

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 happen 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 69th 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. Postage 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 a 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 he didn't draw it. All writing in this typeface is by the editor. Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication #283. AM167. Printed in Occupied CSA. This stencil cut-Oct. 15, 1975. comi s del fondistre I do line. with the

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 ago. 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.

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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 there--I've been transferred several times in the three months I've been with the company).

Now, you probably have visions of your typical 16-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 in, climb three flights of dimly-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 (the 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 high-class place. It's the plushest perno 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 than 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 measure I've found that I like running theaters, but I don't care for fuck flicks very right.

Even 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 hard-core 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 bust. 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" routine 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 have about 20 free passes for their clients. I said I'd be glad to send them, if this was the type of 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 homuch 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, happened while I was at the Cine Royale, on Canal Street, which was up until a couple of weeks ago 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 understand me. By sticking to this attitude, we speakers of English have made the entire orld 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 12-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 "'ξλληνικη."

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 movie?" I nodded. He bought a ticket.

While I'm on the subject of "slowly, distinctly and loud," there was an entertaining incident one day involving the popeors lady, whose native language is Spanish but who speaks English quite well. One of the aforementioned Orientals with the extremely limited vocabularies asked for some popcorn, and she wanted to know if he wanted it plain or buttered. Naturally, seeing that he didn't understand her, she repeated the query. Slowly, distinctly and loud. In English.

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

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Which reminds me, for some reason, of when somebody came up to the box office and wanted to know if people actually Do It right on the screen in these movies. He apparently didn't have the gutterfilth vocabulary necessary to phrase his question, so he merely stammered and gestured a lot. Finally, I made a circle of my thumb and forefinger and thrust a pen through it several times. He said "Yeah, that's 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 busted springs to mind immediately. It hasn't happened to me yet, but if it does, I'll just figure it's part of the job-and for the owner, part of the expense of doing business. I've seen it happen at other theaters in the chain, and it doesn't look unbearable. Unpleasant, yes.

One time, when the general manager was in town, I got a call from him to grab a hundred wood dellars out of the box office and rush down to tentral Lockup to bail out the manager of one of the other theaters, who had just been busted. I was out front; waiting for a cab, when he called again and told me not to bother, because the city manager was on the scene and matters were well in hand. No sooner had I dismissed the cab than he called back to tell me to put two hundred bucks in my pocket and get the hell down there—the minute the city manager stuck his head in the door, they arrested him too.

And then there are some of the phone calls. I didn't know men even got the things until I started working there. The best, I think, was from a couple that said they'd come down and buy tickets if I'd some in and watch the movie with them. I don't know what they expected to accomplish with three people in a movie seat, but I figured I could go awhile longer without finding out.

And the time I was stuck in the box office because somebody didn't show up (at one time or another, I've done every job in the theater except run the projector, and I probably would have done that too if the union weren't so touchy—and 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 toilet. At first, I wondered what kind of a wierdo I was dealing with this time, but finally, I managed to get someone to watch the post for me and went up to check. And there was this dude sitting on 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 this is the third page already and I'm sure at least one or two people are starting to fidget. So here I am, working at a porno house 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, that is, a zine with no schedule can be "late"). I don't have to make last minute changes in the WAHFs (or IAHFs, for those who, like me, eschew the Editorial We) to accomodate late letters. Anybody I'm going to hear from on #8, I heard from months ago. But this doesn't mean I can't make an idiotic mistake. Eric Mayer's letter was inadvertently placed in the wrong stack, and I neglected to mention it. Sorry, Eric.

by Faruk von Turk that elusive son of the desert

Built perforce upon the rotting ruine of time our minds peruse refused refuse to tidy disabuse the oozing 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 in those days when the enlightenment of civilized life was cultivated to a higher perfection than it is in our own time cf. von Turk's Famous Bygutwacts; or Accius Naevius The Death of Romulus) which had the desired effect of ridding themselves of an odious ruler whose features they then also obliterated 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 among the chiefest opponents of the late emperor and took no part in his oppobria offering her anything she wished which she accepted asking only that she be allowed to bury the body of her husband and that one and only one statue of him be erected in a place of her choice the expense of which she would bear which request 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 of 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 for the following six hundred years by which time the 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 audience 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 fandom 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 the victory even realizing for the most part that every story possible by its premise had been propounded once again we sought to resuscitate the worming corpse whose living putrefaction infected fandom with the blight of trekkies. Here was the reward of our efforts-- the fruits 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 the had become pregnant thus throwing into doubt the faithfulness of her vow of chastity which the cardinal came at once to speak to her about after which consultation the cardinal found that by a miracle she was no longer in an impregnated condition and in thanks she then at the suggestion of the cardinal went on a retreat for the next three months after which she came under the tutelage of a certain priest whose miracle happened to be investigated as a result of which both the priest and the nun were burnt at the next holy festival from which we may learn as the old Frogs might say, "Chien eschaude craint l'eau froide." There is a man I see from time to time at occ cons who always asks what book I recommend to people who show the interest I have described or what record I play since he also is a jasz fan to which I reply it depends on the person-

ality of the subject at hand. If he tends to like the exposition of a finely drawn character he needs must be given Captain Future. If he enjoys the delicate subtleties of the English language some Marvel funny book for him is best or if he likes words precisely mised then he must be forced to read a page of Robert Howard. In short any thing to convince them that this Buck Rogers stuff they do not need. The folly of promoting one's own interests to others was recently brought home to your author at the present time when he finding In a junk shop several oriental fox frots in sheetmusic form asked the proprietors thereof the price therefor which he put at \$2 each even after I pointed out that his usual price for such things was no more than 25¢ to which he answered that, "Well, they got a whole orchestra that plays that stuff now and plenty of people are after it!" So here after years talking and weedling convincing and putting on von Turk himself has his reward. Von Turk, Finder of the Oriental Fox Trot, Trismajistus of the Musical Arcana, Emperor of the Shifting Sands, Creator of this Zine being called Von Turk's 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 was previously published in Von Turk's Reclusion Ronton Zine, which appeared in the 63rd Mailing of The Southern Fandom Press Alliance and was copyrighted in 1975 by F.v. Turk, as was all writing by Mr. von Turk in this zine. Another installment of this epic will appear in an early number.

I've known von Turk something in the neighborhood of ten years, so I'm used to some of his, uh, shall we say, peculiarities. I'm told by those who aren't that his writing is sometimes difficult to read. I've never found it so, myself, but if you do, I've heard that it improves markedly when read aloud. If more than a page of solid type in his style looks a little foreboding, try it that way. You'll find it rewarding. This time, in particular, aside from his usual droll stories, he has a message of importance to us all.

Another person I've known for quite some time is Stven Carlberg. Some of the people getting this might be familiar with his name, because they'll already have received his latest genzine, Fladmag #1. It's not Stven's first excursion into genzine publishing, but I do think it's his best. And that's saying a lot, because Sec was one of my favorite zines back around 1970-71.

Fladnag ranges from the sublime to the ridiculous, from a perfectly lovely famish paredy of F.G. Wodehouse's style (which, incidentally, I found much better than anything Wodehouse ever wrote—his style is so utterly cute it makes me sick, and the content isn't worth wading through the style for) that even stands up as a good piece of fiction, to correspondence with Susan Ford on Coke and Pepsi that almost seems real in one or two spots. And the Alan Hutchinson cover doesn't hurt it a bit.

Stven proposes to publish *Fladnag* every couple of months (thus becoming the fourth publisher of a generally available zine to tie his schedule in with the SFPA mailing period) and have it available by editorial whim (I imagine a zine in trade, or a nice, familish request followed by a loc will be quite sufficient). It's a mailing list worth being on.

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

I guess we've all had unpleasant run-ins with the Post Offal, but they really outdid themselves with me a couple of months ago. You've all heard about how letters without stamps go in the deadletter file instead of being delivered postage-due, I'm sure. This Bold New Departure would be okay if the glue on their stamps were of minimal 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 where the stamps had fallen off in the cancelling marks. I wrote an irate letter to the Postmaster General saying henceforth I'm attaching stamps with staples, and received a reply from someone with the consolation egoboo of a big title for a little job saying such things never, ever happen. Down with the Postal Monopoly!

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

Now me, I put a lot of faith in what 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, animated cartoons, and just about everyplace else you find talking animals, cats are villains. I mean, rats and mice are pretty scuzzy things, but for some reason, cats are counted as being even worse.

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

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But all of this isn't really why I dislike cats. One day, I was explaining my aversion to them to Pat Adkins.

Being a human being, I explained—and not just any human being, but a white, male, American human being who speaks English—I am a representative of the most arrogant class of creatures the world has ever known. Naturally, in my relations with lesser beings (such as foreigners, animals and women) I expect to be acknowledged as The Master. Dogs acknowledged 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 expects to be petted. Horrified, I batted it halfway across the room.

Pat calmly surveyed the damage, slowly took a drag on his cigarette, and remarked that it was certainly interesting that I had such rational reasons for disliking cats.

Back in stikker #5, I told the story of having found the word "fanzine" in not one, but two non-fannish dictionaries (the 1961 Webster's Third New International, and the 1972 Supplement 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' Digest several times, without a word of explanation. I was sitting at a lunch counter one day several months ago, reading a copy of Ray Nelson's Garden Library, and someone struck up a conversation about it, using the word. And one day, in the office of one of the local weekly tabloids, I happened to notice the word "fanzine" in some head-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. What's surprising is that "egoboo," which refers to a much more universal human crive, still hasn't appeared in a single dictionary outside of fandom.

I guess most people reading this have seen Angus Taylor's attacks on the U.S. in Gegen-schein. 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-1 (I honor his spelling peculiarities when I publish letters of his--I don't see why he can't show the same courtesy to his correspondents).

I can't really get angry-after all, dumping on the U.S. is fashionable everywhere, even here (the I do think that here, where we pay taxes to it, we're Entitled). Only 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 somewhere that it's been a couple of years since I've had a steady job. Going on three, actually, the of course, I've done work of various types on a sporadic basis (I've got a mimeo with a voracious appetite to support). The various types have included freelance writing, typesetting on a per-job basis, and an occasional regular job that lasted just long enough for the boss to find out he really didn't like me (the maximum duration of one of those was ten weeks, and it was a real penance for nine of them).

One of my favorite experiences with the freelance writing, 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-subsidized racket involving towing cars away. It was a couple of irritating things arising from this assignment that made me resolve never again to have snything to do with either the editor of the said tabloid or D. Eric "Dependable Dave" Bookhardt, the photographer I was working with on the story. But that's another tale altogether, and if you want to hear it you can get it from Dependable in a version that I didn't even recognize when I first heard 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 car. The first time we passed 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. Dependable, tho, wanted to make sure we had it, so we decided to pass back again and goad him into doing the same thing again if we could. This time, tho, he was on my side of the car, to I had the honor of pointing the camera at him and pressing the button.

He did even better for us the second time. He actually tried to put a fist through my face with a cemera pointed right at him. And in the excitement of the moment, I missed the shutter button.

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

And in the category of occasional regular jobs, there's the time last March that my finances were particularly low, even for me, and I applied for a crummy job as a clerk until something better came along. Got it, and as my new boss looked over my application, he noted my name and said "Markstein, huh? You Jewish?"

I explained that my father's family was Jewish up until a couple of generations ago, but I was only half Jewish racially and not at all culturally. He said "Oh. Reason I asked, see, is because I'm an Arab."

Oh boy, I thought, you and merare gonna get along just fine reserve the dollar of these localed

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So when he finally got fed up and fired me, I marched right down to the Unemployment office and started in about "That Ay-rab..."

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

Since it just opened officially a couple of months ago, very likely most of you have heard of the Damned Stadium, New Orleans' answer to Watergate. More political maneuvering, more chicanery, more sheer evil has gone into that building than into any other ten projects the state has done in its entire history, and that includes the machinations of huey long. The Louisiana taxpayers are paying more for the Superdump than Sen. Proximire would allow 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 would have accept-

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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 3½ years of actually working on a newspaper, on salary, y'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.

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 my 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 1940s 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 #1, so I figure it's worth a few lines to mention it here.

The latest issue, #11, 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 price. If nothing else, the variety should make it attractive. Within the same framework--seven-page stories about a continuing character--there are sports stories, humor, a parody of old 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 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 his calling, that he 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 young 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 its First Edition Reprint series. Every two months, see, they'd reprint an entire first issue of one of their comics from the Fabulous Forties, page for page, right down to the original advertisements. I'm really going to miss it—especially since they never did get around to the two I wanted to see most of all, those of Captain Marvel and Plastic Man. They did, however, do Wonder Woman in January.

This thing was really incredible. It wasn't the Wonder Woman I remember from the 50s at all, even the the Harry G. Peter artwork certainly brought me back. By the time I started reading her, the accourrements like the magic lasso had largely been forgotten. Even to the point where if it had occurred to me to wonder why Wonder Woman had been given a lasso in the first place, I would almost certainly never have hit upon the right answer—so she could be tied up with it, of course.

There were four Wonder Woman stories in that book. Each contained at least two really topnotch bondage scenes: Entirely too frequent to be accidental, not to mention too blatant.
Whenever there was an excuse to get a rope around a woman, it was a big, thick mother with
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 suit-looks to be about 4 or 5, I'd say-gets hold of the magic lasso. Remember, this thing forces the person tied with it to bend to the will of the one doing the tying. He wraps it around his just barely pubescent sister and says "Down on-your knees, women, and beg for mercy!" When she obeys him, he thinks "She's doin' it! She must Like this game!"

Jesus! If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. I knew all along that Wonder Woman was kind of kinky. Don't ask me why, but when a woman runs around with spike-heel boots, metal on her head and wrists, a star-spangled 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 showed her strapped spreadeagle to a giant, flying phallic symbol. But this stuff is simply croggling.

Fredric Wertham is full of shit in a multitude of ways. But even a broken clock is right wice a day. When he says Wonder Woman is a lesbian, he's not saying the half of it.

I mentioned somewhere in the vicinity of the lettercol that clear and incontrovertible proof exists that the intersection of Carrollton and Claiborne Avenues in Uptown New Orleans is the exact Center of the Universe. I'm not going to go into the various proofs and plausibility arguments here—they've been expounded on at great enough length to where I would imagine some people would rather read almost anything than sit through that routine again.

What hasn't been mentioned 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. (Other factors, responsible to a much lesser degree, are the fact that, having grown naturally just like any other urban sprayl, has the usual patchwork areas where sections settled separately merge; and the fact that most of the streets in some sections follow the curve of the Mississippi River.)

All of this combines to produce an effect that can most charitably be described as "odd."

New Orleans is called the Crescent City because it's sort of vaguely shaped like one, but
the shape is vague indeed. It's a 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 really have to be born here to have any idea how it works. George Effinger, who wasn't, complains that he can start anywhere in the city, proceed in any direction, and sooner or later, he'll cross Washington Avenue. He's almost right, but I once heard of someone who crossed the city from one side to the other without doing it. (Of course, the next time he tried it, he crossed Washington twice.)

Let's start with the basics. For getting around within the city limits, throw out your old

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notions of North, South, East and West. The four winds in New Orleans are Uptown, Downtown, River 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' Town." Up and Down are the directions of the River, of course. The traditional directions are not merely unused inside the city—they are utterly meaningless in a municipality where the street that divides "North" streets from "South" streets itself runs from what would be North to South on the outside.

Even 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.

The 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 historical times. The language, too, is unique (although some with 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.) Varieties of Yat are spoken elsewhere in the city. Native interpreters are advised.

I'm not fluent in Yat, myself, so the above sample 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 his 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-Oap," 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'." Sometime 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 popular supermarket in a fringe-Yat neighborhood is called "Venice Gardens." Right--it's pronounced "Venus." I may have more on New Orleans 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.

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, which 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.

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The response seems, for some reason, to have petered out some months ago, I did receive quite a number of letters on #8. They've all been carefully saved in a little stack next to my file of my own fanzines, and I would estimate that there are about 50 or so in it. Whether very many of them will strike me as worthy of publication after so long (why, I il bet I'm the only one reading this who still has a clear memory of stikker #8) is another question. I remember some that still seem worth printing, but there's no telling how many there are. So let's delve into the pile and see what we come up with.

JIM SHULL, 5454 SYLMAR AVE., VAN NUYS, CA. 91401: 900 were right about the picture of Faruk von Turk (on the cover of stikker #8] being not quite correct. I got the description of Paruk from an old wino in from New Orleans one Friday afternoon. He had come in on the West bound frain and had rolled off in a Ripple induced hightmare. Anyway, when I found him behind my office (where the train passes), he was muttering the words "Von Turk, von Turk". Thinking that this was a man who might have some piece of information, some knowledge of Faruk von Turk I questioned him as best I could. The drawing came of that first day's questioning and I see now that he still then had many hours of sleeping off to do before I would get a clear picture of what he knew. More, I'm sure, will come from this source.

[Sounds like you found Two Het.]
We knew he'd gone West, but haven't heard from him in awhile. Tell him hello from us, and ask him when he's coming home.]

You'll find it enclosed. It seems von Turk has done far more than any of us in the past were led to believe. The signature on the cover is a coincidence. [Thanks for sending it along, Jim. I'm curious, the where did you find so many copies of it? Well, I'm not going to quibble. Since you sent so many, I got to use it as a cover on this zine.]

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ALAN HUTCHINSON, 17 - 23rd ST. SOUTH, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. 337 12:701 Suppose having tel

your asshole while you're sitting on the totlet would give a person some sort of a phoble about taking a crap, and it's at least three times as bad as merely having a cigar roach fly into your face. Y'know, a novel about one man's experiences with roaches sounds like a great idea...and you certainly have the skill and the background necessary to write it.

Hal Wertham's description of underground comics as fundles and ly gave me a good laugh. Considering the contents of some of from, he might not be far from wrong. It can see some fan asking his newly-famish wife to wash out his undies and coming home to find a soggy mass of pulp paper on his bed.

him a copy [I did, and he did]. Wonder how he could possibly defend his ignorance.

FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D., KEMPTON R#I, PA. 19529: "Fiffind some points in your review rather puzzifing and some apparently due to misunderstandings." It would take a whole article to do Justice to these different points.

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But I might mention a few of them.

with brutal and violent images can be demonstrably unwholesome that does not mean that "an entire generation" would be affected. Of course only susceptible ones are adversely affected. As with many other bad influences in our society, many young people have a lot of resistance against them.

[Oh; but you're wrong! Just a few months ago, as ...
Bruce Arthurs has already quoted me as saying, Faruk von Turk and I were sitting on his front porch eating fried chicken. "You know," von Turk said, "Wertham was absolutely right. Here we are, two guys who read EC comics when we were kids, and what do we do now that we've grown up? Sit on the porch tearing birds apart with our teeth."

The fact is...

this business about many young people having a resistance is (a) rather self-defeating-if only weak-willed people succumb to such things, 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. So I 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, babe.]

I thought I explained in TWoF that when I was given the first fanzine many years ago I did not know the fact or concept of a fanzine and thought it was something like a science fiction newsletter. [If you'd held 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 had 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 he 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 said 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 small 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 I found in several different fanzines. I did not think nor say that they were universal nor especially valid. I 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 given 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. not intend any completeness. You point out especially that I mention Richard Geis' fanzine several times, but not his name. He evidently didn't feel this was wrong, for he not only wrote a most understanding review of TWoF but has also asked me to write something for The.

Alien Critic--which I have done.

[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 slighted; 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 research—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 70s—I suppose because their fanzines were handy, whereas to do a balanced study would have required actually looking into the subject.]

Twof deals with fanzines as a special means of communication. It is about fanzines, not about fans. [I don't
really see how you can separate the two.] I did not go into the question of whether fans
used drugs or not; but I 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 I 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 what 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 ZeII gets Saturday Review in trade for Green 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 does 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, UFO, 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 surpassed (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 von 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 Middle English adverb/preposition combinations). I think you'll find it informative as well as entertaining.

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 I 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.

DAVID SINGER, BUCK 21 - BOX 264, R.P.I., TROY, N.Y. 12181: + can't give a long description of my reproductive device in 06 [Why? Because it isn't long?]; mostly because I don't own any (other than the one which comes as standard equipment on the male human, of course, but I've never produced any fanzines on It). [I gave a talk on fanzine production at a local con recently (being the local Publishing Jiant), and noted that the first thing you need is a good reproductive device. You grasp it firmly by the crank and give it a little spin...]

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 συμβοω.]

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 I attend seems to waste most of the extra acreage created by the wide screen, keeping all the important matters toward the center. I suspect that this is a practice that has sprung up since television started to buy rights to recent feature flims. 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 I don't remeber seeing it expressed quite as strongly in fanzines up to now. One possibility would be to alter the course of history as in 1984 and consider the Hugos named for Hugo T. Firefly, of movie fame. The outcome of some Hugo competitions in recent years would make such a new version of their origin quite credible.

POCTSACRDS: Mike Gorra says "I'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 I 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.

BOB VARDEMAN, BOX 11352, ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. 87112: Mike Glicksohn should have asked me for a tour of the cockroach eaterles 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 blilig in these heah parts. [Uh, you've never seen a cigar roach, have you, Bob?]

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 eat. 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 cockroaches, but I don't see why roach paste can't be marketed like peanut butter.]

I, 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. Also, it is only natural that he lean more towards the comics fmz; after all, it was the good doctor that castrated the comics back in the '50s. And no, I did not mean "castigate."

The academicians wonder why some fans (like me) are a trifle bit frightened when they dissect our microcosm. I content that my paranoia comes from their 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 I think 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...

SAM LONG, BOX 4946, PATRICK AFB, FLA. 32925: I don't have a TV myself, so I 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 "conventional" 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 vs 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 /l/ in Japanese, and every syllable must end in the 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 to good, 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. [Itrin is my understanding that having sense is not a requisite for promotion in that particular [Federation.]

Speaking of Greek letters, two can play that game. I suppose you observed that

"arse" was cognate to Greek uppoor. 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," "razz," 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 "ooo" ("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 all, 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 mmmmm, 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." + 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 Johnson'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 language I 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, either--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 preempted the couch for an all night poker game.

One time I loaned my cousin 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 I was without a record player for almost a year.

what, Don, how about mailing me one of these cigar roaches that you are so fond of talking about. You can even send it COD (as long as you provide a leash). [If you come to Louisiana, sure, but they're not crossing state lines at my instigation.] I'd also like a list of things that it won't eat (in other words, will it eat my cat when I've got my back turned). [No, because it will already have eaten your cat while you were looking right at it. Soil 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 family that stomps cigar roaches together..." Un...robs stage coaches together? (Well, they can't all be gems.)

PETER ROBERTS, 6 WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS, LONDON W2, ENGLAND: A medical pressure group in the UK is lobbying for the change of the law in regard to "death"; 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 Britain, but I can't guarantee your safety." [That's a rotten thing to say about Our President. Funny as hell, but a rotten thing to say. Actually, Ford has been an ineffectual, bumbling clod as President, but that's just what the country needs right now-another Eisenhower. He's a sweet old guy even if he isn't smart, and depending on what power-mad, evil person the Democrats put up in 176, I just might vote for him.]

and the newly ordained High Priest of the newly ordained High Priest of the Herbangelism for the Isles of Britain, I think I should settle the questions as to the tenets of the movement: respect for Roscoe is, of course, essential, together with a pious and sincere hope that we may all one day be gathered together in That Golden Beaver Lodge In The Sky, there to pub our ishes throughout trufannish eternity; a comprehensive collection of herbs is naturally to be assumed (though I confess I'm temporarily out of devil'sguts); finally a working knowledge of Albanian is helpful, in preparation for the Coming of the First Albanian Fan (may it be soon! may it be soon!).

and the second of the second o some time ago, incidentally. It cost him all of ElO. The catch? He stayed at a rural indoctrination camp as the guest of the Rev. Moon. No kidding. But he enjoyed it all immensely (despite reports in the British papers about thouble among the students at the camp). The first day he was there, he organized a union which then told the camp authorities what they could do with some of their less comfortable plans (early morning showers, pep talks, and what have you). After many running arguments with the Moontmen; he (and other uncooperatives) were virtually paid off - given a large amount of money and told to the go away for a while. Basicalty, 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 !

said, he had a good time.

Thanks again guv nor - I look forward to future issues of Stinker. [Stinker, buh? By the way, Peter, do you happen to have any relatives named Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail?]

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ROBERT JENNINGS, RFD 2, WHITING ROAD, DUDLEY, MASS. 01570: One of the reasons you probably didn't hear much comment on the Wertham book (actually two or three reasons) is first, at ten bucks a throw, not many people have bought or read the book (not me baby, not my heard earned ten bucks), 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 being distributed to universities, libraries etc. etc. all across the country. He already has the last word. Nothing you can say to or about him makes any difference, and if he maintains his same general attitudes as with his past material, he really wouldn't list or accept anything fans might say in criticism anyway, and third, who the hell reality gives a shift? You said it right. 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 material, rewrote comments, failed to examine in depth? So what if he did almost everything wrong? It isn't going to affect me, or you, or anybody else involved in fandom, not even comics fandom which he directed most complete most comics fandom which he directed most complete most comics fandom which he directed most comi

of his efforts towards, so who the heli cares? I don't by the same a problem test

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and transfer one on the state

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, winate--defecate, and referred to eleganta (Arabic, ze pussy [see the lettercol in stikker 7]) 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 home with honest Anglo Saxon--cunt, for instance, has about it a heartiness which its Latin counterpart wholly lacks.

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 "it" 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-I 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...?]

SEAN SUMMERS, BOX 160, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK. CANADA: I 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 difference 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 between 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 here.] 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 reincarnate 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 "e Universe was in back of the men's bathroom at a New Orleans railroad 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.]

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 element of sportsmanship to the encounter." Ha. Cigar roaches shoot them back.

BUCK COULSON, RT. 3, HARTFORD CITY, IND. 47348: Noted Mike Glicksohn's comment that you couldn't get a discussion of Wertham's book because everyone agrees with you. Since I never agree with Mike, that led me to check #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 outsiders). 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 verboten is compulsory, but don't get carried away by

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 indispensible 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 emitted 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. It'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 who are desperate for background information on the field. Is it a good introduction? It's the best there is..... (Of course, I'm cheating a bit there, since the reason it was published is not at all the reason it was written. But what the hell.) [And just on the off chance that anybody misses the point of one statement there, let me mention that the reason it's the best introduction there is is simply default.]

Most of the fan bjections I've seen concentrate on the terrible fact that Wertham didn't define any differences between science fiction fandom and (ugh!) comics fandom. You provide some much more vital objections, but you slop over a bit into the "never the twain shall meet" syndrome, too. [I don't think so. My objection was that he sort of glossed over the fact that there are distinct types of fanzines and then proceeded to ascribe the characteristics of comics fanzines to all fanzines.] 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 fandom. The object - communication with one's fellows through the printed media - is identical. To a non-tan, that fact alone puts the two together; differences are trivial. [That fact 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.

do operate to a limited extent in comics fandom (and would do more if more of them were interested in communicating 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 science fiction). However, since his science fiction magazines kept going bankrupt, I have this feeling that any "living like an East Indian maharaja" that he did came more from his profits off a little publication called Sexology than it did from his stf mags. (I'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 a mystery-adventure writer than a fantasy writer. Don't believe I ever read one of his 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-201, SCOTTSDALE, AZ. 85257: The reason Mike Glicksohn doesn't see cockroaches

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. (Of 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.) Actually, 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 lehovah's Witness, his St. Christopher's medal has the same effect on them as a cross to a vampire.

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

POCTSACRDS: Chuck Holst reminisces about "The time I offered my cat a saucer of beer. She turned around and tried to cover it." John Carl challenges, "Send me a photograph of a 'cigar roach' 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 contribute 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 if I tell you that stikket is one of the few zines I sit right down and read Cover to Cover? 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 more 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 I 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!

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 with 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 room.

Not my best 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 was halfway through. Oh well. Enough on my problems. Enjoy!

Tandstikkerzeitung #9
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