

# WIZ

#10, June 9, 1984, is the Special Cesar Ignacio Ramos and Goat Fucking Issue. It is published in commemoration of Avedon Carol's fleeing the country and throwing herself into the arms of...fate. / Who said, "I only wish I could edit for Bergeron," on the last page of Microwave #7 and why?

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To Be Or Not To Be: "Now, Richard, you don't seriously expect anyone to believe your hoax fan, do you?" I heard Marty Cantor say into my ear through the receiving end of my telephonic unit. I could even hear the underline.

I spluttered inept protestations, "But, but, Marty, it is a Production of Puerto Rican Fandom and Cesar Ignacio Ramos must get full credit and like that!"

Marty could hear the capital letters coming in from Puerto Rico -- he knows Bergeron is a pompous old fart who speaks in spurious capital letters and takes things a bit seriously. He decides to play along with the gag...

"Rich, did you hear the one about the German microwave oven?"

The punch line is lost in Bergeron's yelled, "I don't want to know!" A manic laugh trickles out of the ear piece of the telephone in Puerto Rico. Bergeron is reminded of the final few bars of Michael Jackson's hit "Thriller" as he wonders why he is paying transcontinental rates to hear putrid jokes.

The reader wonders why the editor of Wiz called Glendale, California, at that hour of the night, but a modest veil is drawn over the speculation by the tendency of this item to forge on to more important matters like the problematical existence of Cesar Ignacio Ramos.

I muse on the curious Phil Dickian reality which is evolving and toss out a tentative feeler, "Cesar is thinking of standing for Taff..." (the Nielsen Haydens scramble to pick up their teeth while Dan Steffan runs for cover in anticipation of a Bergeron assault) "...in 1987."

"Wow! He'd win," Hugo nominee Cantor spaketh.

Actually, there's a certain bizarre appeal to the notion. I can see it now: the first Taff candidate sent to England from the United States Colonial Empire. A Puerto Rican. The thought of the clash of accents -- Cesar's Hispanic mangling of English pronunciation encounters, say, Dave Langford's patrician sardonic understatement:

"Oh, I was thinking of doing 2000 words on wood-lice."

"*Would lice? Wat eez dis would lice beeznees?*"

International relations would never be the same again. Neither would Dave Langford. Or Taff.

Yes, just what Taff needs. A little touch of the unexpected -- after all, by 1987 it probably will have recovered from the absurdity of D. West's noncandidacy. (Didn't you love that exquisitely subtle insult buried in the US arm of his campaign? Who else would have thought to spit in your eye by conducting a campaign in comic strips -- as much as to tell us he knows we can't read and at the same time neatly side-step the expected complaint against pages of unrelieved solid text. I'm sure you didn't miss that one. Did you, Ted?) And 1984 isn't the best year. What chance would a Puerto Rican neo (a wild card -- and believe me he is a wild card) have against the array of scheming BNFs already maneuvering for position? Cesar will need the extra time to solidify his existential claim to, er, existence. On the other hand, in a race which promises to be a cliff-hanger the presence of a dark horse (I always bet on horses with cards, myself) could Make A Real Difference. Surely, he would sweep the Hold Over Funds vote. "Enough of this, Bergeron, come back to reality," the Writer thinks -- having been nudged in the ribs by the Reader. Lord, this is getting Dickian: I see I've wandered precariously close to the Geis-Alter-Ego precipice. Must watch that.

The phantasmagoric nature of Cesar's identity will need work. For instance, it was touch and go whether he'd be admitted to reality via the door of his ballot in the Pong Poll and I had to have that vote (or votes, I forget which -- check the results). Ted White was suspicious. He's no fool. Ted looked at Cesar's signature "and compared it with your's on your Ballot. I'm no expert but it's my opinion that, based on these samples, you could easily be Cesar. And I'm hardly convinced you're not when you speak of eating Moo Goo Gai Pan in a Szechuan restaurant -- that looks like a Clever Hint of Hoax to me."

I read that passage from Ted's letter to Cesar. "Bro, he smells a rat," I said. "Why, you're crumbling into non-existence before my very eyes. Ted even picked up on that slur of PNH's about you being my E.K.E. He writes, 'I note that you have used Cesar as your E. Knowles Elkhart, and I note that you've not flatly denied he's a hoax -- you've talked your way around it. So, should I count "Cesar"'s Ballot?'"

"Of course, my man, of course. Count the damn ballot." Anyway, there's no way I'll let Cesar's vote(s) slip through my grasp. I sat down and wrote the following to TeW:

Cesar Ignacio Ramos is an ex-comics fandom fan. He's still very knowledgeable of the scene. He reads every fanzine I let fall into his grasp -- and, in fact, has been seen rumaging about in my garbage looking for discarded crudzines. A touching sight. Cesar has exchanged letters with Bill Gibson (who swears he'll have my head if he's been had) and is planning (and has written most of) a F\*A\*N\*Z\*I\*N\*E! I taunt him by referring to Wiz as The Puerto Rican Fanzine. He mutters obscure Spanish curses under his breath about "*Ese maldito gringo!*" If you think I'm silly enough to publish two fanzines, you overrate me. As for the local Szechuan restaurant serving Moo Goo Gai Pan -- you'll have to take my word for it. I'm saddened your dis-

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trust goes so far that you doubt me on so trivial a matter. That restaurant also serves a Poo Poo platter (a Hawaiian dish). I suspect this information will topple Falls Church fandom. (No, they don't have spaghetti and meat balls on the menu.) You forget, Ted, this is Puerto Rico -- unless, of course, I'm routing everything through here from The Dakota and am even crazier than anyone else in that haunted castle; but you don't know that either, do you? -- where the unlikely is most likely. Oh, it used to be called "The Little Hawaii" before it went pseudo-Szechuan. That may account for these curious Stranger Than Fiction anomalies.

I never sent that letter. It was part of a very pissed-off missive I held off mailing until I could view with some perspective another mildly acrimonious situation which had risen inside Ted White's Group Mind. I let it pass rather than write to Linda Blanchard. I'm nothing if not diplomatic. Maybe I should run for Taff instead of Cesar. The letter I did send went, more or less, like this:

Cesar has actually written a letter (in long hand) to protest his existence. He hasn't got around to typing it up yet. It'll probably be typed on this machine, since he doesn't own his own typewriter, but don't let that make you suspicious. And he has prepared most of the copy for the first issue of his fanzine (not typed yet, either). He's in that limbo between thinking about taking the first step in fandom and actually doing it. In Puerto Rico that can take a bit of time. He reads every fanzine I get and runs startingly fluent commentaries on current fan doings to me. And all this in a sort of amusing ersatz version of Puerto Rican English. He has a legalistic turn of mind -- often catching things I overlook. All my attributions to him in Wiz really came out of his mouth and are direct quotes -- unlike, I presume, the conversations with your puppet EKE. Thus, I take your statement that I've used him as my EKE amiss. Actually I've suppressed much and quoted the merest fraction of his controversial statements. Oh, he was going to vote for Hansen (until I pointed out that he wasn't eligible) but has been won over to West by D.'s ordinance accompanying the latest Wing Window. When I reminded him of his support of Hansen in the previous month, he replied airily, "Oh, I was a neofan, then."

I also swore a mighty oath ("with my hand on a copy of Wrhn 28") to the effect that *Señor* Ramos did and does exist -- in one form or another. The Pong Poll results are not yet released so we've no way of knowing if White has swallowed this story. If Cesar's name isn't listed among the voters, he says he's "Going After" White.

"Rich, Rich, are you there?" The voice on the phone pulls Bergeron back to what is left of his senses. It's the macabre Marty Cantor who, the reader recalls, was interred back at the beginning of this piece around the turn of Sixth Fandom. Bergeron considers whether to start heaping abuse on his head for distracting him, but decides to let him, in a manner of speaking, live.

"Yah, yah, I'm here Marty... I was just thinking about asking if you'd like to nominate Cesar Ignacio Ramos for Taff in 1987. I'll see what I can do about pressuring him into voting for you for Duff. If you can see your way to being one of his nominators, I can deliver a complete sweep of Puerto Rican Fandom for your own race. Of course, he'll expect you to bring in the rest of Los Angeles Fandom, but maybe we can arrange some other trade-offs like, say, a silk-screen cover for Holier Than Thou..."

Cantor considers his options. "Why, this man is totally bananas. Or *bañañas*, as they probably say in Puerto Rico," he mused silently to himself. "It is a thought, it is a thought," he thinks as he bids adieu and puts down the phone.

The reader speculates vaguely over what this all might have been about as Bergeron turns back to the typewriter, relieved that he has somehow been able to plunge himself back into the world of Wiz but piteously whimpering:

"Oh, Ye, Ye, Who Have Forsaken Me!": Where are the awesomely talented legions who used to throng these pages? I haven't heard from Langford in aeons. Cantor tells me Dave is turning into his #1 correspondent. Something about some damn worldcon. Once upon a time fanzines were of more interest to the deft one. PNH was last seen landing on the isle of Manhattan carrying a sack of brightly colored beads. I must have a word with him about living in the past. Seriously, I can't decide if he's just having problems finding a place to lay down his typewriter, if there are no openings for janitors in the Big City, or (paranoically) if he still hasn't recovered from our exchange la= isu. And Bill Gibson was overheard asking directions to The Tower Of The Enchanted Hugo (for pro writing). I caught a glimpse of him in the June SF Chronicle -- Gibson and Ray Bradbury are taking over the July Omni. Bill's piece is called "New Rose Hotel", but I am momentarily distracted by a notice on the facing page of SFC for his competition: "*With her newest action-packed novel of sexual warfare, love versus lust, and sword against sword, Sharon Green breaks through to new levels of erotic intensity and bold adventure.*" I stumble to the bathroom, vomiting. How can Andy Porter allow himself to put his name on a magazine containing such slop. Well, it's a job, I suppose. Or is it? Do you think he does this for fun? Poor Bill. Battling for survival in The Arena Of Dreck (formerly known as Science Fiction). Bill, anytime you want to rest your head, baby, the pages of a Serious Journal (you're reading it) are open to you. In the meantime, we must move right along. There are other fannish genii clamoring to get into these pages. E.g.:

Face Value (drops in out of the azure. It's a new column) by Paul Williams: I was in my office filing when Donna Ansell called. Donna'd never even had her name in a fanzine before we agreed to run her Corflu report in the latest Trap Door, but she is quite attractive. She said, "History is being made right now at Jeanne Bowman's house!" She urged me to drop everything and come straight over.

Soon all of Glen Ellen Fandom was there, plus kids and some visitors from Austrililia.

3 This is what we saw: Jeanne was shaving Robert "Bob" Lichtman, out on the porch. While we watched (and I read aloud inspirational quotes from the writings of Carol Carr), the "madwoman of Norwescon" was removing every trace of the huge Tennessee-Farm-style beard that Robert's been wearing nonstop for the last fourteen years. When she was done, the face of Glen Ellen Fandom was altered forever.

Remember, you read it first in Wiz!

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The actual inspiration that inspired me to undertake this column of Western Fannish Doings (whose title was chosen days before the above-described event) for this notorious example of white-legal far-eastern journalism (RB doesn't know about this yet, but the deal is he'll run it or we send Jeanne to Old San Juan, where she will physically place our editor on camera in the middle of the next Menudo rock video) is the appearance in our midst of a True Fannish Oddity of More Than Historical Interest. This needs to be spoken of, and in a reliably frequent format (preferably one distorted by the lens of the personal).

I am talking about the latest issue of Innuendo (incorporating Lighthouse).

This is no jest. I have before me, and have almost finished reading, 62 unstapled xerox sheets, copied directly by yours truly at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ the sheet from an equal number of blue mimeographed pages painstakingly run off (and with feeling) by Lucy Huntzinger and Terry Floyd from rapidly decaying Gestetner stencils scarcely younger than Robert "Bob"'s beard...ostensibly so Terry Carr can use the mimeo sheets as xerox masters, paste on the missing headings, finish writing his editorial and type the rest of Harry Warner's piece (which ends in the middle of a gorgeous long quote from Tucker -- circa 1942 -- on "why the wrapping paper on some magazines from England seemed worn").

But consider: this is a fanzine that illustrates an extraordinary eleven pages of true tales and outrageous wisecracks by Sidney Coleman (the world's most perfectly developed field theorist) with a series of Emperor's New Clothes cartoons with titles like "Erased Rotsler (after Rauschenberg)" and "Erased Rotsler (after previous Erased Rotsler)." This is a fanzine in which Calvin Demmon and Greg Benford collaborate on 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  fabulously deadpan pages of "An Inquiry into the Theory and Function of Norman J. Clarke" ("with apologies to Donald Barthelme"). This is a fanzine that betrays knowledge of modern aesthetic subtleties, no shit (and turns them into belly laughs). Can we put it past Carr to have consciously allowed/manipulated the running off of these pages and their subsequent bootleg electrostatic duplication at the hands of Williams, Lichtman et al, as an artistic statement? Is it possible that he now considers Innuendo #13 (or whatever issue it is) to have been published, and has no intention whatever of getting Grant Canfield to complete the headings or running off further copies or even of notifying his mailing list of this beast's existence? Cleverly he has noted the subtle changes brought about in the fannish environment by the decline of hecto and the rise of the installment-plan Meta. Thoughtfully he has observed the passing of xeroxed xeroxes of the collected works of Greg Pickersgill as duplicated by Rich Coad, and watched the resultant reverberations in places as far from South Ealing as Seattle and Puerto Rico, wave generating wave generating wave and culminating finally in brutally improbable Taff races and a plethora of ensmallled fanzines published by Yank Anglomaniacs whose impossible dream is to be at Mexican when Lucy Huntzinger encounters Leroy Kettle. Little escapes Terry's attention. Hmm, he ponders, stroking the beard he used to have back when Bob Lichtman was his teenage son, maybe I can make the ultimate aesthetic statement, reach my intended audience in a unique and Meaningful manner, and get this damn unfinished annish off my back once and forever in one mighty stroke or swell foop. Passively, he resolves to tell the next fannish caller to let the word go out that he has a Project for Floyd and Huntzinger...

Of course, what would really clinch it would be to have Paul Williams write up the thing, in its always-to-be-unfinished form, for Wiz. Paul could allege that Sidney's pages contain a first-hand account of a visit to M.C.Escher and possibly the funniest essay ever written on crabs ("Early the next morning I went to the pharmacist, who, I discovered, had only a few words of English. In desperation, I tried to explain my troubles in Italian, but the only sentence I could frame was 'Small animals eat my prick'"). He could carry on glowingly about Elmer Perdue's account of F.T.Laney's career as a filthy limericist, Susan Wood's declaration of intention to outgafiate Terry Carr, Arnie Katz' revelation of the day he and John D. Berry divided fandom, Tom Perry on embarrassing fannish hoaxes he perpetrated when he was still a young girl and had not yet met Willis, eleven pages of the most sophisticated and degenerate and wonderfully likeable Carol Carr Stuff yet revealed to the world ("it all hangs out at lunch"), Leeh illustrations for Carol, Kinney for the Clarke extravaganza, Stiles (of course) for Katz, cover and back by Steffan, and a lettercolumn featuring the likes of Tucker, Willis, Shaw, Philip K. Dick, Tom Disch, Robert Bloch, and Carl Brandon, Jr.

Williams would go on about the time Brian Wilson played him the acetates from "Smile", and how he was certain this ultimate Lighthouse/Innuendo would also never see the light of day. Nobody would believe a word of it, especially if they read it in Wiz. Terry, when asked, would say nothing at all and send people packets of his old Fapazines. The Nielsen Haydens and Gary Farbers of the world would begin to get suspicious and begin to send Lichtman crumpled five dollar bills just in case he really had something worth re-xeroxing. Quarrels would arise among holders of rexeroxes over the original sequencing of pages, and whether the Rotslers were in fact erased or just never stencilled. Ted White would denounce the whole thing in letter columns of fanzines still



4 undreamed of. D. West would shake his weary head and wonder if there wasn't maybe some easier way of selling a paperback thriller to a Yank publisher, like maybe writing it first. And Terry would sit back in the Oakland hills and smile on his works like King Gilgamesh and know that he had somehow beaten the fuckers at their own game one more time.

Fake Fandom And The Coming Apocalypse: Williams (wonder if he's forgotten that he once invited me to write a column for his fanzine Crawdaddy?) incidentally illuminates what is turning into the Wiz theme: Now You See It And Now You Don't. First we have a fan whose substantiality is about as ethereal as the image of a ball imprinted with a hologram of a ball. And now this report on a fanzine which I'm not rushing to send off a trade copy of Wiz for. Or is that the Wiz theme? As I write these sentences it occurs to me the draft of what lies ahead bears out a reference to "the Wiz Wars" in a recent letter from Tom Perry. Since I've dropped that illustrious name it's only fitting we enter the combat zone through one of his letters. It deals with West's remarks about Tom back in Wiz #5. West referred to Tom's review in Quark #14, April, 1977, of West's 24 page essay on British fanzines in Wrinkled Shrew #7, 1977. Got it? It helps to have a working knowledge of fan history (if not a PhD). Tom's reply arrived months after Wiz #5 and got crowded out of the last couple issues by other battles, however I'm loath to consign a delicately crafted putdown of West to oblivion:

Tom Perry: I am rapidly losing track of whosaidwhattowhom in some of the controversies presented in Wiz. I ought to do my background reading. I still have not read "Performance" which seems to be required for the course. I probably would have at least tried if it had showed up here, so I suppose it didn't. Even if it had, though, I doubt I could have ploughed through 35 or so pages of D. West. Hell, I can't even seem to make it through the few pages of his stuff you've run in Wiz. I have got through a paragraph here and there, and certainly I've seen enough quotes from "Performance" around -- but none of that encourages me to comment upon it. If I did comment, even after reading the whole blockbuster article and taking notes, I suppose anything I said would be attacked for removing his statements from context. That's one of the advantages of producing 35-page essays; you can always protest that critics quote you out of context.

I will say that I seem to have counted between ten and twenty times now that West has proclaimed that he was completely unaffected by that fanzine review column of mine from back in 1977. Well thank ghod for that. I was really worried that he might take offense or something. The whole thing was only 12 pages long (just a warmup in the West league, a mere filler) and only 6 dealt with Don at all, and some of that was positive -- but there were criticisms, and a sensitive person might well have been offended. You know how some fans are.

I do take exception though to Don's statement that I said nothing funny to him when we met at the Novacon in '76. Maybe I didn't, but I could have, alright. One of the things I could have become, see, was a TV or nightclub comic -- a big one. Even my casual conversation is full of hilarious if subtle humor. Everyone says so -- my mother, my father, everyone. So I could easily have had Don and his Ratfan friends rolling on the floor holding their sides, weeping with laughter and pleading for mercy. No matter that we were almost strangers, that the whole meeting lasted about five minutes, or that Don and his companions were involved in some kind of private joke of their own (collecting money for the Astral League, or something) -- I could have pulled it off. Woulda been easy. I chose not to, see?

The Benford piece in #6 was masterly; ghod that man can write! (PO Box 2134, Boca Raton, Florida, 33427)

Chuck Harris to the defense of: Like it or not, Joe Nicholas has got a point about the disregarded ironic undercurrents in his stuff. It seems odd how you can so fully appreciate the murky depths of D. West and yet remain blind to Joe's assets. It hardly seems fair to dredge up a 1978 quote -- 1978 for crissake!!! -- to clobber him with when you yourself wave different banners from month to month...and occasionally simultaneously. /rb: Dare I say, "Prove it"?/

Consistency has never been a fannish virtue. In my first epistle to the Corinthians, I said "Go Screw" -- but that doesn't necessarily mean that you should all be Out There, thrusting the leg across and shouting "Hosannah!" in this day and age. (And it doesn't necessarily mean that you shouldn't either. This is known as free will.)

Anyway, couldn't we have a "Be Nice To Joe Nicholas Week" for a change? Then we can all concentrate on D. West. /rb: You came in late. I started with DW./

As for the Epsilon cover, you're overreacting, sport. Worse still, you're hallucinating. You are seeing non-existent details. You say, "...breasts only imperceptibly smaller than the cheeks of her posterior." Richard, the lass is full-frontal. You can't see her bloody posterior, let alone evaluate its size and texture. For all you know she might have a perfectly normal itty bitty butt like you or me. (Understand, although I am aware of my own physical attributes, I am only speculating on the size and quality of your fundament. I have no real knowledge of it. I have never so much as glimpsed it. Nor would I wish to do so. Bearing in mind the salacious minds of your circulation, I'd like to make this point perfectly clear. I have already had marriage proposals from 4 goats and eighteen camels all stemming from your last issue. Thank you. (32 Lake Crescent, Daventry, Northants, England)

RB: I don't insist that Nicholas be consistent -- just funny. The problem with irony is that it has to be laid on with wit. Irony without wit is merely borsch. I dredged up Joe's 1978 quote for use in 1980, while it was still very much a part of his *modus operandi*. As an aficionado of Nicholasian undercurrents doubtless you will enjoy his remark that "most of we post-revolution fans couldn't give a bent pin for Willis

5 these days; whatever thoughts might have occurred to him while he was sitting on the toilet one day in 1952 are just irrelevant." (I took D. West to task in Wrhn 30 for a very similar statement, which your devotion to Joseph led you to overlook.) I've treasured that one for years as a splendid example of the level to which his thinking has been known to rise. Equally precious are this pair of subtle ironic observations in the same letter in a recent issue of Holier Than Thou: (1) "I prefer reasoned debate to rude remarks -- it is, in the long run, more entertaining, more intellectually stimulating, more memorable, and engenders better writing and clearer thinking." and (2) "I hope you'll allow me one last stab at the fucker..." Also, in that letter, was his vivid delineation of Robbie Cantor's "appalling ignorance". I question what "clearer thinking" has to do with Nicholasian irony. Probably you can tell me.

As for the lass's ass: I was speaking as an art critic. We art critics, who have worked with tits and ass for decades, can make astoundingly accurate judgments based on the proportions of anatomy, perspective, etc, in arriving at such an assessment. I'll agree other factors could throw the callibrations off: such as if Hansen had pumped up her breasts with a couple quarts of silicone before posing her against that wall. But, Rob would never do a thing like that. I don't think.

I had already clipped it for future use to suggest that West and Harris probably have more in common than Harris and Hansen, but Chuch calls to my attention this remark by West from Empties #5: "Most fans couldn't care less if you fucked goats in your spare time as long as you're good company at a convention." And speaking of the devil:

Joseph Nicholas parachutes in: When I read Wiz #8, my first impulse was to send you a short note pointing out that to accuse anyone of being a liar was a pretty heavy charge to lay, and that you should either substantiate your allegations or else withdraw them and apologise (the same holding food for Eric Mayer's accusations as well); but immediate reflection led me to believe that the proper response to such insulting garbage is no response at all.

Patrick Nielsen Hayden seems to have forgotten that in my previous appearance in your pages I was referring to only one sentence out of all my works, and instead busies himself constructing a tediously convoluted argument he thinks or hopes will apply to everything I've ever written but in fact misses all the points he could have made. And, in line with the current fashion, is concluded with an out-of-context, out-of-date, and utterly irrelevant quote from some entirely forgotten source. (Still, I suppose it saves on the awful effort of having to think up something original.)

I read Alexis Gilliland's comments on survivalism with some despair. Far from being a "sane response" to the nuclear threat, survivalism works in exactly the same way as the civil defense con trick: by encouraging the idea that it is possible to withstand a nuclear attack, live through the aftermath, and go on to rebuild a functioning society (of whatever form), it works to defuse popular protest against the threat, thus allowing military and political leaders to continue formulating their plans for actually fighting a nuclear war. In other words: survivalism, like civil defense, helps make nuclear war more, not less, likely, and thus is not a "sane response" to the nuclear threat at all. The only sane response is to work for nuclear disarmament by whatever means available; nothing else will do. (22 Denbigh St. Pimlico, London, UK, SW1V 2ER)

RB: Mayer was referring to your 'entrapment' of US fandom in your Nabu column -- the one in which you, through a deliberately convoluted and impenetrably written argument, lead us to believe something at variance to your true beliefs. Hardly an example of 'honest' fan writing.

In truth, I don't know if you were lying when you wrote in Nabu about D. West's criticism that you "reacted...with bored 'so what?' indifference" or if you were telling the truth in Raffles when you wrote about the same criticism "I could but nod my head in response to each of his statements, the while vowing solemnly never to so massacre logic and sense in the future." Perhaps you believed both statements. (I certainly didn't.) It seems to me that anyone who could describe his reaction with descriptions so completely opposed is either completely out of touch with his true feelings (ie, intoxicated in one or both cases and therefore really only half aware of what he's writing) or lying. Take your pick. If it's the former, I do apologize.

Department Of Lurid Innuendos: Avedon Carol (in the context of an official report to 163 Taff voters-plus -- the postage for which, I assume, was paid by funds donated by me and thee) says she doesn't think Cesar Ignacio Ramos "works as a second voice" -- presumably my second voice. So what? I don't think Dan Steffan works as a second voice for her, either, which should come as a relief to Dan. Cesar Ignacio Ramos is his own voice. I don't need a second voice. Ms Carol also says she "doesn't know if Cesar is real or not" or "if he's gay or not", which, if she is in doubt about his reality, is her way of inquiring something about me which is none of her god-damned business. I don't know if Avedon Carol fucks goats or not, but on the evidence of the habit she has of sticking her nose into other people's dirty underwear I question just how discriminating she might be. All of which throws an interesting light on her inclination to conduct her administration of Taff from a reclining position. Or do I mean a flying position? Ted White tells me (on May 22) that she's just left for "England for nearly a month unless she decides she likes it so well she...stays the summer." Wait till Terry Hill hears about this. I don't know if Avedon forged ballots for her preferred candidate or not (the vote was scandalously lopsided Stateside), but I did note the passionate statement, "Everyone knows Dominoes is a boring spectator sport", with which she ends her announcement of the Taff results. Can there be a Special Reason why our Taff Administrator's administration has been so conspicuously lacking in impartial-

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ity? In a letter to me, Avedon conducts some preliminary research into the sexual appetites of Puerto Rican men, a subject on which I can only say that my information is as meagre as her curiosity is consuming. At this point a number of additional remarks are stricken from the draft: after all, there are things a man does not say about a lady -- or even to a person who grinds her axes before the entire Taff electorate.

Steve Green: I have a sinking feeling this latest D. West controversy will drag on until the Taff vote and then some. My support for Rob Hansen is entirely unconnected with the fact that I was one of those lampooned in "Performance" (fair comment to a degree) /rb: Nor was the scurrilous treatment I received in that work the reason for my support of its author./; I simply believe he fits the requirements to a greater extent than D., and in some ways the shortcomings are American fandom's not D.'s. This may sound perverse patriotism, but I suspect Britain -- and British fandom -- is at heart a great deal more tolerant of eccentrics (social rather than sexual) and eccentric behaviour. D.'s so-laid-back-I'm-right-out-of-it schtick, very much an extension of the national sense of humour, is perfectly at home at British cons, but I doubt very much he'd fit in at an American worldcon. Come to think of it, I doubt the majority of British fans would -- it's past time that Taff was re-thought and the destination switched to a smaller con such as Corflu, where at least the successful candidate would have a decent chance to make some kind of impression on the fans who financed the trip in the first place. The reverse journey still has some credibility -- UK cons are small enough for the TransAtlantic intercourse to take place (and no, I'm not referring to Rob and Avedon).

Now that Wiz and Ansible are both publishing fiction, maybe I should send along an extract from the schlock horror novel I was supposed to be completing during a between-jobs break a couple of weeks back (much to Ann's disgust I spent most of the week either in bed claiming terminal influenza or poised in front of the video listening to my brain calcify); haven't got terribly far into it, mainly because it's hard to type out the sex scenes when you're laughing. Wonder how Rob Holdstock and Chris Priest manage it. (11 Fox Green Crescent, Accocks Green, Birmingham, England, B27 7SD)

#### Most Intriguing 'Personals' Advertisement Of The Month:

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 REGULARLY INSULT and be insulted  
 through the post by strangers.  
 S.A.E. 35 High Street, Howden-le-  
 Wear, Co. Durham.  
 -----

At last! A sensible alternative to fandom.

Avedon Carol (my favorite gun moll) writes: Gee, even I managed to pick up that the word "taff" meant something-or-other in Welsh that made all Langford's Taff-Dhu and taff/welsh jokes fall into place. I gather it's some geographical reference, although I'm not quite sure to what. /rb: How many voters, would you estimate, spent a week studying their Atlas' to figure it out?/ I don't think there's that much of a Welsh Vote for Taff that Rob would bother sucking up to them anyway, but it never crossed my mind that his campaign platform was an appeal to any sort of nationalism or Welsh chauvinism or whatever.

I got totally grossed out by Dan's explanation of his and Grant's Robot sex cover -- I mean, I wasn't crazy about the piece before, unsexy and de-personalizing as it was, but that he actually comes right out and says it, that it's a conscious thing -- god! "I'm done with you so I'm just gonna fuck you" eh? Anyone who can think of sex in those terms doesn't deserve to have any.

I wasn't too thrilled with Dan's "explanation" of Rob's remarks about the Matrix cover, either. The precis is: It is impossible that a man could genuinely have been offended by the (a) sexism (b) lousy art (c) third-rate humor of this cover. Therefore, Rob is "being politically correct" -- ie, faking a social conscience he can not possibly have.

Now, leaving aside the fact that I would dearly like to believe that (a) some members of the male sex and (b) Rob Hansen may actually be capable of having a Social Conscience, isn't it just a bit much for Dan to use phrases like "an attempt to be politically correct" which imply that Rob can not be speaking out of any genuinely felt disgust with Polly and Pete, but rather that it is a natural male reaction to "first laugh in private at the dumb jokes and then to pretend outrage in order to suck up to feminists?" Dan speaks as if he deems it not merely unlikely, but virtually impossible for Rob, who is male, to have been unimpressed with the "humor" of the Matrix cover and disgusted by its content and intent.

And, even leaving aside the political content of the Matrix cover, what about the humor? Some of us really have become sophisticated enough that we stop laughing at a joke we have heard too many times. Something that startled me when I was in college was that any use of the word "fuck", in any context, no matter how serious, brought an automatic reaction of laughter from virtually every student (professors in my own age group who used the word themselves in normal conversation were the only people I met on campus who didn't show this reaction). Maybe I had that reaction too, once, long ago, but long enough ago that I no longer identify with it. I've heard that joke too many times, and I've heard that Matrix cover joke too many times, and there's just a limit to how many times you can laugh at a joke that's older than I am. I guess what Dan is saying is that the very idea of sex -- especially sex as a negative thing -- is a new enough concept to him that he still thinks it's just uproariously funny -- but I'd like to give



7 Rob the benefit of the doubt on this one and at least hope he's gotten used to the idea of sex and even likes it better when it's a positive experience for both participants.

The whole idea of sex as a negative act gives me the shudders -- and the reaction to it as "funny" is not that far removed from that "maiden aunt" reaction to all matters sexual, for both assume that sex is basically an act in which one person must come out the "winner", getting-over on the other partner, the one who is fucked, who is subjugated and who loses something in the process. Your basic maiden aunt knows that she's the one who is "getting fucked," as it were, which is no doubt why the very idea of sex turns her off. Piss on it, cream on it, fuck it -- nope, no implication of a possibly enjoyable experience for the fuckee, here. There really are guys out there who lose it -- I mean literally go soft -- if it dawns on them that the woman they are with is really enjoying it and getting something out of it and not feeling the least humiliated about doing it. To someone who assumes that sex is a mutually enjoyable experience, the phrase "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke" doesn't even make sense. (4409 Woodfield Road, Kensington, Maryland, 20895)

RB: I didn't think the Matrix cover was about sex, but I suppose I'm being unnecessarily missionary. I thought it was about degradation. I realize, though, that any act whose aim is deriving pleasure from the genitals is about sex. As one who automatically "assumes that sex is a mutually enjoyable experience", I tend to forget this definition also covers degradation and those who enjoy it. And also exploitive sex -- where one partner is, essentially, ripping off the other and taking and not giving. This is all encapsulated in the phrase, "Fuck you!", of course, in which the person saying it frankly confesses familiarity with sex as exploitation. In other words what is said is, "May you be ripped off in the act of giving pleasure or may your body be used (presumably for the pleasure of another) and you not be allowed to give or receive pleasure." "An Insult To The Flesh" as you have brilliantly expressed it. Sex as a dismissive act of contempt. Interestingly, I have a letter from Rob Hansen (watch for it next issue), on whose behalf you made some hopeful assumptions, in which he answers a rhetorical question addressed to me with, "If so, fuck that." Tell him I've tried, but I just can't get it up. Sorry, if this confession doesn't strike you as sexy.

"Dave Langford, Dave Langford, Where Is Thy Sting?": I inquire plaintively as I peer into the empty recesses of Box 5989. Occasionally, I encounter Cesar Ignacio Ramos in the street. Cesar has developed a voracious thirst for fan mail by reading Avedon Carol's letters over my shoulder. Avedon, I don't quote them. I only let him read them. He has no objection to sex maniacs. If Cesar has passed the post office first I'll ask what I should expect. "Only a cobweb," he replies depressingly. However, on May 19th I detect a wisp of blue air-letter. I hover momentarily on the dread brink of discovering whether it's a communication from Judith Hanna (though I'm beginning to have the not entirely unpleasant premonition that that expectation is redundant) or another misfire from the cat-shit-slinger of 94 London Road. I'm saved. It's:

Dave Langford (but not, I whimper, his column -- only a few scraps from his groaning table of words -- well, wouldn't you groan if you had to bear up under such humor?):

Thanks for another Wiz. Searing letter/column describing the state of British fandom as we know it does not follow, the Langford commitments being as exigent as ever. I merely mention with a note of quiet smugness that I Have Finished My Taff Report and that the final episode will shortly appear in the Harveys' Wallbanger. Perhaps now Mike Glycer will cease to make snide remarks about Taff reports which never come out, and to hold up Duff as a shining example (referring presumably to the extensive reports of Joyce Scrivner and Peter Toluzzi). Following the Wallbanger bit, I shall be editing the whole horrible lump of stuff for one-volume publication by Rob Jackson's Inca Press.

D. West's "Fanzines In Theory And Practice" appeared at Easter. The great man was swaying ecstatically about the place, mumbling "Swedes... dumb Swedes ...sold lots of copies already to Swedes..." and showing a select few the massive wad of soiled banknotes cramming his breast pocket. The long-awaited volume runs to 175pp (not very massive, I hear the Bergerons of this world muttering) of gold A4 paper, sewn together because D.'s stapler wouldn't go through, and includes some extra pieces not advertised, chiefly because D. couldn't make up the pagecount without them (most of the original stuff having appeared in smaller quarto format). Sneak preview of the Postscript: "To reprint someone else's work is (in the fannish context) to turn it into some sort of spurious icon; to say This Is Important... To reprint my own work, on the other hand, is plainly just the sort of unscrupulous, opportunistic, egocentric, self-aggrandizing manipulative con-job a shameless fan-on-the-make like me is usually trying on for size."

RB: Wonderous to behold are the glories of convoluted rationalization. Students of the form should not be without this work, the appearance of which must strike consternation into the heart of Terry Hill who even now is perplexed at why West didn't (as expected) simply abscond to Ibezia on a flood of hard US currency and Euro-Credits without producing it. Could it be the man isn't quite the *Arsene Lupin* the Apostle-Of-Fannish-Good-Fellowship would have us imagine? It's possible. On the other hand, I've found:

Dave Langford's Sting (in the form of a final news-note which leaves one with the thought that TH is lucky DW has a sense of humor more reminiscent of earlier fannish times than one would expect of a KTF mother. First Harris and his camel...now): Hansen, however, won Taff. Dead even split in the UK, but a massive preponderance of US votes (60-19 Hansen's way) overwhelmed the cool British decision not to decide (41-41). Avedon is reportedly "very happy". /rb: Yes, I understand (from her letters) she was terrified out of her pants that West might win./ D., meanwhile, pretended great outrage at Terry Hill's insinuations in Microwave that should D. win he would probably embezzle

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the funds or something. The official West slogan for the last month or three has been, "Terry Hill Fucks Poodles." ("With any luck he'll deny it.") I pointed out that this could cause great offence to Vinç Clarke, whose poodle -- crudely linked with the name T. Hill -- did in fact die recently. In the interests of good taste D. is now spreading the slogan/graffito "Terry Hill Fucks Dead Poodles". (94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, England)

**The Female Program:** "I tapped on the bathroom door, and called her name. No answer, only a steady jabber. I peered inside. I found her, stark naked, on her hands and knees, mopping the bathroom floor with a sponge I keep for the purpose but too seldom use. ...

"I bent over and took the sponge very gently from her hands and pulled her to her feet. We confronted each other, nose to nose. 'It's all right, Debbie,' I said. She looked at me, really looked at me, for the first time, like a wondering child. For a moment she even stopped jabbering. She didn't understand what I was saying, of course, but that was all right, for neither did I. Probably I was trying very clumsily to assure her that she was under no obligation to repay me for my eleemosynous hospitality. Then I realized that she had no such impulse after all. She was merely reverting to her essential womanness. Under all her personal drabble, joined to her by circumstance, her female instinct for cleanliness and order lay like riprap, laid down in the days of Debbie-do-the-dishes-and-take-out-the-garbage."

--Redd Boggs, "A Woman's A Woman", in Spirochete #28, May 1984.

Avedon tells me it's that early toilet training. It'll do it every time.

**Let's Take A Break:** All this fast, furious, and frantic fanac is giving me heartburn. It's time to enter something in these pages *completely unrelated to anything that has gone before* ere our minds burn out from all the timebinding. The only trouble is after the above the following may seem excessively sane. I'm not sure this will please John Bangsund whose file of letters I've delved into and returned from with a column which reads as though it were written on a far more tranquil and less warlike planet. Perhaps that's because John is sane, tranquil, and unwarlike to a degree which seems suspiciously like a new form of depravity. I hope we'll have more than one installment of this so I've taken the liberty of inflicting a title which JB should feel free to change if he wants to continue:

**The Face With Three Eyes** by John Bangsund: It's been a strange old time in Melbourne, this last week or so. Most of Australia is experiencing the worst drought in living memory; we knew that six months ago. Summer took a long time coming in these parts: the weather was mostly very acceptable by, say, English standards, but usually we expect a fair amount of heat by about mid-December /rb: He's writing in Feb. '83, oh timebinders./, and it just didn't come. I noted in my diary on 10 January that it was so cold in this room that I had to find a radiator and turn it on. The thousands upon thousands of Victorians who spend their summer holidays on the western shores of Port Phillip, and further west, at places like Lorne, an absolutely delightful spot, spent their time huddling in the cold and drizzle. (I like cold and drizzle, which makes me un-Australian, but generally accounts for my fondness for Melbourne, the Manchester of the Antipodes.)



Last Tuesday (the 8th), Melbourne just about melted by noon. By 2pm the temperature was over 43°C (110°F), and looked like climbing higher. Then, suddenly Melbourne disappeared. I could see the house next door, and the edge of the park over the road, but no further. The sky was black, but a black shot through with an eerie bronze sunlight that had been unbearably molten gold for most of the day. Winds from the west and north had picked up millions of tons of topsoil from the drought areas and flung it over Melbourne, as if to remind us that the stuff we read in the papers and see on television is sometimes true.

We've since cleaned the floors and so on, but there's a fine Mallee dust on most of my books still, and in odd corners like some of the 400-odd plastic cases I keep cassette tapes in.

After that we had a few hottish days, up round 30-35°, and yesterday (the 16th) it was over 43° again, and Victoria and South Australia were on fire. 'Ash Wednesday', it says in my desk diary, and that's what it was. Whole townships were wiped out, at latest count at least 80 people dead and 1500 houses destroyed. It's hard to comprehend. One house, one or two people, sure, but that many, no. And the fires are not yet under control. An hour ago I heard that about 80 people, in good spirits but hungry, are sheltering in a mine shaft about 30 miles north-east of Melbourne -- and that the fires in the area have turned back towards where they are, but they don't know that. ...

Let me tell you a tale. About eighteen months ago I advertised my Roneo 865 and IBM Executive for sale, and the only person who called was an interesting sort of bloke who told me he'd been using a friend's duplicator to run out pamphlets and little magazines and so on, and now he was moving to the bush so he needed machinery of his own. A likable, gentle sort of bloke, and I wasn't too surprised when he said he was an evangelist, and not at all surprised when he said he didn't have enough money to meet my price. I had urgent bills to pay so I let him have the things for what he said was all the money he had (and I believed him, too). He drove off in a rusty old station wagon overloaded with children, furniture and things, and I hoped he would make it to Tallangatta, which is a pretty little town up in north-east Victoria, a long drive from Melbourne. I learnt from the Melbourne Age yesterday that he certainly did get there. He has been in jail.



9 His name is David McKay -- I'd forgotten that long ago -- and he's a lay preacher of the Uniting Church persuasion. Apparently he is in the habit of evangelizing at places along the Murray River, all the way to Mildura, way up in the far north of the state. Some time in January the city fathers of Mildura got a bit upset about his activities ('littering the street with pamphlets', one of them said), asked him to move on, and when he didn't, charged him with displaying placards on a motor vehicle in a public place without a permit. The case went to court, he didn't turn up to defend himself, and he was fined \$60, in default three days' jail. He refused to pay, and said he would go to jail 'for the love of God' (possibly also for lack of ready cash, I would think), and so he did. He spent Tuesday in the lock-up at Wodonga, and then the police -- what a wonderful country we live in! -- said one day was enough for an offence like that and let him go.

The odd thing is that plenty of people display placards without permits in Mildura, and no-one has ever been booked for it before. Maybe it had something to do with what was written on Mr. McKay's placards. What was on them were messages like 'Opiates are the religion of the masses!' and 'Jesus is coming, and boy! is He pissed off!'

I reckon my old Roneo went to a good home.

**"Sound Of Critical Theory Recoiling From Mortal Wound":** "Time to go; time for Abi Frost to reveal that she is in actuality a professional graphic designer with a string of awards to her name" wrote Patrick Nielsen Hayden in Wiz #9 at the end of his defense of her right to publish fanzines which are something less than delicately adjusted machines. I fear Patrick has hung his argument on the wrong petard: could he have just momentarily forgotten that both fandom and myself are notoriously tolerant of sloppy fansmanship? Why else would fandom have sent the worldcon to South Gate in 1958 if not to pay homage to a fan who may even have had trouble spelling his own slogan? Rick Sneary also appeared in more than a few Warhoon letter columns commenting on the writing of people like Blish, Breen, Boggs, and others who spelled better than he.

Actually, P's argument would have been more persuasive based on the handicap theory of fandom rather than an economic issue. I'm prepared to overlook Frost's faults on the same ground as my own: sheer idiocy. Patrick implies in the above quote that if Abi isn't your average fan (like me and thee) and, in fact, has a string of awards to her name then he just might concede that She Really Ought To Do Better. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if, by now, she has accumulated a shelf of them.

Simon Ounsley sends a copy of Interzone which (visually) strikes me as having done more with less than any science fiction prozine in history and is an impressively designed magazine. Ounsley writes, "...just take a look at the inside front cover -- skip the names of the editors, it's the designer that should interest you." Turning what must be one of the most gruesomely magnificent covers ever to appear on what is one of the most delicately adjusted machines I've ever seen, I check out Interzone's masthead and find: "Designer: Abi Frost." "Interesting," I think, my ears ringing with the sounds of Recoiling Theories.

Simon goes on, "I just wanted you to see what Abi Frost can do when she's got obliterline handy. Not that this makes Abi any more of a fascinating enigma than she already is. I think if I had to earn money designing nifty glossy magazines like Interzone (\$10 for four issues, quarterly, from 145 East 19th St., Apt 5, Costa Mesa, Calif. 92627) I'd get pretty pissed off giving the same sort of treatment to my fanzine. The real tragedy of all this is not Abi's production values but that, like so many other talented British fans, she's given up general circulation fanzines to concentrate on writing for apas." Doubtless, because of my taking her to task for not exemplifying (at least minimally) the standards in her own work which she berates others for not upholding in their's.

**"And Since When Is KTF Spelled 'Wimp'?"**: I ask myself as I contemplate the implications of a DNQ letter from Chris Priest. Chris asks me to straighten out a matter I regard as a mind-field what with Patrick Nielsen Hayden and Abi Frost on the other two corners of this square and my reluctance to paraphrase Chris...a practice for which I seem to have got myself into hot water already. In my piece on Carelessness, Laziness, and Contempt titled "This Could Give Standards A Bad Name" in Wiz #7, I attributed rather more weight of criticism on Abi Frost by Chris than I should have. Chris definitely doesn't feel she's a slob or a bad writer. I made the statement about The Lady being A Slob and as for the latter, I'd say she's a very good writer. I respect Chris' desire not to see himself misrepresented in any sense -- but I wonder at this implied care for her sensitivity in both his request and Patrick's defense of her last issue. What I want to address here is my impression that Ms Frost is being handled with kid gloves and my own attitude that she should be regarded as a sitting duck.

I'll spell it out: I believe that by adopting such a stance that the critics of fanzines who set up tent in the KTF camp have declared open season on themselves. Any one who feels no compunction in detailing the efforts others must make in order that what they publish be given serious attention, feels free to demolish carelessness of thinking, execution, and production, and does so on a level of contempt is open to the same kind of ruthless examination and has, in effect, invited it.

The KTF style is, at best, rude and, at worst, counter-productive. In fandom, where publications are distributed for comment or exchange, the best criticism is that which encourages the editor, writer, or artist to (1) make renewed efforts and (2) to improve. A delicate balance should be maintained between the frankness which discourages and the frankness which is read as fair-minded criticism rather than an act of one-upmanship. The KTF approach selects for a race of superfen, but weeds out gentler souls who can see no good reason why they should continue to bother themselves to be objects of scorn.

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An excellent example of the lengths to which KTF criticism can go is found in, yes, Nicholas's column in Nabu #7 in which he gloatingly cites as a "positive success" the fact that a letter he sent to a fanzine editor "in response to his first issue was so vicious that apparently it caused him to abandon his plans to publish a second."

Perhaps Joe Nicholas is a mild-mannered puss in person, but statements like the above are interpreted as a signal that he has the heart of a Godzilla. They are, in effect, an arrogant challenge to treat him in the manner he treats others. Anyone who goes to such lengths to be that deliberately unfeeling obnoxious is playing a game when he complains about criticism directed at himself and is really, in all probability, laughing up his sleeve at his own reverse irony which you and I, yet again, fail to perceive. The game being played, of course, is falsely posing as a wimp and Joe is laughing at those who take it seriously. I laugh, too, when he tries it on me. I laugh at the idea that anyone as callous as JN could be sensitive to criticism and chuckle disbelievingly over those who fall for it. The image Nicholas has nurtured is that of a morally questionable brat posing as a shit kicker who when we finally give him the dubious compliment of taking him seriously throws up his hands and says, "Hey, guys, I was only kidding!" What happens when you sacrifice credibility for gamesmanship is that you end up transforming yourself into a clown.

Abi Frost doesn't go to such extremes of silliness. She's much too intelligent for that, but is a camp follower who plays the tough broad out to lay down a few trenchant raps and comes across hard as a chromium nail. For that reason I was genuinely taken aback when Patrick felt impelled to leap to her defense when I made the remark that "the lady is a slob" (delivered as provocative exaggeration for literary effect -- how can a Lady be a Slob? -- and intended to illuminate the contrasts between her own pretensions and execution). I gave Frost full marks for having been able to enjoy the remark (or I might not have felt so free to make it) for its economy, its incongruities, and its ironies as comment directed toward a fanzine produced by someone who makes no bones about saying everyone else should know better ("*Yer actual Imperial shithead...let's move on to those for whom there is hope.*"), who clearly must know better herself ("*she can write, though she needs a bit of strict discipline from a decent editor*"), and who clearly is A Lady Who Doesn't Give A Damn ("*Slash 'm, kid, and shut your ears to their howls.*"). All italicized comments are, of course, by A. Frost.

The KTF critic has to expect an occasional enema of the same medicine he or she thinks appropriate for others. The KTF critic who can't take it is really posing as a gutter figher and may be as surprised as myself to find that sh/e is really, at heart, the wimp they pretend not to be.

Oddz Zen Endz: The 'personals' clipping on page 6 was found in Chuck Connor's fanzine I.D.O.M.O. -- which is so bizarre and fascinating it could start its own fandom: eg, a letter department in it is titled "Till Chainsaws Us Do Part..." Want more? Inquire at Sildan House, Chediston Rd, Wissett, Nr. Halesworth, Suffolk, IP19 ONF, England. Well worth the bother. :: I need a copy of Chris Priest's "The Affirmation." We can make a deal. :: Pete Lyon sends along an astounding sheaf of xeroxes of his fanart and what may be his first Public Statement on that Matrix cover. A half dozen of these drawings are so brilliant that I'm going to send them along to Holier Than Thou and suggest the Cantors feature them as a Portfolio. How is it, I wonder, that Leeds fandom can contain an artist as accomplished as Lyon, a writer on the level of West, and an editor of the caliber of Ounsley? The addition of (the only other Leeds fan?) Simon Polley turns the triangle into a square and he took my vote as #1 Fan Writer for 1983 in the Pong Poll. It isn't fair. A snip from the sheaf makes Lyon this issue's Featured Artist -- Picasso in the 21st Century, indeed! Next issue I'll run the statement. :: Spaghetti Junction is at hand from Mike Dickinson. It was addressed to San Juan, Puerto Rico, Costa Rica. The cancellation of origination is Gallarate, Italy. A truly well traveled fanzine: I note it was also cancelled in Costa Rica on the 28th of May. No, no, Mike. Costa Rica is an entire other country in Central America -- through which the river Taff flows on its way to Puerto Rico. I think. Back to the Atlas (mountains), man. :: STOP PRESS: Marty Cantor has agreed to nominate Cesar Ignacio Ramos for Taff in the 1987 race. I showed Marty's card (29 May 84) to Cesar who immediately went home to start packing his suitcase. The whole notion begins to assume an air of plausibility. The concept of a fan whose first piece of fanac is his Taff platform seems sufficiently fannish. :: Patrick and Teresa for Taff and the Cantors for Duff.

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WIZ

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