

An irregular journal published for the edification and delight of its publisher, Don Markstein, P.O. Box 53112, New Orleans, La. 70153 (tho the publisher, who is also the editor, if such a lofty term can apply to such a hastily prepared publication is not jealous and does not object to other people enjoying it). Available according to the following terms: TRADE: I'll trade for anything but a-convention progress report, a dealer's list, or a FAPA postmailing. LOC: A letter of comment or similar show of interest will net you the next issue and maybe one or two more, according to the next term. EDITORIAL WHIM: If I just bappen to send it to you for no good reason, don't question it; it's fate. If you don't want it, just ignore it, and sooner or later I'll drop you from my mailing list. MEMBERSHIP: This issue will be circulated through the 69 th Mailing of The Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFPA). MONEY: I don't like to mention it, but I will, if pressed, part with a copy for cash. This is no longer a two-bit fanzine, however--you'll have to give me at least four bits before you get a copy. Posta je is going up, y'know. By "at least " incidentally, I mean that I don't accept subscriptions. If you send me two bucks for four issues, then all I'll do is raise the price of e copy for you. No way am I going to keep books on how many issues I have to send anybody. The cover was sent in by Jim Shull, but he swears be didn't draw it. All writing in this typeface is by the editor. Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication \#283. AM167. Printed in Occupjed CSA.... This stencil cut... Oct. 15, 1975.

My corflu is beginning to clot.
More than likely, the name Tandstikkerzeitung is unfamiliar to you. An awful lot of people have been added to the mailing list since the last issue, which was just about a year agc. As for those who got the last ish...well, I can't expect you to carry the torch forever. More than likely, you've forgotten by now.

So what took me so long? It's a long story. By the time you've finished the zine, you'll probably have a pretty good idea what's been holding it up, so I'm not going to go into it right now. I promise, tho, that this will be the last year-long period without a stikker until I'm ready to consider it dead--throughout all I've gone through lately, I've always figured on getting an issue out "maybe next month," but a full eight issues of The Sphere, my SFPAzine, which is supposed to have about the same schedule, have gone by since \#8.

If you're getting this and don't know why, incidentally, there's a good chance that sometime since the last issue came out, I saw your name in a fanzine review column and your zine looked interesting enough for me to want to trade. If you like what you see, then trade or loc. If not, don't worry-with postage going up again, I'll be dropping a vast number of non-responding names from the mailing list before the next issue is out.

The reason I think I'm pretty safe in promising a more-or-less regular stikker is that things seem finally to have settled down for me, to where I'll have both the money and the time to produce an issue every two or three months. I've got a steady job, now, something I haven't had in a couple of years, and tho there have been a couple of terrible weeks with 104 working hours (and me on salary), things seem to have settled down to the point where I probably won't be working more than $50-60$ hours a week from now on.

In case you're wondering, check the card enclosed with most copies of the zine (while they last, folks). Yes, I'm now a porno czar, spending $50-60$ hours a week running a theater that specializes in hard-core pornography. If you ever happen to be in New Orleans, drop by the Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse St ., and see the dirty movies (if I'm still thereI've been transferred several times in the three months I've been with the company).

Now, you probably have visions of your typical l6-millimeter place, where the sign at the street level has obviously been censored and painted over and now says something utterly bland like "Hotsy-totsy," where you pay a ridiculously exorbitant price to get I n, climb three flights of dimiy-lit stairs, enter a sleazy-looking room and sit between a pervert with a sock in his lap and the projectionist as plotless stag films full of scratches and
cuts are played out of focus before your jaded eyes.
Well, you're wrong. This is a genuine theater, with 35 -millimeter film (two of the three theaters in the chain don't even have equipment for 16), wall-to-wall carpeting in. the lobby, a lovely chandelier in same, rocking-chair seats...the works. Most of the movies have plots (tho there are a few "documentaries" yet) and all of them are in color. The Toulouse is particularly plush--it's only been a theater for five years, and was originally intended to be a really bigh-class place. It's the plushest porno house in town, without a doubt, and I've been wanting to push it as such. Unfortunately, the best slogan I've been able to come up with, "Where the Elite Beat their Meat," didn't go over too well with the company brass. I can't figure out why.

Speaking of the company brass, the owner of the place is a lot more into theaters then he is into pornography. He hasn't even caught on to the fact that he should raise the price of hot dogs and pickles on ladies' night. The only reason he specializes in hard-core is because he can get the most out of a relatively small investment that way. When the tastes of the public change, he intends to change right along with them. This is fine with me. because I've found that I like running theaters, but I don't care for fuck flicks verr wirl.

Bven so, I've had my fun with it. Like the time a girl came to apply for a job as a cashier. I have a set routine I go into, to make sure no more time than necessary is wasted: "Uh, you do know what kind of theater this is, don't you?" "No." "We specialize in hardcore pornography." Most people don't care a whole lot what goes on inside-they just want. a job selling tickets, and anyway, it's the manager who goes to jail if there's a buit. But this one particular one got all huffy and stalked out, because "I'm a Christian." If she'd just declined politely, it would have been okay, but the "I'm a Christian" routiue sort of implied that the people who accept jobs there aren't. (Not that I am, of course, but she didn't know that.)

Less annoying was the time one of those Salvation Army type places that takes in all sorts of derelicts and makes them happy and well fed called up and asked if they could bave about 20 free passes for their clients. I said I'd be glad to send them, if this was the type o? film they wanted their clients to see. After I told them, they thanked me politely and said they'd prefer to take their trade elsewhere. I was less kind to a garden club that wanted passes to auction off at their annual fund-raising sale. I sent the passes without, comment. I don't like garden clubs.
And then there was the time a voice that sounded about nine years old called and asked h much it cost to get in. When I told him, he asked how much it was for children. I told him no amount of money in the entire world would get him in.

Some of the best incidents, tho, bappened while $I$ was at the Cine Royale, on Canai Street, which was up until a couple of weeks $8 g 0$ when the latest transfer took place. I never realized what a polyglot place Canal Street is until I tried running a business there. Like the time a couple of kids came up and started jabbering away in some foreign language. Being a speaker of English, I am naturally convinced that if I speak my own language slowly distinctly and (especially) loud enough, anyone in the entire world will be able to unde:stand me. By sticking to this attitude, we speakers of English have made the entire orla learn our language.

So here I was, fairly shouting at these kids, over and over, slowly and distinctly, that I'd have to see some proof of age before I'd let the cashier sell them tickets. Seeing that this was getting me nowhere (even we English speakers have our limits), I dredged my l2-year-old high school Spanish from the dim recesses of my memory and asked "Cuantos años tienen ustedes?" (kindly forgive the lack of an upside-down question mark--this typewriter has its limits, too) in what I'm sure was barely understandable broken Spanish. To which they informed me that they were speaking "'Eג ${ }^{\prime}$

And then there's this vast flood of Orientals of every shape and description whose only English word is "toilet." I got to where all they had to do was look at me, and I'd say "Top of the stairs and turn right." Slowly, distinctly and loud, of course. One of them fooled me. He was able to say "Fuck-a novie?" I nodded. He bought a ticket.

While I'm on the subject of "slowly, distinctly end-loud," there waid an entertaining incident one day involvinc the papdot ledr, whoee native language is spanish but who speaks English quite well. One of the oforibitntioned Orientals with the eitremely imited vocabularies asked for some popcokn, fide shid, wathed to know if he wanted it plain or buttered. Naturally, seeing thet he didn't widertand her, she repeated the query. Slowly, distinctIy and loud. In Frigileh.

Of course, there are communication gaps even with people who speak the same language, or varieties thereof. At one point a young gentlenian approached me and asked "Whadedoodsrum?" It was only several repetitions latier that I realized he was asiang the location of the henry. (Pardon the terminology; but: I just re-re-read Past Mastet.)

Which reminds me; for some reason, of when scmebody cime up to the box offlice and wanted to know if people actualiy Do It right on the screen in these movies. He apparently didnit. have the gutterfilth vocabulary necessary to phrase bif question, so be merely stammerder and gestured a lot, Yinally; I made a cirolei of my thumb and forefinger and thrust a pen through it severai tifles. He said "Yeah, that'ls it," and bought a ticket,

Most of the above is the sort of thing that could happen at just about any theater, but there are a few hassles that are unique to the porno field. "Getting bugted eprings to mind immediately. It hasin!t hatipened to the zets but if it does, I'Ilizust ifieire it's part of the job-and for the owat, part of the eppanise of doing business, I ive seen it kempen at other thenterts in the chain, and it doesntt fook mbearable. Uniplemsidity yes.

One time, when the general hanager was in tow, $t$ got a caly trom hise to brabia homaredinch dollars out of the bor offibe and ruib coin to Central Lockup to bafl out the miamager of th:
 When he cailed again and told me not to bother, because the city manlager was ion the scene and matters were well in hand. No sooner had I dismissed the cab than be called back to ro tell met to put two hundred bucks in my pocket and get the hell dow therewthe minate the;


And then there are some of the phone cailst I dicn't know men even got the things until $\mathbf{F}$ started working there. The bebty I think, was from a couple that said they'd come down and buy: tickets if I'd some in had watich the movie with them. I don't know what they expected to accomplish with tiree pebple in a movie seat, but I figured I dotild go awhile longer. without finding out*

Ahd the time $I$ was stuck in the box office beceuse somebody dian't show up (at one time or ailother, I've done every, job in the theater except, fun the projector, and I probably would bave done that too if the union weren't so touchy-mand so efficient about keeping someone in the booth every minute) and someone with a Language problem knocked on the door to tell me he was finding it difficult to use the toiliet A At firgt, I wopdered what kind of a wierdo I was dealing with this time, but fingliy, I managed to get someone to watch the, post for me and went up to check. And there was this aude sitting ca the henry, cheerfully whacking his whang. I told him he'd have to do that elsewhere, because people were waiting to use the: facilities.

I could go on and on, and maybe I will nextish, but thig is the third page already and I'm sure at least one or two people are starting to fidget. ; So here $I_{\text {am, working at a porno }}$ bouse and enjoying the hell out of it. And it is nice to have a regular paycheck, no matter where it!s from. Yeah...sure is nice. My parents were in town a couple of weeks after I started, and they were so delighted to hear I was working, they didn't even care where.

There are compensations to getting zines out as late as this one (if, thatis, a zine with no schedule can be "late"). I don't have to make last minute changes in the WAHps (or IAHFs, for those who, like me, eschew the Editorial We) to accomodate Iate letters, Anybody I'm going to hear from on \#8, I heard from months ago But this doesn't mean I cap 't make an idiotic mistake. Bric Mayer!s letter was inadvertently placed in the wrong stack, and I neglected to mention it. Sorry, Kric.
by Faruk von Turk that elusive son 0 ? the desert

Built perforce upon the rotting ruine of time our minds peruse refused refuse to tidy disabuse the cozing multitudes whose perlinguations we daily deign to dignify by guiding errors off as they arise there with to egoboo ourselves by seeming wise but in this shallow wit we find a twisted road which writhes and then upsets our load for whatever are our actions the consequential rewards are ours as we!! if either these are wonderous good or give us awe of horror or even both at once as found the Roman senate that is remembered by a few for having torn the emperor Domitian's body (a form of impeachment sometimes used ir. those days when the enlightenment of civi!ized life was cultivated to a higher perfection than it is in our own time cf. von Turk's Famous Byguturcts; or Accius Naevius The Death of Romulus) which had the desired effect of ridding themselves of an odious ruler whose features they then also obllterated from every public place over which they had power but also in calling to them the wife of Domitian who was herself a noble member of the class of patres in order to show their magnanimity and to show that their actions were done only out of an odium for her husband and not from her or her family and because she herself was amohg the chiefest opponents of the late emperor and tocks no part in his oppobria offering her anything she wlshed which she accepted askin; only that she be allowed to bury the body of her husband and that one and only one statue if hin be erected in a place of her choice the expense of which she would bear which reques; the senate happily granted unknowing that she had already collected the torn parts of his Lody and sewed them together from which a bronze statue was cast and placed on the steps 0 the Forum to the Capitol on the right andhside showing both the features and the fate of Domitianus such that the senators having perpetrated the deed had to look at the atrocity whenever they would go to the Capitol foi the following six hundred years by which time tliz empire having evaporated few of those senators saw the need of any longer going to the Capitol. Likewise we fans who for years in proselytistic fervor sought to expand the audlence of our first favorite literary form by giving those who seemed to list in this direction books to read which we believed to fit their predilections best and recommended more than we could give. Whenever we would see somebody on a bus or on the street or in a class. who was reading our kind of book we would greet him like a brother. If we saw him in one of our favorite book shops at some of our most frequented piles fraternal friendship again arose which would often last for years and years. I know of one young fan of those dear far away days who after helping in the foundation of a local such coconspiratorial club visited each and every newsstand in the city putting slips of paper into the proper books and magazines in an effort to recruit more members therefor. We all might remember that in long ages gone there was much talk that if only one television show would treat of our subject in a way more serious than was their wont then the world would be more wonderful a place where our problems would melt like the dead. We remember also plain as if it were but nine years ago the tumult cheers as fandci. finished their first introduction to the sinestral Star Trek which then was hailed as that for which we waited the best and closest to our concepts ever done, which perhaps it was. Then recall to memory also the campaign to keep it on the air and then surcharged with th: victory even realizing for the most part that every story possible by its premise hed been propounded once again we sought to resuscitate the worming corpse whose living putrefactic infected fandom with the blight of trekkies. Here was the reward of our efforts--tine iruits of our proselytism. For it there is no cure but time yet still we should learn the prevention lest another more fatal sickness overcome us in health forgetting illness we make the same mistake again as did the nun of whom Alfonzo the Spaniard speaks when he tells us of her who even though she well knew a certain Cardinal she found herself in fear of falling from grace because of the fact that he had become pregnant thus throwing into doubt the faithfulness of her vow of chastity wich the cardinal came at once to sper': to her about after which consultation the cardinal found that by a miracle she was no linge. in an impregnated condition and in thanks she then at the suggestion of the cardinal wen on a retreat for the next three months after which she came under the tutelage of a cert priest whose miracle happened to be investigated as a result of which both the priest anc the nun were burnt at the next holy festin! from which we may learn as the old Frous misht say, "Chien eschaude craint l'eau froide." Thare is a man I see from time to time at odc cons who always asks what book I recommend to geople who show the interest I have described or what record I play since he also is a jasz ian to which I reply it depends on the person-
ality of the subject at hand. If he tends to hike the exposition of a finety drawn charaiater he needs must be given Captain Future lf he enjoys the deblcate isubtieties of the English tanguage some Morvel funny baok for him is best or if the tikes words precisely ause then tie must be förced to read a page of Robert Howard. In short any thing to convince them that this Buck Rogers stuff they do nat need. The folly of promoting onels own in teitests to others was recently brought home to yauf author at the present it me when he find hig in a junk shop several oriental fox frots fn sheetmusic form asked the proprietors thereof the price therefor which he put pt $\$ 2$ each even after pofnted putryat his usual price for such things was no more than 254 to which he answered that, Well, they got o whole orchestra that plays that stuff now and plenty of people are after it!i" So here after years talking, and weedling convincing and, gutting on von Turk himself has his reward. Von Turk, Finder of the Orifental Fox trot Jrlsmajistus of the Musicat Arcana, Emperor of the Shifting Sands, Creator of thls Zine being called Von Turkis Reclusian Ronton Zine because that is its name in as much as it was produced from beginning to end being written, composed, and printed by him at his press which is in Carrollton, must therefore pay more for his pleasure and who then resolves in future to propagate only his silence.
As noted above, Mr. von Turk's column this time wes previously published in Von Turk's Reclusion Ronton line, which appeared in the 63 rd Mailing of The Southern. Fandom Press
 this zine. Another instaliment or this epic will appear in an eariy number.
$4 \theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta \times \theta+\theta+\theta+\theta \cdots \theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta \times \theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta \cdots \theta \cdots \theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta \rightarrow \theta \rightarrow$
I've known von Turk something in the neighborhood of ten years, so I'm used to spme of his, uh, shall we say, peculiarlties, I'm tola by those who aren that his writing is sometimes difficult to read. I've never found it so, nyself, but if you do, I ve heard that it improves markedly when read eloud. If more than a page of solid type in bis style looks a little foreboding, try it topt way, You'ul find it rewarding. This time, in particular, aside from his usual drollstories, he has a message of importance to us all.
Another person TVE kiow for quite some timen is stven Carlberg. Some of the people getiting this might be familiar with his name, because they' 11 glready have received his latest genzine, Fladnag \#i. It's not Stven's firgt excursion into genzine pubishing, put fo. 0 think it's his best: back around 1970-71. Ad that saying a lot, because Sec was one of fy fayorite zines

Fladnag ranges from the sublime to the ridiculoug, from a perfectly lovely faanigh parody of P.G. Wodehouse's' style (which, 'Incldentinly, I tound fuch better thon anything Wodehouse ever wrote-his style is so utteriy cute $1 t$ makes me sick, and the coitent isn't worth rading through the style for) that even stands up as a good piece of fiction, to corresponlence with Suisan Ford on Coke and Pepsi that alriost secmis eeng in one or two spots. And the Alan Hutchinson cover dfesn't hurt it a bit.

Stven proposes to publish Fladnag every couple of months (tinu becoming the fourth publisher of a generally available zine to tie his schedule in witb the SFPA mailing period) and have it anailable by eat topien whim (I imagine a zine in trade, or a nice, fagish request followed by a loc will be quite sufficient). ft's a mailing list worth being on.

Oh yes. His address is 4315 W . Alabema \#4, Houston, Tex. 77027.

I guess werve all had unpleasant rim-ins with the Post offal, but they really outdid themselves with me'a couple of months ago. You've als heard about how letters whout stamps go In the deadletter file instead of being delivered postage-due, Itm sure. This Bold New Departure would be okay if the giue on their stamps were of minimai quality, but they were kind enough to return a stampless package to me instead of throwing it away-and I could see the outline of were the stamps had failen of in the cancelifing marks. i wrote an irate letter to the Postmaster General saying hencefortb $T$ in attaching stamps with staples, and received a reply from sameone with the consolation egoboo of e big title for a little. Job saying such things never, ever happen: Dotin rith the Postal Monopoly!

There is a long and pointless argument currently raging in SFPA. Actualiy, there are quite a few long and pointless argumentis currently raging in SFPA, but one of them is actually pointiless enough to mention here. That's whether dogs or cats are more desirable pets.

Now me, I put e lot of faith in wat you might call unconscious lore, the little distinctions people make without even thinking about them, I figure there must a reason that in fairy tales, traditions, andmated cartoons, and just about everyplace else you find talking animais; cats are vilisins. I mean, rats and mice are pretty scuzzy taings, but for some reason, cats are counted as being even worse.

Even in Punarbooks, there tre several dog superheroes, Lite Underdog, Super Goof and their ilk, and even characters like Super Mouse (The Big Cheese), Atomic Mouse (whose U-235 pily gave hil super powers) and the ever popular highty Mouse. Cats; tho, are more likely to appear as characters like Terrible Tom and Oilcan Harry.

But all of this isn't really why I disilike cats. One day, I was explaining ay aversion to them to Pat Adrins.

Being a humain being, I explained-and not just any buman being, but a whte, male, Apericen human beling wo-speaks Engilish-I am a representative of the most arrogant class of crecbures the world hase ever known. Haturally, in my relations with lesser beings (such as foreigners, animals and women) I expect to be acknowledged as The Master. Dogs acknevinderc my mastery. Cats do not. Therefore, I prefer the company of dogs.

As I expounded, Pat's huge Persian pussy leapt onto my lap and made motions like it expec. $c$. to be petted. Horified, I batted it halfwey across the room.

Pat calmiy surveyed the damage, slowly tonk a drag on his cigarette, and remarked thet i: was certainly interesting that I had such rational reasons for disliking cats.

Back in stikker \#5, I told the story of baving found the word "fanzine" in not one, but two non-fannish dictionaries (the 1961 Webster's Third New International, and the 1972 Supplew ment to the OED). That was awhile back, tho, and since then I've run across some new evidence that the word has Caught On.

The first time I heard it on the radio, it was explained as being a fan magazine. But I saw it in Writers' Dtoest several times, witbout a word of explanation, I was sitting at a lunch counter one dey several months ago, reading a copy of Ray Nelson's Garden Libhary, and someone struck up a conversation about $i t$, using the word. And one day, in the orice of one of the local weekly tabloids, I happened to notice the word "fanzine" in some beack line type that had just been set (it referred to a magazine being published by some rock music fans). There's no doubt that it's become a Real Word.

Not surprising, I suppose. It's a useful word and nothing else means quite the same thing. Whet"s surprising la that "egoboo," which refers to a much more universal buman crive, still basn't appeared in a single dictionary outside of fandom.


- guess most people reading this have seen Angus Taylor's attacks on the U.S. in Gegenschein. I was all set to send Eric Lindsay an amusedly irate letter, but didn't because I don't think I'could bear to see my accurate English spelling rendered into SR-l (I bonor his spelling peculiarities when I publish letters of bis-I don't see why be can't show the same courtesy to his correspondents).

I can't really get angry-atter all, dumping on the U.S. is fashionable everywhere, even bere (tho I do think that bere, where we pay taxes to it, welre gntitled). On7y one thing rankled, really--that was a description of his experiences at a protest rally in Washington. I really think that was going Too Far. Hey, Angus. We don't go to protest rallies in. Ottawa, do we?

I mentioned back there scmewhere that it's been ya couple of years since I've had a steady job. Gofng on three, actually, tho of courge. Itve done work of various types on a sporadic basis (I've got a mineo with a roracious appetite to support). The various types have included freelance writing, typesetting on a per-job besis, and an occasional regular job that lasted just long enoush for the boss to ffo out he really didn't like me (the maxinur duration or orfe those was ten weeks, and it was a real penance for nine of then). , $x$ x
One of my ravortte experfiences witir the freelance wríting, at least from the standpoint of having a good story to tell (of the "big one that got away" variety) happened when I was doing something for a weekly tabloid on a city-subsidjued racket involving towing cars, away.- It wes couple of frritating things arising from thif aspignment that made me resolve never again to have cnytining to do with efther the editor of the said tablold or Da Eric. "Deperdable Dave" Bookhardt; the photog?apher I Was Horking with on the story . But that's another tale altogether, and if you want to hear it you cañ get it from Depandable. in a version that I didn't even recognize wheh I first beara it.

Anywho, we decided we needed a picture of this guy who was flagrantly abusing a city contract, and since we didn't expect him to pose for us, we figured we'd have to get it from the cari. The first time we pessed by, he shot the finger at us just as the shutter clicked, which was just about as perfect a picture of him as we could imagine getting. Dependeble. tho, wanted to make sure we had $1 t$; so we dedded to pese back again and goad him into doing the same thing again if we could. Thil time, tho, be was on my side of the car, to $I$ had the honor of pointing the camera at him and pressing the button

He dia even better for us the second time He actualiy tried to put e fist through my face with a cemera poitted right at him. And fn the excitement of the moment in missed the shutter , button.

If I'd gotten that pleture, I would have goined the Press club for the first time in my six years on the local press, for the sole purpose of copping thefr annual award for best news photograph. And I missed the damn button. It's always the big one that gets awry.

And in the category ofoccasfonal regular jobs; there *s tbe time last March that my finances were particulariy low, even for me, and $I$ applied for a crumy job as a clert until sometbing better came along. Got it, and as my new boss looked over my application; be noted my name and said "Markstein, buh? You Jewish?"

I explained that fy father's fanily was Jewish up util a couple of generations ago, but I was anly haif Jefish racialiy and not at all culturaliy. He said moh. Reason I asked, see, is because I'm an Arab."

Oh boy, I thought, you and me eire gonnaget along just fine.
So when he finally got fed up and fired me, I marched right dom tó tit Unemployment office and started in about "That Ay-rab..."

Through it all, of course, I was putting in for decent jobs, and sometimes juist barely missing out on them. About the beginning of this year, to show you how desperate I was for sometring worthwhile, I came dangerously close to copping ten grand a year as PR man for the Loulsiana Superdame.

Since it just opened officially a couple of months ago, very likely most of you have heard of the Damned Stadium, Bow Orleans' answer to Watergate. More political maneuvering, more chicanery, more sheer evil hea gone into that builaing than into any other ten projecto the state bas donet in its entire bistory; and that inciudes the machinations of fuey, Long. The Louisiana taxpayers axe paying more for the Superdump than Sen:"Proxilre would allon for the SST. It was originally proposed at" $\$ 30$ million, and barely passed at"that, but when it passed the 200-megabuck mark, nobody was even surprised.

And I was applying for a job in public relations for it.
Times are hard. As I said at the time, for the money they were paying, I woila have accept-
ed a job doing public relations for Richard Nixon. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I wasn't given the option of accepting it. It finally went to someone else.

I applied for various others, of course, but either they decided on someone with more experience (that was the case at the Superdome-I've only had $3 \frac{1}{2}$ years of actually working on a newspaper, on salary, $y^{\prime}$ see) or it turned out that with actual professional experience, I was overqualified, even tho in such cases I always made sure to emphasize that I never did get around to graduating from college.

So I wound up a Porno Czar, of all the improbable things. The sequence of events that led to my applying for and getting this job is rather croggling, and maybe someday I'll give a complete chronicle. But I've been at it three months now, and at that, I feel permanently ensconced. As John Guidry put it when I told him about it, "I think this might be it, Don." And I think he might be right. Good money, and I'm enjoying the hell out of it.
$+\theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta \rightarrow$
I've become known far and wide as an evangelist for The Spirit, a large-size black and white comic book published by Warren Magazines. I'm not the only such person, of course, nor am I anywhere near the most prominent, but in my own small way, I've been pushing the thing. I've even managed to get a couple of formerly disinterested people hooked on it.

There is method in ny madness, of course. See, the character is one of those that crop up here and there throughout the history of American comic books, sort of like The Blue Beetle or Manhunter, each of which has been the name of a half dozen entirely separate and distinct comic book characters. This one, tho, no matter how many different publishers do him, is the same character, done by the same writer/artist, and, in fact, draws reprints from the same body of 1940 s stories. It's already failed several times, and I figure that if $I$ and other fanatics for him can get enough people hooked, maybe it'll be more of a commercial success this time around.

Naturally, the minute the reprints stop, I'll be singing a different tune. Wouldn't want back issues priced higher than I can afford, y'know. (Er...you're not gonna buy that
Uncle Scrooge, are you? Crud, I assure you, sheer crud.)
But as long as reprints are coming out regularly, I'll be trying to turn as many people as I can on to it. I'm sure at least a few people reading this didn't see my previous exposition on the subject, in Random \#l, so I figure it's worth a few lines to mention it here.

The latest issue, \#ll, is just out. Even at \$1.25, for eight black-and-white stories and no color section (which was present in all of the first ten issues), it's worth the frice. If nothing else, the variety shouid make it attractive. Within the same framework--sevenpage stories about a continuing character--there are sports stories, humor, a parody of ola radio drama, beautiful-but-deadly woman stuff, detective stories... Eisner doesn't stick to any particular type of stuff, even if he does write and draw about a character who wears a
mask and fights crime.
And each of them succeeds as a short story, never mind the fact that it's full of picture; instead of being just words. It's tempting to say that Eisner missed bis calling, that le could have been another John Collier or O. Henry, but that's not true. He's Will Eisner, and The Spirit is his calling.

You know, it's always a relief to see the new issue out. I always expect each issue to be the last-I know it's got to be dropped sometime, just like all the others. But it's already gone 11 issues, much longer than I expected. Another 18, I figure, and they'll have all of his postwar stories in print. The suspense is killing me.

Saw a lovely description of a movie in TV Guide a couple of months ago: "A pregnant younc widow arrested for illegal midwifery is shocked when she learns she has cervical cancer." Boy. Somebody got his jollies writing that one.

Speaking of funnybooks, I see where DC dropped 1 ts First Edition Reprint series. Every two months'see, they'd reprint an eritire frit issue of one of their comics from the Fabulous Forties, page for page, right down to the origithal edvertisements. I'm really going to miss it-eespecially since they never did get around to the two I wanted to see most of all, those of Captain Marvel and Plastic Main. They did, however, do Wonder Woman in Jantiary.

This thing was really increaible. It wasit the Wonder Woman I remember from the 50 s at all, even tho the Harry G. Peter artwork certalnly brought me back. By the time I started reading her, the accoutrements like the magic lasso had largely been forgotten. Even to the point where if it had occurred to me to wonder why Wonder Waman had been given a lasso in the first place, I would almost certainiy never have hit upon the right answer-so she could be tied up:with it, of course.

Tis
There were four Wonder Woman atories in thetr book. Each contained at reast two really topnotch bondage scenes: Sintirely too frequent to be accidental, hot to mention too blatant.
 every fiber clearly delineated and a big, phallic stub sticking out of the ball-like knot.

My favorite can be found on Page 7 of the third story. A kid-In a cowboy suitt--10oks to be about 4 or 5, I.d say-gets hold of the magic lasso R Renember, this thing forces the person tied-vith it to bend to the will of the one doing the tying:" He mripe it andua his Just barely, pubescent sister and says "Down on- your thees, women, anafbeg for mercy I" When she obeys him, he thinks "She's doin" it! she wast like thds gamet".
 along that. Wonder:Woman was kindi of kinky Don!t ask"me why, but when a woman runs around with spike-heel boots, metal on her head and wriats, a star-sparigled leather bething suit.... Don't ask me why, but when I see these things, I get suspicious. Even as recently as a. couple: of years ago, there was a cover that atrowed her strapped spreadeagle to a giant; flying phallic symbol. But thisestuff is simply croggling:
 twice dey. When he says Wonder Woman is a lesbian; be's not saying the ball of 3 .

I mentioned sopewhere in the vicinity of the lettercol that clear and incontrovertible proof exists that the intersection of Carrollton and Claiborne Avenues. in Intown Mew Orleans is: the exset Center of the Universe. In not going to go into the various proofs and plagisiaility: arguments here-mthey! ve been expounded on at great enough length to wbere I would imagine some people would rather read almost anything than sit through that routine again.

What hasn't been mentiomed to the point of utter futility is the fact that the curvature of the Universe, being so great this close to the Center, is responsible for some strange effects in New Orleans geography © (Otber factors, responsible to a, much leaser degree, are the fact that, having grown naturally just like any other urban isprawl, has the usual patchwork areas where sections settled separately merge; gnd the fact that most of the streets in same sections follow the curve of the Mississippi River.)

All of this combines to produce an effect that cen most charitably be described as :"odd." New Omleans is called the Crescent gity because it're sort of vaguely dhaped like one, but the shape is vague indeed... It's s wonder that the streets don't spiral in on themselves and all come together in a point, somewhere around the corner of Canal Street and Jeff Davis Parkway.

You reelly have to be born here to have any idea how it works. George Effinger; who wasn't, complains that be can start anywhere in the city, proceed in any direction, and sooner or later, he 11 cross Washington Avenue. Hels aimost right, but I once heard of someone who crossed the city from one side to the other, whitbout doing it. (of course, the next time he tried it, he crossed Washington twice.)

Let's stant with the besics. For getting around within the city limits, throw out your old
notions of North, South, East and West. The four winds in New Orleans are Uptown, Downtown, Fiver and Lake. The latter two refer to the Mississippi and Pontchartrain, respectively, and replace the older "back and Front," which are products of the time when the Port of New Orleans was "Up Front" and anything further from the River than Basin Street was "Back o' 'Iown." Up and Down are the directions of the River, of course. The traditional directions cre not merely unused inside the city--they are utterly meaningless in a municipality where the street that divides "Nortb" streets from "South" streets itself runs from what would be iJorth to South on the outside.

Aven this enlightened system leads to some confusion. Upperline Street, for example, is directly Downtown from where I'm sitting now, while Lowerline Street is Uptown. (They were, of course, the upper and lower lines of two entirely separate communities before New Orleans spread out and engulfed both in 1874.) But. it makes more sense to use this system than to tell someone his destination is West, watch him depart in the direction of the setting sun, ad hear later that he wandered into the Ninth Ward by mistake and was eaten by the natives.

We Ninth Ward, by the way, is an odd section. I have no idea what nationality settled there first--names tend to be Slavic and Teutonic among the older families, but the culture of the Ninth Ward is like nothing known to Europe in bistorical times. The language, too, is unique (although some witb tin ears to dialects compare it to Brooklynese). It's presumed to be a dialect of English (at least, English-speaking people understand it as well as anybody else does), called Yat. The name comes from the greeting "Way yat," which is cognate to the English nonsense phrase "Where are you at?" Yat is full of colorful phrases like "Jeet jet?" ("Have you dined?") and "It's teemin' down rain; raise de winda down." (In Yat, to raise a window is to move it. Windows can be raised either up or down.) Vari$\epsilon+j e s$ of Yat are spoken elsewhere in the city. Native interpreters are advised.

I'm not fluent in Yat, myself, so the above sampl? phrases are closer to phonetic English than to their actual pronunciations. There is as yet no written Yat language, the natives learning to read English with little apparent difficulty while continuing to speak Yat. If you'd like an excellent rendering of Yat onto paper, very close phonetically to the original, you'll find it in Krazy Kat. George Herriman was a native of the Ninth Ward, and bis making Yat the speech of Kokonino Kounty is a fantastic in-joke, comprehensible only in New Orleans.

It's undoubtedly the Yat influence that affected the names of our streets so oddly. And yet, Algiers, a section of the city located across the river, has almost no Yats, but still pronounces Socrates Street "Sew-crates." Iberville Street is pronounced with a long initial I. Burgundy Street has the accent on the "gun." Felicity Street is pronounced "Fella City." Clouet Street has two pronunciations, both correct. Uptown, it rhymes with "now bet," but the Yats call it "Clooey."

Starting in the Irish Channel and running through the Lower Garden District all the way into Broodmoor is a series of streets named after the nine Muses. Naturally, they bear names like "Melpomeen" and "Cally-0ap," but two deserve special mention. Euterpe Street is pronounced "You Twerp." Terpsichore Street was originally pronounced "Terpsy-Core," but in Channel Yat that came out as "Teppsy-Co'." Somet"me in the early 1950s, that pronunciation, influenced no doubt by the Milton Berle Show, gave way to "Texaco."

One more thing before I run out of room: A populer supermarket in a fringe-Yat neighborhood is called "Venice Gardens." Right--it's pronounc ad "Venus." I may have more on New Orleana geography later on--in fact, if I become convinced that there are two or three people who haven't heard it yet, I may even give the aforementioned proof some time. But right at the moment, the bottom of the page is approaching, and there's something else I want to say.
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I mentioned back near the beginning that you could tell from the enclosed card that I was a Porno Czar. It occurred to me, after I typed that, that it might not be too cool to send it to anyone that I don't know to be 18 or over. It's gone through a couple of apas; but that's private distribution, wbich is different somehow. So if a little business card didn't flutter to the floor as you opened this, that means (a) you already have it, (b) I don't know for sure that you're over 18, or (c) I ran out before I got to you.
 quite a pumber of iltters on 16 Therre aty pen carefutiy saved in a ifttle stack next

 bet I'm the only one reading this who atill has a clear memory of stikker f8) is another
 there are. So let ls delve into the pile nd ape wht we come up wtot

JIM SHULL, 5454 SYLMAR AVE, VAN NUYS, CA. $91401 \%$ YOA were'ryght about the pleture of Faruk von Turk [on the cover of stikker
 Orleans ohe friday afternoon. he had come In on fre fest bound frafn and had roll le of f In a Ripple, fodiced hightmare, Andway, when found himbefind iny offfee fithere the traln passesja he was muttering the words mon Tufk vor furk athinking thaqthis was a man

 he still then hod many hours of stappling off to go Before fwoutdegte ciear plcture of what he knew. More, if süre, wifl come from yhis soúrce.
[Sounds like you founat Two Hitati] He, knew he'd gone, West, but havent heard foch gim in awine, Teir him hello from us, and gisk him when he's coming home.]

But T did find this old pulp covertan a store yesterday. You fil find it enclosed, it séms yon Turk has done far mote than any of us lho ther pestur were led to bel leye. The signature on the cover is a colncidence. [Thank for semping it
 going to quibble. since you sent 80 mang, I got to use $1 t$ as a cover on this ztne.t



 about taking a crap, and it's at least three times as bad as merely having a clgarmpeact: fly into your face. My know novel aboit one man's exper I ences with roaches sounds 11 ke agrept daea. and you certainly have the skflyand the background necessery to write it.
 Cons lader Ing the oontents of some ofrthem, he thitht hot beofarifirom wrong. al can see some fatiosking his new ly-fantish wlite to wash oufthis undles and coming thome to find a soggy mass of pulp paper on his bed.

I hope Wertham tëplles fio your review, assuming you'll send him al copy II ajde and he did]. Wonder"how the could posstoty defend his ignorance:
 puzziffing and some apparentity due to misunderstandings.: It would take a whole articleffote justice to these different polnts. But I might mentlon a few of them.

When stäted that the saturatfon of young poople's minds; with brutal and violent images can be demonstrably unwholesome that does not mean that "an entire genaration" would be affected. Of course only susceptible ones are adversely affected. As with many other bad Influendes lin our society; many young people. have a lot of resistance against them.
[Ohy but' you're wrong! T Just e fev months aga; as Bruce Arthurs has already quoted me as saying, Faruk yon Turk and I were sitting on: als: front porch eating pried chicken. Wou'hbw" vou Tuirk' stide" "Werthem was absolutely right, Here we are, two guys who rehi EC comice when wejvere kids, and what do we do now that wetwere upi sit on the porch tearitit birds deartwith our teeth."
this business about many young people having a resistance is (a) rather self-defeatinj-if only weak-willed people succumb to such tbings, the thing to do is to work with them rather than depriving us healthy people of the material-and (b) just an excuse for the fact that not all EC readers went around setting fire to their teachers. Hardly very scientific. Face it, Dr. Wertham. The EC generation has grown up, and for all the gory funnybooks we read when we were kids, we're no better or worse than our predecessors.]

The world of Fanzines I point out especially that there are comics-oriented fanzines which have excellent writing and excellent art, some of which I reproduce. 501 am in the strange position of being blamed by critics for saying that some crime comic books are bad and equally blamed when I say that some comics-oriented fanzines are good.
[That isn't the
case at all, at least with me. Whenever anybody, even you, says that fanzines are good, I'll wave a little flag and cry "hear hear!" They may be the ultimate in throwaway litereture, but I love 'em. What I criticized you for was writing a book on a subject you really don't know anything about. I won't reiterate here-I used three pages of stikker \#7 pointing out your inaccuracies and mistaken interpretations and speculating on where you might have picked up some of the bizarre ideas you promulgated in that book. (If anybody is really interested. I might pull those stencils out and run a few more copies for those who came in late.) But if anybody is castigating you for saying nice things about fanzines, it ain't me, bebe.]

I thought I explained in TWoF that when I was given the first fanzine many years ago 1 did not know the fact or concept of a fanzine and thought it was something like a science fiction newsletter. [If you'd beld onto that impression, you might not have written such an inaccurate book.] For years after that I had nothing whatever to do with fanzines, and learned about them much later. They were not sent to me only on account of Seduction of the Innocent, but also in response to some of my other books, like Dark Legend, The Show of violence, The circle of Guilt, etc. [This isn't the impression given in the first chapter of your book. It's the impression I've bad for years, but if all I knew was what I read there, I would have thought your interest in them grew over a 30 -year period before you wrote the book. I did, incidentally, state "If he'd never written Seduction of the Innocent be would never have known what a fanzine was," and I'll stand by that statement. I don't doubt you've received them in response to your other books', but I do doubt that you would have gotten any at all if fanzine interest in you hadn't been aroused by that one biggie.]

I never either sald nor wrote that comic books "should be done away with". All I advocated was that the most brutal ones should not be displayed directly to young people of 13 or under. No code was necessary for that. [I admit to a smaill bit of hyperbole. I understand, tho, that you've said elsewhere that advocating what you did advocate does not constitute advocating censorship, which is considerably more distortion that what I said. I read Seduction of the Innocent, Dr. Wertham, and censorship is most certainly what you advocated.]

I included in the glossary only words which 1 found in several difierent fanzines. 1 did not think nor say that they were universal nor especially valid. never "saw a word once in a fanzine and concluded that it was current throughout fandom." [Perhaps not. I only said it was likely that you did. But if a word you included managed to escape my notice throughout my 13-year involvement with fandom, I must say, you couldn't, have seen it very many times before concluding it was current throughout fandom. And giver the plethora of words that are universal and especially valid throughout fandom, what was the use of picking out a bunch of anomalies that some teenage comic fan made up and that were never used by anyone else? At the very least, you should have labeled them as noncewords that you happened to glean from fanzines. By not doing so, you at least implied that they had wide currency.]

Yes, I think the personality of the editor of fanzines is often expressed in fanzines; but I did not imply that it was an "intrusion." [The word "intrusion" was my own construction of what you said. I think it's accurate, except possibly for some negative connotations it's picked up in some contexts, which is what I gather you're objecting to.]

Originally my text had too many names, so many had to be eliminated. 1 did not intend any completeness. You point out especially that 1 mention Richard Geis' fanzine several times, but not his name. He evidently didn't feel this was wrong, for he not oniv wrotet a mast understanding review of TWOF but has also asked me to write something for Thi.
[Your referring to Geis' zine as The Alien Critic rather than Science Fiction Review kind of jarred me--I didn't realize it had been that long since the last stikker. Anyway, I neither said nor implied that I thought anybody had a right to feel slighted at not being mentioned in your book--if I thought that, I would have been sligbted; I mean, averaging a fanzine a week for eight years is probably worthy of note. But I do think there are certain names that even the briefest overview of fanzines with any pretension to accuracy could not fail to note, and that Dick Geis is one of them. Others you failed to note are Bruce Pelz (probably the only person in the entire world who has published over a thousand fanzines) and Dick Eney (whose Fancyclopedia II would have been a valuable reference volume for you if you'd known it existed; and the fact that you didn't indicates considerable deficiency in your researci-and don't tell me you did know of it, because I simply can't believe someone would deliberately exclude Fancy from a book on fanzines. You did, however, refer copiously to the works of dozens of teenage comics fans of the late 1960s and early 70 s--I suppose because thoir fanzines were handy, whereas to do a balanced study would have required actually looking into the subject.]

TwoF deals with fan-
zines as a special means of communication. It is about fanzwies; not about fans. [I don't really see how you can separate the two.] Nid not go into the question of whether fans used drugs or not; but 1 did find some very good anti-drug statements in fanzines and as a physician who has seen a lot of harm done by drugs this is one of the reasons why 1 think fanzines deserve acknowledgement and praise. [As I said at the end of my review, "I'm glad he likes us. It's a shame he doesn't understand us." Too bad you have to like us for all the wrong reasons. For every anti-drug statement in a fanzine you can come up with, I can show you a statement on the glories of zonking out your mind. This is what I mean by an unbalanced "study." Anti-drug statements are whet you wanted to see; therefore, that's what you saw. If you were looking for what was really there, you would have written a very different book--but I think that can be said about everything you've written.

By the way,
Dr. Wertham, on Oct. 15, 1974, in an interview with Jay Maeder of The Miami Herald, you stated, "I get letters from comic-addicted people and they're always full of bad spelling." That's not a very flattering thing to say about me.]

DAVID KEVIN KLAUS, 1125 HAWKSTONE LANE, ST. LOUIS COUNTY, MO. 63125: Re: your definition of a. fanzine in stikker \#7: Tim Zell gets Saturday Review in trade for G̈reen Egg. [It's conceivable that one or two people might have forgotten the definition in question. To reiterate, a fanzine is, any periodical I get free in the mail. This makes Algol and Science Fiction Review fanzines, but excludes Yandro and Granfalloon. Note the pronoun. This is my definition, so it's geared to my mailbox. I don't know what Tim Zell's definition is. Maybe he cioes consider Saturday Review a fanzine.

By the way, I guess this is a good place to register en amused gripe. In the latest issue of Karass, Linda, Bushyager says that Algol and SFR "obviously ineligible" for the fanzine Hugo. To Linda Bushyager, perhaps. Apparently not to the majority of Hugo voters.]

Also, since you dislike a well-made show like Star Trek, I'd like to hear what you think of such garbage as Lost in Space, LFO, The Starlost, The Six Million Dollar Man, etc.
[I puzzled over this sentence for some time before I realized that Dave has apparently confused me with Faruk von. Turk, whose piece on The Origin of Star Trek appeared in stikker \#6. I never said I didn't like it. Matter of fact, I've always enjoyed a good ol' shoot-'em-up space opera, and the stupider the hero is, the better I like it. As sf series go, Star Trek has been surnassed (I still have fond memories of Captain Video), but it's not that bad a show. As for the others, Lost in Space at least had the saving grace of being funny, and I won't say a word against it. Never having seen the rest, I decline to express an opinion.

But since it was apparently Faruk yon Turk's column on the subject that provoked your response, I passed your card on to von Turk for a reply. It appears forthwith (or if not forthwith, one of those Midde English adverb/ive preposition combinations). I think you'll find it informative as well as entertainingol

FARUK VON TURK, 1903 DANTE ST., NEW ORLEANS; LA. 70118: I should wish to ask why he and others believe my Star Trek article was meant as a put down to Trekkies or to trekdom in general. I have rather given their only reason for existence a justification that is to say 1 have supplied their primitive propositions. You will no doubt also think that when I tell you that the amount of letter received by NBC concerning Star Trek was equal more or less to the number of letters that was gotten about The Monkees plus the number of SF fans at the time which would tend to indicate that most of those letters were Monkees fans who saw the resemblence to their idols in the actions of the Star Trek actors and confusing the two shows wrote to protest Star Trek's cancellation as well it is meant as an insult to that group which one could do if he wished to do indeed.
$* \theta * \theta \rightarrow \theta+\theta * \theta * \theta * \theta \rightarrow \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta \rightarrow$
DAVIO SINGER, EUCK 21 - BOX 264, R.P.I., TROY, N.Y. 12181: + can't give a long description of my reproductive device
in $D 6$ [Why? Because it isn't long?]; mostly because 1 don't own any (other than the one which comes as standard equipment on the male human, of course, but l've never produced any fanzines on $1+$ ). [I gave a talk on fanzine production at a local con recently (being the local Publishing Jiant), and noted that the first tbing you need is a good reproductive device. You grasp it firmly by the crank and give it a little spin...]

1 agree with
your statement about the temperature of beer. The other night, when I had a Heinekin, I mentioned that it was being served too cold, basing that remark on the statement right there on the label: Serve at. 45-50 F. No one else at the table had even noticed it; nor had they realized it because they couldn't taste it. Unfortunately, I couldn't let the beer warm up properly, because the pizza was getting cold much faster than the beer was warming, and while cold beer isn't all that great, cold pizza is really miserable. [As imported beers go, tho, Heinekin is one of the colder optimum-temperature ones. British beers should all be drunk at room temperature.]

What is the golfball you do the lettercol in? It looks more-or-less like Dual Gothic; is it? [Yes. I have four golfballs-elite, dual gothic, script and ounBow.]

HARRY WARNER JR., 423 SUMMIT AVE., HAGERSTOWN, MD. 21740: I think there's a reverse problem involving movie screen sizes. [This, in response to a complaint of mine in \#8 that old movies shown on Cinemascope screens often have the tops and bottoms cut off.] I don't see many real live movies, but the occasional one 1 attend seems to waste most of the extra acreage created by the wide screen, keeping all the important matters toward the center. 1 suspect that this is a practice that has sprung up since television started to buy rights to recent feature films. Older wide-screen movies that turn up on television sometimes lose an important character or a key prop because the tube cuts off anything that was filmed at the far end of the frame. I haven't noticed much loss of this type on more recent films which turn up on tv.
E. Hoffmann Price's opinion of Gernsback is far from unique, although 1 don't reme..ber seeing it expressed quite as strongly in fanzines up to now. One possibility would, to alter the course of history as in 1984 and consider the Hugos named for Hugo T. Firefiy, of movie fame. The outcome of some Hugo competitions in recent years would make such a now version of their origin quite credible.
$+\theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * 0 * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta * \theta \rightarrow$
POCTSACRDS: Mike Gorra says "l'll bet cigar roaches don't exist. "If they're so ugly, run a photo of them, via von Turk's printshop, thru stikker. I want to see them." No you don't, Mike. You only think you do. Greg Bridges adds "We seem to be breeding a variety of small cockroaches which are albino. Makes them much more difficult to see running across the floor, refrigerator, or counter. So far there haven't been too many of them but l expect a deluge before long. They are obviously better suited for survival in kitchens." In your kitchen, maybe. A cigar roach would probably stomp them.

EOB VARDEMAN, BOX 11352, ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. 87112: Mike Glicksohn should have asked me for a tour of the cockroach eateries here in Albq. While we don't actually eat cockroaches, we do have some fine specimens. I'd like to refer him to the book by Saunders and Waldrop, The Texas Israeli War: 1994 and the fun cockroach hunts mentioned. They grows'em bililg in these heah parts. [Uh, you've never seen a cigar roach, have you, Bob? 1

And read Ed Bryant's story about breeding cockroaches for eating. Man might be able to get valuable protein from cockroaches...there are only 2 or 3 varieties of fish or animal (and they are tropical, poisonous fish) that man can't att. I understand grubs and maggots are very rich protein sources. What with our present economic policies, we might have to resort to such delicacies. [It might be difficult from a PR point of view to get people to eat cockroaches that look like cockroacbes, but I dons ${ }^{3}$. see why roach paste can't be marketed like peanut butter.]

1, too, was an avid follower of
Scrooge many years ago. It no doubt warped me greatly and gave me an unabiding fondness: for the game of Monopoly.

There was a panel discussion on Wertham and fmz that I had the honor of participating in at the last Westercon. The general concensus was that Wertham was not, very Baconian in his approach; he presented his theories as a postulate, then accepted only data that tended to support his position. In all fairness, the fmz he constantly mentions did not have great raps on dope or astrology in them before 1969 or so, when Wertham more or less ended his study. A few zines were mentioned after that date, but most of his basic research was done before then, apparently. mAlso, it is onty natural that he lean more towards the comics fmz; after all, it was the good doctor that castrated the comics back in the 150 s . And no, I did not mean "castigate."

The academicians wonder why some fans (like me) are a trifle bit frightened when they dlssect our microcosm. I content that my paranoia comes from thelr basic lack of understanding of why we do the dumb things we do. Not once does a clear, believable reason of why a person can even consider publishing a fanzine come out. Wertham tried to justify it as "a method of communication; true, but 1 thlnk there must be more to it. In their lofty. ivory towers of objectivity, they can't sample something as subjective as fandom and do it justice. And if they dirty their fingers by dabbling in fandom, they lose the "respectable objectivity" supposedly required of them in their researches. Of course, when a PhD thesis can be proposed on "Notes found in the margins of 150 copies of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" I begin to wonder...
$+0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \rightarrow 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \times 0 \rightarrow$
SAM LONG, BOX 4946, PATRICK AFB, FLA. 32925: I don't have a TV myself, soll can't really' say much about either of the programs you: mention, but what I have seen of them doesn't turn me on. Planet of the Apes has good makeup and such, but it leaves a lot to be desired as far as dramatic content is concerned. Nor do I particularly care for horror-type programs, especially where they have "conven-. tional" werewolves. Because werewolves exist--they are men possessed by the wolf-spirit who go (or at least in times past, went) to live with wolves for a greater or lesser length of time, to persuade them to keep from preying on men's herds. Men who became werewolves did not lose their human aspect.

Nor, it seems, do the poor chaps who have, or rather, had, to dress up like dinosaurs during the making of those films like Godzilla us Perry Mason (the first G movie starred Raymond Burr, believe it or not), because the monsters were always too erect. Have you ever noticed that, with the exception of Rodan, none of the . names of those Japanese monsters was good Japanese? The closest a Japanese could come to Godzilla is Go-du-tsi-ru, there being no $/ 1 /$ in Japanese, and every syllable must end in in either a vowel or $-n$. It's hard to make a good monster. Remember the time Matt Dillon. played a gigantic Carrot from Outer Space, whom the Good Guys had to electrocute? [Indeed... I do, Sam, and I thought I was the only one who remembered the comic book parody of the movie that actually depicted him as a giant carrot.]

You know, of course, that James $T$.
Kirk's middle initial stands for "twit," don't you? You know who's going to be Admiral of the Star fleet one of these days? Sulu. He's the only one around with any sense. [It in. is my understanding that having sense is not a requisite for promotion in that particu?ar Federation.]
"arse" was cognate to Greek uppoo. I'd like to have seen that article of yours on the derivation of four-letter words. [Actually, it was more on four-letter derivations of ordinary words, like "jazz," "jerk," "raza," etc., which, now that you mention it, are four-letter words.] Not too long ago Mae Strelkov asked in one of her Tongzines what "twat" meant, so I wrote her and told her. Robert Browning thought it was part of a nun's habit! [The OED lists it as "000" ("of obscure origin") but Partridge says to confer twachylle = twitchel, a passage, and the dialectal twatch, to fill a gap. He also lists twachel as a diminunitive thereof, probably just as putz is a diminunitive of shmuck (well, maybe not etymologically...). I did the necessary conferring and found that the OED lists twitchel as being Anglo-Saxon and doesn't give any cognates, and doesn't list twatch at aill, even in the Supplement. I would have checked the Century, but there's a limit to the number of massive tomes I'll pick up just to answer an offhand remark in a fanzine loc.]

Some Slavic words apparently lack vowels, like Krk, a Yugoslavian place name. But the $R$ is the vowel there. But except for some sounds, like mmmm, shhhh, tsk, hnh, and so forth, all English words that I know of have vowels--or at least a vowel.

DAVE HULAN, P.O. BOX 1403, COSTA MESA, CA. 92626: There is one word in English that's written without a vowel. The word is "nth." 1 It's in the dictionary, not as an abbreviation, proper name, or foreign word. [I checked the American Heritage, and sure enough, there it was. But it's certainly not in the Dictionary, which is Jobnson's.] it!s pronounced with a vowel sound, of course, but it isn't spelled with one. It's the only one I know of, though.

Czech is the worst languiage 1 know of for getting along without vowels, though. You can say whole sentences in Czech without a single vowel, or even a vowel sound as we know them. A sample my Russian prof (a Czech by birth) gave us was "Stre prst skrz krk", which means "Stick your finger down your throat", more or less. The Czech "r" isn't nearly as vowel-like as the American one, elther-much like the Spanish "r", it's a tongue-trill. But it's the closest thing that sentence has to a vowel.

JOE WALTER, P.O. BOX 1077, FORT BRAGG, CA. 95437: The roaches around here may not be big, but what they lack in size they more than make up for in meanness. I had this cousin who had cockroaches all over in her house, and you'd better believe that it was an ordeal spending the night there. Every once in a while I'd spend the night there and sleep in the living room. In the morning I'd usually wake up and find myself off in the corner behind the TV set because the roaches had praempted the couch for an all night poker game.

One time 1 loaned my cous in the portable record player (without thinking, of course), without realizing that she would be keeping it in her roach infested house for several weeks. When I finally got the record player back, I took it out to the back yard where I opened up the bottom for inspection. As I had suspected, all the working parts had been transmuted into cockroach food (the little bastards will eat anything). And there 1 was without a record player for almost a year.

Tell you
what, Don, how about mailing me one of these cigar roaches that you are so fond of talking about. You can even send it $\operatorname{COD}$ (as long as you provide a leash). [If you come to Louisiana, sure, but they're not crossing state lines at my instigation.] l'd also like a list of things that it won't eat (in other words, will it eat my cat when l've got my back turned). [No, because it will already have eaten your cat while you were looking right at it. So: A list of things cigar roaches won't eat:

POCTSACRDS: Mike Glicksohn states, "I sympathize with you: a beer connoisseur in the United States is a contradiction in terms, like a gourmet trapped in a MacDonalds." And Dwight Decker says "The famity that stomps cigar roaches together..." Uh...robs stage coaches together? (Well, they can't all be gems.)

PETER ROBERTS, 6: WESTGOURNE PARK WILLAS; LONDON: W2, ENGLAND: A medical pressure group in the UK is lobbying for the change of the law in regard to "death"g being organ transplant freaks, they're anxious that people should be classed as dead when their brains cease to function (rather than their hearts). Cue for cartoon - Wilson to Ford: "you're very welcome to visit Brittain, but I can't guarentee your safety;" [That!s a rotten thing to say about Our President. Funhy as hell, but a rotten thing to say. Actually; Ford has been an ineffectaal; bumbling clod as President, but that 's juat what the country needs right now-another siseniower. He's a sweet old suy even if he isn't smart, and depending on what power-mad. evil jerson the Democrats put up in "76, I just might vote for him.]

As the newly ordained:High Priest of
Herbangelism for the isles of Beltain, lthink lishould settle the questlons as to the tenets of the movement: respect for Roscoe is, of course, essential, together with a plous and sincere hope that we may all one day be gathered together In That: Gol den Beaver Lodge: In The Sky, there to pub our ishes throughout trufannish eternity; a:compretensive collection of herbs is naturally to be assumed (though. I confess I!m temporarily out of devil!'s: guts); finally a working knowledge of Albanlan is helpful, In preparatlon for the Coming of the First Albanian Fan (may it be soon! may it be soonl),

A friend of mine went to America some time ago, incidentaliy. It cost him all of Elo. The catch? He stayed at a rural Indoctrination camp as the guest of the Rev. Moon. No kidding." Butthe enjoyed it all Immensely (despite reports in the British papers about trouble among the students at the: camp). The first day he was there, he organlzed a union which then told the camp authoritles what they could do with some of their less comfortable plans (early morning showers, pep talks, and what have you). Affor many running argumentsiwith the Moorimeny he (and other uncooperatives) were virtually pald offt-gtven a large amount of money and told to go away for a while. Basically, he found that money was an important part of the practical philosophy of. the Church: they gave him money when he argued in the seminars, they gave him money when he said he was fed up, and they even gave him money when he caught a cold...As I sald, he had a good time.

Thanks aga in guv' nor - 1 look forward to future issues of Stinker. [Stinker, huh? By the way, Peter, do you happen to heve any relatives named Elopsy, Mopsy and Cottontaili]
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ROBERT WHITAKER, 4612 HAVERFORD PLACE APT. 7, WILMINGTON, DEL. 19808: Faruk von Turk is In itself, Poly vinyl ciorlde (as the Turk capltalizes it is quite slightix in error. cancer causing agent only wen mixed with fople it becomes a cancer causing agent only when mi xed with formaldehyde. ; The newspapers screamed a mite because there exist communities where bot h poly vinyi chlonide and formaldehyde are made, and the smokestacks from the lndependent factories belch out traces of the chemicals into. the alr. And the only people, who have to worry about cancer from these substances are morticlans who play records a great deal.
$+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+0+\theta+0+0+0+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta+\theta \rightarrow \theta \rightarrow \theta+\theta+$
ROBERT JENNINGS, RFD 2 , WHITING ROAD, DUDLEY, MASS, 01570: One of the 1 reasons you probably. didn't hear much comment on; ithe Wertham book (actualily two or three reasons) I sfirst, at ten bucks a throw, not many people have bought or read the brok ( not me baby, not my heard earned ten buckiki, second, why try to comment about anything Wertham writes? He has his opinions enshrined in a hard cover book a reference book that is doubtless well on Its way to belng distributed to, unlversities, llbraries etc. etc. all across, the country, He. already has the last word. Nothing you can say to or about him makes any difference, and iff he maintains, hilis same generai attitudes as with his past material', he really wouldn't list or acpept anything fans might. say in criticism anyway, and. third, who the hell really gives a shit? You sald it righto the first time, glad he saw us, sorry he missed the point(s) of the whole ball game. So what? So what if the guy got terms backward, edited, materilal, rewrote comments, falled to examine in depth? So what If he did almost everything wrong? it isn't golng to affect me, or yous or anybody else involved in fandom, not even, comics fandom which he directedimost i , of his efforts towards, so who the hell cares? i. donlt.
E. HOFFMANN PRICE, P.O. BOX 406, REDWOOD CITY. CA. 94064: Your fun with linguistics is always interesting. I was reflecting on how Latin was for the rabble, whereas people of distinction and elegance spoke Greek. Hence, St. Jerome's Vulgate. For Illiterate bastards, the Lower Classes, the Oafery, as it were.

Now to Merrie England. Folks of elegance, refinement, culture, said, or, at least, wrote, urinate--defecate, and referred to el qotta (Arabic, ze pussy [see the lettercol in stikker T1) as vagina. And there was coitus and coition (check spelling; we never wrote those elegant words on crap-house doors). I will not sully this chastely typed page with the Anglo Saxon four letter equivalents, if only because you already know them, and, I fancy, feel far more at hohe with honest Anglo Saxon--cunt, for instance, has about it a heartiness which its Latin counterpart wholly lacks.

All this is odd. I appeal
to you, in your role of researcher in linguistics, to figure things out. In English, vagina is refined, elegant, proper; in Latin, that same word, being in the speech of the vulgar, e.g., on a par with St. Jerome's Latin Vulgate, must have been a crude, low, pleblan expression, as indecorous as, for instance, as saying el qotta in a Syrian salon. So, what was the polite word for " $i+$ " in the days when Latin was vulgar, and Greek was the speech of the elegant? Was that the it to which someone referred when he said, "The Greeks had a word for it?"

In the interests of more refined and elegant usage, I beg of you to consider this in the next issue of Pot Sticker--er, Tandt--1 bow three times.
[Of course, you are undoubtedly aware that once we ascertain the word used for "it" by refined and elegant Romans, we've only pushed the question back one step, and the next one is a bit more difficult. Did refined and elegant Greeks, for example, use an Egyptian or a Sanskrit word...? ]

LINDA PEARCE, 1217 S. ASH ST., OTTAWA, KANSAS 60667: My English class at Ottawa University, ticularly fanzines. I would appreciate your sending a sample copy of Tandstikkerzeiting that our class might examine. [Phnph. Hmpp...He! Haba. Heeehaha! Hahaaahohnowahee... hoho. Hawhahahahoop! 00 hoo hoo! Sure thing, Linda. Hahawhoo! Hahahahawhaw! Heehehebehehob

SEAN SUMMERS, BOX 160, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK. CANADA: 1 think the question of foreign cigar roaches is a mixup in terminology.
Until you compare a Burmese cigar with an American one, you can't understand the differenca between a New Orleans cigar roach and a Rangoon cigar roach [except that none but the New Orleans breed are worthy of the name]. I think the relationship is similar to that betwee, a docile water buffalo and a wild Cape Buffalo or Guar. The American version is the domesticated variety, the foreign version is the ferocious, wild variety. [There are ten million cigar roaches reading this over my shoulder who swear you'll never get out of New Orleans alive if you ever set foot hered Now here I agree with you: I can't understand why anyone would domesticate a cigar roach. But there must have been some reason. Do they make good watchdogs? Perhaps they were an important Ingredient in Mexican witches' charms or cauldron recipes? Maybe they're around to relncarnate nasty people into. (An Atilla the Hun Cigar Roach?) Also, do the noisome beasties range into the Heart of Texas? [Heart of Texas? They don't, even go as far West as Opelousas. Only New Orleans has cigar roaches.]
you the fellow who proved that the Center of Universe was in back of the men's bathroom at a New Orleans rallroad station? Or was that Faruk von Turk? [It was a joint thesis, worked out in 1968 and first printed in '69. And it wasn't a railroad station, but the motormen's John at the intersection of Carrollton and Claiborne Avenues, about eight blocks from here. I'd give the proof, but it should be obvious to everyone anyway.]
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POCTSACRDS: Eric Lindsay says "I'm in favor of shooting them with rubber bands, a medium that requires a steady trigger hand and keen eye, thus restoring an etement of sportsmanship to the encounter." Ha. Cigar roaches shoot them back.

BUCK COULSON, RT. 3, HARTFORD CITY, IND. 47348: Noted Mike GIIcksohn's comment that you couldn't get a discussion of Wertham's \#7 to see what you did say. I can nitpick at least. Fanzines do, of course, deal with astrology, sports and dope (though damned few outside of FAPA deal with sports, and FAPAzines are not all that available to outsicers). But if they didn't, it would have no bearing on whether or not they were an unfettered form of communication. (I realize it's a German tradition that anything not verboton is compulsory, but don't get carried away by the idea.)

There are no indispensible fannish terms, so Wertham couldn't have left any out. [Au contraire, Buck, there may not be very many indispensible fannish terms, but there are certainly some. The word "fanzine" itself is incispensible in the sense that any word can be indispensible-i.e., if we didn't have it, we d either have to use several words for the idea or invent another one-word equivalent. And the word "egoboo" is so indispensible that I can't understand how the world got along for so many centuries without it before it was invented by fandom. Neither of these words was critted by Wertham, of course, but his definition of "egoboo" was at considerable variance from any meaning I've ever heard it to have, and the fact that he didn't understand the word "fanzine" was what the review was all about.]

The World of Fanzines isn't - and was never supposed to be - a definitive study. $1{ }^{1+1}$ s an introduction to fandom; published solely for those academics who never heard of science fiction until last year when their department heads assigned them to teach it, and plo are desperate for background information on the field. Is it a good introduction? $1: 1 . . .$. it's $^{\text {' }}$ the best there $i 5 . . . .$. . Of course, I'm cheating a bit there, since the reason it was published is not at all the reason it was writterr. But what the hell.) [And tuat on the off chance that anybody misses the point of one statement there, let me mention the reason it's the best introduction there is is simply default.]
bjections l've seen concentrate on Most of the fan erences between science fiction fander (hent didn' define any difmore vital objections, but you slop over a bit into the "never the twajn shall meet" syndrome, too. [I don't think so. My objection was that he sort of glossed over the fact that tinere are distinct types of fanzines and then proceeded to ascribe the characteristics of comics fanzines to all fenzines.] It seems beyond the comprehension of these critics that to a total outsider there may not be all that much difference between comics and stf ifandom. The object - communication with one's fellows through the printed medla - is identical. To
a non-tan, that fact.alone puts the two together; differencesiare trivial. a non-tan, that fact alone puts the two together; differencesiare trivial. [Theit fect 1 . alone, then, also makes underground newspapers, books published by Arlington House, and most newsstand publications fanzines. It's absurd on the face of it, Buck.

Incidentally, since I do operate to a limited extent in comics fandom (and would do more if.more of them were interested in commicating with their fellows to the point of trading), I saw a review of the book in a comics fanzine that criticized it for not paying enough attention to comics zines. What nerve! Over $80 \%$ of the fanzines mentioned were comics variety.]
around when Gernsback was publishing (well, I was around, but not reading sci wash't However, since his science fiction magazines kept going bankrupt, I have this fe fiction), any "living like an East Indian maharaja" that he did came more from his profits off that little publication called Sexology than it did from his stf mags. (1'm in no position to defend the feeling if Price says I'm wrong, but I'll stick my neck out anyway.) More or: less incidentally, I've managed to read enough pulps to know that Price was indeed more of westerns, though.

POCTSACRDS: Dan Dias remarked, "Regarding your subscription policy, I pity the poor fool who sends in a considerable amount of money for a lengthy subscription to your fanzine." So do I, Dan. Thanks for the buck, by the way. I drank a beer in your honor. Timsie Marion reaffirmed as of $11 / 15 / 74$ that "No, it doesn't offend me for you to call me "Timsie. '" And Brett Cox queried, "Why does Spock wear red suspenders?" I dunno. To hold his ratings up?

BRUCE D. ARTHURS, 920 N. 82ND ST. H-20T, SCOTTSDALE, AZ. 85257: The reason Mike Glicksohn around where he lives is because the roaches have enough brains to live in warmer climates. That's why roaches are usually seen in heated homes. OOf course, you might raise the example of how unheated ghetto homes are usually described as filled with scuttling roaches. The key to that, of course, is that they're scuttling; they're scuttling off to someplace where it's warmer.) Actual ly, I'm surprised that people even live in Virginia. Do you realize that these people actually have snow in the winter? [Good God!]

My brother wrote me an interesting letter the other day. He mentioned that whenever he meets up with a deho-l. vah's Witness, his St. Christopher's medal has the same effect on them as a cross to a vampire.

Believe this or not, f've seen my own mother pouring a bottle of Elmer's Glue-Al|, into white bread. Not to eat, I'm glad to admit; the bread and glue was mashed intor a' , stiff dough, colored with food coloring, shaped into little sculptures of früt and vizger, tables, and set out to dry. Hard as a rock when they were done. A little shellaic andthey were even waterproof. [And the children in Bangladesh are starving.]

POCTSACRDS: Chuck Holst reminisces about "The time 1 offered my cat a saucer of beer. She turned around and tried to cover it." Jobn Carl challenges, "Send me a photograpn of a 'cigar roach's sitting next to some criterion that can be used to judge its size-a pencil. for example." How about a Mac Truck, John? John R. McWilliams wants to know if I'll con.. tribute an article or two to his encyclopedic catalogue of cartoony matters. Could be, John. Tell me a little more about it, okay? Frank Denton says, "Will you be delighted is I tell you that stikker is one of the few zines I sit right down and read Cover to Covar? Probably not." Oh, but you're wrong! I love it! (Actually, I got a number of remarks like that, but can't very well expect people to sit through mure than about one per issue. While I glory in comments on what a great zine this is, they have about as little chance of being printed as aspersions against my morals for publishing it.) Stven Carlberg claims, "The only Guinness Stout 1 ever drank acted on my bowels approximatly as would an equal amount of castor oil. Beer is to Guinness Stout as bread is to pumpernickel." Peasant!

IAHF: Gretchen Schwenn, Jeffrey B. Kipper, Andy Porter, Don D'Ammassa, Ken Budka, Murray Moore, Moshe Feder, Gordon Garb, Steve Beatty, Rick Brandt, Henry Lewis, Gary Brown (who sent along an article about how the Regal Brewery in Miami is closing--the one in New Orleans closed about 1962, leaving us witb only four [sigh]), Brad Parks, Rob Solomon, Pauline Palmer, W.C. Rhomberg, Roger Bryant, Jodie Offutt, Rose Hogue, G. Sutton Breiding, Jan Appelbaum (who sent a very nice three-page loc full of printable stuff and appended "Do Not Print"), Peter J. Thorpe, Wayne DeWald, Joe Brancatelli and Ken Amos. Wish I had roo..

Not my beat edited lettercol, but then it's not easy getting readable copy out of comments on a year-old fanzine (tho it helps to have as much to choose from as I did--good stuff, too. Also, if I weren't a bit rusty, I would have done some editing and winnowing before I


