

# This Here...

“About as sporting as drowning kittens” (EB Frohvet)

**ISSUE #5, August 2000**

## **EGOTORIAL**

As you see, *This Here* boasts a new masthead logo, and proudly bears a date at the head of *Egotorial* rather than tucked away by my name at the end of it. While I was rather fond of the simple WordArt we have been using, it undoubtedly makes more sense to use the same logo here as at the *This Here* website. Yes, we are officially online, and you can peruse back issues at:

[www.megspace.com/arts/thishere](http://www.megspace.com/arts/thishere) .

My good friend Max contacted me after reading last issue's *Egotorial*, in which I wished I could put *This Here* on the web, having read *Squib* and other fine fnz there. "Why don't you", she reasonably asked, and proceeded to help mightily with some technical aspects of the project.

The web version of *This Here* is formatted a little differently to the print version (which will *not* be going away, and will always come first), but apart from minor differences the content is the same. We hope this will expand our readership, and, I've found, is actually quite fun and not all that difficult to do.

Apologies to our UK readers who had to wait for the scintillating prose of issues #3 and #4. Our UK publisher has had an outbreak of the traditional 'Tudor (fuck my) luck', this time causing a number of hard drives to inexplicably resemble an Escher nightmare. We are assured all is now well, and hopefully you'll be nicely up to date and locking away like good little soldiers.

Long time friends who remember *Arrows of Desire* might also like to compare Harry Andruschak's turgid sermon in *This Here* #3 with the one he wrote me in *AoD* 5½ or *AoD* 6, whichever it was. I suspect he has this little screed saved someplace, and trots it out every so often, just changing the number of

years he's been in AA.

Striving for some fannish content in this here Egotorial, I return to a question I'd considered a few months ago, as the traded fnz began to fall into the PO Box. That is, how do individual editors come up with their lettercol titles, and indeed, what does their choice tell you about the personality of the editor or even the fnz itself?

*This Here*, of course, uses the true and tested method of a wordplay on "Loc", and also satisfies my liking for multiple meaning. Other examples of this genre are "LoCSmiths" (FOSFAX), "InterLOCutions" (*The Knarley Knews*) and Marty Cantor's studiously aggressive "Loc 'n' Load" (*No Award*). The obvious yet snappy "Lokta Plokta" rises above the herd.

In this vein, others also indulge their lingual arts on words of communication, such as Sandra Bond ("Ish Mail", a favorite of mine) and Sue Jones ("The Lettuce Column" - pure Sue!). "Mimosa Letters" (er - *Mimosa*) and "Epistles" (*Challenger*) seem unimaginative by comparison.

Other titles will range from the plaintive ("Is There Anybody Out There?", *Banana Wings*) to the densely incomprehensible ("Hinky Juice", *Squib*; "From Silent Tristeros Empire", *Derogatory Reference*).

I seem to be endlessly fascinated by the potential for psychoanalyzing EB Frohvet (am I late on this one?), and the lettercol title "Rheaders Rhevenge" provides more opportunity. I generally eschew the use of the "fannish 'h'", as I feel it really belongs (belonged?) to a generation prior to mine, and my only contemporary (or semi-contemporary, perhaps) I know as a regular aitcher is Sandra Bond.

In Frohvet's case, the use of the aitch suggests both a 'traditional' fnz (which *Twink* is, whatever that means) and perhaps presupposes a curmudgeonly disposition. Is

the implication after all that Frohvet's "Rheaders" will be sufficiently roused or ired to exact "Rhevenge" on what was written there? The wry undertone of all this, however, leads one to suspect that Eeb relishes the gruff avuncular role.

See *Fanzines Received* for *Twink's* address and more pleasantries.

The next issue of *This Here* will, of course, be arriving after the nuptials of the Blessed Bobbie and m'good self. I can confirm that we are indeed getting married on the same day (August 26<sup>th</sup> 2000) and most definitely to each other. Hopefully we'll have a wedding pic or two next time (Oh Christ! This is turning into *Plokta*), especially if I can lay my sweaty paws on a digital camera, and no doubt the usual plethora of seamy tales from bachelor and/or bachelorette parties, reception horrors and so forth.

***THWACKKKKK!!!!***

Er - no, actually it's all going to go quite smoothly, I shouldn't wonder. (Thank you dear, that's certainly brought me to my senses...)

### **I Did Not Fuck Sandra Bullock (Part 3)**

In this concluding segment of what Paul Di Filippo has dubbed my 'Stirring Treatment Tales', I shall write of the Calvert County Treatment facility's Referral Form/ Discharge Summary, which is essentially their more detailed report on the individual's physical and psychological condition. This sage document, while theoretically protected from prying eyes, is essentially your path to more expense and problems since the first thing you are required to do for both your Probation Officer and 'Aftercare' is to sign a release allowing them to read it. Not to do so puts you in violation of probation.

A note on how Calvert County generally runs: regular readers may recall (from *This Here* #3) that part of my aftercare recommendations from CCTF indicated therapy at Chesapeake Counseling Network in Dunkirk. At my first meeting with my PO, she tells me that this will not do, since

they are not state-approved. Having been provided a list of those facilities which are, I make a couple calls and discover to my complete lack of surprise that the state-approved facilities are run by (gasp) the same company which operates CCTF. This will come as no shock to anyone who knows that in this county you'll generally be much better off paying \$2,000 for your attorney than \$500, since that way there's more to be spread around. This is, of course, in the fine tradition of Maryland back-scratching which, in its more bucolic way, might rival that of Chicago.

This runs all the way from the staking out of favored watering holes by police (entrapment) in order to ensure the continued employment of a certain number of county court judges, to the sentencing by those judges to time spent in the Treatment Facility.

Anyhoo, let's analyze some of this less than confidential discharge summary. This may be an interesting exercise for those among you who have known me for a number of years...

The authorship of the document itself is unclear. Fatoumata Thiam is listed as my Primary Counselor, but the document itself is signed off by one Doris McDonald, 'Clinical Reviewer', whom to the best of my knowledge I have never met.

From the paragraph headed 'Medical History':

"In relation to his alcohol use, Mr. Farey reports blackouts, hangovers, binges, tolerance increase, and shortness of breath."

I was surprised to read that shortness of breath related to alcohol use, when I would have assumed that it had much more to do with smoking two packs of cigarettes a day. The rest of it sounds pretty bad, though, doesn't it? In common with much of this spurious 'analysis', however, there is a deliberate attempt to indicate predetermined conclusions, since the entire sentence quoted above is completely without *context*. Compare the above with the innocuous statement "Mr. Farey reports having played softball", and consider how deficient in

information that is, absent details of time, place and result at the bare minimum.

The last 'blackout' (loss of memory) I ever had as a result of drinking (unless you broaden this definition beyond usefulness to include 'fall asleep') must have been back in the 1980s. The last debilitating hangover I had would have been in late 1996 when I was going through a period of heavy drinking after my wife's death. 'Binges' is an interesting term, and appears to have been defined in the spirit of *Catch-22*. If you don't drink every day, but you do drink more than we think you should, you must be a binge drinker - obvious, isn't it? Tolerance increase: well, no argument there, at least, although I have noticed that it takes *fewer* drinks these days for me to feel I've had enough. Of course, this reduction in tolerance was *also* used as an argument for being in the grips of alcoholism.

So far, then, it seems that if you've *ever* forgotten what you did, had a hangover, gone out for a drink after not drinking for a while, increased *or* decreased your tolerance, you're an alky, my friend.

The 'Psychological/Psychiatric History' reads:

"In relation to his alcohol use, Mr. Farey reports denial, minimizing, depression, mood swings, loss of control and guilt."

Once again, no context, no time or place or result. Rather than going back over more history, I suspect this 'analysis' results from my frank admission of the state I was in after Dee Ann died, which lasted for about six months or so until I managed to climb out of the bottle with help primarily from the Blessed Bobbie, but others also. Honesty is the best policy, is it? The paragraph adds:

"While here, he was often vague and defensive in his responses."

Does this hold up in court? I for one, would like to know what those responses were, and what I was responding to. Once again, a blanket assertion with nothing in the way of specifics to allow me to disprove it.

And now, selections from 'Aftercare Issues'. Para 1 concludes:

"He should be aware that the use of any alcohol will lead to further legal consequences."

Well, since the CCTF puts as it's #1 recommendation "Abstain from alcohol...", (which, by the way, *everyone* gets on their discharge summary), and the judge almost inevitably attaches their recommendations as a condition of probation, this is a mindlessly redundant self-fulfiller.

Para 2 states:

"Mr. Farey has intact defense mechanisms of denial, minimizing, intellectualizing and rationalizing. He should be aware of how these will sabotage his attempts to stop further alcohol-related arrests."

This reads to me as nothing more than a scare tactic: "Do as we say, or you *will* be arrested." As far as I am aware, an alcohol-related arrest would involve either driving (something I do not currently do), public drunkenness/nuisance (I usually go to sleep before this stage) or fighting (despite S Bond's opinion, an activity I do not seek out). Others might wish to take up the cudgels of how terms referring to intellect and rationality have been corrupted into something presumed bad.

Para 3 continues with:

"Mr. Farey is unwilling to attend twelve step meetings, stating his spirituality is a very personal matter."

At least they got that right. With the general tenor of this document, I would have expected a period where the comma occurs, and none of the rest of the sentence. It continues:

"He should be aware that the best prognosis for recovery from alcoholism occurs with frequent and active participation in the AA program."

One wonders how many times this sentence has been written to polish it into its present very carefully worded form. It is, in fact, another fine example of the tautological thought processes involved in "treatment" of "alcoholics". Again, let's compare an identically structured statement:

"The best prognosis for keeping short hair occurs with frequent and active visits to a barber."

Even this innocuous, seemingly obvious statement can be seen to be of dubious worth, since it admits of no other options. I, for example, cut my own hair for reasons of both expediency and cost; I cut it to a fixed

length all over, something I resent having to pay someone \$11 to do.

The "AA" statement is a more serious matter. If you remove the words "frequent and active" (which leaves it much less strident and more reasonable sounding), it becomes an outright lie. By AA's *own estimates*, 95% of those who begin going to meetings drop out. (The relapse rate for other clinics ranges from 50 to 70 per cent.) A recent *20/20* on ABC, said:

"According to a growing number of researchers and others who have struggled with alcohol, the long-held views of AA and other 12-step programs are only helpful to a small segment of the population."

In fact, there is more credence to the theory that "alcoholism" (incidentally a term no longer used by the American Psychiatric Association) is a behavioral problem, not a disease.

Some more extracts from *20/20*:

Dr. Alan Marlatt, psychologist and alcoholism expert at the University of Washington, says such programs are too rigid and outdated. "They're a little resistant to those of us who are doing scientific research that might challenge or question some of the basic assumptions that they have come up with. It would be like trying to challenge the Ten Commandments or something."

Dr. Fred Glaser, an expert in addiction medicine at East Carolina University, says the one-size-fits-all abstinence approach to alcoholism - virtually the only method of treatment offered in the United States - may be hurting people's chances for recovery and driving away people who need help.

Although sober, [Richard Banton] was uncomfortable with the AA methodology and the 'alcoholic' label. "I just thought it was ridiculous. *Any time you say anything that conflicts with their model, then you're in denial.*" (My italics)

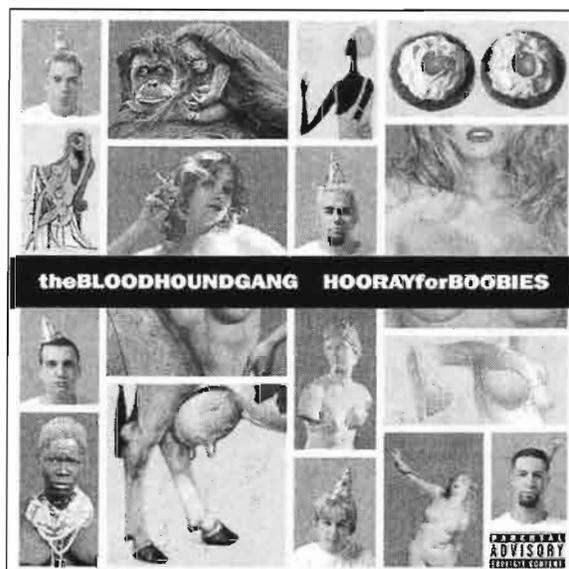
There are two more paragraphs which conclude the Discharge Summary, neither of as much import, although one attempts to drag the Blessed Bobbie into it, and the other helpfully informs me I have "inadequate coping and anger management skills". Always nice to hear.

They can kiss my fucking ass. Buy ya a beer?

## Tunes!

Since I've been doing this ride share thing to work, I don't really get much opportunity to listen to my choice of radio station. Bobby Garcia, my kindly driver, always tunes in to the (ugh!) news channel, and not even NPR either.

However, for those who love wordplay (pay *attention*, Cantor), perverts (sit *up*, Hlavaty) and those with a natural affinity for Bad Taste (yes I *am* looking at you, Valois), I'll revisit The Bloodhound Gang, whose single *The Bad Touch* garnered favorable



mention - oo - way back in *This Here* #2.

Anyone who titles their website "The Official Bloodhound Gang Artificial Cerebral Palsy Home Page" gives you some kind of a clue what to expect therein, and what to expect from their records. Leader Jimmy Pop describes his own "so-called lyrics" as "one-half wit and one-half half-wit". Now you just *know* you've been waiting for that magical song where the chorus was just strangulated repeats of the word "vagina" (*Three Point One Four*); and you *know* somebody absolutely needed to deconstruct the country oeuvre thoroughly enough to come up with *A Lap Dance Is So Much Better When The Stripper Is Crying*.

There is a "real" band behind this, but Jimmy Pop makes extensive use of samples, including 'Relax', 'Rock Me Amadeus' and

'Another Brick In The Wall', this latter actually licensed from Roger Waters after he heard the offending tune (*Right Turn Clyde*) and pronounced it amusing.

As the band says on their website and on the CD sleeve: "No reason to live and we like it that way".

As tasteless as it gets, and I loved it!  
[www.bloodhoundgang.com](http://www.bloodhoundgang.com)

## **Rasslin'**

Henry Welch (LoCs) opines that Goldberg's character has been ruined by the heel turn, whereas I was just thinking that he'd gotten into the business of getting over as a heel pretty well, with his by now familiar "How d'ya like me now?". Net rumors has it that he is becoming selfish and demanding backstage and less popular with the other rasslers, but when I watch his performances on air I'm inclined to suspect that these stories are planted as part of an unusually subtle work to get him over.

Russo's return and actions at the *Bash At the Beach* PPV has definitely caused tongues to wag. After the world heavyweight title was apparently ceded to Hogan (as rumors had pointed it would be) in a literal laydown by Jeff Jarrett, Russo's subsequent "shoot" segment has stirred things up a great deal. (Note to the unenlightened [C Murphy]: in rasslin parlance a "work" is a storyline element, essentially not for real; a "shoot" is a segment which supposedly reflects the true situation.)

After a certain amount of abuse at Hogan, Russo declared that the belt given up by Jarrett in the laydown was not the genuine title belt (a fact remarked upon by the normally unobservant commentator Tony Schiavone), and that since Booker T had defeated Double-J in a non-title bout the previous week, *he* would be meeting Jarrett in the headline match! There are a number of reasons to suggest why this was in fact a shoot (and some to suggest it wasn't), but the overriding consideration would be how clear it was that Jeff Jarrett and Booker T did not

have any time to prepare for the match, hence the undue amount of brawling in the crowd, sleeper holds and so forth. (These are standard time-wasting tactics.)

Anyhoo, we have a new champ in Booker T, his first reign at World Champ, although he has held the old TV title several times and is a firm fan favorite.

Also of note: the crowning of Kronic as new tag team title holders - and very deserved as I said last ish. This comes with apologies for spelling Bryan Clark's name wrong last time out.

The other big angle has to be the "double switch" of Scott Steiner and Mike Awesome, potentially an excellent move by writer Russo, but perhaps premature in Steiner's case since he was getting over very well as a face. Awesome can be nothing but pleased with this move, since he was not really cutting it as a heel, and the company really needs a few more big name babyface rasslers right now. This turn should get Awesome the push he deserves in the promotion.



*Booker T: New World Heavyweight Champion*

Interesting to note Steiner's turn came in the Goldberg / Nash match-up (ostensibly with Scott Hall's contract at stake). It would have been crazy to assume that Nash was ever going to win this match, since nobody (except Nash) really wants Hall back in WCW since he is so unreliable. Goldberg in

particular is known to dislike him greatly, and since Nash really is Hall's best buddy, this match had genuine heat. Using Steiner to turn the result by interfering with Nash was a smart move in what would have otherwise been a pretty uninteresting contest.

Steiner ends up as a complete lone wolf - he and Goldberg are trying to tear each other up on the next night's *Nitro*, and the angle appears to be for him to cut swath wherever he may, a role he has played before and played well.

### **Automatic Pilate**

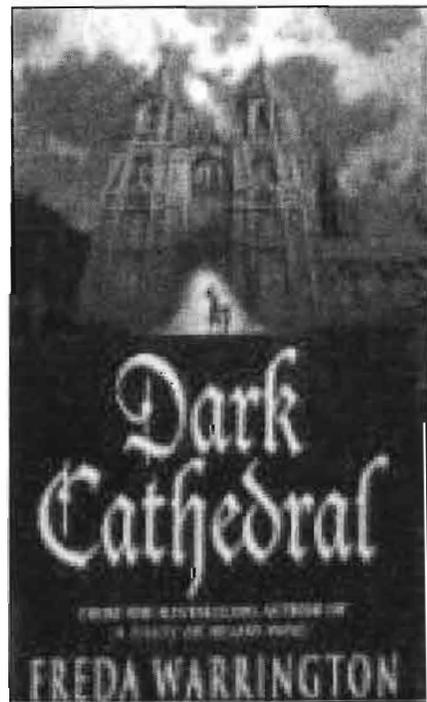
One great advantage of ride-sharing is that with the light mornings and evenings I'm able to catch up on some reading. How far behind I am in this you may judge from the fact that one of the books I only just completed was Paul Di Filippo's *Ciphers* (sorry Paul, accept this as my cringe). I also read Greg Bear's *Moving Mars*, largely without realizing I'd read it before. Although the beginning and the end seemed familiar, I think I assumed I'd read them in shorter form someplace, as I recalled nothing of the major part of the book. Still enjoyed it, though. Also, and as though in a flash, I raced through one of my periodic re-readings of Vance's *Durdane* trilogy, which I found as enjoyable as usual until the third volume (*The Asutra*) which I feel flags somewhat. This reminds me I must soon be due for the annual revisit to *The Forever War*, but I digress, although this year I think I'll couple it with *1968*.

I simply *must* pontificate at length, however, about two novels by Freda Warrington: *Dark Cathedral* and its sequel *Pagan Moon*, both of which I fairly ate up.

Herewith I must declare an interest, as they say. I've known Freda for several years, since around the time her *Blackbird* trilogy was out, in fact. I read one of these at the time, and deemed it a quite well-written example of the kind of thing I don't really care for (it's a fantasy quest story). Later, I read *A Taste of Blood Wine*, the first of her

vampire novels, and was favorably impressed indeed. With a shift toward more "gothic" themes the material had become much more interesting to me. Freda was also kind enough to dedicate one of her novels to the memory of my late wife (she and her beau Mike had attended our wedding), so as you see we are quite good pals.

Chatting to Freda a couple years ago at one of those nice Novacons, and lamenting that her books were unavailable in the US (a situation soon to be remedied, I understand), she was kind enough to forward a care package several titles. *Dark Cathedral* dates from 1997 and its sequel from the following year. I told you I was lagging.



Here we have the story of one young Bethia Herne, essentially a captive of her fundamentalist Christian mother (with her father's mute compliance) along with her younger brother Luke. The overall setting could not fail to bring *Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit* to mind, and indeed there are single episodes in common between those two books. This is not to suggest *Dark Cathedral* is derivative in any way - the points of contact arise solely because of the nature of the Christian sects involved, and where these do occur (the most notable

common scene is an exorcism) they are usually played out to quite different purposes.

The Herne family is clearly dysfunctional and obsessive-compulsive, especially about its secrets (most of which are out by the end of the book). The characters play out an age-old battle between the ancient religion which is Goddess-based and the forces of hysterical Christianity, here thoroughly depicted as the "bad guys" without really attempting to subvert that religion as a credo. It's clear at every stage that the Bible-thumpers are aberrant examples, but through a series of dream sequences we learn that their kind have a long history of persecution of the True Religion.

Bethia and Luke are allowed to spend a number of summers with their more tolerant grandparents, where Bethia meets Morgan Rhys, whose family she has been specifically warned away from. They fall for each other, and she becomes pregnant with his child (at fourteen), an event which is imbued with much mystical significance.

The novel deals with Bethia's escape from her parents, the uncanny supernatural development and abilities of her daughter Eirian, and leads to a final confrontation with her mother and brother Luke, who is by now leading his own Christian cult.

*Pagan Moon* is much more Eirian's story, (even though the child is crucial to the denouement of *Dark Cathedral*, her mother Bethia is more central to that novel). Her maturation into adolescence draws interesting parallels with that of her mother, but her outspoken promotion of the good Goddess as opposed to the strictures of Christianity draws unwelcome attention from a similarly gifted individual in America who has chosen to use *his* powers for personal aggrandizement.

This could have played out in too similar a fashion to the first novel to be gripping, but I was so engaged with all the characters that I couldn't wait to find out what would happen next, who would be the first to discover the deceptions of others, and how

each individual would find their redemption (or otherwise).

In common with much stuff I've been reading of late, the sex 'n' violence quotient in both novels is rather high. Freda, however brings all her powers to bear to contrast the brutal grubbiness of guilty Christian sex (which includes some bad deviance, natch), and the spiritual and fulfilling joining of those who see it as an act of beauty. The violence of the bad guys is brutal and habitual, whereas the good guys have to be driven to it (there are exceptions brought about by ignorance or lack of experience), generally adhering to the physician's credo of "First do no harm".

I suppose these novels are what might be called "dark fantasy" (and I do not know whether this is at odds with their modern-day setting), and if you'd have asked me a few years ago whether that was something I'd be reading you would probably have gotten a dismissive answer.

However, friendships notwithstanding, these are two novels written by someone at the height of her creativity and narrative powers. Cor!

### **Loco Citato**

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

*June 14 (surely a misprint?)*

**E B Frohvet** writes:

I enclose for your edification a recent *TV Guide* cover picture of Britney Spears. Those who did not see it may picture Ms. Spears wearing teeny-tiny cut-off denim shorts, a skimpy bikini top and an expression of bovine stupidity. I will spare you more cheap shots at the young lady; bashing Britney is about as sporting as drowning kittens, and requires about as much effort.

*[[I agree wholeheartedly with your assessment of the Spears picture (below). However, I should point out that drowning kittens does require a certain amount of thought and planning, even if you're only doing this at home, by hand in a bucket of*

water rather than in the traditional burlap sack with a house brick in some dreary canal. It's also unnecessarily cruel unless you've thoroughly stunned them first, and perhaps even then. The approved method of ailuricide would be to break their necks, which should be quicker and more merciful - you stretch and twist them like chickens. However, this is not for the squeamish, and is certainly one of the less pleasant tasks I've ever had to perform...]]



Britney Spears TV Guide cover picture

Did you read the Ray Manzarek autobiography? Among other things he affirms that "Light My Fire" was always the band's trademark showpiece, and that he and Robbie Krieger would often string the instrumental solos out for 10 or 12 minutes; sometimes Morrison would walk offstage for a beer, wandering back in time for the end of the song.

[[I hadn't read the autobiography, but was aware that Morrison was happy to take a beverage break from time to time...]]

"Frohvet for TAFF in 2001": Yes, very droll. In fact, there are a plethora of good reasons why I do not intend to run,

beginning with: I don't want to. As it happens, *This Here* was the first to reach me with the news that Sue Mason won this year, which does not surprise me. I endorsed her (as the only candidate on my mailing list who contributes to my zine) but I doubt if that swayed many voters.

[[A little cross-pollination here - I was semi-serious about 'Frohvet for TAFF', but of course respect your wish not to run. I note in *Twink* that you call for "the 2000 delegate to visit Canadian fandom" and ask "Any Canadian candidate need a nominator for 2001?" Both these statements are worthy calls with which I heartily concur. I was slightly puzzled by some mention that Canadian fans were excluded from TAFF by rule (or did I misread?). As far as I am aware this is absolutely not the case. The ballot wording speaks of 'North American' and 'European' fans, which to my mind includes everything north of the Rio Grande on this side of the pond and everything west of the Urals on t'other...]]

The joke you cite to Sue Jones appears to be a variant of the line attributed to the famously dim-witted baseball player, Yogi Berra. A teammate asked him "What time is it?" and he replied "You mean now?"

[[Berra compiled a book of "Yogi-isms", titled after one of his genuine quotes: 'I didn't really say everything I said'...]]

The song lyric quoted at the back is not familiar but it seems like the sort of thing Frank Zappa might have said in one of his less acerbic moods.

In WAHF, Lilian Edwards complains, "You bastard, you did a fanzine and didn't send it to me." Hmmm. I did send Lilian three or four issues of my zine and never got a word in response.

[[Perhaps if, like Lilian, one has the self-described "brain the size of a planet", it's easier to lose stuff in there. Actually she and I are old friends and have traded such genial insults for many years...]]

I don't know what Microsoft's definition of a "long sentence" may be. However, I was once sent to a mandatory class at work, basically about writing down to morons

(apparently the company's view of its clientele) which defined anything over two syllables as a long word. It also said that "short words are more precise". I asked if "God" was a word more precisely defined than, say, "stenohaline", but never got an answer.

I will gladly buy Alan Sullivan a beer; he just has to show up in person to collect it. (A trifle of advance notice of his visit would be helpful.)

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

*[[Frohvet adds a PS: "Shame about Sandra Bullock" ...]]*

June 29

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

**George Flynn** writes:

Thanks for THIS HERE #3 (thought I'd better respond before you got #4 out).

Truth to tell, I can't find much to say about it: I neither drink nor drive; I haven't paid much attention to the music of the last several decades; I know nothing at all about wrestling; and I haven't encountered any Enormous Wapsts [better not try saying that fast] lately. Doesn't leave much, does it? But I found the zine pretty entertaining anyway. So it goes.

(OK, so I *do* know Vonnegut).

June 29

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

**Robert Lichtman** writes:

At long last the promised LoC on the first three issues of This Here. Gotta get this out of the way before the fourth issue, which you've already announced, shows up in the mail!

In No. 1, it was interesting to read that you did a round of Predisone. I've taken the damned stuff, too, for various skin problems and although I never had bleeding from the ass as a side-effect I do recall that it made me a little loony and that I had the foresight to warn people at work and elsewhere in my life that I might be a little, er, off and to let me know if I was acting peculiar. You said in the first paragraph about Predisone that you'd explain why you were taking it later, but unless I'm totally blind I don't see said explanation anywhere in the issue.

*[[Not as blind as a Warner. Try issue #3...]]*

Although I've seen the Jesus fish for years and the Darwin fish almost as long (I'm on to No. 2 now), I've never seen the Jesus fish eating the Darwin fish. One has to wonder if its perpetrator is mad at the Darwin fish or if he or she is a Christian with an actual sense of humor.

I'm not awfully sympathetic about your driving while intoxicated, but unlike Andrushak in the third issue I'm not going to lecture you about it. You already know everything I could possibly say. But I do know it's an expensive proposition because one of my sons got tagged last year for DWI (0.16) on his way home from an office party. He only had to stay in jail overnight while bail was being arranged, but the whole affair ended up costing him thousands of dollars and he's still not quite got his real driver's license back. From what you say in your third issue about the outcome of your case, it sounds rather like what happened to my son: the counseling meetings and sessions, the abstention even while not driving, the whole lot of it.

*[[Yes, and as you will have read in this's 'Sandra Bullock', "one size fits all" ...]]*

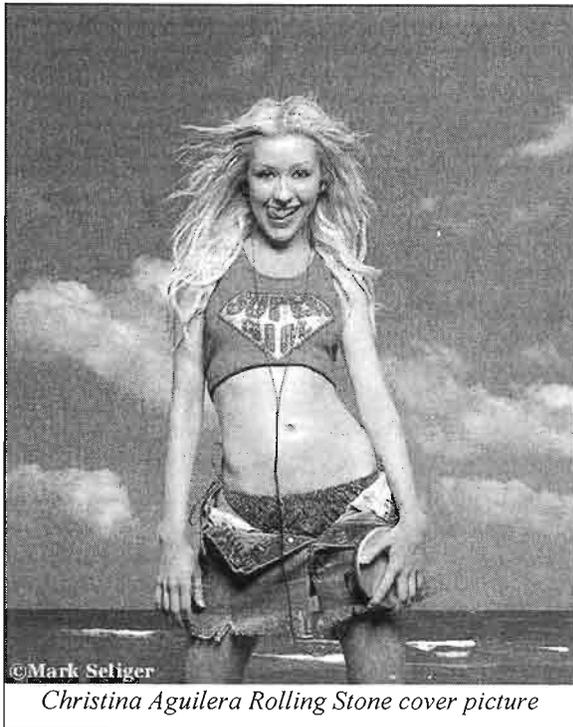
Here in No. 3 you say you got prescribed Predisone for the wasp sting. Is this connected to your comments about it in the first issue, or does your doctor prescribe Predisone for everything? I'd shy away from it, if I were you; one of its side-effects can be a loss of height. Ask Bill Bowers.

*[[Yes, you **were** paying attention! Jolly good...]]*

After reading your comment to E. B. Frohvet that Christina Aguilera "is too thin," I saw a picture of her on the cover of the Rolling Stone and respectfully disagree. From my point of view, Britney is still carrying a little too much baby fat for my tastes. But then, takes all kinds, don't it?

Got to keep this reasonably short, since I'm squeezing in LoCs between working on Trap Door No. 20. Looking forward to No. 4, and with just one issue to comment on I'll probably go on a bit longer.

*[[Always the threats with you, Robert...]]*



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

**Henry L Welch** writes:

Thanks for the latest zine. IMHO I think they've totally ruined Goldberg's character with the latest switch to self-serving swine. He was a shining beacon of decency and to warp him this way represents much about what I find to be poor in the current writing. (e.g. I've never approved of maintaining a champion who couldn't win title matches cleanly most of the time. To hell with the bogus guitar shots, have him win fairly once in a while or fire the writers.)

*[[I disagree somewhat (as you'll see from my current Rasslin' commentary), but the Blessed One (no fan of my stories), also finds it difficult to understand how you can root for Goldberg as a bad guy...]]*

Your exchange with Harry Andruschak is interesting from the point-of-view of your polarized opinions. I personally believe that ANYONE who is impaired should not drive. That includes the drunk, the blind (my grandmother for the last 15 years of her life thought she could see well enough, but ...), or someone who is too damn timid to be on

the road because it is too dark, wet, foggy, or whatever. Driving is for the competent and those in control a 2 ton vehicle at 60 MPH should not be in the hands of those who can't handle it.

*[[ONLY 2 tons? ONLY 60mph? Jeez, what a wuss...]]*

July 12

*[[A further email from Henry...]]*

Weddings can be inexpensive if you want. My wife and I were married in a cave and the cave cost us the admission price for all the guests (they got a tour that ended at the wedding site) at the group rate. About \$70 for everyone. The reception was held in the back room of the restaurant at the Motel where everyone stayed which had a \$9 buffet. The county was also dry, but we were allowed to bring our own alcohol in which we paid liquor store prices for, not hotel catering prices for.

*[[That sounds well cool...]]*

I may be mistaken, but I thought that there were atheist groups within AA or is that not your gripe with them?

*[[You raise an interesting point. The original "12 steps" as written supposedly contained the word "God" in almost every step. AA founder Bill Wilson showed these to friends who remarked that the constant referral to God might detract from the intended message. In the 12 steps as revised (in the 'Big Book' of AA) the word "God" appears four times, in four of the steps, but nevertheless is still directly implicit in three others which refer to "a Power greater than ourselves", "Him" (capitalized, and clearly referring to "God" in the previous step in context) and "spiritual awakening". Two of the steps as presently written refer to "God as we understood him", rather than the original which, I believe, more specifically referred to the Christian God. One of the AA speakers I listened to while at CCTF directly addressed this, pointing out that your Higher Power could be the doorknob if you wanted it to be, but I think this blithely misses the point. Acceptance of the 12 steps of AA **requires** the admission of such a 'Higher Power' and the surrender of one's*

recovery to whatever that may be for the individual. Therefore, I would suggest that by definition, a true "atheist group" within AA cannot possibly exist. Though I do not consider myself to be an atheist (or even an agnostic), and I have no idea of your beliefs or lack thereof, I highly recommend the following article:

<http://www.americanatheist.org/spr97/T2/piety.html>

*This excellent if overly acerbic piece does give information on secular alternatives to AA, but notes that due to the dominance of the latter, they are not yet as widespread. Another interesting point made here is that compulsory attendance at AA meetings is likely to violate First Amendment rights, and that nobody who has challenged forced meeting attendance on these grounds has lost yet.*

*My other 'gripe', as detailed in the recent 20/20 and mentioned earlier, is that AA basically **does not work** for the vast majority of people*

*Now I'll be quiet before A Scott suffers complete and irrevocable apoplexy...]]*

July 6

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

**Ned Brooks** writes:

Thanks for the zine. It was sad about Joe Mayhew. I didn't know him well but he seemed like a nice guy. Certainly an excellent artist. It was reported on the Net that he died of Creutzfeld-Jacobs disease, but I haven't heard anything about where he might have gotten it.

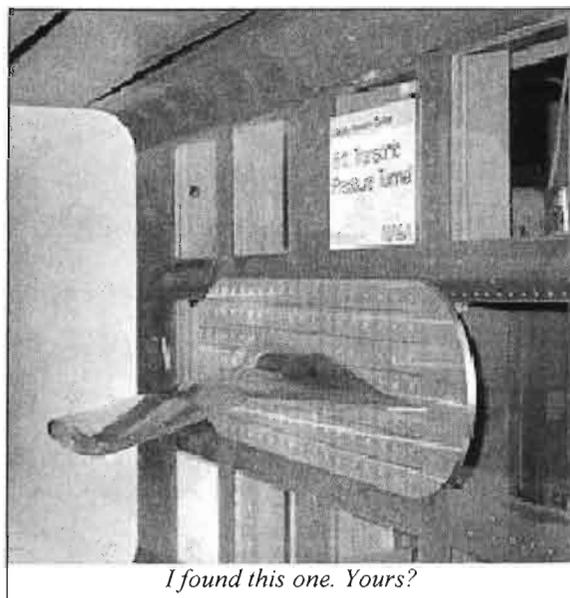
I have noticed the loss of people who were fans in the 50s or even the 40s, because I was corresponding with many of them. I'm not quite that old myself, yet.

Love that about the Farey Series. I do recreational math sometimes and have a bookcase full of such stuff, but I had not heard of that one.

Searches on my name with google.com find only me. It would be useless of course to search on Brooks, but "Cuyler Brooks" finds some 59 sites.

Besides the fan stuff there is the typewriter stuff and even some old things from my career as a wind-tunnel engineer -

spectacular photo of the tunnel I worked at the longest.



*I found this one. Yours?*

I tried to look at SQUIB 5 in the PDF format because I was curious about the D. West art - alas, there is some glitch in the voodoo, that art was uselessly fuzzed up, even though everything else in the zine was clear.

*[[As has been determined, you need Acrobat Reader 4.x, since version 3.x don't seem to cut it...]]*

July 8

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

**Marty Cantor** writes:

I thank you for *This Here* #4. It got dropped into the "to be locced" file; however, for some reason I cannot fathom, I felt like pulling it out and loccing now instead of the order in which it was received. This is especially puzzling to me as two of your main topics are of little to no interest to me. Also, and as I wrote lastish, I am not a drinker. Whilst quite passionate about rock music for many decades of my life, during the past three or four years I have listened to only classical, my first-ever musical love. As for wrestling; well, I have never been interested in staged events other than classical music concerts, so I guess that this comment may put me on your (insert negative noun of your choice here) list. So be it. Still, there is something I like about

your zine so I will provide you with some commentary.

Starting with a comment about Steve Stiles visiting the Hoffwoman and having a close encounter with bees. Urk! Not only am I allergic to bee stings but I am *very* allergic to them. One sting will have my offended part swell to enormous proportions and I will have a hiveal (how appropriate, I guess) reaction. I hate to see what multiple stings would do to me, and I am never going to put myself voluntarily into the proximity of stinging things. I cringed when I read that Steve and Lee walked close to that hive.

*[[Obvious question: have you ever thought about deliberately getting yourself stung on the dick?...]]*

You write that you suspect that I might be very pleased by your mentioning that you found my zine, *No Award #7*, to have a charmingly old-fashioned feel to it. You are correct. It comes out of my computer all nice and high-tech and crisp and then acquires a nice and warm slight fuzziness by being mimeo'ed. I think that Alison Scott was not prepared for a mimeo zine (being used to the crispness of photo-offset) and mistook the non-crispness of electro-stenciling for non-appropriate font selection. My main font is always Times New Roman, the standard font in MS Word and Publisher, and is a font which is found in all sorts of zines. Anyway, if Alison got the "right screaming shits" from my editorial comments in locs in my zine, she would blow into orbit if she ever read my 50-page lettercols in my '70s/'80s zine, *Holier Than Thou*.

*11825 Gilmore Street #105, North Hollywood, CA  
91606*

*[[Yes, and as I'm sure all & sundry have noticed, I prefer Times New Roman for the body text here too, although we use Verdana for the web version...]]*

*July 8*

**Alexis A. Gilliland** writes:

Thank you for *This Here #4* and the previous issues you sent, which were read even if they didn't inspire comment. You

mention your time in rehab; let me recommend *St. Mary Blue* by Barry Longyear, (Steel Dragon Press, Minneapolis, Minnesota) a thinly fictionalized account of his own experience there. I nominated it for a Hugo and a Nebula in 1989, even though it was arguably not science fiction, because it described a universe I had never seen.

Hlavaty's coinage, "hoplophilic" is maybe not in Webster's, but my Oxford Universal has hoplo- as a prefix meaning armored or protected. Hoplophallic, of course, would be a penis sheathed in a condom, but I would take the word to mean lover of armor, or more generally a lover of security; as in: "The hoplophilic Republican Congress voted to fund Star Wars Lite." In today's paper we see that the latest test of the system, to be deployed ASAP, has failed miserably, again.

Harry Warner suggests that rock and TV wrestling offer proof of the death of Western Civilization. Maybe, or maybe they suggest no more than a wide diversity of taste existing within our increasingly fragmented culture. The Harry Potter books show that traditional story telling (and by extension literary values, as in indicator of WC's health) retains its hold on a substantial number of people.

*[[You will recall that when Mahatma Gandhi was asked "What do you think of Western Civilization?", he replied: "I think it would be a good idea" ...]]*

For old pharts like Harry and myself the question of where the next generation of fans is coming from has been answered; Harry Potter fandom will bring unprecedented youth and numbers into OUR fandom. Previous waves were generated by TV (*Star Trek*), the movies (*Star Wars*, *Japanimation*) and computer gaming (*Pong*); we old pharts put down on all of those barbarian invaders, but this wave is book-generated. Our kind of people, yes, hordes of young, bouncy, energetic neos. Perhaps it is time for me to read the Harry Potter books so I can pretend to be one of them.

*[[Ahhhh! Young, bouncy, energetic neos with young, bouncy, firm...]]*

You discuss Ted White's piece on Ardis Waters in *Squib*, and Lilian Edwards' commentary thereon in *Gloss*, (Which I had the good fortune to receive) and your considered judgement is that Ted is gloating. I will concede that Ted may have a better opinion of himself than is strictly warranted, but the reporting in this memoir is accurate. I knew two young women in that era who were quite similar to Ardis. One died of a drug overdose in 1969, the other stayed clean but developed ulcerative colitis and had to go straight by the late 70s. There was a lot of bad dope in the 60s, and a lot of pernicious ideas as well.

*[[It's almost always sad to lose people you know, whatever the circumstances. For the record, I never doubted the veracity of Ted's piece. In fact, I find it difficult to imagine how one could gloat over something that was patently not true. I also assumed that Lilian, having had a direct conversation with Ted on this, would certainly have mentioned any known inaccuracies. I think we both accepted the factual elements at face value...]]*

What else? Fish symbols on automobiles. Had Darwin lived when the Bible was being written he would have been a major prophet, and Genesis might well have been the Book of Darwin. As it is, the Bible is the living knowledge of the first century AD, embalmed in the amber of theology. A new theology would reconcile God and Darwin, perhaps even describing evolution as God's solitaire.

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

July 11

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

**Milt Stevens** writes:

Thanks for the copies of *This Here* #3 and #4. By the time #4 arrived, I was on the verge of writing a letter on #3. (Well, I had flexed my fingers several times that day.) I did have the slight problem that I know almost nothing about contemporary music and even less about professional wrestling.

*[[This is becoming a familiar litany from our correspondents, isn't it? I'll keep it as my appointed task to inform y'all about*

*these important subjects - or you can just read the rest of the stuff, I suppose...]]*

This left me with the prospect of commenting on the juxtaposition of these two subjects with reference to recent post modernist thinking. This might present irrefutable proof that Western Civilization is dead. Up to now, I had thought that pineapple pizza presented irrefutable proof that Western Civilization was dead, but maybe I was mistaken.

Then there is the subject of wasps. Back when I lived in Reseda, they used to move in under the eaves of the house almost every year. Given the predominantly Hispanic composition of the neighborhood, I suspect they felt welcome. I never bothered them, and they never bothered me. As a general rule, insects don't bother me. I suspect breathing Los Angeles smog for fifty years has made me something less than a taste treat. One bite of me is probably like gargling with DDT.

*[[Did I miss something? I fail to see the connection between wasps and Hispanics, or am I just being dense?...]]*

In #4, we get to the subject of future worldcon bids. A worldcon bid from Japan is philosophically appealing, but I can see some major problems with it. The last time I saw any figures on the subject, the Japanese national conventions were about the same size as a North American Worldcon. Organizing a foreign language convention of considerable size within an already very large convention would create problems I wouldn't even want to think about. The Hugo Awards are for works in English. I doubt the winners of the Hugo Awards would make a heck of a lot of difference to the average Japanese fan. Maybe a Japanese bid will happen, and maybe it will even win, but there is no telling what sort of results it would produce.

You speculate on a Japanese bid running opposite a British bid. I don't think either group would want that to happen. If it did, I'm fairly sure the British bid would win. Since bids look rather sparse later in the

decade, there isn't much reason for anybody running against anybody.

6325 Keystone St., Simi Valley, CA 93063

*[[I'm inclined to agree with your Worldcon bid analysis, though I'm generally in favor of competitive bidding as a means to reduce complacency, rather than some kind of 'Buggins turn' arrangement. Although obviously if a group is serious about winning the bid, they will consider potential competing bids, as the UK group did quite thoroughly. I suspect a Japan/UK competition might be closer than you think but, in the words of the genius D Miller: "Of course that's just my opinion, I could be wrong"...]]*

July 13

From [empties@breathemail.net](mailto:empties@breathemail.net)

**Martin Tudor** writes:

Liked the Harry Warner quote on the cover of TH#4 but I still think the line I used to run on EMPTIES beats it:

"EMPTIES is symptomatic of the malaise of British fandom..." -- Abigail Frost (from a review in, I think, STOMACH PUMP).

Has added resonance now of course!

*[[Hope you like thish's out-of-context quote even better...]]*

July 17

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

**Terry Jeeves** writes:

Great apologies for not getting back to you sooner, but we have just been released from having our daughter and three year old granddaughter to stay with us for five days. During this time, the PC is tucked away in safety and no fannish activity is allowed to rear its head. As a result, mail and fanzines have piled up, so please excuse brevity as I try to catch up again.

Many thanks for the copies of THIS HERE 3 & 4. I was sorry to hear about the fine being so harsh, but they did at least reduce the amount.

The rehab people sound real characters, but just what do you DO in the rehab?

*[[As I have mentioned, the minutiae of our days were actually quite tedious, but it's generally a bunch of 'educational' sessions (on nutrition and diet, AIDS, family roles,*

*lots of drug & alcohol information) usually bracketed with AA and/or NA meetings...]]*

Halloween should be sub-titled 'Children demanding money (or sweets) with menaces'. It is really extortion and a very bad example to set. "Pay up or we'll do you".

That wasp sting sounded awful and as you were told, people have died from such stings so you were lucky.

Pop music, sorry but that's a complete no no to me, I'll take classical any day.

How come I get my copy via Martin Tudor? Does it save postage?

If so, it might work for me with ERG though I doubt it.

*[[I mailed out TH#1 to a likely bunch of UK suspects, and it worked out at \$1 each, though that was only 8 pages (4 sheets), and we're now about double that. I haven't honestly checked what a 16-pager would cost - probably more like a buck-fifty (i.e. about a quid). Martin offered to print and distribute for me in the UK, and a swift burst of mental arithmetic convinced me that this would work out cheaper, not to say more convenient. I'm one of those lucky souls who really should append (Stolen from my beloved employer) on every issue, but obviously every copy made at work carries an inherent risk. Martin gets "his" copy by e-mail (as a Word .doc attachment), as do several others, and some (now) even read us on the Web, although that version gets there later than the print...]]*

July 18

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

**Sue Jones** writes:

[This Here #3, #4] both safely received via Martin Tudor yesterday, thank you, thank him. (And I'd spent the previous evening struggling to read TH3 on the web, too. Paper is so much nicer on the eyes.) Dunno if there's anything I feel the urge to loc about [...] but must say a quick thanks for answering my question about that quote.

Your 'Tampax Inside' picture reminds me that my dear computer is decorated with a sticker off the packaging from a greetings card -- 'blank inside'. Sometimes, like right

now, I think it should be stuck on my own forehead.

July 18

From [anders@sfbok.se](mailto:anders@sfbok.se)

**Anders Holmström** writes:

What can I say but that I feel the need to get more *This Here*.

I could go into the nasty habit on your side to pub your ish so frequently. The "I haven't locced yet" anxiety gets cumulative quickly.

I also have a certain amount of angst over my indecisiveness over going to the Worldcon and perhaps some other spectacular American event.

*[[Insert disingenuous comment of choice here. If you can't think of one use a wide-eyed "To what can he possibly refer?"...]]*

But apart from whining I'd like to comment on the easygoing way that you write, the way you're able to attack any subject in a very straight and no nonsense kind of way. I must also join the other fans who have pointed to the sign of the death of American Culture that is wrestling. Did you enjoy that kind of thing before moving to the states? I think it must be something in the Bud or perhaps the Coors. The tunes section is on the other hand is quite nice. But as I think people have pointed out before your ruminations about life, the universe and everything is the really good stuff.

*[[Thanks for your kind remarks. The ancient Brits used to have a Saturday afternoon ritual known as 'World of Sport', which for many years featured an hour of professional wrestling before the soccer results, so I was raised on great names like Mick McManus, Catweazle, Ivan Penzecoff and the rest. We even went to a live show once - great fun! A while back, when I was renting out rooms in my house, my buddy Paul who was living there got me into the Monday night rasslin' shows here, and I took it from there. So I've really been a rasslin' fan since my formative years. I just gafiated for a while, is all...]]*

I also like to see a loc page which has some bit of feed back from the editor. The

dialogue effect this creates I think is very cool indeed.

*[[I'm glad you think so too. A lively lettercol is certainly something I enjoy in other fnz, and so hope to encourage one here...]]*

OK I hope this can be considered at least minac but now I MUST have something to eat. Late it is so food, an episode of Buffy, some Harry Potter then SLEEP.

July 20

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

**Arthur D Hlavaty** writes:

I am in complete agreement with your statement (in the remarks on Joe Mayhew) that 57 is too young to die. I plan to amend this in October to add that 58 is also too young to die.

My experience with 12-step groups (13 years in Narcotics Anonymous) is that people are not required, or even particularly urged, to discuss their own spirituality at meetings. One is assumed to have a Higher Power and may talk about it or not. I share the common 12-step belief that ordering people to attend meetings is pointless, because recovery starts from within.

*[[Interestingly enough, at my regular check-in with my Probation Officer yesterday (7/19) she told me she'd written to the judge about my unwillingness to attend AA, and he had responded that as long as I was attending my aftercare sessions I need not attend AA. However, since AA is, by its own charter, anonymous and therefore names of individuals will not be given up, several of my friends who've been ordered to go to meetings just sign each other's attendance cards on the way home from work...]]*

I didn't have the sort of reaction to *Squib/Gloss* that you did. I didn't find Ted White's account particularly prurient and gloating, which may just mean that I would have described the whole business the same way if it had happened to me. What bothered me about the Lilian Edwards reply was the aspect of "He said she was happy, and she said she was happy, but the theory says she was miserable, so she must have

been miserable." Lilian describes that as "feminist Marxist"; I would blame the latter part. I did like Lilian's willingness to recognize the genuine warmth and affection in Ted's account.

*[[The feminist or post-feminist "wisdom" might say that this behavior was a Bad Thing and therefore she **must** have been unhappy, she just didn't know it. Despite my other comments, I accept the "happy" statement at face value. I got the impression that Ardis Waters had a kind of compelling innocence about her and I'm sure that if we'd ever met I would have liked her a great deal. Ted's piece, well up to his usual standard in terms of writing skill, conveys this. But when he writes "[M]ost of [New York fandom's young men] yearned for the woman I was living with, whom ever she might be", that's gloating, whether it's true or not, and as a general statement is irrelevant to a remembrance of Ardis in particular. I might have a huge dick, but if I don't tell you about it, I'm not gloating. Of course, if you found out by other means that would be a different matter...]]*

Unaccustomed as I am to agreeing with Harry Warner, I have to say that I am not inspired by discussions of wrestling or (recent) rock. In fact, I am convinced that we have been living in the post-musical era for about 30 years.

I should add that I see no reason why anyone should take my musical opinions seriously. Tim Leary has suggested that some people's musical "taste" is a matter of imprinting, entirely determined by what they were listening to in adolescence when the hormones started bubbling. That music, and what sounds like it, appeals to such people. Anything older sounds boring and respectable; anything newer sounds weird and unmusical. That's me.

*[[Well, I still do like a hell of a lot of the stuff I grew up with, but I'm more than open to new music. If you want to be totally convinced that new music is not for you, listen to the Deftones...]]*

I have a slightly different take on the nondrinker thing. I'm a burned-out drunk,

rather than a recovering alcoholic. Alcohol stopped being fun a long time ago, and somewhat after that I stopped drinking entirely (this was before the drugs got to be major problem). So at parties and such, I would politely decline a drink, and often those with me would expect a temperance lecture, and I had to go to some trouble explaining that no, I really did refrain from alcohol for amoral, hedonistic reasons.

*[[Now **that** makes perfect sense...]]*

Thanks for the kind words. I do indeed enjoy your zine; keep 'em coming. Hoplophilic means "gun-loving," and at least some of those the term applies to use it to describe themselves.

Speaking of football (as you did in your review), let me say that I wish you what I wish one of my favorite players, Tremain Mack, who is great bunches of fun to watch on kickoff returns when he is not under suspension for yet another DUI: Drink or don't drink, whatever is your Will, but if you do it, do it at home.

*[[And thanks for **your** kind words also...]]*

July 24

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

**Steve Jeffery** writes:

Tempted as I am by the almost poetic justice of a fanzine editor spending several months sewing mailbags it's good to hear that the result of your DWI hearing did not involve you spending time in one of the county hotels for the irredeemably delinquent.

OK, having divided all non drinkers into two categories, I find myself, naturally enough, in the third. (Sometimes I feel I was born with a fencepost up my bum). I'm not an abstemier, and certainly not evangelical, but I drink occasionally and rarely. I don't like being drunk. Indeed I've been scared of it since finding myself perched on a ledge outside my second floor bedsit window on my 22nd birthday having locked myself out going for a pee in the early hours of the morning. At the time, and with almost two functioning brain cells, it seemed a sensible solution to try getting back in that way than

sleeping in the hall. I was drunk enough to forget that I'm afraid of heights taller than a raised kerb.

And I seem to have developed a built in safety valve. The first pint (or half bottle of vino) is very pleasant, while the second starts to develop an off-putting metallic taste towards the second half and the third, if I get that far, is near undrinkable. (I'm told, rather worryingly, that this is one of the minor symptoms of diabetes.)

I think you're overly defensive in your reply to Harry (which sort of suggests you know he's right about drink driving), and I'll side with Marty on this one. Get plastered from time to time if you want, but don't get behind a wheel (and you admit it's a bloody stupid as well as reprehensible thing to do; but - with three DWIs behind you, Nic, you still did it, and I'm afraid I wouldn't be surprised to hear you go up for a fourth. But prove me wrong. Please.)

*[[I'll obviously be more than happy to prove you wrong, and as I mentioned earlier here someplace, I don't actually drive at all right now. Harry just pisses me off with his usual rant. If he stuck to saying that anyone who drinks and drives is a fucking idiot (something I think we'll all agree on, and let's not forget I **am** paying a price for my stupidity), then that would be fine, but he feels obliged to continue into the evils of alcohol per se and images of dead children littering the highway. It's also that bloody arrogance which compels some people to tell you that you should behave in ways which meet their standards, because it's "for your own good". Poetic justice would probably be me getting knocked over by a drunk driver...]]*

Greatly tickled by the 'Gefilte' fish-sticker. Steve Stiles is right, I believe, about the fish symbol and early Christians, which is weirdly synchronistic at this end, since I've just pulled Mike Bishop's *Philip K Dick is Dead, Alas* from overlong languishing on the shelves (one of those books I promise to get round to reading every time I spot it) and Bishop makes use of the fish symbol, in the form of a jewelry pin, as a recurrent motif

through the novel. I've just gone from there to *In Search of Valis* (ed. Lawrence Sutin). Dick constantly refers to the fish symbol in terms of the early Christians, although cites *The Robe* (Lloyd Douglas) rather than Michener's *The Source* here.

How did Tobes get that internet domain name registered? That has to be the best email name I've seen since Pam's `vacuous.tart@bitch.demon.co.uk`. OK, who's going to top that?

*[[Sandra Bond, perhaps...]]*

Hey, when did I become one of fandom's "known clinically insane"? I'll have you know I've never been sectioned yet and a look at the state of my study or the litter around the bedroom floor definitely belies the description 'clinical'. And what about S V O'Jay then, while we're bandying the psychological implications of the J initial (Hmm, I may have just shot my argument in the foot).

"Tampax inside". That one was a three star coffee up the nasal passages job. Bastard.

Like you, I'm still pondering "Other" in the transgender questionnaire. And I'm still pondering the possible difference between 'transvestite' and 'crossdresser' or 'pre-op' and 'non-op' transsexual (although I suppose you might argue the first is waiting for surgery while the latter has decided not to pursue surgery). Oddly, they left out 'hermaphrodite' which is a definable medical condition as a very specific form of intersex.

*[[Or you could also argue that "non-operative transsexual" is an acceptable definition of a hermaphrodite...]]*

Are you supposed to tick one box only? "Any or all of the above"?

Seeing Paul Di Filippo's name in Loc Cit prompts me to a little plugette for his *Joe's Liver* (Cambrian Press, San Jose, CA and available in the UK from the good folks at BBR). Great fun, that reminds me of the freewheeling manic satire of Sladek's *Roderick* novels or *The Muller-Fokker Effect*.

And I had hoped that we would have an obit free period after the last several months,

but having read Gene Wolfe's wonderful tribute to Joe Mayhew in *Locus*, I really wished I had more chance to get to know him than through his excellent cartoons which cropped up everywhere from *The Frozen Frog* to *Mimosa*.

44 White Way, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2XA, UK

## WAHF

**Bill Bowers** (June 28), bearing *Xenoliths* via email (see *Fanzines Received*); **Lennart Uhlin** (June 30): "All [issues] read and enjoyed..."; **Paul Di Filippo** (July 6): "Excuse the brevity..." and asking for the origin of the "very funny 'Tampax inside' montage". I forget, needless to say, but I suspect it came attached to an email from my friend Brad; **Sue Jones** (July 7) clues me in on Martin Tudor's computer problems, which undoubtedly were the cause of *This Here* missing a UK mailing. I am assured all is now well; **Arthur Hlavaty** (July 7), sends ten back issues of *Derogatory Reference*, claiming it's my own fault for praising it in *This Here* #4. I'll be more careful next time; **Martin Tudor** himself (July 10) confirming the worst: "Third hard drive in four months..."; **Dave Langford** (July 14): "don't ever [...] e-mail huge great bloody Word documents." A happy reader on the web, he, but only at off-peak rates.

## Fanzines Received

**Xenolith #42-#44** (Bill Bowers, 4651 Glenway Avenue, Cincinnati, OH 45238-4503)

This is Bill's FAPA mailing, also available by editorial whim. In an e-mail, he advises me that "they'll tell you much more than you need to know about my tribulations and ailments". He is right. While some personal histories can become tedious, however, Bill's breezy yet economical style makes an easy read.

**Tortoise #8** (Sue Jones, Flat 5, 32/33 Castle Street, Shrewsbury SY1 2BQ, UK)

Paradoxically, I sometimes find *Tortoise* difficult to read, or more correctly, difficult to *start* reading. This is because Sue writes so serenely, the change of pace from 'real life' can be jarring. This issue's theme of "English" fair made me homesick, it did. One of my absolute favorite things about *Tortoise* is, as well as its consistency, that if you had never met Sue, you could still construct her from its pages with accuracy.

**Ansible #156** (Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK.)

More of the same. Still pretty much essential.

**Twink #18** (EB Frohvet, 4716 Dorsey Hall Drive, Ellicott City, MD 21042)

Satisfying egoscan aside (a LoC from yours truly and a brief review of *This Here* #1 in which Eeb admits puzzlement) *Twink* is one of the reasons I'm glad to be back in the fnz biz - analysis of Delany, an insider's take on Clarion West, reviews, opinion and more fine loccers. I like this fanzine a great deal.

**Vanamonde #358-#362** (John Hertz, 236 S Coronado Street, No. 409, Los Angeles CA 90057)

Mostly APA-L responses, and as such of limited interest to me, but the original comment in each issue can be worthy, if the prose is occasionally tortuous.

**Mimosa #25** (Nicki and Richard Lynch, PO Box 3120, Gaithersburg, MD 20885)

*Mimosa* ascends gloriously from its envelope in a stunning wrap-around card cover. The contents, however, seemed a little uneven and some of the writing flat (is that an inherent contradiction?) and, dare I say it, dull. As might be expected, much emphasis on Aussiecon, so perhaps I'm just travelogued out. Highlights: John Berry's remembrance of Walt Willis (even though a reader of *Fables of Irish Fandom* will be familiar with many of the anecdotes), Joe Mayhew's *My Own Personal First Fandom* and, predictably, an abridged Willis reprint, *The Harp at Chicon*.

**The Wrong Leggings Down Under** (Lilian Edwards, 30 Viewforth, Edinburgh EH10 4JE, though she warns a COA is imminent)

"Better late than never eh!" scrawls Lil on the cover of this February 2000 issue; and she had the gall (in *This Here* #2) to take me to task for not sending her a fanzine! Anyway, more bloody Aussie travelogue, a remarkably astute discussion on post-Corflu UK Brit fanzines, 'oliday snaps, all in Lilian's usual sunny, wittily critical manner. As Frohvet observes (see LoCs) the sounds of silence have often been too frequent *chez* Edwards. Get off yer arse, woman!

**Plokta Vol. 5 No. 3** (Steve Davies, 52 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, Berks RG30 2RP; Alison Scott, 24 St. Mary Road, Walthamstow, London E17 9RG; Mike Scott, 9 Jagger House, Rosenau Road, London SW11 4QY, all UK)

C/w Dr. Plokta's *Lonely Hearts Club Band* CD-ROM, which I am of course unable to peruse. It's suggested use (in this event) as a coaster prompts me to wonder whether *Plokta* is in fact coasting, as some have suggested, but it still seems pretty consistent to me, and in fact a good idea to make an issue of the fnz the *de facto* program book for <plokta.con>.

**The Knarley Knews #82** (Henry & Letha Welch, 1525 16<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Grafton, WI 53024-2017)

Mildly interesting piece on 'The Star Spangled Banner' by Alexander Bouchard, mildly interesting book reviews by Charlotte Proctor, the rest is locs. Cover and all fillo art by Joe Mayhew is a nice tribute to the man.

**Connection #1** (Simon Ounsley, 47 Birkdale Drive, Leeds LS17 7RU, UK)

The phoenix rises from the ashes of gafia with a personal update, comment on the TV version of *Gormenghast* (which I am by now thoroughly sick of hearing about), and stakes his claim as fandom's Tiresias. Available for the usual, but preferably in large print or on tape.

**The Frozen Weblog #1** (Arthur D Hlavaty, 206 Valentine Street, Yonkers, NY 10704-1814)

Single sheet, described as "amusements gathered from the Internet and set on paper", and a clever

selection it is. Arthur eschews the one-liner and the traditional "joke" in favor of parody, satire and the weird. See *Indulge Me* for a selected reprint. Fun!

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

§

I saw a newspaper picture of the Dalai Lama giving a blessing on July 4<sup>th</sup>, and wondered what possible meaning America's Independence Day might have for him. Then I wondered what a Dali llama might look like.



Somebody's mother (unretouched photo)

§

According to an e-mail recently received by Max: "In Maryland, it is illegal to sell condoms from vending machines with one

exception: prophylactics may be dispensed from a vending machine only 'in places where alcoholic beverages are sold for consumption on the premises.'" I've obviously been insufficiently haplophallic to realize this.

§

What the fuck was that?

§

As George Carlin once reasonably asked: why do people say that something lost is "always in the last place you look". Well of *course* it is, unless there are those who find what they are looking for but then continue searching. "Who are these people? And where are they?", Carlin inquires.

§

Noticing several Ayn Rand references lately recalled to me that the first time I saw her name was as a graffito in one of the men's rooms at the London School of Economics. ("Read Ayn Rand" - a suggestion I declined.) I also remembered seeing the traditional "To do is to be" (Plato); "To be is to do" (Kant); "Do be do be do" (Sinatra), to which a more original if earthy wag had added: "Ooooooooooooooooo" (Man wanking).

§

For those hardy and enlightened souls who *do* like their rasslin', I recommend Matt Stalker's *Daily Dose* column, to be found at [www.top-rope.com](http://www.top-rope.com).

§

FANDOM: one of the solutions in today's *Washington Post* crossword puzzle (7/20). The clue: "All the supporters of a team". Er - Go team. Yay.

§

The level of erudition on news radio here is less than astounding. The other morning, in an item about the FBI's 'Carnivore' email monitoring program, the newsreader pronounced it "Car-ni-ver-ee", and in a later segment plugging VH1's 'great moments in TV rock 'n' roll history' identified the perpetrators of *Video Killed the Radio Star* as "The Buggies".

§

Quoted in Arthur Hlavaty's *Frozen Weblog*: "Boulevard Diner, eleven-forty. I

down a cup of hot java. It's too quiet. As a gun barrel whacks my noggin, I realize Dixie set me up". (Andrew Chaikin, using each letter in the Scrabble box precisely once.)

§

Leviticus 18:22.

§

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:

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**REMEMBER:** *This Here* is available by e-mail as a Word attachment from [Nfarey@comappspec.com](mailto: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".

*"He only wanted more time  
away from the darkest door,  
but his luck it gave in as the  
dawn light crept in and he lay  
on the floor..."*

THIS HERE...  
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