



TommyWorld

Where Fandom  
Gets Personal.

The Sixty fifth issue of a sort-of letter substitute, kinda thing. Maybe weekly, maybe not. Available for the usual from:

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Available via the World Wide Web, or as an email attachment. I recommend the Portable Document Format (pdf) or, if you insist, a word or Rich Text Format (rtf) can also be emailed. Get in touch and we'll sort something out if you need a paper based edition. You will vote Randy Byers for TAFF, won't you? Go to [TorCon III](#). Dated, already, 26/01/03.

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## Why I never fucked Randy Byers.

In TommyWorld 50 I set out my official TAFF statement for the 2000 race. That was almost three years ago and my how time flies –seems like only last year I was standing against Tobes and now he has been through it all again, won, done his trip and is now TAFF administrator. I never thought I'd be talking about TAFF again so soon but I personally think that Randy Byers will make an excellent candidate and want to tell you why. In doing so I'll also tell you why we never had sex.

Just before that, a word on the other candidates. I've met Colin Hinz a few times during my year in Canada and visits to North America. A lot of British fans may not recognise the name but I can assure you that Colin fully deserves the honour of winning TAFF; a vote for him will not be wasted. I only know of the other two candidates through their writings in various zines and contributions to on-line fandom. Again two excellent choices, whose idea of fandom closely matches my own, and many others. Personally, though, Randy has made what would otherwise be a very difficult choice a lot easier.

I'm pitching my vote and trying to convince you to vote for Randy for a number of reasons: he has shamelessly published an excellent zine in support of his candidature, it shows what an excellent writer he is and because he is an all round nice guy. Most TAFF candidates match that description though, but you have to meet Randy, talk to him and buy him a pint before you can rush to any judgements.

In his latest zine Wassamatta U he causally drops in all the names of the fans in Seattle and the Pacific North West to remind everyone of who he is and what he is about. He also dropped my name on a number of occasions which, whilst ego-boostingly pleasing, also reminded me of the man himself. He doesn't forget those times when, after a few drinks too many, you protest undying friendship.

He is the kinda guy you click with upon first meeting. It is strange because there were five or six other people in Seattle whom I immediately clicked and whilst some

relationships will always mean more to me, Randy remains to this day a cool guy and a good friend.

I remember a night, like the one he refers to in his zine, in the Elysium Brew Pub – where else –with Randy, Lesley Reece, Ron Drummond and me just shooting the breeze ([End of the night photo.](#)) Ron was extolling some minor classical quartet and the intricacies of their arrangements and how he wanted to record them. Gesticulating frantically, enthusiastically detailing the every nuance of their style and proclaiming to the three of us but for the want of a few hundred dollars how he could make them huge. Randy, Lesley and I just sat there. We had a vague idea of what he was talking about, but not much. It was just his enthusiasm and obvious pleasure that we felt privileged just to know the guy.

Later, after a few drinks, I ranted in a similar vein about old fanzines, the fandom of old and why things were so shit at the moment. I think I blamed RASFF. My plan to change fandom completely and for the better was meticulously worked out, precisely planned and would take just a few months to implement. Getting this concept out of my head, into comprehensible words and then onto paper was the problem. I was half cut, a few sheets to the wind and my own enthusiasm and drive just made a complete idiot of me as I tried to get this across.

Randy was the straight guy to all of this (Lesley just smiled and preserved, God bless her soul.) He knew both of us, Ron much, much longer, and was the kind of friend who would aid both Ron and I in our outrageous scheme, knowing full well they were doomed. He would remember the conversation the following day, when we were both too tired to even try to remember. He would proffer aid and assistance, he would...

Well, he would be there for you. That's the kinda guy Randy is. You should vote for him. Really, it is something you should do. Right now.

Oh, I never fucked Randy because he **is** too precious...

This is being distributed to a whole bunch of friends on the net, if you received this and would NOT like to be on the mailing list please accept my apologies for this intrusion and let me know so that you will not be bothered by further ramblings. If you know someone who would like to be on the mailing drop me a line. Paper version are also available for the usual (trade, show of interest, editorial whim etc.)