#### TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG #10

is a fanzine published by Don Markstein, 2533 Gen. Pershing, New Orleans, La. 70115, USA, (504) TWilltone 5-9020. Available only by Editorial Whim--absolutely no other way. Editorial Whim may be triggered (but is not absolutely guaranteed to be triggered) in any of the following ways: TRADE: Send me a zine and I'll try to remember to put you on my mailing list. I'll trade for practically anything but a convention flyer, a dealer's list, or a FAPA postmailing. LOC: A letter of comment or similar show of interest will net you at least the next issue; possibly more, you never know. MEMFER-SHIP: Thus far, every issue has been distributed through The Southern Fandom Press Alliance; in addition, two have gone through The Spectator Amateur Press Society. (I hasten to point out, however, that it is neither a SFPAzine nor a SAPSzine.) This particular issue will go through the 76th Mailing of SFPA. MONEY: Sorry. I had an unpleasant experience with somebody who paid money for the last issue, and have decided not to court such an incident again. A polite letter of request will get you a sample, but after that, it's Editorial Whim, as defined above. (Frankly, I find money rather dull compared with a loc or a tradezine.) Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication #334. AM231. Printed in Occupied CSA. This stencil cut 2/3/77. Oh yeah, one more thing: I managed, by dint of stupendous effort, to pare the mailing list down below 300 (even the guite a number of people were added to it because they publish fanzines whose reviews made me want to initiate trades). Nextish, I hope to have it below 250. If you like the zine and don't want to be one of the ones dropped, then respond, that's all. (If you don't like it, just ignore it and I'll stop sending it.)

You know, I felt a distinct thrill run up and down my spine as I put this stencil in the typer. It's the first time in over a year that I've actually sat down to do a *stikker*. I've finished the lettercol and savored the experience for several days before starting on this part. Ten blank pages before me! What shall I fill them with?

The stereo is blaring out John Phillip Sousa, putting me in just the right frame of mind to compose a stirring fanzine. Onward!

Stven Carlberg will be very upset with me if I don't start the zine off by mentioning that he and I are partners in Stven&Don'sCon, a faanish gathering that will occur March 4-6, 1977, at the Delva Towers Hotel, 1732 Canal St., New Orleans, La. 70112. (Just as I'll be upset with him if the new issue of his *Fladnag*, which should be out just about now [available according to the same terms as this zine from Stven at 4315 W. Alabama *i*', Houston, Tex. 77027], arrives without a mention of it on his part.) We're planning kinu of an experimental con with this thing, so some of it might not come off. But the main attraction is simply the con itself, with good people to talk and drink with.

One of the experiments is...well, I shouldn't say too much about it just yet, because even at this late date, nothing is quite firm. But if it comes off as we plan, Stven and I, along with--especially--Marc Wielage, who is handling most of the technical stuff, will probably be writing The textbook on electronic film programs for future sf cons. And even if it flops completely, we're gaining valuable experience that will serve us well the next time we try to do one with nothing but videotape (which probably won't be long--next year, there will be even more wonderful technological toys for us.)

Another thing that I have high hopes for is the free huckster space. Yes, I said (and let me draw the attention of skimmer.) FREE HUCKSTER SPACE! The idea is to get away from the huckster rooms of recent years, which have been taken over by professionals, and return the con to the mere fans who want to clean out their closets and maybe trade two or three cheap paperbacks for a couple of digests. This offer applies to anyone who doesn't consider himself a professional dealer (we'll believe you if you say you're not --nobody would lie about it, I'm sure). So by all means, clean out your closets and bring in your duplicates. Somebody else's junk may be just the book you've been looking for for years, and you'll want to have something with you to trade for it.

Mostly, tho, Stven&Don'sCon will be just what the name implies -- an idiosyncratic little gathering hosted by a couple of guys named Stven and Don. And anyone who can read this far in this zine is exactly the sort of person we're hoping will attend it.

A lot has happened since the last stikker. For one thing, I've watched the IBM Selectric that served me since May, 1970, keel over dead. (That happened in October, right about the time I was originally planning to put out this one, which is why I've put the issue off until the new Selectric was finally delivered and minor adjustments were taken care of, just last week.) For another, I've been to several cons. (No,no, I'll spare you the reports on them, even tho my con reports tend to be nonlinear and interesting, perhaps the same way Apa-H mailing comments are "interesting.")

Most noticeably, tho, I've moved. If everyone will kindly dig out his address file and update it to what you see overleaf, I'll be much obliged. The Post Offal is getting a bit impatient about forwarding all of my mail.

I'm told by those who do such things often that three moves equals one fire in the damage and loss of property that they inevitably entail. Needless to say, as I unpacked my belongings in the new house, I found a lot of items missing from my collection. I have no idea in the world what could have happened to some of them, but in most cases, their loss isn't too distressing--I was a lot more careful with my *Astoundings* and my *Uncle Scrooges* than with, say, my Earl Derr Biggers paperbacks.

One of the more distressing losses may surprise anyone who started this zine by reading the song on the bacover, but it happens that I am a Herbangelist (tho not a particularly big one--only 145 pounds). High Priest, in fact, of the 31st Church thereof. Actually, over half of the irritating things I castigated in that song apply to myself--I'm absolutely impartial about my dislikes. And it wouldn't do for such a highly placed defender of the Herbangelistic faith to need not one, not two but *three* issues to complete his collection of *Herbie* funnybooks.

If anyone can help me out, they are *Herbie* #23 and *Forbidden Worlds* #s 73 and 94. They shouldn't be too expensive, but the curse of the collector is that inexpensive things are never available, because dealers don't find it profitable to carry them.

Actually, the mere fact that I'm a high priest of Herbangelism isn't the only reason I'm faunching to replace those comics. I'll shout from the rooftops that I enjoy a good funnybook--after all, most of the people getting this zine read sc\*\*nc\* f\*ct\*\*n--and *Herbie* was a good one. It was produced by the American Comics Group, a cheapo, fly-by-night outfit that somehow managed to linger on in the field for 20 years, without doing a single real winner besides *Herbie*.

The writer was one Richard E. Hughes, who, under such pseudonyms as Zev Zimmer, Lafcadio Lee and others equally improbable, was the mainstay of ACG--writer, editor, publisher, owner, honcho, etc.--until its demise just about ten years ago. The name he used on the Herbie stories was "Shane O'Shea." Most of his output was lackluster fantasy, with a certain low charm about it. I believe he got his start scripting for the Nedor group in the 40s (I could be wrong), and after ACG folded, he went on to do exactly the same sort of thing for DC's fantasy books edited by George Kashdan, another hack of little importance. I've heard he died several years ago, but don't know for sure.

And the artist, Ogden Whitney, had a similar career. Until Herbie came along, his only work of note was Skyman for Columbia, where he occasionally produced a memorable panel and that's about all. His bland, expressionless artwork can be found in the backs of comics of the 50s and 60s, in everything from *Strange Adventures* to *Two-Gun Kid*. It was the perfect complement to Hughes' stories. He faded completely from the scene in the late 60s, and I have no idea what he's doing now--or even if he's alive.

But man, when they got together on Herbie, they both lit up. Hughes turned out to have a wonderful sense of the ridiculous, and Whitney displayed a mastery of deadpan humor. What a feather in their caps! That one character was enough to justify two decades of ACG's existence.

Sorry if I've bored anybody, carrying on like this about something most of you couldn't care less about, but a little overeducation in a highly esoteric field never hurt anybody. And if you've got, and will part with, those three issues, I'd appreciate it. Another notable thing that happened since the last issue is my acquisition of a Rex-Rotary 2000 Electronic Steneil Maker for \$20. (I keep it in the same room with my fivedollar Rex mimeo, my \$50 Gestetner and my \$100 Vari-Typer.) For twenty bucks, it even works, after a fashion--not extremely well, mind you, but I'd say it's worth every cent. I suppose I could show off some of its work in this zine, but I don't have enough variety in spot illos to make that particularly worth doing. Nextish, tho, I'll more than likely be doing a goodly amount of such stuff, so anyone who can bear to have his stuff printed on equipment that cost a total of \$25 is invited to contribute artwork. I generally prefer cartoony stuff, and am partial to ducks (Disney-type, please), but I'm liable to publish damn near anything that strikes my fancy.

Tom Longo and Mitch Thornhill came by the other day to bum a few stencils off of it. Tom has been around local fandom a couple of years but hasn't done much outside of this area yet; and Mitch is pretty much a classic neofan, just now entering the stage where he has to start a personalzine as a letter substitute. (The masters of the first issue, which I glanced at but didn't get a chance to digest thoroughly, look pretty good--if you want to trade, his address is 1900 Perdido, New Orleans, La. 70112.) The reason they thought they needed electrostencils...

Well, they tell the story better than I do, but it involves somebody promising Mitch electrostencils for only 10¢ apiece. Needless to say, for a price like that, he figured it would be cheaper to type it up on paper than to buy regular stencils, so he did, pasting the artwork up on each page, naturally. From having bought them myself, I happen to know that you can't even get blank electrostencils for less than five times that price, but they didn't have the benefit of my experience, of course.

And what kind of masters can you get for a dime? Right--it was really thermal ditto.

Their description of trying to cram ditto masters onto a mimeograph would probably be excruciatingly funny, if I didn't remember equally ridiculous gaffes of my own, just ten little bitty years ago, when I was getting started in fan publishing. Sigh.

The upshot of it all is that they decided to ditto the first issue instead, making a few references in it rather puzzling... Well, it's only a fanzine...

Anywho, I'm probably going to be doing more artwork in this zine from now on, if I can bear to give up the space for it. And even if I can't, I publish enough zines for enough different places that I can use virtually any amount of artwork somewhere.

 $\infty$  §  $\infty$  §

One of the hazards of composing on stencil is that sometimes you forget and place the dividers before you've quite finished what you have to say. I just now remembered and dug out a months-old note that could have been fit right into the above--something about how in Peter Roberts' Egg #10 (Flat 4, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, England), John Carl states that he, like me, composes most of his fanzines on stencil. Which is notable not because it's all that rare, but because most people who do so reproduce them by mimeo. Since you have to transfer the stuff to ditto masters anyway, John, wouldn't it be cheaper and just as easy to do your first drafts on regular paper?

My critics, who are few in number but sometimes quite vocal, have, on occasion, described me as being extremely paranoid. (My critics are very clever. Any attempt I make to defend myself contains its own refutation.) In this particular instance, I'm afraid my critics are correct. I worry foolishly about what people are saying about me, I sometimes react out of proportion to unintentional slights, and on more than one occasion I've caught myself imagining nonexistent conspiracies.

I do not apologize for this facet of my personality, nor have I (nor will I) make any attempt to change it. Personally, I think parenoia is a perfectly reasonable attitude in this U.S.A. of the late 20th Century I live in. It's sometimes inconvenient, but c the whole, I think it affords me a fairly realistic picture of the world around me.

Only a fool, in this day and age, would deny that the FBI, CIA and goodness knows who else, engage in domestic espionage and keep files on all Americans that they see as threats to their hegemony. The vast extent of these files may never be known, and you will pardon me, I'm sure, if I, a mere individual powerless in the hands of these giants, allow myself to believe them very extensive indeed. Of course, I was saying that they were spying on people long before it was fashionable to do so, and I've made any number of other ridiculous claims that later turned out to be true, so I tend to take my own thoughts on these matters rather seriously.

For example, I am absolutely, beyond the merest shadow of a doubt, certain that the telephone at my theater is tapped. We show hard-core pornography and frequently run afoul of the law because of it. It's no secret that certain federal authorities would give their eye teeth to know how our films are distributed. Knowing that, I would be very foolish indeed to say anything on that phone that they might want to hear. That's not paranoia. It's cold, hard fact.

Less certain is that my home phone is tapped. Yet, consider: I manage a theater that shows pornography. That should be enough to make them want to keep an ear open in my direction, but there's a lot more reason than that for them to be interested in me.

We have a Constitution in this country, containing a Bill of Rights that includes freedom of the press. Once, when a landlady of mine, worried about the mimeographical sounds emanating from my rooms, asked me if I had a license to do that sort of thing, I pulled a reference volume from the shelf and read her the First Amendment. "That's my license," I told her. The government's hands are tied (not extremely tight, but tied) when it comes to overt action against anyone who says things it doesn't like in print; but look at its from their point of view--they would consider themselves fools, would they not, if they didn't keep an eye on such people and make sure the sedition doesn't get out of hand.

I think it's reasonable to suppose that anyone who has ever published a fanzine is a sufficiently radical nonconformist to make them a bit wary of him. If he ever expressed an unkind opinion of, say, Nixon in print, that would certainly make them prick up their ears. And if he's like me and has no qualms about saying all sorts of radical things in fanzines (I've even described myself as an anarchist), then it wouldn't be very wise for him to say compromising things on the telephone.

So I act on the assumption that the FBI hears everything I say on the phone. Can't hurt. I also act on the assumption that they read most of what I write in fanzines. This is less of a sure thing, of course, but consider what happened a couple of months ago.

I happened to mention casually in *The Sphere*, a fanzine I publish for SFPA, an apa with a maximum membership of 25, that whoever was listening in on my phone wasn't being very subtle about it. The clicks, whistles, buzzes, etc. were beginning to get in the way of the conversation. I said I figured it was like what the detective novels call an "open tail," where the person being spied on is supposed to know it, so they can see how he jumps when poked in that particular way. (Certainly, there's no reason I should hear a professional on my line if he doesn't want me to and knows I'm paying attention.)

SFPA's copy requirement is 30. Eighteen copies were distributed outside of SFPA. The printrun was 52, and I still have a few left. Forty-seven people, besides myself, received copies of that fanzine. I can name most, and know them personally.

Which probably means nothing at all. But friends, it scares the piss out of me.

Not much room for starting anything new, I see. I don't suppose anyone has heard the one

I was just now glancing over the earlier stencils, and happened to recall that about this point in his publication numbers, Dave Hulan published a zine entitled A Third of a Thousand, listing all Jøtun publications to date. No, I'm not going to break into the middle of the zine to list the Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publications--I did that only about a year ago, in Three Cubic Acres of Fanzines (being just as prey to that form of insanity as Dave is). I just thought it worth noting because it was followed, months later, with Loki #13, a truly spectacular zine, celebrating his 15th anniversary as a fan publisher. (Circulation was fairly limited, but copies may still be available from Dave for a buck at Box 1403, Costa Mesa, Ca. 90026--worth it, too, without a doubt.)

And that reminded me to mention that my own 10th anniversary as a fan publisher is coming up in August--and yes, I'm planning a spectacular zine to celebrate the fact.

Ten years! Gee, it seems like only yesterday... Anyway, if all goes well, that 10th annish will have the same title as my first zine, *Nolazine*. That's *if*. The title is owned by the New Orleans Science Fiction Association. NOSFA and I may not see quite eye-to-eye on the thing, it appears, and if there's any dispute, well, nobody in it, in my opinion, is qualified to tell me how to run a fanzine, so I'll simply use another title. *Sons of Bacchus #2* springs to mind--#1 was a genzine I published in 1969. Or it may be a oneshot entitled *One Thin Decade*, the Tenth Part of a Century or something equally ridiculous. Or, since the 50th SFPA mailing in a row that I'll hit will come in September, I may simply combine the two special zines.

But one way or another, I'm going to put out a spectacular zine in late summer of this year. Material has already been gathered and more will be. Anyone getting *stikker* has a good chance of being able to get it, but everything is up in the air thus far.

All of which reminds me that for one reason or another, quite a number of my zines don't appear in the series of which this one is #334. As a matter of fact, I've done well over 500 zines, total; in fact, more than one for every week since I've been publing. How many others have done a zine a week for ten years? No same people, I'm sure.

Which is quite enough narcissistic bullshit for at least a couple more pages.

One of my pet peeves, as I mentioned in a low-circulation zine entitled *Kitchen Sink* #1, is the usual depiction of that towering giant among reptiles, Tyrannosaurus rex (after whom my telephone exchange is named--TYrannosaurus 5-9020) in B-grade sf movies, animated cartoons and the like. *Fantasia* is a good example. You'll recall, of course, the dinosaur sequence, done to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, where, at one dramatic point in the music, a tyrannosaur parts the trees and comes lumbering out into view.

Lumbering? Tyrannosaurs didn't lumber. Anyone can see that, just from the way they're built. Look at a picture of a tyrannosaur sometime. Observe the huge, muscular hind legs...the tiny, vestigial forelegs...the large, heavy tail so obviously useful for balancing in the air...the general vertical cast to the entire skeletal structure...

Now look at a kangaroo. What do you notice? Right--a tyrannosaur is nothing but a big, green, scaly kangaroo.

This business of depicting tyrannosaurs as lumbering about like Godzilla is ridiculous, when anyone can see that they got around by hopping.

For some reason, people don't seem to take this patent truth very seriously. Ned Dameron said he was always under the impression that they scuttered about like chickens. Gary Brown said he thought they rolled. Alan Hutchinson ran a picture of a tyrannosaur jumping around on a pogo stick, claiming it to be a reproducktion of a cave drawing, and said that's why they died out--of embarrassment.

But Lon Atkins made what was, perhaps, the most withering reply of all. He carried on about something or other having to do with laws against squares and cubes. Now, really,

if he wishes to register a dissenting opinion on my awesome revelations, that's fine, but I simply can't see the need for insulting me with 1950s slang while he threatens legal action.

Const Constant

All and a second

\*5.42.1 . . . . . .

55.

12 12

: 31

- 451 Set 12 - 454

and the second of the second second

This touched off a little bit of general discussion of tyrannosaurs. Joe Moudry said that he lost all respect for them when he discovered that recent scientific opinion' leant toward the view that they were carrion eaters. Personally, I can't see what eating carrion has to do with respect -- I'm a carrion eater myself, after all. The fact that I buy my carrion in the supermarket rather than finding it out in the open is immaterial. Carrion is carrion. Why, I can't even remember the last time I killed my Min J.M. own food. 31. 2 a hataar

And Ned Brooks suggested recreating Tyrannosaurus rex via selective breeding of the type that recreated the extinct aurochs from domestic cattle. Only thing is, Ned didn't suggest any stock to start with. This sounds like a perfectly ducky idea to me, but that initial stock is a problem. Seems to me, you could get equally good results from either a garden chameleon or a chicken. 11.13

Anyone who is in an apa with me knows that I tend to recycle a good deal of my apa material here--usually modified according to what comments it gets (as see above) and often redone according to my own ever-changing ideas of what's good, but the germ of maybe half of what appears in stikker starts out in my apazines. Right at the moment, tho, I'd like to put forth a couple of questions prompted by other people's zines.

In Public Enemy Number One #1, his SFPAzine, Ken Budka mentions having done a paper for school on Sherlock Holmes, the topic being "Most Admired Character of Fiction." If I had to choose a character for such a thing, Holmes might get some consideration, but F don't think he'd quite take the cake. Captain Hook would be another strong candidate (I've always been partial to Hook--Peter Pan is such an obnoxious little fart), and so would Robin Hood, unless we make a rule that legendary characters not attributable to one specific creator don't count. But the one I think I'd wind up writing about would probably be Don Quixote. Crazy as a loon, to be sure, but there's something to be said for the kind of craziness that sends you out righting all the world's wrongs.

### What character would you choose? Why?

12 30. 700

In Views, Reviews & Miscellany #5, his DAPA-Em zine, Guy Townsend remarks that if he could conjure up one more novel by one author, it would be a Lord Peter Wimsy story by Dorothy Sayers. I'll withhold my own thoughts on this matter, but if you could conjure up one additional book by a deceased author, whose would it be, and why?

1224

### 

I had a moment of mild satisfaction, long delayed, not long ago. When I was in high school, like about a dozen or so years ago, we had a few mild lectures on sex in mammals in our biology class. Not like a sex education class of today, of course--I always seem to miss really good stuff like that -- but at the time, it seemed Quite Bold.

Particularly, apparently, for one kid. During the first couple of lectures on the subject, his lip was seen to quiver, he looked at the floor a lot and appeared for all the world as though he were about to break out into tears at the thought that most human beings are equipped with either a penis or a vagina, which they use to copulate (first time I'd heard those words, by the way). Shortly after this began, his mother, all redfaced and puffing, stormed into the principal's office, where, according to reliable witnesses, she remained for the better part of an hour. Thereafter, the lectures con-tinued as before, except that this one kid was excused. Mirth was rampant.

And then, a few months ago, I happened to see his face again, for the first time in years. He was buying a ticket at my theater. I don't think he could see me, which is just as well. The broad grin on my face must certainly have been unbecoming. By popular demand, I suppose I should run a few more of those Porno Tsar anecdotes most people commented on (tho I didn't print most of the comments). Well, actually, I don't have all that many of them stored up. It's about like every other job--interesting at first to be doing something different, but quickly settling into a routine.

Kar

This one is even more that way than some others I've had. Really, I do very little that you couldn't train a monkey to do, but I get paid handsomely for the tiny bit of real work that I do. Running a theater doesn't take a whole lot of brainpower, after all, so I spend my days at work reading cheap fiction or scribbling on whatever piece of writing happens to be amusing me at the moment. I go home and type a bit on a fanzine or visit friends or take in a movie or putter around on my library. It doesn't take much money to keep me alive and comfortable, so I'm letting myself just drift along pleasantly. I realize I'm getting older without advancing myself, and if I don't stop, after awhile I'm going to fall out of the tree and get hurt, but it feels so good... What it boils down to is that I am eating lotus blossoms, and liking it.

Well, a few things have happened that are worth repeating. Like the time I mentioned to one of the dancers (for a little while, we had live entertainment of the type Mark Evanier described in his letter) that I never seemed to have time for the homely little i things of life like laundry--my job may not be hard, but it does require my presence during a large part of the week. So she asked me what I do with my time.

I was utterly shocked to hear a question like that from someone who works six hours a week, but managed to regain equilibrium fast enough to reply as follows: "I cut down trees, I eat my lunch, I go to the lavat'ree..."

Then there was the time a cashier foolishly turned her back on the money while the door was open. She glanced at it just in time to see a hand full of cash disappear. Giving chase, she ran right into the arms of a pair of policemen...who arrested *het*, letting both pilferer and pelf disappear without a trace. (They were vice squad, as useless a bunch of hogs as ever slopped at the public trough, and were on their way over to bust us.) (Dave Locke wonders why I don't like cops.)

And then there was this girl that the manager of another theater used to go around with. who, it was common knowledge, had once worked as a narc. He was in the habit of dealing with a laundry all the way across town from where he lived, and one day she asked him why. The real reason was because they did his shirts for something ridiculous like three cents apiece, but he told her a very entertaining story about how that little hole-inthe-wall place was one of the links in the vast international network by which our films were distributed, citing "Jackson Mfg. Company, Cleveland, O." and "Judy's Gift Shop" and others equally authentic.

Well, the day after they broke up, he went to pick up his clothes, and the place was in a shambles. "What," the proprietor demanded to know, his hands still shaking, "did you tell that stupid broad?" (I hope there isn't really a Jackson Mfg. Co. in Cleveland...)

And then there's the time the owner of one of the local theaters went to Honolulu, to attend a convention for the proprietors of adult theaters. Can you picture a pornographers' convention? Scene in hotel bar: "What's that you say, George? Speak up, I can hardly hear you. What's that next step after 'Jackson Mfg. Co.' again? That's right, talk into the flower in my lapel..."

The owner of my theater, who wouldn't be caught dead at such a con, once remarked that since this is a port town, with a lot of foreign sailors walking around, we ought to be working to get more seamen in the place. "Don't know why you want more of that stuff," says I. "You've got it all over the floor."

This is kind of a mom-and-pop business (the fact that Pop is a 62-year-old former rumrunner and Mom is a 24-year-old stripper is immaterial), so everything is not as it would be if there were a lot of capital invested in the outfit. When a new concession stand was put in, there wasn't money enough to modify existing plumbing in our rather venerable building to provide for a drain underneath the ice machine, so a bucket was put there, to be emptied every night. The board of health kept saying that there had to be a connection between it and the city sewer system, but I would point out that there was one. Not an automatic one, like in most places, but at least a manual one.

One night, I'd just thrown everybody out and was going through the closing-up routine-checking the exits, making sure the place was empty, pouring out the accumulated drippings of the ice machine, etc.--and I found a drunk who had passed out in the aisle. Where he made his mistake was in being caught by me, in my theater, while I had a bucket of water in my hand...

Of course, such things as unconscious drunks are taken in stride in this business. Once, I had a patron complain that there had been one in the aisle next to him for about four hours. "Don't worry, I'll sweep him out when I close," I assured him. He returned to his seat, confident that the situation was well in hand.

The best story of that type is told by someone who used to run one of these places in New York. One day, he happened to notice a guy who had been just stting in a seat at least eight or ten hours, with his head at an odd angle. Yeah, you guessed it--like a doornail. Naturally, he called the proper authorities, and for a large portion of the evening, the place was crawling with cops, coroners, and all sorts of others. And not one person in the audience gave even the slightest sign of noticing.

Getting serious for just one goddamn minute, I suppose I ought to answer the two or three people reading this who are mean and petty enough to want to close establishments like mine down. After all, they'll say, these movies don't do anyone any good.

That may be, but then, they don't do any harm, either, and I'm of the opinion that anything people enjoy enough to make the production of it profitable is ipso facto worth doing. Anyway, you'd have to convince me they don't do any good. I see a pretty good cross-section of our population in the place, and one of the types that's very prominent among our clientele is the old man, coming in alone. Again, I refer you to Mark Evanier's letter. It is a pity to see these old guys coming in time after time--you can set your watch by some of them--but think for a moment why they pay that admission price over and over. Watching people screw on a screen may not be much, but it's all some of them have left, and I'd hate to take it away from them.

Even so, that's not the only good these movies can do. Humans are not entirely unique in our sexual peculiarities. The most animals know how to Do It instinctively, we're not the only ones who have to learn. All primates are in the same boat. As a matter of, fact, in small populations isolated over a period of several generations, it has actually been known to become a Lost Art. On such (rare) occasions, of course, the community will be extinct within a generation, unless something is done to prevent it.

That happened to the monkeys in the local zoo a few years back.

So how was this deplorable situation remedied? Right! They just sat the monkeys down and made them watch a few movies like ours. And as we all know, monkey see, monkey do. Their population has enjoyed a most gratifying upward surge.

I had a very strange experience not long ago. I awoke in the middle of the night, roused by a strange scuttling sound emanating from the "office" (where I keep fanzines, production equipment, etc.). Investigating the disturbance, I found a huge cigar roach, the übermensch of arthropods, jumping up and down on the typewriter keyboard. For some time, I observed as he laboriously dragged himself to his feet, chose his key, leaped into the air, and came down upon it with his head. Finally, tiring of this sport, he crawled back into the wall, probably to rejoin his millions of cronies in their allnight poker games. I was curious to see what he'd written, so I hurried to the typer, only to discover that the whole time he'd performed his act, it had been switched off. Rrright now, you're prrrobably asking yourself, what does the cyborg/resuscitated corpsicle pilot of a Bussard interstellar ramjet use to wet his whistle?

No, no, that's wrong. Forgive me; sometimes I involuntarily lapse into the idioms of my youth. That was Fresh-up Freddie advertising 7-Up in 1958. Let's take it from the top.

Right now, you're probably asking yourself, if this is a science fiction fanzine, then whre's the talk about science fiction? Good question. I think it's about time I made a token mention of that Buck Rogers stuff most of us read. Anyway, everyone else in the world has said something about *The Mote in God's Eye*, so why should I be different?

I would guess offhand that Jerry Pournelle is probably trying to be a sort of neo-Heinlein. Nothing *neally* overt--Birth of Fire resembles The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress only superficially, and the the important characters in The Mercenary are Heinleinesque Competent Men, the episodic structure of it was Pournelle's own--but there's a sort of tone to his stuff that to me, at least, is strongly reminiscent of Heinlein, especially between about Starship Troopers and I Will Fear No Evil.

And Larry Niven impresses me more than anything else as a young Hal Clement. I won't attempt to justify that--it's purely a subjective reaction to his stuff. They're both among my very favorites, for similar reasons. One might expect much of a collaboration between a neo-Heinlein and a young Clement, and one would be mostly justified in that.

The first time I tried The Mote in God's Eye, I guess I must have been in a down mood or something, because I just couldn't get into it--gave up after a couple of chapters. But I tried again, and the second time, it gripped me from the opening sentence and didn't let go, even at the end. However, right from the start, I had a feeling it was leading up to something I'd read a hundred times before.

I had the same feeling once last year, when for one time in my life I made an effort to watch *Space: 1999*, just to see what all the fuss was about. It was okay, I suppose, but I had it figured out within 30 seconds of the theme music. It started with this creature of unknown origin threatening the base with such obviously superior firepower that they couldn't hope to stand up to it, and making all sorts of unreasonable demands including having the three main characters place themselves in immediate danger.

Yawn. Omnipotent Alien Talked To Death. James Kirk played by Martin Landau, Mr. Spock by Barry Morse and the rest of the Enterprise landing crew by Barbara Bain. For 57 minutes the thing will demonstrate its power, maybe knock off a spear carrier or two; then in the last three minutes, being invulnerable to everything but sweet words, it'll be talked out of its evil ways and either (a) self-destruct or (b) go and sin no more. I picked up a book, but kept the set on. It was (a): Even the special effects weren'' up to the level I'd been led to expect. Pretty, I suppose, but nothing that couldn't duplicated with a couple of firecrackers and an infinite supply of Tinker Toys.

Anywho, all through the first many, many chapters of *Mote*, I got the impression that the explanation was really very simple, and all of the odd behavior of the Moties could be explained away in a chapter or two, with facts that we should have seen all along. But in a work of that size, there's plenty of room for originality--maybe there'd be a twist somewhere along the line and I wouldn't h-ve to read it all over again.

I was wrong. Before the book was 2/3 over, the inevitable Friendly Alien was taking the human heroes through hostile territory, after which he explained the entire Motie culture to them in 25 words or less. It's a good cliché, and I've enjoyed every twist on it I've ever read, but gee, fellas, I sure did expect something a bit more complex.

A visitor reading the above (the stencil was in the typer overnight) says I should explain the term "spear carrier." Very well, tho I think the meaning is clear. It's a minor character whose purpose is to be bumped off-the sort of guy you might find guarding a door Conan has to get through, for example. Having mentioned science fiction, I suppose I should give equal space to mysteries, which occupy at least as much of my reading time these days. So. If you're a mystery fan, or just a haunter of paperback racks (like me), you probably noticed a cheapo flyby-nighter entitled *The Giant Rat of Sumatra*, by Richard L. Boyer. If you're a bit younger than I, you may have run across the title in Firesign Theatre first, but they, like Boyer, swiped it from one of the Sherlock Holmes stories that were mentioned and titled, but not written. I recognized and bought it immediately, expecting to decorate my shelf of Sherlockiana with its spine. But other people I know actually went so far as to read it, and every one of them praised it to the skies. So I read it.

All I can say is that this is an incredibly fine first novel, and I'm eagerly awaiting Boyer's second. If the title of it is *Ricolletti of the Club Foot and His Abominable Wife* or *The Politician*, *the Lighthouse and the Trained Cormorant*, I'll be doubly pleased, he did so well with "the story of the giant rat of Sumatra, for which the world is not yet prepared," but that would be frosting on the cake. I'll enjoy whatever he writes.

Characterizations aren't quite perfect. Holmes isn't quite as delightfully irritating as I'd like, and the bumbling, silly Watson is laid on just a bit thick. But they're close enough, and I don't know offhand of anyone short of Doyle himself who's done any better. It starts off with a liberal helping of the "You have been in Afghanistan. I perceive" routine, always a delight when well done, and this is well done. Very quickly, the battle is joined, and Holmes and Watson find themselves in the middle of a truly baffling case, with Holmes, as always, knowing more than he's telling.

Little touches help to recreate the period. For example, there's a hunchback Malay in the story, and Watson frequently refers to his "cruel, bestial nature." T was just reading along, not paying any attention to that sort of stuff, until it finally hit me--"Hey, this thing was written in 1976!" The Victorian style is so well counterfeited that I didn't even notice the Victorian attitude toward minorities.

The book is obviously patterned after *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. This would be impossible to avoid noticing even if references to the Hound weren't rife (and that was one small fault--too many references to Doyle's stories, tho that didn't get in the way of the action, and I suppose one must forgive such lapses in so fine a pastiche). It's a good mold, and this novel fills it well. I may perhaps be accused of overpraise if I say that it was a lot like reading the Hound for the first time, but it really was.

No doubt more analytical readers will be able to point out holes in the plot that you could shove Nero Wolfe's favorite chair through. All I can say is that if there were any such things, the quality of the writing was so high that they simply went right past me. If you can still find a copy, I strongly recommend *The Giant Rat of Sumatra*.

Good heavens, have I filled up my ten pages already? Pretty close to it. And there was so much more I had to say, too... Oh, well, it'll have to wait until nextish, which, hopefully, will be out within a reasonable time, because if I go one more stencil on this one, I'm risking putting the whole zine in a higher postage bracket than I'd like.

I do, tho, have room for a couple more items. Like, I definitely want to mention in something that has most circulation outside of the few apas I usually hang around, that the 73rd SFPA Mailing, September, 1976, hit a whopping 880 pages. We've discussed the matter in the 74th and 75th, and have thus far failed to come up with any hard facts on a bigger one--FAPA's and SAPS' 50th and 100th are all smaller, as is that spectacular one the EOD put out last year, and nobody knows offhand of any others that even comev close, other than Apa-45's of about five years ago. Therefore: We claim to have produced the biggest apa mailing of all time. Does anybody call us liars?

Whoops! Looks like I didn't have room for a couple more items after all. So the article on the futility of spelling reform, the story of how I was arrested for annoying a cop, the trivia quiz, plans for a local theater, etc. will all have to wait for #11. Cheers!

## BAGELS AND LOCS letters

For some mysterious reason, response to #9 seems to have dried up several months ago. While the letters were still coming in, tho, I did manage to accumulate quite a few that are worth printing even at this late date. Only...no letter from Harry. I think I'll just crawl under a rock and never publish, ever again, if *Havry* doesn't loc me!

MARK EVANIERI found your experiences as a Porno Czar to be fascinating. One10418 Tennessee Ave.eve, at a party, I found myself conversing with a young lady whoLos Angeles, Ca.worked as a nude dancer between reels at an establishment not90054unlike yours. She said that the single most depressing factor waswatching old, senile, unshaven men coming back, night after night.

paying the five dollar admission charge to see the same girls and the same films. There was, she said, one old guy who came in at least once a day, sometimes twice, each time paying the full admission fee, sometimes totalling fifty dollars a week and rarely staying more than an hour per visit. (He often came just to see the fifteen-minute live show, every hour on the hour). From the way he dressed, she doubted that he could afford five a week, much less fifty, and it saddened her to think that this was all the old guy had in life. I cheered her up by telling her it was probably Howard Hughes.

Now, down to

TURE IN CONTRACTOR OF A

my main point in writing: Your rebuttal of Dr. Wertham's rebuttal of your review. I'll not get into arguing semantics (like whether the word "intrusion' is or is not of a negative connotation) but i will most definitely argue the form of your rebuttal. Not long ago, Alan Hutchinson published a letter of mine in one of his zines in which I was debating an issue with him. Throughout my letter, he constantly interrupted my sentences with his responses. I'd do two sentences and then he'd do two sentences. The end result was that I literally could not tell what I'd written and what he'd written. He was so intent on rebutting me, point by point, that he disjointed my entire letter with his intrusions (meant with a negative connotation) and I politely asked him not to do that again. Let me say what I have to say in my reasonably coherent form, then he can have all the space in the world (it's his zine) to rebut and answer my points. Since then, Alan has refrained from doing that.

Now, in reprinting Dr. Wertham's letter, you did precisely what Alan did: You rebutted every sentence he wrote, including some that did not really warrant rebuttal, and you did it after each sentence. It reminded me of a right-wing moron we have out here named Bob Dornan who used to comprise a one-man "Jane Fonda truth squad." Dornan used to follow Fonda around, whenever she made public speaking engagements (she was invited to speak, he was not) and demand the right to interrupt her speech with what he called "an alternative viewpoint." That is, he maintained that when she said "We should not be in Viet Nam," he had a right to equal time to immediately (not five minutes later; *immediately*) grab the microphone away from her to say, "We should be in Viet Nam!" God forbid the woman should finish her entire paragraph before she gets rebutted. As something of a free speech fanatic, it annoyed me to see you do this to Dr. Wertham. Let the man have his say before you begin nit-picking his points.

[Sorry, Mark, but I am going to interrupt this letter--but only to say that you continue for a couple more paragraphs demonstrating that some of the points I made were nit-picking, and maybe you're even right, but it's now two years since the original review, and somehow, it just doesn't seem like a Burning Issue anymore. I'm cutting it for space. We continue...]

I think your whole rebuttal to Wertham's book and subsequent letter can be summed up in your phrase, 'I'm glad he likes us. It's a shame he doesn't understand us." And everything else you wrote is almost as much a waste of space as this letter--because everything else is a tiny, insignificant point based on different perspectives.

in this zine that's printed in its entirety.)

First off, let me say that whether to reply to a printed loc by sticking yourself into the middle of it, or to wait until the end before saying anything, isn't a matter of "correct" and "incorrect." It's merely one of style. There are many reasons I've adopted the style I have, but they're all part of one big reason--I'm comfortable with it. And in my fanzine, we follow my style, right?

That

may sound a little harsh and unreasonable. Okay, let me expand on it. Yes, I believe in freedom of speech. I believe everyone should have the right to say anything he likes, in whatever form pleases him--as long as he uses his own facilities to do so. You seem to think it's unfair that I had an uninterrupted say in my review, but Wertham didn't in replying to it. But then again, I didn't interrupt Wertham's book, did I? Even if I could have, I wouldn't. I waited until he'd finished, then, with my infinitely smaller facilities, I rebutted it. Dr. Wertham was invited to reply, but only on my terms--that is, with me reserving the right to say whatever I like in reply, the moment he says it. My fanzine, Mark--you said it yourself. He'd seen it and knew my style, so he couldn't have written without knowing what to expect.

And neither, from now on, can you. I make an effort not to interrupt any smooth trains of thought or good flows of prose, but I will break into a loc to say my piece whenever I think it appropriate. Since I use different typefaces for letters and my comments thereon, there's no excuse for losing track of who's talking. If you want to participate in this lettercol again, that's how things are done here--or, you can simply write "Do Not Print" across the top of the loc, and I'll still be glad to hear from you.

Now, read the rest of this zine and let me know if you *really* think I interrupt unreasonably.]

KEN JOSENHANSMy, it has been a long time since your last issue. I figured you were367 E. Holmeseither a hoax or gafiated. [No comment. Your address still good, afterMSUa year?]E. Lansing, Mi.We can always hope that the trekkies merely manifest fannish48824immaturity: someday maybe they'll enter the mainstream of fandom. (Funny

Immaturity; someday maybe they'll enter the mainstream of fandom. (Funny how all those fringies think of themselves as "the mainstream of fan-

dom").

[Funny you should mention the mainstream of fandom. We were just talking about that in an obscure little apa I might still be a member of (it'll lapse any day now). Exactly what is the mainstream of fandom? I can't think of any definition that includes me and excludes everyone I want to exclude, and yet, I certainly don't think of myself as a fringie. Is the matter to be decided by numbers? The trekkies have that on us, to be sure. By longevity? I believe, then, mystery fandom can lay greater claim to the title than ours. Shall we simply decide that "faanishness," whatever that is, shall determine what is the mainstream of fandom? Good heavens, whatever kind of criterion is that? No, the problem admits of no solution, and I am of the opinion that speculation on what may comprise the mainstream of fandom is just that--vain speculation. It's all backwater.]

I had a friend named Kyle McAbee who was trying to draw me into comics. I did find used copies of the first three issues of the Warren Spirit in a used book store. Kyle went crazy when I showed them to him, but I didn't find them as fabulous as he did, or as you do. [Sigh. I guess commercial success still eludes The Spirit. Warren's series is very close to folding. If any more issues ever come out, I'm buying two copies each.

POCTSACRDS: Gil Gaier writes, "Have read and reread your pointed responses to the locs. I use that technique to write *Phos* 3. Wish I'd read *Tandt* first." So there, Mark. And Jackie Franke opines, "What makes you think the W in WAHF means 'We'? I use it in the sense of "Were". Leap not to conclusions, sirrah. Errors creep into your conception of the Universe when you do that." People used "IAHF"before you entered fandom, Jackie. If it's a misconception, it's a popular one, and I go for popular definitions. If it were", why ntblftsplk (sorry-tongue got tied) why not simply "AHF"?

BUD WEBSTER You haven't lived. We had a bad flood here in Richmond in '69 and I went Box 5519 down with a friend of mine to the paper plant to keep the rats out of the UM Richmond, Va. machinery. Now you tell me that your puny cigar roaches would charge us (we were armed with double-aughts and 30-30's) on rat-back screaming 23220

"Kreeg-Ah!!!" at the top of their roachy little lungs like the watercrickets did. I don't believe it. The James River crickets have no mercy. One used to work with us at the Pizza Inn, taking out the trash and doing the dishes, and keeping the bikers and berserkers in line. The Pagans run in abject fear from even a small James River cricket. I asked Bobo, the one I worked with, about cigar roaches and he said "The ones in New Orleans," babbled to his old lady in cricket, and they haven't stopped laughing. So there. . 21 ne.

[Someday I may tell you why you don't find James River crickets in New Orleans? of the second on i gi strate

1 .

I loved Stikkitupyerzeitung, keep it coming. [Keep it coming? Stikkitupyerzeitung? I wouldn't touch a straight line like that for all the tea in Acapulco.] a second and which which is a second in the second as a

# 

BEN INDICK By golly, just spent \$25. UJA called up and hit me. 1 just returned 428 Sagamore Ave. from Israel--Inspiring, poignant, whatever you want. Left here Teaneck, N.Y. dovishiy, returned hawkishiy (not, i.e., for war, but for grit and 07666 determination. It can only be completely felt if one goes there to

see. But now you'll be accusing me of proselytization, so, I can only say I did not see any movie house advs for X films in Tel Aviv. They must have them; Heck, they have everything else .... )

in apartly see you mention an Arab boss. I should add, I had some very nice, good-natured; igently sparring but friendly conversations with Arab folks in Jerusalem. In spite of whatsiname without a shave and with a gun, it's possible to talk between Israeli and Arab. Only whatsiname likes to kill them as he does talk. -1 et :

don't know what this has to do with stikker, but it was the most interesting part of your loc. Gee, writing me must be like burying a time capsule--you never know when your old thoughts are going to bob to the surface.]

17 O & A &

By the way, there was no scurrilous and lewd card in my zine. Probably just as well, but I do want you to know I am an antique of 52. [Er, uh, I forgot to stick them in. (For those without absolutely unblemished memories over any span of time, I have obscene little business cards declaring me to be a Porno Tsar, that I was going to stick into most copies of stikker #9. I think they're nearly gone now, tho, so you miss out. Sorry. But if you, well over the minimum age to get them, were surprised not to find one, think how surprised was...

## 

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON I haven't read Wonder Woman in years, but I remember having a Post Office Box 89517 crush on her. I liked her mother even more though, although it. Zenith, Washington 98188 was always irritated by the running theme that her true-love United States of Amerika was lost at sea in some obscure homeric epic long ago. One thing that bothered me, though, was WW's choice of costume. 1+

(12.5 m)

always did strike me as a bit tacky, and maybe that's why I preferred her mother who had better taste in clothing (and was a blond too--if lesbianism is narcissistic, then blonds. should prefer blonds, right?). I used to fantasize a lot that I was Wondergirl, but I ended up being Supergirl instead (who looks more like me anyway) and Wondergirl was just my friend (| didn't know about sex then). [Just out of curiosity, Jessica, was "blond" instead of "blonde" deliberate? It's just about the only English adjective that has gender, tho I can imagine reasons you might ignore that.]

The pisser in comics now is Brenda Starr's wedding. I wonder what butchy Hank thinks of that. After all these years, Brenda sells out for the straight image. Now that he's no longer a fantasy, she'll find out soon enough that Eye-Patch-Pete can't equal Hank. [There's no date on this letter, so it may be as much as a year out of synch with the strip developments. What came of the affair? (Sorry.) I don't follow Brenda Starr these days, tho I probably would if I saw her through your eyes.] 4.4 8 Section 200 magers Exil . Stall ET

18. 1917

[I +

MUSTAFA TOKADOP It was while traveling in your great American Southwest that I became Bumfuck, Egypt lost in the desert. As I wandered through the sandy wilderness, 1

noticed that it wasn't hunger or thirst that caused me the most discomfort, but horniness. I pulled myself along by the strength of my arms, leaving in my wake three parallel tracks (the centre one being both widest and deepest), and my testicles, being swollen to the size of cantaloupes, caused me a great deal of distress. During the several weeks that I spent in this condition, my path brought me to several eating and drinking establishments. These I ignored, searching as I was for only one thing. I also saw great numbers of the regular sights of the desert, such as cactus, sand dunes, oases, camels, caravans and the like, but I did not pause in my quest. Finally, after months of this excruciating torture, I saw it on the horizon: A red neon sigh proclaiming the establishment underneath to be the only whorehouse in the desert. As I approached the structure, I could see that I would have to wait in line, which I did for several weeks. When at last it was my turn to enter the building. I saw two desks, one of which was doing a brisk business, selling tickets and guiding patrons to back rooms; the other being covered with spiders' webs and several inches of dust. I awoke the attendant at the less busy desk and asked what the other was dealing in. He showed me a picture, and my testicles grew to the size of watermelons. I then inquired what, exactly, did he sell.

"Ah," he replied with the air of one who deals in a rare delicacy, "this desk is for The Chicken."

"The Chicken?" | expostulated, incredulous (taking care, as I did, to pronounce the capitals as he had). He appeared hurt, as if I had questioned his religion. After hearing him extol the virtues of his Chicken, and particularly after weighing the relative costs of The Chicken and the human being, I elected to sample the delights of ... The Chicken. After entering the door to which he guided me, I found myself in pitch blackness. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I saw a lengthy tunnel going out toward the rear. I followed it, ignoring the lime icicles of stalactites and stalagmites that stood in my path, thinking only of the pleasures of the flesh awaiting me at the end. It wound and twisted, deep into the bowels of the earth, occasional bats punctuating my journey with their shrill cries. Finally, just as I was about to give up and return, demanding my money back, the cavern culminated in a small doorway, with a red light above it, reading...Chicken. I entered into stygian gloom, unable to see my hand before me, able only to smell copious amounts of Chicken shit and feel it squish up between my toes. My eyes, however, adjusted to even this blackness, and in the center of the floor, finally, I saw a nest; and sitting in the nest was...The Chicken. The finest, the most sensuous, the most sexually maddening Chicken I had ever encountered. Dear God, I wanted this Chicken!

We shall draw a curtain over this scene, with The Chicken shying from the advancing man, calling, "Here, chick, chick, chick," as decency prevents me from describing a scene of inhuman degradation. [Decency didn't prevent you from describing the rest of this turkey, did it?] When next we look in on our protagonist, The Chicken is lying dead and bloated in the corner, the entire coop is strewn with feathers, and I am gasping for breath, my testicles shrunk to the size of raisins. Reflecting that if The Chicken was this good, the actual human being must be even better, I quickly drew up my trousers and got back in line outside. As I approached the building again, I saw that the patrons were taking turns gazing through a knothole. I followed suit, and to my wonderment, beheld a man performing oral sex on a shaggy dog! [I knew we weren't gonna get through this story without running into one of them.] Upon expostulating on this unusual sight, I was told, "Dat's nuttin", Cap. A li'l w'ile ago, dere was dis guy in dere fuckin' a chicken."

POCTSACRDS: Art Scott sent a copy of his own review of Wertham's The World of Fanzines and said, "I get the Impression we're in substantial agreement." We are-that Wertham had some nerve to write a book on something he knows as little about as fandom. I guess that's true of most anthropologists who write books on quaint native cultures that they've studied from the outside, but Wertham had the misfortune to write about quaint natives that are literate and in the habit of putting their own opinions in print. And Maurice Harter queried, "Does the mame [stikker] have a secret meaning?" No--quite a public one. Anyone sufficiently well-read can figure it out for himself. 1949 N. Spencer Indianapolis, Ind. 46218

CAROLYN "C.D." DOYLE You were smart by not sending cards from the porno place where you work. I am under 18, and if a card like that had dropped out of your zine as my mother was taking it out of the mailbox, boy would I be in trouble! (I noticed that you send your zine folded over, so anybody can read the last page. Unless you can promise me that

any portion of this loc that you might be desperate enough to print will be printed inside the zine, where my mother won't happen to catch a glimpse of it, the whole loc is DNP.)

[You have but to ask. Actually, I'd never thought of that objection to having letters on the bacover before, but since you mention it... Anywho, I've made up a nice song parody to use as a bacover this time, and will try to remember not to put letters there anymore. Certainly, I won't put any there belonging to anyone I don't know to be free of parental interference of that sort. I'm printing this because I think it's worth passing along. There can't be very many fans with that problem, but I'm sure C.D. isn't the only one.]

I see that the book I Am Not Spock has hit the stands [this letter was awhile ago...], and while I wouldn't mind looking it over, to see how bad it is, I'm not going to pay any money for it. It's supposed to represent Nimoy as a searching, emotional individual, who's been fit into a mold for too long. (sniff sniff) I guess money must help heal these emotional crisises, because he's still making appearances at cons, and being misInturrpeted. Oh, how does the poor, searching, thinking individual stand it?!

You know, it's funny about that book. In the title I Am Not SPOCK, one word only is capitalized, and that word is also in a larger typeface than the rest of the title--in fact, it's larger than Nimoy's OWA name. And in what role does the cover photograph depict him? Hmm? Suure, he's not.]

I found it a little hard to read Faruk von Turk's article, but part of it might have been due to the typeface. (It's different somehow, and anything typed in it is a little hard to comprehend, just like words typed with each letter a space apart).

[If you can request your page, I guess you can request your golfball. Would you prefer your next letter to be typed in something else? Light italic, perhaps? Or EUµBow?]

That letter form Linda Pearce struck me as being terribly, uproarlously funny! Hilarious! My stomach still hurts from laughing.

I was fascinated by your account of New Orleans' geography. I fear WAYNE W. MARTIN Fresno has nothing to even approach 1t. I'm also rather curious 4623 E. Inyo, apt. E about your proof of N.O. being the center of the Universe. You Fresno, Ca. 93702 keep that up, and "Markstein" will be whispered in a single breath with Van Daniken & Velekovsky (however you spell either of them).

[Just so you spell my name right, that's what matters. Anyway, I never said New Orleans was the Center of the Universe--just that the Center of the Universe is located between the motormen's johns at Carrollton & Claiborne, and would be whether that were in New Orleans (or on Earth) or not.]

What's this talk about cigar roaches? I spent a year living in a place called Macclenny, Florida. There we had a thing we called gator roaches. In a bar in Jacksonville (right outside Macclenny), a couple of guys--my brother was one of the culprits-found a baby gator roach. They put it on the bar top and poured out a little beer on the counter top. Naturally, the baby gator roach lapped it up. After having a good laugh, they turned their attention elsewhere. The baby gator roach wanted more, though, and was too crocked to climb into the mug: so, it simply proceeded to shove the glass off the edge of the bar. Being loaded, its sense of direction was fouled up, though, and it shoved the glass eight feet along the length of the bar. The glass splattered on the floor and the baby roach hopped down and lapped it up. I suppose you'll say (if you've the nerve to say anything) that a baby cigar roach would have chug-a-lugged.

[I'd like to

17+ -01

say you underestimated, but I'm afraid you have precisely described the absolute limit of a baby cigar roach's capability. I must, however, add that I've seen an adult cigar roach tip the mug over the edge of the bar, race down to the floor, catch and swallow every drop before it struck, and as fast as it went in one end as beer, it came out the other as roach piss.]

MIKE GLICKSOHNCongratulations on your job and I look forward to many interesting141 High Park Ave.anecdotes about life as a porno czar. And I'm sure we can trust yourToronto, Ont.editorial skills to ensure that we get only, so to speak, the cream.M6P 2S3 CanadaM6P 2S3 Canada

The most telling point against cats that one rarely sees mentioned is that they aren't very bright. Nowhere near as intelligent as a dog, for example; about on a par with a trekkie. Of course, no cat fancier can see this, and one is treated to the absurd sight of the feline fans bending over backwards, not unlike doting new parents, to credit their pets with abilities they clearly do not possess.

Odd that David

18 4 3

Singer should state so categorically that cold pizza is terrible. I've eaten it many times and while I might prefer it hot I don't find it unpalatable once entropic forces have been at work on it. And speaking of food and things like that, I saw a report on a scientist in California doing a PhD thesis on the topic of insects as a source of protein to help overcome our food shortage problems. The lady was shown preparing a variety of dishes from chopped up grasshoppers, bees and ants, and her husband was shown eating them with barely a grimace. Not unsurprisingly her conclusion was that once the nature of the meal was disguised, most people could enjoy it. I doubt I'd try and eat a whole bee (even a dead one) but all ground up and indistintuishable from its surroundings, I could probably do it. Of course, I doubt cigar roaches will ever become such a staple unless someone can find a way to kill them first so they can be properly disguised. And from y your description I'd guess that by the time the world got hungry enough to consider them a possible source of food there wouldn't be anyone around with the strength to kill one!

ALAN HUTCHINSONHugo T. Firefly? Who? Oh, Harry Warner must mean Hugo Z.5510 - 58th Way N. #215AHackenbush; Rufus T. Firefly never had anything at all to doSt. Petersburg, Fla.with science fiction.33709You may not think that cockroaches are<br/>readily available in supermarkets, but they are. Just go to asupermarket sometime.Walk to the fruit section. Find the small boxes marked "dates."Open a box and carefully examine the contents.Now what do these alleged "dates" looklike?That's right...dates are nothing more than cockroaches with the legs pulled off.

PAULA O'KEEFE Of course, I disagree with your description of Star Trek as "shoot-em-up 157 Glades Road space opera", but having no interest in dueling with you over it I'll Minot, Mass. 02055 Make no further comment. (If you do enjoy such, though, UFO is the show for you. [Not for me--nobody in this area carries it. Besides, I said I like good shoot-em-up space opera.]

Re Sam Long's letter: to my best recollection, Godzilla's actual (at least, original) name was Gojira, which makes much better sense linguistically. Ghidrah was something like Ghidora. [I've always spelled his name "Guidry."]

Civil rights for cetaceans--bravo. Making cat food out of an intelligent species. **Ishtar.** How revolting. [Well, you caught me in a relatively serious mood. Yes, I may be facetious about it and put "Civil rights for cetaceans!" right next to "Free the Indianapolis 500!", but I do feel a bit more strongly about the former. I trust you've read the editorial in the March Galaxy.]

 $\infty \underbrace{5} \infty \underbrace{5}$ 

POCTSACRDS: Anna M. Schoppenhorst asks, "What is a *Tandetikkerzeitung*? My aunt from the Old Country had something like that and she died of it."

GREG SWAN 555 N. Miller Mesa, Az. 85203

Apparently, Louisiana is a bad atmosphere for cats. I assume it must be the humidity, either that or the mildew in the fur. Here in Arizona, our dry desert cats act nothing like you describe them to. Possibly you're confusing them with dogs, which do leap into people's laps, bite hands, carry dead birds onto patios (at your request, since I know so little

about just exactly what creatures may live in New Orleans, I will describe "bird" to you) and generally do nasty uncalled for things like wet the rug. It's too bad they're, er, "cute".

Now, desert cats behave similar to the trained animals one sees on TV shows on at live indoor circuses. Let me tell you, it is amazing to see these happy-go-lucky 2.7 animals come when called, fetch food when asked and bring in the newspaper. It is our belief that these snimals have a sort of rudimentary understanding of certain basic English statements. (They have so far proved unreceptive to the Spanish of Mexican wetbacks.)

JOHN CARL Your announcement that you're going to do an issue of Tandstikkerzeitung every few months is among the best news I've heard this year so 3750 Green Lane Butte, Mt. 59701 far, and it's almost midnight. [In case anyone is interested in

unspeakable trivia, the date on this letter is 12/31/75. Yaas, I said five.]

I really don!t know why so many people are prejudiced against insects as foodstuff. America is one of the few areas in the world where this is so. It's hard to find even such relatively innocuous exotica as chocolate-covered grasshoppers, although you can admittedly.get, soup in some greasy spoons with a few lice (and an occasional lucky mosquito) without much trouble.

Roaches are so obstinate that, were we to breed them as foodstuff, they would immeditately develop a deleterious mutation and die out altogether, leaving us starving. (Starving because roaches would have to be the absolute last straw.)

My favorite misspelling is "yowzitch" for "usage," or 13 errors in the spelling of a five-letter word. [Pretty good. Can anybody top that?]

 $\infty \underbrace{5} \infty \underbrace{5} \infty \underbrace{5} \infty \underbrace{5} \infty \underbrace{5} \infty \underbrace{5} \omega \underbrace{5}$ 

DIT

Robert Whitaker's comment about the non-carcinogenic properties of PVC ROGER BRYANT 1019 Cordova Ave. and formaldehyde may be correct now--but what about next week? If all Akron, 0. 44320 those TV-trained Americans who did everything with hexachloraphene over their ice cream, who's to say morticians might not be sweating - rebers

soon?

On the other hand, a countertrend may be on the way. I read recently where new tests fail to confirm that cyclamates cause cancer. (Cyclamates are the best-tasting artificial sweetener ever marketed, and they were banned after a great deal of pressure and lobbying by the sugar industry, isn't that odd?) I can see it now: One school of scientist telling us that virtually everything we eat, drink, smoke, touch or wash with causes cancer, and another group shouting "Oh, no it doesn't!"....

[Yeah, everything else

goes in cycles, so why not this? By the way, if this zine comes back to me just like everything else I've sent you in the past few months, what address should I send it to?]

POCTSACRDS: David H. Taylor writes, "Insects can be even more versatile than homo-sap in habitat etc. The only reason we are the dominant species is that we were ultra adaptable from the outset, but nowadays we all seem to huddle together in our centrally heated burrows. I made a close study of ants a few years back--they're crafty little buggers though initiative isn't their strongest point." Chuck Spanier reminisces about "a roach-killing scoreboard. Each time one of them had a go at a roach they would place a mark in the appropriate column: "yes," "no," or "possibility." And Jackie Hilles says, "I hope you will continue to send me your zine with the long unpronounceable name." and good luck with the bizarre people at the skin flicks." Not skin flicks -- fuck flicks.

E. HOFFMANN PRICE Thank you for Issue #9. I'll share information with *Tandstikkerzei*-P:0. Box 406 *tung*'s philology, general linguistics and obscenity department: Redwood City, Ca. 94064 ism: (rhetoric) The use of a delicate word or expression, for one

expression, as *Eumenides*, or gracious goddesses, for the Erinnes or Furies. Page 1951, Vol. il, Universal Dictionary of the English Language.

On the basis of above definition of *euphemism*, Women's Lib objects to such words as *snatch*, *pussy*, *box*, *twat*, *vagina* and comparable terms which belittle woman's most precious feature by implying that *cunt* is harsh, indelicate, or offensive.

[Very interesting. I wonder if they also object to such terms as "pud," "whang," "dong," and all the others that are used to describe the male organ, implying that the good old Anglo-Saxon name for it isn't just as good as "cunt." And while we're on that subject, exactly what is the good old Anglo-Saxon word for it? "Cunt" apparently is Anglo-Saxon, tho some claim a French origin for it, and is obviously Standard English, tho considered taboo by some people. But of all the things its male counterpart is called--prick (apparently from the verb), dick (probably from the man's name), peter (same), dork (silly-sounding word--probably coined to make fun of the organ) etc., the only ones that can really be called Standard English rather than slang or at best colloquialisms are "penis" and "phallus," both Latin.]

They are also bringing a class action, on behalf of 100,000,000 female humans, against the publisher of the above dictionary, and against the editors, and against every owner of aforementioned dictionary, seeking a judgment of \$1,000,000 for each plaintiff, on the ground that whereas said dictionary does contain and define the offensive euphemism, *vagina*, *cunt*, and Sir Francis Richard Burton's variant, *coynte*, are not defined or even listed, the implication being that those words are low expressions.

[I certainly agree that "cunt" is a perfectly good English word and should be in every dictionary of same, but can't see why anyone should get money for the fact.]

The foregoing is not, repeat not authenticated, but has been leaked by delegates to a Lib Conference on Policy. [Personally, I don't believe a word of it, but it's certainly entertaining enough to get into my zine.]

"Where the Ellte Beat

their Meat" is truly a great slogan. [Coming from you, that's high praise indeed.] Back in 1911, in San Jose, California, there was on South Second Street the Mission Pool Room, whose slogan was, "Where Gentlemen Play." There was chuckling among the high school sophisticates when what is termed a wag crayonned the slogan in the pool room crapper.

All good wishes for the success of the *Pormodeon*. The Whang Whackers had no such luxury in the days of the Nickelodeon. I bow three times.

POCTSACRDS: Victoria Vayne said interesting things about her own job situation that must, by now, be badly dated, and closed, "Let's hope the next issue doesn't take as long in getting put out as #9 did after #8." Er, uh, kof kof... Gil Gaier wants to know, "Why did they arrest the city manager when he stuck his head in the door? Surely he didn't have the chutzpah to lead with his low one." Mike Kring muses, "I wonder why they never did a giant cockroach movie?" That's one that's easy to answer--who'd watch it? Cynthia Russell mouths off, "Thanks for the latest stikker. Wow, what next, a Warhoon?" Jodie Offutt points out, "We've got a Spirit fan in our house--my son Chris who just recently spent a number of hours coloring his b&w Spirit book with felt pens." Well, I guess there are advantages to having it in black and white after all. Joe Wesson puts in a request: "Are you going to use movie stills as covers now? Maybe... Please... Ah come on..." Hadn't planned on it, but I did use some actual hard-core frames on the cover of The Sphere, my SFPAzine. Mark R. Sharpe said something about roaches in connection with the smell of burning hemp, but he can't fool me. I know stikker readers would never smoke anything but pure, wholesome tobacco. Linda Emery pens, "In Treponema Pallidum, it says, 'send Herr Markstein 50¢ or ye perpetual usual and he, in his goodness and mercy, will send you a bananas fanzlne." With a come-on like that, I might send for one. JOHN ROBINSON Do you suppose the biological warfare people are preparing to drop cigar I - 10ist St. roaches on the Chinese should we ever have a war with them, or would it be Troy, N.O. futile as the Chinese would only eat cigar roaches? The Chinese consider 12180 cats a delicacy. You'll find few cats in the Orient. Some Viet Nam

and the preserve

veterans are prone toward saying: "Let's go to a Chinese restaurant and have some cat." What with all the gore going around about dognappers supplying vivisectionists I'm amazed to discover not so much as a single story about cats being served at Chinese restaurants.

[Probably because what few people noticed they were gone were glad of it. There's a restaurant around here named Buster Holmes' Cafe, where meat dishes come as low as 35¢. The cheapest thing on the menu is "backbone." What kind of animal's backbone probably varies according to whether it's cat, dog or rat season.

" Didn't someone

do a story once where the Chinese developed the ultimate weapon? It consisted of airlifting 50 million of their citizens into New York City, where they went on welfare.]

LINDA J. JOHNSON The "cigar roach" of New Orleans sounds as if it could be cousin to the 674 Elm St. "rat roach" found in such institutions as the United Hospital of Port New Haven, Ct. Chester, NY. Or maybe the lost uncle of the New York apartment type 06511 "dog roach".

While working in the above mentioned hospital kitchen, I chanced to see one of the beasties in action. We were cooking toast in the gigantic boiler when one of these things decided that it was getting a bit too hot. The damned thing ran out and scared the shit out of everybody there. The dietician, a rather healthy woman, picked up an aluminum tray measuring about four by two and threw It at the offending animal shouting, "It's only a roach." We all shook in fear as the monster caught the tray, paused as if to send it back to her with equal force, and figured it wasn't worth the time and effort. Fortunately for us he must have had a rough day. He spared us. I learned my lesson and never again turned my back on any brown crawly again.

As to Bruce D. Arthurs' statement that ghetto roaches scuttle; don't believe a word of it. Sprayed with any chemical agent, they deftly turn and blow it in your face. They don't scuttle. They attack.

What a disgusting thing to talk about! Every brown spot, dust kittie, and smudge will be one of those things tonight.

POCTSACRDS: Mae Strelkov opines that the porno theater anecdotes "Read like a nove'." Hmm. I always thought truth was stranger. Sam Long mentions, "Speaking of words, especially "coarse" ones, have you ever heard of "Fudpucker World Airlines"? There's a chap who advertises in *Trade-a-Plane*, an aviation paper, with T-shirts emblazoned with that name." R.G. Benedict states, "I am writing to enquire into the possibilities of submitting items to you for publication," and goes on to describe his glowing qualifications as a freelancer. Uh...I'm not sure I know exactly how to handle this. Rod Snyder says, "I wish I could give some amusing anecdotes about cigar roaches, but the closest I might be able to come would be the Palo Verde Beetle that I enjoyed molest-Ing as a tot back In Tucson, AZ. Who needed toy airplanes, when you had one of those big muthas on the end of a string?" Al Fitzpatrick sent two pages containing printable stuff and added, "D.N.Q., as it's not worth it." Wish you'd let me make my own editorial decisions, Al. George Wells at least mentioned *stikker* in a letter that mostly concerned personal stuff. Thanks--for the *whole* letter, George.

<u>I ALSO HEARD FROM:</u> David E. Williams, Leroy Kettle, John Thiel, Clay Fourrier, Jerry Kaufman, Dwight Decker, Carl Bennett, Don Fortier, Bruce Townley, Mike Bracken, and Mike Swanson.

Whew! That's pretty damn good response for a little bitty editor-written zine like this one, especially one that's notoriously unreliable about its so-called "schedule." Hope you'll forgive the lateness and help me put together a good lettercol next  $\frac{1}{2}$  issue.

As I'd like our Microcosm to be perfect just for me, I've got a little list - I've got a little list: Of cretins, dolts and morons from whom fandom should be free, And who never would be missed - who never would be missed! There's the pestilential nuisance whose reviews can cut right through you, Who never sends you copies of the fanzines that review you, All 12-yr.-olds who have such pleasant memories of QUANDRY, And feuders who believe in showing off their dirty laundry. And persons who on writing of their mimeos insist. They'd none of 'em be missed - they'd none of 'em be missed!

For the greater good of fandom, We must set our goals in tandem. We'll pick characters - not random -And enough to make a con. Whose timely gafiation Would be hailed with acclamation, With this rationalization: It's to make things best for Don.

There's the guy who's scared of deros and the others of that race, And that big Herbangelist--I've got him on the list. And the ones who smoke whatever burns, and puff it in your face. They never would be missed--they never would be missed. Then the idiot who publishes a Bugo-worthy zine. But does it all in dithe and in paper that is green in the energetic neetan enthusiastic spry. While never done done bot, but auto would like to try And that singular anomaly the same analymonist (A smeanachronist? He's not on any bist.)

And that sine dolo nuisance, who this moment rampant runs, The Liberationist--I've got her on the list. And the any the fills his families up with aross, atrocious puns They never would be missed they never would be missed. And comix from and Burroughs buffs and trekkies and their kind. Such as what a ge call him--Thing 'em bob, and likewise Never Mind And 'St--'st--'st--and What's-his-name, and also You know who

The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you. But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list, For they'd none of 'em be missed - they'd none of 'em be missed!

PM

LA 701

FER

19 with apologies to Mr Gilbert, of course)

Tandstilkerzeitung #10 A Denald D. Markstein 2533 Gen\_Pershing St New Orleans, La. 70115 USA

PM

CLARA MAASS

13.

Andy Porter Box 4175 New York, N.Y. 10017

PRINTED NATTER - THIRD CLASS RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED CIVIL RIGHTS FOR CETACEANS! FREE THE INDIANAPOLIS 500!