

This Here #2

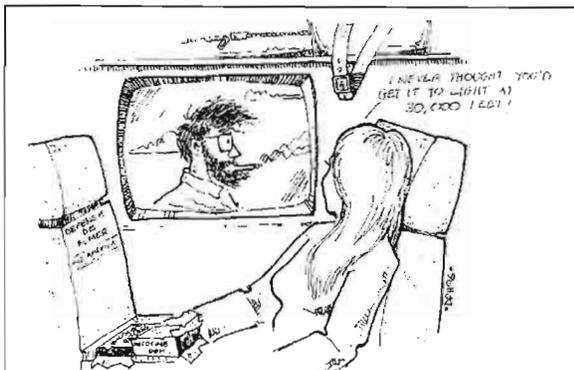
EGOTORIAL

So. Farewell. Then.

Nah, just kidding. It only took me two-and-a-bit months to actually get *This Here* mailed out to the UK, and as I write this (on St. Patrick's Day) I have yet to mail out #1 to the US usual suspects, except for the wise & great Paul Di Filippo, and of course the right-wing lunatics at FOSFAX (joke, joke!).

Anyhoo, I am spurred to action once more by the arrival of a couple of nice LoCs in the e-mail, and since some things are going on, I might actually have stuff to write about.

A tip o' th' toner to the munificent M Tudor, who kindly offered to print and distribute *This Here* in the UK. The check is in the mail, until it reaches those distant shores, at which point the cheque will be in the post.



M Tudor & wife, shamelessly pilfered from "Have Bag, Will Travel" 1996 TAFF Trip report

This unswerving generosity raises the interesting point (are you *listening*, Berry?) that if *This Here* is physically published in the UK, even by proxy, it would be eligible for the Nova awards, would it not? This recalls some of Tommy Ferguson's Nova argument at last year's Novacon for transforming the voting base, adding "netzines" &c – although I still now (as I did

then) disagree with his basic premise, which would have thoroughly altered the spirit of the awards. The Novas, like many other things adhering to the simple sailor's philosophy, "yam what they yam", and I've always subscribed to Tony Berry's slightly controversial take on the issue of people's voting habits which he so eloquently articulated some years ago in a Novacon PR, viz: "This is the point of the bloody award!" Tony was referring to the happy practice of "block voting", wherein the usual suspects have a little meeting and effectively decide who is going to win. I join the opinion of "So what?" in this case. Them as cares enough to vote elects the President, no?

Despite S Bond's Theory of Fanzines (see LoCs), you may not be surprised to learn that I'm in trouble again. The prison gates may in fact be looming once more. See *Jail Guitar Doors and Wedding Bells* inside for more gory details.

As I'm hoping to get this issue out on or around the date I'm scheduled to go into a "Treatment program" for 28 days (April 21st), and the TAFF voting deadline is May 6th, I'll take this opportunity to remind y'all that *This Here* supports **TOBES FOR TAFF**. You should be receiving a voting form with this mailing (unless you are U O'Brien or M K Speller), so please use it – yes, even if you do not vote for our preferred candidate. If you got *This Here* by e-mail, you can find a copy of the voting form online at <http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Taff/taff2000.html> TAFF still survives on the generosity of fans, so even if you don't want to choose between these three worthies, check 'No Preference' and **SEND MONEY**. End of harangue.

Maryland law notes: the maximum prison sentence for a third DWI is three years.

Expect *This Here* #3 – er – whenever.

Nic Farey March 2000

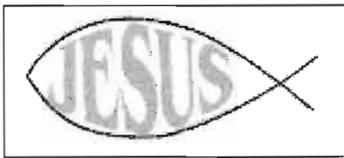
The Jesus Fish Wars

The old received wisdom used to be that Volvo drivers were the worst on the road, followed by Volkswagen drivers, and doubly true if little old ladies were involved. I've noticed, however, that some of the worst drivers here in the US almost always have the "Jesus fish" on the back of their cars. I suspect they all assume that God will protect them, therefore there is little need to observe the normal civilities of the road.

The fish was used as a "secret symbol" by early Christians to identify each other without risking public exposure and hence persecution. Its derivation is from the Greek alphabet initials for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior", (ΙΧΘΥΣ) which spell out the Greek word for fish.

Early versions of the car sticker (or perhaps appliqué is more accurate) simply showed the fish outline, and despite the characteristics or alleged driving habits of the car owner, I thought at the time that this was a rather touching expression of faith, and surprisingly not in-your-face. This, of course, would not last.

In what seems to be another depressing episode in the dumbing down of everything, something which pisses me off mightily since, believe it or not, I know many Americans who are *not like that*, someone evidently decided that this simple symbol needed explaining to the heathen. Hence...



I'm not sure whether the next development was actually instigated by *Playboy* magazine, but certainly that creaking publication was soon offering ads for what would be seen as the "anti-Jesus fish". To be contextual, this was at a time when certain US states were seriously considering replacing the teaching of evolution with the teaching of creationism in public schools, or at the very least

identifying the Theory of Evolution as a "belief" of the same level of credence as the Theory of Creation as defined by the Bible. And so:



This of itself is actually quite witty, and contains the additional meaning that the "Darwinists" are opposed to the "Creationists" because the correct (right-facing) version of the Darwin fish faces the opposite way to the correct (left-facing) version of the Jesus fish. If you've already spotted the irony here, skip to the next paragraph, but I'll mention anyway that I was more than amused by the notion that the (right-leaning) Christian conservatives adopt a left-facing fish, while the (left-leaning) evolutionists look to the right.

Fish are now everywhere, and even pop funster Beck gets in on the act with the *Loser* fish, emblazoned on his shirt in the video of that song.

Darwin does not get ahead, though, since the new Christian car adornment (now, sadly, we are indeed "in-your-face"), is the Jesus fish *eating* the Darwin fish. This is also sometimes represented as a "Truth" fish eating the Darwin fish. I wish someone would take this to its logical conclusion, with perhaps an Einstein or an Oppenheimer fish blowing the fucking lot up.

The original sticker, no doubt created with the best of intentions, has followed a predictable path of corruption and commercialism to become little more than a joke.

It's easy enough to visualize Jesus and Darwin sitting on a tranquil cloud, sadly shaking their heads at those who would write their banners for them.

And eating fish.

For more on the "Fish Wars", and further pictures including the Buddha Fish, the Rasta Fish, the Homo Fish and many others, check out www.meangene.com/darwin

Tunes!

With apologies to S Bond (see LoCs), but Sandra, just think how impressive it will be when you reel off the names of all these cool groups, eh? Although the consideration of whether the world is ready for a tragically hip Sandra Bond may make your head spin.

Tangentially, whenever I see or hear the phrase “tragically hip”, I always think of someone’s aged great-aunt Doris whittering on about her arthritis. Strange...

Excellent current singles are *Never Let You Go* from Third Eye Blind (initially sounds like a classic Tom Petty riff), *Kryptonite* from 3 Doors Down and *The Chemicals Between Us* from Bush (which when it really gets going sounds a lot like a fast New Order), all of which I pretty much liked instantly. Several other fine songs which take a little time to grow on you are *Everything You Want* from Vertical Horizon and *Broadway* from the Goo Goo Dolls.

Oasis’ *Go Let It Out* is also pretty good, and very Beatley.

I’m currently well impressed with the bands Filter (*Take A Picture*), and Eels (*Mr. E’s Beautiful Blues*), both of whom were new to me.

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones (after whom my dog is named) have a new single, *So Sad to Say*, (from the upcoming album *Pay Attention* – due May 2nd) which I haven’t heard yet, but I’m sure it’s gonna be trific!



Spot the difference: The dog Bosstone...



Another interesting find for country fans (*real* country fans that is, not Shania Twain wannabes), is the just-released album *Risin’ Outlaw* from Hank Williams III. Yes, grandson of the original, and (somewhat estranged) son of Hank Jr., a recent article spoke of his discomfort at being followed around by a bunch of sixty-somethings who see a reincarnation of his grandfather. In truth, his looks and his voice sound uncannily like the original, although the lyrics he sings are somewhat harsher.

Not yet as much of a songwriter as Hank Sr., (he has a hand in only two songs on the album), but he uses a great oldtime honkytonk band and excellent songwriters to good effect. The only real disappointment here is the live track, which is badly recorded and thrashy – apparently *just* like the concert he played last month at DC’s 9:30 club!



This is dead good

Rasslin'

I've just finished reading Mick Foley's book *Mankind: Have A Nice Day (A Tale of Blood and Sweatsocks)*, and it's an interesting, well-written and revealing read.

As someone who really only watches WCW (and sometimes ECW) rasslin', rather than WWF (which always seems *very* OTT, not to mention T&A), I hadn't ever seen much of Mick as either Cactus Jack, Dude Love or Mankind. He'd been through both ECW and WCW by the time I really started watching regularly. The book hit #1 on the *New York Times* best-seller list and stayed there, so on a recent foray into Borders I thought I'd give it a go (at 30% off), and was glad I did.

Foley's take on WCW particularly makes a whole lot of sense – he characterizes them, not unfairly, as the company who could fuck up a free drink, and from what I've seen of late he's probably right.

A lot is made of the fact that WCW is owned by Ted Turner (although a rumored sale may be occurring), and how the shows have to be ridiculously “politically correct” in many ways. Both major companies (WCW and WWF) have Monday night shows here which run head-to-head for one hour, and of late WWF has been trouncing the competition, after a year and a half in which they themselves were getting an ass-kicking.

It's been pointed out that just about everybody who's a star in WWF had at one time been under contract to WCW, who had either let them go or driven them out. This list includes the Undertaker, Stone Cold Steve Austin, the Big Show, Foley himself, and more recently Eddie Guerrero, Perry Saturn, Dean Malenko and the awesome Chris Benoit, all of whom jumped ship recently (Benoit was even WCW World Champion at the time!).

If, (and it would appear to be a big “if”) WCW doesn't screw up, they actually have some cool new talent right now, like Crowbar (who may get a push as a ‘Cactus Jack’ type character) who is skilful in the

ring and excellent on the mic, Vampiro, who needs to work on his mic skills, but in the ring is better than almost anybody including Sting, whom he superficially resembles with his makeup, and the Wall, who is simply an awesome destructive machine.

This having been said, a lot of the names have been MIA of late. Sting is just back from rehabbing his injuries, Goldberg in April. Bret Hart and Diamond Dallas Page have both had their pay cut in half as a result of long, continuing injury absence. The Outsiders haven't been seen in a few weeks, but I expect Scott Hall is falling over drunk in some airport somewhere again.

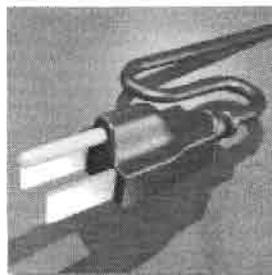
Not for nothing is the phrase “World Codger Wrestling” coming into use, because it's starting to look like the Senior Tour out there. Rumors abound that the World title will be dropped to Hulk Hogan again (God, no!), who cares about very little except Hulk Hogan. The Hogan / Flair / Luger feud is at full strength, which in Flair's case isn't saying much. He *still* looks like a pathetic old fart. So does Terry Funk, of course, but *he* always has, and at least he can still look halfway decent in the ring, but his incoherent mumbling on the mic gives me the shits.

I could go on (no, no, *no!*, screams Murphy), but other than to note that the company appears to have totally ruined Billy Kidman's character and dragged Booker T down with him, that the future could be depressing. Let's just hope that the younger talent doesn't get screwed.

Why do I care? Hey man, that's my *stories!*

(And Buff Bagwell's still a fucking prick.)

Plug



TAFF voting deadline is May 6 2000.

**WE SUPPORT
TOBES!**

Jail Guitar Doors and Wedding Bells

A title to conjure with: imagine what *that* bastard child of the Clash and Marty Robbins would sound like, eh? (That odd phut you just heard was Steve Jeffery's head exploding.)

*I was gambling in Havana
I took a little risk
Send lawyers, guns and money
Dad, get me out of this...*

(Warren Zevon)

Gambling in Havana would at least have been more romantic than the truth, which was "driving home from Quiz Night along St. Leonard Road". I noticed a State Trooper driving by heading south, but didn't think a whole lot about it (except probably, "that's OK then") since I head north. About a mile up the road (halfway home), I got high beams coming at me in the rearview mirror, which I flipped into the "no-dazzle" position, but this didn't seem to have a lot of effect, especially since if the asshole had been any closer he'd have been in the back seat. Next thing you know, it's "whooh whooh" and flashing lights. Oh fuck.

I got my first DWI here not long after Dee Ann & I married. We went out to the Gateway tavern on Broomes Island Road to hang out, play some Keno and so forth, with the prior understanding that she would be driving since *I* would be getting liquored up. This all went out the window when we ran into one of her old flames, who (like me) happens to be a musician. We all got to yakking and drinking, and decamped to his place (on Broomes Island) for a late night jam session. This, of course, was a totally bad idea and engendered a complaint call to the cops from one or more of his neighbors. As we were leaving, Dee Ann was about falling over, so we decided that, as the marginally more competent of the two of us, I'd be driving. No surprise that a waiting cop followed us back up the road and pulled the car over.

Co-operative and respectful me allows myself to get arrested without too much fuss, but Dee Ann has disappeared off into

the woods and is likely to jump in the car and try to drive off as soon as the cop moves off. I persuade him to call her father to come get her, as he advises me nicely but sincerely that if she tries to drive she'll be in it deeper than I am right now.

We got all that sorted, and I eventually got back at about 2am or so.

I got 'PBJ' for a first offense. This actually stands for 'Probation Before Judgement' which essentially means the offense doesn't appear on your record, but is usually known in law and penal circles as 'Peanut Butter and Jelly'.

The second occasion was late in 1997, on a Thursday Quiz Night. A local friend, Kenny Reid (expat Scotsman) had passed away at a fairly ripe age, and this was a sort of wake as well as a quiz night, meaning that a certain amount of whiskey was being consumed. I forget the exact details (imagine that), but the Blessed Bobbie and I had some kind of altercation over the phone, so I find myself lacking a ride home. As is the wont of the judgmentally impaired, I decide I can make it back myself the couple of miles, and hop in the car, vroom vroom. I got pulled over right at the top of Governor's Run Road (a mile from home or less), and managed to convince the State Trooper that I was completely fuckin legless. Maryland law note: 0.08 Intoximeter reading is considered 'DUI' (Driving under the influence, to UK readers), 0.10 and above is 'DWI' (Driving while intoxicated). Two or three beers will get you a 0.10 if consumed fairly rapidly. At about 1am I blew 0.26 – do the math.

I did ten days in the County jail in April of 1998.

On this most recent occasion the State troopers had been buzzing around the Tavern for a few days (unbeknownst to me). I finished up the quiz as usual and left about 10pm, and *this* time didn't even get as far as Governor's Run Road. The little prick in the uniform ignored my protestations about inability to perform the roadside sobriety test (part of which is about balance and is nigh impossible for me because of my back

problems) – if you weren't going to listen to what I said, why ask me, motherfucker?

Anyway, a 0.14 blow and a night in jail later, I get to see the Commissioner (in shackles, which is County standard procedure now), and get a court date of April 17th (that soon?!?) and \$2500 bond (bastard!). Bobbie bails me out, and now we wait...

The upshot of this (and the Wedding Bells connection), is that I'll have to check into the Calvert County Treatment Facility for a 28-day program (looks better with the judge, and you'll probably get sentenced to it anyway) which costs \$1900, and my lawyer bill will be another \$900. Guess where the money has to be shaved from...

As it was, the nuptials were never going to be lavish, but now they'll be about three grand less so. However, with the gritted teeth of determination (and assuming my ass doesn't have to go back to jail), we are going *ahead* with the projected date of August 26th (the week before Worldcon for you visiting Brits) with a truncated guest list and (probably) catering by Eezycheep Leftovers or the like.

As ever, I try to find the bright side, and think that this could be my chance to persuade Bobbie that a down-at-heel Catholic priest will do the job for a bottle of whiskey and a fried chicken wing, whereas a more sober member of some other denomination might want actual cash.

THWACKKKKK!!!!

Oops. Guess not.

Loco Citato

[[Editorial comment looks like this]]

From empties@breathemail.net

March 9

Martin Tudor writes:

Greatly enjoyed the fanzine. However, Helena has asked me to point out (regarding your comment "It certainly was good to see Helena, who is still as good-looking and charming as ever...") that "good-looking" is a term that is generally applied to horses,

dogs and men, she would prefer "young", "attractive", "beautiful" etc!

[[I can't say I entirely agree about your interpretation of "good-looking" (which was obviously intended as a compliment), but I am more than happy to attach all the other suggested adjectives to the pulchritudinous Helena..]]

From sandra@get.fucked.org.uk (really!)

March 16

Sandra Bond writes:

I'm glad you did this here THIS HERE instead of wasting your time on book reviews I'd never have got to see, or bothered to read if I did get to see (though I suppose I might have glanced at them if I saw your name attached). It was posted on March 11th and took a mere 5 days to hop over the puddle, though I would have thought \$1 postage insufficient for airmail (or have I got the exchange rate the wrong road up again?)

[[\$1 = about 65 pence. It's a printed paper rate – that US-to-US mailing just came under the standard 33¢ (21p) ..]]

Good to hear from you again and learn you're still alive, which is a point always in question given some of the things you have got up to in the past, and evidently still do now (e.g. "Personal Injury".) I suppose I should encourage you to do more issues for this reason as well; it's hard to get into a barney or injure yourself while doing a fanzine unless you try *really* hard.

[[Ha! Sez you...]]

Is the cover picture some sort of contest? After much staring at it I can report that I *think* it looks like Patrick McGoohan, but I'm not at all confident.

[[It is indeed Mr. McGoohan..]]

Most dubious phrases sound better in a Scots accent, don't they?

Your music list was very depressing. I knew I was completely out of touch with the current scene, and of course there's the transatlantic gap to take into account, but I hadn't even *heard* of half these people. Americans I see on the net keep praising

Everlast, but they don't seem to have made much impact over here.

[[Everlast is actually just one guy called Erik Schrody. His most recent album is "Whitey Ford Sings the Blues", released in 1998, and I highly recommend it..]]

I don't think you're doing Tobes much of a favour by sticking a picture of Plug by his advert. These poor Americans who never grew up with the Beano won't recognise him -- hey, they think Dennis the Menace is a blond over there -- so they'll probably reckon it's a photograph from life (by god, Everard). Then again, maybe they'll all vote to import this freak of nature now. I long since gave up trying to predict American reactions to anything foreign.

[[You are not alone in making the 'Plug' point (OK, groan now) – see C Murphy LoC below – the pic was geared toward UK readers. As you will see, this issue's plug is much more generic..]]

Dunno about being flogged, but I quite often used to curl myself up into such a tight ball in my sleep that I'd wake up having bruised myself. Don't do that so much now, thankfully.

EBay is full of Americans who don't understand foreign things (see above). Practically anything in any way dubious on their site bans bids from foreign, and specifically .uk addresses, on the grounds that 'this sort of thing is illegal in your country'. Whether it is or not.

No, a friend told me, honest.

As for banned domain names, the email address from which this departs is *totally genuine*....

46 Stirling Rd, London N22 5BP, UK

From chris.murphy@breathemail.net

March 16

Chris Murphy writes:

You seem to have remembered what went on at Novacon rather more accurately than Wendy G. So, I've figured out how to do simple mental arithmetic, have I? Still, it's not as bad as what you said about me the year before...

*[[Indeed, and a classic of its genre, managing to insult both you **and** Carol Morton in one compact remark! Kev McVeigh and I used to have an informal contest at any convention for the best "knockout" comment. I still maintain I'm the champion...]]*

I liked the Max Ernst anecdote. It reminded me of a story about when Picasso put his painting "Guernica" on exhibition in 1938 or '39. (It depicts the devastation of a Basque town by German-crewed bombers during the Spanish Civil War.) He was watching people's reactions to his work when a Nazi diplomat came along. After staring at the picture in obvious disapproval, the man turned to Picasso and said, "Did *you* do this?"

"No," replied Picasso, "You did."

The "Personal Injury" piece is scary stuff. Looks like an extract from a Tarantino plot.

What will your US readers make of the Plug illustration, I wonder?

You were the first and only person to send me a TAFF form, so it seemed only polite to vote for Tobes. As for going to sleep in the position of someone tied up to be flogged, 'T'were to consider too curiously to consider so."

[[Eh?]]

I managed to work out that Ric Flair and Randy Savage are wrestlers. (See, I can do more than just arithmetic.) A couple of terrestrial TV channels over here have started showing WCW and WWF for an hour or two a week, but I can't take it seriously. Or is it not meant to be serious anyway?

[[The best description I've heard is that rasslin' is "soaps for guys". And if you think everything is faked, I recommend reading Mick Foley's book: "Mankind – Have A Nice Day". He really did write it himself, and it's a very good read. He's a college graduate y'know! As you will also have seen, I've now separated my rasslin' commentary out of "Indulge Me" and into its own happy little section..]]

From Peveral@aol.com

March 19

Steve Jeffery writes:

"...since Davey has AIDS and his preferred method of attack is to cut you and then spit on the wound."

Now **that's** really nasty!

Just a short note to say hi and many thanks for This Here #1. Good to hear from you again.

Have you heard, by the way, that John Rickett died suddenly, but peacefully, overnight a few weeks ago. I don't know if you knew him well, but from the responses to the news John seems to have known (and been friends with -- the two seem inseparable) just about everybody in fandom and the news has come as a real blow.

[[No, I hadn't heard. As you say, JDR seemed to be friends with everyone he ever met, and I'm honored to be able to include myself in that list. John also knew Dee Ann, and had also gotten to know Bobbie at the last couple of Novacons. (I called her from work with the sad news even as I read your e-mail). John had written for 'Arrows of Desire', and also kindly supplied me with a font entirely made up of arrows, which sadly I didn't have the opportunity to use. He and I spent a great deal of time together at the Novacon I attended the year Dee Ann passed away (and some people might be surprised I even remember that!). When I wasn't tecking or falling over, it seemed that more often than not I was sitting at a table with JDR discussing whatever subject came up. John had a wonderful gift for the anecdote, and it was always amazing what journey the most innocent of remarks might send him on! He leaves behind a wealth of such stories for those fortunate enough to have heard them, a tremendous legacy of respect and friendship, and the unmistakable whiff of Gauloises...]]

He will be missed.

By the way, it's not beyond the bounds of my cynicism to suggest that, since JDR was a TAFF nominator for Tobes Valois, voting Tobes #1 would be a suitable tribute to

John's wisdom and perspicacity (and totally in keeping with his sense of humor)...]]

The Howard Stern movie is on over here next week. I've only heard him a couple of times in the States (he seemed a bit of a self centred pillock to be honest) and seen him once at a mini festival in Philadelphia, but wonder if you're familiar with his radio show. Since the trailer has the Ramones (Pinhead) blasting out all over it, I might tune in for the music. Gabba Gabba Hey.

[[Stern's radio show is heard in this area on WJFK 106.7, and I tune in on rare occasions. I've always found him a bit boring and predictable (and indeed, a self-centered pillock), though I do have both his books...]]

Does one of those six (of seven) excluded domain names mean that scunthorpe.org.uk will never be registered as a tourist site?

I have heard Mull of Kintyre. I don't want to know what any rock music sounds like on bagpipes. (On second thoughts - GnR's Sweet Child o' Mine might even work on the Northumbrian pipes, as played by Kathryn Tickell. Now is that sad or what? Bugger, now I've got this huge desire to hear what it sounds like... (You bastard, Farey. Stop messin' with my head like that.)

Have you wondered what Sweet Home Alabama would sound like on the kazoo and swanee whistle? Hold that thought...

From nedbrooks@sprynet.com

April 6

Ned Brooks writes:

Odd that you should be from Maryland and send me a zine addressed to "Ned Brookes" - when my late uncle Oliver moved north he decided that "Brooke" would be more elegant than the "Brooks" that the rest of the family uses. My cousin Kern Brooke now has a landscaping business in Severn MD...

*[[I am happy to shift the blame to **Banana Wings**, who listed your name that way. You were mailed a copy of **This Here** because anyone who writes to **BW** deserves all they get...]]*

Except for the story about Max Ernst, I grokked practically nothing in this zine, though I recognized some of the names. A different fandom I suppose. My sister likes Santana, but then she's younger than I am.

[[Well, please try to keep up. There may be a quiz...]]

Undated

E B Frohvet writes:

Thank you for *This Here #1*. Please note the updated address. I assume you got the old address (a commercial mail drop – admittedly in the neighborhood – I have not used for many months) from some drunken British fuckwit.

*[[Yes, **Banana Wings** again...]]*

Speaking of which, a very British Novacon report. Your address notwithstanding, I wonder about your nationality.

[[So do I, sometimes. Anyway, it was a very British convention...]]

I have often listened to music and wondered what it would sound like if arranged differently or with different instruments, though not necessarily bagpipes. Viz, comparing Gram Parsons' version of "Love Hurts" (the *Grievous Angel* LP) with the over-driven, very hard rock version that was on the radio a while ago. Don't recall by whom, I stopped keeping track of current music a long while back.

[[Evidently so. The rock version (which I like) was by Nazareth, and I'd certainly agree that 1976 is a looong time to have not been keeping track of current music. Too many Americans seem to be saying this. In my view, you're missing a lot. The amount and quality of rock music these days is as good as anything I've heard since the late 70s, when the Clash ruled the world...(IMNSHO)]]

My theory is: take Britney Spears; take away all the choreography, all the backup singers, all the bands and arrangements (i.e. all the things her producers use to disguise the lack of basic talent). Could she stand still on stage, with one microphone and one

piano player, and hold you spellbound? That's my standard.

[[Well, the Blessed Bobbie sez yes, Britney could, as she is actually a trained and practiced vocalist. The songwriters, arrangers, producers and so forth have probably done her no favors (except make her rich enough to get the titty implants) by tailoring her sound to their particular target market. By the way, Christina Aguilera who, if anything, has a better voice than Britney, is an even worse example – the dismissive term the kids use for artists like this is "wigger" – meaning either "white nigger" or "wannabe nigger"...]]

Speaking of which, Emmylou Harris is going to be at the Columbia festival of arts this year. Not a big open-air version at Meriwether Pavilion, an "intimate" performance in the much smaller and indoor Jim Rouse Theater at Wilde Lake.

[[Thanks for the info – there's a gig I'd crawl over broken glass to see, especially since I wasn't able to get to see her at the Calvert Marine Museum here a few years back. For anyone who doesn't have it, Emmylou's album 'Wrecking Ball' from a couple years ago is an absolute must. Just thinking about it always recalls the excellent song 'Waltz Across Texas' to me...]]

Since I have already voted on TAFF, I took the liberty of passing on the TAFF ballot to someone else. As you will observe, I endorsed Sue Mason, and voted her first, because she is the only one of the candidates whom I have any personal contact with. She has done two covers for my fanzine and numerous smaller illos which have turned up in the past and will again in future issues.

[[You can change your vote any time up until the deadline – what a coup, eh...]]

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

From harryandruschak@aol.com

April 10

Harry Andruschak writes:

I don't get many fanzines nowadays, which is just as well considering how little spare time I have. In addition, I was on vacation for two weeks last month, sailing

the Virgin Islands on the S/V LEGACY, the newest schooner of Windjammer Barefoot Cruises.

[[Lucky bugger, eh?]]

Interesting NOVACON 29 report. It has been years since I've been to a convention, and in all probability will never attend another one. My interests have gone in directions not connected to fandom, and long overseas vacations require I use a lot of vacation time, leaving nothing left over to attend Sci-Fi cons in the USA. As for drugs, I'm currently using six...two for high blood pressure, one for hypothyroidism, one for cholesterol control, Antabuse for my alcoholism (was 16 years sober in AA last 17 March) and Viagra as needed. As far as I can tell, I am not having any problems with drug interference or side-effects. (Well, my vision goes blue when I'm on Viagra, but that is supposed to be a harmless side effect. Hope so.)

[[Here endeth the FDA report...]]

Read the rest of your zine, but cannot seem to find much to LoC about.

Probably another sign of burn-out. I've given up on TAFF, DUFF, GUFF, and the rest of it. I am in DAFIA (drifting away from it all) and have no motivation to publish my own zine again.

[[The rest of you can take this as a solemn warning as to what might happen to us at any time...]]

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

From anders@sfbok.se

April 17

Anders Holmström writes:

I begin directly by bestowing on you my thanks for the considerate gesture of sending me your Fanzine. A good one at that. Apart from a lot of other stuff it contains what I have for a long time pointed out is a surefire way of achieving greatness in fanzines-. That is of course mentioning Me. Really good fanzines like for instance *Banana Wings* frequently mention me.

[[OK, that's enough BW plugs this issue! We don't want the sainted Plummer's head to swell any further, and we probably could

not deal with any parts of Claire swelling at all. Especially those...]]

Upon receiving *This Here #1* I said to myself "Now here's a fanzine that you must Loc and Loc Now", something I would have done if sickness and work had not quickly eaten up my time. The sickness part is mostly to blame as I only have email at work. Now that I'm almost back I realised that it's almost Eastercon and just in case you show up I thought it would be a great idea to have locced you before we meet again. I know that NovaCon is the con for you but I had a sneaking suspicion that if I didn't write you would most certainly show up.

[[Sadly not, but the Blessed Bobbie and I definitely have plans to try and take a family vacation to include the next Jersey Eastercon (if there still is one)...]]

I think I preferred *This Here* to the ish of *Arrows of Desire* that I got in 1998. *Arrows* was a bit to painful to read that I'd be able to do any kind of comment that would seem of a worthy enough depth or whatever. To just toss off a short 'nice fanzine' felt a bit banal.

[[Even S Jeffery was dumbstruck...]]

This Here on the other hand was a delight to read and not at all as intimidating. Great mix with con report, Max Ernst story and "Why my ear sticks out". All with sort of a red thread of music running through it.

I hope by the way that Bobbie didn't take my accusations of licking not talking all that seriously. Mostly seeing as that when being somewhat tipsy as she was more heartfelt comments have – I've noticed in several different people that the line between the two can be very thin indeed. I must say that I got a bit worried when you wrote down the talking not licking quote. But as I said I hope Bobbie has forgiven me.

[[Ha! I'm tempted to tell you that you should prostrate yourself and beg impressively for forgiveness next time you see her – but that won't be necessary since the Blessed One views the whole thing with great equanimity and not a small amount of humor. Of course, she does indicate that the

prostrating thing would be quite appreciated anyway...]]

Thanx are of course in order for the stylish Tobes for Taff plug. Tobes was quite impressed when I showed it to him. Now if you start wondering how I could show the pride of Jersey your nifty little zine I shall tell you how.

It's Saturday the eighth of April when suddenly the phone rings at the humble home of international Fan about town Lennart Uhlin. When he in his usual laidback manner answers a strange voice calls out.

"I don't know if you know me, but is this the noted SF Fan Lennart Uhlin?" Not being one to hesitate Lennart confirms that this is the case. "What luck. I got you in one. This is Tobes, do you want to meet up for a drink?" Lennart said that yes he did whereby he called me and told me what was going down. Beer if you absolutely want to know. After a few of the beers had gone down Tobes told us that he'd been in Norway for a SF Convention in Bergen and had decided to take the long way home so he would be able to stop by and say hello. Which he did. So we had a very nice time out on the town, or rather we would have had a more extensive night out but Tobes said no to further excess a half past one.

[[That strange creaking noise is my credulity straining...]]

He claimed that traveling and Congoing had taken it out of him. So we decide to continue the barhopping in a more extensive way after a few hours sleep. After a few hours sleep we lunched at one of my fave Cafes, checked out My Bookstore, read your fanzine, after which we started trying out my usual Pubs. Having had a few decent beers we went for a Garlic dinner: Garlic bread, Garlic Beer and Garlic Meat with garlicky veggies and potatoes.

[[That smell you are detecting is...]]

WAHF...

Paul Di Filippo (March 15): "Amazed to see how our tastes in music dovetailed", and also recommending the New Radicals;

Tommy Ferguson (March 21), with a brief harrumph ("Tobes for TAFF? Say it ain't so...") and a bemused "Fierce intellect?";

Indulge Me...

§

Can you state with pride that you have masturbated in *every* possible location in the building where you work?

§

Possibly the most amusing (and rarely seen) sideline of the Jesus Fish wars (qv) is probably the simple fish outline containing the word "sushi".

§

If a bus stops at a bus station and a train stops at a train station, then presumably work stops at a workstation...

§

Tunes additional: I should mention that the output of both the Goo Goo Dolls and the Red Hot Chili Peppers has been consistently excellent of late. Also, further musings on Oasis, in that one could usefully spend an hour or two figuring out *exactly* which Beatles' songs *Go Let It Out* (which I do like very much) was lifted from, especially the bassline. The song practically qualifies as a pastiche...

§

Thinking of the Beatles, do you ever wonder: what does Ringo Starr *do* all day?

§

I've always thought "affianced" was such a classy sounding word. I *like* being affianced, and I like describing myself as such, even if it makes me sound snooty. "Married" sounds mundane by comparison.

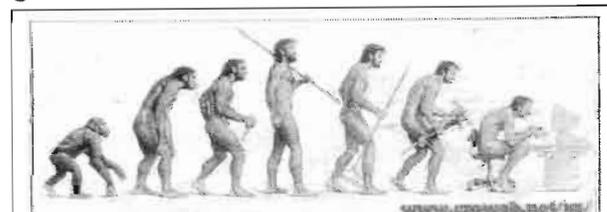
§

Think CLOWN VOMIT.

§

The Blessed Bobbie complains: "It's impossible to get laid around here during *Dr Who!*".

§



The Evolution of Man?

§

Tunes late bulletin: "The Bad Touch" by the Bloodhound Gang, which is *very* rude!

§

I just learned that John Sladek had died, and even more distressingly that *all* his books are currently out of print in the US. Perhaps at least 'Roderick' (considered by some to be one of the finest American novels ever) may be reissued as some kind of memorial. I, for one, shall sit down with a glass of fine wine and *The Steam-Driven Boy*.

§

There you are, then.

Miranda

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

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

Hard copy from the following:

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*Goddam right, it's a beautiful day!
(Eels)*

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