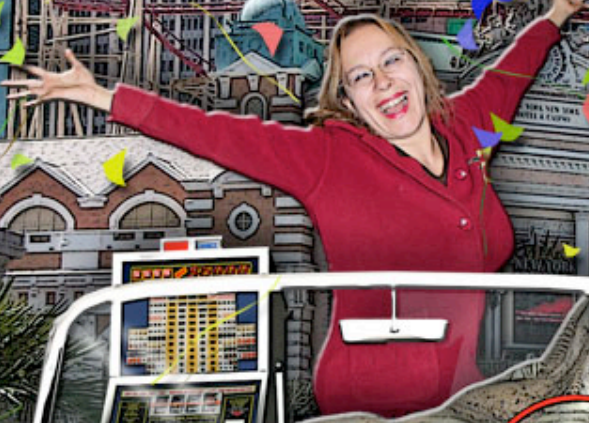


all JACOUP



ALAN WHITE

SPECIAL GUEST INTRODUCTION by Kim Kofmel

ADVENTURES IN FANDOM: "LET ME SUM UP"

Running for TAFF in 2011 was not something I had been planning to do. I blame Rosie. (insert smiley face here [clearly, I spend too much time online; I can't write without emoticons anymore...])

The decision to run for TAFF grew out of a handful of conversations at Renovation, fertilized by a different set of conversations in the month that followed. With insufficient discouragement available, the result of all these chats was me throwing my hat into the ring. I don't know quite what I expected, but the number one thing I got from making that decision was a number of new contacts, people who are vitally interested in TAFF, and wanted to find out exactly who owned that hat. I'm looking forward to continuing to explain that in the future.

I enjoyed running for TAFF, in part because we had an awfully companionable race, right down to issuing our joint candidates' zine, *Hats for TAFF*. I never got tired of describing TAFF to folks, and I know there are people who know about the Fund now, who didn't before.

So while I won't be going to Eastercon in 2012, I want to thank my supporters, particularly my partner Mark Hall, and my nominators (Alice Lawson, Flick, Pat Mueller Virzi, Jeanne Gomoll, Brad Foster) for giving me the chance, and Warren and Jacq for being such pleasant competitors.

And of course, CONGRATS TO JACQ!

SPECIAL GUEST INTRODUCTION by Warren Buff

First off, congrats to Jacq on her successful TAFF campaign. I know she was nervous about the race before the three of us got ourselves introduced, but I think we did a good job of making it a friendly race, and I'm looking forward to meeting her at Olympus. Looking back, I wish we'd all been a bit more organized and gotten our joint zine out earlier, but life got in the way. For my part, I began a new romantic relationship and got bogged down working on my local convention.

I still haven't seen the final numbers on the race*, but we were told the lead changed a few times in the last day, and that voter turnout, Stateside at least, was very strong. I think three may be the magic number for a fan fund race, as it both makes the preferential voting system a good idea and helps keep the 20% rule from shutting things down.

Personally, I went on a spree of writing LoCs to British fanzines, which got interrupted around the time I started getting serious in the new relationship. I hope to pick it back up in a couple of weeks when I'm no longer neck-deep in running programming for our local con – I really enjoyed writing them, and connecting with a lot of faneds I'd only casually read in the past. And that's what the fan funds are really best for – connecting with a larger bit of fandom than you've reached before. I feel like both Jacq and I did that (I can't speak for Kim, but I reckon she did, too), and in that, we, and fandom as a whole, can all benefit from the fan funds, regardless of who wins.

*At the time of writing

LoCs are welcomed to ALL JACQ'D UP at [jaxn8r@msn.com](mailto:jxn8r@msn.com)

Issue #4 out REAL SOON NOW..

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* with assistance from Jeanne Bowman, Anne Gray and Ulrika O'Brien



ALL JACQ'D UP Issue #3 co-edited by Steve Green and Jacq Monahan

Production and layouts by Nic Farey

TAFF Results

(Sourced from TAFFline #3 newsletter from John Coxon and Anne & Brian Gray)

First round voting:

	NORTH AMERICA	EUROPE	TOTAL
Warren Buff	28	2	30
Kim Kofmel	15	12	27
Jacq Monahan	27	8	35
No Preference	2	6	8
TOTALS	72	28	100

No first-place votes were received for “Hold Over Funds”
Warren did not meet the 20% threshold in Europe and was eliminated.

Second round:

	NORTH AMERICA	EUROPE	TOTAL
Kim Kofmel	29	13	42
Jacq Monahan	35	10	45
TOTALS	64	23	87

Jacqueline Monahan wins with 52% of the 87 votes counted in the second round.

Nic Farey writes: Congratulations to Jacq in winning the closest TAFF race I can recall, perhaps the closest ever, which says to me that we had three equally matched and equally worthy candidates (each getting roughly a third of the first-place votes expressing a preference). In such good company and an amiable campaign, I'm happy that she maintained her lead through both rounds of voting.

Personal thanks from me to all Jacq's supporters and contributors to previous issues, and to all the voters for continuing to support TAFF.

TAFF Results and Other Tumults

“Like a fellow once said, “Ain’t that a kick in the head?”

(Sammy Cahn)

I was visiting Bobbie Farey when Nic’s ringtone (“London Calling” by The Clash) burst through our Christmas decorating frenzy. It was just after 1:00 p.m. PST on December 11th, after 3:00 p.m. where Nic was, in Joplin, MO.

My thoughts were on where I was going to place the next ornament. For the second year in a row I had helped decorate the Farey Christmas tree while my daughter, Mia, set up the mini village on a coffee table covered with cotton snow; with military precision I might add. I was not so precise with the tree.

All of a sudden, Bobbie asked me if I had checked my email recently, a question which filled me with both anticipation and dread. I had not, but knew that the TAFF voting deadline had passed two days before and had resigned myself to losing graciously for a number of reasons.

Now it would be official and I would go back to stringing silver beads and fastening gossamer bows on branches. She handed her phone to me.

Nic sounded excited and told me to check my email right away, although he didn’t really know an official result. I asked him if he could look it up for me, a silly idea in hindsight. He was willing, but I thought better of it when I realized that I couldn’t summon the sign-on information from my racing cerebellum, full of misfiring synapses and primitive regressions.

The real wonder is that I did not spin around three times and join Lulu – the Farey’s beautiful 60+ pound dog - in a leisurely repose on the carpet.

With all the grace of a Capuchin monkey I attempted to access my email account from a tiny notebook. Without a mouse, the monkey-in-me hunched over the screen like Melville’s Bartleby the Scrivener with his quill pen and ledger and attempted to make sense of a series of strung together emails (in backward order, I might add). And wasn’t it Bartleby who said, “I would prefer not to”?

In my case it wasn’t refusal, just an odd fear, of both losing AND winning. Bartleby was soon replaced with the original Capuchin – monkeying around in cyberspace with human hands and a brain the size of a raisin.

I don’t think I ever saw Brian Gray’s official email. I did however see two in a row (from the very gracious Warren Buff and Kim Kofmel) that contained the line “Congratulations to Jacq.”

All I could think to do was turn to Bobbie Farey wearing the grimmest possible look on my face (shock and awe) and sputter “I won” with all the merriment of a Death Row inmate.

The screams that followed were from Bobbie as she gave me a victory hug. I quickly explained to Bill the Boarder who stood at the kitchen counter puffing on a cigarette (despite emphysema) about the trip, a foolish endeavor since there’s no way to explain TAFF in encapsulated form. Meanwhile Nic spoke excitedly at the other end of the cell phone, but the Capuchin monkey could not understand these strange sounds.

Mia got on her cell phone to try to contact my ex, but had to leave a message that ended with “Mom won.”

He later texted her back with the words, “I’m going, too.” I summoned the mental picture of him inside of a porcine optical orb; in other

words – in a pig’s eye. I knew he was joking and was gratified that he seemed to be happy for me.

Even the absurd prospect of my ex attending any event with me was cause for a fist-biting anxiety attack. He’s kind of a neat freak know-it-all. Shopping around for careers he once landed on chef before settling, once and for all, on broadcast communications. That meant studying for and receiving a Sanitation Certificate (a license to be a fastidious pain in the ass when it came to food prep of any kind). You’d think I had the power to poison food just by looking at it the wrong way. Touching it was akin to a death sentence. Long story short, Mr. Monahan was fun to live with. He would NOT be accompanying me anywhere.

In fact, no one would be accompanying me to the UK, a realization that was at once both glorious and terrifying. I felt on the verge of making any number of silly directional and cultural mistakes, but was also emboldened by the knowledge that they were mine to make – all by myself. I was the one who’d set out for Surrey and wind up in Swindon, or confuse pounds and pence with euros as if they were interchangeable. Well, maybe not that last one, but even I can’t wait to see what silly thing might happen on my exploits.

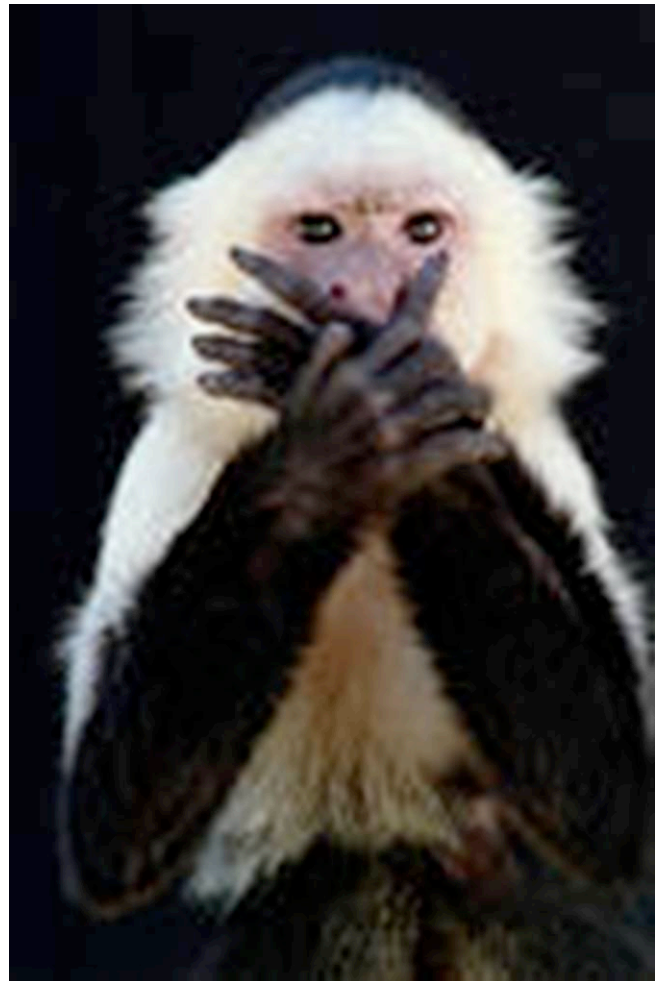
Next, Nic advised me to email Brian with an acknowledgement so that he could make the official announcement. A simple task, but not for a pinball mindset like I had at that moment. Quick, someone give me a banana so I can pound on this keyboard, I thought, losing brain cells by the nano-second.

Somehow my tiny, temporary, simian skull held enough primal knowledge to compose a Sally Field-like missive (you like me, you REALLY like me) type of communication to Brian, who graciously wrote back that he had shared it with Warren, Kim and the Phenomenal Five – my nominators. Now everyone would know about my prehensile tail and penchant for mimicry.

After that I went back to decorating the tree, punctuating the air with an audible Oh, My Ghod, every few minutes or so. I’d be in the middle of a sentence about Christmas decorations, “Hey Bobbie, that color scheme looks...Oh, My Ghod!” Sometimes that would be accompanied by a left-or-right list to one side, whether I was sitting or standing.

Bobbie (or BB, as Nic calls her, meaning the Blessed Bobbie) just laughed.

She understood, but I’m still trying to.



Oh... My... Ghod!!!

Curt Phillips

I think one of the benefits of this TAFF election has been that three relatively newish and/or lesser known fans have had a significant forum whereby all of Fandom could get a better look at them and they - in turn - could get a better look at Established Fandom.

All three had accomplishments under their belts coming into the race, and we now know all three of them somewhat better, and they in turn now know some of the rest of us somewhat better. All of them and all of us benefit from the overall experience, which is exactly what TAFF was designed to accomplish.

I particularly liked the fact that all three contributed to a common fanzine for the campaign and that at least two of them have done some additional fanzine work in other zines during the campaign and say they'll be doing more.

Aside from the fact that the winner gets to travel and fans get to meet her or him, TAFF is an investment we **all** make in our subculture. By participating, by voting, by discussing the campaigns and the people involved, we reinvigorate Fandom each year with the fan funds and help lay the foundation for Fandom's future by encouraging fans to get involved, to get out there, and to keep the Great Fannish Conversation going.

There are no true losers in a TAFF election. Everyone involved this year - including the

voters, the nominators and the three candidates - have come away with value added to our Fandom.

We are all winners tonight.



TAFF logo (eastbound) by Anne Stokes

Steve Green

My dearest Jacqueline,

As your trip across the Atlantic nears, I thought I'd offer a few suggestions to enhance what I can promise you will be one of the more memorable experiences of your life. Moreover, I managed to coax a few tips out of previous TAFF winners who've made the eastward journey.

Whilst I understand you may have concerns about culture shock, I can assure you that you'll feel at home in no time, which you'll realise as soon as you depart your dirigible at the Heathrow Aerodrome and catch one of our new-fangled steamcarts into London's permafog.

Speaking of the weather, British springs are significantly chillier than Nevada's. Ulrika O'Brien recommends packing for winter: "It snowed in Manchester the Easter I was over, and even when it isn't cold enough to snow, the damp makes the cold that much

more miserable. Layers of wool and silk are your friends, and packing silk thermals is not a crazy idea.

"That said, pack as light as you can get away with, and be able to manage all your baggage solo. Sooner or later you're going to need to walk half a mile burdened with all your luggage between your hosts' house and the nearest tube stop, or vice versa."

Anne Gray made a similar point in relation to the unreliability of escalators at stations on the London Underground: "However, you can store your luggage at Paddington station if need be. If you haven't been to London before, the double-decker bus tours are a great way to get your bearings, but walking is also great."

Which is a good point to mention Ulrika's tip on footwear: "Pack at least two pairs of sturdy, comfortable walking shoes that have been broken in, at least one of which should



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be waterproofed -- Britons get from place to place on foot far more than most Americans do, especially in the larger cities. If you aren't comfortable walking at least a couple of miles per day, train up ahead of time." (One of the reasons for this might be the trend for certain UK cities to effectively banish the car from their heartland: the centre of Birmingham is pedestrianised, for instance, whilst parking in the remaining accessible streets is prohibitively expensive.)

Jeanne Bowman also suggests setting aside more time for laundry than you may be used to. Personally, I didn't notice any major difference during my own trip, aside from other people generously volunteering to take care of it for me, but Anne agreed with her in so much as many of the people she and Brian stayed with didn't have clothes driers. Best to contact your hosts to clarify this ahead of your journey, in case you need to factor in a trip to the laundrette.

Public transport tends to get a bad press this side of the Pond, with most of the vitriol aimed at the wreckage of our rail network. For those occasions where you will be travelling by train, Anne recommends considering investing in a Britrail card: "We found it worthwhile to get a First Class Britrail pass - in first class, they usually have space to stow luggage, and sometimes they serve drinks and food. Of course, since I was pregnant, most important to us was that I have space to sit down, but the other things were good too."

Speaking of savings, one advantage to Britain is that when you see a price tag on any kind of book, t-shirt or foodstuff, that's what you'll pay: tax is already included. As for gratuities, whilst it's courtesy to tip in recognition of particularly good service at a restaurant, it's not expected if you're simply buying drinks at a pub.

Ulrika again: "Be open, prepare to be

spontaneous, and seize opportunity when it lies before you. If you spot something you want to see, or do, or buy, do it right away, while you're thinking of it. You may think you can come back and do that later, but chances are, 10 more things will come up, and after they do, you will not be able to find that little side street ever again anyway, not even with an A-Z and a native guide." That's one piece of advice I learned from experience: I really wanted to visit Archie McPhee's in Seattle whilst staying with Ulrika and Hal, put it off and never got another opportunity.

You will, of course, face many corporeal temptations during your travels (I've heard my successor as European delegate, John Coxon, may actually have forged a long-term romance as a result of his trip, although he and Chris Garcia are keeping it on the down low in case Linda finds out), but fear not: even in Las Vegas, you should be aware of the old expression "Whatever happens in Solihull, stays in Solihull".

Kindest regards

-- Steve



Mourning Pluto

It's been awhile since we lost Pluto as a qualifying planet, and I'm still in mourning. Not Disney's happy-go-lucky Pluto mind you, that yellow dog eager to please within his own cartoon orbit, the galactic Pluto, tiny and remote; so icy and dark due to its perpetual estrangement from the sun.

I must have been in denial. Growing up, there were always nine planets, an odd number, but easily divisible by three. I memorized them in order from nearest to farthest from the sun – Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus (obligatory snicker) Neptune and finally, Pluto. For school science projects, Pluto always dangled from the solar system mobile like a tiny outsider – but it had to be there if you wanted a shot at a first-place ribbon, literally making the whole project dressed to the nines.

The dwarf planet is so remote that it takes the sun's light about 5 ½ hours to reach it in contrast to the 8 minutes it takes to reach Earth. No warm welcome on Pluto – ever.

In the galactic scheme of things, Pluto is a munchkin to the universe's Oz. It is smaller than our moon, and only half the width of Jupiter's moon Ganymede (great name, by the way, on par with Watchmen's Ozymandias). It takes Pluto 248 years to orbit the sun – no big surprise. A dwarf takes smaller steps.

Charon is the largest of Pluto's moons, almost as big as Pluto itself, and it's named after the mythological ferryman of the river Styx. Two other moons, Nix and Hydra are smaller. Apparently Pluto likes hanging around with pals that make it seem big by comparison.

Pluto must be the most romantic place to park at night, one of which lasts the equivalent of six days and nine hours (Earth time). The atmosphere would freeze you solid, (-390 F below zero) but it probably would be a dreamy few seconds before the car heater – and you – ceased functional operation.

At this temperature, all elements would be frozen but neon, hydrogen, and helium, which means that you could still have seedy, flickering signs and festive, floating balloons for a few seconds, creating a kind of Tokyo nightlife/circus big top/tundra-like wasteland



This Pluto

for the really suicidal...I mean adventurous.

You'd only weigh less than 1/10th of your Earth weight too, so maybe spandex might finally be a wardrobe option. It's not terribly warm, though.

Sometime in 2015, the U.S. spacecraft New Horizons will reach Pluto after 9.5 years travel time. It will attempt to get Pluto to pose for a group shot (Fred MacMurray had My Three Sons, Pluto has My Three Moons). I'm hoping someone will alert Pluto of the intended drop-in, so it can at least fix its face

and slap on a muumuu. Anything less would be rude.

The name Pluto was proposed by Venetia Burney (1918–2009), an eleven-year-old schoolgirl in Oxford, England, for the Roman god of the underworld. It has an eccentric, elliptical orbit, crossing Neptune's every now and then. Neptune will wave, but rarely stops to speak. It's got nothing against its former friend, but since the scientific demotion a few years back, it just can't be seen with "that Kuiper belt upstart."

Pluto is a child of a lesser planetary god, a hobbit without a middle earth. Its influence is all in the past. Where do you think plutonium got its name? Or the yellow Disney dog? Pluto, originally named Planet X (how militant!) was the inspiration. Now he's been made to pack up his thermal tux, no more special than his moons. To be "plutoed" has come to mean demotion in the scientific world, much as "googled" now means searched.

These days, Pluto is relegated to being discussed as an object, even though it would achieve spectacular comet status if it were any closer to the sun. You don't hear IT bragging.

Pluto definitely orbits to a different drum, but no one can hear Pluto to ask its opinion. Maybe it doesn't want to be known as a dwarf planet; maybe rocky-iceball-methane-piss-off would suit it more. Maybe it's a feisty little guy who likes his ale. Maybe it's a cool femme fatale with perpetually erect nipples and switchblade fingernails.

Will we ever know or more importantly, does anyone still care? I do, but then again, I am as chaotic as the dwarf's orbit. I generally root for the underdog, although in this case, Pluto is more like the outerdog. It's the dangerous black ice you shouldn't play on; it's

the rock-hard snowball you don't want careening toward the back of your head.

For me, it is still the ninth planet, traveling to the beat of a different drum in silent reverie. I miss it, every time a middle school student leaves it out of a 3-D solar system poster.

To paraphrase Out of Africa author Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen): If I know a song of Pluto, does Pluto know a song of me? I doubt it. Pluto would only consider me a weak advocate, a frail champion, unable to visit even for tea.

And that's as it should be.



Not *that* Pluto

Gracias!

Gracias, Вѣ, Danke, Merci, Σας ευχαριστούμε, Mahalo, Thank You

No maudlin, sap-filled speech here – just a quick note of gratitude to the following stellar beings:

Warren Buff – whether in lederhosen, a helmet or in a suds-filled bathtub with a fedora on his head and a drink in his hand – the man is all class – a gentleman of the first order.

Kim Kofmel – the Hat – and the woman beneath it – a gracious and savvy globetrotter and designer. All panache, all the time.

I'm the one that is not associated with a hat, but if I were, it would be off in a salute to my two superb TAFF-mates.

To my nominators:

Nic Farey – the original Winston Winston of Radio Winston. I could write a book...make that fanzine – but I'd need a forklift to hold all of the pages that would sing *your* praises.

Steve Green – I've often said that this particular shade of Green was my favorite; even more so now with no end in sight. Your wisdom and friendship has been, and is, a rare gift indeed.

Sandra Bond – So talented I'm STILL discovering what she can do. Not surprising. She is, after all, a Bond girl.

Curt Phillips – DJ extraordinaire – many thanks for the shout-outs. You are the ultimate “man in uniform” and impressive in each one.

John Purcell – Once again, I must tell you – *Askance* is awesome and you are, too. And not even in that order.

To My Illustrious Illustrators:

Alan White - for his creative covers and imaginative images, for visualizing that this could indeed happen well before it did, and for giving me 1000 words in each of his pictures that spoke better than I ever could.

Don Miller - for grace under pressure and for getting the extraterrestrials involved in TAFF (an untapped constituency until now). Many thanks for the sky-high boost.

Finally, to all the TAFF voters, whether I was your candidate or not – thank you for supporting a grand old tradition. Long may it fly (both ways across the pond).

At this point someone lets the hot air balloon get away...then Glinda floats down in a bubble to tell me I've always had the power to go home. Only this time I tell her that there's another place I must visit first, across an ocean and full of castles.

My thanks and appreciation to all of you for making that possible.

--Jacq