Getting close to dinner time, and we've got a pot of jambalaya perking away on the stove. I'd better take it off before it burns or explodes. We had our own national party this past Wednesday, and today is yours; hope you are partying like mad, out in the midday Las Vegas sun. Take care, hugs to Jennifer, see you with 31.

From: portablezine@gmail.com

William Breiding writes:

I wanted to take a moment to reinforce my own belief that it is god damned fucking necessary to respond to a fanzine before inertia sets in and crumbles my honest resolve. I appreciate you including me on your mailing list.

[...]

I enjoy *This Here*...very much... well, not the Footy column, and only occasionally Radio Winston really hits it for me, but I enjoy any writing about music... but everything else is always on target — it's just that I'm on some other level toiling in obscurity in portable storage land. I do appreciate what you are doing. Thanks for doing it and thanks for sending it.

[[I'd hardly have called Portable Storage "toiling in obscurity", since it's deservedly well-regarded by several people that I know, and the concept you're putting out there for future fanzine production is (square-)bound to create interest. As I admitted to you privately, I didn't get into your San Francisco themed ish (#3), but I'm not your

audience for that any more than you're in the audience for the 'Footy' column here. That, of course, is quite all right in both cases. I'd suspect that Bay Area fans (either current or previous) would find PS3 highly relatable, and I hope you got a good amount of feedback from it. The footy column here might well be considered more "specialist", given that most if not all of the interest is going to come from the UK where many of us take it very seriously indeed. I'm also, and say so repetitively, well pleased to be able to carry Dave Hodson's excellent writing on the topic, despite mild dismay from some of my Watford FC friends that I've handed the column over to a Spurs fan, albeit one of impressive lineage...]]

And yes, violas do burn longer and far more beautifully.

Is this a **Mattingly** Moment?

[[W^m later adds...]]

I am not engaged with TAFF or the FAAn Awards. Which is why I rarely loc. But I understand your fervent interest in them, and why others find them important. And I do find the conversation interesting... how could I not with your Greek Chorus of a letter column?

I do very much appreciate your research in [the Radio WInston] columns. It's just that it is usually about music I have a minimal interest in actually listening to, but that does not stop me from enjoying your scholarship.

From: chuck.connor@gmx.co.uk

July 5/6/12

Chuck Connor writes:

After 40+ years it's sad to see that **Rob Jackson** still hasn't had that much needed Sensahuma transplant. No, Rob, when that was written, issue 30 had not been set up. It was a joke that Nic saw fit to include. I don't believe the social reference to Gordon Ramsay and issue 29's comments re cooking and swearing passed Rob by?

And as **Steve Jeffery** states – where's the fun in short LoCs? At least it shows you've read the zine, and not just gone through it 'bobbing for egoboo.'

However, and here's a novel thought, why not have the zine awards as just one category, and let the voters decide – rather than trying to guide and coerce them into voting for the 'correct' zine?

[[My original question/suggestion (in This Here... #28) was whether we should revert to a single fanzine category, but just about all respondents were in favor of retaining the category split, and so it shall be, as much as I might agree with you. I'm very leery of your use of the words "guide and coerce", and the implication of mentioning "the 'correct' zine", which is pretty fuckin' insulting. If you want a litany

of whatever meets some “correctness” standard, talk to Andy Hooper. As far as I’m concerned, any given zine gets to qualify in one category so votes for it don’t get split as happened this year which made some of the results look a bit suspect. That’s the full extent of any “guiding”...]]

Now, to quote the robot from ‘Lost in Space’:-

“Danger! Danger **Rob Jackson!** Totally non-Faaaaaaanish social reference approaching!”*

Regarding Mike McGear/McCartney & the Irons quote. He has *always* been coy with that – the classic ‘It’s what you make it’ kind of thing. Way back (1984? 1985?) either Dave Caddy or Bill Harding had put together a postal based article on/about modern Liverpool Poets. The question re Aintree Iron was always going to be in there. I think this was about the time when the *London Poetry Olympics* were gate-crashed by *Attila The Stockbroker*, *Seething Wells*, and one *John Cooper Clarke* (still touring, was live here a year or so ago. Still with the shaggy beehive and dark glasses.)

Whatever, digressing. Dave or Bill had been setting it up via postal interviews, and I managed to see the MS before I shut down IDOMO in 1986. I’d already accepted on file an extract of a ‘work in progress’ from Nelson Algren, and planned to follow that with a Bob Black piece (Feminism is Fascism). I read the photocopy with interest, but declined it. I think it eventually ended up in either *Global Tapestry* – not Dave Cunliffe edited at the time – or *051 Magazine* (the old phone code for Liverpool.) Don’t think it went into *Smoke* (coals to Newcastle in that respect.)

*The actual quote is, of course: “Danger! Danger Will Robinson! I said DANGER you little bastard!” (the ‘bot was never officially named, just referred to as M3-B9 G.U.N.T.E.R.) Personally I blame Dr Smith for all its bad habits...

[[Evidently the robot was privately referred to on set as “Rodney”, although its creator Robert Kinoshina called him “Blinky”...]]

You say in *TH30* that I’ve got it wrong “drawing an incorrect conclusion” – however, if my learned friend for the persecution would kindly go back and read *TH29* (page 3 second column, and onto page 4 first column) **Ulrika O’Brien** states that multi-edited products are superior, and you comment that “I find this all highly persuasive.”

[[Yes, that was in there, but I later qualified it, in part in This Here... #30. It’s easy enough to troll back through previous statements to find instances of “that’s not what you said in 1893 (nyah nyah, folds arms, smug expression)” which ignores the fact that in all aspects of (particularly this) discussion there are developing arguments and opinions and I reserve the right to clarify, expand upon and even (ghasp) alter my take on it...]]

Saw the WAHF comment in *TH30* – are you saying I live in roosts/flocks – or that I’m plant life? (Note for **Rob J** – This is a play on the word ‘Gregarious’ using two of the three regular definitions, but not the one Nic actually meant – unless of course he did.)

[[One of the main definitions used to be “Pickersgill-like”...]]

Still, to carry on the Lox* in regard to *TH31* – and kudos to **Dave Hodson**: “...under pressure from an influx of half-a-million pig ignorant tubs of lard that wanted to baste themselves with factor-50 and enact the human equivalent of a tray bake.” I doff my titfer – though if you really wanted to throw water in the deep fat fryer, that should also have gone out as a Tweet.

And I’d also like to say Thank You to **Steve Jeffery** – the Oxford comma was deployed with such subtlety and finesse that it created a lingering feeling of pleasure long after I’d read it.

My sympathies in regard to The Hornets. I also remember when they stuck the Hornet up near the Atlas shopping centre towards the bottom of the Parade. Sympathies indeed.

Jerry Kaufman: I never met Mae, though I really wish I’d had the chance, but I did get letters and little pieces of art. I turned some of her letters into an article for my *TB14* (around 1994/1995 while stuck out in Gibraltar for several years.) And like **David Redd**, I would totally support any collection of her writings, both financially and technically. As mentioned before, there are 3 vols of her autobiography I knew existed, but whether or not they still do I don’t know.

The disparaging comments came from various conventions. One was *Yorcon 2*. **Steve Higgins** had been asked to run a panel in the fan room, but Hansen and West had taken up residence an hour or so before (front row to the left) and insisted on playing 3s & 5s – while all the time heckling the various panels. I said I wasn’t going to be shanghaied and **Nigel Richardson** also wasn’t comfortable with it. Beside the point – the remarks came from the Auction towards the end of the convention – Ken Slater was packing up unsold books, and I think several people were auctioning off fanzines for various causes simultaneously. Some of Mae’s came up, with the comment “Oh dear, better luck next time. Anyone want these? I’ll only add them to the next lot.” Ken had a quiet word, then went back to packing books up.

I think the last time I talked to Ken was at *Connote-8*. I’d been going through charity shops in town that afternoon, and had come up with around a dozen Roneo ink bottles, plus a box full of Gestetner, some coloured. Ken took the Roneo (no good to me) in exchange for a tatty suitcase full of battered SF pulp magazines – one of which had a Harry Warner Jr short fiction in it. (Authentic Science Fiction Monthly #48, UK edition dated August 15th 1954 – story called *Recoil*).

Another was a NOVA CON – again, towards the end, there was a dearth of beer mats and some tossers had gone into the Fan Room, picked up some fanzines from the ‘Help Yourself’ table, and were using them to put their pints on. Ann Green went ballistic, but was greeted with the comment that they wouldn’t even put it on the side of the fridge and apparently held up some of Mae’s ‘portfolio’ pieces. It was the same con that **John Harvey** wasn’t able to sell some SF Pulp magazines, and I bought two carrier bags full of convention material with the intention of getting them to **Pat McMurray** (who was the collecting the stuff as a sort of Memory Hole for conventions.) John D. Rickett and Ken Cheslin also turned up, and we spent a fair time in the lounge chatting and rambling through conversations with any and everyone who would sit on the sofa with us.

[[You may (or may not) recall that I remember both JDR and Ken Cheslin with tremendous affection from Novacons past. I think the first occurrence of what’s become the Unusual Suspects toast to “Absent friends” happened in my mostly incoherent Corflu GoH speech (Boston, 2001) in which I mentioned them both having dropped off the twig the previous year...]]

And I’ll call it a day there – 3 email parts to one LoC. Not bad – and deceptively short when read one at a time.

Ah, now I remember, in regard to the Booby Prize. I wonder if Rob is referring to an old Georgian/Victorian maritime tradition? On completion of a successful long voyage, young cabin boys were often given a stuffed Booby in recognition of their services aboard ship during the deployment. Old and retired cabin boys would often take up residence in local Flying Angel Missions, and would regularly display their trophies to visitors for donations to Mission funds. Hence the expression ‘Nice Boobies.’ ‘That’ll be a shilling. Two and six if you want extras.’

There again, he could be talking about Lolo Ferrari? As they used to say at ‘Ardfan Studios – “Cracking tits, Gromit!”

[[Chuck attaches a picture of the aforementioned Lolo Ferrari, correctly assuming that I’d have no idea who she is. I shuddered at the image of a person who appears to have been overinflated beyond all sense or reason, and thus I decline to share it here. JFGI...]]

From: keithfreemanrbas@gmail.com

July 7

Keith Freeman writes:

So, *This Here...* is here - but not yet downloaded or looked at - so I suppose there is no way this will be considered a loc.

Just thought I’d let you know that Watford v Norwich is live on tv in 14 minutes time and I’ll be watching. Who will I be shouting for... not sure, my mother followed Norwich

(goodness knows why) and I vaguely remember you having a very slight interest in Watford. Problem solved - I’ll support the referee (and the only other time I’ve done that was when the referee was my brother-in-law!)

Anyway, thanks for *TH...* (I think I’ve still a page or two of the latest *Visitor’s Toes* to finish before getting to grips with your latest shiny new opus...)

PS 9 minutes, now

[[We need a new acronym: NROEBFO? (“Not Read Or Enjoyed But Footy’s On”)...]]



From: jakaufman@aol.com

July 8

Jerry Kaufman writes:

I really liked Jen’s piece about her birthday celebration and your excellence as a spouse. It’s cheerfully encouraging to read about friends beginning to get together again. I hope you all stay well after your gathering. We’ve visited a couple of households ourselves, but have stayed socially distanced and outside their homes.

[[I’ll admit that I wasn’t entirely expecting Jacq and JoHn to go for it, but of course was massively pleased that they did. Given that I’ve been back at work almost two months and with the proximity to members of the public which that entails, I wouldn’t necessarily want to be around me, even without all the other possible reasons. It was incredibly fine to have a small pretense of normalcy for a minute...]]

I think if I were the FAAn Award administrator, I’d rule myself ineligible for the one award I’m currently eligible for, Best Letterhack. But I’m not offering to take on the job, you understand.

[[And I wouldn't agree with that any more than I would with any refusal. No Littlebrook this year then Killer? Shame!...]]

I skimmed **Dave Hodson's** Footy column, so I found his news about Zack Snyder and *Justice League*. Somehow I had avoided this previously; I'm now curious to see what the resulting revision will look like. I liked the way Dave managed to tie his comments to footy halfway through the long paragraph on page 5.

I sometimes make marks in margins of fanzines, whether I was the one to print them out or not, but in the case of *This Here...* this time I didn't. So I am trying to skim the letters again to find what I wanted to respond to. Well, let's see... **Mark Plummer** wonders if there are going to be enough Special Pubs this year. We have almost a half-year left, so maybe, especially if anyone is using their downtime to complete their TAFF/DUFF/GUFF trip reports. And **Dave Langford** and **Rob Jackson** are putting together a massive collection of Bob Shaw fanzine pieces. And there's the final issue of *Outworlds* you mention.

[[There's also issues #19 and #20 of Random Jottings, both of which could and perhaps should legitimately qualify as 'Special Publications' - that will depend on how Mike Dobson wishes them to be categorized...]]

Leigh Edmonds sez "if it [page count] is good enough for the Hugos" and you remind him that the Hugos go by word count. I'll add that word count is the way the Hugos define single works of fiction, with the exception of Best Series (although one could argue that the rules treat a series as though a series were a single entity by requiring a minimum word count covering all entries so far published). The rules as applied to Best Fanzine call for a minimum number of issues, not length either by word or page count, so the Hugos are very much not a good analogy to the FAAn Awards.

Leigh also talks about face masks, in light of what other contributors are saying. He reckons that there are cultural differences between Australians and North Americans and Brits. I can point out that most fans we are in contact with are part of one cultural stream in our countries, but there's another large culture in our countries that do not think masks are necessary or useful and, further, think wearing masks makes a political statement in support of "socialist" thinking. (Apparently they think that "social distancing" is short for "socialist distancing.")

[[But don't try to take away their Social(ist) Security or Medicare...]]

I like **Alan White's** cartoon on page 21 - if only we could eat photons, and save ourselves the bother of raising corn and cattle.

Oooh, Cyndi Lauper. I loved her as a psychic on *Bones*, a character she played in three or four episodes.

From: srjeffery@aol.com

July 12

Steve Jeffery writes:

"...under pressure from an influx of half-a-million pig ignorant tubs of lard that wanted to baste themselves with factor-50 and enact the human equivalent of a tray bake" (*TH31*, **Dave Hodson**, 'Fans, Fandom and Toxicity')

Worth it for this quote alone.

I now need to remove that image of a human *Masterchef* disaster from my mind. This is proving difficult.

[[While duty-bound not to stridently advocate for anyone or anything in particular when award season comes around, I don't think it's entirely out of order to note that Hod-meson's name will appear on my own ballot form...]]

Of course, Ripley's sage advice at the end of this piece was somewhat undermined by the fact that the parasite was already onboard with them at the time she said it. And I'm not sure Bournemouth council would be too happy if we cured their overcrowding problem by turning their beaches into molten glass slag and ash. It would take a bit more than Factor 50 to survive that.

I saw *The Sweet*, possibly at Chatham Town Hall, back in the 70s, around the time of *Blockbuster*. Live, they were louder and rockier than I expected. I'm not sure why I would have gone to see them, but I went to a whole lot of different gigs in those days, from *Slade* and *Blackfoot Sue* to *Van der Graaf Generator* and *Yes*.

[[I've mentioned before that I saw Mud at a pre-Xmas gig in my college days, and they were also great live...]]

Bob Jennings makes a good point. When you equip and train a police force as if it were an army, there must be (at least in some) an inevitable shift in mindset from their role being one of defence to one of offense, and seeing the public as an enemy to be suppressed rather than a body to be protected. It may be for that reason that for a very long time we have sent our own bobbies out on the beat with only a stout bit of wood and whistle. I still remember a sense of shock and astonishment when first saw a British policeman with an automatic rifle.

I agree with **Mark Plummer**, you and Bob that Pareto's rule needs to be taken a rule of thumb rather than an absolute 80/20 (life is too short to count words or measure column inches by contributor. I would probably have set the bar lower and asked, is there substantially more by you than by anyone else (barring locs and illos) in this fanzine? If so, it's likely to be a perzine. (Define "substantially". Discuss.)

At the moment (but maybe for not much longer) it's not mandatory to wear a mask in the UK except for public transport. I've just come back from the local Co-op where there are screens in front of the till counter but no one was wearing a mask. I've no objection to wearing one if I find one

that fits well enough not to fog my glasses (a sure fire indication, to my mind, that it's not much use in preventing stuff getting out.

I rather wish I'd snaffled one of the full face Airstream helmets from my previous job, which had a belt mounted multipurpose filter pack and circulating fan that blew clean filtered air down over your face and out. Though thinking about it, this would have the opposite effect that is currently being claimed for masks, in that it would primarily protect you from contamination from outside (I was working with toxic particulates including lead dust at the time) but wouldn't help anyone around you.

[[I've moved on from the "standard" mask (ie anything with ear loops) to what's apparently known as a "buff" (pictured) since the ear loops have a well fuckin' annoying habit of getting snagged up in my bins and, most annoyingly, pulling out my hearing aids when I unhook them - as we do, being only required to be masked when carrying passengers (and within six feet of anyone, of course)...]]

We did have use other dual filter cartridge mask, but wearing one of those would tempt me to greet people with "Are you my Mummy?" [JFGI]



And thanks for that acronym, Nic. Incidentally, I cracked up my development team last week when I used the term RTFM in a comment about some of our stakeholder customers. There was a brief pause where I could see of people prodding at their phones and then a lot of laughter. I would have thought code developers would have known that one by heart but maybe it's a different generation ("what's a manual?").

[[Unsurprisingly I didn't have to JFGI "Are you my Mummy?", but I note that you should credit Ulrika O'Brien for mentioning that acronym...]]

Means modes and medians Claire? Good grief, I opened TH to get away from all this during the week. At least you stopped before getting into least squares regression, coefficients of variation and standard error of the mean.

But I'm as guilty as anyone of firing up Excel to do "what if" modelling on a bunch of numbers (my excuse is that most of the time, I'm being paid for it).

Here's a random thought. What if we ditch Letter Hack as a separate category and just consider them all as Fanzine Writers, regardless of what section of a zine they are featured in (editorial, article, loccol)?

[[That's not so random. It's something John Hertz has said before in pretty blunt ("damn you and everything") terms, basically arguing, whether he realized it or not, for the Nova Award set of 'Fanwriter', 'Fanartist' and 'Fanzine' and fuck all else. While that worked, I would suggest, for the parochially limited Novas (and not insignificantly avoided Oscar-length award ceremonies) it might not be considered valuable for the FAAns, which are at least nominally global, if effectively Anglophone...]]

From: dave_redd@hotmail.com

July 12

David Redd writes:

Hello and thanks as usual; hope you're still safe over there. Again I'm trying (as I type this) to print out a one-sided copy on the backs of scrap A4 by clicking "print" and leaving it to run. Since then I've eaten dinner and heard an occasional click and murmur as pp. 1-19 emerged. Now p. 20. Meanwhile the soundtrack has been Frank Hennessy's "Celtic Heartbeat" on Radio Wales, and while someone else's mix never quite coincides with yours, Frank's has literally moved me twice in the last hour, making me get up and check my CDs twice, for 9bach and for Dan Tyminski (*Oh Brother Where Art Thou* soundtrack). Other pleasing sounds from Catrin Finch and Sekou Keita, the Gentle Good, Kathy Mattea etc. Print rate on my antique seems to be 22 pages per hour. I'm sure your other readers who still prefer dead-tree pleasures can simply press for near-instant full-colour prints complete and double-sided in mere seconds, probably perfect-bound as well, hello **Leigh Edmonds**? Oh well, my universe and yours only overlap marginally as you know. Will pause after printing and come back midweek when I've done some reading.

[[Kathy Mattea has done outstanding work in her (still going) career, and would also qualify as an ageless beauty if she wasn't younger than me, though not by a whole lot (17 months). You might be familiar with the anecdote related to her 2008 Marty Stuart-produced bluegrass set 'Coal' (essential listening, I would suggest). The album includes the difficult a capella slice 'Black Lung' the inclusion of which Kathy was nervous about to start with and later said took her six months to learn. As recording was under way, it was noticed that the studio engineer (whose father had died from the disease) was in tears, prompting Stuart to inform Kathy that she'd clearly got it right... Album version : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=43VR6DALGo4>]]

Er, end of week, oh well. Exciting times here as Wales announces a three-week timetable for coming out of most of lockdown, albeit still with distancing etc. Before that hiccup, I'd already delayed for some days in reading past the Guest Egotorial about **Jennifer's** birthday: what a lovely telling of a

nice moment amid troubles. Normally the term “heart-warming” would be avoided, reserved for sardonic comments about Phil Collins, but it does fit here. Niceness shared.

Radio Winston: some good gap-filling again, building on names remembered. You’ll recall that my own musical explorations are sideways rather than forward, as is Radio Winston, but my sideways would count as backward to you, I’m sure. Someone else’s Golden Oldies are my Modern Rubbish. (Happens every generation. Same in comics I’m sure.) My latest purchase (at the almost charity-shop price of £2.70 from Germany, post-paid) was a *Bonjour La France* triple-cd of c.1950 tracks, which to me is sideways from earliest listening, would strike Winston as highly backwards and probably prehistoric. But it does sound like music.

[[Um, I dunno about RW being “forward-looking” in terms of musical exploration, since it’s almost all old stuff innit? I’m not always (ahem) up to speed on the newness (although I’ll share finds in the FBF group), and it’s often the case that I’ll be prompted to give an ear to slices that are new to me but very old hat to others (eg the band Boiled in Lead who I’d never clocked but have been around for decades)...]]

FAAn Face: yes, clarify and simplify. Counting votes already cast means the least effort required from both counter and voters; call it a survey not an election. I think this means I agree with **Claire Brialey**, not that I can discuss it as elegantly and as thoroughly as she has. (And her “I find myself unable to ramble on eternally this time” is no more believable than her previous wails of “Waaah I’m crap!”. Her prose is always a pleasure though.) On FAAn candidates more generally, on trying to note the zines received I discovered the list of titles getting longer than I expected, i.e. into double figures already. I’d thought vaguely of getting something over half-a-dozen per year. No wonder I’m not reading many books. Two paper fanzines worth noting were a hard copy of Tommy Ferguson’s collection *TommyWorld Redux*, packing a lot in, and the first issue of **Justin Busch’s** *Far Journeys*, “A Sercon Fanzine”. The latter is notable not just for excellent features on Fearn champion Philip Harbottle and 50’s cover artist Stanley Meltzoff, but for Justin having zero e-distribution – paper



only, e.g. at conventions or in trade for other print fanzines. Now *that* in these times deserves nomination for something.

[[Far Journeys duly noted...]]

Footy sidetracks into politics: well, there are governments more corrupt and incompetent than ours, depending on what attributes you define “competence” for. Certain governments are excellent at giving the current Leader an ego-trip, but less excellent re the needs of other citizens. (No name-calling in the playground, please.) Back to football and thanks for the brief but welcome analyses of happenings in Manchester.

[[Liverpool, shurely?...]]

Steve Jeffery still discussing abbreviations, but I’ve forgotten them all except TAANSTAFL already. Some readers would need a glossary every issue, IMHO. Anyway, “convivial” is

a good word for the letters. I used to enjoy the feeling from Ken Cheslin’s zines, “fandom made solid” as I think Steve called it, and I get that feeling here.

[[As I mentioned in reply to Chuck Connor above, I had a great deal of affection for Ken Cheslin, which might have been at least somewhat reciprocated. I got a creeb from someone about earlier issues of Arrows of Desire not having any illos (although for balance I also got a compliment from someone else for the same). Ken very kindly provided a bunch of specifically-done Olafs for #5...]]

Long letter from **Robert Jennings**, interesting. Glad bookselling increased. I did look up the latest *Fadeaway* on efanazines and discovered its excellence. I should have investigated before, but I do have to limit screen time and indeed printing, so although I do use efanazines and am very grateful for its wonders, I don’t make the full use of it that I would in an ideal world.

Oh dear, that segues into the non-ideal world of your gloomy closing notes, repositioned from their normal front-page placing (good call by the editor there). Depressing stuff with “absolutely no control”, “pressure on the boiler” etc. But it’s the times; it’s what the consumer society does. In last week’s *Cambrian News* an Aberystwyth academic suggested that Covid-19 consequences would add to “the movement away from globalisation”. Not encouraging, as the UK pulls out of Europe and the USA pulls out of world leadership.

Back to the footy asides and the worries about competent government, when some persons (usually males, I fear) can only achieve self-fulfilment through power and violence. Some national figures want to be owners not leaders. I almost look back nostalgically at Richard Nixon, and that can't be good. The wrong thoughts arise during sleepless nights in troubled times. Flann O'Brien wrote in *The Dalkey Archive*, "Descartes spent far too much time in bed subject to the persistent hallucination that he was thinking." Quite.

So, a warm welcome for Ageless Beauty to finish. Another wise editorial choice.

[[You see what I did there, then?...]]

From: leighedmonds01@gmail.com

July 13

Leigh Edmonds writes:

My desk is like a swimming pool at the moment and the new issue of *This Here ...* is a sodden pile of paper in the middle of it. I usually keep a bowl of water close by to use when I'm wet-and-dry sanding scale models in the evening and over time this had become the cat's preferred watering hole. That has been fine, and it means I see the cats when they decide they need a drink, but little Isolde (who is only little in comparison to big fat Tristan) has taken to standing on the side of the recycled ice cream container when she comes for a drink. I was only away from my desk for a moment to take my morning pills and when I came back the container was overturned and water all over the place. They both thought this was a good thing because now they were busy happily lapping away from the water on the desk rather than their designated watering hole. They looked very innocent when I spoke to them harshly about their escapades. Nevertheless, I battle on.

[[A distinct variant on the "fanzine as beer mat" problem (passim)...]]

Steve Jeffery was right to pick me up over my cheap sporting joke. One of the nice things about fandom (at least this little sector of fandom) is that the egoboo splashes around very nicely and getting any kind of mention in any poll is good for the fannish soul. I abase myself and promise to be better in the future. Not mentioning sport might be a good place to start.

There's plenty of chat about the Plague in this issue so I wasn't going to say anything about it. Then I came upon my comment about how dreadful it must be to be stuck in a small flat in a tower block, which has been big news around here recently. After having gone through a month of fairly strict lock down Australia was starting to loosen the ties a little bit, being helped by being an island nation and forcing anyone who lands here to spend a couple of weeks isolated in a hotel room. As it turned out in Victoria this isolation

was enforced by contracted security workers, some of whom clearly did not understand the meaning of the word 'isolation' and so, allegedly, did all kinds of things including playing cards with and having sex with some of the isolates. The result is that the Plague escaped that isolation so, while regional Victoria is currently on a low level of lockdown, the inhabitants of Greater Melbourne face another six weeks of tight lockdown with the army coming in to help enforce it. The first signs were in some of the housing commission blocks and people in there were not allowed out for any reason for a week and supplies had to be brought in for them. Pretty grim and a lot of complaining. The Premier says that the folks of Melbourne are sacrificing themselves for the sake of the nation, but I bet that is cold comfort for most. The border between Victoria and New South Wales had been closed and there aren't enough police to check everyone who needs to get through so the army has been called in to help. I quite like seeing the police and army working together, and not a gun in sight.

[[Compare and contrast news from Portland, Oregon...]]

The topic of to wear or not to wear face masks seems to have become a global obsession. As I noted last time, it's not the habit around here but then we live in a regional backwater. It did occur to me that one of the reasons that the Plague has not spread so widely in rural Australia is because the locals are used to standing further apart naturally than they do in urban locations - but I have yet to try out this theory on sociologist friends. Nevertheless, there are now more government pronouncements that we should become mask wearing, so we will see how it goes. I saw on the tv news that the government is releasing 5 million masks for public use, which seems like a lot until I remember that the national population is around 24 million. So I reckon that if we don't wear any around here that means there will be more available for people to use who really need them. That's my story anyhow.

I could chunter on about this at great length, there's not much else on the tv news in the evening. For decades Valma and I have avoided the evening TV news because we were sick of the stupidity on display there, but we've gone back to looking at it because it keeps us in touch with what's going on in the outside world and is mainly about the Plague anyhow. Occasionally the face of our PM comes on the screen and I regret that I have not yet put into action my plan to keep a box of rolled up socks by the side of my chair to throw at him - they being less harmful to the screen and easier to clean up than most other stuff.

[[I might have to suggest that for round here, though in my case it's usually frustration with one of the remotes (but usually the Roku device) coupled with a tendency of just about every fuckin' streaming service to change the user interface because they've got nothing better to do. Jennifer adroitly removes the remote from my hands before I chuck it

at the screen, and proceeds to dance through the options with the grace of Fonteyn...]]

I really enjoyed the work of your new editorial writer, perhaps you should keep her on. It makes a change from the usual fellow. It was also fun to read about people having a good time going out with friends. The photo was nice too, you don't look half so fierce as I had imagined you to be.

[[Working on that. See page 1...]]

Radio Winston was an interesting read and while I thank you for the links you provided I'm sorry to have to inform you that reggae still doesn't get me very excited. As you write later in the issue, 'Takes all sorts ...' But even I will admit that reggae is more exciting the Ringo Starr.

[[Admittedly I've been favoring Jamaican music and musicians in the RW columns. I'll have a think about broadening the topics a bit, as in thish...]]

On to your #1 FAAn Fa(r)ce segment. What? I must have blanked out for a while there ... As my mum said often enough, 'You do what you think is best, dear'. I was amused, though, by your later suggest than my word count idea was a 'hovercraft full of eels'.

[[All along (the watchtower) you've talked about page count, not word count, to which my response stands. Even if you argue for the possibly more plausible metric of word count, no sane administrator (insert your own joke here about the incumbent) would even attempt to categorize fmz on that basis because of the amount of drudgery involved. Seen any fanzines that come with a word count lately? Me neither...]]

After the Melbourne Football Club's victory this past weekend (as nerve wracking as it was) I was emboldened to read **David Hodson's** Footy column, and I'm glad that I did. It was very cleverly written and I wondered where he was going for a while but, like all good fan writers, he brought it together in the end. He is, of course, right that footy, as it is played where he lives and where I do, is being played because the tv networks want it, need it in fact. I have to admit that I'm glad that it's back, winter didn't seem quite right without it on the radio on Saturday and Sunday. It is entertaining to listen to people taking so seriously something that is so frivolous. After a few games I've gotten used to the fact that there is little crowd noise in the radio broadcasts, but that is coming back slowly because all the teams have

been relocated outside Victoria and some of the state governments are allowing a few thousand fans back into their stadia. David is also right in his comments about stupidity. There's a lot of it going around at the moment, compounded by steaming piles of frustration and boredom, and we've all been guilty of it. I'm just trying to keep my own acts or stupidity to a minimum when it endangers my health.

The letter column is interesting, as always. (As a technical aside, since so little of this issue is written by the editor, is it a perzine or a genzine? I understand that there once was, and still may be, a fanzine called a 'letterzine'.) I was tempted to scan and send to you my copy of the bottom of page 9 where I've put a big red circle around Steve's comment about not writing in fanzines but that he used post-it notes instead. Why didn't I think of that, I didn't like writing in fanzines either but now that they are the produce of my own printer I don't feel any such constraint and there are red marks everywhere - though they are mostly red blurs thanks to little Isolde's water sports.

[[For what seems like the 942nd and I really hope the last time, the loccol isn't considered as a part of whether any given zine is categorized as a perzine or not. This Here... is certainly fortunate in garnering a substantial amount of reader response, but I'd wager that not many people of sound mind (insert your own joke about Australians here) would consider it a "genzine" at all. I'm minded to compare APAzines, which are perzines

almost by default, but then Lofgeornost #139 has six of its eight pages devoted to reader comment (and, of course, Fred Lerner's responses to them). Does that make it a genzine? No...]]

Unlike just about all of your contributors I may be the only one yet to indulge in Zoom. I googled it this morning to see what it's all about because I discovered that this year's ICOTECH conference in Holland (International Committee for the History of Technology) is being conducted on line and so I can take part for a mere 25 Euros (as opposed to the thousands of AUD it would cost to attend in person). The last time Valma and I went to an ICOTECH conference was in Hungary in 1996 and I enjoy the variety of topics and diversity of worldviews at such conferences, but health and finances means we haven't been to any more since. So I'm looking forward to this conference, all I have to do now is



figure out this Zoom thing. I'm beginning to realize that one of the reasons that old people don't like change is because they have to figure it out. It can't be that hard, can it?

[[We've found Zoom to be easy enough to get along with, especially if you're just a participant. Click the link you're given, and there you are...]]

I think I like the way in which **Claire Brialey** emphasized the concept that the FAAn awards are for fanzine fans. After all, I get the impression that costumers get prizes, so why not fanzine fans too. So, do filkers get awards or convention workers? Being a huckster is, I guess, it's own reward.

[[There's certainly been a regular filkers' convention in the UK in past years. I believe they have awards...]]

One of the things I was going to mention, but didn't because my marginal note is now a red splotch on the page, is one of the ways I've been entertaining myself of late is by taking in talks and lectures on cosmology and quantum mechanics on YouTube. There's a lot of it if you accidentally type in the right search words. It's interesting stuff, particularly in those sessions that keep the mathematics to a minimum. The night before last I spent an hour and half having my mind boggled by the ideas around 'entanglement' in quantum mechanics and then a further hour or so dealing with the concepts around entangled black holes. To me this seems like a mathematical construction more than something real but if the universe is infinite there must, logically, be a infinite

number of them out there so there is some point in thinking about them.

All this brain learning meant that when I came across **Claire's** paragraph about the physical resemblance between you and **Kim Huett** the word 'entanglement' came instantly to mind. The idea of fannish entanglements. As I understand it, one of the properties of entanglement is that they are linked only until one of the entangled particles is observed so if you know the properties of one you can also know the properties of the other. I have seen neither you or Kim so it is thus logical that you could be fannishly entangled, in my mind at least. Or perhaps all this means is that I should get out more and leave the thinking to people with larger brains than mine.

[[As Claire also noted, the alleged resemblance, something she'd remarked upon many years ago, no longer applies. Disentangled, you might say...]]

Somewhere else in this issue somebody wrote something like "why write a short letter when you can write a long one". (Where is there no quaisquote key on this keyboard?) I always start out intending to write a short letter of comment but things seem to have gone wrong again. I blame you. And just when I'm about to finish I see your comment about the possibility of civil war in the US. This is not a good idea, for those living in North America and for the rest of us. Which side do you think those Carrier Battle Groups and those nuclear armed missile silos would be on? It could well turn into a world war.

Leaving you on that happy note.

From: claire.fishlifter@gmail.com

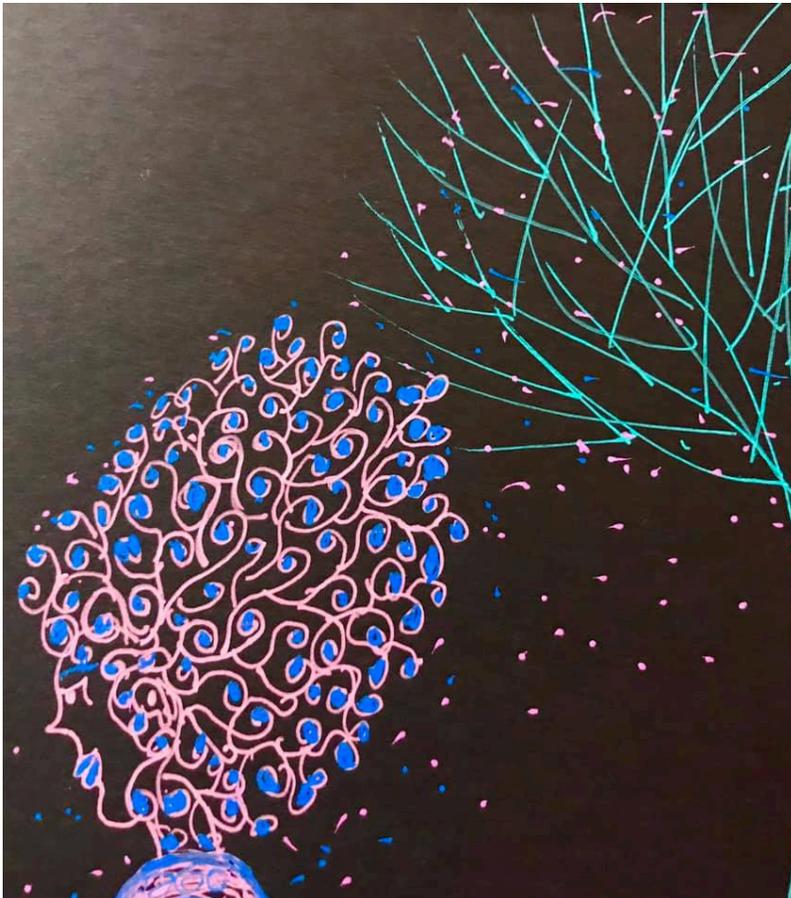
July 26

Claire Brialey writes:

On top of the usual time distortions of the plague era, this time I've been slightly discombobulated by hearing **Christina Lake's** excellent review of *This Here... #31* on the podcast 'This Never Happens' which she's now doing with Lilian Edwards and Ian Sorensen.

(Christina's fanzine reviewing is always enjoyable, but I also liked the sense that she's broadcasting that segment from a cupboard, in hushed tones – almost as if fanzine reviewing were akin to joining the Resistance.) It summed up the issue so well that I initially felt as though I'd already read lots of letters on #31 and was running behind again, but in practice Christina's review provided another useful prompt that there was a lot of comment-provoking content.

[[Yes indeed. Chrissie kindly sent the link (see WAHFs) and for me at least the review bears more than one listen, although that's just perhaps an example of



podcast format being less suited to what's effectively written material. I did also like the samizdat hushed whisper delivery...]]

Which starts, topically enough, with Jen's account of her actual in-person birthday party notwithstanding Plague Time. I thought she demonstrated very effectively what the world is like now, including how much pleasure we can find in things we used to take for granted. (And, of course, that you're not really a wretched old arsehole.) I'm still finding it hard to come to terms with the idea that there are some activities we really might never do again, while also wondering gloomily whether we'll manage to banish the right activities – the ones that involve humans spoiling everything in the world – or whether we'll just lose some of our remaining smaller pleasures in the interests of propping up the system that only works well for a lucky minority.

[[Ah, but I am a wretched old arsehole nearly all the time! I'm inversely and inevitably reminded of an old joke wherein a local farmer at the village pub was bemoaning the nickname he'd acquired, listing his many and impressive agricultural accomplishments, only to conclude with the sighed "But you shag one fuckin' sheep..."]]

But fish of the day, an' all that: there's always plenty to worry about so it seems worth seizing the tiny joys that don't hurt anyone whenever we can. And seeing friends in person, even with safety restrictions, is remarkably joyous when even that's not been possible for a while; this month we've had a small gathering with four other people (also for a birthday, in a separate room in a bar) and managed a socially distanced anime night with some of the same people a couple of weeks later. Mark and I are still waiting to see all our parents, though, who aren't nearly as conveniently located; they and we are also a bit wary of putting them at greater risk. So we're taking things very slowly, mostly still just going out for errands and exercise, and hoping things don't all go downhill again before we get to see the Aged Ps.

Today we learned that those British holidaymakers who optimistically flocked to Spain will now be required to quarantine on their return, due to spiking plague outbreaks there. (The only possible bright spot is that this seems to include the Secretary of State for Transport, who stated a couple of months ago that overseas holidays would probably be out of the question and then gleefully announced as soon as foreign travel was allowed that he and his spouse would be going, actually. Still, it can't be said that our government aren't prepared to be poster boys for the unwisdom of the actions they're telling us all to take.)

[[As far as I can tell at this remove, despite the best efforts of Doris Boris Badenov, the USA is still #1 (yay, 'Murica! <scowls>) in incompetence, mostly due to everything and anything being absurdly politicized. I take some small amusement, as another wicked-looking hurricane bears down on Florida, Texas having had a taste of the previous

one just last week, that the batshit "Christian" element (so wonderfully described as 'Shi'ite Baptists' by the late, great Molly Ivins) would, under a Democratic party leadership, be attributing all of this to God punishing the land because homosexuals and stuff. An interesting aside to this that Jennifer mentioned the other day: she's FBF "friends" with several authors of Christian fiction (which is a thing, note to readers, save the snark until you've read some of it), which is where she started out in her own writing, many of whom would be accurately described as "evangelical" in what's become the pejorative sense of that word. Jen, despite prior reluctance to get into what are often pointless arguments, has been posting factual and properly referenced takedowns of some of the more egregious spew, and she noted that every reply which quoted the Christian Bible sourced the Old Testament. Jesus doesn't get a look in...]]

One ongoing plague-time oddity, though, is how many people (OK, really just female people) are making the comment that Jen did about not bothering with a bra when they don't have to go out, as if wearing a bra were itself somehow more uncomfortable than not. But I guess it just goes to show that there really is no single shared experience of being female. Is there of being male?

[[There are specifics of shared experience, I'm sure. Jen is one lady who finds bra-wearing uncomfortable, and I do get the impression that's not uncommon. I did draw a comparison with me on weekends, when I express general relief at not having to put me teeth in...]]

This might be a relevant place to mention that it seems to me that 'anti-choice' sums up the position pretty well – for all that presumably no one would think it helpful to apply it to their own views – so I don't see the 'pro-choice' description as failing for lack of a meaningful antithesis.

[[Yes. While "anti-choice" is a descriptor that you (and I'm making the probably correct assumption that "pro-choice" is your personal viewpoint) would apply to the oppo, you're quite right in noting that "no one would think it helpful to apply it to their own views", any more than you would call yourself "anti-life". I believe Liddy's point was that the "anti-" statement (although I don't think he ever applied it to this particular topic) would have to be arguably defensible of itself, which on either side of this divide it clearly isn't. This admittedly pedantic view could also be applied to "antifa", and I'll await the deluge on that statement. Back in the day (groans, but I am getting older) we had the Anti-Nazi League - still got my badges - and though versions of "Pro-Nazi League" existed they didn't call themselves that, being the 'National Front' and 'British Movement', albeit redolent with Nazi imagery...]]

All my comments about Dave Hodson's 'Footy' column were already going to be prefaced with the acknowledgement that one of the reasons this letter is just squeaking in under the wire is that I've been distracted by

watching the cricket – for values of ‘watching’ that actually mean ‘reading’ since I follow along with the Guardian over-by-over (‘OBO’) commentary. I’ve been keeping up with Test cricket like this for about fifteen years, I guess; I’ve not had access to full matches on TV since it vanished from free-to-air, and back then when it was in the UK I was usually at work and when it wasn’t I was often asleep. So, as a very partial answer to Dave’s question about that, it makes not the slightest bit of difference to me that the Test matches have been played without spectators at the ground; keeping everyone – or virtually everyone; see Jofra Archer – within a cricketing bubble for a few weeks and compressing the schedule for the mini-series has undoubtedly been very hard on the players and all the support staff, but has provided a splendid burst of cricket at this stage in the summer. There’s been a lot of excitement in all three matches, and despite a fair number of mistakes and apparently inevitable England collapses I don’t think the cricketing performances can be described in any way as lacklustre.

I also saw from the preamble to today’s play that apparently it’s a significant day for Watford, among quite a few other football teams (thus it is demonstrated again that football encroaches into virtually all other aspects of life) so I hope that turns out the way you’d want.

[[Sadly not, as you now know. Christina’s podcast review, which I forwarded to Hod-me-son because he deserves the plaudits, inspired him to suggest that we ought to do an end-of-season Footy podcast including luminaries such as Tommy Ferguson and Graham James, and that may well end up occurring since we’ve realized that Zoom meetings can be recorded. Watch this space...]]



One of the ways in which I feel Dave’s column fits so well into *This Here...*, for all that I’m not actually interested in the sporting aspects of the sport it’s about, is demonstrated by his observation: “There is definitely a point at which being a fan can, in the hands of the right (wrong) kind of personality, tip over into toxicity and self-entitlement.” It makes for some uncomfortable fellow travellers, too: see, variously, Gamergate, the Sad Puppies, and the so-called Democratic Football Lads Alliance.

I remain irritated by the way in which UK culture presents and indulges football and obstreperous enthusiasm for it as a shared and so unifying force – even when it’s just as likely to be a dividing force, as Dave’s criticism of Liverpool FC, or at least their supporters, suggested. (Yet even Prince William tweeted in mid-June to welcome it back, saying that we’d all missed it. Well, no; maybe HRH should stick to whatever it is he’s good at rather than trying to channel a coherent mood from the nation he’s going to own some day.) Or is it just Liverpool: do they arouse as much loathing as love, to a greater extent than other teams; and, if so, why?

I’m not convinced that some of the hard-core supporters of a lot of teams wouldn’t have done the same as Liverpool’s – and I won’t claim **Hodson** levels of prescience there, but a quick bit of googling indicates that crowds of Leeds United and Coventry City fans also ignored all the guidance about mass gatherings in order to celebrate their teams’ respective promotions to the Premiership and the Championship. I still don’t understand why; I can’t imagine I’ll be moved to rush out to find other right-minded science fiction fans to jump up and down and shout in the street if Amal El-Mohtar and Max Gladstone deservedly win the Best Novella Hugo... And funnily enough I do know **Ivan Sinha**, although I haven’t seen him for longer than I can remember.

[[I’m typically massively tempted to observe the class distinction in which the “intelligentsia” wouldn’t be celebrating or rioting in the streets, unless you were Bertrand Russell...]]

Something seems to have gone wrong with your layout there, though: the radio presenter pictured on p.6 doesn’t seem to be wearing the ‘boot-cut double denim’ of which that man Hodson spoke. Maybe she, too, isn’t getting dressed up much during lockdown.

[[That was the picture Dave sent me after I said “Who?”...]]

Having got my retaliation in early on your FAAn award topic du jour this time, I thought that to everyone’s relief including mine I could sit that one out for an issue. However, while entirely agreeing with you and **Steve Jeffery** that in the FAAn award results there are no losers, I’ll prove myself a giant nerd by being unable to resist your comment hook about there not often being runaway wins. I suppose it does depend on what you mean by ‘runaway’, but looking back at several recent years of detailed results (awards presented in

the five years between 2012 and 2016 and in 2018 – obviously all for activity the year before – because those were the ones with a non-trivial number of voters for which I could easily find the analysis) I'd consider there were pretty significant margins in Website (all years except 2018), Perzine (all years except 2016), Single Issue/ whatever we called Special Publication (2012, 2016, 2018), Letterhack (2013), Artist (2018) and Cover (2013). In quite a few more categories there was some clear blue water between first and second and often between second and third placings too, but not to the same extent; this all just reflects a quick subjective sift through the results, though. And in contrast there were some close results and several outright ties during that period too.

[[My comment was obviously based on o research, and as always I bow to your superior psephology. I'm curious, though, as to what you consider a "non-trivial number of voters", though I'd guess it's more than 19...]]

I'm hoping that **David Redd's** reference to 2016 as the epitome of a year during which the democratic process failed to become fit for purpose is a reference to the more wide-ranging ballots held in the UK and USA rather than to the FAAn awards. Otherwise I'm really going to get the hump.

On a less bogging note, given the trend for a good few years now to have multi-band tours featuring the mid-list performers (or at least those members of the relevant groups who are still alive and feel some incentive for touring again) of particular decades or movements, I'm trying to work out the target audience for David's line-up of 'Wurzels, Wombles, Laurel & Hardy, Sex Pistols and Smurfs'. I'm not sure if that's going to be quite the way to attract people back to socially distanced arena performances...

How did **Steve Jeffery** know what happens when I start trying to write a LOC? I mean, he got it wrong about the cigarette but otherwise I'm comforted to know this happens to even the best loccers among us. (And as I write **John Nielsen Hall's** latest *Vita Transplantare* has plopped into the in-box. How do people manage to keep up enough to be prolific letter hacks? How? How?

[[The obvious answer is that eg Lloyd Penney does little else. As with Harry Warner, Jr., his fanac is loccing...]]

Still, while I can't quite find inspiration for fanzine articles it's been good to feel more connected to fandom by actually getting a few LOCs out.) I'm going to be at the tail-end of the letter column again, aren't I? Unless you WAHF me which would just serve me right for both lateness and continuing FAAn nerdery.

WAHF

Claire Brialey (pre-loc) sends several issues of her whimsical perzine *Weekend Weetabix*; **Bill Burns**: re violins and violas, "Paging Gary Larson" (cartoon, below). *[[Larson, who is just now after 25 years punting some new work, has never been keen on his cartoons being reproduced willy-nilly, but if you refer to the website he'll give you a bit of a pass, apparently. Hence: www.thefarside.com ...]]*; **Tommy Ferguson** sends the link for *Tommyworld 80*, which somehow turned up in the 'Promotions' email folder, so I'm going to have to figure out how to fix that; **John Nielsen Hall** sends *Vita Transplantare #8*, with a happily bulked-up loccol indeed, and later, #9; **Christina Lake**, who sends a link to her podcast (done in concert with **Lilian Edwards** and **Ian Sorensen**) which includes a perceptive review by **Chrissie of This Here...** #31, at the 32 minute mark for those who might want to go straight to it: <https://anchor.fm/thisneverhappens/episodes/This-Never-Happens---Episode-3-ch66ge>; **George Phillies**; **John Purcell** sends *Askew #30* just under the wire as I'm finishing this. Locs from **Steve Jeffery** and **Ray Palm** relate to the FAAn award discussion; **Joe Siclari** sends out the latest update from *Fanac.org* - check the website to subscribe; **John Thiel** kindly sends the July 2020 ish of *Pablo Lennis* which includes a review of *This Here...* which manages to get the zine title and my name and address wrong, but ey, it's good to be noticed at all; **Alan White**: "I just bet this is one good read. Sinking my eyeballs into it in 3.....2.....";



INDULGE ME

- ✓ **CULINARY FUNNIES** : Jen, bless her cotton socks, will fix me Indian food (using cooking sauces, package side dishes & that) even though she doesn't eat it herself. Visits to the International Market mean I can get more variety in the sauces than typically at the local Smiths grocery. This week's choice was Dopiazza, which she decided to rename, in my honor, "Dopey Arsehole". I nod in rueful agreement...
- ✓ **RANDOM FANDOM** : (At least until I get a "cease and desist" order from **Dave Langford** for the use of the title). Further convo with **William Breiding** beyond the confines of these pages, and apparently we've established a mutual admiration pact which is nice for us but would of course be dull for anyone else to wade through. I will, however, share my descriptor of his writing (at least in our correspondence) which he liked: "concisely florid"...
- ✓ **NEFFYS** : 2020 award results announced by **George Phillies**, relayed by an understandably chuffed **Lloyd Penney** who won 'Best Fan Writer'. Congrats also in particular to **Dale Speirs'** *Opuntia* (Best non-N3F fanzine) and **Toni Weisskopf** (Best Book Editor). I'd love to see full voting figures, of course. George?...
- ✓ **CURIOSITY** : Do readers say "egg and bacon" or "bacon and egg"? I'm wondering if it's regional...
- ✓ **NEOLOGISM** : A term I discovered the other day, "Doomscrolling", being the act of going through news sites, FBF and the like (typically before bedtime) and ending up in a state of agitation over what's there. Guilty, but perhaps even more sadly it's something I do all fuckin' day...
- ✓ **OLD JOKE DEPARTMENT** : I seem to be often reminded lately of a Stephen Wright vignette - "You know that feeling you get when you lean back on a wooden chair, balancing on the back legs, but you start to overbalance and have to just catch yourself at the last minute to right the chair before you fall? (Pause) I feel like that all the time"...
- ✓ **ZINE LIBRARY** : It seems rather quirky that **John Thiel's** unashamedly paper only *Pablo Lennis* goes as far as not including e-contact details, neither in zine reviews nor reader response, although he typically announces the monthly mailings in the FBF 'FAANEDS' group...
- ✓ **TV GUIDE** : *Perry Mason* remains an absolute *tour de force*, while *Doom Patrol* (now available by some arrangement on one of our streaming services) is retaining a level of



interest - obviously I'm watching it from the start of season 1 - but if it has a glaring fault it's inevitably writer Grant Morrison, inhabitant of the ever-expanding list of people who are massively up themselves. We loyally struggled through the latest season of Jordan Peele's *Twilight Zone*, which is for the most part badly written - most of the episodes seem to, er, just *stop* rather than end - in clear contrast to the current and final season of *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D* which is superbly done...

- ✓ **EGOTORIAL EXTRA** : I have a conspiracy theory, firmed up somewhat by some convo with various passengers in the taxi. Let's first note that projection (accusing others of one's own crimes) is standard for the current US administration. Secondly, it's somewhat observable that protest violence

and misbehavior occurs more frequently (or at least is reported more) in Democrat-led jurisdictions. Thirdly, we know locally of three "boogaloo" advocates who were arrested here in Las Vegas for attempting to infiltrate BLM protests with the intention of turning them violent. Fourthly, the ongoing protests in Portland, having nevertheless dwindled significantly in size, have now been juiced back up by the presence of unidentified federal "policing", with the same tactic planned to be deployed in other (Democrat-led) cities.

It's a reasonable conclusion to suggest that far-right agitators are being paid to travel and disrupt otherwise peaceful protests. I'm not unaware that both opportunistic and organized criminals are also taking advantage of the situation, but I'd argue that this can be seen to be a temporary problem separated from ideology. Thus, the "problem" of protestor violence is being created by paid infiltrators to allow the implementation of the "solution" of Gestapo tactics. Anyone with even a passing knowledge of the tradecraft will recognize that part of the anonymous arrests and detention of individuals is also a cover for extracting and spiriting away the paid instigators. Given the financial history of their paymaster, I'm sure they're insisting on cash...

- ✓ **MEDIA MATTERS** : Somewhat anent the above, the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* newspaper is considered a right-wing rag, owned by Sheldon Adelson (Sands Corporation), and printed an article about last weekend's planned demo on the strip with the headline 'Left wing activists planning protest on the Las Vegas Strip', full of expected right-wing press dire warnings. The subsequent post-demo headline: 'Protestors march peacefully on Las Vegas Strip in anti-racism rally' and the associated article could barely contain their obvious disappointment...

✓ **RADIO WINSTON EXTRA** : Steve Jeffery and I frequently commented on and traded earworms (and we still do, on occasion), though back then it was “the song in your head”, which gives me a fine excuse to reprint this cartoon he did which appeared in *This Here...* #14. Sorry about the slightly blurry repro, Steve! One I can't seem to shake at the moment, having been in place for a couple of months, is Roxy Music's 'Remake/Remodel', so here's the Got Live if you Want It version...

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=15Z_eBzIhA

✓ **AGELESS BEAUTY** : The Honourable Sarah Jill Ward, daughter of Edward Ward, 7th Viscount Bangor...

STOP THERE, SON.
DO YOU HAVE A PERFORMING
RIGHTS LICENSE FOR THAT
SONG IN YOUR HEAD?



MIRANDA

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“But wherever I have gone, I was sure to find
myself there,
You can run all your life but not go anywhere”