

# This Here #3

## EGOTORIAL

*"You can't be a real country unless you have a beer and an airline. It helps if you have some kind of a football team, or some nuclear weapons, but at the very least you need a beer." (Frank Zappa)*

The masterly Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. revealed the ending of *Slaughterhouse Five* on the first page, so readers would not be shocked, surprised or otherwise distressed. So in this spirit, and for those who don't already know, the outcome of my court date of May 18<sup>th</sup> was as follows: 6 month suspended sentence, \$500 fine (of which \$445 was suspended) and 2 years supervised probation. In detail, standard conditions of the probation are:

- Report as directed and follow your Supervisor's lawful instructions.
- Work or attend school regularly as directed.
- Get permission from your Supervisor before: changing your home address, changing your job, leaving the State of Maryland, owning, possessing, using or having under your control any dangerous weapon or firearm of any description.
- Obey all laws and incur no serious motor violation.
- Notify your Supervisor at once if charged with a criminal offense and/or jailable traffic offenses.
- Permit your Supervisor to visit your home unannounced.
- Do not illegally possess, use or sell any narcotic drug, controlled substance or related paraphernalia.
- Appear in court when notified to do so.

Special conditions of the probation are:

- Submit to alcohol and drug evaluation, testing and treatment as directed by your Supervisor and pay any required costs.

- Complete Calvert County Treatment Facility and any aftercare they recommend and pay costs.

The Special Recommendations of the Calvert County Treatment Facility are as follows:

- Abstain from alcohol and illicit drugs.
- Enter and successfully complete aftercare addictions counseling at Chesapeake Counseling Network, Dunkirk site. Counseling should include group, individual and couples sessions.
- Submit to random testing for alcohol by breath and urine.
- If signs or symptoms of relapse occur, be medically evaluated for Antabuse or ReVIA therapy.
- Twelve step group participation is recommended but Mr. Farey is unwilling to agree to this.

The above is verbatim from District Court and CCTF documentation.

In other news, no surprise that the mailing of *This Here #2* was late in the US again, and didn't in fact get out until I did, so to speak. Apologies to those who received TAFF voting forms well after the closing date, but the Mason woman won by a landslide anyway.

I called the Maryland Motor Vehicle Administration the other day to find out if I had a license suspension hearing scheduled (last I checked, my license was suspended anyway), and learned that I am in fact suspended, revoked *and* expired. No wonder I feel so tired all the time. The glacial pace of MVA bureaucracy no doubt ensures plenty to complain about in issues to come – I am advised that my probation will likely be up before I ever see a driver's license with my picture on it.

*Nic Farey May 2000*

## **I Did Not Fuck Sandra Bullock (Part 1)**

My original intent with sharing the joys of my 28-day rehab program was to use a diary format, perhaps parodying some of the more well known US Civil War diaries of yore. The main problem with this is first, that we're kept so damn busy in there that I haven't had time to make any notes whatsoever, and second, believe it or don't, I'm not really feeling *that* cynical about the process. Truth to tell, I reckon if I'd undertaken this program after my second DWI, the third might likely not have happened.

Yes, by God, I might be actually *learning* something here! (Good googaly moogaly!)

We are a disparate, and possibly dissolute little group of fellow travelers. One of the things we were told on our first weekend is that we should expect to bond, and our primary counselor Fatoumata Thiam (call her "Fatou", in fact anything except "Fat Tomato") earnestly told us that she felt we were 'special' in some way in terms of our group dynamic. True, and not true.

Claude (a.k.a. 'Mac') checked in about the same time I did on April 21<sup>st</sup>, cussing up a storm and drunk off his ass. I had the dubious pleasure of waiting in the same room while he stomped about, identifying anything that moved and some things that didn't as "motherfuckers", and with his wife exhibiting a saintly patience. OK, sez I, stereotyping the while, this is obviously one to watch – file under "Angry Man #1" and don't piss him off.

George (a.k.a. 'Chuck', 'Burnout') had already been in the facility for a few days, and as it turned out was bunked next to me. He'd just got in from a detox place, and may well have had more drugs and less brain cells in his system than anyone I have ever met (including Gamma). George is 39, but looks a strange combination of younger *and* older at the same time – somewhat cherubic features, but with an unhealthy pallor. In some undefinable way he comes across as one of life's innocents.

Denise looks terrible. She wears one of those tight-fitting skullcap things, has the shakes and a permanent scowl. She also complains continuously and aggressively fires pointed questions at anyone who happens by. She speaks quickly and with an unusual (to me) accent which is hard to understand. (I later learn she is coming down off some serious drugs, and will be in the program long-term after her 28 days is up.) We find out that she once shot an abusive boyfriend with a .38.

Tony has a mouthful of gold in more ways than one. A front tooth has a star cut into the gold cap, it's quite striking. We're the same age (though Tony turns a year older the day after we get out), and he's a sex-obsessed cut-up! He's been clean for 8 months or so, but has something like 11 DWIs, and was sent to this program by the judge. Any time I get out of breath from talking to much, Tony takes up the slack with alacrity.

Bill is quiet, one might even say studious. He has the general demeanor (and the spectacles) of, say, a classics professor at a minor college, thoughtful and deliberate, but with a definite sense of humor underneath it all. We learn he works for the printing department of the US Treasury, producing postage stamps and paper money, but we are unable to secure any free samples. Bill's potentially in more trouble than any of us, because his case is in Federal Court.

Just in time to save the world from too much quietness comes Sean, immediately tagged "Angry Man #2". *Definitely* do not piss him off – he used to box and still works out, as can plainly be seen. His favorite word seems to be "bullshit", closely followed by variants of "fuck", always in the pejorative sense.

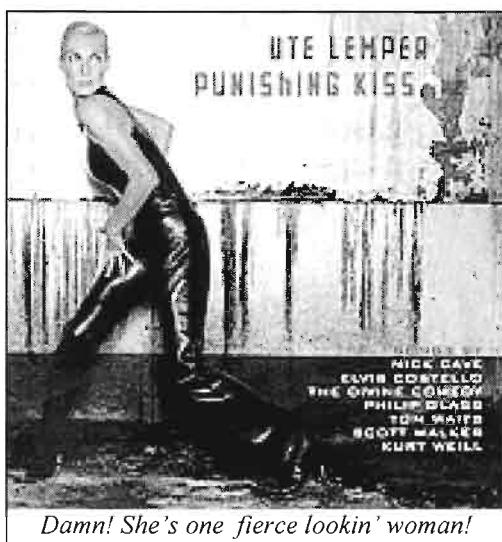
Then came Brad. We hit it off pretty much from the start – we're from similar generations, in similar circumstances (he's married with three kids, and it's also his third DWI) and we share some of the same interests. Brad's easy to talk to, and in many ways I suppose we recognized kindred spirits in each other. Also, amazingly, we

found that we only live about six or seven miles apart. Odd that we'd never run into each other previously (although we may have done without knowing), but we've tended to hang out in different places (that's when I do any "hanging out"), and Brad's only been living in the county for three years, since they moved down here from Prince George's county. Brad's stereotype is "regular guy".

And then there was me.

## Tunes!

First off, and totally as expected, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones' single *So Sad To Say* is awesomely fuckin' ass-kicking amazing. But then you already knew that.



And now for something completely different... Really good torch singers are a rare breed, especially when they go against the grain of expectations (Marc Almond being one example, and once he found his true voice, as fine a torch singer as you could wish). I read a recent review of Ute Lemper's CD *Punishing Kiss*, and was immediately attracted by the caliber of songwriters (including Elvis Costello and Tom Waits and a *very rare* surfacing of the reclusive Scott Walker), some of whom are listed on the front cover, as well they should be. Lemper has made her name primarily as a cabaret and stage singer, and is regarded by many as today's foremost interpreter of Brecht/Weill and Weimar republic songs.

*Punishing Kiss* finds Lemper with more contemporary material, some songs written specifically for her.

Neil Hannon (of the Divine Comedy) duets with Lemper on Weill's *The Tango Waltz*, as well as contributing the album's opening track, and the voices work well together, giving lines like "the whorehouse where we used to live" more than the required relish! *Punishing Kiss* as a whole served to remind me how much I've enjoyed this style of music in the past and, but for the current lack of a working turntable, would have had me digging out those old Julie London albums for a night of unashamed smoky cabaret.

I've never been a real big fan of Matchbox 20, and though I enjoyed *Smooth*, Rob Thomas' contribution to my 1999 album of the year (Santana's *Supernatural*), it has been overplayed to the point of nausea. Thomas' success with this, though, has been used to stir interest in the new M20 CD (*Mad Season*, due May 23<sup>rd</sup>) and the single *Bent*, which to me sounds like a Backstreet Boys song with rock guitars added. The tune, while catchy, seems like something you've heard a million times before, and only Thomas' (admittedly good) voice saves it from total oblivion. This lack of songwriting quality would not bode well for *Mad Season*.

Likewise, *Miserable*, the current single by Lit, encourages me not at all to bung \$15 on their CD. The opening lyric suggests a witty effort, ("You make me come, you make me complete, you make me completely miserable...") but the rest doesn't hold up. You might expect a tune called *Miserable* to be a bit of a dirge, but this doesn't do it for me.

Frohvets please leave now, rap mentions ahead...

The Blessed Bobbie used to be surprised, but is now just mildly amused that her eldest son Joe (aged 19) and I often discuss music when we all get together, and we do have similar tastes in a lot of the newer stuff (and we also generally listen to the same radio stations). The new wave of 'metal/rap' is

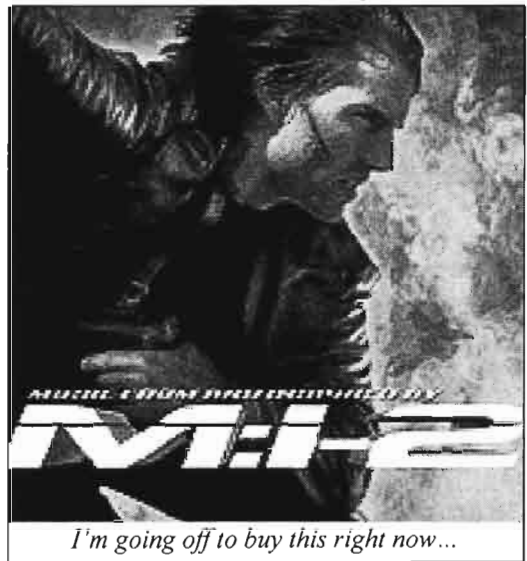
pretty popular with younger white kids right now. Who'd'a thunk that the Beastie Boys would become de facto elder statesmen of a moderately lasting musical genre? I've enjoyed a lot of the output of Kid Rock (self-described "white trash rap"), and his success is no doubt due in part to having the sense to release two versions of his *Devil Without A Cause* CD – one so heavily 'bleeped' as to be suitable for mass distribution in stores such as Wal-Mart, the other 'dirty version' generally only available in pure music stores. I'd never liked Limp Bizkit, only having heard the 'Nookie' song, but under persuasion from Joe checked out some of their other material and was pleasantly surprised. The samples (and tunes – yes, there are tunes) are well-chosen and thoughtfully put together, and the lyrics (OK, when you can understand them) are generally intelligent. How 'bout them apples?

This leads me in to soundtrack albums. Just about any movie these days aims to make beaucoup \$\$ from merchandising as well as ticket money, and that obviously includes the soundtrack. You can rifle through the movie album section at your local music store and find some excellent compilations which will often save you having to buy an artist's CD just on the strength of the single (as I did with the band Harvey Danger, and *their* CD blew dead bear). The soundtrack for *The Other Sister*, for example, has a lot of good stuff, and was the only place at the time you could get the single by Savage Garden, so we bought that.

Limp Bizkit follow in U2's illustrious footsteps by contributing the theme to this summer's *Mission: Impossible 2*, and it's an excellent effort indeed. While a whole hour of them alone might still be too much for me to take, the soundtrack album contains some trific stuff, including Metallica's current single *I Disappear*, as well as offerings by such diverse acts as Tori Amos, Godsmack, Buckcherry and the Butthole Surfers. One track I'm really looking forward to hearing will be the cover of Pink Floyd's *Have A Cigar* by the excellent Foo Fighters (no

strangers to cover versions after their astounding version of Gerry Rafferty's *Baker Street*) and guitarist Brian May.

Off to the store, and I'll let you know!



### **Rasslin'**

Needless to say, the program at CCTF does not revolve around the rasslin' shows on TV, so I'd have been somewhat out of touch with things were in not for my faithful checking in at [www.wrestlezone.com](http://www.wrestlezone.com) on a more or less daily basis. Since the radio plugs the night's TV continuously, I'm reminded of what I'm missing, plus since this is the tail end of the Spring season, I've lost out on a bunch of new episodes of *Star Trek: Voyager* and *7 Days*. It's odd to be in a position to be thankful for summer repeats.

Anyhoo, back to the bizniz at hand.



After the WCW ratings collapse of last year and the firing of head booker Eric

Bischoff, the company decided to poach from WWF the two guys who were supposedly the architects of their success: Vince Russo and Ed Ferrara. They began the shake-up, but Russo was bumped when ratings did not show any immediate improvement, although insiders were saying that backroom politics at TNT and WCW had a lot to do with this. The pathetic little power struggle left one Kevin Sullivan in charge, and Sullivan is cited as one of the main reasons so much of the talent jumped ship, since he was generally disliked by many of the wrestlers, and worse, not trusted by them.

Sullivan was allowed a month or so to shove WCW further round the U-bend, until it was more than obvious that Something Must Be Done. That something turned out to be the return of Bischoff as head booker, with Russo as head writer. Storylines got an immediate jumpstart, and while there's still a lot I don't like quite so well (how the fuck could you let *David Arquette* hold the Championship Belt for 5 minutes, let alone two weeks?!?) the main angle of "Millionaires Club" (the older talent such as Hogan, Sting, Diamond Dallas Page et al) versus the "New Blood" (Vampiro, Kidman, Shane Douglas...) seems to be working well. New talent has been stolen – er, I mean signed – from other promotions, most notably Mike Awesome and Chris Candido.

Russo, who had previously sworn off ever appearing on camera, has made himself an integral part of the storylines. In some ways I wish he hadn't, because his brash New Yorker persona is rather grating, but he is getting over as a heel, which was the general idea.

Ratings have begun a slow upward creep, but we'll see how things go if WCW decides to return to head-to-head programming against WWF, especially on the prime Monday night slot.

Finally, as if to prove me right that he's still a fucking prick, Buff Bagwell managed to get himself arrested and charged for assaulting another WCW employee (not a rasser) at Monday Nitro. There are strong

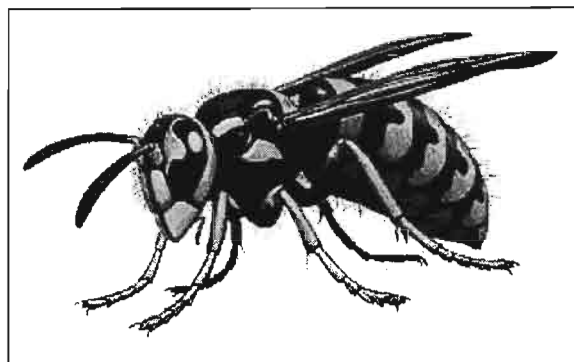
suggestions he might actually do jail time for this, and indeed has been conspicuously absent from TV appearances of late.

Still waiting for Goldberg...

## **The Enormous Great Big Wapst**

As was foretold in days of yore, of fourscore Fareys and Seven Days in the wilderness of Mem, Hôl, ere cometh the Pale Rider Plumbbrierley the Comatose and Gray Hugo the invisible companion, anent the Quest of the Indivisible Clute, tethered to the Rock of Murf by only the flimsiest of Frohvets, subjugated to the will of the Steaming Humunkatzulus, even as the Wingéd Steed Kryslyke neighed her alarm at the sordid Manipulations of Crifnk the Proud, unaware that, by some osmosis of the Weerding Cuyler, the Scammell Mutterings emerged from the West...

("Oh, fuck! It's a Pat McMurray...")



I mentioned in *This Here #1* that the story of how I came to be ingesting the wonderful drug Predisone at Novacon 29 would be revealed "later", a wonderfully imprecise promise which I have no trouble keeping.

Halloween of 1999 was a Sunday, and the Blessed Bobbie and I were discussing how to dispense the candy to the hordes of grasping tots (and some grasping teenagers too, inevitably), who would be working the dimly-lit streets of Kenwood Beach that evening.

Since our beautifully appointed beach house is in fact slowly falling to pieces, we didn't have a working outside light (the one which would illuminate the steps from the street to the door) or an inside light at that door either. Just to show how pathetic we are, the fuse has been out of action for over a year now, and although Bobbie's eldest is an electrician, it's just one of the nine billion things that doesn't get around to getting

done. So, after due deliberation (i.e. very little), it seems the Blessed One will be dispensing the sweets while seated on the unfinished screened porch, ruler of all she surveys.

This is not *too* bad an arrangement, because the street lamp (yes, that's *the* street lamp) is right at the bottom of the steep driveway leading up to the deck floor which will one day become that screened porch, oh yes! I also figured it would be a good idea to set the patio lanterns to act as "runway lights", so the kids (and any attendant parents) would immediately see where they were supposed to be going. October is a little late for most major stores to stock the Citronella (insect-repellant) burning oil, so after chasing around the place somewhat made do with regular lamp oil, which after all burns just as well.

Beer at the ready, I proceed with this task, which is not quite so easy since you have to drive in the bamboo stakes by hand, not always a simple task when the ground is dry. Done with this, I return to quaff my beverage, and taking a generous swig from the can feel a sharp pain inside my lower lip. Spitting urgently and profusely, I realize I have become a victim of The Enormous Great Big Wapst, whose sting when dormant may only be hundredths of an inch long, but when activated (as any fule kno) packs roughly the size and power of Lennox Lewis' fist.

The other strange thing about The Enormous Great Big Wapst, is that while it must logically be small enough to clamber through the opening of a beer can, and again be invisible to the naked eye after being spat out, when on the attack it must obviously be the size of, say, your average adolescent pterodactyl.

I repair back into the house and give the Blessed One the grim news (by now through a somewhat swollen lip), and also not unreasonably ask what the fuck do you put on the sting. "Baking soda", she sagely advises me, and so this I do, washing it down (and probably negating any effect) with another cold beer which acts as both

anesthetic and replacement for the one contaminated by The EGBW. Mere moments pass before I start to feel very uncomfortable indeed.

I've known pretty much since coming to the States that all manner of flying and creeping bugs on this side of the Atlantic appear to have a great affinity for strange blood, specifically, mine. Every bite I get comes up in a little bump, itches like crazy and usually results in me having a multitude of scabs, most often on my legs, where I scratch until it bleeds. It wasn't really a surprise, then, to roll up my sleeve and see my whole arm breaking out in a livid rash.

The Blessed Bobbie, for all her wonderful qualities, can be a bit of a panicker at times, but on this occasion I suspect my own thoroughly calm demeanor (along with my more or less instant awareness of what was happening) got us a fast and potentially life-saving response under way.

Our former neighbor Debbie Brennan (wife of crabman Mel) is a trained paramedic, so when anything out of the ordinary happens we usually call her first. She confirmed what Bobbie thought we should do, which was head straight on up to the ER. I was still a little reluctant ("Ah, shit – the Redskins game's about to come on), but went along with the advice. I grabbed a couple beers to deaden the pain on the unreasonably long (10 minute) drive to the hospital, tuned the car radio to the football game and settled back into the passenger seat.

Arriving at the ER, I was appraised of the potential severity of the situation by the fact that the duty nurse took one look at me, and without even asking for my insurance card dragged me into the treatment room where I was immediately perforated by several IVs dispensing all manner of interesting goop. I still hadn't felt really bad throughout the whole process, but chatting with the nurses and doctors (who'd seen several similar cases that year) served to convince me that an allergic reaction of this nature can be fatal – what you see happening to your skin

outside (the bumps, rash, swelling and so on) is also happening *inside*. Really severe cases can result in the closing of your airways and suffocation.

The Blessed One showed great concern by hovering around the bed, asking me how I felt minute by minute, or so it seemed, whereas indifferent me kept sending her out to the car to check the football score. I still can't even remember if the Redskins won or lost that day either.

After a couple of hours, I am released with prescriptions in hand: Predisone for the immediate effects of the sting and two EpiPen injectors, one of which has to be close by at all times. If I get stung again, I have to stick this needle in my leg with a measured dose of Epinephrene and call 911 right away.

And if I see The Enormous Great Big Wapst anywhere near me again, the elephant gun is at the ready.

*Addendum:* On the Sunday morning of Memorial weekend, I am puttering around cleaning up the kitchen while the Blessed One is off at church (we have the weekend to ourselves and are trying to catch up with some Spring cleaning and reorganization). Crawling up the corner of the room is the EGBW – an inch long *at least*. I am fighting panic as I back out into the living room and grab some old newspapers which I can roll up into a suitable weapon. Going back into the kitchen with more than a little trepidation (I am at this point terrified the EGBW will be out of sight), I approach. It's a little sluggish (perhaps because the weather is cold), and moves across the window to obligingly give me a good shot. I whack it, tracking frantically where it falls, which somewhat luckily was into the opened plastic wrap of a roll of kitchen towel. Carefully picking this up, I tip out the kitchen towel and kick it away, trapping the beast in the plastic. It still does not move. I shake out the plastic, and it's there on the kitchen floor. Is it moving? Like a gunfighter, I keep my eyes locked on target as I get a piece of paper towel, pick up the EGBW and fold the paper over it twice,

putting it back onto the floor. Now I slowly take off my slipper and pound it again and again and again, until all that must be left is a gray, black and yellow smear. It takes many minutes for my heartbeat and respiration to return to normal, and I see how debilitating a panic attack can be...

## **Loco Citato**

*[[Editorial comment looks like this, and there's Far Too Many (©A Scott™)...]]*

*April 30*

**E B Frohvet** writes:

*This Here #2* is appreciated. I can find the crayons, thank you...

I will confess to small sympathy for drunk driving – ranging from the obvious (they're a menace to everyone) to the personal (I have relatives in Calvert County) to the very personal (I was once run into by a drunk driver [my article "My Day In Court" in the current *Challenger*] and, to this day, flinch at being tailgated).

Yes, Nazareth sounds familiar as the source of that hard-rock "Love Hurts" that I remember. My drift away from popular music dates from the early 1980s and I can attribute it to three elements. Beginning with my car radio breaking down. I took it to a place, figuring, they fix my radio, I pay them and drive away, right? No, it would be a \$50 "removal charge", plus another \$50 to replace it – fixed or not – and they would call me in "two or three weeks" with an estimate. I was basically "Screw this," and left. Secondly, the transition from vinyl to CD; at the time I lacked the motivation and money to pay for a CD player. Thirdly, the transition from rock to punk/thrash, with its concurrent de-emphasis on actual musicianship. Compare, on a strictly musical level, Ray Manzarek to Sid Vicious. I'm not saying the Doors were necessarily better (even if that's my opinion; an apples and oranges thing). But their music was careful and ornate and, well, musical. This trend reaching its ultimate apotheosis in rap/hip-hop, from which musicianship as

such has been almost totally banished as irrelevant.

*[[Comparing Manzarek to Vicious is futile, especially given the fact that Manzarek played keyboards and Vicious (ostensibly) the bass. Sid and John Entwistle or Chris Squire might have been a better juxtaposition. Part of the irony of the Sex Pistols is that their best musician --Glen Matlock -- was replaced by Vicious, essentially a non-musician. Guitarist Steve Jones "learned on the job" so to speak, and did actually manage to turn himself into a half-decent player. On the rock scene these days, there are probably more great singers and musicians than you can shake a stick at. As always, I recommend a listen to DC-101 (101.1FM on your radio dial, and an online feed at [www.dc101.com](http://www.dc101.com))...]]*

You may well be correct that current pop singers like Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera have talent. I will stick to my theory that it's nearly impossible to tell, because the actual vocals are disguised behind so much clutter.

*[[I would agree if that was in fact the case. Bored and aimless one Saturday night in the Calvert County Treatment facility, I wandered into one of the TV rooms where one of the guys had found a station carrying what appeared to be an endless stream of chick singer videos, including Spears and Aguilera. Mindful of your comments, I noticed immediately that the vocal was in fact front and center in the mix and the lyrics could be clearly heard. Before I'd seen this, I would probably have agreed with you. However, the music and lyrics were unredeemed shit, and taken with the video were pretty obviously designed for the sole purpose of encouraging teenage boys to stay home and masturbate furiously to them rather than go out and engage in less savory pastimes (like masturbating in public?). And Christina Aguilera is too thin...]]*

Since you are an admitted Emmylou Harris fan, compare, say, Emmylou's takes on "Boulder to Birmingham", or "The Tulsa Queen", or "The One Paper Kid" where the

vocal is right up front backed by very simple harmonies and arrangements.

*[[Indeed. Mentioning harmonies makes me think of Emmylou's work with Willie Nelson. I only get to listen to my Willie CDs sporadically, as the Blessed Bobbie is no fan of his or of Emmylou's -- her tastes run more to Celine Dion, Tina Arena, Aretha Franklin and the like -- but I'm always struck by the answer to the question: "Why does Emmylou Harris sing backup for Willie Nelson so much?" Answer: She's about the only one who **can!** Check out Willie's 'Teatro' CD from last year...]]*

Sandra Bond says she is glad you did *This Here* "instead of wasting your time on book reviews". As an unrepentant book reviewer, I will let that pass with the obvious, to wit, fandom is large enough to encompass a variety of styles and interests.

I am sorry to hear of the passing of your friend John Rickett though I was not familiar with his contributions to fandom. My connection to British fandom in particular comes via the handful of British fanzines I get (anyone know what happened to *Banana Wings*?) and a smattering of LoCs, and patently my knowledge thereof is far too incomplete.

*[[Frovet for TAFF in 2001 sez we, to remedy this shocking incompleteness! Also, there is an unwritten rule that anyone who has received a LoC from A Sullivan (99.9% of the known universe at last count) is required to buy him at least one beer in person at some point. Mentioning JDR, I believe he had the honor of being a Corflu GoH, and gave a well-received and witty speech...]]*

*Address listed in "Fanzines received"*

From [sue.tortoise@talk21.com](mailto:sue.tortoise@talk21.com)

May 2

**Sue Jones** writes:

I've had *This Here* #1 sitting beside my computer waiting for me to get around to a loc for what seems like a suspiciously short time, and here's #2 arrived today, via Martin Tudor and Royal Mail's efficient redirection service (*Banana Wings* again? I moved last



September). I'm going to reply Right Now so that I don't have to cope with an overload of guilt when #3 arrives.

*[[Yes, them again – actually in all fairness to the sainted Plummer et al, I did get several addresses from an older issue of BW...]]*

Enjoyed your resum/e of the Jesus Fish story. When I first met it, it wasn't even a relatively visible car sticker, just a very discreet and quite attractive lapel pin. I had one myself in my religious days. Mind you, I spoiled the subtlety by having a couple of dozen dayglo Jesus-stickers plastered all over my guitar, with slogans that even my teenaged, unhappy-clappy, God-bothering self could see were extremely naff. They wrecked the veneer of the guitar too, when I scrubbed them off.

Know bugger-all about wrestling (don't really wish to change this state of ignorance) but you managed to lead me through a whole page about it without losing me on the way. This is probably a tribute to your writing skills. Or maybe I was just feeling too brain-dead to turn the page.

Good luck with the Treatment Program and the court case. Will this result in you suddenly becoming a Reformed Character, Nic? On the wagon, frighteningly respectable and upright citizen, and all that. Hard to imagine what a reformed Nic Farey would be like. (Stranger than rock on bagpipes, and probably equally unbearable.) On the other hand the unreformed version does exceedingly good fanzines. Thanks for these two.

*[[“Respectable”? “Upright”? Probably still “none of the above”...]]*

Lastly, an attempt to pick what's left of your brains. Long, long ago, first time I met you, at my first convention, you were rattling off a string of chat-up lines at me, and one stuck in my memory. You told me it was from some US comedian, but I forgot the guy's name. As near as I can recall, the line was "I like to skate on the other side of the ice" -- still think it's a damn good line and would like to be able to attribute it to its rightful owner. So if you still remember and

want to let me know, I'd be grateful. (Not grateful enough to vote for Tobes for TAFF, but you can't have everything.)

*[[But we like Tobes! The line, which you accurately recall, was from the US comedian Steven Wright – I did a stand-up of his material at an Eastercon cabaret many years ago, and I still like to spring that stuff on the unsuspecting, though to hear it described as “chat-up lines” makes my head spin a little. Remember: “My friend George is a radio announcer – every time he walks under a bridge you can't hear him talk”; and my personal favorite comeback, which can be used as the answer to many, many questions: “Do you know what time it is?” “Yes, but not right now”...]]*

*Flat 5, 32/33 Castle Street, Shrewsbury SY1 2BQ UK*

From [chris.murphy@breathemail.net](mailto:chris.murphy@breathemail.net)

May 6

**Chris Murphy** writes:

So you're in trouble with the Law once more? Far be it from me to lecture you on your failings (like you'd listen), but perhaps you should lay off those Quiz Nights...

*[[No can do - I'm the Quizmaster...]]*

The Jesus fish symbols on cars in this country are mostly the old-fashioned kind with no text. I've never seen a "Darwin" or the other variants. British Christians seem to be concerned about declining family values rather than evolution. Of course we also have the kind of believer who wants to ban children's stories about wizards and magic because they think such things are real. They're not going to worry about a theory that originated in the 19th century while they're stuck in the medieval period.

Musically I am just another of those boring old farts whose clocks stopped in the late 1970s, so your "Tunes" stuff goes straight over my head. I started to lose interest when punk came along. Look, I can see what appealed in being a rocker, a hippie or even a skinhead, although I was never any of those things. But why were amateur-hour bands, glued-up hairstyles and expensively pre-shredded clothing ever regarded as cool?

*[[It goes around, it comes around. In rock these days the songwriting and musicianship are way above those "amateur hour" days. I agree there were some truly awful bands who got face time in the late seventies (Slaughter and the Dogs always come to mind immediately), but also many excellent ones – go 20 years further back, and you'll find plenty of people saying the exact same things, just substitute "Elvis" for "punk"...]]*

You have provided me with more information about US wrestling than I ever wanted to know. The only book on the subject I've noticed on sale here is by someone called The Rock. He looks a little like the doctor character in *Babylon 5* and is advertised as the source of all wisdom in the field of "sports entertainment". Speaking of heavily promoted Americans, Jerry Springer is to do a new chat show for British television. Is it true that he used to be a politician somewhere and got fired for misconduct?

*[[Yes, and yes. Springer is a former Mayor of Cincinnati, and I believe he got found out writing a check to a prostitute, though I could be wrong about the specifics. The Rock is one of the major names of WWF, and in terms of merchandise is probably only outsold by Stone Cold Steve Austin. You really need to get into the rasslin' there Chris – it's where all the hip people go after Tom & Jerry...]]*

You had a good LoC selection, even if one of them was mine. What does Ringo Starr do all day? Perhaps, like Ronald Reagan, he carefully avoids looking out of the window in the morning, so he'll have something to do in the afternoon. As for not getting laid during *Dr Who*, well of course you don't! That's what *Battlestar Galactica* is for.

From [ghost.words@virgin.net](mailto:ghost.words@virgin.net)

May 8

**Steve Green** writes:

Many thanks for This Here #2. It's always good when Ann and I hear from you, even if I'd rather there was better news to hear.

The only occasion I've knowingly driven whilst under the influence of incohol was the night of the 1983 General Election. Solihull's Tory administration knew post-Falklands euphoria meant they had both the national and local results in their pockets, so they spent the evening drowning the other parties' sorrows for them, mostly with single-malt scotch from the council cellar.

I was covering the local side for ITN and the BBC, as well my own newspaper, so I soon found myself in the leader's study, having copious amounts of whisky poured down my gullet. By the time the final counts were in and I'd phoned them over to the tv newsdesks, it must have been past midnight. I then finished my own copy, left it on the editor's desk and grabbed my motorcycle helmet.

As soon as I hit the cold morning air, I knew I'd made a serious error. Even at 20mph, my balance was way out and reaction time measured in minutes rather than milliseconds. Only the fact that the route home was as sparsely populated as a National Front rally in Handsworth and the local constabulary was busy elsewhere saved my neck. Not an experience I'd care to repeat, even with four wheels, that's for certain.

*[[Tory whisky will do that to you – the bastards!...]]*

From [max@hawkida.com](mailto:max@hawkida.com)

May 14

**Maxine Lehman** writes:

Might I congratulate you on your stunning musical tastes. Ruling out the Bosstones and the, ahem, "turgid crap" in the Country section (Hank who?) that's a mighty fine selection. Eels and Blink 182 were already on my "good stuff" list so I investigated the rest and I think I'm going to be coming to you for future recommendations!

*[[Ha! Take that, Murphy, Frohvet etc...]]*



From [nedbrooks@sprynet.com](mailto:nedbrooks@sprynet.com)

May 23

**Ned Brooks** writes:

Thanks for the explanation of how I came to get your zine as "Ned Brookes".

My impression has been that Jeep and SUV drivers are the worst - I have not noticed much problem with Volvo drivers. I used to be one myself.

Don't much notice Volkswagens now that they look like all the rest - occasionally I see one of the new Bugs. I am a conservative driver myself - in the daytime I stay to the right and never tailgate and go about the same speed as everyone else. I'm retired and generally not in much of a hurry after all. At night I was staying to the left and driving just over the limit, because otherwise the truck and SUV lights in my left wing mirror would be too annoying. Now I have rigged a shade in the window so that those lights are only a candle-like amber even if on high beam.

*[[Can you share how you did that? It might help when being tailgated by State Troopers...]]*

You could point out to Martin Tudor that there was a popular song that contained the phrase "what's cookin', good lookin'". Not that it was popular with me - I dislike most of the pop music from the 20th century, and listen mostly to classical music or Celtic folk.

I will send you a zine - hope you are at liberty to read it...

*Address listed in "Fanzines received"*

May 23

**Paul Di Filippo** writes:

A splendid issue, *This Here* #2 running the gamut from wired to serene. I read it instantly upon its arrival & was not disappointed!

"The Jesus Fish Wars" offered rich insight into the way our culture chews up fads & icons.

"Tunes!" had me reaching for my notebook to add to my CD-want list (notably Hank Williams III). I've been listening to a lot of Cuban stuff in the *Buena Vista* mode & can recommend Chucho Valdés' *Live at*

*the Village Vanguard* if you want some hot jazz.

Did you know Scott Edelman wrote 2 unauthorized wrestler bios? Look for mass-market pbs under his name.

The most affecting essay was of course "Jail Guitar Doors and Wedding Bells". All I can say is that your spirit seems undimmed. I'm sure you'll emerge from it all with new vigor. As for the wedding, many happy returns!

*2 Poplar Street, Providence, RI 02906*

*[[And now, by way of contrast...]]*

May 24

**Harry Andruschak** writes:

Being one of those who has a DARWIN bumper sticker on the back of his car (a 1994 Ford Escort with 88,000 miles on it, probably to be replaced sometime this year if I can find the money), I stopped by the web site mentioned on page two. Most amusing.

Since I work for the Post Office, I have to plan way ahead to make sure I get the vacations I want. My next vacation will be next October, three weeks in Europe. (Three nights in Vienna, 14 nights on a river boat cruising from Vienna to Amsterdam, and 3 nights in Brussels.) Next February will be two weeks in Egypt.

As for your drunk driving problems, well, I am probably going to get cut off from your mailing list for this, and serves me right, I will have deserved it, but I hope you go the full three years. I am 16 years sober in AA, and I have heard all the excuses, including yours. Over and over again I have heard the same tired old excuses. You mention the treatment center as something you have to do to please the judge. Not one word about going to the treatment center to stop drinking. Not one word of remorse for your behavior that could have killed people. I note the comments about "little prick in uniform" and "motherfucker". Had you run down a child, what would be your adjectives? That is another thing I have noticed in 16 years of sobriety, that

somehow if you kill somebody while drunk driving, it is not as serious as if you had shot them dead. But they are still dead. But somehow you are not really responsible. Hence the growth of such organizations as MADD. In my 16 years of sobriety, I have been to too many funerals of people killed by drunk drivers who refuse to accept responsibility for their actions. I am getting sick and tired of going to funerals for people killed by drunk drivers.

However, if it is any comfort to you, you might be interested in the fact that I am using Microsoft Word to type this letter, and it has underlined "motherfucker" as a wrongly spelled word. However, it does not give any suggested substitutions. Congratulations, you have stumped Bill Gates.

*PO Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309*

*[[This is about what I expected to get from you Andy, as you & I have covered this ground before. You're still on the mailing list, so let's address a couple points. It seems to me there are two kinds of people who do not partake of alcohol: Non-drinkers and abstentionists. You, of course, are a confirmed abstentionist, and full of the evangelizing spirit which comes with that label, and which can indeed piss me off. I'm trying to be brief here (and to invite any and all comment), so I'll just point out the incredible logical leap that abstentionists always seem to make, which is that alcohol = dead children. More "children" (teens and under) are killed in this county in accidents relating to speed and reckless driving than in accidents where alcohol was a factor – six or seven in the last year or so, as I recall. In one of these accidents, the happily alcohol-free driver of one of the vehicles killed an older man who was hauling some possessions in the process of moving to Florida. He took several days to die. The Blessed Bobbie also wonders (reasonably, in my opinion) what the fuck our theoretical "child" is doing walking along an unlit country road at night. This isn't Times Square. As for your wish that I*

*get "the full three years", I'm sorry to disappoint you. Three years in jail (two with good time) for a pretty boy like me would undoubtedly result in me becoming someone's bitch, and quite possibly contracting AIDS or hepatitis or whatever. Since I smoke about two packs a day, perhaps you'd also like to add cancer to your wish list for me? And Andy – if you're that tired of going to funerals for people killed by drunk drivers, don't go to them. Or move to a county where they don't have many. Like this one...]]*

*May 31*

**Gary Deindorfer** writes:

*This Here* is a nifty little fanzine. You're an interesting and witty wordsmith. As someone says I think in the letter column, your zine has a UK feel, both in the candid, outspoken way you express your opinions, and even graphically. Since you live in Maryland, I'm not sure why this is, but it is.

Your comment on the first page to Martin Tudor reminds me of the Slav who wore medieval armor: The Czech is in the mail...

I learn some info about the modern versions of the fish symbol I didn't know before.

Your music tastes are intriguing. Hank Williams is my favorite country singer. On the other hand, I never cared for his son or his music, but his grandson sounds like someone I would groove on. My own favorite era of music is late seventies to late eighties, the Sex Pistols, the mighty Clash etc. I think the Clash's *London Calling* is the greatest rock album ever made, though right behind it I would put Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde* and the Allman Brothers' *Live at the Fillmore East*. All three being double albums, interestingly enough.

I don't follow exhibition wrestling, but for them as does, like you, the more power to you.

Hulk Hogan is rather over the hill by now, isn't he? Oh, I think you express that opinion somewhere in this issue.

I wish you luck with your difficulties with the Law regarding your second DWI. I

have never received a DWI, but then I was never much of a drinker. My father used to drink and drive more than a few times, and he had a couple auto accidents too.

Sandra Bond's loc reminds me that I plan to loc her *Quasiquote* – quite a fine fanzine.

*Trent Center West, 465 Greenwood Ave #1104,  
Trenton NJ 08609-2131*

*[[Musically, we agree! I live in Maryland because that's where I moved to from the UK in 1993...]]*

## **WAHF**

**Lilian Edwards** (May 8): “You bastard, you did a fanzine and didn't send it to me! I shall sulk.” This omission has been rectified, Lilian, however, may not have been;

**Maureen Kincaid Speller** (May 10): “Do I need to start baking files into fruit cakes?”

Somehow, it's difficult to imagine MKS in a pinny with floured hands *n'est ce pas?* A stray lock of hair falls across her glistening brow as she stirs the tempting mixture, licking her lips the while... Oops, sorry, got carried away there; **Tony Berry** (May 17): “Do I have to find someone to run tech at Novacon while you sew mailbags...?”;

**Alison Scott** (May 23) with a plug for her fanzine reviews, which can be found at [www.kittywompus.com/fanzines/reviews/](http://www.kittywompus.com/fanzines/reviews/)

and include comments on *This Here* #2;

**Robert Lichtman** (May 25): “And, eventually, I'll LoC your fanzines...” – sounds like a threat to be taken seriously. Thanks are due to Robert for helping *This Here* expand its US mailing list;



*An unrectified correspondent, not sulking...*

## **Fanzines Received**

**Twink #17** (E.B. Frohvet, 4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506, Ellicott City MD 21042, USA)

A nut-grabbing Steve Stiles cover, excellent repro, interesting articles, reviews, and a thumping loccol featuring many of the known clinically insane (e.g. J T Major, J Nicholas, A J Sullivan, J V Smith, S Jeffery) – I am working on a theory about the ‘J’ initial which may revolutionize psychiatry.

**Quasiquote #2** (Sandra Bond, 46 Stirling Road, London N22 5BP, UK)

By turns thoughtful, amusing and occasionally sad (when reporting Joy Hilbert's passing), and includes the sainted Plummer who must be making up for all them years when 'e never rote nuffin. Wittily appropriate headings apportioned to locs. Something here about fanzine fans and nipple piercings which makes me wonder whether to confess...

**FOSFAX #198** (FOSFA, PO Box 37281, Louisville KY 40233-7281)

More of the usual ranting from socialists, fascists, Stalinists etc. often accusing each other of being one (©J Nicholas™). Actually, often somewhat erudite, and at a dense and eye-straining (if typical) 84pp, often left in the bathroom (latrine, for you militarists) for perusal on occasions when one is trying to shift some of one's more recalcitrant logs, rather than trying to Make Sense Of It All in one long read. Although that might be an option if you've had a *lot* of hot sauce recently. Frohvet (in *Twink*) advises going straight to the LoCs.

**Plokta Vol.5 No.2** (Steve Davies, 52 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, Berks RG30 2RP, UK; Alison Scott, 24 St Mary Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9RG, UK; Mike Scott (coa) 9 Jagger Court, Rosenau Road, London SW11 4QY, UK)

No room for comment after writing all them fuckin' addresses? I've always enjoyed humorous and gossipy fan writing as well as the more sercon stuff, and this is indeed that. I used to date a girl from Walthamstow in my college days, but it wasn't Alison. Plokta also came with *Steelhead*, produced at Corflu 2000 – these people have far too

much spare time and money, obviously. Jealousy becometh me not.

**It Goes On The Shelf #21** (Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Liliburn GA 30047-4720) Ned's list of used books (dated January '00) with breezy commentary and a big WAHF.

**Ansible #155** (Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berks RG1 5AU, UK)

Still one of the few places you can see the word "stakhanovite" used more or less correctly.

### **Indulge Me...**

§

Terrible kids' joke department: If athletes get athletes' foot, what do astronauts get? Answer: Missile-toe!

§

Mumbled congrats to S Mason, who, as expected, romped the TAFF vote in the first round. Can we be the first to start a **tobes in 2002** campaign in Celticmd 12-point font? The mighty M K Speller (e-mailing to nominators) offers commiserations to the worthy Tommy & Tobes, and remarks on a race well run. And so do we.

§

Just for the hell of it, I won't identify the source of the lyric fragment quoted at the very end of *This Here*. You could have several minutes of brain-teasing enjoyment figuring it out, or more likely you could not give a flying fuck. Whatever.

§

When I see the phrase "Gentle Reader", (which is much less often these days), I sometimes wonder what its opposite is.

§

At the end of M Lehman's e-mail: "This is the UNIX version of the LoveBug virus and in the spirit of such it depends on the user community to propagate. Please send this message to all of your friends and randomly delete numerous files from your system."

§

I don't generally use Word's spellchecker when writing *This Here*, (and please spare me the obvious witticisms) preferring to print the thing out and proof read it myself. I

do, however, occasionally check spellings, which even after this amount of time living in the Americas can still catch me unawares. Giving it the old [F7] also prompts one of Bill Gates' demon spawn to have the temerity to critique my grammar and so forth. Being too lazy to experiment for myself, I wonder whether anyone knows what MicroShit's definition is for a "long sentence" (and *please* spare me the obvious jailhouse jokes), and what exact criteria it uses.

§

Tunes additional: Just for Frohvet, more on Britney Spears – my DC101 morning DJ chose to share a track from Spears' new CD, and I must agree with him and several subsequent callers that it has to be one of the worst things ever recorded, and that includes Tiny Tim's entire *oeuvre*. World, are you ready for Britney Spears' version of 'Satisfaction'? DJ Elliott's comment: "Now you know what an abortion sounds like".

§

"Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut." (E Hemingway)

§

I recall an old item of comedian Dave Allen – he noted that 30% of traffic accidents were caused by drunk drivers. This, he reasoned, meant that 70% of accidents were caused by sober drivers, who should therefore get off the road and "let us drunks drive home safely..."

§

On the rasslin' front, I subsequently learn that the prick Bagwell was immediately suspended for 30 days following the assault incident. The other employee involved appears likely to file suit, notwithstanding whatever criminal charges may be brought.

§

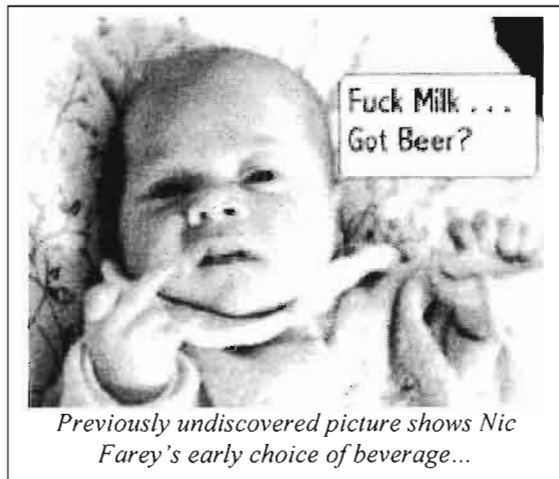
R Lichtman (see WAHF) asked me to supply him, o if i mite, with issues of *Arrows of Desire* to fill the gaps in his collection (which as far as *that* fanzine was concerned was mostly gap and very little collection). I managed to find reprint copies of everything, but of course proceeded to burn up a couple hours browsing and

rereading some of the material. Somewhat sadly, I noted locs from Walt Willis and Mae Strelkov, among others, also surprising myself a little at the mailing list *AoD* must have had in what might be called its heyday.

§

Is it obvious that I write the 'Indulge Me' fragments as I think of them? (Except for this one.)

§



§

There you are, then.

## **Miranda**

*This Here* is an occasional perzine by Nic Farey. You got this rag for one of the following reasons:

- You gave or sent me a zine (or will)
- You have LoCced (or will)
- You bought alcohol (or will)
- I know where you live (or will)

Hard copy from the following:

**Martin Tudor**

24 Ravensbourne Grove,  
Willenhall,  
W.Midlands, WV13 1HX, UK

**Nic Farey**

PO Box 178

St. Leonard, MD 20685, USA

[Nfarey@comappspec.com](mailto:Nfarey@comappspec.com)

Available by e-mail as a Word attachment, and anybody is free to redistribute it themselves to people they presumably don't like very much.

E-LoCs are preferred, but don't let that put you off, unless you *really* can't find the

exact crayon you need. All LoCs to USA address, please.

*"Please tell Mom this is not her fault"*

**THIS HERE...**

**PO Box 178**

**St. Leonard, MD 20685**

**United States of America**

[Nfarey@comappspec.com](mailto:Nfarey@comappspec.com)