

# This Here...

“A ghetto for the unemployed fan to sharpen his claws” (L Penney)



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## **ISSUE #6, October 2000**

### **EGOTORIAL**

Theng-yew, theng-yew! Yes, yes, I'm *getting* to the wedding stuff, just be patient. First off, tx to y'all for all your good wishes for the nuptials. Personally, I think we should stack the loccol with more gratuitous pleasantries like those, since superfluous technists have determined that this riles up A Scott (whom EB Frohvet lately alleges is in fact Henry Welch, a prospect perhaps too terrifying for anyone to contemplate) even more than excessive editorial comment therein. (As usual, details, grumbling and more explicit foaming at the mouth to be found at [www.kittywompus.com/reviews](http://www.kittywompus.com/reviews).)

In other news: the ride-share deal came to a screeching halt, since Bobby Garcia (driver) informed me that I smell offensive. Apparently the odor of cigarette smoke (in which, granted, I am usually wreathed) was way too prevalent in my environs for him to deal with. The last time anyone told me I made their eyes water was in entirely different (and *much* more pleasant) circumstances. So, I am back to the nerve-racking business of risking my freedom by driving myself to work, but at least I can listen to the radio station of my choice and ply myself with carcinogens to my heart's content.

As for now (and under threat of dismemberment by the Blessed Bobbie), that is the full extent of my driving. When I get home, my car keys get put away and she gets into chauffeuse mode - ain't she sweet? Incidentally, if anyone doubts that profiling (and/or targeting of known drinkers) is practiced by the State Police, since my conviction Bobbie has been followed at least three times and pulled over once while driving the Cadillac (in which I was originally stopped). The troopers have been forced to exhibit dismay and disappointment on each of these occasions.

I also learned recently that the spate of traffic stops earlier this year (including, as I had mentioned, a couple friends of mine who do not drink, but happened to be leaving a bar) may have been related to the

fact that a prize of two weeks in an Ocean City condo was up for grabs by the State Trooper with the most DWI arrests in a given period. Well, well. Imagine that.

I was more than sorry to hear of the demise of Ken Cheslin. Along with John D Rickett, that's two people this year whom I liked to think I knew well who are no longer with us, and whose sudden departures surprised many. Kench was one of the first people I traded fnz with, and was always happy to pass the time of day in fannish chat, and was always ready with a thorough loc. Perhaps best known in earlier years for his cartoons of the crazed "Olaf the Viking", and his amazing diligence in individually hand-coloring the covers of *A Child's Garden of Olaf*, in recent years Ken had been working on *The Millenium Atom* collection, as well as reprints of John Berry's work in *Fables of Irish Fandom*. Even though these were being sold rather than traded, I was always more than happy to see Kench at the UK Novacon, and to fork over the required dosh.

After I had been complimented by some people for the *lack* of artwork, fillos and so on in earlier issues of *Arrows of Desire*, Kench produced a fistful (or should that be a clawful) of "Olafs" specially drawn for the "Death" issue. I can quite imagine him arriving in the great Fan Room In The Sky to be met by the familiar odor of Gauloises, and the distinguished figure of JDR with a look of surprise: "Bloody 'ell Ken - what are *you* doin' 'ere?" As many others have observed - A Real Fan. He will be missed.

I suppose I'll have to mention the Fan Hugos. Congrats to *File 770*, probably the worthy winner of the bunch nominated (although as I've indicated, there were other perhaps equally deserving fnz which didn't make the ballot). It's not much of a surprise that Joe Mayhew takes a posthumous rocket for Fan Artist. I hope commentators will not deride this particular vote as a "sympathy" or "tribute" result, since there should be no doubt that Joe would have been a very worthy winner had we been fortunate enough to have him still with us. As to Fan

Writer, how can anyone take this award at all seriously anymore? Don't get me wrong, I've known Dave Langford for a number of years, and yes, I do like him, but as has probably been pointed out many times, one wonders what meaning the award can have for him or anyone by now. Sort of a reverse Susan Lucci. I suspect a cabal which votes the Deaf Man in every year just to generate some more tired editorial whining, and retires to the bar giggling. So I'll shut up.

### **Coincidence**

Wouldn't it be nice to be able to say, taking the title of the old Lake & Edwards fanzine, "This Never Happens". As things stand, I have to prefer the more world-weary "Shit Happens" right now.

The Blessed Bobbie has pointed out to me that certain events have been occurring in tandem with a consistency which would alarm those with paranoid tendencies. A couple years back, we took a look at the finances (this word no longer mentioned in my presence without being followed by [larf]) and figured that since she was now getting mandated child support checks from her worthless ex, she'd be able to quit work and stay home for the summer with the kids - the theory being they'd be able to do some neat stuff together, plus she'd be able to make sure they were getting lunches, not getting in a buncha trouble and so forth.

There were a couple weaknesses to this theory, the more obvious one being that the weans get up in the morning, upend the kitchen in a process known as "breakfast", then fuck off, not to be seen until, say, an hour or two after dinner time. The other problem with the "doing neat stuff" deal was that *every* time so far that the Blessed One changes her employment status, we get car trouble. So in this particular case, I get to take the one functioning vehicle to get to work, returning each evening to deal with a grumpy woman with a severe case of cabin fever.

So here's the latest: I mentioned in the *Egotorial* above that my rideshare had come

to an abrupt end, so I'm back to driving the Mercury to work. Longer memories out there may recall that we'd been waiting (and waiting, and waiting) for Bobbie's asshole ex to put the new fender an'all on it. We got the parts off him (miraculously, he really had them as he'd said - the only recorded instance of him actually telling the truth about something that I can recall), and my buddy Matt was kind enough to put the whole thing together one weekend. This is good, because I can drive the Mercury with far less risk of being pulled over, as we've figured out by now that the Caddy is being targeted. The other great advantage is that at 18 or so to the gallon (of the good stuff), the bigger car isn't exactly a model of economy when you have a 120 mile round trip each day.

Well, we come around to the start of the school year, and apart from the usual set of panics we have to think about recovering from paying for the wedding *and* putting together our November trip. The Blessed One, while pondering arrangements to line up substitute teaching gigs, gets a call from her former employer (Noah's Ark daycare) asking her if she'd come in part time three days a week. This seems good enough for now, since the extra dosh coming in (admittedly only about eighty bucks) goes a long way toward the week's groceries if you're careful.

You know what happens next. We'd been having some overheating problems with the Mercury, enough to warrant carrying containers of water to top up every so often. The other week I got stuck in a *bad* traffic jam heading up Rte 4, and of course the temp gauge redlined and smoke started emerging from the hood of the car. I managed to get to the gas station by the Beltway on-ramp (after one stall and a merciful restart), where I blew my lunch money on two quarts of oil, and loaded up the radiator with water - much of which appeared to piss right out of the bottom of it back onto the ground. The car started more or less OK, so I figured (hoped is more like it) that I could get the beast to work at least.

Yeah, right. Although the temperature appeared to be running normally, the car lost power as I approached the 95/495 split, and basically died on me with the usual attendant steam, smoke and 'orrible bad engine smells coming from under the hood.

And there it (still) sits, although I'm figuring to empty it of anything useful when I have the other car this Friday (9/22), remove the tags and probably call Mellwood (who'll take it as a donation) to see if they'll haul it from there. We'd called Bobbie's brother-in-law Chuck (a master mechanic) a couple nights ago, described the situation and asked whether it was worth trying to get the car to his shop. The short answer is at a probable cost of around \$1200 to fix, it ain't worth fucking with.

For right now, on the days Bobbie works I'm getting up at 4:45am to get ready for work, walking round to my neighbor Charlie's house and catching a ride with him up to Sunderland Post Office, where Bette (who works at the same place I do) picks me up at six. The Blessed One herself hangs around after work (she usually finishes at 4pm) to pick me up at the same place around five when Bette drops me back off. Small mercy that this is just a few hundred yards from the daycare where she plies her trade.

If anyone wants to trot out the old saw that "bad things come in threes", I'll be quite happy to come around and kick the crap out of you, because I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT. The second tandem event of which the Blessed One hath spake also has a history.

For both of the last two summers (and going into fall - around this time in fact), we've endured outbreaks of head lice. An uncanny indicator of the fact that this is about to happen will be that the washing machine breaks down, forcing multiple trips to the laundromat until it can be fixed, since every piece of washable fabric in the house now needs to be hot washed. In previous cases, we determined the problem to be that the belt kept breaking, quite often because I'd gone on a mad spate of laundering one load after another (collecting up kids' clothes strewn around the place into one

massive pile), and the poor old device couldn't take the strain. As such things go, it often took us a few weeks to actually get a new belt, empty the thing, upend it and fix it. We both subsequently taught ourselves how to install the belt (by careful observation of friends who are much more handy with that sort of thing), so later belt-related problems got dealt with more quickly.

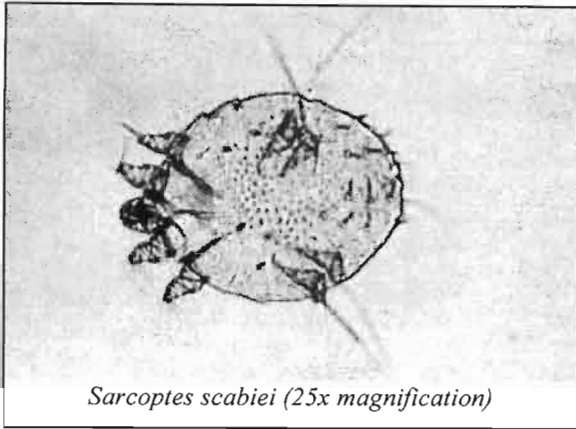
Last weekend the ole washer turned up its toes again, this time it seems for good. We weren't getting the usual whines and smells which, absent the dog, would indicate that the belt had thrown or broken again. The Blessed One announced that since she couldn't persuade the washer to agitate under any circumstances, it was probably time to start scouring the Pennysaver for another one.

As we recalled that Stephanie had shown some signs of a developing rash when the kids left to spend the weekend with their father, all that was left was to sit and wait for the inevitable, which this time, however, decided to throw us a new curve.

The rash appears worse (like she's been rubbing her eyes, which she probably has) when Steph gets back this last Sunday evening (9/17), so Bobbie resolves to call the doctor's office next day if there's no improvement. Which there isn't, so after some haggling with the receptionist, whose job description since time immemorial has been to keep as many of those nasty sick people away from her nice clean waiting room as possible, Bobbie gets an appointment for Tuesday morning at ten or so. It's never a good sign when you're told to avoid the general public and come in to see the doctor via the back door. Apparently the briefest of examinations was all that was necessary to send them out the back way with a hastily written prescription and the heartwarming knowledge that they (and therefore likely all of us) are the proud possessors of scabies. Yee fucking ha.

I am somewhat more relieved by the fact that the little buggers are these days considered a minor irritant and easily

disposed of by the application (all over) of the prescribed cream. Not quite like it was when I was at college, but that's another story altogether, harrumph.



*Sarcoptes scabiei* (25x magnification)

I am a little less than enthralled to discover (as I read the tiny print piece of paper that comes in the box with the tube of goop - something I do with *every* prescription drug we get, and so should you) that the active ingredient we're getting here is in fact a *poison*, and should not be left on the body for more than eight to fourteen hours. It seems there's a risk of brain damage if you don't wash off the traces of the goop, and please restrain the chorus of "Yes, but how would we tell?" That means you too, Mr. Cantor.

Imagine my delight, then, when I awake this fine morning to discover that the gas burner of the water heater has decided to go out during the night, leaving me to take the longest cold shower I could stand, but possibly one too brief to remove all the traces of the *poison* from the Farey bod. Mind you, I've probably ingested more crap during my time in the form of alcohol, nicotine and so forth that any footling little chemical like this would run away screaming. Nevertheless, I shall have the flowers ready for Algernon in case we need them.

### **"Some Other Spectacular American Event"**

Ah, the bachelor party! Fine tradition of embarrassment and foolish behavior, last minute ribaldry and so on. Sorry to disappoint, but at least at *my* shindig, there

were no dancing girls, clothed or otherwise, no removal of trousers or other items of clothing, and no necessity at any time for appalled citizenry to call the cops. Basically we just got a bunch of the boys together at Ledo's Sports Bar in Prince Frederick and proceeded to drink the night away, although it was tellingly obvious that *somebody* had figured out it would be a larf to get me as drunk as possible as quickly as possible. I'd advance booked a couple rooms at the Super 8 Motel across the street, so no-one had to drive home, and we'd stocked one of these rooms with a cooler full of what Alex Trebek on *Jeopardy* likes to call "potent potables" so that an all-night shindig could ensue. Which apparently it did, I was told as I was awoken rudely by best man Pat at around 6am. I wouldn't know - they'd carried me to bed at around midnight after I'd fallen off my bar stool for about the fourth time. I did as any aggrieved groom to be would have when awoken in such a fashion - looked him straight in the eye and said: "Well at least go and get me a fucking beer". He did.

The best tale from the boys' party transpired after I had - er - retired. Some guy at the bar (not with us) offered to arm wrestle any member of our group, with the bet being that he would buy them all a beer if he lost, but they'd buy him five beers if he won. Two of the guys immediately looked down the bar toward the men's room, yelled "Mike!", and Mike duly made his way back to the boys, having presumably completed his business. It seems it had not occurred to our erstwhile arm wrestling champion that a chunky black guy, as muscled as a truck driver (which he is) would actually be a member of our little gang. The matchup did take place (with the inevitable result), but *after* the guy had resignedly bought everybody a beer.

The bachelorette party, I am told, was a relatively subdued affair (held at our house), although enlivened somewhat by the interesting selection of shooters brought by maid of honor Sandy, and also by the late appearance of my buddy Butch, slurrily

requesting the loan of a car to get to the boys' venue. All present wisely declined, and likewise declined to taxi the silly bastard up to us, since they'd been sippin' more than somewhat, so he stayed there. The next day, the Blessed Bobbie informs me that at the point where they were going around the room with the shooters giving toasts, the nicest and most romantic toast was given by Butch himself. Awwwww.

It's probably easiest to draw a modest veil over the next seven days leading up to the wedding itself, since panic and penury can become a little repetitive. Suffice to say a great deal of agonizing on who would get paid when (and how) went on, with the Blessed One estimating our final tally at around \$2700. This, I thought, wasn't that bad considering it included the hire of the pavilion at Jefferson Patterson Park (very reasonable at \$350), the pastor's fee (\$200, whew!) the DJ's fee (\$300 - grasping bastard, ain't you supposed to be a friend?), rentals (\$150 for the coat and vest - fuckinell, I could have bought 'em for not much more)... Well, you know the litany.

We got just about everything done during the week that we needed to. Matt's wife Charlene came over Thursday to cook the barbecue, I cook up a big ole pot of beans on Friday, we got all the coats, vests, shirts and whatnot collected.

Matt & I collected the rental grill, tables and linen cloth from Jim's Air on the Saturday morning, and arrived, panting slightly, at Jefferson Patterson Park pavilion at ten after ten for the rehearsal which was supposed to have begun ten minutes earlier. Well, here's the Maid of Honor, my son Tommy and his grandfather, and no sign of the bride to be. While usually more given to complaining about cell phones, on this occasion I was glad someone had one, since we were able to call the house and determine that the Blessed One's eldest, Joe, had so far failed to arrive. We eventually got the rehearsal under way at closer to eleven. Possibly not the most auspicious of starts with only five hours or so to go.

As a brief aside, I should probably write to Miss Manners or Ann Landers to ask about the correct way to refer to your former in-laws when you have been widowed. "Ex in-laws" seems a little wrong somehow when referring to Tommy's grandparents, since it always seems to me that the implication is that you were divorced (or is that just what everyone will assume?).

Anyhoo, Lawrence (er - former father-in-law), helped out enormously with moving picnic tables after we'd done our rehearsal bit, and we got the homestyle traditional red and white tablecloths laid out, and the place started looking pretty good. The only other minor panic was the fact that the kitchen was locked up, but a judicious piece of burglary by yours truly got me in and the door opened from the inside. At least now we knew the bubbly was going to be nicely chilled in time.

We got all enough sorted so we could decamp back to the house for us chaps to get changed and merely worry about how we were going to get the keg picked up and transported to the park (along with 100 pounds or so of ice). I'd booked a nice room at the Holiday Inn Express in Prince Frederick for Bobbie and I to hide away in that evening, and with the added use of the girls disappearing off there to get themselves ready. I figured that we'd try to leave the house around 2:45 or 3:00pm so we'd have an hour at least to make sure everything was hunky dory before the actual ceremony started.

OK girls, off you go to the hotel then. Joe, Danny and I watch the car disappear around the corner, I breathe a huge sigh of relief and manage *not* to quite break an ankle speeding to the refrigerator to grab a cold beer. We shall now start getting ready, and will be fully upstanding and fresh by the time we get to the park (as long as we don't forget the mouthwash).

*Continued next issue, and yar boo sucks to A Scott who hates split articles. Infinitives too, probably...*



## Tunes!

Bollocks to numbered fandom, what about all these numbered bands then, eh? There seem to be so many of them these days that the band formerly known as Matchbox 20 (or M20) are now supposed to be officially called "matchbox twenty" - a fine distinction perhaps, but singer Rob Thomas will allegedly come around and beat you up if you don't get it right. Perhaps he felt the need to distinguish his little group of popsters from all the others, as if their single wasn't already bad enough to be able to do that with ease.

A quick mention to Baltimore's SR-71, whose single *Right Now* I had previously dismissed as being little more than laddish, but I've found it does rather grow on you after a while.

Leaving aside Stroke 9 and Sum 41 for a moment, my two favorite "number bands" at this time would be 8 Stops 7 with their new single *Question Everything*, but especially Eve 6 and their single *Promise*. I particularly like the lyric:

*"Think I'll stay for awhile,  
I'm intrigued and I'm red as a newborn,  
White as a corpse."*

Good guitar-based tune, even though the beginning of the song comes across as a little monotonous. Stick with it.

Away from the numbers (DiFi spot the song reference gratuitous moment) I was quite disappointed with Green Day's awaited new single *Minority*, though repeated listens have put me a little more in favor of it, especially if you think of the bouncy beat as, well, basically Oirish, quite reminiscent of the Pogues in a way. The Barenaked Ladies also have a new offering in *Pinch Me*, which is very good indeed. One critic suggested they showed evidence of "maturity" on their new album, but only a cursory glance at the lyrics reveals that they're still happy to be silly. They're scheduled to appear at the Farm Aid concert again this year, but sadly we'll not be able to make it due to the usual absence of \$\$.

I'd be remiss if I didn't mention *Boyz In The Hood*, the single by Dynamite Hack which is generating some strong opinions on all sides of several fences. The song is indeed a reworking of the Ice Cube / Eazy E ditty, but recast as, well, a folky strum. This renders the gang-style lyrics perfectly audible and seems strange, if not actually distasteful, the first few times it's heard. After hearing many radio plays, I've reached the conclusion that the intent here is basically satirical, but as usual, I could be wrong.

*"Cuz the boyz in the hood are always hard,  
Come talkin' that trash and we'll pull your card.  
Don't want nothin' in life but to be legit,  
Don't quote me boy, I ain't said shit."*

Anyhoo, I know you want to hear *all* about the wedding music, which was somewhat untraditional (although as all present agreed, quite romantic actually). The entrance music was *Now That I've Found You*, by Terri Clark, a very pleasant country song with just the right tempo and length. We'd rehearsed this so that the lads (me, best man Pat and my son Tommy) walk in from stage left just as the vocals start, then Bobbie's maid of honor Sandy, then daughter Stephanie, then Bobbie herself accompanied by her two sons Joe and Danny promenade in from the other side.

As mentioned earlier, after reading our own vows we each sang to each other - Bobbie's ditty being Celine Dion's *The Color of My Love* and mine McCartney's *Maybe I'm Amazed*, which came out a bit strangulated since (a) it's a little high for my voice and (b) I only had about two days to practice with it. Several people who hadn't been there asked me what we'd sung, and on hearing my title half of them assumed I was talking about *Amazed* by Lone Star, which of course I wasn't, but that at least gives me the neatest segue to reveal that the Lone Star tune was our first dance.

But that's getting ahead. I never in a million years thought that after the pastor winds up with "I present to you Mr. And Mrs. Farey", I'd be able to say to myself "And the next voice you hear will be Willie Nelson". But when your exit music is

*Waiting For A Girl Like You* by The Highwaymen, that will happen. It merely remains for me to note that our *last* dance provided us with an opportunity for a nice improvisational act which, flatteringly, everyone who saw believed we'd planned



and rehearsed. Not so, but when you've had a great day and the mood is for fun, why not have some, and as the reception comes to a close, let us ponder the genius of Strummer / Jones and ask the age old question: *Should I Stay Or Should I Go?*

## **Rasslin'**

It's a kind of given that you should be able to tell how a rasslin' promotion is doing by the events leading up to a major pay-per-view, the pay-per-view itself and the immediate aftermath (which will often include the start of setups for the *next* event).

WCW aired its "Fall Brawl" PPV on September 17<sup>th</sup>, with the headline match of Kevin Nash -v- Booker T intact, but with

Nash as champion, the title having been won by Nash (and re-won by him) in a series of Vince Russo swerves. Head writer Russo had absented himself from actual TV appearances for a while (and indeed had been writing less), a situation I for one found preferable to having to listen to his Noo Yawk whine. He may like to think he comes across as the "heel boss" (which he does well enough, I suppose), but Eric Bischoff he ain't. Bischoff, back in the day when he launched the nWo as the major bad guys, really knew how to put it across. Russo, however, is more often just annoying.

He probably regrets having put himself in the ring so many times, since he has genuinely suffered at least three concussions so far, and has been told in no uncertain terms that he should not wrestle again. This is a *good* thing, because it's impossible to take him seriously as a fighter - he can't do a thing without a baseball bat or lead pipe in his hand.

The PPV itself had the heavyweight title going back to Booker T in a pretty good match, and the next night's Monday Nitro engendered the usual squabbling over who would be the #1 contender. This altercation did not include Bill Goldberg, who took a bit of a kicking from Scott Steiner the previous night (with a little - or a lot - of help from Big Poppa Pump's friends), and was rumored to have re-separated his injured shoulder. Russo set up some dumbass tag match to determine who would get the next title shot, with the man getting the pinfall getting the result. Russo declares that since the following week's Nitro is in his home town of Long Island, he will fulfil a lifetime's dream by becoming the #1 contender and then going on to whup Booker T for the title. Suffice to say that Nash, Steiner and Jeff Jarrett are less than happy with this arrangement.

Russo, nevertheless, does obtain his title shot by virtue of his unconscious form being laid across Jarrett by Booker T himself, who obligingly did a run-in with his baseball bat and knocked everybody's ass out. Booker



gives Russo a nicely menacing "see you next week, sucka!"

This last week abounds with rumors concerning some unexpected faces turning up at the Nitro show. Once again, it's being said that Scott Hall is going to be allowed back into the promotion (much against the wishes of a lot of higher-ups). Despite the fact that Hall is undoubtedly popular with sections of the fans, his "unreliability" (WCW code for "he's a drunk") makes him a less than attractive proposition in many ways. I'd considered that one good scenario might have been to have Hall return to immediately turn on his old buddy Nash, which would have gotten excellent face pops and would have helped Nash cement his heel image, which never really seems to quite work (although I don't like him at all).

Alex Wright's name was also mentioned for a comeback with a new gimmick (which couldn't be worse than his last incarnation as "Berlyn", surely), and it seemed like this might actually come to pass as Disco - er, sorry, Disqo - announced he was bringing in a new partner since his falling out with the Filthy Animals team. Since Wright was his former tag team partner, this would have been a fair guess, but instead Scott Steiner comes down to beat Disqo up. Ah, well.

In an earlier segment, Jarrett and Steiner had introduced Russo as "the next WCW champion", but the party was spoiled by Booker and Sting, who came out on the ramp talking trash and ending with the pantomimish "Look behind yooooo". Much to Steiner's concern in particular, since he'd been bragging about having driven him out of WCW for good, Goldberg is walking down through the crowd.

After beating on Disqo, Steiner calls out Goldberg, who readily agrees to get it on as long as the cage is brought down, brooking any interference from the usual suspects. A fairly brutal ten minutes ensue, with Goldberg eventually walking out the winner, threatening Russo with "You're next!"

The headline match has Russo pulling out a hidden baseball bat from his pants (and you thought he was just pleased to be there),

and beating pretty hard on Booker T. The "caged heat" rules specify that the first man out of the cage is the winner, but the backstage has emptied and all the rasslers that Russo has pissed on lately (which would be everybody except Nash, Jarrett, Steiner and the "Natural Born Thrillers" group) prevent him from leaving. Mike Awesome and Sting get to the top of the cage to stop him when he tries that way out. Booker now gets the advantage (as well he might, since he can actually rassle), but oh dearie me, here's Lex Luger coming through the crowd to hand a steel pipe to Russo, so of course he starts whaling away on Booker again. EMT guys come in (and I'm not sure why), one of whom is revealed to be Ric Flair, who beats on Russo. At this point I half expected Randy Savage to emerge from under the ring - jeez! Goldberg eventually gets in on the act, but to set up future arguments, he spears Russo *through* the cage wall at the same time Booker T leaves through the gate, so nobody seems to know who has won.

Actually, this was one of the better shows Russo has written, since especially with a non-wrestler like himself in the ring you would have expected the action to be slow, when it managed to be fairly fast-paced.

So, apart from all that hoohah, how are some of the boys doing?



*It's Mike Awesome the Fat Chick Thriller. No, wait a minute...*

**Mike Awesome** has made himself into a valuable asset to WCW since his face turn, despite the company's apparent efforts to saddle him with the worst gimmicks they can think of. There was the "Fat Chick Thriller", which was almost too laughable to be true, and now we have Mike Awesome "That 70s Guy", complete with his own "Lava Lamp Lounge" segment. Despite these lame gimmicks, Awesome is getting good pops, and apparently has been very cooperative with all this crap - a complete turnaround from his old ECW reputation as being sullen and reluctant. A big win over Jeff Jarrett (at Fall Brawl) can only have helped to keep him over.

**Scott Steiner** never used to be one of my favorites, since his persona is too loud mouthed for my taste, and it looks like he munches steroids for breakfast, lunch and dinner. However, from having read some of the insider comments, it seems Steiner is one of the most respected and hardest-working guys on the payroll. He even delayed the start of his honeymoon (having been recently married, good idea that Scott) to make a required appearance on a Monday Nitro show. I've begun watching his in-ring performances more closely, and he does indeed work extremely hard to put on a good show *and* (unlike Hogan, for example) to get the other wrestler over.

**Bill Goldberg** seems to have recovered well enough from what most commentators considered to have been an ill-advised heel turn. There are still some backstage grumblings about his attitude, but this is said to have improved since Arn Andersen has been giving him the benefit of his advice. In my opinion you can easily spot the large improvement in his agility, and also (à la Steiner) a willingness to get his opponents over, something he was previously not noted for at all.

**The Cat** (Ernest Miller) has taken up his role as commissioner with alacrity, and provides some of the best promos around. At one show, he is typically berating the audience "I'll kick anybody's fat ass", and points out one unfortunate with "...including

you, Mike Tyson". With perfect comic timing, he takes a pause before adding "I'm sorry, ma'am, but you look *exactly* like Mike Tyson." Another perfect putdown came on the last Nitro (9/25) where he berates "Above Average" Mike Sanders of the Natural Born Thrillers as a "Natural Born ratings killer".

Possibly the most underappreciated star right now has to be "The Franchise", **Shane Douglas**.



Douglas provides one of the best examples to the new crop of rasslers coming into the promotion. He gets consistent heel heat with his promos and rarely flubs a line on the mic, but one of his best attributes is, again, getting his opponent over during the match and with the crowd. I hope some of the management who wanted to let Douglas go are now appreciative of the effort he puts in.

But please, don't get me started on them "Natural Born ratings killers". Yuk. Well, except for Reno, that is.

### **Loco Citato**

*[[Editorial comment looks like this...]]*

July 28

From [penneys@attcanada.ca](mailto:penneys@attcanada.ca)

**Lloyd Penney** writes:

So many web sites, so little time...I may have to make myself a checklist of websites to look at from time to time. The Squib site is one to check, plus the fanac.org site by Joe Siclari, scifi.com, the sfsite.com conglomerate, etc. Someone needs to put

together a, say, 50 top sf&f sites to visit regularly. It might make life easier with little leisure time, which means little websurfing time.

*[[When we put together our website, I considered what links I might like to put there, but eventually just decided to point to Ansible's SF Links which I find very comprehensive...]]*

Cancun for 2003? Nic, how could you? It's on the weekend after Labour Day, which means the teachers and kids can't go, it's in the middle of hurricane season, and it's on the Yucatan in early September, which has temperatures around 130 degrees Fahrenheit. Toronto has 75 to 80-degree temperatures in late August, we're on the traditional weekend, the last hurricane we had was in the late 50s, and the exchange rate for Canadian dollars is about Can\$1.45 = US\$1. We'll find out who's got the best argument in about a month or so.

*[[Well, the heat argument doesn't cut any ice with me, so to speak, since one assumes the hotel is air-conditioned, and in any case I quite enjoy hot weather. Hurricane season sounds nicely exciting, and I share W C Fields' feelings towards kids, especially when it comes to conventions. However, there's no real logic to my endorsement of Cancun other than a general affinity for an "exotic" location. We'd be equally as likely to attend Toronto, if at all...]]*

I must agree with you about losing so many of those who have been fannish bright lights. Joe Mayhew, Ian Gunn, Bill Rotsler, Vincent Clarke, Mae Strelkov, George Laskowski, Bob Shaw, and so many more. Perhaps it's just the usual thinning of the herds, and perhaps this happens as we get older, and it will happen to us some day. But you're right, it feels like we're losing our brightest and best very quickly. Those who have left would not want us to mourn too long, I believe, for there's lots for those of us remaining to do to make our own marks. We just need the initiative to go and be the big names of our own fannish generation. That is, if the usual cranky living-in-the-past types will let us. Fanhistory is great, and it

certainly interests me. However, dwelling in that fabulous fannish past isn't good; we've all got too many things to do to create our fabulous fannish present, and determine what the fabulous fannish future will look like.

Yvonne and I were the Canadian agents for Intersection, and we had expressed our interest in doing it again for whatever it will be called in 2005... however, John Mansfield jumped in there to take the position. However, we have volunteered similar services to the Japanese bid, for whatever year they plan to go for. No matter if they win or lose, it'll be refreshing to see the Japanese bid.

I will actively search out and destroy and print out fanzines I don't get in the mail, so I did just that to get Squib 5 and Gloss 1. Some good information on Trufen... The zines complemented each other, especially the article on Ardis Waters in Squib, and the reaction to it in Gloss. The article was written by someone from the male, I-was-there, those were good days perspective, and the reaction was from the female, happened-long-ago, I can't believe that happened perspective. Both are completely valid. It makes me wonder about Ardis, however... was she so self-assured and confident to be so generous with herself? Was she so mercenary as to do this to keep a roof over her head without paying? Was she so deficient in self-esteem as to rent herself out as a mere commodity? It's hard to tell, and the two zines bring out these comparisons. I guess Ardis would be the only person to answer those questions, and she's gone. Perhaps Ted White's reminiscences were for the easy sex, and not necessarily all for the young lady now departed.

*[[Ted's loc following fills in a lot of this information...]]*

We all want to be seen as fannish in the eyes of others, and at one time in the fannish region I'm in, hard drinking was a strict fannish qualification. I don't even like beer, sorry folks, but I do like some cream liqueurs, some sheries and some hard apple ciders. However, those tipples are rarely if

ever served in a con suite, so most think I don't drink at all. I was seen to be quite against alcohol at one time, but I was mostly against its abuse through overindulgence. Fans here now have shaken that dependence, and drinking here is light to moderate. Also, you and Marty talk about low-cholesterol meat... one meat this is spreading about in various stores is ostrich. It's a red meat, but has no cholesterol at all. It is tasty, but doesn't have as intense a taste as say, beef.

Guy Lillian is the first person to ask for back issues? May I be the second? I'll happily take copies of the first three issues, if you have them available.

How much righteous hell have you received for the picture of the shapely derriere with "Tampax Inside" stamped on the panties? Yvonne smiled at it, so perhaps the shitstorm wasn't as bad as I might think.

*[[You will by now have seen TH#5, in which S Jeffery and P Di Filippo passed comment on this, positively. At least I think Steve's comments were positive...]]*

And now that you've been on Trufen a while, what do you think? I've been on it for eight or nine months now, and I have about 9,000 messages accumulated in a folder, many of which have been unread because there simply isn't enough time in my day to get through them all. As good as it is, I find it a little too much... I sampled rasff about a year ago, and recoiled... it's a ghetto for the unemployed fan to sharpen his claws on someone else. I guess I use Trufen as a means to chat with one or two folks, but also as a newswire, given that Memoryhole and SMOFS seem to have mostly dried up.

*[[As I write this comment (on 7/31 after I read your loc), the jury is still out on Trufen, although I could enigmatically remark that it's pretty much meeting my expectations...]]*

1706-24 Eva Rd, Etobicoke, ON, CANADA M9C 2B2

July 31

From [tedwhite@compusnet.com](mailto:tedwhite@compusnet.com)

**Ted White** writes:

You're too fast for me -- #5 is here as a goad to remind me to comment on #4, and I may never get back to #3 -- but I'm not

complaining. THIS HERE is highly enjoyable and its frequency is part of that mix.

Of course you've been waiting for my response to your take on my SQUIB piece on Ardis.

I was taken aback by Lilian's reaction ("I was mildly appalled when I read Ted White's epitaph for Ardis Waters...") but became convinced (in part by things she said at Corflu) that it was based on a fundamental misreading of not only what I'd written but of the situation itself. A way of looking at Ardis as somehow a victim of the situation, some sort of Feminist take.

*[[Yes, this was clearly the angle from which Lilian was approaching. I called it some kind of "post-feminist" position, whereas A Hlavaty (lastish) quotes Lilian's "marxist-feminist" as the take...]]*

But what am I to make of your "White is gloating; the article is prurient"?

I'd like to think this reaction in some way points up a British-American cultural dichotomy, but I fear it comes down to this: There are both cultural and personality aspects of Ardis, myself, and our brief time together, which I am unable to put properly into words. Those who were there at the time and those (like Alexis) who remember similar times, and \*most of all\* those who knew Ardis had no problem with the piece, liked it, and knew exactly what I was talking about. The shared context was already there.

*[[Indeed, I found Alexis' remarks most helpful in terms of establishing the "shared context" of which you speak...]]*

My failing is in being unable to convey that context to you or Lilian.

I'm sorry about that. But I'm not sure what I can do about it. Denial (as you well know) is meaningless. \*I\* don't think I was "gloating." But to you...?

*[[Conversely, we could argue that my failing might have been an inability to recognize this context, although perhaps "recognize" is the wrong word to use. In terms of time and place (NYC, sixties) the context is of course perfectly recognizable. What seems jarring, perhaps, is the*

*difference in the social attitudes, especially for someone who hadn't experienced them first hand...]]*

The early sixties were a time in which there was in this country and in my social milieu a lot of lifestyle experimentation. We wrestled with questions like "should I allow myself to feel jealousy?" (After trying to inhibit my feelings of jealousy I decided they served a useful purpose.) There were multiple living-together situations -- two of my male friends lived with a woman (you could say they "shared" her, but it would be more accurate to say that she was the Queen Bee upon whom they waited) -- and communal apartments. "Open" relationships were being experimented with a decade before they were in the public consciousness.

*[[I can make a useful comparison with London in the late seventies, also a time of social change, and certainly for me sexual freedom and experimentation...]]*

Ardis was very much a part of those times. Growing up in northern Illinois, she lost her virginity to the high school football hero and got pregnant, all in one near date-rape, after which the "hero" in classic fashion "lost respect" for her and moved on. I don't believe Ardis ever again allowed a man to have the upper hand with her, and she adamantly refused to allow any of her lovers to become father-figures to her son. I mentioned that she "was unused to living with a man whom she was not supporting;" Ardis did not care to be dependent on any man. Nonetheless, a fish out of water in NYC, she was more dependent on men during her few months there than she was used to or cared to be.

As for me, I was in my mid-twenties, only a few years older than Ardis. My first marriage had ended in 1962, and I'd lived with a woman and her three daughters for a year and a half subsequently. I was enormously insecure about myself when it came to women, and I really needed to have the kind of relationship I shared with Ardis - one in which I was \*not\* on an emotional roller coaster, was \*not\* left in the lurch,

and \*did\* have fun. It was brief and recreational.

And somewhere wrapped up in it was this funny story about "giving" Ardis to Dave Van Arnam. (And there was the powerful life-lesson I learned: that having sex with Ardis after our ardor had cooled was actually inferior to masturbation. I should have learned that as a teenager, but I was a late starter.)

I see the piece as, basically, a memoir. But people get what they want out of anything they read.

*[[I'll re-interpret the memoir here as basically a stand-alone anecdote which we might call the 'funny handover' story. I think the spirit in which it's written is (and always was) perfectly clear, and was intended to bring a smile to the faces of those who would have been familiar with the times and mores, whereas my reaction (and Lilian's) was initially one more of disquiet than of humor...]]*

Having read a bit further in THIS HERE #5, I encountered what you cite as the evidence of my "gloating": "[M]ost of [New York fandom's young men] yearned for the woman I was living with, whomever she might be."

You see that as the equivalent of bragging about my Big Dick. Well, lacking that Big Dick, it never occurred to me such a factual statement could be taken as gloating. (Terry Carr could as easily have made the same statement, amended by locale.) I was simply one of Very Few male fans my age who had a girlfriend or wife, and it was not a situation I enjoyed (in that context; I did enjoy my relationship with the woman), much less gloated over. It taints and perverts one's relationships with one's male friends, knowing as I did how palpably and unrealistically they envied me (and knew nothing of what was really occurring in my bedroom). It introduced unnecessary tensions.

*[[Once again, the context here is extremely useful. However, the tone of complaint here in your loc did not come across in the article, rather, I seemed to*

detect more of a wry world-weariness about it: "Oh Christ! The boys are drooling over my woman **again**...". I suspect this might reflect a difficulty with memoir pieces in general, in that to write something that most readers will comprehend in the intended spirit would require so much context or background that a prohibitive word count would ensue. I'm coming round to the idea that there's little point in me reading memoirs of times, places and people I did not know, since I must ask myself how likely I am to actually get something out of it. Your **Squib** piece clearly struck the intended chord with its intended audience, which equally clearly did not include Lilian or myself. I wonder what proportion of Victor's circulation might be considered a valid intended audience for a memoir of Ardis Waters, thus begging an analysis of his reasons for running it...]]

One friend kept asking my second wife to sit on his lap. She did not care to, but felt uncomfortable about antagonizing my friend. So I played the heavy and told him I did not allow her to sit on other men's laps. It fit my image, I suppose. I did it as a favor for my wife.

[[Thank you very much indeed for your comments - I was beginning to wonder how long this atypical silence would last! I've enjoyed the discussions over your piece a great deal, and hope other readers will have gotten something out of them, as I feel I certainly have...]]

July 31

From [twolansky@hotmail.com](mailto:twolansky@hotmail.com)

**Taras Wolansky** writes:

I'm a huge fan of Jack Vance's "Demon Princes" myself, especially the first three novels, written in the 1960s. Looking at his work as a whole, I get the impression that he went into some kind of depressed period in the early 1970s. Remember, it took him fifteen years to knock off the last two Demon Princes!

[[The 'Durdane' trilogy is still pretty much the only Vance I've read. I picked up a copy of 'Showboat World' many years ago

after I'd first read 'Durdane' but didn't get into it for some reason...]]

July 31

**Sheryl Birkhead** writes:

Sounds as if you've been busy - voluntarily or in-...

I'm not a music person - I enjoy music (of many types) as background, but I don't really "appreciate" it... a fact which a lot of people (fen or otherwise) don't seem to comprehend. I'm also not online, which puts me out of touch with yet another myriad of "topics" (etc.).

As you now obviously know, wasp stings are NASTY.

For Frohvet - I may be wrong (very possibly so) but I believe the last ish of *Banana Wings* was... the last ish - but consider this a nasty rumor until someone else agrees.

[[I hadn't heard the **BW** rumor until it was mentioned in the lastish of that fnz which I received (**BW#15**, listed in **This Here #4**). They've not shut up shop as far as I know, but no doubt I'll get it all from the horse's mouth (so to speak) when I see them in November. At the mention of "horse's mouth" M Cantor now breaks his wrist on the keyboard in a smartassery speed record...]]

As far as wrestling goes - uh... well, I find it to be more of a sport than boxing, but that's not saying much - unless we limit it to TV's theatrical wrestling productions. Totally different situation - NOT a sport.

[[Professional wrestling is self-described "sports entertainment". Boxing, I must disagree, **is** a sport. It used to be one of the finest of sports, though sadly, no longer...]]

Oops - I'm one of those looking to be a small SUV driver - want a seat a bit higher up, more room for supplies, and a better view at a nasty intersection. The house, "new" to me, has a slightly obstructed view of egress onto the main road. I've driven that road for many years and know I don't do the limit, so why should I expect others to... that's before I realized there was a small housing development back in there and that I'd actually be living there.



I'm cat sitting for the Lynches while they do a little vacationing and attend the final Rivercon - so I get to play with their computer while I'm over here. Well, on my list of things I need/want, a new computer has now been bumped down to next to last - so if at all, it'll be a while before I can afford one of the new Macs. My computer is almost ten years old - almost a dinosaur as computers go. Yeah - RSN.

I suspect your listing of fanzines rec'd will get substantially longer.

Thanks for TH#3.

25509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20882

*[[You have some catching up to do Sheryl, and not just with **This Here**, obviously! Glad to hear from you, and I presume you've settled in at your new domicile. You're quite right about the list of fnz - the first 'Fanzines Received' listing in **TH#3** contained six, **TH#4** had eight, **TH#5** eleven...]]*

*"July 2000"*

**Alan Sullivan** writes:

Hello, and thanks for *This Here* 2-4 (sounds like sporting odds, but I digress. Frequently). My (fairly) sincere apologies for the delay in getting back to you on this. Things have been. More I shall not say, although it is probably due to me being Crap (Waaaah!) (© Claire Brialey). First, though...

*[[Comments on TH#2...]]*

**Egotorial:** Well, I voted for Tobes, and so did quite a few others. He didn't win, admittedly, but as with the "Tobes for The Doc Weir" campaign (and the Fhannish Fhurore that resulted from it) it got people voting. This is the sort of thing that fandom needs - someone to shake up the "fhannish establishment" out of its complacency. At this rate, Tobes could end up with a block vote of his very own (Official Drunken Fuckwit Party?) and become fandom's answer to Screaming Lord Sutch. At the very least, he'd make things interesting. Especially for the complacent trufans...

*[[I can hear the sounds of knives sharpening across the land, and grizzled*

*mutterings of 'Who the fuck does Sullivan think he is...?'. At the usual risk of offending A Scott with scads of comment, here goes... I wasn't aware of the "Tobes for The Doc Weir" campaign, which if you ask me is a totally fucking daft idea. Variousy having been described as the "Good Egg of Fandom" award, for those who didn't know, the Doc Weir is voted on by members of the British Eastercon and is intended to recognize a person's contributions to "fandom as a whole", and in my opinion should reflect, shall we say, a "body of work", whether that be in fnz, conrunning or whatever. For this reason Tobes does not qualify (yet!). The Doc Weir has not always been taken seriously (and indeed, not awarded every year), but 90s winners such as Roger Robinson (1992), Bernie Evans (1995), Mark Plummer (1996) and ½r Cruttenden (1999) have in my opinion done much for its credibility. A list of all winners can be found at:*

*<http://www.newsgate.co.uk/uk/uk.people.sf-fans/msg00273.html>*

*Tobes as TAFF candidate is another matter. I was honored to stand as one of his nominators, and would happily do so again, for the simple reason that I believe Tobes would make an excellent delegate in the 'partying' tradition of European TAFF representatives, perhaps last embodied best by Pam Wells in 1991. You'll recall that Pam's reign was followed by the disastrous tenure of Abi Frost, and fandom (and TAFF) were lucky that in 1996 Martin Tudor was the perfect candidate to re-establish the bona fides of the fund, with a full trip report written in situ and a period of solid administration. M K Speller in 1998 represents what we might like to think of as the intellectual wing, and now we have the artist Sue Mason in 2000. For some reason I always have reservations about fan artists as delegates, since "scattering fillos", which is what Sue did and promises to do on her trip always seemed close to vote-buying, but I guess the same argument would apply to any prolific writer or letterhack. Perhaps she made it look too easy, and the green-*

*eyed monster is at play here again. I would fervently hope that Tobes agrees to stand again for the next East-to-West race. As such things go, it's arguable that it's time for a representative of what has charmingly been dubbed the "drunken fuckwit" constituency. As to "making things interesting ... for the complacent trufans", I think you do Tobes a disservice, but let's see what others have to say (next issue expected to contain 'Holier Than Thou' style lettercol?)...]]*

**The Jesus Fish Wars:** I like the idea of a Darwin fish. On a more philosophical note, I can't help thinking that one thing Christ and Darwin must have in common is the way their respective groups of supporters have taken their original works and twisted it to suit their own ends...

**Jail Guitar...:** Ouch. Nasty. They don't mess about, do they? Good luck with the treatment programme, and here's hoping for a sympathetic judge...

**Letters:** A pleasingly filled letter column. I may be in danger of committing covetousness...

**Indulge...:** Why not, indeed...

*[[Alan moves on to TH#3...]]*

**Egotorial:** Well, at least they didn't lock you up and throw away the key...

**I Did Not...:** Interesting stuff, although I very much doubt it felt like that at the time. All those different people, with a common intent, namely, getting yourselves sorted out. Best of luck - I'm already intrigued as to how it comes out...

**Tunes:** Ute Lemper. What a voice. She'll do, oh yes, indeed she will (and a fine figure of a woman to boot. Am I allowed to say stuff like that? Oh well, it's a bit late now)...

**The Enormous...:** Sounds like a pretty narrow escape, that. You were lucky the allergic reaction took as long as it did to set in - you were able to get to the ER and get treated. Some folk don't last that long, poor sods.

**Indulge...:** Oh yes, huge amounts of good stuff here, and no mistake...

*[[Moving on to TH#4...]]*

**Egotorial:** Sad to say, Fandom's lost a lot of good people lately. Even when you're not close to someone, or didn't know them personally, there's that "one of us is missing" feeling. When it's someone you knew, it can come as a real surprise to find just how many things remind you of them, as if they were fundamentally connected to each and every aspect of your life, albeit in the smallest and most obscure of ways. I've personally found this a mite uncomfortable, if not painful at first, but it has also come to be oddly and inexplicably (well, to me anyway) comforting. Gone, but not forgotten. "This too will pass" is an old, callous-sounding cliché, but in my experience (and much to my surprise) it seems to be true. We're a resilient lot, Humans...

**I Did Not...:** Either life is stranger than I thought, or life in rehab has far too much in common with day to day life in the "real" world. As for the victory of insincerity over integrity - well, they say bullshit is good for the roses...

**Indulge...:** Oh yes, even better than before...

Have some *Jirds*. I hope they don't breed on you (or anyone else, for that matter)...

*Address listed in "Fanzines Received"*

*August 1*

**E B Frohvet** writes:

Good wishes and good fortune on the upcoming wedding. Lots of this going around in fandom (Robert Lichtman just got married).

I am croggled to appear in your ecumen - no, wait a second, that's not the word I mean. What word do I mean? Ah, "colophon". Wonder what I had in mind with "ecumen"? Been too long since I've read Ursula K. LeGuin, perhaps.

As for the potential of "psychoanalyzing E. B. Frohvet", been there/done that. Don't waste your time or effort, the results will be far less interesting than you think. The title of my letter column is, again, a case where I think you a reading too much into an idle joke. By "Rheaders' Rhevenge" I meant no more than an opportunity for readers to have

their say, as a substantial portion of the remainder of the zine is written by me. (For the same reason, my editorial comments in the lettercol are minimized.) The fannish "H" was added as an impulse. The editorial plural is asserted by no less an authority than Harry Warner Jr. as common in fanzines of the 1940s, so think of it as reviving an old fannish tradition. I disavow being "curmudgeonly", but I can live with "gruff avuncular".

*[[Well, everyone has to be in denial about something, I suppose. Doth ye Frohvet protesteth overmuch?...]]*

The June 14 date on my previous loc was in fact correct. It was written in response to your #3, and since my own issue was going out July 1, I dropped it in the envelope. And then you flashed out with #4, followed rapidly by the current #5. It will be interesting to see how long you can maintain this schedule. I like it, the speedy interaction is uncommon for a paper zine; I just wonder if the cost will take its toll.

*[[As I mentioned lastish, {copy services stolen from beloved employer} should figure in the credits, so US postage & UK copying & postage (© M Tudor) are really my only costs. The frequency of issues is really quite accidental, although there is the semblance of a plan, dictated by other circumstances. This, for example, I expect to be reaching y'all early October, #7 maybe around Xmas or the New Year...]]*

Alas, I swore off Britney-bashing, and normally I'm a being of my word. However, she performed (perhaps "appeared" is a better word) locally at Meriwether Pavilion. The music reviewer for the local paper noted that she seemed to be gasping for breath during the announcements/comments, but showed no respiratory distress while hitting every note during the songs, from which he drew the obvious conclusion...

That's a pretty ghastly picture of Christina Aguilera, also, though the picture on p.19 lends new meaning to the word "ghastly".

The TAFF thing is getting old, but in brief, Lloyd Penney was told he was an

"unsuitable candidate", and on the research to date, there never has been a Canadian TAFF delegate, nor has any European TAFF envoy visited Canada, at least as part of his/her official trip. For further discussion, see my lettercol. After this I am dropping the subject unless someone has something new to say.

*[[I particularly noticed (and took objection to) Rodney Leighton's assertion in Twink's loccol that "TAFF is [...] controlled by a clique". 140 total votes for Sue Mason in this year's ballot is far too many to suggest a "clique" of any kind. The idea of Rodney's that TAFF is some kind of mutual fund for US and UK pals to visit each other presupposes the kind of organization that is laughable to anyone who's been in fandom more than ten minutes. I fail to see how nominations could be controlled, other than through the obviously cruel means of discouragement which were apparently used on Lloyd. As long as the candidate obtains the required five nominators (three from their own side of the pond, two from the other), I can find no basis by which a nomination could be refused - then it's up to the candidate and his or her nominators to publicize their own candidacy and solicit support. Rodney can piss and whine as much as he wants, but I'd be more impressed if he decided to do something about it, like run himself or nominate a Canadian candidate. You've indicated your willingness to stand as a nominator, Eeb, and I've publicly sided with you and do so again here. Now it's up to Candian fen to fucking **do something** about it...]]*

Seen on TV the other night (probably *Entertainment Tonight*): In high school, Sandra Bullock was voted "most likely to brighten up your day". I can believe it.

You know, you should send *This Here* to Rodney Leighton, he's interested in wrestling too.

*[[In view of that, and more importantly of my comments above, I have added R Leighton to the mailing list beginning TH#5...]]*

Alexis Gilliland speculates the success of the "Harry Potter" books will bring lots of people into reading SF/fantasy. I'd like to believe it, I really would, but it just doesn't seem probable to me. How many people have seen *The Wizard of Oz*, and how many of them became regular fantasy readers?

*[[An excellent point, and let's add both E.T. and Close Encounters of the Third Kind to that list...]]*

I see nothing objectionable about the Dalai Lama blessing Americans on the Fourth of July.

PS - I did once write an article psychoanalyzing Sgt. Bothari. Bujold said she "enjoyed it very much". But then, he's a far more interesting character than I am.

Stay tuned for developments on "curmudgeon".

4716 Dorsey Hall #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042

August 1

**Alexis A. Gilliland** writes:

Thank you for *This Here* #5, which arrived in Monday's mail, a frequent local fanzine with an impressive English presence in the lettercol thanks to the apt use of the internet. The concluding segment of your dealings with the Calvert County Treatment Facility was interesting, and somewhat supportive of their contention that you are in denial. The problem Maryland (and Virginia) has is an increasing public intolerance for drunk or otherwise incompetent driving. Bringing any person to a state of sobriety when he doesn't want to go is a hopeless undertaking, but. Lacking any better strategy, the state probably imagines that if they push you in that direction, you may ease up enough so that you'll drive better. The ad hoc solution is to make DWI/DUI sufficiently costly in time and money to discourage its repetition. In this case the threat of jail time may be more effective than its execution. Leaving aside your spirituality and exact degree of addiction to alcohol, are you now more inclined to sober driving? If so, the CCTF is doing what it is supposed to do.

*[[As I write this comment (on 8/8), I suspect I will be addressing some of these*

*issues, either in this's 'Egotorial' or in more 'Stirring Treatment Tales'. However, you make a bad choice of words (in my case) when you speak of "bringing a person to sobriety". Though it may surprise some people, in the normal course of events I am frequently sober - more often than not, in fact. How else could I hold down a job? The de facto purpose of the "treatment" given is to force abstinence...]]*

Drinking as part of a social milieu: Thirty years ago, the Washington SF Association used to go through two cases of a beer a meeting. Now the club is smaller, not to mention older, and beer consumption is down to two or three six-packs. (For further details about WSFA, contact the club's website at [www.wsfa.org](http://www.wsfa.org).)

*[[I'm on the meeting mailing list, but as I'm currently (in theory) a non-driver, this makes them difficult to get to. But if I did, I guarantee beer consumption will trend towards its earlier levels...]]*

In the mid 60s, the first Disclaves I attended served hard liquor, and the party ended before midnight, generating the phenomenon of Shade Fandom - last night's revelers sitting around the next day in sunglasses to hide their bloodshot eyes. Eventually, the con parties came to be fueled with a less toxic mixture of sugar, caffeine, and alcohol (presented as beer), cookies and soft drinks, and would run past four in the morning. Nicotine made a contribution too, though smoking has declined in fandom, much as it has in the general population. Unemptied ashtrays were a kind of metabolic poison, stinking up the joint and killing the party mood. Currently (or do I mean CONcurrently?) I rarely stay up after one in the morning, and three beers is about all I can handle. In the old days, when I was young and dinosaurs were friendly...

*[[As has been documented elsewhere, UK conventions seem much more awash with the demon drink. We usually start when the bar opens (10 or 11am) and toil steadily on through the wee wee hours. The main difference I've noticed for myself in later years is that I really need to make sure I eat*

*regularly when at a con - something which didn't used to be a necessity, but most assuredly is now...]]*

A comment hook is provided by Milt Stevens and his throwaway line about wasps, which went sailing past you. In his mainly Hispanic neighborhood, Milt himself is a WASP - a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant - so the insect wasps would, like birds of a feather, flock together.

*[[Yes, I totally missed that. Although I am of course familiar with the term, it's not embedded in my racial consciousness...]]*

For the record, we note that WASP was coined around 1890 by E. Digby Baltzell of Philadelphia, who was a chronicler of the Protestant Establishment which didn't lose control of the country until after WWII. Given that Anglo-Saxons are white, Baltzell's coinage seems clearly redundant. Probably the W was added to change ASP, a poisonous snake, to WASP, inspired perhaps by the use of "waspy" to describe a bad-tempered or spiteful person.

*[[Websters Collegiate gives a date of 1957 for the term WASP, however...]]*

Hedy Lamarr once said that glamour was easy: One just stood still and looked stupid, an argument which Britney Spears demonstrates beautifully. Is Christina Aguilera too thin? Yes. She looks like a Miss Buchenwald contender. What else? The child of "Somebody's mother" on p.19 will likely rebel by becoming a Young Republican and taking the oath of chastity.

*4030 8<sup>th</sup> Street South, Arlington, VA 22204*

*August 2*

From [martyhoohah@netzero.net](mailto:martyhoohah@netzero.net)

**Marty Cantor** writes:

*This Here #5 arrived today; and, contrary to my recent practice, I am going to loc it immediately. Hey, other people - I promise that I will get to your zines. Eventually. It is just that Nic's zines tend to grab me and force immediate locs. I think that Nic could make a small (well, very small) fortune training other faned's zines the requisite wrestling holds which elicit immediate locs from loccers.*

*[[It's always nice to get a reaction! I recommend Jeff Jarrett's face bar, Scott Steiner's 'Steiner Recliner' or Lance Storm's 'Canadian Maple Leaf' (basically a one-legged Boston Crab). Excellent submission holds all...]]*

As you printed in #5, I used to produce long loccols in my old zine, *HOLIER THAN THOU*. I wrote about 50 page loccols; in actuality, they often ranged in size from 35 to 50 pages. Appropriately, the name of the letter column was *The Loc Ness Monster*. All of the issues were copied on hand-cranked mimeo, with lots and lots of pasted-in illos. The first 12 issues were typed on a '50s model Smith Corona Portable typer; starting with #13, I switched to an IBM Selectric I. And "The Usual" expanded to include typeballs so that I could have more font variety.

Hey! Congratulations on the upcoming nuptials. I did that once, and I recommend the experience. Having been a bachelor for my first 47 years, getting married was definitely a different change of lifestyle.

*[[This is the third go around for me, second for the Blessed One...]]*

You say that your mind translates North America to mean anything north of the Rio Grande. Your mind needs new translating apparatus. The country of Mexico is in North America - Central America traditionally begins at the southern border of Mexico.

*[[The Blessed One's son (the boy Dan'l) agreed with you immediately. Summer school is evidently working...]]*

Milt Stevens writes about wasps moving in under eaves of his house almost every year. I assume that they later visited under the eaves of other houses. Or did they just move in when the sun was going down. Eaves, my dear sir, eaves.

*[[Mea culpa for that one - I missed it in the proofread, and since I'd already made a buncha copies before I caught it, I thought I might as well let it be to see what kind of smartassery might be generated. So surprised it was you (larf)...]]*

Well, a short loc on an even shorter (but enjoyed) zine. Thanks, Nic.

*[[Shorter? Not in terms of overall page count. I can only assume you refer to the bits which weren't locs...]]*

August 2

**Paul Di Filippo** writes:

I find myself with a little more leisure in which to respond to the hefty & fascinating TH#5.

But first, all congratulations on the upcoming nuptials! May the decades bring you & Bobbie treasures & pleasures aplenty!

Your dissection of the doublespeak & guilt-tripping illogic in your "Discharge Summary" revealed that your keen intelligence was undimmed by either alcohol or the subsequent brainwashing. Good work!

Thanks for the rundown on the Bloodhound Gang. I enjoyed "The Bad Touch" pretty well, but under the constraints of limited money & listening time, probably wouldn't sit down with the whole CD, so your take much valued. Listened yesterday to Caetano Veloso live CD & Jethro Tull rarities. Cognitive dissonance rules!

The "Britney vs Christina somatype" debate offers endless fascination to me. But I'd up the volume by nominating some real Earth-mother type rocker as an object of lust. Someone like, oh, I don't know - Maria Muldaur.

Many thanks to both you & Steve Jeffery for name-checking my 2 Cambrian novels. Can I possibly clone you guys as my loyal readership?

*[[As flattering as that suggestion is, I'll flatter right back by saying that a true & beautiful world the cloning would not be necessary. I merely made mention lastish of finally having read 'Ciphers', then went on to devote review space to Freda Warrington's excellent books. I must (and will) recommend 'Ciphers' to anyone who enjoys a wild ride through the chaos here at the edge of civilization. See A Hlavaty's loc below for the web address of Cambrian publications...]]*

Finally: I spent all too much time trying to decipher the sign in the photo on page 11, coming up with "Pleasure Tunnel". Of course reading Ned Brooks' loc cleared up the matter. But I still like the notion of an enigmatic "Pleasure Tunnel"!

*[[Ned adds a little more info in his loc of August 3...]]*

2 Poplar Street, Providence, RI 02906



August 2

**Gary Deindorfer** writes:

Apropos of nothing much, have you ever had a rock group you just can't stand? The radio just finished playing a song by the Violent Femmes. Listening to them for me is akin to hearing fingernails scrape on a blackboard.

*[[Apropos of that, I can't immediately think of a particular band that fits, although there are plenty of songs and albums I dislike or find annoying: Matchbox 20's single is awful, and so is the whole of the Harvey Danger CD except for the single 'Flagpole Sitta', which now annoys me when I hear it since it reminds me I blew 15 bucks on that fucking dire album. If there's one band in particular guaranteed to make me turn the radio down it may be Korn...]]*



But anyway, I have on hand *This Here* #3, 4 and 5 - always a fun read. I plan to comment on all three issues. First, #3...

It must be a big drag for you to have to follow all those goddamned rules associated with maintaining your sobriety. I see that you are rebelling to some extent. More power to you, and good luck.

Those are some real characters you have been thrown in with at the facility. I go to a day program in town for people with mental and emotional problems (which I have long had). Let me tell ya, there are some real characters there too. But I will allow that most of them, male and female, have good hearts, and a few of them have become friends. I don't look down on any of them; I'm in the same boat they are.

*[[Part of the theory of whatever they try to do at the CCTF involves the group dynamic and the creation of a de facto support system, which was largely the case while we were actually there. Since then, Brad & I have kept in touch, and as far as I know he's still not drinking. We went to his house for dinner a couple months back, and I took sodas to drink even though he'd said that I was more than welcome to bring beer (for myself). That, to me, would have been disrespectful. By the same token, when Brad visits my house, he knows there'll be beer there. But I don't offer him one. Brad's tried to touch bases with the other members of the group, but so far he & I seem to be the only ones who've kept contact. I did visit with Denise (as did Brad), since she had stayed at CCTF long term, but later I heard she was booted out for getting drunk. Now writing later, I can confirm that she's back in the facility with 2 months to go, and last time I saw her she was looking damn good...]]*

The story of the Wapst is harrowing.

I never liked the Doors, but I like Christina Aguilera, even if her legs aren't so hot. Don't like Britney, though.

Harry Andruschak is one of those self righteous reformed luses that I try to avoid.

Steve Stiles' cover for *Twink* #17 is an instant classic.

Years ago, I rec'd an issue of *FOSFAX* and asked them not to send me any more copies of their rag. A fucked up, reactionary pile of toilet paper.

#4...

The cute Joe Mayhew cartoon reminds me to say that it is sad he's gone. I never met him, but I always admired his great artistic talent. And he was a fine writer too, as typified by his fan history article in the new *Mimosa*.

I am a math dunce, so needless to say the Farey series is impenetrable to me.

Never liked No Doubt, but from what I have heard of Third Eye Blind on the radio, I think they're a pretty damned good group.

Ted White wasn't really gloating in his Ardis Waters piece. There was a group of young male fans who lusted after his women. I was one of them: first I lusted after his first wife, Sylvia; then, his live-in, Sandi Bethke, who subsequently became a good friend of mine. Now she lives in Seattle and goes under the name of Maia Nemzek - she's a brilliant woman.

I must do Christina a loc on *Head* #1. Like your zine, I found it to be entertaining and very witty. There is no doubt that Christina is one of fandom's finest writers.

*[[Agreed! I've always found her writing to have an enviable fluency. Makes up for the lack of conversation, of course (1,000<sup>th</sup> appearance of this old joke & counting)...]]*

Ten signs you have a hangover is mucho yocks.

#5...

Your masthead logo looks really nifty!

I thought of a keen name for a lettercol title: "Locs in Your Head". If anyone out there wants to use it, they're welcome to it.

I think of my correspondent E.B. Frohvet as a crusty, rugged individualist. He reminds me something of the late Buck Coulson in this regard.

It sounds like Big Brother is putting all kinds of confining labels on you. You are doing what I do when I am labelled; I push back. As for the TV show *Big Brother*, I never saw such a set of lame fuggheads in my life.

Booker T looks like a Bad Dude. I wouldn't mess with him myself - not less'n I wanted to get killed...

*[[Booker's an A-list babyface - he's only bad if you're in the ring with him. I was very pleased to see him lose the stupid "G.I. Bro" gimmick and his association with Misfits In Action. Apparently the schtick was his own idea, but just got laughed at by the fans. Now he's back as the Booker T of old, he gets huge pops from the crowd...]]*

Dark Cathedral sounds fascinating. I am glad to read that her publishers plan to make her books available in the US. As for me, I'm reading and rereading Shakespeare plays - I never tire of Big Willy. His insight into human nature is unparalleled, not to mention the beautiful, elevated language he puts into the mouths of his characters.

*[[Re: Freda's US publisher, I believe the initial release will be the first of her sequence of vampire novels: 'A Taste Of Blood Wine', which I will also highly recommend. Look for this some time in 2001...]]*

That's a hot pic of Ms. Aguilera.

Maybe Ted White's article did have a little quality of him bragging about another notch in his penis, at that. I know he's always made out better with the ladies than I have. I'm famously unlucky in love. I think I'm paying for something karmically.

Congrats on your upcoming wedding to Bobbie. I hope you will both be very happy.

Re the lady on the inside bcover: Hlavaty's girlfriend is cute, and a snazzy dresser. You might gather from this comment that I don't like Hlavaty. You would be right. I think he's a Jewish smartass.

Keep 'em coming.

*[[Er - don't mince words there Gary, what do you **really** think? ...]]*

*Address listed in 'Fanzines received'*

August 3

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

**Ned Brooks** writes:

Those people George Carlin wondered about who said that whatever you were hunting "would be the last place you

looked" were JOKING - at least originally. One woman didn't get it and wrote Ann Landers to note that her mother had always told her this and it had proved to be true, but she didn't understand why.

You did indeed find a photo from the 8-Ft Transonic Pressure Tunnel where I spent 30 years. It could supply moving air at 0.1 to 1.5 atmospheres and Mach 0.2-1.2 in a space about 7x7x7 feet - the photo has nothing for scale, but you could stand by that model without ducking unless you are very tall - the vertical clearance was about 85 inches.

The sign on the wall was a late development. It was just stuck up for photos. There had been a number of embarrassing wind-tunnel pictures published with incorrect identification. I forget the name of the model in the picture - it was not a model of anything, but very complicated basic research on high-subsonic drag reduction. It not only had tiny holes through which air could be removed from the flow adjacent to the surface, but could be heated or cooled locally.

I did download the Adobe Reader update and was able to look at Squib.

August 4

From [hlataty@panix.com](mailto:hlataty@panix.com)

**Arthur D. Hlavaty** writes:

From Silent Tristero's Empire (my lettercol title) is not densely incomprehensible, or at least not to Those Who Know. It's a reference to *The Crying of Lot 49*, and I've been using it as a lettercol title since 1977. (It is alleged that a more recent Conspiracy has picked up the image.)

*[[Incomprehensible to me when I first saw it, but no longer...]]*

I'm glad to hear that you have "intact defense mechanisms of denial, minimizing, intellectualizing, and rationalizing," as those are essential survival traits. I'm certainly happy to have mine. The trick is knowing what to point them at, which I would not be surprised if you know better than those who are diagnosing you.

Robert Lichtman seems a bit surprised at the thought of a Christian with a sense of

humor. I'm not, having lived with one for 18 years. Actually, I am convinced that there is nothing inherent in Christianity that makes it more likely to appeal to stupid or humorless people than any other worldview. But Christianity is the majority religion around here, so by definition it has to include a certain number of dullards. It's also the default creed, which means that it will get more unimaginative people. (I myself am not free from prejudgements. It's not too long ago that I met Orson Scott Card and found myself thinking, "My God! a Mormon with a sense of humor!")

There *are* atheists in foxholes AA. The higher power a 12-stepper surrenders to does not have to be supernatural. I've never gotten that bit about making a doorknob one's higher power; as far as I know, it may be nothing more than a joke. But agnostic/atheist AA groups encourage surrendering to the shared wisdom of the group. I guess you could say that political collectivists believe in (and surrender to) a higher power even if not in God, and while I've never heard of a Marxist alcoholic recovering by turning his will over to the Proletariat, there's no reason it couldn't happen.

*[[This may indeed be the case. However, there are **no** secular options available in my area that I know of...]]*



*Ingram MAC-10, mentioned in 'Boyz in the Hood' (see Tunes!) as a favored weapon, and shown here for no other reason than to be hoplophilic*

Alexis Gilliland: *Hoplophilic* is not my coinage. I believe I read it in an interview with L. Neil Smith, who said that there are

hoplophobes and hoplophiles, and he was proud to be one of the latter.

I love Gandhi replying to "What do you think of western civilization?" with "It would be a good idea." John McKay, when he was coaching the winless Tampa Bay Bucs in their first year, gave the same response when asked what he thought of his team's "execution."

Steve Jeffery may be clinically insane, but he's got good taste. Anybody who likes John Sladek and Paul Di Filippo is OK. But his mention sent me scurrying to Amazon (US and UK) in pursuit of *Joe's Liver*, and I found nothing.

*[[The novel can be ordered direct from Cambrian publications at:*

<http://www.cambrianpubs.com/DiFilippo/jl.htm>

*Enjoy!...]]*

August 8

From [gflynn@world.std.com](mailto:gflynn@world.std.com)

**George Flynn** writes:

"How do individual editors come up with their lettercol titles?" I guess I fall into the not very imaginative (or maybe "true and tested") class: When I was editing VOICE OF THE LOBSTER [1978-82, good grief, where does the time go?], the lettercol was simply "Voice of the Locster."

On the chances of the Japanese running against a British Worldcon bid: The Japanese have apparently contemplated the prospect and blinked; the word is that they're now going for 2007.

*[[What are the other prospects for that year, I wonder?...]]*

August 9

From [robertlichtman@yahoo.com](mailto:robertlichtman@yahoo.com)

**Robert Lichtman** writes:

Herewith comments on THIS HERE Nos. 4 and 5. Only two issues to work with this time -- I'm catching up!

No. 4: I never knew Joe Mayhew. He was never on my mailing list and I was only vaguely aware of his artwork in the pages of other fanzines. His artwork was good, but he wasn't one of my favorites. Maybe it was because other than his artwork he seemed to

have no presence (that I was aware of) in fanzines: no articles, no letters of comment. So I never had a sense of him as a person, just as an artist. I was about to initiate contact with him shortly before he died because Steve Stiles asked me if I'd solicit Joe to do the heading for an article he sent me for TRAP DOOR. Too late. It was quite disconcerting to learn that Joe died at 57, since that's my age (though I'll be 58 by the time you publish again).

In the context of having already read No. 5, it's a little harder to take you to task for your comments about Ted White's article on Ardis Waters. I tend to agree with Arthur Hlavaty in No. 5's letter column, who also didn't find Ted's account particularly prurient. The comment you focus on the most -- Ted's writing that most of New York fandom's young men tended to lust after whoever he was with (though if you read George Metzger in the latest TRAP DOOR you'll see it wasn't limited just to New Yorkers) -- I didn't take as gloating, just as a sort of normal state of affairs in a scene where one man has a woman in his life on a full-time basis and the others don't. I've been there myself, on both sides of the equation.

Also, as I mentioned in my letter of comment on GLOSS, I knew Ardis back then -- actually from when she first came to California with Andy Main at age 18, well before she went to New York with Ted -- and so I knew before Ted wrote about it that she had a fairly casual take on sexual matters. But then I knew her in other ways, too (no, I never slept with her -- she wasn't my type): as Andy Main's girlfriend and one of three sisters (I knew all of them, too, and their husbands and boyfriends), as a contributor to fanzines (a decent writer), as a member of the local social scene.

I feel this gave me a viewpoint on Ardis that went beyond what Ted wrote but sort of melded with it, and softened what he wrote for me -- but if all one knows of Ardis reading Ted's article is what he wrote about her, however full of "warmth and genuine affection," one is going to come away,

probably, with different conclusions. As you did, as Lilian did.

*[[That's extremely perceptive of you, and I feel concisely sums up my conclusions based on Ted's loc (qv)...]]*

Moving to No. 5 and your discussion of lettercol titles, as you'll have noticed by now the one I used in TRAP DOOR is a reference to the old prozine lettercol: "The Ether Still Vibrates." I didn't come to it in a sudden flash when I launched the fanzine back in 1983; in fact, I didn't begin using it until the sixth issue. Before that, the lettercol was called "The Letter Column" in generic fashion. As for the use of the fannish "H," although I'm from the generation in which it was extensively employed, I tend to reserve it for "Ghod" these days.

Congratulations on your and Bobbie's impending wedding.

In Part 3 of your DUI adventures, I agree with you and the people you cite that the one-size-fits-all approach to treating "alcoholism" isn't a good one.

My son, of whom I wrote previously, also found much of the stuff he was subjected to rather unhelpful. (By the way, I was stunned to read the 0.16 figure in my letter for his blood alcohol level. That was a typo or maybe a brain fart on my part; the actual figure was 0.12.)

*[[0.12 is very low, though of course the effect on the individual depends on other factors (such as sex, weight), but it's unlikely he would have been highly impaired...]]*

The pictures of Britney and Christina you print in the lettercol are good illustrations of my comments in this issue that Britney is still carrying baby fat.

As for their respective facial expressions in these photos, Britney looks vacant/dim while Christina reminds me of Alfred E. Neuman: "What, Me Worry?"

Your comment to Milt Stevens about how you "fail to see the connection between wasps and Hispanics, or am I just being dense?" -- the quick answer is yes. Milt is making a joke about the acronymic nature of wasp (equals White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) and how they wouldn't feel

welcome in an Hispanic neighborhood. I hope I'm not the only one to point this out to you.

*[[As you'll by now have read, you are not! By the time I'd read your comment, I'd also realized that Milt (and y'all) perhaps assumed that I knew he was a WASP, which I didn't...]]*

I disagree with Arthur Hlavaty that we've "been living in the post-musical era for about 30 years." I agree with Tim Leary that, at least to some extent, some people's musical preferences are set by what they were listening to in adolescence -- that's certainly true for me, to a degree (that is, I enjoy that music, but I also like lots of other music I didn't know as an adolescent) -- but I don't think that we've gone "post-musical." I simply stopped paying attention to most of who was recording what a long time ago and I don't go out and buy much recorded music. When I hear new stuff on the radio, I enjoy some of it but I have no idea (unless it's announced) who's doing the performing. I'm okay with this.

August 10

From [steve@bgdirect.co.uk](mailto:steve@bgdirect.co.uk)

**Steve Green** writes:

Several summers back, our (now departed) neighbour discovered wasps emanating from the roof space above our kitchen extensions. Rather than tell us, he decided to block the hole off - and redirected the swarm back into our house in search of an escape route. Nice guy.

Yes, an air of innocence (ref your comment on Ardis Waters) can indeed be rather compelling, hence my slavish devotion to *Buffy* star Alyson Hannigan. As for the episode last night featuring her evil doppelganger, in thigh-length boots and leather bodice... Er, I seem to have a pressing engagement elsewhere. (Have fun at the wedding!)

August 12

From [welch@msoe.edu](mailto:welch@msoe.edu)

**Henry L Welch** writes:

I'm not certain that you answered my questions about AA, but your response was

informative, especially the bit about the success rate.

My ex-step father was an alcoholic and while he stayed clean most of the time he did develop quite a temper when he had been drinking. Mostly we tried to ignore it, but ...

My senior year in high school I attended a version of an Al-Anon support group at a local hospital for a while. I don't think it did all that much for me since I'd already worked out most of the issues by approaching them with logic and not with emotion. When the topics became repetitive I stopped going and have been just fine since.

I drink on occasion (certainly not at the level I did 10-15 years ago) and mostly as a social activity. I agree with Monty Python that American beer is like making love in a canoe. F\*cking close to water. Thus I tend to drink craft or import beer, wine on occasion, but my real interest is single malt scotch. A fine quality scotch with a decent age is more than worth the price. Since the point is to sip and not guzzle it, drunkenness is not usually a problem. (Besides most hangovers can be mitigated by drinking a glass of water and taking a B vitamin prior to sleeping it off.)

*[[I don't personally have the taste for Scotch, although I used to drink it many, many years ago. I do, however, agree with you about sipping rather than guzzling. I'll often have a Jim Beam (preferably Rye, but otherwise Black label) with my beer, and I drink it straight up. While some around me are doing shots, and kindly inviting me to share the experience, I have a tried and true comeback: "That stuff must be fucking nasty if you have to throw it down your neck that fast", at which I indicate my own shot glass and add: "If it ain't worth sippin', it ain't worth drinkin'" ...]]*

From the three issues of This Here... that I've seen it does not necessarily appear that you are an alcoholic. You've certainly shown some poor judgment by drinking and driving, but I don't know you well enough to say that you have a real drinking problem.

It sounds like Ned Brooks' problems with PDF and graphics are typical. Adobe Acrobat is a bit strange when it loads graphics in a PDF file. It will render them to fit the window size on the computer so that if the window is small it will "shrink" the art as expected. When it does this it blurs details. The usual solution is to zoom in on the desired area (which should add the detail if it was in the original) or simply printing. I battle this a lot when I cut and paste from PDF data sheets into my PowerPoint lectures.

By zooming the Acrobat window I get all the detail I need.

Until next issue...

August 18

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

**Chris Murphy** writes:

Aaargh! Three editions of *This Here* before I've had a chance to respond! What are you trying to do, set some kind of fannish record for output?

The account of your time in rehab made interesting reading, if only because I once had a partner who went (unsuccessfully) through a similar process. Your experience seems to have ended in anticlimax. They might as well have given you a note that said, 'You have a drinking problem. Deal with it,' but they could have suggested a few options besides the AA. There must be a program somewhere that isn't religious, based on a rigid methodology or ineffective.

*[[There are several, but not around here. The point is that more recent theories favor the idea that the issue is behavioral, rejecting the "disease model". As I've pointed out before, the only "treatment" being offered is abstinence...]]*

I'll pass on saying anything about 'Tunes' or 'Rasslin', due to my 'unenlightened' state as regards both, except to note that Goldberg at least looks like a wrestler and not the villain in a comic book. (All I could see, if I wanted to watch American wrestling, would be British terrestrial television's brief coverage. I'm told it's heavily edited, so I probably wouldn't get much of an idea about what's going on anyway.)

I don't understand Microsoft's ideas about grammar either (issue #3). Apparently if you set the language to US English in Word 97 and type 'I'd like to kick Bill Gates' into the thesaurus, it responds with, 'I'll drink to that.' I like the quotation about life on the back of issue #4. Where *\*is\** it from?

*[[Frohvvet opined that it sounded like Zappa, but I neglected to mention at the time that it's actually Limp Bizkit, from 'Take A Look Around' (M:I-2 theme)...]]*

Hmm, issue #5 appears to be decorated with gratuitous pictures of scantily clad young blondes. Wrenching myself out of shameless Homer Simpson mode ('Blondes good') I go on to read the LoCs. Like Anders I approve of your extended comments on the letters.

Several of your correspondents mention the Harry Potter books, which are currently under attack here from the 'witchcraft is real' brigade of Christian fundamentalists. These are the people I mentioned in my previous LoC, who think that *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* is OK but regard any other fiction about people in pointy hats as satanic. It's enough to make you take the AA guy you quote at his word and worship your doorknob...

*[[Yes, and I bet they'd just love 'Dark Cathedral' and 'Pagan Moon'...]]*

August 22

From [penneys@attcanada.ca](mailto:penneys@attcanada.ca)

**Lloyd Penney** (again) writes:

Fighting alcoholism is a hard fight, and one that I don't think is ever won. However, you can gain the upper hand, and hold that advantage. Harry Andruschak has fought a good battle. There are several kinds of alcoholic beverages I do enjoy. However, I really don't drink in the sense that I don't do it very often. I am not a smoker, either. My reasons? I saw what alcohol and tobacco could do to others, and I never could afford those kinds of habits. So, I never got started. As time went on, I found I liked sweet sherry, hard apple cider, and various liqueurs, none of which are served at



Canadian or American cons. I have been drunk, but never liked the sensation.

Your stories of treatment sound like state control. We know what's best for you, Mr. Farey, and you WILL comply. Otherwise, it's off to the SoyLent Green plant with you... The government in the province of Ontario operates in much the same fashion. It's not so much what the government can do for the people here, but TO the people.

I have little use for Britney Spears, but one story I did read gave me a laugh...the reason her name is spelled the way it is because her parents couldn't spell Brittany. Perhaps she comes by that look of bovine stupidity honestly.

You and Alexis Gilliland are correct...no matter the criticism of the Harry Potter books, anything that gets kids reading, and thinking that reading is cool, has to be a good thing for the kids, the publishers and the creators of SF&F, young adult and otherwise. If it brings new faces into fandom, I'd say that's a very good thing. Fandom would change, but at least, it would still exist. If thousands of kids could rediscover what we enjoyed in our own neo days, Sensawunda could live again. I may never read the Harry Potter books, but there may be future generations that may say the name Rowling the same way we would say Heinlein, and perhaps generate their own fannish adventures.

*[[I'm not at all convinced that Rowling can or even should be compared to Heinlein in this way, although I confess I'm just going by reputation here, not having actually read any of the Potter books. Dave Barry's deconstruction of them in a recent column suggested how 'orrible they might actually be, and of course let's not forget that the forces of medievalism are still trying hard to suppress witchcraft...]]*

The Japanese Worldcon bid is a go, with the target year of 2007. I think there is an Australian bid for that same year. Could a fannish Battle of the Pacific ensue? Time will tell, and the Japanese and Australians should be in Chicago to start the fight.

That picture on page 19...\*shiver\* such is the stuff of nightmares. The only place to find such pictures must be the Internet. One word tattooed on her is full true...fugly.

And, that's all for now. This letter arrives just a few days before your wedding day, so both Yvonne and I wish you a happy wedding and blessed marriage. Getting married is never a mistake as long as the person you take fills the gap in your life. Yvonne and I had our 17th wedding anniversary in May, and there's never been a regret. Good on yer, and enjoy. See you with the next issue.

*Address listed previously*

*September 7*

**Harry Warner, Jr.** writes:

I'm very sorry I'm so late responding to the past \* t h r e e \*, count them, \*3\* issues of This Here. It has been a summer that didn't produce many locs from Hagerstown. Illness, mundane problems, the high humidity that made moderate temperatures seem tropical, and some other stuff limited me to the short locs that the smallest fanzines inspire. I'll try to say a few things about issues three through five, allowing myself the convenience of packing everything about each issue into one long paragraph.

But first, I assume the wedding has happened by now and I want to wish you and your wife all the happiness in the world through the long future. And I also want to tell you that you've been very brave committing to print the problems you have been having with the law. I can't remember having read in any previous fanzine such an extended and informative account of the miseries that the probationary process can involve. Maybe the very act of making them public throughout fandom will have a good effect on your effort to survive the red tape and less-than-inspired individuals whom you've been confronting.

*[[Um... that seems a little over-effusive, but nevertheless I thank you for those words...]]*

In your third issue, I felt a personal interest in your narrative of how you and the

wasp got acquainted. Somehow, I had escaped any sort of insect sting (unless I suffered one when I was too young to remember it) until just about five years ago. This had always worried me somewhat because I had a cousin who was allergic to such invasions of her privacy and I wondered if I had also inherited the physical problem and might find myself in a real mess if I should be stung while asleep, for instance, alone in the house. Then came the day when a wasp launched his missile at me in a local restaurant and I was relieved because I thought someone who noticed a bad reaction could get me help, so I dragged out the meal longer than usual. I got a somewhat larger bump on my skin than most people experience but no other bad effects. All I need worry about now is allergy to bee stings or hornet attacks.

*[[As I mentioned back in the story of the Enormous Great Big Wapst, a serious allergic reaction like I had will occur quite quickly if it's going to happen. Having other susceptible members of the family is not necessarily a good indicator of whether you'll be at risk - I was never allergic to wasp or bee stings when younger, but I learned that as we age and our metabolism changes, allergic factors can be acquired. Having no reaction to a sting five years ago, for example, doesn't mean that you couldn't get a bad reaction to one today...]]*

Since you seem to have received no recent locs from Harry Andruschak, I might point out that you and he have one thing in common: dislike of the AA's references to God. Harry is an atheist and has written about this matter on several occasions. I may be remembering incorrectly, but I believe he eventually found a chapter or two that doesn't ask for divine intervention. As for the antonym of "gentle reader", it should be obvious: "Joseph Nicholas". On the last page, I was surprised to find this baby giving itself the finger. It shouldn't have lost its self-esteem at such an early age.

*[[I didn't know Andruschak was an atheist - it'll be interesting to see if he comments upon my remarks on atheism and*

*AA. I believe he's either on his travels again or undergoing more surgery right now, which would be a reason he hasn't loded lately...]]*

Your fourth issue finds you and me with another common problem, transportation. One of the things that distracted me in recent weeks is the fact that my 15-year-old auto has engine problems. A mechanic estimated a bill of at least \$1,500 for repairs and advised me to look for another car because of other potential problems with this one. So I've been trying to decide if I can survive without owning an auto. Bus service within Hagerstown doesn't cover many parts of town, and buses on most routes run only once an hour or even less frequently. There is no public transportation to most nearby cities. I'm no longer able to walk more than a mile without getting dangerously wobbly and weak and there are next to no stores, supermarkets, drug stores or any other essentials less than a mile from the house. I can afford to buy a medium-priced used car but I keep thinking I might waste the money if I suffered a stroke or some other physical problem after I'd owned it only a few months, or if I had a minor accident soon after purchase. I have a perfect driving record without accidents or tickets for more than four decades, but anyone my age who isn't even at fault in an accident will be put under intense pressure to stop driving by police and lawyers and insurance companies. I don't know what I'm going to do.

*[[It would be nice if the county and the state took some of the money they spend in backhanders and whatever else to places like the CCTF and put it to better use by improving public transportation. As you say, if you're involved in any kind of accident and the nice policeman thinks you should have stayed at home with your slippers on, you can look forward to getting pulled over on any pretext every other time you get behind the wheel. Calvert County until very recently had one taxi (that's one vehicle, not one taxi company) which was based north of Solomon's Island. However, we do now have*

*the SmartRide service, which probably also operates in your area and may be worth looking into if decide not to get a car...]]*

I'm certainly not going to attend any worldcon even if it's held in Japan. There are a couple of potential problems with such an event that haven't been publicized much as yet. Everything is extremely expensive in the big cities of Japan and this would be hard on North American and United Kingdom fans who would already face the high transportation bill. And I don't believe many Japanese fans have ability to converse in English, although they may be good at reading the English language.

*[[You don't need to go to Japan to find fans who have difficulty conversing in English. Christina Lake, for example...]]*

A passage in your fifth issue contains the first reference to drowning kittens I've seen in a long while. The last time, I think it was in a reminiscence by Mark Twain, who said that his mother was so tender-hearted that she always heated the water to a comfortable temperature so the kittens wouldn't suffer a chill as their last experience in life. There's more about wasps in this issue, which reminds me I should have described my carpenter bees. I'd never heard of them until they began to appear in early April, buzzing around my front porch, sniffing all the wooden posts and railings, and leaving in mid-May after depositing little piles of sawdust at certain spots under the railings. AN exterminator told me that's where they bored razor-straight little holes and deposited their eggs. It has been unnerving for those six weeks to have these larger-than-honey-bees insects flying around me every time I leave or enter the house. But they never attack or even land on my body. Apparently they don't swarm and don't have hives. I've never heard anyone else in Hagerstown talk about carpenter bees so I may have the only ones in the city.

*[[We have them also, and you're correct, they don't attack or swarm. I get a bit panicky with any kind of flying insect these days, but the carpenter bees always seem to be slow and docile. You can actually whack*

*them out of the air with, say, a baseball bat and watch 'em go...]]*

Again, apologies. If it'll make you feel any better, the last loc I wrote before this one commented on the past four issues of the addressee's fanzine, and the loc before that covered the past six rather fat issues of another. Maybe I'll get down to the two un-commented-on fanzines before Christmas.

*423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740*

## **WAHF**

**Lilian Edwards** (July 28): "Hah! You only want me to get off my arse so you can get a better look at it", to which I reply: "Again?!"; **Amanda Baker** (August 6): "Too jet-lagged to loc at the moment", and she is another person kind enough to ask for both a back issue, as well as the definition of a mediant in the context of the Farey series; **Rodney Leighton** (August 31) promising "a real loc at some point", correctly blaming E.B. Frohvet for adding him to *This Here's* mailing list, and, amazingly: "Just to show my ignorance... who might Sandra Bullock be?" Any excuse for another womanly pic, sez we...



*From the movie "The Thing Called Love"*

## **Fanzines Received**

*[[Probably wise of me to note that all the following were received in trade. I guess "the usual" is implied, unless otherwise noted...]]*

**Trap Door #20** (Robert Lichtman, PO Box 30, Glen Ellen CA 95442)

"Edgy" is hardly a word you'd use to describe *Trap Door*, which is just as well because it has no intentions of being such. Robert enters the injured fan stakes, quite harrowingly, but still finds time to fill the ish with solid, dependable, entertaining material. Highly suitable for reading by the fire with a glass of fine port, but you shouldn't wait that long if the weather's not chilly enough yet. More deserving of a rocket than some of this year's nominees, sez I.

**Steam Engine Time #1** (Bruce Gillespie, 59 Keele Street, Collingwood, VIC 3066, Australia; Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouthe Road, Folkestone, Kent CT19 5AZ, UK)

Jointly edited by Gillespie, Speller and Paul Kincaid, it's probably bloody typical that they'd want to go some distance better than those silly transatlantic co-editors. If you've been griping about the absence of a sercon sf-centric critical fanzine, gripe no more. It's here.

**New Kind of Neighborhood** (Ylva Spångberg, Disponentg 3, S-112 62 Stockholm, SWEDEN; Lennart Uhlin, Högsätrav 22, 5 tr, S-181 58 Lidingö, SWEDEN)

Jim Trash wrote a thorough and most appreciative review of this on trufen, and having now read the zine myself, I have to agree with him. This has to be some of the funniest writing I've read in a long, long time, and rather than fail to do it justice by a wan description, I urge you to beg, borrow or steal a copy.

**Ansible #157, #158** (David Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berks RG1 5AU, UK)

I note that I haven't been mentioned in over 50 issues of *Ansible*, which is probably a Good Thing. "The usual" is another Fanwriter Hugo.

**The Mongolian Jird** (Alan J Sullivan, 26 Thornford Road, Lewisham, London SE13 6SG, UK)

Several unnumbered copies detailing the comings & goings of certain ZZ9ers, Croydonites and the like. Alan writes well, but unless you know who he's talking about (I do) it could be a bit meaningless.

**Vanamonde #363-#372** (John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057)

APA-L mailings. Highly suitable for starting the fire, if you believe C Lake.

**Balderdash #3** (Gary Deindorfer, Trent Center West, 465 Greenwood Ave., #1104, Trenton, NJ 08609-2131)

FAPA mailing, and actually - er - quite strange.

**Corflatch Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones** (Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas NV 89107)

Received as a mass e-mailing in .pdf format, which mightily pissed off one A Carol. (Actually mine glitched somewhere at the sending end, so I got an individually e-mailed file.) I suggest emailing [Crossfire@aol.com](mailto:Crossfire@aol.com) to ask for a copy. As the title suggests, this is Arnie's account of Corflu, with a mere nod to Potlatch, and very - er - interesting it is

too. Not having been there, I cannot vouch for the veracity of some of this (especially the side trips into the Katz mindset), but knowing most of the culprits meant I got a lot out of it. Includes "Corflu Apocrypha" which is not intended entirely seriously. Imagine that! Recommended.

**Connection #2** (Simon Ounsley, 47 Birkdale Drive, Leeds LS17 7RU, UK)

More full chicken richness from the Tiresias of Leeds, this time including a dead cat, a Sladek memoir, honeymoon tales, Gary Glitter and other fetishes. Front & bacovers appear to be a cruel trick by D West, sending unfunny stuff to a blind man like that...

**Fosfax #200** (FOSFA, PO Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281)

It took me a moment to realize exactly what Teddy Harvia's stunning (and very rude) cover actually was. It's a kind of shame that most of the people I know who are totally pissed off with ed. T Lane (and therefore decline to receive the zine) would probably have appreciated it. Apart from that, it's more of the same (and if you don't know by now, ask them for a copy, sending \$3), with the obvious highlight being J T Major's continuing analysis of Heinlein.

**Opuntia, various issues up to #46.1** (Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2E7)

I remember receiving some *Opuntiae* in trade for *Arrows of Desire* 100 years or so ago, and it's quite reassuring to find that it's still around and still unchanged. I prefer the (whole-numbered) sercon issues as a rule, but all are worthy and pretty much guaranteed to contain something of interest.

**Barmaid #9** (Yvonne Rowse, Evergreen, Halls Farm Lane, Trimpey, Worcs DY12 1NP, UK)

Very belated (as Yvonne notes with an "Oops - sorry" on the mailing label), this was completed back in February. The Nova winner is worth waiting for, however, and contains a guaranteed fanzine seal of success (see *This Here* #2) of not only mentioning Anders Holmström but also providing a picture of the crazed Swede himself in an informal arrangement with Ms Rowse. Either Yvonne's writing is getting even better, or possibly I'm more into it - either way, this is a treat, even if I had to wait *six fucking months* to get it. Don't make me come over there. (By the way, an amusing cover by D West - his only one this year?)

**Nonstop Fun Is Hard On The Heart! #2** (dwain Kaiser, 645 E. Base Line Road, Claremont, CA 91711)

The telling portion has to be the editorial, in which dwain lays the blame for this zine squarely at the feet of the Lynch mob and *Mimosa*, which he apparently regards with feelings little short of outright worship. "I see *Mimosa* as a Nova in the sky.", he says. "*Nonstop* is a sort of minor asteroid [...] but a body big enough, hopefully, to be of interest..." I've stated earlier that I often have trouble getting into fanhistory when it's about people I don't know. If that is the rule, *Nonstop* is the exception to it, especially the tale

of the Great LA Spaghetti War. Given his awed reverence, how will dK reconcile the fact that I prefer his zine to *Mimosa* by a street or two? (Answer: probably by not giving a shit about my opinion.)

**Jackpot! #1** (Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107)

Who's been a bizzy bizzy boy then eh? Arnie bangs out another title, which is bad news for those who he tends to piss off, or maybe not. *Jackpot!* Is tagged as a replacement for *Xtreme*, and, Arnie explains, is a sort of foray into a zine he can send out as a pdf file (except, presumably, to Avedon). His opening remarks take off at speed and don't hit the brakes until page 7. What follows is a boyhood card collecting memory (entertaining), a plea to Richard Lynch to accept fanzines electronically (hmmm) and a tribute to humorist Jean Shepherd. All good stuff, but what's all this tosh about "super-confrontational British fans - arrogant, hostile and, of course, unemployed"? Who can he mean? Not me, I've got a fucking good job, you asshole. The suggested Britfanzine title *Urine-Soaked Knickers* may be a keeper, though.

**Wrestling Perspective Vol XI Issue 85** (\$1.75 from 3011 Hwy 30 West, Suite 101-197, Huntsville, TX 77340)

Kindly passed on by Rodney Leighton, this issue is not dated, but since it contains interviews done with many of the rasslers at this year's Brian Pillman Memorial Show, I assume it was issued around June. The various interviews (some rather short) are generally interesting and well done.

**The Knarley Knews #83** (Henry & Letha Welch, 1525 16<sup>th</sup> Ave., Grafton, WI 53024-2017)

Brazilian travelogue from Sue Welch, reviews from Charlotte Proctor, and a sort of "Con Publications for Dummies" by Frohvet, which made me wonder that he and Knarley obviously think that there are people who needed to know this stuff. Not that it isn't useful, but it's very basic level. There's also an astonishing attack on the online discussion group Trufen by Gene Stewart, based on his three days as a member, which leads into a gripe on incivility in general. The usual loccers also appear.

### Indulge Me...

§

Don't you think that reality is sometimes overrated? And so is realty. Really.

§

I just masturbated all the way here from California, and boy! are my arms tired...

§

They say that if you want to criticize somebody, you should first walk a mile in their shoes. This seems like a good idea, because then, when you *do* criticize them,

not only are you a mile away, but you also have their shoes.

§

"I like to sit on the porch of my house in Austin, open a beer, listen to great blues music and watch my dogs swim in the lake." (Sandra Bullock)

§

I've been told that during the first year of marriage, you fuck watching TV. For the next five years or so it's fuck, then watch TV. After that, you just watch the fucking TV.

§

We *really* need a new mattress (like we could afford one right now), but I'm absolutely not looking forward to the purchasing experience, since I'll want one more like the floor, while the Blessed One will be looking for something more like a marshmallow.



§

I read a piece in the newspaper the other week about the difficulties local amateur astronomers are having with the "light pollution" in the increasingly built-up parts of the state. This made me feel rather lucky on the last couple mornings as I walked around to my neighbor's house to catch my morning ride at about 5:15am, and was able to look up and see a clear sky full of stars.

§

There you are, then.

## **Miranda**

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

Published in the UK by:

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(Oi Berry - does that make me eligible for the Nova ballot or *what?*)

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Distributor/publishers for other countries are invited to apply. (Are you *listening*, Bruce?)

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Issues also appear (in a slightly different format) on the web at:

<http://www.megspace.com/arts/thishere>

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*This Here* may be distributed freely, unless you can find someone dumb enough to actually pay for it, in which case our cut is "a drink".

*"Space may be the final frontier, but it's made in a Hollywood basement..."*

**THIS HERE...**

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