

This Here...

"Everything else comes in envelopes" (R Lichtman)

EGOTORIAL

Yes, this is issue #9. The LoC roundup which came out in early summer was #8½, all right?

Funny what motivates you, really. I read Greg Pickersgill's notes in the latest *Banana Wings* listing British fanzines which have had a run of 35 issues or more (and 40 or more!), and it occurred to me that I haven't even managed to punt 35 fanzines *in total*, much less get up there with a particular title. *Arrows of Desire* ran to #8 albeit with, as I mentioned in *This Here... #1*, an aborted issue #9 which is almost certainly now lost.

So I suppose this effort is as much intended to prove that I don't have an issue #8 cutoff point (hey, what would *nichevo* #8 have been like, eh?), and also, having received *QuasiQuote* #7 I am very keen not to be overtaken by Sandra Bond, a prospect rife with worrying possibilities.

Really this all should have been happening much sooner, given that I've spent almost all of the last two and a half months sitting home doing bugger all except work at my Mah-Jong (why is there never a bloody East Wind handy when you need one?), fuck about with various other computer games (eg *Railroad Tycoon 3*) and nap quite a lot. In that latter respect it's a bit like being back in jail, since one of the preferred ways to pass the time on days not on work release was to sleep as much as possible - a lot of the guys pretty much just got up for meals & maybe a bit of

exercise. It's surprising how much you *can* sleep if you put your mind to it. I suppose the general tedium helps your mind to switch off. The sleep pattern I got used to then is still with me: I get up around 5:30am of a morning (7 days a week), to bed at 9ish, although I'm usually laying down watching or reading something suitably edifying by around 8. Weekends will find me napping in the afternoon so I can stay up later to watch the few TV shows I happen to like right now which tend to come on later (*Heroes* and *Sanctuary*, primarily - and TNA Wrestling). However, since every bloody day might as well be a weekend (except the

weekdays are more peaceful what with BB being at work), since I often end up napping midday or afternoon, but at least then I'm awake to watch an hour of *Family Guy* repeats at 11.

Those who remember *The Red Green Show* will recall Harold's dilemma after inadvertently opening the next day's window on his Advent Calendar. "Now I have nothing to do tomorrow!", he wails. This is my sorry ass situation: I am suffering from a severe case of IHNTDT syndrome, so I end up doing fucking nothing except pissing the day away with sleep, daft games and the occasional Newky.

Is *This Here...* an antidote? Possibly. I can tell you for sure that I'll be in hiding here in the office room as much as possible as the 'olidays begin to work

their sinister ways on otherwise occasionally sane people (BB), as decorations and trees must be put in place to the general detriment of what passes for feng shui around here (dog hair and ashtrays).

It's all good.

Nic Farey, December 2008



THE PHILOSOPHERS' SONG

I was reading Claire Brialey's "Haven't I Seen You Here Before?" in *Banana Wings* #36 on the bus to Prince Frederick this afternoon, a ride which takes about an hour for a journey of around eight miles as the crow flies, something which is said to account for a great deal of insanity among crows hereabouts. The bus, of course, does not partake of the direct route that our hypothetical and deranged crow might favor, but rather an extremely circuitous back road way, rather like Tobes trying to find a restroom in an unfamiliar hotel when highly langered.

In an example of the county's sterling commitment to public transportation, this serpentine course is negotiated fully *three times a day*, though mercifully usually by the same driver who does not often get lost. I put up with this for my now occasional forays into town since the bus passes the end of my street, just a couple minutes walk. There is an alternative, which is the bus running from Prince Frederick to Solomons, but that runs only through the main part of Saint Leonard, so I have a walk of about 40 minutes to pick it up. Mind you, since I've been putting on a bit of weight sitting idly home, I should probably be doing that more often.

Anyways, one particular paragraph of Claire's jumped out at me, and not just because I was sitting over the rear axle:

"And fan writing is a way of making identity mutable; we recreate ourselves and our friends and acquaintances through the lens of reportage, selection, exaggeration and out-of-context quoting."



Plato

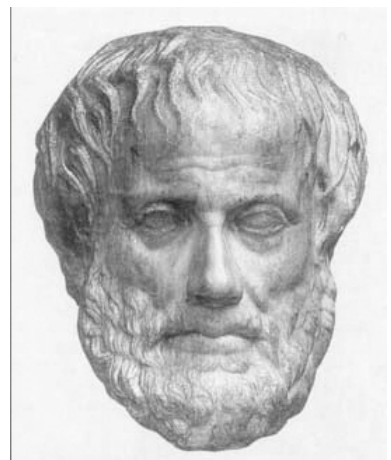
Aristotle and Plato, those well-known proto-fen, had a bit of a scuffle on this very same subject, as it happens. Plato's argument (explained in his famous work *Cave*) was that, using the example of horses, the "ideal" horse came first, followed by the less than ideal horses of the sensory world. Or

as he answered the question of which came first: the chicken or the egg?, the "idea" of the chicken came before the egg and the chicken. In the Platonic definition, the "idea" is an eternally existing pattern of which individuals of its presumed class are imperfect copies. So when we use

the term "ideal" in this context it means "pertaining to the Platonic 'idea'". Pronouncing it as three syllables will help differentiate the word from its more familiar modern usage. Applying this concept to a different area, think of the hours of fun and fisticuffs we could have debating the template for the "ideal" fan (Willis? Ackerman? Pickersgill? Weston?). The "idea", of course does not physically exist, so any of the above worthies are just a mere shadow of what we might call the mythago fan.

Aristotle's argument was essentially Plato in reverse (imagine Plato in reverse in a 1962 Triumph Herald convertible - it helps to ameliorate the seriousness). While agreeing with his old teacher that the physical examples of horses are imperfect, but of an eternal fixed form, he argued that the "idea" horse was essentially created by a series of observable characteristics which it was then decided to label "horse" for identification purposes. This has been crudely stated as: "Horses as such do not exist - what exists is our *idea* of horses". This brings us to the rest of Claire's paragraph:

"As fandom explored the internet many of us found that our fannish identities were clearly and publicly identified under our real names and thus would be forevermore..."



Aristotle

This would seem to validate Aristotelian logic, in that, perhaps now especially on the internet, but also in the papernet (not quite of yore yet) that what exists for us is not so much the physical manifestation as the *idea* Claire Brialey. To continue the example, it would seem quite logical in this context to suggest that there was an *idea* Walt Willis created by US fen, who were so seized by this that they created what would become TAFF. So was the Willis who travelled to America an imperfect rendition of the "idea" as Aristotle would have argued? I'm sure Shelby Vick will be replying to that one. Won't you, Shel?

Claire is touching on a subject which I've addressed before: that of our fannish personas. I've referred to the character "Convention Nic" in the past (and he is somewhat consigned to the past), and there's no doubt in my mind that most people have this kind of internal separation, so that what is seen by the Faniverse is, somewhat

paradoxically, not the whole person but the *idea* of the person which is really just a partial representation. So there is an *idea* Claire Brialey who exists in the pages of *Banana Wings* and a rather different *idea* Claire Brialey who gets on the bus and goes to work, comes home and pays the electric bill. With the clear exception of Chris Garcia, it's difficult to imagine someone with their fannish and mundane lives fully integrated.

Rather than the usual on/off black/white precepts of Aristotelian thinking, I think his concept of the *idea* leads to a multiplicity. Using my own example (well, it's all about the 'boo innit?), I could suggest there there are a number of *idea* Nic Fareys - a finite number, but certainly greater than one. Roger Peyton, who was perhaps more than anyone responsible for my entry into what I've liked to call "real" fandom (from the *Star Trek* ghetto) has known me since the early 80s, certainly recognizes a different *idea* Nic Farey than does, say, Jay Kinney, whom I met for the first time at Corflu Silver (and, as I do not tire of saying, liked immediately and immensely). This is rather agreeing with Claire's point about "making identity mutable", but with a multiple universe kind of twist. Once an *idea* is established it is eternal (or if that's too absolute, you could say it will tend to persist), but this does not preclude the establishment of another *idea* which does not replace the earlier one but has its own valid existence.

This is not to say that Claire's theory of mutability of identity is a given. Although some of us are fortunate enough to be able to travel to meet others (and of course there is likely to be a separate *idea* Claire Brialey for Australia), many are not, and in such cases there would be something like a unified and consistent *idea* of, say, the late Harry Warner Jr. Or perhaps even Greg Pickersgill... While I agree that "fan writing is a way of making identity mutable" (my italics), it is also a way of establishing the Aristotelian *idea* and thus it is also a way (or at least, has the effect) of making identity *immutable*.

"Graying-of-fandom" is an inevitable adjunct to much of what we are discussing these days, and while I'd hardly suggest that, like George W. Bush, we have Karl Rove create our individual legacies out of whole cloth with utter disregard for the facts, after one reaches a certain age we can't help but start to wonder how we might be remembered, or to put this in the current context, we start to consider the nature of our own *idea*. Some years ago

Mark reported on some of our conversations at a Novacon ("So I wrote it down") where I was certainly under the influence of a fair amount of drink but concluded, not entirely unseriously, that "We've matured".



Triumph Herald

Notwithstanding any of the above, I'd develop that a little further by saying that we are perhaps moving along the line of personal integration in one direction or another. While I consider myself becoming more integrated as time goes on (certainly 'Convention Nic' is rather less distinguishable persona than twenty years ago), it's arguable that the *idea* James Bacon described in Mark's "Two Conventions..." reportage (*BW* #36 again) *must* be separate from the *idea* James Bacon who does the dishes, but we are in a sense

only recognizing the "Bye-o" <Ping!> aspect, an obviously unintegrated *idea*.

Our fannishness and fanac is undoubtedly a part of who we are, of our own *idea* of ourselves, and Claire is correct that "we recreate ourselves [...] through the lens of reportage...", so as fanwriters we have the opportunity to create (or recreate) that *idea*. (Those who are merely reported upon are of course not so lucky). This is entirely appropriate. Science fiction is, after all, the literature of *ideas*.

RASSLIN'

Paul Di Filippo likes "cognitive dissonance", both the phrase and the actuality, which in his case involves something like "listening to Caetano Veloso and Jethro Tull rarities", and in mine clearly by following a philosophical discourse with a bit of rasslin'.

To belabor the obvious, things have moved on a great deal in the seven years since the last *Rasslin'* column in *This Here...* #8. While in jail the only show available in the genre was WWE's *Smackdown* which was invariably agreed upon by the majority of guys in our block as required Friday night watching. *Smackdown* is, fairly or unfairly, considered by many as WWE's "Division 2" (and a great deal is made out of the supposed rivalry this engenders), while the ECW brand (which now airs on the SciFi channel of all places), far from it's original hardcore image, might be considered the developmental class, although veterans like Dave Finlay are also to be found there, perhaps considering that he might be in the twilight of his career, being over 50 now!

Finlay still looks well capable for his age though (he didn't used to be known as 'Fit' Finlay for nothing) and is clearly enjoying an extended face run after many, many years as a credible and effective heel.

ECW sometimes reminds me of a line from a stand-up comedian (name sadly forgotten) who I saw at a pub gig in North London once. "They say you play the (name of pub) twice - once on the way up and once on the way down." Pause. "It's good to be back."

WWE makes a substantial meal out of the supposed rivalries and differences between its three "brands" going so far as to have an annual "draft" storyline in which wrestlers are moved between the franchises, this in itself being something of an indication as to who is likely to be getting a good push, and who might be going out of favor. Then, of course, WWE makes total bollocks out of it all by having continual "talent exchange" programs, most often between ECW and *Smackdown*. This is almost a necessity, since the one-hour ECW show has to try to strike some kind of balance between serious action (formerly an ECW specialty) and the advancement of storylines, such as they are. I'm pleased to see John Morrison, for one, getting plenty of screen time, and as a former ECW champion and tag team champion (with The Miz), he is still over as a heel with the crowd, and his in-ring skills are sound.

Yes, he *is* supposed to remind you of Jim Morrison. Well, duh!

His tag partner Mike "The Miz" Mizanin is a rare example of a heel character who was initially pushed as an arrogant joke, but is now a very credible wrestler and heel, not least do to his (and Morrison's) excellent promo skills.

All this having been said, I watch little of WWE's product these days - basically just the second hour of *RAW* (the first hour clashes with *Heroes* otherwise I would probably watch it all, and no, obviously I don't have one of those recording devices that would allow me the dubious pleasure of enduring the lot.) I do still keep up with the promotions on a casual basis however, and this is as good a point as any to plug Arnie Katz's columns, no longer at the defunct Pro Wrestling Daily site, but now to be found at Online World of Wrestling (<http://www.onlineworldofwrestling.com/>

[category/katz-files/](#)). Arnie, I can tell you, has *much* more stamina than me for a lot of the crap he has to watch. I find *Smackdown* pretty much unwatchable, and not merely because the station that now carries it here has a weak cable signal (although the same channel carries the *Family Guy* reruns at 11pm, and I happily watch them).



John Morrison

A lot of my *Smackdown* antipathy is due to champion Triple H, aka "The Game" aka "King of Kings" aka The Guy Who is Married to the Boss' Daughter and is also a booker on the show. Granted, he has actually booked himself to *lose* a championship on at least one occasion (Arnie was surprised too), but personally I've never liked his character, and I'm amazed that he's so over with the fans. Mind you I have the same opinion of his old DX partner Shawn Michaels, who I wish would just fucking *retire* already, but again that's not going to happen because he still gets huge pops. The recent storyline in which Michaels, supposedly in very reduced circumstances due to the general economic problems, is offered

a job by boss heel John Bradshaw Leyfield, actually got him booed by the crowd when he declined to lay Leyfield out. Fair warmed me cockles that did. Michaels has been working a program with Chris Jericho, in this go-round (his third or fourth?) playing a thorough heel, although I've always considered him more of a tweener when at his best. Jericho supposedly gave Michaels a career-ending eye injury, but with a typical WWE piece of business in which Jericho hit Michaels' wife (unintentionally), the revenge plot ("Now this is *personal*" - yawn yawn) seems likely to run and run. The most interesting part of the confrontations has been in the in-ring promos, with The Heartbreak Kid accusing Jericho of wanting to be him ("You will *never* be Shawn Michaels") and Jericho countering by claiming Michaels wants to be Ric Flair, something which for me rings quite true. The "twilight" of Flair's in-ring career seemed to be the interminable twilight of an Icelandic winter - even back in WCW Flair was so obviously out of shape that about all he could still do half well was sell the other guy's moves, and even then he was still using the same tired spots he always has.

The only excuse for any of this was Flair's continued popularity with the fan base. While the phrase "cheap pops" undoubtedly comes to mind, in view of Flair's known penchant for living it up, I doubt that in contract

terms they were really very cheap at all - Michaels surely wishes that *his* final years will be equally lucrative. For those non rasslin' fans who might have made it this far, albeit with glazed eyes (Plummer), I suggest you Google "Montreal Screwjob" for an excellent reason for why I dislike HBK so much.

WWE *does* have some good talent at the moment. Morrison, as I've mentioned, and also "Mr. Kennedy", who, despite the fact that he's been relegated to *Smackdown* is far too good to waste on some of the minor feuds and brawls he's been involved in. Although he was off for some weeks after



Mr. Kennedy

WrestleMania filming his role in *Behind Enemy Lines 3*, and more recently with a dislocated shoulder incurred in a house match with Shelton Benjamin, Kennedy is another talent I'd like to see get a decent push. His face turn brought about by his feud with William Regal can only have helped. You may have noticed I tend to admire wrestlers who also have good mic skills, and Kennedy's are undoubtedly some of the best.

I'm not at all as enamored with the Hardy brothers as Arnie is, but I'll leave them (and Jeff Jarrett's TNA Wrestling) for next time, cos this is already enough rasslin' for one ish.

THE GHOST OF ANNEKA RICE

Whatever happened to the "Treasury"? No, this isn't about to be a scholarly or otherwise economic analysis of the ills which currently beset us, although some people (BB for example) might think I ought to be able to do that since I am a BSc(Econ) (LSE, 1979). Er - well since most of my three years at that venerable institution were spent avoiding actual classes, drinking, fucking and recovering from same, then that would be a "Sorry, pal".

No, I'm going back further than that. One Xmas I was given (or given access to) a book called *The Reader's Digest Junior*

Treasury, a collection of articles and typical condensed pieces from that publication and obviously geared toward younger readers. I can still remember a great deal of the contents: Stuntman Dick Grace's memoir 'Crash Pilot', 'Man-Eater', a hunter's recollection of killing rogue tigers in India, and an article about the incredible advances being made in paper (!) among them, as well as many of the usual featurettes to be found in the magazine, such as 'Humor in the Classroom', and several puzzle pages and the like.

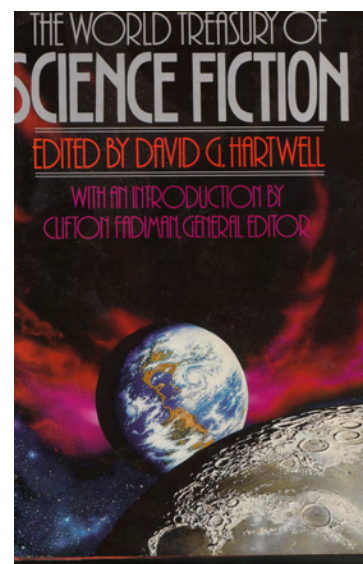
"A black man, dressed all in black, is walking along a country lane. Suddenly a car with no lights on comes around the corner and stops immediately. How did the driver know there was a man in the way?"

A cursory research shows the book to have been published in 1960, when presumably tales of plane-crashing pilots and the hunting of man-eating tigers were deemed suitable for the youthful audience, and the term "black man", which would not pass muster today, was deployed without a thought.

Perhaps it's a childhood thing, but a "treasury" of something seems somehow rather comforting, and evokes thoughts of curling up with a blanket in front of a suitably roaring fire, whiling away a few happy hours free of the distractions of the internet, TVs, DVDs or Wiis, perhaps in later years with a glass of excellent port. Or let's imagine the happy faces of Norman Rockwell children (boy and girl) on Christmas morning poring industriously over the pages, avid and eager to learn, little sponges for any and every piece of information on any and every subject which might be presented to them as their doting parents, the pinafored mother and pipe-smoking father look proudly on.

When we moved out of the Kenwood Beach house with its basement and attic floors into the apartment, a storage unit was rented to hold a lot of stuff (including most of the books and zines) that wouldn't fit in the new joint. I was by there a few months ago to pay the rent and noticed a box of maybe a dozen books by the door with the happy notation "FREE!". I can't honestly remember what else was there, but you can bet I fair leaped on this, from publishers Little, Brown:

A "World Treasury" is indeed what this intended to be, with a



definite international cast (not only the obvious inclusions of Stanislaw Lem and the Strugatskys but also Gérard Klein, Karl Michael Armer, Tor Åge Bringsvaerd, Boris Vian, Annemarie Van Ewyck and others - not to mention Italo Calvino and Jorge Luis Borges - well, all right, I mentioned them.) The usual suspects (Asimov, Clarke, Sturgeon *et al*) are suitably represented, along with plenty of good ole Brits who are not ACC (Ballard, Aldiss, Burgess, Roberts). The jacket blurb claims a “scope from the 1930s to the present” (the book was published in 1989), and claims to show the (implied positive) development of sf over that time.

Rather than go into extended analysis at this point (I’m trying to keep the page count down), I’ll instead indulge in a shameless piece of loc whoring by inviting comment on the contents of the ‘World Treasury’, and perhaps we’ll get back to some of that wonderful old *This Here...* extended conversations like we used to have, eh?

The Treasury, in the order the stories appear:

HARRISON BERGERON (Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.)

FORGETFULNESS (John W. Campbell, Jr.)

SPECIAL FLIGHT (John Berryman)

CHRONOPOLIS (J. G. Ballard)

TRICERATOPS (Kono Tensei)

THE MAN WHO LOST THE SEA (Theodore Sturgeon)

ON THE INSIDE TRACK (Karl Michael Armer)

THE GOLEM (Avram Davidson)

THE NEW PREHISTORY (René Rebetez-Cortes)

A MEETING WITH MEDUSA (Arthur C. Clarke)

THE VALLEY OF ECHOES (Gérard Klein)

THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS (Gene Wolfe)

THE CHASTE PLANET (John Updike)

THE BLIND PILOT (Nathalie-Charles Henneberg)

THE MEN WHO MURDERED MOHAMMED (Alfred Bester)

PAIRPUPPETS (Manuel van Loggem)

TWO DOOMS (C. M. Kornbluth)

TALE OF THE COMPUTER THAT FOUGHT A DRAGON (Stanislaw Lem)

THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH (Robert A. Heinlein)

GHOST V (Robert Sheckley)

THE PHANTOM OF KANSAS (John Varley)

CAPTAIN NEMO’S LAST ADVENTURE (Josef Nesvadba)

INCONSTANT MOON (Larry Niven)

THE GOLD AT THE STARBOW’S END (Frederik Pohl)

A SIGN IN SPACE and THE SPIRAL (Italo Calvino)

THE DEAD PAST (Isaac Asimov)

THE LENS (Annemarie van Ewyck)

THE HURKLE IS A HAPPY BEAST (Theodore Sturgeon)

ZERO HOUR (Ray Bradbury)

NINE LIVES (Ursula K. LeGuin)

THE MUSE (Anthony Burgess)

THE PUBLIC HATING (Steve Allen)

POOR SUPERMAN (Fritz Leiber)

ANGOULEME (Thomas M. Disch)

STRANGER STATION (Damon Knight)

THE DEAD FISH (Boris Vian)

I WAS THE FIRST TO FIND YOU (Kirill Bulychiev)

THE LINEMAN (Walter M. Miller, Jr.)

TLŌN, UQBAR, ORBIS TERTIUS (Jorge Luis Borges)

CODEMUS (Tor Åge Bringsvaerd)

A KIND OF ARTISTRY (Brian Aldiss)

SECOND VARIETY (Philip K. Dick)

WEIHNACHTSABEND (Keith Roberts)

I DO NOT LOVE THEE, DOCTOR FELL (Robert Bloch)

AYE, AND GOMORRAH... (Samuel R. Delaney)

HOW ERG THE SELF-INDUCTING SLEW A PALEFACE (Stanislaw Lem)

NOBODY’S HOME (Joanna Russ)

PARTY LINE (Gérard Klein)

THE PROUD ROBOT (Lewis Padgett)

VINTAGE SEASON (Henry Kuttner and C. L. Moore)

THE WAY TO AMALTEIA (Arkady and Boris Strugastsky)

All right then, discuss...

(The answer to the question, if you hadn’t figured it out, is that it wasn’t dark.)

LOCO CITATO

[[Editorial comment looks like this.]]

From 4, Newell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield HD5 8PB,
UK *July something*

Steve Sneyd writes:

Copacetic duality sent me to that wondrous Cassell's Dictionary of Slang, essential to translating US-isms (as an aside, utter cultural cringe of our media wallahs means frequenter than ever before, their desperate attempts to prove they're cutting edge by Mid-Atlanticising their output even introing the utterly idiotic in our context, like "sophomore" for a group's 2nd record - meaningful Stateside as 2nd year of a course, but here as much traction contentwise as the Zambian National Anthem). Cassell's says 1910s: "excellent/first-rate" (which 20s/30s became "copasetty"), 1950s: "confidential/secret". Gives eye-watering selection of poss origins, including via waterways of Washington State from Chinook, hoodlum elision of "the cop is on the settee" i.e. not watching, French, and Yiddish. So it goes.

Way back when, I used to enjoy ITV wrestling for its farcical Mumming play stylization (filled a gap pre Dr Who Sat. afternoon ideally) - goodie v baddie, planted old lady in black to hit baddie over the head with handbags when thrown ex ring, giants Big Daddy (G) and Mighty Haystacks (B), masked mystery men, Heinzalike housewives, heartthrobs, deedaa. From the sound of it yours is even OTTer.

[[Actually Steve, it was "Giant" Haystacks (Martin Ruane). He and Big Daddy (Shirley Crabtree) originally wrestled together as a heel tag team before Daddy's face turn which sparked a long-term feud between the two, and not coincidentally gave ITV's professional wrestling segments some of their highest ever ratings. Subsequent to their in-ring split, the two wrestled many tag matches against each other, almost all of which were absolutely identical! Each would be paired with much smaller partners (which wasn't difficult in Haystack's case - his peak weight was around 670 pounds). Big Daddy's partner would be trapped on the other side of the ring for most of the match, suffering a pretty continual beatdown from Haystacks and his partner. When all seemed lost an overconfident fluff by Haystacks would allow Daddy to be tagged in and clean house in about 30 seconds. Crabtree essentially quit wrestling in 1987 - he had delivered his signature belly splash finisher in a match with Mal "King Kong" Kirk, who failed to sell the move as usual and instead turned a rather disturbing color. Kirk was transported to the hospital but pronounced dead on arrival.

Despite the inquest finding that Kirk in fact had a serious heart condition and Crabtree was in no way responsible, he was said to be devastated by the incident. Haystacks continued to be active until 1996 when he was diagnosed with cancer. Both men died within a year of each other, Crabtree in December '97 and Ruane in November '98...]]

Used to get & enjoy Joy Hibbert's fzs (they get fairly extensive entry in my roundup of poetry in 80s UK genre littles & fzs, *Flights From the Iron Moon* now archived on efanazines.com, whereas to my recall only ever saw one *Trap Door* ish, and can't remember a blind thing about it, so no idea if Lichtman would've lost out by exchanging with her *Zetetic* etc., but can't help feeling a bit of posthumous one-upmanship gratuitously unpleasant. Still, default phrase applies: so it goes.

From 4030 8th St. South, Arlington VA 22204

July 20

Alexis Gilliland writes:

Thank you for the especially tardy *This Here...* with its seven year lag in pubbing yer ish.

[[Better tardy than Yardie...]]

Updating my letter in *TH*, we note that in May of '07, we traded in the blue Subaru on a 2007 red Mustang convertible, for which Lee got a custom plate, CPMGNT. I was doubtful, so she checked with one of her friends on the Arlington County police, and he told her that (a) it was funny, and (b) no cop is going to give a ticket to a blonde in a red convertible with that license plate if he can possibly help it. A lot has happened in seven years, and if you are interested I can cobble you up a fanzine composed of our last seven Christmas letters. Otherwise, we stick to stuff of current interest, namely that Lee and I are working on a website, www.alexisgilliland.com, which should be up by the end of summer.

[[And so it is, and bloody good it is too. Everyone who enjoys Alexis' work should have a look. By the way, I'm not sure if I'm getting daft in my old age or what, but it took me quite a few minutes to decode CPMGNT. For some reason I think I was trying to read the last four letters as "management" and wondering what types of control would in fact be required for corporal punishment. Ah, must be some kind of BDSM lifestyle code. I thought you were in fact allowed seven characters on a vanity? I have one picked out if I ever decide to get one, and I'm confident it will be as yet unclaimed, since I doubt it's likely that anyone in this state or any other drives a car with tag proclaiming OBRANES...]]

This turned out to be a whole lot more work than either of us ever imagined when we took it on, and while Lee had been after me to do the website for years, I didn't actually agree to the project until the summer of '07, after I finished my course of radiation treatment for prostate cancer. Since then Lee, my computer guru, has taken a couple of courses to enhance her already considerable grasp of Photoshop, while I have been given instruction to handle the boring routine stuff she has set me doing. What will be on the website are my cartoons, at a guess around 10,000, and to bring order out of chaos they have been sorted in various ways. Thus, history will be ordered by fanzine, where I did a cross index, to find there are 271 fanzines from *Afan* to *Zosma*, with a total count of 4,121, which is, alas, inflated because of duplications. Probably 3,500 is closer to the mark. Quite a few of those 3,500 are collaborations with Rotsler, but we also have a box with collaborations and unused setups. Figure 800 collaborations with Rotsler that never went out to fanzines, plus however many that did. Also other stuff, such as 223 cartoons from the WSFA Journal, 98 cartoons on the Titanic, or more properly On-Line Titanic Fandom, 122 on Politics, and I haven't yet tried to count how many I did for Geis's Science Fiction Review. Anyway, my current procedure is to send the art-seeking fanned a copy sheet of five cartoons, which have already been scanned in, while marking the originals with the name of his fanzine, and stashing them in an envelope marked "Used". Eventually, those cartoons will be posted on my website, but they won't be offered to other fanzines.

[[I'd certainly like to claim a sheet or two for 'This Here... or indeed for BEAM. You know where to send 'em...]]

Next weekend we go down to Trinocon, in Raleigh NC, where Lee will be doing the consuite. See, if you have friends in high places they ask you to volunteer to do this sort of stuff. This should do for now.

From ljmoffat@verizon.net

July 21

June Moffatt writes:

Len and I have received and read your much-delayed zine with great enjoyment. Only one thing puzzles me--where did you get the idea that "copacetic" meant "confidential, just between ourselves" back in the 40s? I was a teenager in the 40s, and I can assure you that it meant something very much like "Fine and Dandy".

[[Well June, see Steve Sneyd's letter above quoting the eminent Cassell's. Michael Quinion's "World Wide Words" describes the "cop is on the settee" derivation as "hugely strained"; the possible French source is quoted as "copain(s) c'est épatant!" ("Buddy(s), that's great!"). There's also the Creole "coupersètique" which meant "able

to be coped with". Apart from Steve's citation of Cassell, the 1994 'Random House Historical Dictionary of American Slang' lists the secondary definition, referencing MacKillop & Cross ('Speaking of Words', 1978): "Fewer still would remember the youth-oriented word from the 1940s and 1950s "copacetic" (confidential, between only us.) "...]]

From 55 Cromwell Rd, Croydon CR0 2JZ, UK

July 21

James Bacon writes:

Is it *Prolapse* or is it this "InTheBar" thing or what, but I have seen a sudden Burst of Zines flying into the hallway. *QuasiQuote*, *Inca*, and now *TH*. Revival for some reason is in! I ain't complaining, that's for sure.

I liked reading your personal musings, they are always easy and entertaining reading. Somehow many of the letters felt quite fresh for being 7/8 years old and some of the context is as relevant as ever, but your responses were perhaps the glue that kept them together and made them relevant to me.

From bwfoster@juno.com
PO Box 165246, Irving, TX 75016

July 23

Brad Foster writes:

THIS HERE.. was more of a time-travel vehicle than the usual zine with all the blast-from-the-past locs and your responses to same. Have there really been that many things going on, and changes made, in only seven years? Time flies when you're doing other things, it seems.

From brithistorian@gmail.com

July 30

Jason Burnett writes:

...a bit of a history lesson for me, as I wasn't around in fanzine fandom during that era. It was ... interesting to see that things really haven't changed all that much.

[[To continue the French language bit some more: "plus ça change, plus ça même chose". All that and a bit of "bon temps roulez", no doubt. I presume you mean things haven't changed in the overall fannish scheme of things? For me personally, things have changed a great deal...]]

From: fjagh2008@ericlindsay.com

August 12

Eric Lindsay writes:

Computers to construction seems a bit of a stretch.

{{Not necessarily. I've observed that in both cases you have to deal with the mindless barbarity of the inanimate and the unhelpful behavior of problematic co-workers. Except with construction you get to say "motherfucker" a lot more. Anyway, since we haven't had an excuse for one yet, it's more than time for a nice picture of a decent bit of fluff...}}



To avoid undue embarrassment and a possible lawsuit Nic Farey has been edited out of this picture

Java is something I usually try to avoid. Seems mostly write once, run nowhere well.

I pretty much stopped travelling soon after 9/11, however it was not fear of terrorists. It was the ever increasing intrusive TSA security theatre ideas. If they continue, it is very likely I will never attend another convention (nor anything else) in the USA. A bit of change for someone who was once visiting the USA twice a year. Would not help the travel or tourist industry there one bit either.

[[It's also spawned a new industry for bypassing the horrendous wait enhanced security now requires. For a modest fee you can get background checked and so forth, which gets you a "priority card" which is supposed to allow you to whizz past all the lines...]]

The Tax folks here have electronic filing, and have since about 2001. Naturally it doesn't work if you have a Macintosh. They keep saying they will have a new version next year that will work for anything. Maybe they should have written that version first?

[[Well, the version I use is wholly online, so of course it works with anything. Maryland's efile is also web-based, and free...]]

Speaking of changes, we have a Post Office Box, mostly because the Post Office do not deliver to our address. However, the Post Office lease on their building in Airline Beach ran out in June. They have a three month extension, but it is entirely plausible to think we will no longer get mail in Airline Beach after September. Isn't this fun? Mostly I wouldn't care about snail mail, at least if fanzine folks tell me via email when their zines hit efanazines or someplace on the web. Might be hard on some government folks, who seem to think everyone should have a mail address.

From: absarka_prime@comcast.net

August 17

Curt Phillips writes:

It's great to see you leaping back into zine publishing after your hiatus with not one but *two* solid zines, and I'm wondering - since THIS HERE 8.5 is all editorial and locs - if this means that you're retiring the title in favor of BEAM? If so, then I'm glad that you pubbed these old locs since there's good comment-worthy stuff on every page.

[[Since punting 'This Here...' 8½ i've really always had it in mind that the title could (and perhaps should) continue. Someone (maybe it was GLHIII in 'The Zine Dump'?) remarked on the rarity of perzines. There's no doubt I got tremendous enjoyment out of pubbing the original run of 'This Here...', and it was a lot of fun finding those seven-year-old locs and adding contemporary comment. I'm sure I can still have fun with it this time around, but given that I'm not getting free printing as I was back then (basically by going into work very early and nicking the use of the facilities - I had a door key to the building), the frequency, cited as part of the charm of the thing, won't be near as often. BEAM is a whole other animal, and perhaps belongs as much to the Unusual Suspects as a group as it does to me personally, although as I cacklingly like to remind Kinney by quoting Richard Ingrams: "I am the Editor. No-one has a free hand." ...]]

Your editorial mentioned your immediate reactions on 9/11. I've only now realized that I can finally think about my own reactions that day with any kind of detachment. I was working in Surgery and missed the very first TV news report, but word got around pretty quickly and I managed to slip into our break room just in time to watch the footage of the second plane flying into the WTC. Even then I still couldn't accept the idea of a deliberate attack, but the idea of someone somehow accidentally flying a jetliner into the largest single building in the sky simply wasn't connecting in my mind. I imagine that my face had that same deer-in-the-headlights look that Pres. Bush had on his face as he sat in a room full of second-graders just after someone leaned in and told him the news. But then, of course, no one ever elected me to be President. Within an hour or so I had called the head of our hospital and urged him to form a team of medical volunteers to send to New York or Washington and I insisted to be part of that group since it seemed certain that there would be many thousands of injured. He took my name and promised to call me if that happened, but of course the actual wounded didn't overwhelm the local medical system and so the volunteers weren't needed. But I think that most of the country was feeling the same way in those hours. That evening our hospital had over 200 volunteer blood donors lined up waiting to donate, though as it turned out, most of that was never needed either. I also remember filling up my truck on the way home that evening and the cost was \$1.33 a gallon. The other thing I remember is telling my children that their world had changed forever that morning, but I don't think they really knew what that meant anymore than I did.

I'm fascinated to learn that Steve Stiles was working in the Random House warehouse in Westminster, MD sorting out returned books back in 2001. In that same time period I was working part time for a used book dealer named Henry Goodman who was buying whole tractor-trailer loads of remaindered books, and they arrived packed on large skids that read "Random House, Westminster". Each skid would hold a few hundred to a thousand or so books depending on the book, and each trailer carried something like 22 to 36 skids. Henry bought 12 trailers of books before he'd quit, so that was something like 300,000 to 400,000 books we unloaded in an old tobacco warehouse that year. I never found out the details of his deal, but I suspect that the trucking company had either been hired to dump the loads somewhere or that they'd bought them for scrap paper prices. Either way, I'm pretty sure that Random House wouldn't have approved of them being sold here in Virginia. That bookshop sold thousands of them directly and thus saturated the local market, then wholesaled thousands more to other dealers elsewhere, and when Henry died a few years ago his relatives held a massive sale to reduce the stock and sold thousands more that way, yet there are *still* many thousands of books left in that

warehouse being sold by the warehouse owner, who took over the remaining stock. There'll still be some of that stock in that warehouse 20 years from now if the warehouse doesn't burn down before then. But I'd love to know what kind of deal Random House had actually made to get rid of those books. Were these the "destroy" copies that Steve sorted out? Was our buying and selling them illegal? I suspect it was. I hope I meet Steve at Corflu next year so I can ask him about that.

NASCAR is an odd but interesting sport. Living next door to Bristol, TN I'm surrounded by NASCAR fans down here, and have worked as an EMT at a couple of races, but though I'll watch a race now and then, I can take it or leave it. There's so much money involved in the sport and so many poorly behaved rich people involved with it that I can't bring myself to really care much about it. However Liz and I are watching a new driver for one of the smaller teams, Sam Hornish. There's something about his personality and driving style that we like and we're hoping that he does well in the coming years, although as you know the cards are really stacked against any NASCAR driver who isn't connected with one of the huge mega-teams these days.

[[Hornish drives for Penske which is, as you say, one of the smaller teams. Interestingly, NASCAR has abolished testing days for the next Sprint Cup season, ostensibly to save the teams money, but a modicum of reading between the lines might also suggest that this is also a move to level the field, since it's well understood that while eventual three-peat champion Jimmie Johnson had a less than sterling start to the season it was a lot of testing by crew chief Chad Knaus that got the car into shape. My favorite driver, Tony Stewart, starts next season as a team owner (Stewart-Haas racing) and as such will be at a qualifying disadvantage due to the "owner points" system which guarantees starting spots. Michael Waltrip had this problem for almost half a season before he managed to get his team running even slightly competitively. You're right about the "mega-teams", but again NASCAR is due to implement rule changes which will limit the number of drivers any given team can operate (in one series) to a maximum of three, and possibly even down to two at some point, though that isn't very likely. The perennial powers of RCR, Gibbs Racing, Roush Fenway and DEI are therefore expected to make a bit of room. Jack Roush in particular has been vocal against these changes, referring to the "Get Jack Roush Rule", but since he's an annoying publicity-hungry old git he can stick it...]]

From: penneys@allstream.net

Lloyd Penney writes:

September 2

Life never happens the way we want, and many of our plans go straight to hell. All I can do when that happens is keep a list of delayed plans, and hope I can get back to them eventually. Besides, a list like that serves as the memory I don't have.

I've chaired a few conventions over the years, too, which might make us look unfannish in some eyes. Delegation is the best way to do it, to get people to feel they have a personal stake in the success of the convention, which they do. I co-chaired a 24-hour convention with Yvonne that eventually became the current local monster media convention in Toronto called Polaris. Maybe one of these days, I'll have the opportunity to work on a Ditto or Corflu.

[[That would be sweet. Despite the appearance of a lightly programmed relaxacon, putting on a Corflu still involves a good bit of work (some of which I actually managed to do for Corflu Valentine). I'd heard it said that when you run a Corflu it takes ten years until you're sufficiently recovered to run another one, although of course Mad Professor Katz proves the exception to that theory. I have given some thought to bidding another Corflu, but that will almost certainly be after the move to Tennessee is complete or at least nearly so to the extent that I'm spending most of my time there. I opined to Bob Lichtman in a recent exchange of emails that Memphis might be a good Corflu town, and it does have an international airport. I thought perhaps any such event might be called 'Corflu Suede Shoes'...]]

9/11 affected many people, but I'd like to think we can look back after almost seven years and start asking some intelligent questions...Why? is a good one. Let's start asking that question and ask for reasons and motives. Yvonne and I had flown from Toronto to Philadelphia for the Worldcon there in 2001, and the back of our plane was stunk out by two rather smelly Arab men. We never did find out if there was any connection between those two and what happened in New York, Washington and Pennsylvania a mere 8 days later.

I was getting used to the fact that no matter where Corflu was going to be, chances are I wouldn't be able to afford to get to it. At the time, Torcon had told us where to go, so at Millennium Philcon, we decided we wanted to do something other than glare at the Torcon BoD, and we signed up with the LA in 2006 people to be their Canadian agents. It was good to finally get to my first out-of-town Corflu in Las Vegas...I attended Corflu Toronto, a short subway ride away from home.

Well, the local is a little dated. I did respond to issue 8 with a loc, but no matter... 8.5 is the issue at hand. Shortly, I will take a stab at Beam 1 (better hope no one mistakes that title for a Trekzine), and I'll have another letter for you in a day or so. See you then!

[[Sorry your loc on #8 got lost - I suspect that if it was emailed I somehow failed to make a hard copy, or that perhaps anyone who emailed a loc got missed...]]

From: miltstevens@earthlink.net

September 7

Milt Stevens writes:

This Here 8 ½ seemed like a coincidence when it arrived. That was because it arrived just two weeks after the latest issue of Quasiquote. Both fanzines hadn't had an issue in several years, and both were talking about Corflu. The last Corflu must have been really inspirational to cause the revival of two fanzines.

[[That was indeed the case Milt - the wordage that CfAg generated in conrep alone is pretty impressive. The revivals of 'QuasiQuote' (now out with #7) and 'This Here...' were certainly due to the energy both Sandra and I separately brought from the event. BEAM too, of course...]]

You reminded me of the situation with E. B. Frohvet at the Corflu you chaired. I wondered about it at the time. It seemed strange that Andy Hooper would be making decisions on a Corflu when he didn't seem to be even on the committee. I was unsure as to what "unsuitable" might mean, but I had my suspicions. It's probably a good thing that I have no plans to run a Corflu or even work on one in any time in the future, since I might be judged as "unsuitable" as well.

[[Well, Hooper wasn't anything to do with the running of Corflu Valentine and did not attend for various reasons (primarily financial, as I understood it), but was very vocal about what he presumably saw as an affront. Andy's voice, of course, carries rather well, and Frohvet (who now states he has left fandom completely) felt uncomfortable with the situation, and indeed unwelcome, as I know from our correspondence of the time. I would have kept him on the team had he not chosen to withdraw. This incident fuels part of my wariness of all this "Core Fandom" blather, and while I have no doubt Arnie is fanatically sincere about it all, I can't help feeling that it's somehow exclusionary, if not actually fascist...]]

From: 25509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20882, USA

September 5-12

Sheryl Birkhead writes:

I'm trying to remember if I have seen *Chunga* other than the one lying around at the **Lynches'** home when I am over there.

If memory is correct, there is a CoA for the **Welch** clan - now they have (at least I think it is a done deal) relocated to

CA. It will be interesting to follow Knarley's path to and through the Bar exam.

[[I hope that works well. Perhaps it's a trend of some kind. Talking with the Steffans at CfAg, Lynn in particular is ecstatic about their move to Oregon, and of course we'll be heading to Tennessee, though perhaps not soon enough...]]

My sister will never have any car other than a Subaru. The tale, if I remember it correctly, was that she and her daughter were driving in the mountains (she lives in Utah) and they had a run-in with a deer. The Subaru station wagon rolled and went over the edge of the road - and was totaled - but (seatbelted) they both walked away from it.

I'm just sitting on the sidelines watching the politics go by. I figure that no matter which party wins, taxes will have to go up to try to haul us out of the mess we have right now. As it gets closer to the actual election, I will listen to debates and so on - but once again I feel as if I may be voting against rather than for.

[[I for one am quite happy with the result (though despite paying taxes I don't get to vote, being a non-citizen still - "No Taxation Without Representation", yeah bollocks. If Obama follows through with the small business stimulus he described, it will work out very well for me getting established in Tennessee. I still hope to retire at around age 60, but I need to get some things happening to achieve that...]]

My 2004 (on the road in 2003) Toyota Matrix gets about 35mpg for regular driving - not necessarily highway trips. I consider that "not bad" - but not good. I have been trying to make at least one day a week a no driving day. When you live in an area remote (at least 2½ miles each way to town - and no sidewalks) that has no public transport, that is not necessarily as easy as it sounds. My first idea was to make Monday (my day "off") one of the stay-at-home days, but that ends up being errands, appointments, and mopping up cases from Sunday's work - so that hasn't worked too well. I keep trying.

Hmm - seeing my loc reminds me I *still* need to Google "candy bars" and see what comes up - uh, I already know there will be a boatload of hits - then to try history and see. I wonder if "bars" came first - such as honey and grains/ fruit - and evolved (devolved?) into *candy* bars. Well... something to go look at...

I have been listening to the *Myron Bolitar* series by Coben (hmm, I don't think there is an "r" in there). While Myron is a sports rep, he gets involved in all sorts of mildly mysterious goings. In that series is *FLOW* (Fabulous Ladies of Wrestling - at least I think that's the right "F"), with two characters having a history as a team. Interesting.

I pay estimated taxes even though I have not paid any income tax (as opposed to self-employment tax!) in at least several years. I keep worrying that I might actually *make* some money and end up owing taxes - so I pay during the year. Since I cleared less than the required \$3000 to qualify for the "tax stimulation" money, I had to change my plans as to how I would spend the \$\$\$\$. Ah well, easy come (or *not*) easily gone!

From: 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY 40204-2040

October 16

Joseph T. Major writes:

I remember hearing about the "huge fucking snit" regarding the inclusion of E. B. Frohvet at Corflu Valentine at the time. Which seems to have marked the beginning of his slow withdrawal from Fandom, to the point where he has dropped out entirely. It seems "certain people" can be very proud of themselves.

There seems to be a rule that any accession of money is followed by a catastrophe of equal or superior cost. And it never works the other way around, either.

So I was wrong about Java. Now, the big thing is being some kind of super web-page designer. I have just gone through a bout of training on a system that uses an internet interface to work with a CICS system that the EPA is planning to replace with something new any day now. While suffering from a serious bout of Crohn's Disease cramps and no power at home.

The interviewer was the sort of person, on a visual appreciation, who might have made for an interesting time handling my file, f'nar, f'nar (now which McCaffrey book was F'nar *in*?), etc. However, personality and other issues, one of which was that she would never go beyond a professional relationship with the maggots, er clients, deemed otherwise.



FN FNAR-H sniper rifle, Heavy Barrel version

The Secret Art of Dr. Seuss. OMG! OMG! The Who-Girls of Whoville! (And wait until you see what's on Page 3!!)

The problem with high-mileage cars is that there's no room in them for the likes of me. I drove a Prius once. The office has a Prius, because we want to go green. It had a lot of things I liked, such as the light-up screen in the dash that told me not only how the engine and battery were doing, but also the outside temperature. But it was a bit cramped for driving around town, never mind outside of it.

As for the problem of running out of generation letters, it's the same one Sue Grafton faces in her "L is for Letter" mysteries. And the answer is the same, in fact it refers back to something above: *On Beyond Zebra!* by Dr. Seuss! Generation Wum enjoys reading *Humph is for Humphrey!*

[[Grafton has six to go, since she's currently up to 'T is for Trespass', so I suppose she's still got a minute...]]

From: robertlichtman@yahoo.com

November 2

Robert Lichtman writes:

[Re:] *This Here* No. 8½, the initial rush was from seeing the back page with its fold-this-in-half-and-stick-it-in-the-mail addressing area that immediately added to the sense of it being a period piece. This sort of mailing-without-envelope has become almost entirely obsolete in 21st century fandom. I can only think of one fanzine that still comes that way—the LASFS's *De Profundis*, a monthly rag devoted to minutes of the club's meetings and the machinations of its board of directors. Everything else comes in envelopes.

The letter from "E. B. Frohvet" reminds me to mention that according to a note in the "we also heard from" section of the October *Alexiad*, he announced his "departure from fandom." This piqued my curiosity and I asked Joseph Major, *Alexiad*'s editor, if any reason was given. He replied, "Just that he wasn't getting any return for his investment of effort." Perhaps, living closer, you might have some additional insight/information. I have to say I won't miss his ongoing condemnations of what he called "the Corflu Cult."

[[Well, it's pretty obvious what soured Frohvet on Corflu, but he's as equally single-minded and obdurate in his point of view as those who might be happy to note his 'departure'. We do maintain an occasional correspondence, which is of course privileged...]]

Like you in your comments to me about high fuel economy vehicles, I also "get a huge larf out of the fact that in the U.S., a 30 mpg car is described as 'fuel-efficient.'" It was with considerable amusement that I read all the panicky reportage this summer about the tanking of SUV sales and driving as U.S. gas prices soared over \$4 a gallon for the first time (since retreated in the collapse of the "oil bubble").

Updating my 2001 comments, the Toyota Echo has been discontinued in favor of the Yaris and the Scion series, all of which are better deals initially because they include safety features (such as ABS brakes) that were rare and expensive options on the Echo. And the battery for the Prius now costs "only" around \$3,000 to replace according to what I've heard. My figures for the warranty are correct, though, at eight years or 100,000 miles, but interestingly the California warranty is ten years or 150,000 miles. Meanwhile, I continue to tool along in my 1998 Corolla, now with 156,000 miles and still going strong. I used to get 30 mpg when I was driving primarily highway miles, but now that I live in Oakland and seldom go on long drives the mileage is more like what you get on your PT Cruiser. However, I'm paying less for gas because I drive now in a month what I used to in a week, on average.

[[Of course since the \$4 days oil prices have collapsed. Round here at the moment the cheapest gas is around \$1.59, although diesel is still kind of high and kerosene is a fuckin outrageous \$3.82...]]

It was amusing to read the details of my former long distance phone arrangements. Like you say, "things have moved on considerably." The in-state deal I reported there we no longer have need of for obvious reasons. For the rare long-distance phone call we make from our land line, we use a 1010 dial-around that's five cents a minute in-state and ten cents out-of-state. More often than not, though, if making an out-of-state call we'll use the cellphone—a T-Mobile prepaid on which *everything* is ten cents a minute.

[[I remember with grate larffter fielding calls from the phone company back at the old beach house when we were using a 1010 code primarily for my calls to UK and getting a rate of about 3¢ a minute, which they couldn't touch. Now on the landline we have some sort of all-in deal that's 50 or 60 bucks a month, I think. I got us on a wireless plan back in February, and if it wasn't for the fax machine we could probably lose the land line altogether...]]

WAHF

Molly Brown (via the Sainted One): "'World Ends' headlines made me laugh out loud."); **Harry Turner**; **Paul Di Filippo**; **E B Frohvet**; **Rodney Leighton** (he never gives up, but claims to have mellowed)

INDULGE ME...

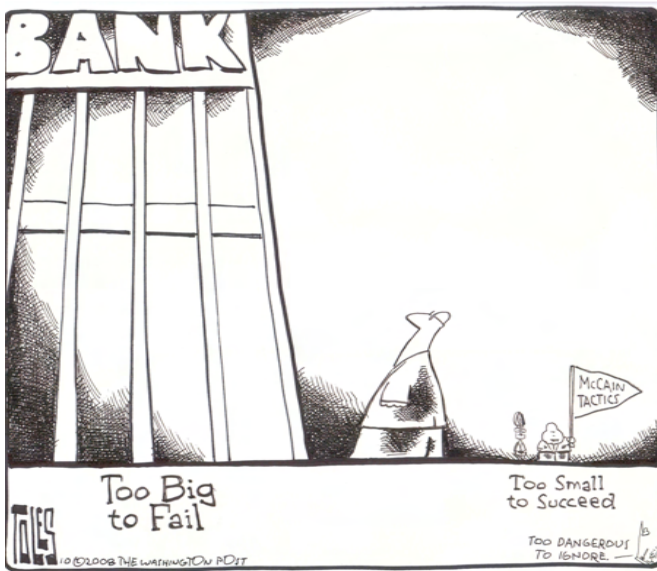
“” We hit a definite bit of culture clash over here the other day. Now pay attention Brits - how would *you* explain blancmange to someone like BB who has no idea what it is?

“” An infinite number of mathematicians walk into a bar. The first orders a beer, the second $\frac{1}{2}$ a beer, the next $\frac{1}{4}$ of a beer, the fourth $\frac{1}{8}$ of a beer, then finally the exasperated barman says “You’re all stupid - here’s two beers.”

“” The *Washington Post* online politics blog ‘PostPartisan’ ran a competition to write a limerick about the election campaign, which I proceeded to go and win! The judges’ favorite (which I actually thought not the best of the several entries I submitted) was:

McCain’s new best friend, Joe the Plumber
Is having his Indian Summer.
He soon hopes to be
On a country CD,
And probably driving a Hummer.

“” My prize? An original Tom Toles editorial cartoon:



MIRANDA

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The usual, but paper copies will be limited, so hopefully by the Grace of Burns we'll also be at www.efanzines.com.

**“And I'm on my knees looking for the
answers
Are we human or are we dancers?”**

THIS HERE...

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