

# This Here...

"To be safe, I'm not going to rub your zine in my hair" (A Hlavaty)



*Inconveniences of a Crowded Drawing Room* — 2017 2007 © 2008 by the author of this zine

*The WSFA Meeting gets under way, but where is Alexis...?*

## **ISSUE #7, December 2000**

### **EGOTORIAL**

Well, bugger me sideways, I nearly won a Nova! For those who didn't see the voting results...

#### **Fanzine:**

1. *Plokta*, ed. The Cabal 66 points
2. *Tortoise* ed. Sue Jones 38 points
3. *This Here...* ed. Nic Farey 35 points

#### **Fan Artist:**

1. Sue Mason 80 points
2. Steve Jeffery 74 points
3. D West 58 points

#### **Fan Writer:**

1. Yvonne Rowse 29 points
- =2. Nic Farey 29 points
- =2. Mark Plummer 29 points
- =4. Sandra Bond 27 points
- =4. Claire Brialey 27 points

6. Maureen Kincaid Speller 26 points
7. Christina Lake 25 points
8. Alison Freebairn 23 points
9. Simon Ounsley 22 points
10. Lilian Edwards 21 points

I reproduce the top ten in the fan writer category so you can see how close the competition was, with less than ten points separating these worthies. Rather than explain the voting rules and points system in detail, those interested can find them at [www.cooky.demon.co.uk/n30/novarule.html](http://www.cooky.demon.co.uk/n30/novarule.html) but suffice to say that Yvonne snuck it by virtue of four first-place votes to the three each gotten by the Sainted One and m'self. (And if I hadn't voted for him I'd have *beaten* the bastard.) Of course, if I'd persuaded the Blessed Bobbie to fill out a voting slip, I would have (probably) won it, but as she points out, she doesn't actually

meet the requirement of having read five different fanzines - aren't we honorable?

Although voter turnout was substantially down on previous years (44 total ballots cast, I think), it's still a goodly helping of egoboo to be up there, especially in the company of many of those whom I admire and respect. I'd like to thank my mother, my agent, Steven Spielberg etc. etc...

Mentioning my mother, she's sadly back in hospital again after another fall in which she re-fractured her previously injured hip. She'd fallen outside the house back in the summer of 1999, and ended up spending about three months in hospital until they deemed it was OK for her to go home. She's been getting about with a walking frame ever since, but not leaving the house. On this occasion she'd been getting ready for bed at her usual time, but slipped coming out of (or going into) the downstairs bathroom. Luckily, the next door neighbor noticed that the lights were on past their usual time, came over to check on her and immediately called the ambulance when she saw what had happened. I finally got to speak to mum a couple weeks ago (after having been kept posted by various relatives that all was basically going OK), and she sounded fine, so we figured she should be out in a shorter time than on her previous incident. When I phoned on Christmas Eve, however, she was in a state of confusion and making much less sense, although curiously she was able to tell me the exact day when she'd "gone funny". I'm waiting to be able to get a hold of one of the more sympathetic members of the ward staff who'll actually tell me what's going on. Absent any other explanation, we're thinking it's wacky meds of some kind, since her actual voice was as strong as usual.

Her fall this time happened the day after we left the UK from our family / Novacon visit. This was doubly upsetting in a way, because my son Tommy had been brought over by his grandparents, and we had a "family day" at the house with a bunch of cousins I don't usually get to see (through lack of time) and the wean. Mum was happy verging on ecstatic (she hadn't seen him in

the flesh since he was a babe in arms), and for me this was probably the best day of the whole trip.

I make that last statement with no disrespect to Novacon, which I've always enjoyed a great deal, although this year's was a little - er - peculiar in some respects. There was certainly a bit of an atmosphere, and not just from Dave Hicks' socks. Although it doubtless should have been in this, perhaps we'll have a full disclosure trip report in #8: ("Day One: It is less than four hours until our flight time, and we are still sitting at home, over an hour away from the airport, waiting for the plane tickets to arrive...")

On a happier note, this holiday season I got around to re-instigating a tradition of sorts - phoning Paul Di Filippo for a chat on Christmas Day. As usual, we had a most pleasant conversation, including some interesting tidbits on the relative veracity of the TV series *Providence*, the central house of which is apparently only a block or so away from Paul's. We make tentative arrangements for the four of us (Paul, Deborah, the Blessed Bobbie and I) to meet up for at least a nice lunch if Mr. & Mrs. Farey make it to the Boston Corflu as planned. I certainly hope so, as I am left to ponder that if this potentially most pleasant encounter takes place, it will be the first time we will have physically met during a friendship which has now lasted some fifteen years.

Last but by no means least, a brief but heartfelt thanks to Steve Stiles for the RCA logo take-off for "Tunes!", and belated but no less heartfelt gratitude to Alexis Gilliland for another couple fine fillos which are yet to appear.

## **"Some Other Spectacular American Event"** **Part 2**

You'll recall that when we interrupted our nuptial tale, the ladies had just departed for the hotel to do their primping, and the boys (well, me, Joe and Danny) gratefully leapt

upon cold beers (well, me and Joe did) as soon as the car was out of sight.

We had a couple hours to chill a bit and get ready, as well as figuring out transportation for the various foodstuffs lounging around the place (Charlene's barbecue, the marinated chicken et al). Also, I was still not entirely sure how we were going to convey the keg and attendant shitloads of ice without a second trip.

We got most of the food loaded into Joe's custom truck (with fashionably low suspension and a bumper sticker which reads "No Fat Chicks"), and, luckily for us, Sarah Ann's ex Ricky turns out to be coming to the wedding after all - we'd thought he'd be watching their son Cody while Sairy was doing the girl thing with the rest of 'em at the hotel before coming to the ceremony. Apparently the wean was safely deposited with responsible parties, so Ricky was dragooned into transporting the all-important keg. Matt arrives as most of the rest of us are changed, and we sort him out for ice detail.

A soothing beverage or two later, we are ready to hightail it - yours truly absolutely, positively not forgetting the mouthwash, since I had been thoroughly admonished that any given pastor is likely to walk off if he gets a whiff of alcohol from the principals of the marriage party.

That reminded me somewhat of my *first* wedding, a sumptuous (i.e. fucking expensive) event normally consigned to the depths of memory and recalled as infrequently as possible, and then with a cold hand clutching at the bowels.

Wifey #1, despite my seemingly permanent impecuniousness, decided she had to have it all - horse & carriage to and from the ceremony, everybody in full morning dress (I always thought that was a deliberate pun), and her wedding dress by fucking Dior, as far as I know. She'd also told me in no uncertain terms that if she smelled alcohol on my breath when she walked up the aisle, she'd turn around and walk right out again. Sensibly enough on this occasion (and this was to become a

habit), we scheduled the bachelor party for the Saturday a week before the wedding. The only problem in this case was that the commiserations actually went on for the whole week. Her brothers and I finished this stretch in a pub about an hour before the actual wedding, so certain parts of Essex were treated to the sight of a number of London cab drivers in full top hat and tails regalia swigging Listerine and gobbing it out into the gutter. Sadly, this appeared to work.

Well, back to the Blessed One & I. Us lads managed to get the stuff to Jefferson Patterson Park OK, except for a slight fuck-up where we thought Matt was getting extra ice, but he wasn't, so we had to send the poor sod out again to get some. The keg is iced down, my personal supply of Busch hidden under the Pepsis, the grill lit, and beers in hand, we await the moment. As I amble around the festive-looking premises, sweltering mildly in the 85 degree heat, I deflect comments about whether I'll be taking off the frock coat at some point. "Listen", sez I, "With what this fucking thing cost to rent I'm keeping it on until it falls off or runs away screaming of its own accord, so there."

Spying the pastor's arrival, I acknowledge him from a safe distance then retreat to the secret stash of mouthwash to freshen the breath. I have, up to this point, also secreted beers at various strategic points, lest the representative of the Christian religion espy me with one in my hand. Swoosh, spit, and off to greet the Rev...

Of the actual ceremony itself, there's really little to tell, since I've already described the music and songs lastish. I would, however, like to reproduce our vows for your edification and enlightenment (wrote 'em ourselves, we did):

#### **Bobbie's Vows...**

"Nic, before we met, both of us had traveled some rough and rocky roads, and even though we know that God has led our lives to take one path the journey to this day has not been easy, and we would be foolish to think that we won't still run into rough terrain and mountains to climb.

"But I'm not worried or afraid, because I know we have God's hand to guide us and His arms to carry us if it gets too tough, and I know I have you walking beside me to catch me if I fall or to push me if I need encouragement, and I am here today to promise that I'll be there in those same ways for you:

"In all circumstances,

"In happiness and sorrow,

"In sickness and in health,

"In plenty and in want,

"From this day, until our journey as one is over.

"The rest of my vow is in this song..."

*("The Color of my Love", as by Celine Dion)*

#### **Nic's vows...**

"As the song says: "We've come a long, long way together, through the bad times and the good..."

"After the joys and the trials of the last few years, we've finally made it through to this, our wedding day, and so it's tempting to think of this as the end of a journey, when of course it's really a beginning for us both.

"Because it really is a beginning, I have to remind myself of what it is I feel and what you mean to me, and so I make you these promises:

"I promise to cherish you, and honor you.

"I promise not to take you for granted.

"I promise to be your lover and your friend.

"I promise to cheer you up when you're sad.

"I promise to celebrate with you when you're happy.

"I promise to be with you whether we're rich or poor, in times of trouble and in times of joy, through the bad times and the good.

"I promise to celebrate you, and praise you like I should.

"I make these promises here today, witnessed by our families and our friends, in company with the good wishes of those who could not be here today, and watched over by the spirits of those who are no longer with us.

"I love you.

"When I was widowed, I didn't think that I would want anyone ever again, and when I was in despair then, I didn't think that anyone would want me.

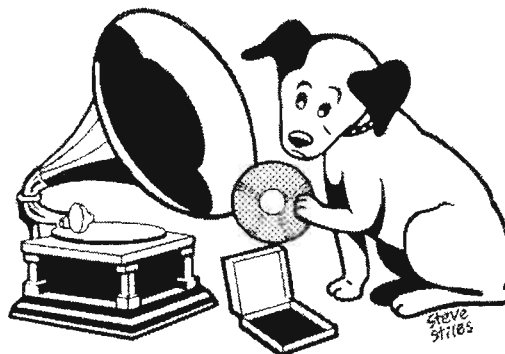
"But I was wrong, and this song tells how I feel..."

*("Maybe I'm Amazed", as by Wings)*

We also included a Unity candle ceremony with the kids, which my wean Tommy thought was really neat, especially the way the candle flared up when we lit it together. ("Dad, can we do that again?")

Everybody who spoke to us afterward said it was one of the best (and most original) ceremonies they'd ever seen. (A little justified bragging, there.) Since the Blessed One has it in mind to start a wedding consulting / organizing business at some point (hopefully soon-ish), this must indeed be seen as an auspicious start.

#### **Tunes!**



Time once again to consider our single and album of the year. Just in time for the Xmas rush, and for your shopping and listening pleasure, a number of name bands have released singles to promote their upcoming albums, as you might expect. Several of these are, in fact, thumpingly good, and worthy contenders for the not-so-highly coveted *This Here...* award, although at the rate award shows are multiplying on TV these days, I could expect a call from Fox at any time.

Anyhoo, let's start with U2. I've always had mixed feelings about this band, as they seem to veer from fad to fad, or from the interesting bits to the bloody awful bits of Bono's imagination. They've put out some of

the greatest stuff I've ever heard ("Desire", "Where The Streets Have No Names") and some of the worst ("I Still Haven't Found..." - what was that song *about*? Buying his mother a Xmas present?). After all that "Pop" and "Zoo" dicking about, however, the single "Beautiful Day" is a stunning return to form for the boys. The album ("All That You Can't Leave Behind") has been getting rather tepid reviews, and the lyrics of the single are indeed rather trite, but when the music and the arrangement is back to the old U2 bombast, *who fucking cares?*

Another awaited release was the latest from the Wallflowers: the excellent single "Sleepwalker" from the new album "Breach". Jakob Dylan sounds *so* much like his old man on this track, even down to the style of the guitar cadences, and it's quite eerie in a way. (Novacon GoH Christopher Priest agrees wholeheartedly when I play this for him, and simultaneously recommends the elder Dylan's new collection: "The Essential Bob Dylan", a 2-CD set from Sony/Columbia.)

Steve Green fave The Offspring also have a new offering in "Original Prankster", the single to promote *their* new album "Conspiracy of One". As is often the case, the riff is quite derivative, but not so much as the earlier "Why Don't You Get A Job", which you could actually sing "Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Da" along to. The song is bouncy, tight, and lots of fun.

The latest Collective Soul effort, "Why Part 2", is, on the other hand, a little disappointing, but only to the extent that it's not quite up to the musical quality of, say, "Heavy". It's also somewhat disconcerting to learn that one of the tracks on the album "Blender" is a collaboration with Elton John, of all people. E John might need any kudos and/or cred that might arise from this, but I'm sure Collective Soul certainly don't.

Anyhoo, enough shilly-shallying. Despite the strong entries above, and several other worthy contenders of the past year (special mention to Eels' "Mr. E's Beautiful Blues"), the single of the year is "Otherside" by the Red Hot Chili Peppers. I always think it's a

bit of a rip when a group mines an album so exhaustively for singles, but every release from "Californication" has been a gem, and the abovementioned tune beats out the rest by a nose.



*And the winners are...*

As for album of the year, there aren't too many obvious contenders that I've heard, although I was well impressed (as you might expect) with the Mighty Mighty Bosstones' "Pay Attention", and although the songwriting in particular is superb, and the arrangements are back to the older, more hard-edged style they used to favor, this isn't quite enough to do it.

Probably the best rock album out this year is "Something Like Human" by Fuel. The single "Hemorrhage (In My Hands)" has gotten extensive airplay, and under advisement by my former stepson Justin that the rest of the album was actually *better* than the single (wow!), the Blessed Bobbie bought it for me.



Dead good, it is, and of course you have to like the stefnal album title and cover, don't you?

Maybe the *real* best album of the year is one I haven't heard: "Red Dirt Girl", the latest from Emmylou Harris. This is the first album in a long time where she's actually written most of the songs herself, and it's been garnering largely favorable, if not ecstatic reviews. You know that guest appearances by Bruce Springsteen, Patti Scialfa and Dave Matthews can't hurt, either. In fact, the presence of Matthews on the album is about the only chance I've got of getting this from the Blessed Bobbie in the Xmas stocking, since she likes Emmylou about as much as she likes Willie Nelson. Which is to say, fucking *not!* It's worth giving her some shopping money once in a while just to get her out of the house so I can listen to these two.

Speaking of the Blessed One, she's rather fond of "Little Things", the single from a new (local) band called Good Charlotte. This fits into the "cynically amusing teen angst song" category, along with Wheatus' "Teenage Dirtbag", and both are interestingly good in their own way, though neither has any huge aspiration to greatness, and both may turn out to be one-hit wonders.

Finally, a quick mention to Fat Boy Slim's "Rockafeller Skank". This could be the most insinuating song I've heard this year - it just seems to want to stay and stay with you. I've always liked that kind of minimalist repetitiveness that Big Audio Dynamite used to do so well (including tape loops, effects and so on), and while Slim isn't in exactly the same style here, I certainly feel he's following the tradition. All together...

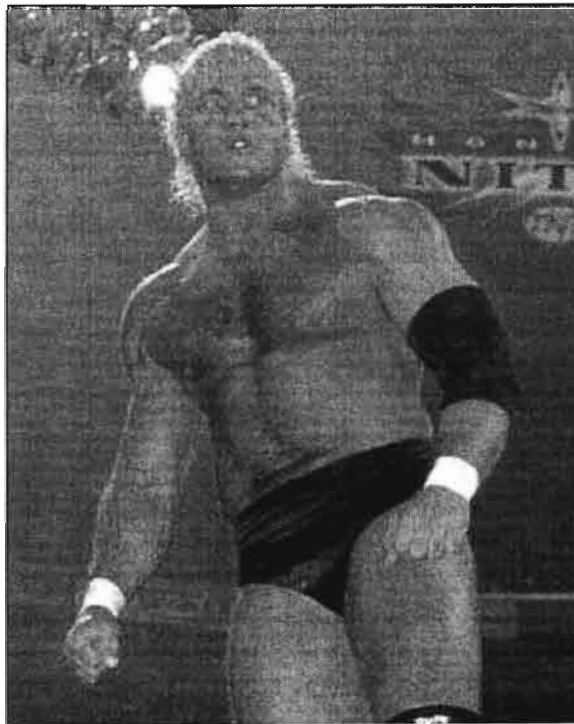
*Right about now - the funk soul brother  
Check it out now - the funk soul brother..*

### **Rasslin'**

Approaching the pay-per-view WCW calls "the granddaddy of them all" (funny, I thought that was the Rose Bowl), you'd expect some good build on the storylines

established over the last few months, especially since Vince Russo has been out of the picture in terms of writing and booking matches. However, the (by now) long-running rumors of the impending sale of the company by Turner/Time Warner (most often mooted to be to a group headed by former WCW honcho Eric Bischoff) seem to have things in something of a state of confusion.

Starrcade itself, happening right here in DC's almost-brand-spanking-new MCI center, has been rather under-promoted, some say woefully so. As of five days before the event, \$50 seats (second highest priced) were said to be still available in some quantity. Let's add to this the fact that the Monday Nitro the week before was preempted by the TNT movie special of *David Copperfield*, and aired on the Tuesday, a fact you would have been hard-pressed to find out if on-air announcements were anything to go by. Add this to a major production goof the previous Monday (in



*Sid - has been off since April practicing walking, chewing gum & cutting promos at the same time...*

which Sid Vicious, having been "arrested" earlier in the show, was supposed to arrive at the last minute in a police car to brawl with Scott Steiner, a carefully set up piece of

business which was inexplicably not shown), and you'd not unreasonably get the impression of overall shoddiness, suggesting perhaps that a lot of the staff basically don't give a shit anymore.



As usual with WCW, though, the facts are not quite so straightforward. In earlier moves to cut expenses (it's well-known that the company is losing money hand over fist) the Nitro and Thunder tapings now occur on the same night, essentially at the same show, although the commentators maintain the fiction that Thunder takes place on a Wednesday - in my opinion, rather overdoing the "just 48 hours ago" bit. Also, many of the experienced production staff, those presumably most familiar with the techniques of putting on a wrestling show, have been let go in favor of the equivalent of job trainees. It's no surprise that under these circumstances fuck-ups are gonna happen.

The "visible" (i.e. storyline) power structure has gotten interesting, with "Above Average" Mike Sanders of the ~~Natural Born Ratings Killers~~ Thrillers relishing his role as heel commissioner, having taken that post in typical fashion by win over "The Cat" Earnest Miller facilitated by interference from his pals. Now posturing as "Chief Executive Officer", the returned Ric Flair falls well into the face role, though the parallels with Vince McMahon are painfully obvious. Flair claims to be completely retired from the ring at this point, but the rumor mill has it that he will be making an actual return to rasslin' at some point. I hope not, because as popular as he is with the crowd, he *still* looks so fucking flabby and slow that expecting any match he's involved in as a rassler to have any good moves in it is stretching the bounds of believability.

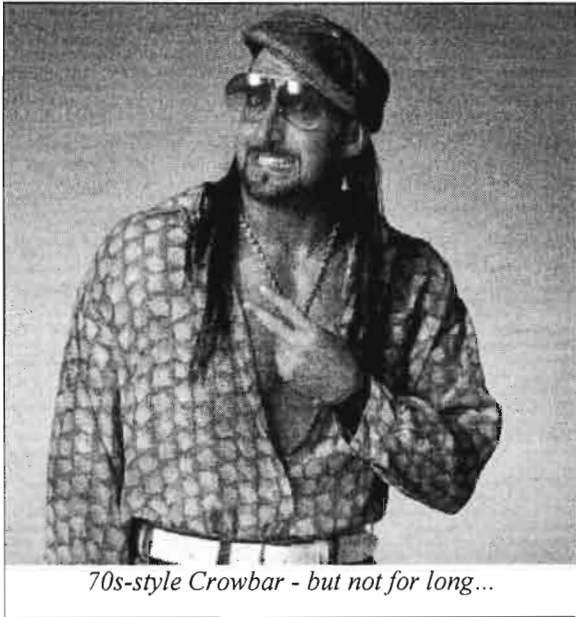
Leading into the PPV, it's almost all change in terms of who's holding the belts. "Big Poppa Pump" Scott Steiner looks all set for an extended run with the world

heavyweight championship, having brutally dispatched Booker T (and several others on the way) to acquire the belt. Word is that Steiner may keep the title for anything up to a year, which is good in terms of having a credible heel champion who rarely delivers a duff match, but may be bad for delaying the inevitable confrontation between him and Goldberg, who in a Russo-holdover angle has to duplicate his original unbeaten streak (of 127-0) or lose his contract. After the thorough dismantling of Booker T (and anyone else in the way, natch), finding credible opponents for Steiner could have proved difficult, but the Starrcade swerve brought back "the original madman" Sid Vicious to be his opponent. This was actually well-written, referring back to Vinny Ru's stripping of the title from Sid many months ago, a title he never actually lost in the ring. While still a little stumbling in places (like calling Scott Steiner "Rick", confusing him with his brother), Sid's promos have shown a remarkable improvement from his previous run in WCW, when it seemed he couldn't string more than four words together without mangling three of them..

The cruiserweight division was returned to some semblance of credibility by the defeat of previous title holder, Commish "Above Average" Mike Sanders by Chavo Guerrero Jr., late of the Misfits In Action. Although no defense was scheduled for Starrcade, a 6-man ladder match would determine the #1 contender. The US belt, held by "General E Rection" (Hugh Morrus), leader of the abovementioned MIA, is on the line against "The Franchise", Shane Douglas, and dirty tricks would seem to be indicated. Douglas has hyped the match (and his feud with the MIA) with typically good promos, and taunted Morrus by basically calling his challenge for the US title a "stepping stone" to the World Championship.

The Hardcore division has also seen some changes, with the title eventually dropping to one of my favorite rasslers, Crowbar. Although some say that he's more

wimpish since coming under the influence of "70s Guy" Mike Awesome. After a surprise reappearance disguised as Santa on the Monday Nitro before Starrcade, old warhorse and hardcore legend Terry Funk is booked to challenge.



The "new" (hem-hem) tag team of Kevin Nash and Diamond Dallas Page ("The Insiders", oh how droll) are slated to meet "The Perfect Event" PerfectShawn Stasiak and the other dopey-looking one of the NBT to try to get back the title belts which were basically stripped from them and handed to the Thrillers by Sanders.

So how'd it go? A report by a fan in attendance stated that the arena was indeed only half full - which has to be depressing for the powers that be, since even *untelevised* WWF events usually sell out. The account also claimed that, apart from the opening 6-man ladder match, and the appearance of Goldberg, the crowd kept up a fairly continual chant of "Boring! Boring!". This may be said to not bode well.

Results-wise, Steiner predictably retained the World belt, but he really needs to win a match or two against credible opposition *without* the use of his trademark "lead pipe" as an equalizer. As pumped as he is (some chemical assistance there, perhaps?) he ought to be able to pull off the wins without it. Also predictably, Nash and DDP regain

the tag team titles. It continues to amaze me that Nash in particular is so over with the crowd, although I grant you he's one of the best actors in the bunch, and he has been selling his matches rather better lately. Knowing his popularity (he was getting huge pops even as a heel), he just *loves* to wind up the management by referring to Scott Hall, his former partner fired by WCW, either directly or obliquely at every opportunity, since he knows he'll get a cheap cheer from the dumbass crowd. Apparently he and Page have been instructed not to refer to Hall any more, under threat of a fine. Anybody with half a brain knows that the company does not want Hall back under any circumstances, given his history of bad behavior and drunkenness. Shit, even the ECW decided they wouldn't use him!

Hugh Morrus ("General Rection") retained the US belt against Shane Douglas, but it looks like the "Misfits In Action" gimmick is on the way out. Morrus has had a huge push from the company, but the MIA aren't really that over with the crowd, and it also seems that Chavo Guerrero's "defection" may be a prelude to the breakup of the group. In a mildly skiffy aside, there's been something of a campaign to cast the MIA's "Corporal Cajun" (Lash LeRoux) as Gambit in the projected *X-Men* sequel.

In something of a surprise, Terry Funk retook the hardcore title from Crowbar, but this turned out to be just part of a work to allow Crowbar to go back to his original "demented garage mechanic" persona, claiming that the 70s gimmick put on him by Mike Awesome had made him go soft. Adding to this Awesome's apparent defection to Team Canada (what?!?) makes you think that the 70s gimmick is over. Good.

The next PPV is hard on the heels of this one, with the renamed "Sin" airing on January 14<sup>th</sup>. Again, you have to question the decision-making up there in WCW-land, since there will be only *one* more Monday Nitro leading up to the event, due to pre-emptions on December 25<sup>th</sup> and January 1<sup>st</sup>.



There are still signs of life, so let's hope the little improvement we've seen continues.

Late news: Steiner's run as champ may be shorter than originally planned. Apparently his accumulation of injuries and general condition mean he's walking, as an eyewitness described "like a 70 year old man" on the day after he rassles, and even before a match it takes him an hour to loosen up. It's difficult to tell if this story / rumor is a work, since he still works hard in the ring, but might explain the lack of clean finishes in his matches. Also, regarding the *X-Men* sequel, I hear that the WWF's The Rock has signed to play Beast.

### Loco Citato

*[[Editorial comment looks like this... Rodney Leighton's opening letter arrived just too late for the final cut in TH#6...]]*

Sept 15

**Rodney Leighton** writes:

I did quite enjoy *TH#5*, from your dissertation on the titles of loc columns to the amusing colophon. I have developed a self-defense for you booze & brag-about-it bastards of skipping these sections of fanzines, but I did read your experiences in AA with interest. I think I told you I have a sister in AA; it has been a great help to her in many ways. Of course, she wanted to stop drinking, which you obviously do not. Not my problem; if you continue to send me *This Here* I will just skip the boozing bits and if it becomes too much, I will ask you to stop sending them. Simple, right?

*[[Sounds fair enough to me, though I think you mean you have developed a self-defense **against** us bastards rather than **for** us. We already have our own - it's called get drunk and ignore you. Simple, right...?]]*

Strangely enough, although I have been getting *The Knarley Knews* for quite a long time, this is the first, as best I can recall, that I had any idea that **Henry [Welch]** watched wrestling. Well, he doesn't if he watches WCW. What a fucked up promotion. I only see their PPVs and lately I have been trying

to avoid those, but my friend who tapes wrestling PPVs for me keeps sending them to me, as punishment for something I guess, and I try to watch most of them. God, what crap. It bothers me watching legends who deserve that status such as Ric Flair and Terry Funk making fools of themselves and allowing idiots like Russo to make them look like fools. It bothers me more to see good, promising younger wrestlers such as Lance Storm and most of the Mexicans being made to look like wimpy boobs by useless stiffs like Kevin 'Big Lazy' Nash and Terry 'God of Wrestling' Bollea. Goldberg has been ruined completely. Booker was given the title because some guys have a racial discrimination suit against WCW.

*[[Much of this I can agree with, especially your remarks about Nash and the bald git. However, Lance Storm has gotten a huge push (having held the US / Canadian heavyweight title), has "Team Canada" assembled around him and is getting consistent heel heat (in the US, at least). It's something of a disservice to Booker to say he was only given the title to defray the potential damage of Sonny Onoo's lawsuit (however true that might actually be). Booker was a popular champion, and well over with the crowd - you can't say he didn't earn a World Title run...]]*

TAFF... yes, officially, it is supposed to cover all of North America. Good luck to anyone outside the continental US who wants to stand for that fund. Or who wants to see the English fan who comes to visit. I was hoping for 2003 but then I realized that if Toronto does win the Worldcon, that is the year that someone goes from the States to Britain. The fact that I like, for various reasons, the last three "winners" somewhat obviates my distrust of the TAFF system.

*[[You'll have seen my remarks in #6 by now, so I'll not repeat them. I've argued that a rescheduling of TAFF to allow a North American candidate to visit the Jersey Eastercon (Helicon) in 2002, then a European delegate to visit the Toronto worldcon in 2003 would be beneficial all around...]]*

Did you know that there is a porno video out entitled *British Housewives' Adventures* or something like that which includes some scenes of female British lawyers showing off their underwear in train stations. Know any female lawyers?



*Soon to be appearing in a sex video near you? ...*

I don't understand you and **EBF** re Britney Spears. I think she's cute. I would call her expression lustful innocence.

I contemplated chiding [**Anders Holmström**] for denigrating wrestling and then concluding with a comment about watching some juvenile TV, reading some juvenile fantasy and going to sleep. Sheesh. But that is just another example of the diversity of interests. As much as I admire **Harry Warner, Jr.**, the God of fannish hermits and loccers, I would have likely had to growl at him for a comment such as [...] rock music and wrestling being proof of the death of Western civilization or some such crap. But everyone has their views.

*This Here* is, I think, the first and only SF fanzine I have seen which has writing about wrestling... I look on rasslin the same way some fans regard sci fi ... and contemporary music. I really like your loccol; this is a good method and it is a fun read. Can I stay on your mailing list? Can I scan (rapidly) any drinking stories you include, shake my head and mutter "poor silly delusioned bastard" without actually writing it?

*Address listed in "Fanzines Received"*

*[[Er - you just wrote that out loud, Rodney. I'm surprised nobody else in our li'l*

*community has written about rasslin' before. You can stay on the mailing list (and you can consider me as delusional as you like for that) as long as you like. It'd be a poor loccol that only had one opinion in it. As you'll have by now seen, assuming you got the back issues OK, that I'm more than happy to print views which dissent from my own. It gives me **lots** to say (which of course pisses off **A Scott**, which she sez she doesn't mind me saying as long as I keep plugging her stuff at [www.kittywompus.com](http://www.kittywompus.com) ). Speaking of plugs, Rodney also mentions what I assume is a music reviewzine which includes a column by him: \$3 to **Jersey Beat**, 418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087... ]]*

*October 12*

From [louishoohah@netzero.net](mailto:louishoohah@netzero.net) (**CoeA**)

**Marty Cantor** writes:

In this ish you posit some supposed shields against smartassery from me. Well, they will not work (as you should really know). I mean, why would I comment about your showering off *poison* and it not making any difference? I pay little attention to self-mutilation. Besides, what I really want to comment upon is comment you made to **Alexis Gilliland**: "We usually start when the bar opens (10 or 11 am) and toil steadily on through the wee wee hours." Well, if what you are drinking is bheer I expect that the wee wee hours come soon and often. (You cannot win, you know.)

*[[Aaaaaaargh! Stoppit...]]*

I am glad that **Ted White** has clarified what he wrote about Ardis Waters. My initial reaction was similar to that written by **Lilian Edwards** (although not exactly the same), yet I have had a complete block in writing my thoughts about it in a loc to *Squib*. Obviously, whatever I wrote (had I been able to break through my block) would have been incorrect, given what Ted has written here. 20-20 hindsight is wonderful, but I would have liked to have seen these clarifications written into the work itself as they certainly paint a bit of a different picture of Ted. And, along with **Robert**

**Lichtman's** further writing about Ardis' earlier life on the West Coast, it shows both Ted and Ardis in a better light than my first take on Ted's article. I guess that it all just shows how many of us put our own attitudes into what we read. And how wrong we can sometimes be. I must say, though, that (like **Hlavaty**) I did not find the article prurient, just demeaning to Ardis. Robert, in his loc, makes clear that she had a casual attitude towards sex, something not made clear by Ted. So, not having known her, I came up with the different conclusion mentioned by Robert.

*[[Ted's loc spoke of his possible "failing [...] in being unable to convey that context", which I did not necessarily agree with, but I think with your comment above: "it [...] shows how many of us put our own attitudes into what we read" you have hit the nail on the head. Or one of many nails, perhaps...]]*

Hmm – titles of fanzine letter columns. I previously wrote about my letter column in *Holier Than Thou*. In *No Award*, my letter column is titled Loc 'N Load, signifying firing off shots of smartassery. As **A Scott** (our Mutual Admiration Society) might say, there is a bit much of my commentary in my zine.

Enough.

11825 Gilmore St. #105, North Hollywood, CA  
91606

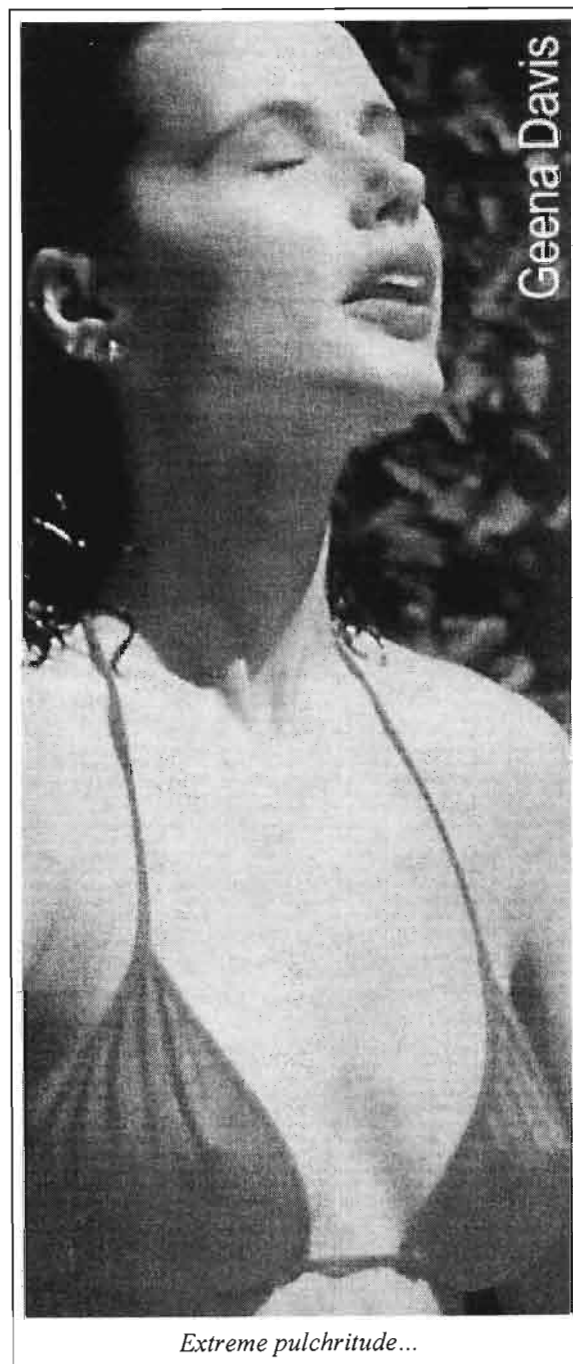
October 10

**E B Frohvet** writes:

[Your caption here]: I like the picture. Very Dodge City, very Wyatt Earp and his schoolmarm lady. The only thing that distinguishes it from a 100-year-old picture is something about the eyes, something about the smiles, that says, "Look, we're in period piece costume." I note for the record that I am using an actual 100-year-old picture for comparison (my great-grandparents c.1900). Congratulations and best wishes for long happiness to the joyous couple.

*[[I think I see what you mean about the smiles, though in my defense I was having such a good time that I was smirking all day...]]*

I assume you understand the consequences of driving on a suspended license, so it's none of my business to belabor the point.



*Extreme pulchritude...*

Julia Roberts does nothing for me (that spastic smile makes her look as if she's in the final stages of tetanus); but I would happily watch Sandra Bullock grate cheese.

*[[I, too, can't understand all the hoopla about the Roberts woman. I think she's ugly. Now Geena Davis - whoooo!...]]*

Having nothing to say about music or wrestling, I move on to note that *This Here* is much expanded due chiefly to a lengthy letter column. **Lloyd Penney** says, "We all want to be seen as fannish in the eyes of others..." Speak for yourself, Lloyd: I can take it or leave it alone. FIJAGH. I will agree with you that boxing is a sport. Far more than some of those things they invented at the recent Olympics. "Synchronized diving", forsooth! I was not familiar with the "Doc Weir Award" in British fandom but it seems like a good idea. Of course, at some point voting for Langford for "Fan Writer" probably seemed like a good idea... I disavow that TAFF is run by a formal clique, however I believe that in common with other fannish functions it tends to be dominated by a certain vague group who are protective of "their" turf...

*[[That certainly seems to have been the case with the recent outgoing North American administrator, who may have seen TAFF as a kind of personal fiefdom. In this case, however, the "formal clique" involved ultimately consisted of one person: to wit, U O'Brien...]]*

**Gary Diendorfer** says I remind him a little of **Buck Coulson**. Okay, I'll take that as a compliment... **Arthur Hlavaty** finds no contradiction between Christianity and humor. I agree. As a child I attended a church which employed an enthusiastic but not very skilled organist; I and my parents were frequently reduced to silent giggles by what the poor man did to Bach...

Liked the picture on p.31 also. My goodness, Nic, with a little effort you could turn *This Here* into a genzine. If that's your intention.

4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506, Ellicott City, MD  
21042

*[[A genzine? Go wash your hands...]]*

October 11

**Alexis A. Gilliland** writes:

...congratulations on your nuptials, even if the description thereof can't fit into a single issue of your small, zippy fanzine. You publish at frequent enough intervals so that the jaded reader can put up with the

*articulis interruptus*, but try not to make it a regular practice. Uh, splitting articles, not getting married, that is.

*[[Oh, I don't know. If getting married was always as much fun as we had, I think I'd like to do it every weekend. Uh, get married, that is...]]*

You wonder about what to call ex-in-laws; a useful word is the Yiddish *mishpocheh*, pronounced *mish-PAW-kheh*. Often used as "the whole *mishpocheh*" to mean the family, including relatives far, near, remote and self-identified. My first wife, Dolly, died in '91, and I stayed in touch with her father, Kohlman, who died at age 94 in '98. We went up to Harrisburg for his funeral, my son Charles who was one of several grandchildren, me (the ex-son-in-law) and my second wife Lee, where we were all part of the whole *mishpocheh*. As also was Sylvia Bloch, the widow of Ralph Bloch, who was the nephew of Elisabeth, Dolly's mother, Kohlman's first wife.

Your car sorrows are duly noted. On Tuesday the car (a '92 Subaru Legacy) died on Lee, and a Triple-A tow truck eventually brought it and her to the dealer. Where they replaced the crank sensor for \$699.67. Sigh. It may be time to get a new car.

A little more on Ardis Waters. Instinctively, **Lilian Edwards** considered her a victim, without being clear on how she was victimized or by whom, but **Ted White** obliges with the trauma: "(Ardis) 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 'lot respect' and moved on." AND her self-crippling reaction to it: "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." That is, Ardis refused to love and trust any man, and had sex with them as a meaningless, contemptuous gesture. This is supported by Ted's observation: "that having sex with Ardis after our ardor had cooled was actually inferior to masturbation." Why? Ardis' heart wasn't a part of the action. Also,

when Ted says "our ardor" he means "my ardor" because Ardis kept her ardor where the sun never shines. I wonder how that little boy of hers grew up without any father-figures?

*[[A very interesting question there which no-one seems to have addressed. Did Christopher Robin ever become active in fandom, having presumably been on the periphery for a while...]]*

October 12

**Paul Di Filippo** writes:

Alas, circumstances find me in another time-bind - but that's good, since the rush is to provide clean digital files for a new collection: *Strange Trades*, from Golden Gryphon. Yay for the good guys!

*[[Readers can check their website at [www.goldengryphon.com](http://www.goldengryphon.com) for updates on this, I'd assume...]]*



However, had to comment on "Th'ish 'Ere" another one arrives. (Over-elaborate wordplay - please forgive.)

Cover photo reveals a handsome lad and beauteous bride enjoying themselves mightily - or else, Bonnie & Clyde after successful bank heist. Take yer pick!

*[[Dunno about the heist, but we'll take the proceeds...]]*

In all seriousness, I'm glad the day went so well. Many happy returns!

Features & letters all excellent! A fine crew of correspondents, equal to the wit and pep of the editor.

*[[Now that's egoboo...]]*

My fave new gal singer: Marisa Monte of Brazil. Want a tape?

2 Poplar Street, Providence, RI 02906

*[[Sure, I'd love to check the tape out...]]*

October 16

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

**Arthur D Hlataty** writes:

Congratulations and like that on your wedding. Best wishes to you both, or I guess all, counting the kids.

I hope you get over your infections and infestations, but just to be on the safe side, I'm not going to rub your zine in my hair. You can't be too careful. I just read (on the Web, where else) that a woman is suing the Red Cross, claiming that she got herpes from demonstrating mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on an infected dummy.

I hope the TAFF/Canada tempest in a pisspot blows over soon. At least no one's said that Canada is a wimpy zone.

**Gary Deindorfer's** "I don't like Hlataty...I think he's a Jewish smartass" strikes me as a nonsequitur, but what do I know? In any event, he's got me dead to rights. Gary also says, "I never tire of Big Willy," which I believe I saw in an ad for a XXX Web site.

**Robert Lichtman** has a much saner attitude to recent music than I do. Good for him.

*[[I find so far that Robert seems to have saner attitudes to most things. I worry about him...]]*

**Chris Murphy:** Jack Chick believes that C.S. Lewis's fantasy is just as bad as all the other stuff, either because it shows imagination or because of Lewis's contact with the papist Tolkien.

This is a reasonably piss-poor excuse for a loc, but I'm pubbing a new ish that should be in the mail to you within a week.

*[[Lloyd Penney's letter (below) included some comments on issues #1 thru #3, which I was kind enough (or mean enough) to send on at his request. Some have been included as still relevant, some just to piss off A Scott; well, you know the drill...]]*

October 27

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

**Lloyd Penney** writes:

First of all, congratulations on tying the knot (always the best decision you can make IMHO).

I never did see your previous zine, *Arrows of Desire*, but it sounds as if it was a therapeutic device for you, to let out all your frustrations and angst, and communicate with everyone after temporarily letting go of your personal baggage. (I think *This Here...* does the same, but not as much. Perhaps your personal baggage has been greatly reduced after getting your life together, and getting married.)

*[[For you and others who arrived late, the final(?) issue of **Arrows of Desire** was completely atypical. Apart from #1 which was essentially a perzine, all other issues were themed genzines, usually containing fiction as well as other articles, lists, humor and so forth. I received a submission out of the blue from a lady named Tracy Twyman, and that stirred me to begin the undoubtedly cathartic process of writing about my late wife's passing. That issue of **AoD** is online (at [www.megspace.com/arts/thishere](http://www.megspace.com/arts/thishere)) and previous issues are slated to follow. I'm not at all sure I agree with your comparison of **Arrows of Desire** to **This Here...** (perhaps you should read the other first), since I don't feel that I'm writing here for reasons of personal baggage. Letting out some angst, perhaps, but maybe I'm really just an opinionated old git...]]*

I think the Mighty, Mighty Bosstones may be a Toronto-based band. Used to see their name on the local club listings a lot.

*[[Nope, they're from Boston...]]*

**Harry Andruschak's** vision turns blue when he's on Viagra? Somehow, there's a universal balance to that fact, and not just that the pills themselves are blue...

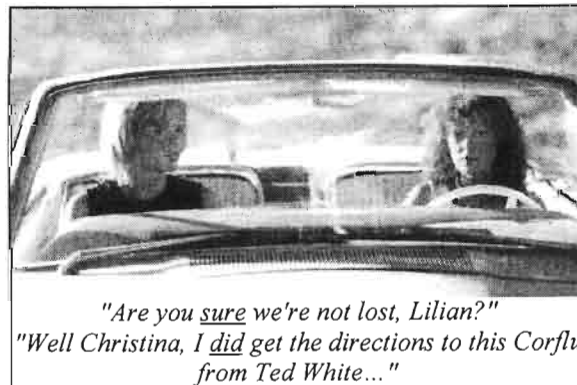
*[[At least they'll stop him seeing red for a while eh? ...]]*

Halloween is coming up, and even though we're an apartment building, the little brats still get in and hammer at the door, demanding candy. And probably as usual, we'll spend a quiet night, patiently ignoring the hammering. Every year, though, the hammering comes around less and less.

Halloween is now more for teens and adults, to go to parties and have some fun. The kids either stay at home and ignore the whole thing or concoct some kind of gathering with an early wrap-up... it is a school night, after all. Besides, would today's kids be caught doing anything the adults thought was fun? Not likely.

*[[I beg to differ. In our neighborhood, we get kids of all ages trick-or-treating. This year, as usual, we were visited by six or seven different groups, accompanied by one or more parents (aren't we a sensible lot?). The Blessed Bobbie walked the neighborhood with Stephanie in a mob including Charlene and her lot, while Matt & I stayed at our house to dispense the loot. A lot of the houses put on a display of some kind, and some of them get quite elaborate - one this year had a mechanical cat chasing down the yard, another had a motion-activated witch. We're lucky in that our neighborhood has no thru traffic, so there's little worry on that score. The only concern tends to be with some of the older kids (who'll typically hang together on their own and perhaps visit another neighborhood), since we'll get at least one report of candy-snatching. This actually happened to the boy Dan'l and his buddies over in Western Shores (next neighborhood), but they chased down the perp and got their loot back, although Danny did take a punch for his trouble...]]*

Ah, a picture of **Lilian Edwards** *[[in #3]]*. Met Lilian some years ago in Toronto, when she and **Christina Lake**, the Thelma and Louise of British fandom, were visiting with **Tommy Ferguson** when he lived here... a very beery and enjoyable night.



6... Hey, I've never been quoted on a front cover before! Brownie points for me. Wonder what the exchange rate on brownie points is...

Some Hugos go to a variety of writers every year, and it's good to see that the talent (and rocketships) is shared around. However, with the artist and fan writer categories, it's the Usual Suspects on the ballot, and the Usual Recipient's name on the nameplate. I got a marvelous surprise when I went to the Chicago Worldcon... I found that I had actually received 17 nominations, and was 7 noms away from actually being on the ballot. With **Guy Lillian**, we both tied for sixth place. Not bad, but actually getting on the ballot would make a wild dream come true.

The Barenaked Ladies, a crazy bunch of Toronto boys! The BNL were just a garage band at one time, with their star on the rise locally. They were asked to perform at the New Year's Eve party at Toronto City Hall, but the mayor at the time found out that a group with a name that "objectified women" (her politically correct term and reason) was invited to perform, and she cancelled that invitation. The reaction to this crazy decision got the BNL the attention they needed to become national and international stars... almost immediately, they were offered a big recording contract, and the first result was their album *Gordon*. They've tried being serious on their newest album, but we all know better. A lot of their songs show up on the Dr. Demento show.

*[[The Blessed One & I caught them live at last year's Farm Aid concert, and they were one of the most entertaining acts there, especially since they were the first act on the day to put together some between-song chat and routines specifically for the event...]]*

When I wrote about needing a list of top SF sites, not long after writing it and sending it to you, I was reminded that **Bill Bowers'** list on *Squib's* website was pretty thorough. Still, I say so many websites, so little time, and as I slog through them, I discover just how many of them haven't updated in over a year. Also, I mentioned

something about low-cholesterol meats, in the form of ostrich meat... an even better, and tastier low-cholesterol meat is emu. I had some emu steak and emu meatballs recently... very tasty, and a treat for the inner carnivore.

*[[Bill's links have been updated recently, at [www.galaxy-7.net/squib/links3.html](http://www.galaxy-7.net/squib/links3.html) ...]]*

I wish we could finish up the TAFF mess. I do not for a minute believe that Canadian fans as a whole are discriminated against for anything. You're right... instead of complaining, Canfans have got to get more involved with TAFF if they want to be a part of it. However, few Canadian fans have the awareness of the aspects of international fandom, so few here know what TAFF is. Yvonne and I won CUFF a few years ago, and are waiting for art to arrive so we can get our trip report done. Once that's done, I think I'll say we've done our bit for fan funds.

*[[Hmmm. I'd say that as a supporter of fan funds, particularly TAFF, my "bit" is not done yet, so I don't subscribe to that attitude. I will still nominate and/or support candidates, vote, donate to auctions and no doubt participate in the occasional wacky stunt (ah, 'Tudor for TAFF', such happy memories). I note that at UK fan fund auctions in particular, the audience tends to include many former nominees, winners and so on...]]*

***Penneys Up The River** and other **CUFF Tales** (1998 CUFF trip report) is now available. Email [penneys@netcom.ca](mailto:penneys@netcom.ca) for information on how to get your copy. (Note this is a different address to Lloyd's listed at the head of this loc). All proceeds to CUFF, I expect...]]*

I see **Gary Deindorfer** shares my taste for FOSFAX... I received it for close to five years, but when the right-wing rants began to turn boring and slightly xenophobic, I ignored the zine until it stopped coming. I've had some good chats with **Joseph Major** since, but **Tim Lane** ignores me, and all's right with the world.

I just received electronically issues 68 and 69 of **Bob Tucker's** *LeZombie*.

Fanhistory has come back to entertain us. I'll be printing it out and enjoying it true fanzine style.

My letter... style-wise, I wouldn't compare Heinlein and Rowling, but some neofans of the future may hold her in the same high regard as the one author that got many of us reading SF. In fact, Rowling was just through Toronto at the International Festival of Authors' annual events. Rowling's reading was not set in a cozy hall, but at the Skydome, our big sports stadium. This reading attracted close to 15,000 kids and adults, which may set a Guinness record for largest audience at a literary event.

What did the cover of FOSFAX 200 look like? If those of us who don't like the zine would definitely appreciate it, and if it was a sly and rude joke by **David Thayer**, I would definitely be interested in seeing it. (I'd like to see **Tim Lane**'s reaction to it, too.)

*[[I doubt I could do the cover justice by a mere description, so I'll send you a copy...]]*

*[[Much of the following (seven-page) rant from Rodney has been excised in the interests of reader sanity, though I kept the rather unusual opening statement...]]*

*(beginning) October 30*

**Rodney Leighton** (again) writes:

Congratulations on your wedding. May you two live happily together until one of you dies a natural death.

Not very probable I don't suppose, huh?

[...]

*[[The next section (on TAFF) had me gnashing my teeth and ready to insert comments at almost every turn, but as a model of restraint (for now), I'll wait until the end, and suggest you do too. But feel free to take notes...]]*

So, I gather you expect to take a trip home one of these years as a TAFF delegate, eh? Nothing else explains your vehemence. I was unsure whether to argue with you or laugh at you on this one. As I have stated, TAFF is merely something which amuses me; it is kind of fun to toss out comments and read the reactions. Which is not to say that I was not honestly curious about

Canadian participation; it was after writing that query that I received STET 9 which explained all that. I am leery of writing much more on this topic. For one thing, it is getting somewhat boring but primarily I am afraid that some of the people who are connected to this business whom I would rather not have pissed off at me will become pissed off at me. **Mark Plummer**, for instance. Hey, I have NO objections to friends visiting one another. Unless I am assured by a few people whom I respect enough to believe that TAFF is a wide open contest, I will not believe it. There are people in the group with whom I have some contact; others who I have not. Normal. This fund was started as a method of sending Walter Willis to North America. If it was a fund listed as a means to send a certain person to Great Britain or a Brit to the States, I would have no problem with this at all. Simply announce that the 2001 TAFF fund is to send Nic Farey and his bride to Great Britain. Fine, go for it.

I hardly think one off the cuff comment constitutes pissing and whining but, well, call it so if you wish. Me, I am physically, psychologically and financially incapable of accepting any such thing as being a TAFF delegate if 'winning' it were a real option. Given that **Lloyd Penney** and his wife have con experience, have a lot of fan experience, have shown a willingness, desire and ability to attend cons and give speeches and apparently have the money to do so and they have been deemed unacceptable, I don't know of any Canadian who might pass muster. **Mike Glicksohn**, maybe, although he didn't get far in 1987 when he did stand for the thing and I believe he is mostly gaffiated anyway. **Andrew Murdoch** might qualify. **Dale Speirs** might but I don't believe he accepts fan fund nominations. Can't think of anyone else. Which is, of course, a viable reason why there hasn't been a Canadian winner. But why do I have to point it out myself?

**Maureen Kincaid Speller**, a fine and upstanding woman, during her United States odyssey in 1998, spent some time with each



and every US TAFF delegate dating back to 1983 which was **Avedon Carol** and I assume you know where she lives. I find it a bit difficult to believe Maureen did not know all these folks prior to visiting them. It would be relatively easy to destroy your comments about 140 votes for **Sue [Mason]** proving the validity of the race. But doing so would involve Sue, who sent me a photo via **Joe Major** and shows every indication of being a nice woman; Maureen; the inestimable [sic] **Bug**, your friend **Tudor** over across the sea and, hell, it ain't worth it.

I don't know if you saw STET 9 but here's a quote: "TAFF has been subject to more controversy than any other fund. Almost since its beginning, its administrators and supporters have wrangled over the suitability of candidates, the technical details of voting, partisanship on the part of administrators, outright embezzlement and more."

And Leah gives the standard bullshit line about Europe to North America. So there. Enough of that.

*[I shall now take a deep breath and wait for **A Scott** to leave the room. OK then, although I get the distinct impression that I'm wasting space in replying to you, since you've obviously already drawn your own conclusions about TAFF, and no amount of facts appear able to remove your head from your ass on this one. However, if you have the patience, I'll try to spell this out slowly for you, and apologize to other readers for having to re-make points which you clearly haven't understood, and also ask **you** a couple of pointed questions which you could, if you so desired, answer in a more succinct manner than is your usual style. So, you "gather [I] expect to take a trip home [...] as a TAFF delegate"? If you can draw that incredible conclusion from my so-called "vehemence" you need to find another tree to bark up, especially since I've publicly stated several times that I would nominate any Canadian fan who wanted to stand. It's totally clear by now that you have absolutely no fucking idea what TAFF is about, so listen up. The fund's first purpose was for a*

*fan (originally, as you say, Willis) to actually meet those with whom they had previously only corresponded via fanzine or letter, thus fostering and improving relations between them for years to come. I suspect the original "trip report" concept came from a desire of fans on either side of the pond to know what their correspondents were like in person, and thus relied on their representative to provide these details. These days, TAFF is seen by many as some kind of "reward" for fannish activity, and by others (notably **Don Fitch**, with whom I agree on this) as an opportunity for, as Don puts it, "encouragement" for future (and presumably continuing) fanac. In other words, to establish contacts which will stand in good stead for many years. This does not detract from, and in fact includes, the original purpose of the fund. It would seem to me (and to the TAFF constituency, I don't doubt) that a Nic Farey candidacy would be a move of extreme arrogance. I do not need to establish fan contacts in Europe, since I spent ten years or so doing that before I moved to the States. I do manage (usually at some personal hardship) to visit the UK to attend Novacon almost every year. If I stood as a candidate, my platform would have to read "A free vacation would be nice". Well, of course it would, but that's hardly a basis for election, despite your continued cynicism about the process.*

*Who are the "few people whom [you] respect" who need to assure you of TAFF's bona fides before you believe it. And, more to the point, why don't they? I certainly hope they're less close-minded about it than you are, since your opinion is clearly set in stone.*

***Frohv** commented lastish about the discussion involving **Lloyd Penney's** suitability "getting old", and I agree. But my having answered this (by pointing out that there is no way a nomination could be actually refused), you trot out the same old shit of "they have been deemed unacceptable". So I therefore ask: **Who told the Penneys that they were "unacceptable" as TAFF candidates?** Name names or shut*

the fuck up. If any finger-pointing is to be done, there are only two figures of "official authority" in TAFF at any given time, to wit: the North American Administrator and the European Administrator. Knowing the European Administrator at the time (**Maureen Kincaid Speller**) as well as I do, I know she would never do something like this, so if you are accusing **Ulrika O'Brien** then say so, and we can get a proper lynching party under way.

So, "It would be relatively easy to destroy [my] comments about 140 votes for Sue proving the validity of the race", but you don't want to involve her since she seems like a "nice woman" from her photo. Indeed she is, and if I were her I'd be well fucking pissed at you right now since you've inferred by your remark that her election was somehow tainted. If you were paying attention, you'll know I have no axe to grind as far as the validity of the result is concerned since I nominated, supported and voted for another candidate. Sue won fair and square, and I (and I'm sure she, as the current European Administrator) would be very interested to hear why you deem it otherwise.

I have STET #9, and am familiar with the quote you cite, which is, indeed, an accurate statement. It may seem strange to you, but the seemingly continual "controversy" which attaches to TAFF only occurs because there are a large (yes, large) number of people who care a great deal about the fund and its continued existence. If nobody actually gave a shit, TAFF would probably have expired somewhat ungracefully after Bergeron's misplaced accusations back in the 80s.

As for "Leah gives the standard bullshit line about Europe to North America". Er - Leah who? There was no Leah. (Is this somehow symptomatic?) The TAFF rules explicitly state "Europe" and "North America", not "UK" and "USA". Just because it hasn't happened yet doesn't mean it is precluded from doing so. Bad logic.

Apart from talking an incredible amount of shit on this subject, you are doing your good friend **Frohvet** (and me, to a lesser

extent, and the **Penneys**) a great disservice. Some of us out here would really like to light the fire of TAFF in Canada, but it'll be a little difficult if you keep pissing on it...]]

[...]

**Andruschak** went somewhat overboard in wishing you do 3 years merely for a DWI. [...] I wish you would lose the habit of mentioning booze consumption every paragraph or so but if your booze chatter becomes unbearable to me, I can simply ask to be removed from your mailing list. It's easy. I really don't care if you drink yourself to death, outside of the fact that doing so would deprive me of a super fanzine to read.

[[I print these statements merely to show that I don't disagree with you about everything, Rodney, but your perception of me "mentioning booze consumption every paragraph or so" would seem misguided, and even futile given that a large part of several issues have been devoted to my 28 day rehab experience. Any suggestions how that could have been done without mentioning drink? Didn't think so. I checked **This Here... #6** (which included reports on the bachelor and bachelorette parties), and found that of the 60 paragraphs before the LoCs begin, 8 of them mention drink. Make that every seven-and-a-half paragraphs...]]

It's no wonder **Gary Deindorfer** doesn't get laid much if he insults women like that.

Somewhere I noted that you state you prefer the We Can't Wrestle promotion to the Extremely Crappy Wrestling promotion and the We Will Fuck-you Sports Entertainment empire due to the latter being over the top and having too much T&A. Kind of strange given that Vince "God I wish I was a McMahon" Russo has never had an original idea in his lousy life and every single thing in WCW is copied from WWF. I hear that company [WCW] is on



the block and may be sold by now. I only see the PPVs. [...] I endure most of them after I have watched all else. Actually that's not true. I watched Fall Brawl before I watched the latest ECW PPV. Both had some good points. Unlike those *Torch* dorks, I thought the first 2 matches were OK, Steiner vs Goldbrick was not bad but nowhere near that rating and although it was obvious that Kevin Nash believes WCW is dead and is trying to rebuild his rep so that he might get back into WWF and I was rather amazed to see the big bum actually move his lazy ass a little bit, that match, while not bad for who was involved was not above \*\*.

But almost all of what used to be pro wrestling sucks these days. Oh, by the way: more t&a on WCW PPVs than on WWF PPVs. Dawn Marie is the hottest babe in wrestling but Tylene Buck aka Major Gunns is close. Me, I am enjoying seeing Stephanie McMahon shake her fat ass around.

*[[I've been watching WCW since way before Russo, when Bischoff inaugurated the nWo and WCW ruled the airwaves. Though it's argued that the Bisch contributed to WCW's ultimate drop in the ratings by concentrating too much time (and money, and power) in the hands of the "old guard", those were some good and consistent storylines. I tend to agree that Russo thinks he is a lot better booker and writer than he actually is - since he's been out recovering from his multiple concussions the storylines (and indeed the in-ring action) have been flowing a lot better, though there have been some extended promos this week, as I write (11/21) which is, however, understandable a few days away from the Mayhem PPV. It's my opinion that the new talent has had a lot more to do with improving ratings than Russo's writing. To clarify my position on the T&A question - I don't have a problem with that on the PPVs (in fact the more, the better) but I'm a little leery of the amount on the regular shows. And yes, Tylene Buck is hot...]]*

[...]

Just as I had reached the conclusion that all female Brit fans are big-boobed broads, you describe **Ms. Lake** as ethereal and willowy. Really?

*[[Yes, really. Though in common with many of us these days, not quite as willowy as she once was, but equally as ethereal. And I think you may be confusing "big-boobed" with "impressively-cleavaged". Not always the same thing...]]*

Pay no attention to the illustrious **A Scott**, your loccol is a delight to peruse. I could likely add another page or three but shall forego doing so. Gotta loc *Quasiquote* 3.

*Address listed in 'Fanzines Received'*

*October 31*

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

**Robert Lichtman** writes:

If I hurry, I can get away with writing comments on only one issue of THIS HERE for a change. First off, of course, are the obligatory but heartfelt congratulations to you and the Blessed Bobbie on your tying of the ol' knot. I enjoyed the first part of your wedding chronicles and unlike **A Certain Scott** (just gave 'er a middle name, I did!) I can wait for the continuation. Was a bit stunned at the cost for it all -- makes me appreciate even more Carol's and my decision to elope. No pavilion, no DJ, no rentals. Our pastor was less expensive than yours, too, at only \$150 and she had to drive up into Yosemite National Park from Mariposa. (I started to write "cheaper" but we didn't get to know her that well.)

*[[Likewise congrats back at ya! We figured we actually did the wedding somewhat on the cheap, but as usual we were spending money we didn't really have. Keeping the numbers of invitees down helped (and, of course, pissed off some people who didn't make the list). However, my considered opinion is that it was worth it. Everyone had a blast (especially me) and agreed it was a memorable ceremony and reception...]]*

I don't know about the "correct way to refer to your former in-laws when you have been widowed," but in the case of my

former in-laws via divorce I think of them with tongue firmly in cheek as my "out-laws." Not to their face, though.

*[[Robert, that old joke is sooooo beneath you. Cantor I expect this from, but you?...]]*

The Calvert County Treatment Facility and the courts that support it are certainly more hard-ass than the comparable facilities here in California. My son who I wrote about in previous letters -- the one who got popped for a 0.12 blood alcohol level (and you're right: he wasn't particularly impaired) -- got his license pulled, too, but he got in return a piece of paper that allowed him to drive to and from work and to be able to do what he needed to do to keep food in the pantry and his daughter (my granddaughter) properly taken care of. But other than that, they're the same as CCTC: they want you to become an abstainer, and as you say for some people that isn't an option over the long run. Nor does it particularly make sense; as you point out, you hold down a good job and you couldn't do that if you were a total lush. So, to sum up, I hope you don't get caught driving yourself; I'm glad for the arrangement you've worked out that involves you getting up at 4:45 a.m. on the days Bobbie works to catch a ride; and I hope the whole fucking nightmare is behind you in the near future.

*[[The update on this is likely to be in thish's Egotorial, but at the time of writing (10/31) I'm awaiting notice of the MVA hearing I applied for, to ask for a restricted "work license" such as your son has (had?)...]]*

Most sorry to read of your car problems, washing machine problems and, worst of all, your scabies problems. When I lived on The Farm in Tennessee, both lice and scabies struck me and my family and so I am both completely familiar and fully sympathize with the amount of poisonous medication and mass quantities of hot-water laundry you're forced to endure. I honestly couldn't say which is worse: the treatment or the hours of washing.

A most hearty second to **Lloyd Penney's** comment that "there's lots for those of us

remaining to do to make our own marks." I don't know who the "cranky living-in-the-past types" are he's referring to, but for me fandom is past, present and future. With an eye on the here and now and towards the future, I still maintain that it's useful, though not necessary, to have some knowledge of the fannish past so as to know something of what's gone down and perhaps not to repeat some of the stupidities that have been committed in the name of fanac in years past. This is not the same as "dwelling" in the fannish past.

I'm a little mind-blown that Lloyd had been archiving Trufen. I regard it as an ephemeral thing -- certainly few of the thousands of posts are particularly deathless -- and have saved none of it. If I really wanted to look up what, say, **Dave Locke** said about rats' asses last June, I could go to the Web archive and look it up; but as I said above I tend to live more in the fannish present.

**Ted [White]** is quite right that "the early sixties were a time in which there was in this country and in my social milieu a lot of lifestyle experimentation." He summed this up back then in a four-page essay titled "Expansive Love" which posited the notion that one could love more than one person at a time, and in a variety of ways, and that it was a healthy thing. This appeared in one of the early mailings of a private apa called, variously, Apa-X or Apex, and was, as you might well imagine, the springboard for discussions that rattled on for many mailings. I don't think the essay ever appeared anywhere but Apa-X, and I wondered when reading Ted's comments that I quoted above if it might not be an interesting item to reprint -- to give more of a flavor of those far-off times.

*[[Sounds like a splendid idea. Perhaps Victor would run it in 'Squib' as a kind of follow-up to the Ardis Waters piece...]]*

I never thought, as **Sheryl Birkhead** did, that the Australia trip report issue of BANANA WINGS was the final issue -- and now, of course, a new one has appeared that establishes it beyond a doubt.

Regarding **Tobes** running for TAFF again, it would help his cause in terms of getting votes on this side of the Atlantic if he would put out some effort to send issues of his fanzine over here. I don't know if you get them, but I sure as hell don't and so only know him by reputation.

*[[As with a certain crazed Swede of my acquaintance, Tobes is more written about than writing, to paraphrase the quote. If he has a zine out at Novacon (which I'll know next week, as I write), I'll snag an extra copy for you...]]*

Still speaking of TAFF, **Rodney Leighton** is full of it if he really thinks TAFF is some sort of good ol' boys club. But I've taken ol' Rodney to task in the pages of quite a few fanzines this past year over his weird notions about "The Usual" and don't want to start up with him here. Well, not unless he deserves it, but he hasn't even appeared directly in your pages just yet.

*[[Now he has, as you'll have seen. Sharpen yer cudgels...]]*

Thanks for the nice comments about the latest TRAP DOOR, and I immodestly agree with your final sentence therein.

*"November 2000"*

**Alan Sullivan** writes:

*[[Comments on #5...]]*

**Egotorial:** Congratulations on getting your fanzine on the web. I'm assured that it's the way things will be. Unless the new laws our beloved government are plotting to foist on us come into practice, which will allow employers to monitor use of e-mail at work. I strongly suspect that an awful lot of folk will suddenly find themselves with restricted access, or stripped of privileges. Not that this will stop the hardened fan, working in their free time, but it's a worrying development. On a much brighter note, congratulations to yourself and Bobbie on getting wed. May your union be long and happy.

*[[I can hear A Scott's teeth grinding by this point at all the nuptial platitudes. Well, bollocks. The Blessed One likes to read 'em.*

*Regarding e-mail, internet access and so on, although I use the internet for personal stuff and get personal email and do most of the zinework at my place of employ, we are specifically told that, particularly when web-surfing but also when receiving e-mail at the company address, we have, as the phrase goes, "no expectation of privacy". I don't actually think that's unfair. I do maintain a couple other e-mail addresses on web accounts but rarely use them, since it's more convenient to get everything in one place, there's no illegal content, and I delete read e-mails and scrub the folders regularly so I don't get a build-up of toot...]]*

**I Did Not...:** My own experiences with analysts, as a patient, were different but oddly similar. Having talked to others who have had such dealings with this profession, my conclusion is that analysts have their own agendas, which they will follow at all costs, and any differences between their agenda and the patient's needs, views or condition is due to the fact that the patient is a patient, and therefore wrong. In my opinion they have far too many government-supplied powers to make people do as they say, ply them with whatever treatments or drugs they are working with at present, and eventually lock them up in a secure facility where they can keep them dosed to the gills on whichever brand of "zombie juice" is currently in favor. It is my belief that we should exterminate these people, as they present a clear and present threat to the rest of us, and outlaw the practice of their so-called "science". But that's just what I think...

*[[Many might agree. Back in the day, behavioral problems were dealt with by performing lobotomy, later by electroshock "therapy", later still by mind-altering drugs. UK readers of long memory might recall the "liquid cosh" controversy of a number of years back where it was common in British prisons to control "difficult" prisoners by basically drugging them into insensibility. Given this less than stellar history, it would not be feasible to argue that the "profession" of analysis (by inference "behavior*

modification") has not really progressed very far. Interesting also that you should mention that these people work to their own agendas. One item which has so far escaped mention occurred during my "intake" interview for aftercare (I'm in a "high-risk" category, y'know). They go through a form set of questions which are obviously skewed to their "model" of an alcoholic (which as A Scott sagely pointed out in *Kittywompus*, would include most of the UK), including one which asks "What's the longest you've ever held a particular job?" The clear inference (and expectation) is that us poor drinking slobbs drift from employment to employment with monotonous regularity. When I truthfully replied "Fourteen years" the interviewer was visibly startled. Needless to say, this fact was never mentioned again...]]

[...]

*Address listed in 'Fanzines received'*

November 3

From [sardonicus@email.msn.com](mailto:sardonicus@email.msn.com)

**Milt Stevens** writes:

My LoC on This Here #5 must have gone astray. I don't recall I said anything all that significant. I explained the WASP matter, but others have covered that ground in #6. I also commented that Britney Spears looked OK, although I had no idea whether she could sing or not. In any case, onward to issue #6.

*[[The missing LoC may have been my fault, as I seem to recall receiving one along the lines you describe. Another great mystery of life, I suppose...]]*

You do seem to have quite a few problems. Car problems, washer problems, and marriage (Oh My). OK, so not everybody regards marriage as a problem. Some people even like it. Of course, some people like being beaten with whips too. I realize I hold a minority opinion on the subject of marriage. I not only oppose the legalization of gay marriages, but I'm also in favor of illegalizing the heterosexual ones. The gays obviously don't know when they are well off.



"Smith, Mr. and Mr. Smith."

In the letter column, **Lloyd Penney** expounds one of the worst reasons to prefer Toronto over Cancun for the worldcon. I voted for Toronto, but it certainly wasn't because of the weather. Of all the places I have ever been on Labor Day, the one with the most uncomfortable weather was... Toronto. The weather was uncomfortable outside even at 3 AM. The second most uncomfortable place I've ever been on Labor Day was Phoenix. You mention that you don't have to leave the air-conditioned hotel during the worldcon. Well, sometimes you do. In Phoenix, there was a large cement area between the nearest hotel and the convention center. Fans dubbed the area The Anvil Of God (from Lawrence of Arabia).

I managed to get a mild sunburn just getting from the hotel to the convention center and back. You're right, everybody is in denial about something. For instance, I deny any involvement with the assassination of John Kennedy. I barely watched it on television. I also deny any responsibility for the Hindenberg disaster and sawing Courtney's boat. With a little work, I could compile a lengthy list of things I would deny.

You mention that you haven't been mentioned in the last 50 issues of *Ansible*. On thinking about it, I realize that I haven't been mentioned in the last 50 issues of *Ansible* either. This seems like a sinister coincidence. Do you suppose Dave Langford is plotting to eradicate us from fannish history altogether?

6325 Keystone St., Simi Valley, CA 93063

*[[Damn and blast that Deaf Man! Give 'em a couple of Hugos and they think they rule the world, eh...]]*

November 11

From [FitchDonS@aol.com](mailto:FitchDonS@aol.com)

**Don Fitch** writes:

I'm rarely sure whether to extend congratulations or condolences to people announcing their marriage -- so many such arrangements seem to turn sour & miserable after a few years... and (probably a bigger factor) I'm a confirmed "live alone" type who'd be unwilling (& would probably find it almost impossible) to adjust for long to the needs of anyone else. Abstractly, I know this isn't common (or good), but hey, I'm set in my ways. So maybe I'll settle on wishing you and Bobbie a somewhat ambiguous "Good Luck & Best Wishes to you both".

*[[Oh, we'll take it, and the luck is always handy (ask M Tudor). Incidentally, your actual email contained the intriguing typo "I'm sot in my ways", which will not endear you to Rodney Leighton, but will, of course, to me...]]*

[You say:] "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)."

Indeed -- many of them. Not to Put Down any of the winners of the past few years, but all the "Fan category" Hugos were iffy from their inception, and in the past two decades (at a minimum) have gone downhill from there. After all, they're based on Fanzines, and (in general) Fanzines have too small a circulation within the Hugo voting-base for the results to be validly representative of what's actually being created. I think this is something we all know and will just have to learn to live with (though of course this doesn't preclude fannish complaining about it).

*[[The remark about fanzine circulation is so blindingly obvious now that you point it out - I feel a slap of the forehead and a huge "DUH" coming on, but I should have derived the same point from other remarks that **Ansible** is circulated so widely via email it's perhaps likely that it's one of few fanzines the "Hugo voting-base" may have*

*heard of. However, with more and more fanzines having online versions (as indeed **File 770** does, as well as **Mimosa**, **Squib**, and indeed **This Here...**) the dynamic may change. Wouldn't it piss a lot of people off (including me) to see **Emerald City** win a rocket?...Also see Don's remarks below...]]*

[You say:] "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."

Yup. Same with **Ian Gunn** at AussieConIII -- they were both good artists (my take is that this Award is more for Fan Cartoonist than for Artist-in-the-upper-case) with an excellent understanding of what Fandom is all about, and with appropriate senses of humor.

We really do need more people like that, to help keep us from taking ourselves (or fandom) too seriously.

[You say:] "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."

Again, as with the other Fan Hugos, circulation plays much too large a part, I think... though in fact I have voted for fanzines and people partly on the basis of how well they've gotten their fannish attitudes out to a large number of people. Still, my feeling is strong that two Hugos (everyone can use a pair of bookends) should be enough for anyone, and (though a bit less strong) that these (& other) Awards should have a significant aspect of encouraging the most talented newcomers, as well as rewarding long-term

accomplishments. (Actually, that last is more applicable to the various Fan Travel Funds, but....)

*[[I think it's pretty obvious to the fanzine community that the Nova awards (in the UK) and the FAAN awards (generally) are much more relevant within that community than the Hugos can probably ever be...]]*

Re Car Trouble. I really do wish you hadn't mentioned this. So far, the '83 Toyota seems to be doing ok, but I'm starting to get just a little bit nervous every time I take it out of the driveway. And, annoyingly, it looks as though it'll be difficult to find a new model that has adequate space (though I now go car-camping only a few times per year) and still gets reasonably good mileage (at least 30 mpg) -- most car-makers (including Toyota \*sigh\*) seem to be concentrating on off-road gas-guzzlers.

*[[Have you looked at any of the gas-electric hybrids? For commuting, certainly, they're trifically economical. For longer haul trips you might consider a run-till-the-wheels-fall-off diesel model...]]*

Re: music. You manage to make discussions of this sound reasonably interesting (at least worth reading) even though I ceased following popular music sometime around 1946 (when, in the US anyhow, it was wretchedly bland), and about all the current music I follow (& that not closely or thoroughly) is the North American Plains Indian War-Dance/Powwow Songs (very definitely "an acquired taste", as the saying goes).

Sometimes I regret the narrowness of my range of interests, especially since the experience of them is often shallow, but I have to admit that even you don't succeed in getting me interested in Wrestling.

*[[Don't worry, you're not alone, though I'll continue my coverage of WCW as long as it interests me, or as long as **R Leighton** continues to complain about that particular wrestling promotion (i.e. possibly forever...]]*

**Lloyd Penney** wrote: [...] "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."

Surely Lloyd jests. At least, I don't know any fan worthy of the name who would accept any other fan's evaluation of "The Top Fifty" (websites or anything else) -- it's all too much a matter of personal preference. A thoroughly comprehensive Listing would be good, I think (from the standpoint of someone who's really not comfortable browsing on the Web) but it would be cruel to wish the responsibility for maintaining it on anyone.

*[[From the This Here... website I only list three links - the first of which is to the quite comprehensive Ansible Links at: <http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Ansible/ansilink.html>. The others are to Alison Scott's Kittywompus at <http://www.kittywompus.com/> and to Fanac.org ...]]*

"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 [...]"

Ah...about time for another one, then, eh?

About **Ted & Ardis**; My impression (when I met Ardis while she was living in Berkeley with Andy Main) was that she liked lots of people, liked having sex, and (as was becoming more common in that era) had few hang-ups about combining the two. Yeah, Ted did sound (to me) kinda like he was gloating, but... he does have a way with words that -- all too often -- causes him to sound, to me, as though he's saying things that he (probably) isn't, &/or doesn't mean. All of us do that, at least occasionally, but Ted's writing style seems to magnify such lapses... a whole lot, for some of us, though others don't (or only barely) notice it. But Ted caught the crucial point with "Ardis had her own agenda"; even though barely out of her teens, she was not a person to be manipulated or taken advantage of.

*[[Interesting that you should have the opinion that Ardis "liked having sex", when many others have (quasi)quoted her as saying she did not...]]*



**Lloyd** also wrote: "I was seen to be quite against alcohol at one time, but I was mostly against its abuse through overindulgence."

Oh, yes, the Images people form. After expressing dislike of the heavy drinking once common in fandom ("a waste of fine fannish minds -- the fans I know are either obnoxious or boring when they're drunk" was about the way I put it) people kept being astonished when I drank two or three pints of beer during the course of a convention evening (which, back in those days, lasted about ten hours). Same thing happened -- after I'd raked some friends over the coals for the Toklas Spaghetti Sauce they'd used at a club meeting (the host had a House Rule of "No external Drugs") -- for years when I toked a passing joint or pipe.

[You wrote:] "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."

Well... TAFF does seem to be rather largely influenced ("control" is probably too strong a word for anything in fandom) by the two most recent winners and perhaps a dozen other people (many of them previous winners), and that's probably a small enough group to be considered a clique. Much the same can be said about most other organizations, however, and I don't think it's necessarily something to be condemned. I'd be more bothered by hearing that **Lloyd Penney** was told he was "an unsuitable candidate" if I weren't already aware that almost everyone in fandom is capable of an occasional knuckleheadedness. The voting base for TAFF isn't as large as I'd like, but about the only "clique effect" I've noticed is that people sometimes seem to have gotten together and agreed to give it to X this time and Y next time, thus ensuring that the less-fannishly-popular Z isn't likely to win.

**Marty Cantor** wrote: "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."

It's as Marty says -- and, like you, my mind translates "North America" to "The U.S. & Canada", probably on a (primarily) linguistic and cultural basis rather than a purely geographic one.

[**Gary Deindorfer**] wrote: "[...] 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."

Perhaps that's a general aspect of Elizabethan English -- Geo. Parkinson's *Paradisi in Sole* (the Park in the Sun), on plants and gardening, uses the same kind of elevated language, in what amounts to a Reference TextBook for gardeners.

About **Milton Stevens**, you wrote: "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"

Actually, I don't either, even after being acquainted with him for many years. I don't recall him ever mentioning religion, and tend to assume that, being highly intelligent, he's a White Anglo-Saxon Agnostic.

*[[The "More Amusing than WASP" acronym competition is now officially open...]]*

[**Robert Lichtman**] wrote: "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."

Neither do I agree with **Hlavaty** that we've "been living in the post-musical era for about 30 years." I have been living in a post-musical age for about that long, after pretty much



ceasing to listen to pop music at about the age of 35, as I think many people do, but a vast number of younger people seem to almost center their lives on popular music... though perhaps Arthur would say "that's not music, that's just noise". There do seem to be, however, at least two APAs, with many members who are close to 50 years old that have a lot of discussion of popular music, and some of the groups mentioned are currently-active & even new, so maybe it's not a good idea to generalize too much.

*[[Your results may vary. Around 35 I began listening to a lot more country music (though admittedly a lot of it was what might be called alt-country like Steve Earle), because at that time I wasn't finding a lot of new rock stuff I liked, and wasn't real happy with the output of some of the dinosaurs either. I got back into "classic rock" for a while, then more or less sidled into "alternative rock" while station-surfing and have stayed there more or less since. I'm still enjoying it...]]*

November 12

From [erg40@madasafish.com](mailto:erg40@madasafish.com)

**Terry Jeeves** writes:

Congrats on the wedding and I liked that cover photo, it came out well. Having two editors to the mag must make things complicated, do you do half each or do you do it all yourself and mail copies to Martin?

*[[Just to make it perfectly clear, **This Here...** is edited solely by me - Martin is the UK publisher and as such has no editorial input. Nor, I suspect, would he want any...]]*

Best Fan Writer: I suspect this is largely a function of who gets the most coverage in fanzines - write one piece for a large circulation mag and you're well ahead of those who appear in small circulation zines.

Sorry, but pop music is one of my pet hates .. I hate the screaming, down-the-nose vocals and the endless thump thump of the 'backing'. I'm just an old fogey. Other dislikes are modern 'poetry', and I'm afraid wrestling is out of my orbit.

Nice load of LOCs and the fmz reviews were good, but brief. All in all, a nicely varied issue and something for everyone.

November 13

**John Hertz** writes:

Thanks for the wedding report and the rest of *This Here...* #6. I like your vivid, feisty writing. It's not clear to me if you believe **Christina Lake** about *Vanamonde* - whatever that was, since she didn't send me a copy - but you're welcome to it, and I'll try not to be tortuous.

*Address listed in 'Fanzines received'*

*[[You're obviously unaware of **Doug Bell** & Christina's excellent new zine **Head**, in which the fmz reviews are rated by - er - heads, from five heads (= "Headline stuff. Not to be missed") down to one head (= "Pass me a Vanamonde!"). As I believe I've remarked, comments on APA mailings (if one is not a member of that APA) are really pretty useless reading, but the original stuff can always have merit (see review)...]]*

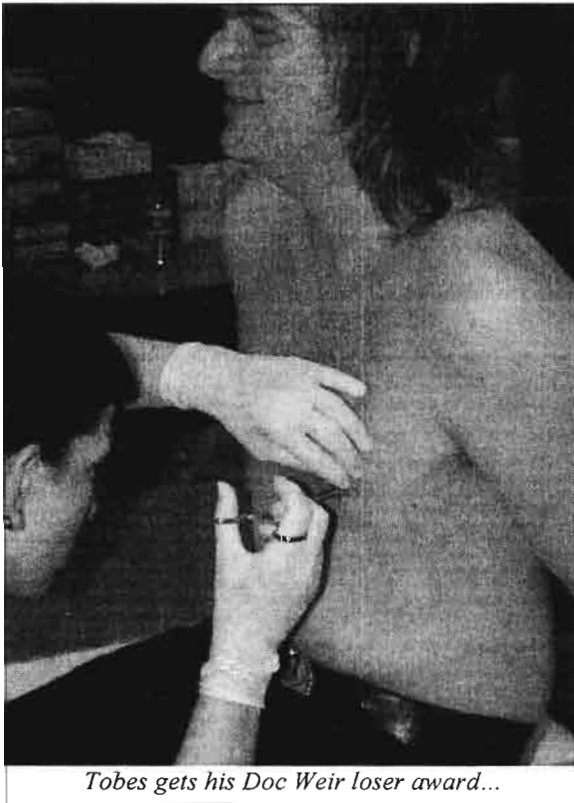
November 17

**Mark Plummer** writes:

I thought I'd say something about *This Here...* #6, specifically that bit you read out over the phone to me a couple of weeks back. However, looking at it again I find that your response to **Alan Sullivan** in the letter column pretty much says everything I might have said on the subject. See, A Scott's

remarks about your excessive commentary are entirely justified.

The history of the 'Tobes for the Doc Weir' campaign so far as I recall is that it started as a joke (from **Meike Benzler**, I believe) but became at least semi-serious with the 1998 Eastercon in Manchester. The key difference between this and the 'Tobes for TAFF' campaign is the latter was essentially inclusive, exposing more people to the TAFF ethos (cross-pollination with *Nichevo* there - neat, huh?), whereas the former seemed to me to be pretty much destructive in intent. Ironically, and contrary to what Alan says, it didn't really get people voting - from what I recall, the overall vote was actually substantially lower than in the previous year - and if there really was a 'fannish furore' (insert as many 'h's into that as are necessary to keep Alan happy) then it completely passed me by. It provoked mild



*Tobes gets his Doc Weir loser award...*

irritation, that's all.

Which reminds me... After the announcement of the result of TAFFrace 2000, the outcome was being discussed on some newsgroup or e-mail list. A Tobes

supporter, clearly somebody who didn't know much about the mechanics of fan funds and the alternating nature of the trips, suggested that our man should of course stand again next year. Actually\*, I rather like this idea: it would be a truly appropriate gesture for Tobes to enter the race on a platform of travelling in the wrong direction and it's only a shame we've now missed our chance.

*[[Yesssss! Somehow I rather like the idea of a genuine spoof TAFF candidacy, if that isn't a contradiction in terms. The only problem I can see (boring rules again) is that Tobes actually has to promise to take the trip if elected...]]*

Coming soon: LOCs on *Arrows of Desire*...

\*this word sponsored by Anders Holmstrom.

*14 Northway Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 6JE, UK*

*December 2*

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

**Chris Murphy** writes:

So, you're up to issue #6 and you've won a Nova - congratulations. And you're married, for which congratulations again. Sorry to hear about all your bad luck ("Coincidence"). Perhaps the demon who sabotages **Martin Tudor's** existence has been taking a transatlantic holiday with you.

*[[Er - I didn't actually win a Nova, but it's nice of you to think I did...]]*

"Tunes"...well, yes..."Rasslin'"...um...ah, "Loco Citato", this I understand. There seems to be a debate going on over what **Ted White** said about Ardis Waters, which is outside my rather limited fannish scope. However I think it illustrates the power of any sex-related topic to disturb people, even in these supposedly liberated days.

I agree with your comment to **Taras Wolansky** that "sports entertainment" is a fair description of American wrestling. At least it acknowledges that rasslin' is showbiz. The world of "real" professional sport is generally not so honest about its relationship with the media.

As TAFF is the only fan fund I support directly, I was interested in the views expressed by **Alan Sullivan** and **E B Frohvet**. Regarding Sullivan's comments and your response: there has always been an anarchic, boozy element in fandom whose members have as much right to stand for TAFF as the rest of us. Whether a winner from the good-time tendency would be prepared to administer the fund after his trip is possibly a more important issue than the impact he might have on "complacent trufans". One major obstacle for a candidate like **Tobes** is that we are still in the shadow of the **Frost** affair and the voters are understandably reluctant to take risks.

*[[The issue of subsequent administrative responsibilities is a good point, though again I think **Tobes** is being done a gross disservice by any comparison to **Abi Frost**. He's certainly considered trustworthy enough to be involved with convention committees, for example. **Robert Lichtman** almost certainly got it right (as usual) when he opined that **Tobes'** chances of winning TAFF would depend a fair bit on getting a fanzine out over here, as much as anything...]]*

**Frohvet** says, "TAFF is getting old," but then so are the fans. Looking around at the last Novacon, I estimated the average age of those attending, not counting children brought along by their parents, to be about 40. Is this just a British phenomenon, or is American SF fandom greying as well? I imagine that the young fans, if there are any, must be going to media cons.

You ask in "Indulge Me" if "reality is sometimes overrated". Maybe it is. I recall a quotation from Brian W Aldiss to the effect that you can have too much of it. (He goes on to add that Tolkien's writing will block it out for months at a time, but I've never found that to be the case.) I love the photo of the guy in the "bomb technician" t-shirt. Though he probably doesn't have anything to do with bomb disposal, it sounds like the kind of humour you'd need to stay sane in that job.

## **WAHF**

**Joy V. Smith** (October 13): "I couldn't not send my Best Wishes to you and the Blessed Bobbie on your wedding. And [...] I want to say that I enjoy *This Here...*, and it has made me more appreciative of wrestling."; **Lindsay Crawford** (October 21): "...been overwhelmed by all things domestic [...] your zine is safely tucked away awaiting a quiet moment when I have time to savor it."; **Bill Bodden** (November sometime): "Am slowly working on *Raw Goof* #3 but progress is glacial..."; **Julia Morgan-Scott** (December 10) with a nice bunch of fan art;

## **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. E-mail addresses now included where known...]]*

*Apologies in advance to anyone kind enough to send fanzines but who got missed out on this list. The filing system [larf] is not at its best...]]*

**Ansible #159 - #162**, Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU, UK.

[ansible@cix.co.uk](mailto:ansible@cix.co.uk)

The streak is over! Farey mentioned in #161 re: the Fanwriter Nova tie. Bah! #162 is necessarily brief for family reasons. David writes: "As some of you already know, my father is nearing the end of his life." Sympathies from me to you, Mr. Langford...

**Batteries Not Included**, Volume VII Issue 8, \$3 US/\$4 foreign, 130 W. Limestone Street, Yellow Springs, OH 45387, or [bni@aol.com](mailto:bni@aol.com). Sent on by Rodney Leighton, it's a fan magazine for the adult film aficionado.

**The Nova Scotian Hermit**, Volume #2, Issue #: FAFIA IS IMMINENT, Rodney Leighton, RR#3, Tatamagouche, N.S. BoK 1V0, CANADA.

As Rodney sez here, this is just a letter substitute he sends out for zines received. It details some of his doings, and is **not** available for the asking. So don't ask.

**It Goes On The Shelf 22**, Ned Brooks, 4817 Dean Lane, Lilburn GA 30047-4720.

List of books received & people heard from, including the question of whether IGOTS qualifies as a genzine. I think not. Random, eclectic and interesting.

**Jackpot! #2, #3**, Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas NV 89107.

What with this, Arnie & Tom Springer's **Baloney** and Joyce's **Smokin' Rockets**, it's getting tough to keep up with Las Vegrants of late...

**Harry Plokta and the Blue Screen of Death (Plokta 20)**, Steve Davies, 52 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, Berks RG30 2RP, UK; Alison Scott, 24 St. Mary Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9RG, UK; Mike Scott, 9 Jagger House, Rosenau Road, London SW11 4QY, UK.

More of the same from the (now Nova-winning) cabal. It must have been the CD...

**International Revolutionary Gardener #3**, Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, 15 Jansons Road, Tottenham, London N15 4JU, UK.

Hanna pontificates at length on Barbie, and fails to engage my interest, though other (female) reviewers had their chords struck by it. Joe's aside into the movie *Battle of Britain*, however, generated an immediate LoC from *maison* Farey.

**Banana Wings 16**, Claire Brialey, 26 Northampton Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7HA, UK; Mark Plummer, 14 Northway Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 6JE, UK.

[banana@tragic.demon.co.uk](mailto:banana@tragic.demon.co.uk)

Back to normal after the Aussie travelogue, and includes (by now somewhat dated) locs on the issue before that. Probably all the more enjoyable after the previous issue's density, and consistent quality throughout. As usual, especially from the Sainted Plummer (for TAFF, GUFF, Hugo, Nova, Paragon Fan Room Mascot etc...).

**Wabe #2**, Bill Bodden, PO Box 762, Madison, WI 53701-0762; Tracy Benton, 108 Grand Canyon Drive, Madison, WI 53705; Jae Leslie Adams, 621 Spruce Street, Madison, WI 53715.

Rather slight in some ways, but extremely enjoyable for all that. The transcription of Jeanne Gomoll's GoH speech from Wiscon 24 probably overshadows the rest of the material, which is nevertheless all good.

**Twink #19**, E B Frohvet, 4716 Ddorsey Hall Drive #506, Ellicott City, MD 21042.

Sad to say, I found this less interesting than previous ones, although I rather liked Frohvet's modest Worldcon report and Wm. Breiding's "Science Fiction and the Cranky Fan". Also contains that *rara avis*: A LoC from Mark Plummer! Contained the ballot for "Fandom's Resident Curmudgeon". *This Here...* supports D West (write-in).

**Stet #9**, Dick & Leah Smith, 410 W. Willow Road, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-1250

Another late arrival, with apologies from the Smiths, 'The Old Fan's Almanac' has, I'm sure, been lauded at length elsewhere. Anything I might say or add would either be superfluous or anticlimatic. Suffice to say, an essential issue.

**Gloss #2**, Lilian Edwards, 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh EH10 4EJ, UK and Victor Gonzalez (CoA) 9238 4<sup>th</sup> Ave. SW, Seattle WA 98106, USA.

[L.Edwards@ed.ac.uk](mailto:L.Edwards@ed.ac.uk)

[squib@galaxy-7.net](mailto:squib@galaxy-7.net)

Predictably dominated to a certain extent by Ardis Waters related correspondence, nevertheless a good build on #1, with Victor's jovially written TAFF pitch, Lilian's Nova award predictions in her usual gossipy fanzine review style, and excellent contributions by Dave Hicks and the now seemingly ubiquitous Ylva Spångberg.

**Raw Goof #1, #2**, c/o SF3, PO Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624

Bill Bodden's chatty and inviting perzine. Short, but as satisfying as a late-night snack.

**The Mongolian Jird** (June - Oct), Alan Sullivan, 26 Thornford Road, Lewisham, London SE13 6SG, UK. More of Alan's newsletter detailing people engaging in several types of activity of which Rodney Leighton would not approve.

**The Knarley Knews #84**, 1525 16<sup>th</sup> Ave., Grafton, WI 53024-2017, USA

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

Another zine with a predictable loccol subject, in this case remarks on Gene Stewart's attack on the trufen egroup from #83. These are lively enough, and cover up for the rest of the material which is actually pretty thin, though I enjoyed Henry's Editorial with its combined camping, ChiCon, great grandma June and Ditto trip report. "I've decided to make an extra effort to write a bit more in each issue", he says. I hope so, because apart from the locs his is by far the best stuff here.

**Vanamonde #373-#377**, John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057, USA.

Of course, I skip all the APA-L comments (which is most of it) and skim most of the rest, but I have to say that the one-paragraph account of a visit by Robin Johnson (#376) is strangely compelling.

### **FEATURED FANZINES...**

**Barmaid #10**, Yvonne Rowse, Evergreen, Halls Farm Lane, Trimpey, Worcs DY12 1NP, UK.

[yvonne@hallsfarm.softnet.co.uk](mailto:yvonne@hallsfarm.softnet.co.uk)

Aargh! I have a mis-collated issue which apparently has some missing pages (which are unnumbered so it's difficult to advise which) and some twice. However, a nice "postcard-style" review of Corflu, a strangely incomprehensible piece 'Master of Quick Wit and Ready Repartee' which ends with a joke from Viz Annual #1, and most of a review of what appears to be <plokta.con>. Missing pages, as I said. A John Berry reprint fills out an issue Yvonne admits was hurriedly put together for Novacon, and it shows. Apart from the central piece, though, the rest is clear evidence of why Yvonne has won the Fanwriter Nova two years in a row. Ask for Barmaid by name, but hope you get the one with all the right pages.

**Head #2**, Doug Bell & Christina Lake, 12 Hatherley Road, Bishopston, Bristol BS7 8QA, UK.

[head@headwest.fsnet.co.uk](mailto:head@headwest.fsnet.co.uk)

Mostly too good to miss, though I felt the acrophobic Dick Walters' account of his bungee jump (also the longest piece) seemed a little out of place. Needless to say, I enjoyed the music bits (Doug and Christina's separate articles on a rather strange festival event), but Tony Berry's <plokta.con> report and the origin of the Death Wish cocktail by Holmström and Spångberg (there she is again) definitely pass muster. I draw a modest veil over the fanzine reviews. Aw, no I don't - Doug thinks I'm great, and I can only reciprocate (more so since we actually got to have a proper talk at Novacon). See you down the boozier then, mate.

**...and stuff #4**, Doug Bell, address as above.

[rangerdoug28@hotmail.com](mailto:rangerdoug28@hotmail.com)

I think one of the reasons I like Doug (and his "stuff") is that he reminds me of me to a certain extent, or perhaps a "me" I wish might have existed when I were a young whippersnapper his age (cue Yorkshiremen). Erudite but laddish at the same time, and full of beans. Wait till I get you to my local, Doug - draught Bass and Guinness in Maryland, no less. (Yes, that's an open invitation).

**No Award #8**, Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore Street #105, North Hollywood CA 91606, USA

[louishoohah@netzero.net](mailto:louishoohah@netzero.net)

If *Raw Goof* (qv) is the late-night snack, then *No Award* is the buffet table - not really groaning with rich food, but certainly providing a grand selection of satisfying comestibles. Thom Digby provides the sharp salsa, there's an unusual recipe from the late Joe Mayhew, more rib-sticking fare from Milt Stevens (on Dhalgren) and Joseph Major (on Katz & Springer's *Baloney*). There are lighter, but no less lip-smacking treats from the cookbooks of Norris, Sneary and Cantor himself, and another soufflé of Califannish history by Len Moffat, for those who like that sort of thing. Plenty of

toothsome goodies here - enough to make you want to try the other dishes on the table on the assumption that they'll be at least as appealing. If any aren't quite to your taste, don't worry - something else will be right along. Oh, and don't mention food to Marty - it could be a touchy subject.

*Once again, reiterated apologies from moi for any fanzines not listed here. I read 'em all, believe you me...*

### Indulge Me...

§

Whatever happened to Curved Air? Or Hazel O'Connor, come to that...

§

Waiting for the Blessed One to collect me after a Monday night DWI aftercare session (or "drunk school", as I call it), I looked up into the cold, clear sky, and it occurred to me that the stars look the same from the jailhouse parking lot as they do in the rest of the county...

§

The following is a direct quote from a handout from ~~drunk school~~ my aftercare program. The number ninety-six is not a misprint:

"Experts claim that fully 96 percent of all Americans are codependents (we would say adult-children) because they come from one of three family situations that foster this condition:

"1. are in love or marriage relationship with an alcoholic,

"2. have one or more alcoholic parents or grandparents, or

"3. Grew up in an emotionally repressive family."

I wonder who the other 4% are? Anybody admitting it?

§

Tunes! Additional: Three Bs and an R of Good Stuff...

*Butterfly* by Crazy Town

*Babylon* by David Gray

*Black Jesus* by Everlast

*Renegades of Funk* by Rage Against the Machine...

§

And *Hanging by a Moment* by Lifehouse, too, actually.

§

I'm not sure exactly why, but I really dislike the word "copacetic".

§

This should *may* reach you before the closing date for TAFF voting (January 31<sup>st</sup>). After careful consideration, *This Here...* throws its weight behind **No Preference**, both candidates being equally worthy. Send money.



**TAFF: THE VOTERS' CHOICE**

§

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)

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

**REMEMBER:** *This Here* is available by e-mail as a Word attachment from [nfarey@comappspect.com](mailto:nfarey@comappspect.com), and that's a lot cheaper for moi.

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

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

E-LoCs are preferred (cut and paste, y'know), but don't let that put you off, unless you *really* can't find the pencil, otherwise USA address, please.

*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".

*"Hook me up a new revolution,  
'cause this one is a lie. We  
sat around laughing and  
watched the last one die..."*