



The Seventieth issue of a sort-of letter substitute, kinda thing. Maybe weekly, maybe not. Available from:

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Available via the World Wide Web, from the above address. If you want to receive this automatically as an email attachment, then you need to click [here](#). Get in touch and we'll sort something out. You are going to [vote James Bacon](#) for [TAFF](#), aren't you? Dated, already, 12/04/04.

"Jesus, you back again? Don't you know your're barred..."

"I'm glad to see you haven't sent out any TommyWorlds recently, Tommy," a friend of my mine said recently. "It usually means there is something wrong, or something has happened or your life is pretty shit." I paraphrase, but you get the idea. So in updating the web site recently I took a look not only at the chronology, but also the content, of TommyWorlds over the years.

Time wise I've been doing these missives, hard to know what to really call them, since 1997 – the best part of seven years. Certainly my life, and the lives of those around me, have changed enormously over those years – and in the great way of things – continue to change. Bound to have some sad stuff in the contents then, I mean stuff just happens, right?

Well the contents of a lot of those issues were indeed a bit on the down side. A lot of deaths which touched me: James White being an excellent example; though I still think the recent passing of Martin Smith made a bigger impact – most likely due to the similarity in age as well as zest for life. Deaths in family have also featured strongly, but there is really no getting away from that as, at 37, I'm the youngest in the immediate family, and there is the Catholic massed ranks of my extended family to deal with.

Also a bunch of more, how can I say, downbeat stories and essays. My article on drinking got a lot of responses, as did one on the politics of living in Northern Ireland. Then there was, what must now be considered a series, on various visits of Mark McCann and myself to the sociological experimentation that is drug trials. Although they had their moments of dark humour, these also featured some fairly depressing moments.

This review of past issues suddenly stared getting me down and made me think twice about sending out any more of these. So I stopped reading and got on with loading up

more of the back issues. But you know what it is like, sifting through old fanzines and articles, you just can't help dipping in every so often. And you guessed it, I saw all the extremely positive and simply wonderful stuff that was in some of these issues.

There was the run of issues dealing with love and falling in love, which I look back on with a feeling of great warmth. A number of issues were written about visits people made with me, and some of the con reports were simply fun – reminding me of the great times to be had at conventions. As I'm sure you'll quickly grasp I'm not saying here that the articles themselves were out of this world brilliant, though some of the guest writers' were, but that the reasons for publishing them were altogether a more positive thing. To coin a recent popular phrase in our house, they were uplifting.

So do I publish in times of personal distress? Yes, certainly. The evidence is available right on this [web site](#) to examine. There have been other and many more occasions however when the reason for publishing has been personal delight, sheer hell of it or because people sent me really good stuff which I wanted to share.

So why now? Well that is simple. Leslie is working night shifts starting at 7.30 pm and it is either start doing something constructive at night, or slump in front of the TV. Hell, those walls can wait another few months before I start painting them – so TommyWorld it is then.

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Science Fiction? Yeah, I can do that. I recently attend my fifth or sixth [MeCon](#) – the local, student run, Science Fiction convention and came away feeling good and bad. James Bacon, [TAFF](#) candidate ([Voting Form](#)) and all round fun guy – so it says here – felt the same way last year. So we got together to compare notes and the results of this will be out in a couple of issues.

Good Times? Oh yeah, baby. We're all off to a holiday camp in Camber Sands, just outside [Rye](#), where we will be staying for the weekend. Normally I'd rather chop small extremities off my body than do this, but it so happens this will be a really cool weekend. And because you insist on asking, I'll tell you. [All Tomorrow's Parties](#) will be hosting one of their shindigs there this weekend, that's why.

Do people still say shindig?

I've also got some honest to ghu fandom stuff coming up as well and you, Stephen King isn't that bad at all, although Neal Stephenson has let me down with his latest epic. Yep, that's all forthcoming.

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I use to have a note here about this being sent this in error. I don't have that note anymore as you will have to find these by yourself, or you can subscribe [here](#).