

This Here #4

“Irrefutable proof that Western civilization is dead” (H Warner, Jr.)

EGOTORIAL

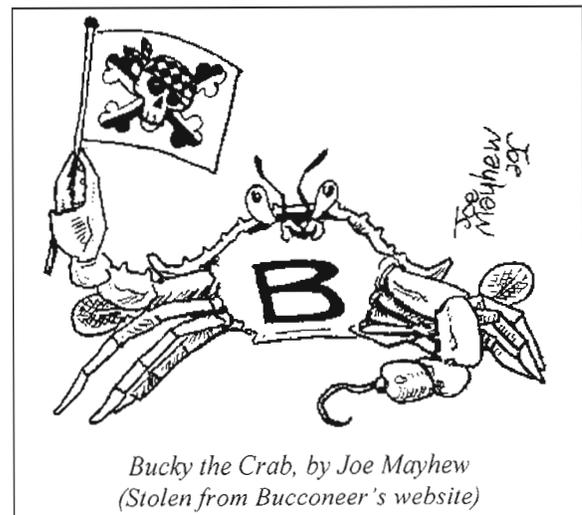
I suspect this should not be unexpected, but being back writing a fanzine seems to mean that everything starts to take on a kind of fannish hue. I thought of this today when I saw a headline in the newspaper which immediately made me think of sad anoraks with wispy beards trolling the halls of some nameless gray convention in a drift of hope and desperation, looking for the only room party that will have them, which turns out to be a smokeless zone of more sad anoraks with wispy beards drinking fruit punch and barking the occasional sarcastic remark at each other. Or, as the headline itself more succinctly put it: “Search Fails To Find Woman”.

As opposed to the usual time-wasting net searches (crosswords, porn, Sim City, porn, Abigail Frost, porn...) I also find myself searching variously for fannish things, starting perhaps at the *Plokta* web site or the TAFF home page or *Ansible*, and finding all sorts of interesting ephemera and good reading. Back issues of Victor Gonzalez’ *Squib* are downloadable for those with Acrobat reader, and look very good indeed. I also found what appears to be a full text of *The Enchanted Duplicator*, occasional bits of *Tommyworld* and several other fanzines on-line, which make me wish I could do that. (Having re-read the above, I wonder whether I sound like a screaming neo.) I was also pleasantly surprised to learn that *Arrows of Desire* actually scored 1 point for Best Fanzine in one year’s FAAn awards.

Sadly, this arguably masturbatory pursuit will have to substitute for real interaction at Chicon, which for reasons previously discussed will now be out of pocketbook range. Ah, well – Philadelphia (in 2001) is at least within a couple hours drive. The Blessed Bobbie and I are hoping to be able

to have a slightly extended UK trip in November (hopefully with a side trip to Ireland), which will therefore serve as a somewhat belated honeymoon. Probation Officers permitting, that is.

Musing on Worldcons, I probably share the general feeling of “Oh, Christ!” which seems to attach to a UK bid. Although, speaking as someone who has busted in on Vince Docherty while he is changing into his kilts, and as one who has been at the business end of the wagging finger of KIM Campbell (these were separate occasions, you should note), I give them my love and support, but as yet no money. It’ll be interesting to see what happens if the proposed Japan bid (2005 or 2006) runs against the UK. If it makes a difference to anybody in particular, *This Here* favors the bids for Cancún in 2003 and Charlotte NC in 2004, but as usual, not quite to the extent of parting with actual cash...



The black-bordered notices are getting far too prevalent, I think, as I read Joe Mayhew’s obituary in the *Washington Post*. Editing the mailing list for this reason is always depressing, and begs you to consider that we may be somewhere in the process of losing one of the great fannish generations,

especially disconcerting when you think that Joe was only 57. I feel the same sadness anyone in fandom should at the loss of someone of Joe's standing, and I am also (as is often the case) wishing I'd had the opportunity to meet him and thus been able to share at least some small personal reminiscence.

I would guess that this general increased awareness of the mortality of an earlier generation of fans has a lot to do with the increased interest in fanhistory. This is why resources such as Greg Pickersgill's Memory Hole and the Fanac project are so important. Pickersgill in particular, I know has the tenacity to achieve his laudable aims.

The Lynch's *Mimosa* also does a fine job in recording the collective memory, but again it cannot be anything except ultimately saddening to be reading two "appreciations" in one issue (of Vinç Clarke and Ian Gunn in #24), although I am not suggesting that these should have been excised – the pieces (by Ron Bennett and Teddy Harvia respectively) are suitably warm and personal and both convey a good idea of the legacy of Vinç and Ian. Bennett in particular does not balk at the potentially uncomfortable parts of his tale, which is no disservice to the memory of a fine man.

Since the MVA failed to mail me the correct form to apply for *another* set of forms (and how galling is it that whoever managed to fuck that up is presumably still *alive*?) which are supposed begin the process of restoring my revoked, suspended and expired driving privilege, I am well conscious of the fact that, if stopped driving to work I will likely have my ass hauled off to jail in violation of my probation. There is basically zero public transportation in Calvert County (or at least, zero of any kind that is useful to me), and the authorities are of course aware of this. It's well-known that State Troopers especially (rather than the Sheriff's Department, who are rather nicer) will have a list of "targeted" vehicles that they are looking out for, and will pull you over for any or no reason with something approaching undisguised glee. There's a

Commuter Connections BBS for Maryland and the suburbs, and I managed to find a ride share with a guy who works at Johns Hopkins. It's not working out too badly so far, but his hours are a little longer, and so rather than getting home at 5:15 or so, it's more like 6:30 or 7:00, which basically gives me no evening to play with. I'm still also pursuing the idea of looking for a more local job (in the county itself would be nice), but there really aren't that many to be had without a potentially radical change of career.

Wedding plans continue, if not apace, then with a lot more urgency than previously, given that we were unaware of whether I'd be cooling my ass at the county's expense or not. The Blessed One is more than aware that we have just a couple months to get it together. We *have* secured our original choice of venue (Jefferson Patterson Park outdoor pavilion), which, given our budgetary constraints (verging on budgetary non-existence), is remarkably cheap – just \$350 for five hours, but we do our own setup and clear-down. Child's play, surely, for an ole teck veteran...

I have purchased new black Wranglers for the occasion, which will be a relief to many (including the aforementioned KIM Campbell), who were present in the bar at Novacon when I was in my old pair, blissfully unaware that the crotch had frayed sufficiently for the tip of my dick to be poking out. Robert Sneddon *may* have been on hand to take a photograph – of my *face*, which several friends observed has rarely ever been quite that color.

Some Web addresses:

David Langford home page

www.ansible.demon.co.uk

(Which in its links section can get you to *Mimosa*, *Squib*, *Plokta* and many others)

The Enchanted Duplicator

<ftp://sflovers.rutgers.edu/pub/sf-lovers/fiction/the-enchanted-duplicator.txt>

Fanac Fan History Project

<http://fanac.org/index.html>

Memory Hole

www.gostak.demon.co.uk/

Nic Farey June 2000

Would've Looked Better in 'Quasiquote'?

The *Washington Post* Magazine Reader column recently quoted the following sample question from a reader survey in *Transgender Tapestry* magazine:

“I consider myself a:

- Man
- Non-Gendered
- Transvestite
- Pre-operative Transsexual
- Post-operative Transsexual
- Non-operative Transsexual
- Woman
- Intersexed Person
- Transgenderist
- Androgyne
- Butch
- Femme
- Third (4th, etc.) Gendered
- Crossdresser
- I do not consider myself transgendered
- I'm unsure whether I'm transgendered
- Other”

At which you, like I, may have wondered with glazed eyes: “Other?”

I Did Not Fuck Sandra Bullock (Part 2)

Alison Scott, in her fanzine reviews (at www.kittywompus.com) states in reference to another publication that it's generally a Bad Idea to split articles into several parts. At risk of giving the truly wonderful Alison something *else* to crow about, I would have to say in this instance that she is probably Quite Right, since opinions, if not events, have somewhat overtaken the tale of my joyful vacation at the Calvert County Treatment Facility.

The other cardinal argument for at least having *written* the piece at one time would have been an accurate reflection of the development of the train of the thought which leads to today's position (which might be summarized as: “fucking bollocks”). If I were making this up, it would probably be called metafiction. Any guesses on when I'll finally turn into Barry Malzberg?

The minutiae of our days at the facility are in most cases too tedious to repeat, but H Andruschak would no doubt be gratified to learn that we had meetings and sessions until 9:30pm most evenings, and long days on Saturdays and Sundays, starting at 8:30 in the morning and again not ending until 9:30 at night. Interestingly enough (and again, I'm sure with Andy's approval), we were *compelled* to attend AA and NA meetings, which were however run by actual AA and NA members from outside the facility, not by staff members.

One of the more impressive points about the CCTF is that most if not all of the staff are themselves recovering alcoholics or drug addicts, mostly with many years clean. Our particular group counselor, Fatou, was the notable exception, though she has had family problems of this nature, and her day job is in the Parole service in DC, so she has quite a bit of “hands-on” experience in this area.

The first weekend came as a bit of a shock with the full days' programs, but Brad and myself, as well as Bill, particularly, were happy enough to get with it. I reasoned that complaining wouldn't do a whole lot of good anyway (other than mark you out as a potential troublemaker), so it seemed best to participate fully and try to get along with everybody as much as possible. This last can be an interesting prospect when you're surrounded by people who might reasonably be expected to be in various stages of withdrawal, but as for participating in an honest way with the form and goals of the program, oh how fucking wrong I was, as it turned out.

Angry Man #1 Mac is moderately sullen, but grows progressively less so as the first week unfolds. Angry Man #2 Sean is more voluble. He tells us (in group) that he hadn't had a drink or drug for 8 or 10 months, since his last DWI, but when informed that he would be required to attend the 28 day program he chugged a twelve-pack the night before. The second weekend (which is Easter), he has a *very* bad case of the sniffles and is quite aggressive as he attempts to get

out of attending group sessions - this he fails to do. I later learn (along with a lot of other information I did not know, but hardly wanted or needed, such as how to make a Speedball) that these are classic signs of cocaine withdrawal. Sean's story changes accordingly the following weekend when he has an amazing epiphany, fully seized of the error of his ways, doing everything except rend his clothes, and bemoaning the fact that he has wasted his life doing coke and alcohol since he was fourteen.

The complaints of the previous weekend (that he would *much* rather be home with his wife and son at Easter) seem to be quite forgotten now that he has embraced society, discovered for himself that his marital relationship is not the one he wants to be in, and spends a great deal of time with another (female) attendee at the facility who is there long term. As I'm sure H Andruschak will tell you, getting into relationships when in recovery is one of the best ways to sabotage both recoveries.

In private, he still rails against the petty rules and regulations we all endure, but maintains that he is "going straight" when he gets out. Surely I cannot be the only person not taken in by this? Or perhaps my cynicism quotient (high enough as it usually is) may have spiked upward.

I am given a copy of a recommendations letter (essentially the post-treatment conditions listed in *This Here #3*) to give to my attorney, who in turn may decide to show this to the judge. I am of the opinion this document does not really do me any favors, especially with its apparent insistence on therapy (including couples and group, thereby dragging the Blessed Bobbie into it), and on 12-step (AA) meetings, which as stated, I am unwilling to agree to. I don't know why I should bother explaining my primary reason, but if you'll forgive a slight digression which will stave off the inevitable remarks from Andruschak: 12-step programs in general (and AA in particular) are "spiritually based", referring to the surrender of one's recovery to a Higher Power (which can be anything you

like, in theory). I have no issue with this *per se*, but *my* spirituality is not a matter for public discussion. My Probation Officer has not pressed the point so far.

Brad and I are taking a smoke break toward the end of our stay at the CCTF, and I broach the subject of my qualms about Sean's Road-to-Damascus-style convers. He muses for a moment, looks at me with an open face and says "Yeah, the honest guy got shafted and the bullshitter came out covered in roses."

(No Relation)

Talking about 'net surfing (Egotorial) reminded me of the supposed truism that everyone first does a search on their own name, though if you're "John Smith" I fail to see the point. Second search, apparently, is "Anna Kournikova". Anyhoo, some geologist called Farey made the following contribution to the world of mathematics (text from www.cut-the-knot.com):

The **Farey** series F_N is the set of all fractions in lowest terms between 0 and 1 whose denominators do not exceed N , arranged in order of magnitude. For example, F_6 is

$$\frac{0}{1} \frac{1}{6} \frac{1}{5} \frac{1}{4} \frac{1}{3} \frac{1}{2} \frac{2}{5} \frac{1}{3} \frac{2}{3} \frac{3}{4} \frac{4}{5} \frac{5}{6} \frac{1}{1}$$

N is known as the order of the series. Farey was a British geologist who in 1816 published the statement to the effect that in the Farey series the middle of any three successive terms is the mediant of the other two. The proof has been eventually supplied by Cauchy. The series nonetheless bears the name of Farey.

To see why the statement is correct, start with F_1 which is $0/1, 1/1$. In order to get F_2 , insert the mediant into F_1 : $0/1, 1/2, 1/1$. For F_3 we add two mediants: $0/1, 1/3, 1/2, 2/3, 1/1$. To get F_4 we also add only 2 fractions: $0/1, 1/4, 1/3, 1/2, 2/3, 3/4, 1/1$. Next, add 4 fractions to get F_5 : $0/1, 1/5, 1/4, 1/3, 2/5, 1/2, 3/5, 2/3, 3/4, 4/5, 1/1$. As we already saw, it takes additional 2 fractions to get F_6 . The general rule is this: to move from F_{N-1} to F_N add all possible mediants (that come

out to be in the lowest terms) with N in the denominator. Since forming a mediant may only increase the denominator we are led to think that following this rule we indeed will get the whole of F_N . To complete the proof recollect that the Stern-Brocot tree contains all positive fractions. So in the process of constructing Farey series no fraction will be missed either.

When N is prime, the rule adds N-1 fractions. In general, $\phi(N)$ fractions are added. For all reducible fractions m/N will have appeared in one of the earlier series. Check this with F_7

$$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccc} 0 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 2 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 1 & 4 & 3 & 2 & 5 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 1 \\ 1 & 7 & 6 & 5 & 4 & 7 & 3 & 5 & 7 & 2 & 7 & 5 & 3 & 7 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 1 \end{array}$$

The Farey series furnishes another proof of an important corollary of Euclid's algorithm: for integers m and n with $\gcd(m,n) = 1$ and $m \leq n$, there exist positive integers a and b such that $ma - nb = 1$. The proof again depends on the properties of the Stern-Brocot tree. For any two consecutive fractions m_1/n_1 and m_2/n_2 in the Farey series, $m_2n_1 - m_1n_2 = 1$. So, depending on which of m or n is larger, locate either m/n or n/m in a Farey series and select (as a/b) either the preceding or the following fraction.

Tunes!

Well, indeed to goodness yes, the *Mission: Impossible - 2* soundtrack is not bad at all, but apart from a rather typically insipid offering from Tori Amos at the end, it's VERY LOUD! Individually, there are several excellent tracks, but collectively it's a little samey, and I more or less have the same problem listening to it the whole way through as I would a whole CD by Limp Bizkit (as mentioned in *This Here #3*). The cover of Pink Floyd's *Have A Cigar* by The Foo Fighters with Brian May is indeed thumpingly fab, and *Going Down* by Godsmack is also worth a mention. Aside from the tunes, (most of which do *not* appear in the actual motion picture) the movie itself, which we saw last week, is pretty awesome - fans of action director John Woo will not be disappointed, (several

of his signature sequences are in evidence) nor will those who care to drool over the well buff Tom Cruise. I was a little off put by Thandie Newton, whose accent, while probably charming to many Americans, will sound gratingly familiar to UK readers, speshly them from Sarf Lunnun. She looks great, but I keep expecting her to look doe-eyed at TC and utter something appropriate along the lines of: "'Ello darlin' - cor! I fancy the arse offa you, I couldn't 'arf go a shag." (Not ©Plummer&Brialey™, no, not at all, honest guv.) Fans of the original series, however, (like me) will recognize little apart from the disguise masks and "This message will self-destruct in five seconds..."

Oh yes, tunes! The most-requested song on local radio right now is apparently - er - *Right Now* by the Baltimore-based band SR-71. This is only OK, in what seems to be a typically local laddish Jimmie's Chicken Shack kind of way. Much better are Everclear's awaited offering *Wonderful* and the current single from No Doubt, *Simple Kind of Life*, both of which display similar sentiment for less troubled times. *Wonderful* is the more complex song of the two, addressing as it does a child's view of his parents' divorce, basically wishing it would go away.

"I want the things that I had before
Like a Star Wars poster on my bedroom door
I wish I could count to ten
Make everything be wonderful again..."

The CD *Learning How To Smile (Songs from an American Movie, Volume 1)* is due in July and will probably be available by the time you read this.

If not here, where could you find Faith Hill and Limp Bizkit mentioned in the same sentence, eh? Hill's album *Breathe* gets me the same way as Fred Durst & the boys - a modicum is a Good Thing, but too much becomes annoying. With Hill, as with too much of today's "country", often the only association with Nashville is the address of the fan club and the presence in the music of a steel guitar or banjo - the styles do vary from the more rocking stuff à la Shania Twain through gospel and more or less

straight balladeering. Unfortunately the overall blandness of the production, a common failing seemingly designed to make the music as blameless and mass-appeal as possible, means you've had enough after a few tracks. Hill's voice and choice of songs, however, are redeeming. *Breathe* is an excellent choice for your summer party in, say, a 7 or 9 CD random mix where you don't have to listen to it all at once.

I've been playing a little catch-up, listening to some CDs all the way through which I'd previously just bought on the strength of the single.



Blue from Third Eye Blind, released last year, is nothing more or less than a fairly unpretentious rockin' album, and as such compares well to a lot of the drivel out there. You'll recognize some of the styles and/or riffs, but the fact that some of this stuff is derivative doesn't hurt it. The single *Never Let You Go* has been mentioned here before, but the outstanding track here for me is *1000 Julys*, which made me think that this is what the Rolling Stones might still sound like if they weren't so fucking *old!*

Rasslin'

GOLD-BERG! GOLD-BERG!

Amazing to think that even though he's been out for around six months, the crowd still sets up the chant any chance it gets. The long-awaited return took place recently, with rumors abounding of a heel turn for "the

monster". Net opinion generally had it that this was the likely "huge surprise" promised by Eric Bischoff for the 'Great American Bash' pay per view.



He's back, and he's baaaaaad!

And indeed this was the case, causing a great wailing and gnashing of teeth to be heard across the land. Ever since his arrival in WCW, Bill G has been a huge fan favorite and, in rasslin' parlance, a complete babyface (good guy), and even after this heel turn (which is a major angle) is still getting pops, rather than heat, from the crowd. Mostly Goldberg's on mic segments have been done with Russo and Bischoff in attendance until he learns the business of getting over as a heel.

The Monday Nitro program of June 19th was notable for the absence of R&B, and in my opinion was the better for it, giving rise to a faster-paced show with more emphasis on the actual matches. Scott Steiner's turn to babyface is pretty well complete, and he plays it well (albeit as a "loose cannon" generally allied with Kevin Nash). Steiner gets great pops, and is apparently very well respected by the other rasslers as someone who works hard to get a match (and his opponent) over with the crowd. Having disliked him a great deal previously, I have revised my opinion accordingly.

It's also good to see the return of Brian Clark (formerly 'Wrath') and Brian Adams, now operating as the tag team Kronik. These

are two big men who deserve to dominate, and even a loose alliance with the fucking prick Bagwell (against the 'Triple Threat' of Shane Douglas, Bam Bam Bigelow and Chris Candido) does not diminish their ability.

Incidentally, Shane Douglas may still be one of the more underestimated members of the WCW stable. His contract was basically dropped at one point, but he was brought back (as 'The Franchise') because Vince Russo likes him, and Douglas does indeed work hard on his promos to get over as a heel, as well as selling his matches like a real pro. Word has it that he can still be a bit of a whiner backstage, though.

Dear-o, dear-o, poor Vampiro. After the huge highlight of torching Sting at the Great American Bash, he is now reduced to a low-tier feud with 'The Kiss Demon' (Dale Torborg), part of which involves a hokey angle that Demon is a genuine split personality with Torborg. This is more than a bit of a comedown, and requires Vamp to cut extended promos on mic which, while improved, are still no substitute for seeing him in actual ring action.

A note on crowd reactions: Turner Broadcasting Standards & Practices have been having *so* much fun with some of the language used in WCW programs (which is actually tame compared to what goes on in WWF or ECW). "Ass" and "bitch" are routinely edited out, requiring that the ostensibly live Monday night show be at the very least on some tape delay. The crowd's habit of chanting "ASS-HOLE!" is thus removed from the hearing of the sensitive, though this week a thoughtful cameraman provided a shot of the audience which was of great help to lip-readers.

The best example was probably the moment of silence during Jeff Jarrett's headline match with Scott Steiner, in which Jarrett is (as usual) heavily taunted by the crowd – a helpful close-up during the sound edit revealed his reaction as: "Fuck you, motherfuckers!"

Hook

Perhaps Victor Gonzalez has discovered the Pat McMurray secret of multiple existences – I receive two fanzines in the same envelope this week, each with rather different characters, 1½ edited by Victor, the remainder by one Lilian Edwards (of whom...).

I begin to read *Squib*, as I had been well impressed by #4 of that periodical which I had perused on the web (at www.galaxy-7.net/squib/). The first sentence of Ted White's lead article ("Ardis Waters died this June.") sends me into an immediate funk, as I realize I must prepare for another *in memoriam*, and in this case of someone I had never previously heard of. Perhaps I am being uncharitable, so I resolve to plow on, since given Ted's deserved reputation there is likely to be *something* interesting here. I am a little bemused by the front page photograph of an obviously young woman, as Ted states Ardis was in her middle fifties, and I must wait until the very end of the article to learn that this picture was taken when she was eighteen. A caption would have been nice, but perhaps I carp.

The piece itself left me feeling uncomfortable and unsure of myself. It's essentially a brief memoir of Waters' time in New York City, where, not to put to fine a point on it, she appeared to fuck her way from lodging to lodging, with four-year-old child and dog in tow. It's said outright that she herself had no problem with this:

"She often said that she preferred to have sex with a man soon after meeting him, in order to get that out of the way and get on with becoming friends. 'It hangs them up, it's all they can think of', she said of men and sex. 'Until you do it they're obsessed with the idea of it'. I think sex was Ardis' way of defusing the situation, releasing the sexual tension that would build up. I don't think she placed nearly as much value on sex as the men she met did."

I can't seem to shake the idea that Ardis Waters was New York fandom's early sixties party favor for a while, albeit with apparent willingness, and also that of a group Ted describes as "yearning young men" to gratefully accept what is sometimes

called 'sloppy seconds', White himself apparently being New York fandom's First Fucker at this time. I wonder whether I am becoming prudish, a laughable idea in itself considering my own sexual history and exploits, so I wearily put it down to another case of mere jealousy, wishing it had always been that easy to get laid.

I turn to *Gloss #1*, hoping for some relief, and am immediately seized by Lilian Edwards' opening sentence:

"I was mildly appalled when I read Ted White's epitaph for Ardis Waters in the Corflatch issue of *Squib*."

Operating from different perspectives and different (generally feminist) assumptions, Lilian appears to share the same disquiet over this piece. I learn, more helpfully, that she discussed this with Ted at Corflu, and says "For Ted, this was a story of warmth and genuine affection", giving the man his due, but she nevertheless retains her unease and considers the validity of "post-dated textual interpretation" in this instance. She goes on to tie this into her Shouting Book Club's view of Eugenides' *The Virgin Suicides*, and this serves as an extremely useful comparison. We learn as much about Lilian's own thought processes (which are, as always, exceptionally well delineated) as we do about the subjects in question. There's an excellent clarity of writing here, which led me to inwardly remark "I know *exactly* what you mean" on several occasions.

Armed with Lilian's helpful opinion and analysis, and grateful for her having shared the bones of her discussion with Ted at Corflu, I returned to *Squib* to revisit 'Ardis Waters in New York City'. Lilian had said that her objections were...

"...[n]othing to do with the standard of writing, [...] which is well above average for fanwriting; and nothing, indeed, to do with the intent, which is clearly to convey Ted's fondness for, and memories of, Ardis."

I, of course, agree. Re-reading the piece, I also try to keep in mind the "warmth and genuine affection" supposedly exhibited. After this second, more careful reading, I reach a slightly different opinion which

perhaps better explains my own disquiet: White is gloating; the article is prurient.

Addresses for Squib and Gloss listed in 'Fanzines received'.

Loco Citato

[[Editorial comment looks like this...]]
(and not like this...)

May 31

Harry Warner, Jr. writes:

You kept me in suspense a long time with this second issue of *This Here*. By waiting until the last page to reveal your name, you caused me to wonder whether I should address a loc to Dear This or Mr. Here.

Actually it's a bit hard to comment on an issue which gives so much space to rock and televised wrestling. I feel that the only function of these two occupations is to furnish additional, irrefutable proof that Western civilization is dead. I did find one familiar name amid all those unknown to me individuals, however: Hank Williams, Jr. I have a volume of hillbilly music probably published in the late 1930s or early 1940s which contains a picture of Hank, Jr., looking to be about seven or eight years old.

However, I was able to add to my knowledge by the section that talks about the fish symbol on autos. If I'm still up and around this August, I will have reached the 50th anniversary of the date when I acquired my first driver's license. And in all those years, I don't believe I've noticed any pictures of fish on vehicles in the streets and highways. My eyes aren't perfect but they aren't as bad as you might expect from that statement. It's just the fact that I'm scared of moving autos and I try to keep an eye on them as a whole instead of inspecting what's on their exteriors.

There aren't many things to be thankful for these days. But Sandra Bond provided me with one of those rarities: the fact that I never bruised myself by curling up in a ball while asleep. However, there have been times when I woke with a stomachache which lasted until I discovered that I had one

arm pressed against it that was causing the sensation.

I appreciate the fact that you publish with largish typeface on white paper. Too many fanzines have been following the bad example of newsstand magazines that make their typography as illegible as possible with the help of colored backgrounds and miniscule typefaces.

423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, MD 21740

[[Your eyes could be that bad Harry – my name appears at the end of 'Egotorial' in every issue so far...]]

From max@hawkida.com

June 6

Max writes:

I seem to have LoCced. How did *that* happen? And not only did you print my surname, which is Not Done, but you missed an 'N' off the end of it.

[[Next time, use DNQ...]]

Oh, and *Adam's Song*, Blink 182. I cheerfully admit to web searching for it, though, since I am lacking in the skills necessary to retain lyrics and tie them back to tunes and it was bugging me.

Maybe I should do some work now.

[[Oops, sorry! That should have been L – E – H... (sound of incoming tactical nuclear missile)]]

From tobes@drunkenfuckwit.co.uk

June 12

Tobes Valois writes:

Cheers for *This Here* and ta very much for the TAFF plugs. As you probably know by now, I lost, but at least I beat Tommy on the European votes, although the Americans don't seem to want me to visit.

I heard about John Rickett whilst I was in Stockholm. JDR was a good bloke and I'll miss him, so will a lot of others. I had a letter from John in February, in which he commented on the TAFF candidates and nominators. He said that was happy to be in such good company as one of my nominators and particularly mentioned that you were a bloke that he had a lot of time for.

[[That's very humbling. Thanks for passing it on...]]

At <plokta.con> recently, someone said of Eastercon that there was a John Rickett shaped hole there. Like I said, people miss him.

On a more cheerful note, Anders' letter is factually accurate. I don't know whether your incredulity was being strained by the fact that I'd just sort of popped in to Stockholm to say hi, on my way back from Bergen in Norway, or that I called it a night at the early hour of 1.30. In my defence at this last item, I was knackered by walking around Stockholm with some of my luggage all day, I was quite drunk already, and Anders wanted to call it a night, and as he'd offered to put me up, I decided I'd had enough for one evening. As for being in Stockholm at all, I'd quit my job and decided to blow all my money by not only going to Reconnaissance, an SF con in Bergen, but to go to Dublin the weekend before, stay in London a couple of days, fly to Bergen and come back by train, via Oslo and Stockholm. I left Stockholm on a Monday, and got back to Jersey on Saturday, started a new job on the Monday and flew to Glasgow for Eastercon on the Thursday, pausing only to crash my car on the way to the airport.

There is definitely a Jersey Eastercon in 2002, as we were the only serious bid this year. Martin Hoare has been talking about it for at least a couple of years and I always said that I'd be happy to help out. These conversations in the bar have now come back to haunt me, as I'm now on committee.

Sorry to hear about you being busted, though I've just heard that you won't be locked up.

Well that's it for now, give my regards to Bobbie.

À la prochaine (as they say on the mainland).

[[TOBES FOR TAFF IN TWO-TWO (fits to a 'T'). My credulity strained at the early night, not the fact you apparently just turned up in Stockholm, which I find to be quite

reasonable. Hopefully we'll get to the Jersey Eastercon in that year too (two?)...]]

From swstiles@home.com

June 14

Steve Stiles writes:

I'm totally unfamiliar with the artistes you mention under Tunes, with the exception of The Doors and Foo Fighters (I picked up the latter's 1st album on tape for the sole reason that the cover art was a photo of my childhood toy — a raygun blaster that's now worth about \$600 — but I do like them). I tend to acquire music that downplays vocals, i.e. mostly techno and Progressive, because I find that vocals/lyrics tend to distract me when I'm at the keyboard or drawing board, although recently I've been smitten with BLUR, MASSIVE ATTACK, and the relatively obscure Mike Keneally of BEER FOR DOLPHINS. Pity the money supply dried up a few months ago; lately I've been dependant on the kindness of friends with CD burners.

I can empathize with wasp loathing. Having been stung any number of times by yellowjackets, wasps, and hornets has developed a healthy fear in me that doesn't extend to any other insects or spiders. Years ago, in the 1970s, I visited with Lee Hoffman in Florida and she managed to cure me of any phobic reaction to bees, though, by taking me into her garage where they were swarming; about two feet over our heads was a solid mass of them covering the entire ceiling -- it was intimidating but they totally ignored us.

In the process of reading James Michener's "The Source" this week I learned that, according to him, the early Christians adapted the fish symbol because an anagram of the Aramaic word for fish spelled "YHWH." Recently I've spotted a new fish bumper sticker: a Christian fish devouring a Darwin fish. I'd like to see a fish symbol spelling out "gefilte."

Still waiting for Goldberg... Back in January 1999 I was still working at a tee shirt warehouse that Ted White has written about in *Spam*. The company had hopes then

of regaining the cashflow it had enjoyed with its *South Park* tees with a line of WCW and NWO shirts (I recently spotted one in a *Powerpuff Girls* episode), including a bunch of Goldberg shirts. Somehow a rumor got started that Goldberg himself would be touring the Columbia warehouse and that in turn sparked a running gag: every time the outside door would open everybody would shout in unison "GOLDBERG!!"

]]I spoke of the Jesus fish eating the Darwin fish in the article, and as I also mentioned, many other variants do exist, including this one...]]



June 14

Paul Di Filippo writes:

The regularity with which *This Here* is appearing is awe-inspiring. You've done one of three things: ① Perfected fanzine-producing artificial intelligence, ② Cloned yourself, ③ Acquired a time-stopping gold watch. If you've done all three I expect to be addressing you as "Global Emperor" next.

Your "Stirring Treatment Tales" continues to reflect a healthy skepticism toward authority mixed with suitable humility. I hope your license comes thru sooner than 2 years.

I wasn't as wild about Ute Lemper as you. Enjoyable, but not a "must-have". Have you checked out Marvin Pontiac's *Greatest Hits* yet? Demented blues by a demented guy. For Roky Erickson fans.

2 Poplar Street, Providence RI 02906

]]I vote for ① as most likely – some might consider all intelligence as artificial, especially mine! "Nic Farey For Global Emperor" is right up there with "Tobes for TAFF" as a rallying cry, don't you think...]]

From martyhoohah@netzero.net

June 23

Marty Cantor writes:

Just having seen only *This Here #3*, I have only a limited feel for your fanac and that about which you have before written, but there is something in #3 which seems eminently commentable upon by me. And that is your dialogue with Harry Andruschak.

Andy, of course, exhibits the usual “born-again” rhetoric of the convert. Which is not to say, though, that he is not correct in some of that which he writes. This dovetails (in a way) with your stated belief that there are only two kinds of people who do not partake of alcohol, something I believe is a bit simplistic. I will write of another kind, one which includes me.

Back in University days I did, at times, partake of alcohol. Early on, I did (shall we say) *over-indulge* a time or three. I found two things: I did not particularly enjoy the “high” from drinking too much, and I certainly did not enjoy the morning after. Never one to go along with the majority just because it was the thing to do, I continued my friendships with most of my friends (who happened to be drinkers).

Later in life, I did a little tippie now and then, either because I felt like tasting something which had a flavour I enjoyed, or because cheap American beer was thirst-quenching when I was doing some sweat-producing work in 100+ weather. Still later in life I discovered that alcoholic beverages set off asthmatic attacks. Still, with the proper medication at hand, I did take a sip now and then.

Which brings me to the present. I have just discovered that I have a triglyceride/cholesterol problem, something exacerbated by the consumption of alcohol. Which means, not by choice, I cannot imbibe. Well, I will not miss it as much as I will miss juicy cheeseburgers and greasy fries.

Anyway, Andy over-reacts to those who enjoy tippie, but DUI (in my never humble opinion) is an abnegation of social responsibility. People *do* get hurt, and

property gets damaged. So, confine your drinking to home and get as plastered as much as you want and you have no complaints from me. Also, broaden your listing of non-drinkers to include those who just cannot drink. . . .

[[You're right in a way, but I'll stick to my two-slot classification of the proselytizing kind of non-drinker and 'the rest'. Undoubtedly these categories could be subdivided, but in the context of my differences with Andy, that's really of questionable usefulness. I'm sorry to hear about your cholesterol problems – certainly the cheeseburger factor will definitely piss you off. I've had occasion to try the low-fat cheeses on occasion, and they just don't cut it. However, if you still want a juicy burger with less cholesterol, I recommend ground turkey, mixed with some chopped onion, spices to your preference (I like to use Cajun or chili) and a little French onion dip. Also, if you're fond of steaks, deer meat is pretty much fat free. The Blessed One is also having to watch her cholesterol intake, and she misses cheese and bacon a great deal. Again, the turkey bacon is an option, and not too bad. We've also found that the best mayo is Hellman's light (I, of course, prefer the full 'leaded' version), since Safeway's own brand seems to be loaded with some kind of sweetening agent. And by the way, I do agree that a certain amount of reprehensibility attaches to a DUI. If you do a bloody stupid thing by breaking the law, you cannot complain about being punished for it, but as far as I'm concerned having issues with the nature of the punishment is valid...]]

WAHF

A cat postcard from **Sheryl Birkhead** (June 2), who has moved and apparently has all her fannishness in a box somewhere. **COA** 25509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20882.; **Maureen Kincaid Speller** (June 10), who is glad not to be baking files into cakes; **Marty Cantor** (June 13), promising trade of *No Award* and a loc, but not in

equal measure; **Guy Lillian III** (June 14), also threatening trade (of *Challenger*) and gracing *This Here* with its first request for a back issue. He adds: “enjoyed [the] perspective of your unfortunate court problems. As I do that for a living, it was particularly compelling”; **Lilian Edwards** (June 22), after I offer her an early look at the *Squib/Gloss* review, which she pounces on. Lilian mentions: “Victor is very curious who the hell you are...”. ‘EB Frohvet’, I tell her.

Fanzines Received

Banana Wings #15 (Claire Brialey, 26 Northampton Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7HA, UK and Mark Plummer, 14 Northway Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 6JE, UK)

“...another typically atypical issue” it sez here. 50+ pages of Australian trip report (Jeez!) but a crackling read once you start. Not to belittle Claire’s considerable talents (in addition to which she writes very well), but the sainted Plummer is possibly the best fan writer around right now. A UK Worldcon in 2005 may be his best chance to get one o’ them rocket thingies to polish.

Challenger #11 (Guy Lillian III, PO Box 53092, New Orleans LA 70153-3092)

How many pages? A hundred?! Fugginell... Many interesting items in the Hugo-nominated *Chall*, as its devotees refer to it, but nothing that really grabbed me by the nuts. The overall tone seems to be friendly, the erudition level high, and the loccol quite lively. Pleasing.

No Award #7 (Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore Street #105, North Hollywood, CA 91606)

In many ways, this has a very “old-fashioned” feel to it, and charmingly so. I suspect Marty might be very pleased by my having said this. I liked this ish of *No Award* a lot more than Alison Scott did (in her review at www.kittywompus.com), and I note that if she thinks there’s too much of *my* editorial comment in locs here, then *No Award* must have given her the right screaming shits...

Head! #1 (Christina Lake and Doug Bell, 12 Hatherley Road, Bishopston, Bristol BS7 8QA, UK)

Ah, the willowy and ethereal Christina gets her knickers back on long enough to say some nice things about *This Here #1*, so perhaps I shall return the favor. (Aside: was 2Kon *really* as ‘orrible as I keep reading?) Nice light(-headed?) pieces in here, and despite the fact I’d just read a whopping travelogue (*Banana Wings #15*), Simon Lake’s account of his New Zealand trip was quite charming. Christina’s conversation *has* apparently improved (old private joke, which is why most of you are baffled by that remark). Will I be the 1,000,000th person to wittily observe that Christina, or indeed Doug, can give me *Head!* any time?

Bogus #4 (Sandra Bond, 46 Stirling Road, London N22 5BP, UK)

This occasional title gets a 4-page airing, apparently for <plokta.con>. Anecdotal, wry, typical Sandra. Jolly good.

Squib #5 (Victor Gonzalez, 905 N.E. 45th St., Apt #106, Seattle WA 98105)

Gloss #1 (Victor Gonzalez, address as above, & Lilian Edwards, 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh EH10 4JE, UK)

See elsewhere for discussion of the lead articles, but generally *Squib #5* is a disappointing follow-up to #4, and seems like a lot of filler to me (including the D West ‘Kittycatboy’ which was only mildly amusing). *Gloss* is much better, but Victor’s extended *Enchanted Duplicator* take-off needed to be tighter. The best pieces in both zines are by the willowy and ethereal one (who finds more bad things to say about 2Kon) and Lilian Edwards (of whom...), and at this I am unsurprised. Special mention to Andrew (Earth to Andy) Hooper’s zine reviews in *very* small type on the last page of *Gloss*. Typical Hooper, from what I’ve read in back issues of *Apak*, and thus you either like ‘em or you don’t. I like ‘em.

Derogatory Reference #95 (Arthur Hlavaty, 206 Valentine Street, Yonkers, NY 10704-1814)

I hope Arthur enjoys *This Here* as much as I enjoyed reading this *DerR*. I feel our styles are somewhat similar, and we appear to be in agreement in some of the more essential areas, especially football. I think I managed to figure out what “hoplophilic” means, but it ain’t in *Websters*.

Indulge Me...

§

The more things change, the more they stay insane.

§

If I wanted someone else’s image, it might be that of Doc Holliday, as portrayed by Val Kilmer in the movie *Tombstone*: drunk, dying of consumption, but *very* charming and *exceptionally* well dressed...

§

...but probably not Liz Holliday.

§

Our marketing ace at work, Melinda, is by any conventional definition a fine looking woman, so why do I think there’s something creepy about her? I used to get the same feeling about the even more gorgeous marketing director when I was working for Scholl in London many years ago – I am suspicious that there may be a Stepford Wives factory somewhere churning them out.

§

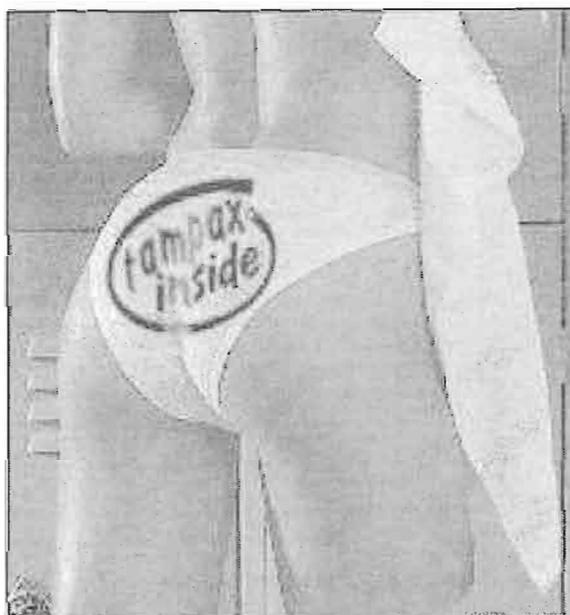
Hubris: The paper fanzine will *never* die – I will *personally* see to this.

§

From my friend Brad, and *well* in time for Chicon, ten signs you have a hangover:

1. You’d rather have a pencil driven through your retina than be exposed to sunlight.
2. Trying to gain control of the situation, you continue to tell your room to “Stay still.”
3. Looking at yourself in the mirror induces the same reaction as chugging a glass of fresh paint.
4. You’re convinced that chirping birds are Satan’s pets.
5. You set aside an entire morning to spend some quality time with your toilet.

6. You replaced the traditional praying on your knees with the more feasible praying in a fetal position.
7. The bathroom reminds you of a carnival barker shouting, “Step right up and give it whirl!”
8. All day long your motto is, “Never again.”
9. You could purchase a new bike just by recycling the bottles around your bed.
10. Your natural response to “Good morning,” is “Fuck off!”



§

So, that nice Mr. Gonzalez has cajoled me into joining the Trufen egroup. Now we shall see what we shall see.

§

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)

Hard copy from the following:

Martin Tudor

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

Nic Farey

PO Box 178
St. Leonard, MD 20685, USA

REMEMBER: *This Here* is available by e-mail as a Word attachment from Nfarey@comappspec.com, and that's a lot cheaper for moi.

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".

*"Does anybody really know
the secret, or the
combination for this life and
where they keep it?..."*

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