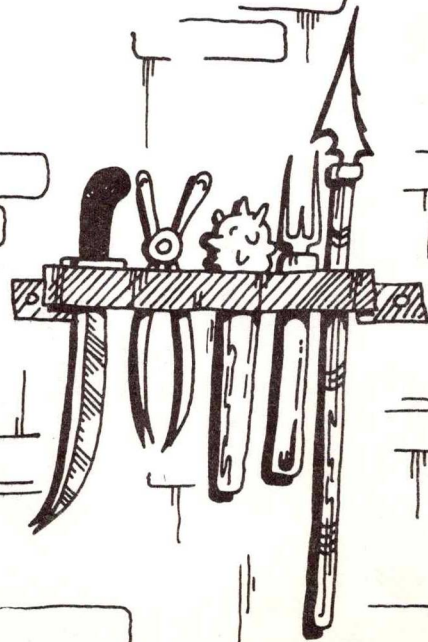


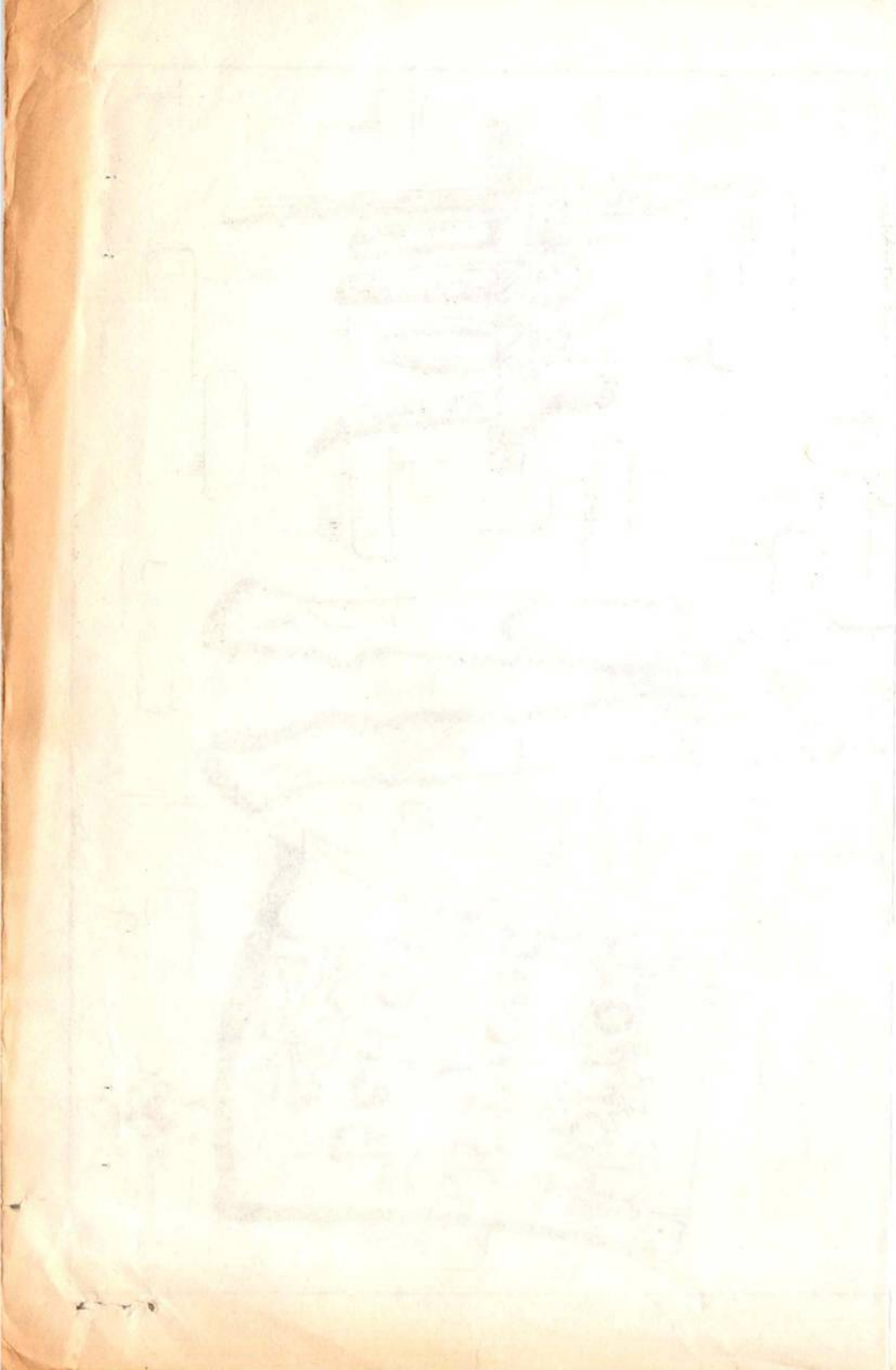
No!

Please anything but not...

Still More Dangerous
Crudzines!

#4





11

WATERBURY
CONNECTICUT

DEAR MRS. J. W. BROWN

I have just received one of your
kind letters and am glad to hear
from you.

This is STILL MORE DANGEROUS CRUDZINES#4 A personalzine written, typed and left to rot outside in the rain by a rather misconstrued and bewildered Elst Weinstein. (What do you do when all your plastic protection sheets rot?) Please send all sorts of mail to 7001 Park Manor Ave. North Hollywood, CA 91605. If you really insist and are nice about it, you may send mail to APDO 6-869 Guadalajara 6, Jalisco Mexico. But I won't guarantee that I will answer any mail from there. If you are interested in getting a copy of this fanzine for whatever reason, such as lining birdcages, extra paper for the local W.C., or even to place under a stack of fanzines that you never intend to read, then you must do something to earn your keep. This can be simple or it can be difficult, it all depends on you. Trade(T), LoC(L) or Art(A) or even Sub(\$). If you got a M by your name, it means that you and your family won't be seeing the next issue, whenever that comes out. You can sub for only 35¢ or 3/\$1.00 . This issue is being worked upon during the early portions of February 1978.

PLUGOLIUM:

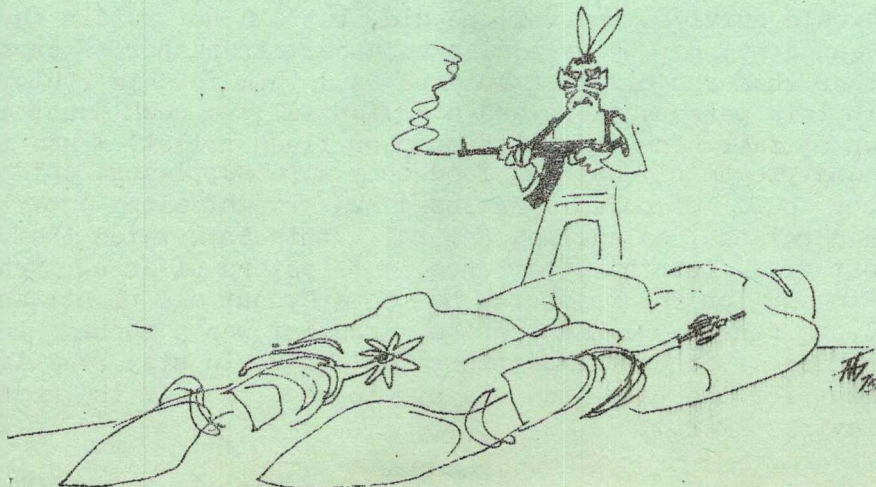
1. The Fillostrated Fan Dictionary: for only \$2.50 you can get the current two volumes of fannish deffinitions and fine fillos. This also reserved for you the third volume which and when ever it may come out. 2500 words defined in some sort of order. Get your copy today.

2. HERBAPA#3 is out and has been for a year now. You can get a copy of the divine grace of Herbie and of course some neat filksongs and funny satires. For Herbangelists it is only 50¢ for non-believers only \$1.50.

3. For This-You DIE! A fine fannish game with the delightful heartwarming qualities of treachery, bribery, and downright lust of power emphasized. You will not be able to forget a night playing this game as you rape and plunder the Galaxy. Only \$3.00 for the whole works!

4. The Devonian Imperial Library#1 A special interest zine, devoted to the communinated fantasies of Dungeons and Dragons. In this issue are some rather interesting materials, so I would suggest you get one of the limited run. Only 50¢ and that's a deal!

All of the above items are available from me (Elst Weinstein) at 7001 Park Manor Ave, North Hollywood, CA 91605. Please specify what you want or I may be inclined to get violent...



PAGE 3 DANGEROUS CRUDZINES#4 In which the author tells of something...

I am faced with a dilemma. First of all, I wonder whether I should continue my adventures South of the Rio Bravo, or merely chat for a few pages. You see, I don't recall all the fine events that have made the last two years so forgetful. But maybe I'll try.

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

When I returned to the wilds of Mexico after a short Easter type vacation, I was greeted by our lovely land lady, who although being pregnant as a fish and unmarried (sorta widowed, you know) had a charming little habit of doing absolutely nothing but collect rent, which she did as regular as clockwork. (I guess she came on the days she expected to have her menses...) Imagine not having a shower due to the fact that the water pump constantly broke down, and not having a toilet because the pipes were clogged. Or not having a stove because the gas lines broke and the leak was all over the kitchen. Or not having a refrigerator because the wire was so frayed that it constantly was falling apart. Or not having peace at night, because the doors were so far off the ground that rats and mice would crawl into the house to eat all your imported American goodies. Well, this and other things were enough for us to make some pretty strong demands to get things corrected. To say that she took her time would not be quite true, but she did have to tell us what was to be repaired since we had long since forgotten. Anywise, as the semester nears a close, she tells us that we luckily can expect an increase in rent if we want to stay there. This really did not suit us, so we all moved out. Upon our return from vacation, we went back to collect our deposit. Our efficient and cheerful ex-land lady had our deposit worked out, minus the minor light and phone bills to only a negative \$400 (dollars, fans!) It turned out that she works for the Electricity company and had a meter reader say that the bill was over \$280 so we know we got ripped. Aaron Kern, previously a nice fellow, proved he was really a flaming idiot by giving her our new address and phone number. So, we had to pay for the new bambino and the whole christening ceremony.

AND SCHOOL IS NOT EITHER

The fourth semester was clearly almost as bad as first. We were in class from seven in the morning to five at night...somedays we left in the dark and got home in the dark. Not a very good schedule to get much studying done. But we had to, since there were daily oral exams and the usual tactics of holding attendance over our heads was there. To top it off, one of the departments was run by a psychopath (who has just been retired!) This guy clearly hated Americans, blaming them for the accident he had years ago which put him in a coma and killed his son. He had extensive brain surgery performed and it was doubtful if he would survive. However, he did, but did not retain anything other than a deep seated hatred. We were allowed a certain number of cuts from class, and rather than see him in a mood we used them for his lecture. Besides dealing with this person, there was a delightful two week jaunt to lovely Ameca, a town of fair size, but with only one flush toilet! I had to stay out overnight and presumably eat the food they were supplying: cold tortillas and a slimy soup. Ofcourse, I refused and brought along a barbeque and made steak, baked potatoe, salad, etc. Naturally this infuriated them, and I received the lowest grade for the experience, a B instead of an A. Such is life. Oh, I forgot to mention the reason we had to stay out all night: In the case of medical emergency! We had one too, and that was a teenage boy with a "severe" toothache. Since the dentists DON'T have to stay overnight, we gave the kid a shot for the pain and told him to come back in the morning, and went back to playing poker...

3...2...1...0...TAKE OFF!

By the end of 4th semester, it was obvious to many of us that a certain bill being argued by our illustrious denizens of Washington was going to be placed into law. The mainpoint was (at least the point that affected us) that if you passed the National Medical Boards, you would most likely transfer back into an American Medical School. Knowing that the UAG (Universidad Autonoma de Guadalajara, a medical school inhabited by 2000 plus Americans trying to get out and 3000 plus assorted Latinos trying to get in, to the USA that is...) would try to stop us from transferring out, and doing this by constructing a schedule so difficult that no time would be left for studying for the Boards, it was found that only taking a semester off for a leave of absence would insure that we had sufficient time to study our materials to pass. So went the exodus. At this time, near the end of 1976, you might remember that a bit of Mexican elections were going on, and that rumors of revolutions as well as dangerous banditos were flying like crazy. We were a bit scared to leave the country in anything less than Sherman Tanks. But we had to settle for a mere caravan of six cars. Driving to the nearest boarder in record time, we kissed the soil of the USA, even though it was Laredo, Texas! A friend went home with me, a John Conley, who eventually did transfer out. Things were then a little unhurried, so we took our time to get back. That morning, when getting ready to leave, I started whistling "Streets of Laredo", and John said, with a rather lispy voice, "Hi there Cowboy, New in town?" At which point a real cowboy, hat, spurs, guns, etc. came from behind a parked car. We ran into our car and headed North. Fast! We stopped at Langtry, Tex. home of Judge Roy Bean, made famous by Paul Newman. It turns out that Bean was short and fat, his wife incredibly ugly, and that he had about six or seven children. A few facts in the movie were true, but not many. Well, I still liked the picture... John stayed in LA for a few days before flying home to Indiana, and I took him on the famous Cross cultural Crooks tour. First stop was Universal studios, where we did not find an entrance. Going around the side we did find the dressing rooms of the actors and entered there...and did a bit of acting ourselves, since we had to pass through the guards at the gate. We then got into the park area, and found out that we had by-passed the ticket and saved \$6/person. Unfortunately we were about 15 minutes late to catch the last Tram tour and had to content ourselves with the four differerhh shows. (Make-up, trained animals, screen-test and stunts.) John was chosen from the audience to play a part in Screentest, as a paramedic on Emergency! (How apropos!) and I got chosen to ham it up as a member of the crowd. (Which I did perfectly, ofcourse.) (Sorry, no contracts during winter months.) After seeing a small portion of LA, but not missing Disneyland, John flew off for Fort Wayne, and points east. During the next six months, I studied for the boards, went to a study center and got caught up in seeing a lot of good movies that came out in the early parts of 1977. But, time rolled on and eventually June 14-15 rolled up to my front door. It was the "BOARDS" and I was scared to my last feces! Two greualing (or even gruelling) days of seven hours each of straight tests...I was physically, mentally, physiologically, pharmacologically, pathologically, biochemically, microbiologically, anatomically and behavioral scientifically E X A U S TED! And I needed a rest, so after a few weeks, I decided to goto the Westercon in Vancouver, BC.

"YOU VILL BE MALLED AND YOU VILL LIKE IT!"

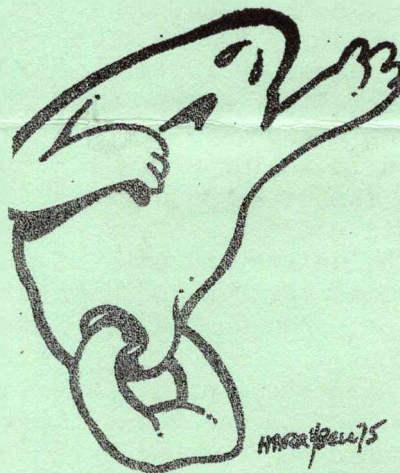
Bruce and Elayne Pelz and the red OX (a van designed to transport any fannish cargo, from books, fanzines, wine, to fans.) talked to me and convinced me that going to Vancouver would be fun and affordable. And indeed it was. So, the Pelz grabbed a Mike Glycer, Alan Winston and me humble self and flew up the coast to Canada. Stopping only for gas, eats, wine tasting, and an occasional mall, that

being one near Seattle, Washington, we made it up in less time than you can write a novel, unless your name is Phillip K. Dick. The con was held at the University of British Columbia, about 20 minutes out of town. Since it was not located near anything else, a group of fans had stayed at a hotel downtown and rented a van for purposed of commuting back and forth. People at hte convention itself could also use the van for a cheap means of getting downtown and back again. The con itself was small in comparison to others of recent years, and a lot of regional fans who don't make it to other cons showed up. However, to my tastes programming was not very interesting. As a result, and keeping in mind that the people staying at the UBC had to purchase some part of a meal pass, I spent most of my time touring the city and eating out. The first night out I was with Craig Miller and we went to the Hotel where the fans were staying downtown to eat. I wasn't too hungry, so I only ordered a salad and an Ice tea. Well, I'm am a purist at heart and drink icetea plain. No lemon, no sugar. So when I got this cloudy tea with lemon and sugar already in it, I natuæally complained to the waitress. She was very perplexed and asked me, "You mean you never ordered ice tea in a restaurant before?" Appearently that was the way it was served in all Canadian restaurants. The next night Milt Stevens and Craig went to a restaurant across the street, and Milt ordered a hot fudge sundae. The waitress brought him a chocolate malt. Milt was a bit bewildered, but Craig had the whole situation under control, and replied,

"You mean you never ordered a hot fudge **sundae in a restaurant before?**" The

waitress then said, oops, grabbed the malt and returned with the sundae. Yet the next night a group of us consisting of Mike Glycer, Craig, Kurt Erichsen, Paula Ann Anthony, and meself went out to an Italian Steak House. (Downthe blok from the Chinese-Canadian food restaurant.) After making a lot of noise and drawing weird faces on the coaster-placemats, it eventually came time to pay the bill. Some of us were going to pay with cash(Canadian) some with cash American Style, some with travelor's check, and some with credit card. The man at the register got confused but did not lose his spirit and asked us, "You mean you never paid a bill at a restaurant

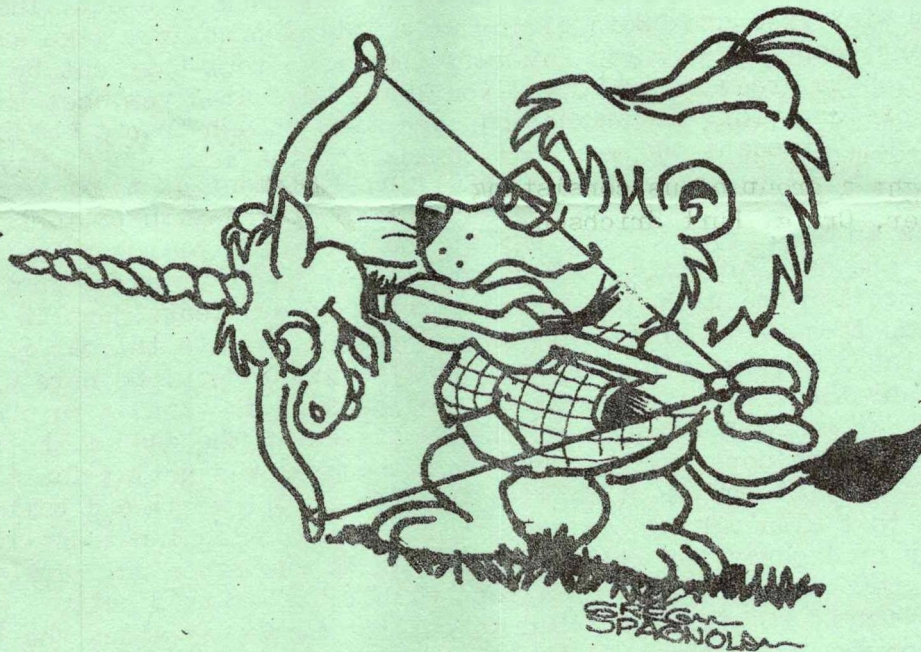
before?" Due to the fact that the two preceding nights we went out similar things happened, and to the fact that we were all pretty insane by that time, we were forced into a hopelessly incapacitating laughing spell. The next day I toured the city, viewing the restored old section, and taking in the sights of an intown mall. That evening a somewhat larger group of adventures went to a Native American restaurant called Muck-a-muck. There we feasted on smoked delights and steamed vegetables, together with deserts like raspberry soup. A totally deliscus adventure, to say the least, and a must for any one who dares brave Vancouver. On the trip back we spent much of our time going to wineries and malls, and somehow managed a brief, but enlightening, pilgrimage to Dick Geis in Portland. We exchanged a Glycer for a Denny Lien, who managed to survive the maulings by extened trips to the wineries. Er, so did I, and I LIKE malls! Anywise, while in Oregon we spent a merry three hours trying to find a place to get berries to either pick or buy. (Preferably the latter.) The only luck we had was in finding a stand selling Loganberries, and we had



to be sure not to eat too many, or suffer the dangerous "loganberry runs..." Undaunted by this, we drove merrily further south to Weed, California. Weed is the type of place that you drive through if you are lucky, and don't have to eat or get gas, which we did. Everything closes at seven thirty, except the hamburger stand which closes at six thirty. From there we continued to visit wineries and malls at about an even rate. In fact we even discovered a couple of Malls, which Blayne promptly rated and cartographed. Eventually we made it back to LA with about a case of wine, a pile of books, and a load of tired fans. A post script here, the loganberries seemed to follow us back too, and they ended up as preserves on homebaked bread.

OY, SUCH PROBLEMS

About a week or so after we got back, I had to leave to return to Mexico. And I needed some soul to help drive back. Asking around, Charlie Jackson, a noble but unfortunately unlucky fan, said he could come along. We had absolutely no worries until we got to the border, after spending the night at my aunt and uncle's house in Las Cruces, NM. At the border, I came prepared with all the



various and sundry papers and whatnot that they have asked for in the past. Plus enough money to pay for the bond. But, they would not bond the car because of a new and previously unenforced regulation. I needed a co-sigher. From Juarez or El Paso. Of which I no got! So, I contacted my Uncle Sonny to see what he could do, but we had to go back because everything was messed up and start again the next day. That day, he arranged for me to go th the bank and get someone there to sign. All that went well, and so I returned to Mexico, this time hoping to get out. Nope, this time they wanted my papers to be legalized, and the Consulate in El Paso was closed. So back over the border again. I was going crazy, and Charlie was upset. However, on crossing back the US agents thought we were smuggling in two thousand pounds of cocaine and sent Bruce the German Shepperd to look and smell out the car. Unfortunately, Charlie is alergic to dog hairs,

PAGE 7 DANGEROUS CRUDZINES#4 It seems you can't be away too long.

and was miserable from then on. The next day we got the consulate to do its duty and that was hard enough. It required notarizing a statement that the document was a document and then legalizing the notarized statement. A very ingenious way to get around the fact that the consulate refused to legalize the document itself. Were we on our way? Nope, it then required a fun filled full day going through the various idioting paper pushing at the border. We drove out of there like a bat out of hell. And stopped about three hours down the road...due to an over heated car. It seems that my thermostat had gone out and due to the high humidity, the car was unable to lose much of its heat. So, we then had to drive at night, a thing you don't do in Mexico unless you have to. Driving until we could find a hotel meant stopping at several towns and finding them all full due to a local soccer match or other insipidness. We eventually made it to a decent sized hotel and dropped down. The next day, we uneventfully made it to Guadalajara, and as quickly as we could arrange it for him, Charlie hurriedly escaped the wilds of Mexico. Never to return? Well, I would think so! Well gang, if you are still out there you might recall a thing I mentioned earlier where we take trips out to dumpy little towns where the wheel was invented fifty years ago, and they have just entered the neolithic last weekend. Yep, we had to return to these little fun stops for FIVE weeks this time. The first week we went to a place in town, so not much happened. The next week for two weeks, it was back to Ameca. There we had a snotty wimp from the USofA giving us a lot of problems, like saying "I really don't want to give you any guff, but have your hair cut by tomorrow or else." Which is great, considering you leave Guad at seven, get back at seven at night or later, and cannot squeeze time enough to eat before falling asleep exhausted. It meant two weeks of comida corrida (meal of the day: but literally "running meal", a very observant statement on their part!) And two weeks of reading SF books when avoiding working with patients. The next week was in Guad, and all the way at the other end of town. On the way to the place one day, an idiot stalls immediately in front of me in the middle of an interesection and without warning. I slam on my breaks just in time but the guy in back of me plows into me and pushed me into the car in front/ who rapidly takes off, miraculously not stalled any longer. So here I was, late for a function where a tardy is as good as a no show and a no show is equivalent to an immediate repeat of the full week at the end of the semester during vacation. The cops came by, and even though I was not at fault, both cars were put away at Transito (Traffic HQ). For a full week! And believe me, it turns out that although my car was still running, I couldn't use it until the other guy paid money for it!!!! And he had no insurance nor capital funds, and they did not put his car up as a bond either. After this wait, I got the car back and had it repaired, but had to pay for it anyway since the Insurance company made a deal with the guy who hit me. It was a yellow Renault. Remember that, will you. Fortunately, I had over me one of the few decent sorts down here, and I got permission to arrange my car problems without gaining an absence. A month, and another pass without too much excitement, so a student named Fernando Vazquez, from Ponce, PR, and I decided to venture out to lands up North. We got into my car and after a full day of stupid paper hassles, managed to drive out to Houston, Tex. Naturally, we caught up on movies, shopping for Turkey Day goodies, and other needed items, and saw the sites of the city. Such were the LBJ center, which turned out to be very exciting. The flight simulation center, trainging center, and the museum with shows about the space shuttle were beyond belief. Another of those deffinate musts that you hear about in every town, including Weed, CA (You must not stop there.) The few days we were there were like a breather from Hell, but a furlow does not last forever, and so we reluctantly went back. It should be noted that we were using prepared road mapas supposedly listing all gas stations. But there

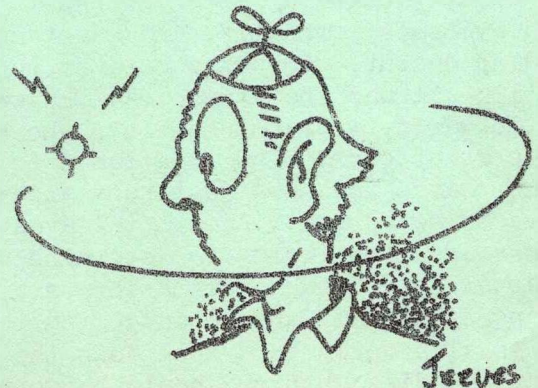
was a memory of extremely bad gasoline at certain gas stations, so using the map, we decided to skip the station and rely upon the map to guide us to the next one. Unfortunately, this was the phantom gas station that exists only on the map and no where else. The company who made the map even said that the symbol appeared, as if by magic, but what ever the source, we were in the middle of the desert and running on vapors... for 35 miles. Naturally, we tried to coast down hill, but as always, it was mostly up hill for the trip. As frets and worries of being stuck in the wilds of Mexico, almost a billion miles from civilization, a gas station miraculously appeared in the middle of a cactus grove. After we got back to guad, we settled down for another undisturbed month of torture. Then one afternoon, I heard a screech and a crash; I was afraid to look, but when I did, I saw that this kid had slammed into my car with, guess what? Yep, a yellow Renault. To make a long story short, the damage was slightly less than the deductible, so the insurance company has done nothing and the kid who is not licensed gets away with it. A piss off to be sure, but all that is left for me to do is put a few cubes of sugar into the gastank of a certain yellow Renault...

INTERLUDE#1

I should have mentioned before, but it slipped my mind. It seems that sometime in the September of 1976, the President of Mexico, Luis Ecchevarria decided to "stop the enchainment and reliance the peso had on the dollar and allow it to seek its own level." Naturally, the peso devalued twice to about one half of the previous value. But, since Mexican economists earn their keep by finding problems to solve or creating them if they aren't there, the prices have been rising so fast that it costs more for a lot of things now than it did before the devaluation. Keeping in mind that the peasant of Mexico has little money, it was decided that the first thing to do was to raise the price on all the things he uses most frequently. Now the poor is poorer than before, and the rich are richer. Ex-prez Ecch. made over 2 billion dollars by juggling money around the day before the devaluation. That money was ripped off American banks and investors in Mexico.

INTERLUDE#2

Keeping up with studies is hard enough, but you will remember that I mentioned a certain bill that would allow us to transfer if we passed the boards. Well, just before leaving for Mexico I got my results, and I did pass the boards, albeit by a thin margin. So, that made me eligible, and subject to filling out a large number of applications for various schools. In fact, doing this took up about 90% of all my spare time and for two full months I spent about 3 hours a night working on the complicated beasties. I have yet to know if this all paid off, but I did make a trip to the East US for a series of interviews. This included such places as Temple, Jefferson, U of Cincinnati, U of Louisville. Travel to these cities made me eligible for the globe-trotters marathon. I flew into LA then out to Philly for a day, then out to Cincy for two days, then to Louyavull for a day, then back



PAGE 9 DANGEROUS CRUDZIES#4 Take a break and rest a bit, this will be a while.

to LA for a few weeks then back, shudder, to the Guad. Opinions of the cities I have seen? Well, Philly was not really to my liking, although the medical schools there were very impressive. Philly has a few interesting things, but tends to be quite dirty and dull. While there we saw the premier showing in the town of Close Encounters of the Third Kind, and I really enjoyed it. For those of you who have seen it and plan to see it again, be sure to notice a little addition to the movie. It is a somewhat known fact that Spielberg (CE3K) and Lucas (SW) are close friends and went to the same film school (USC!) However, it is not common knowledge that a character of Star Wars appeared in CE3K! This fact, supposed or real, was brought to my attention several weeks after seeing the picture. Apparently, there is a miniature R2D2 placed somewhere on one of the alien space ships. See for yourself, as I intend to do. Cincinnati was a bit cleaner and less grimly laid out. Unfortunately there was a bus strike going on when I was there and it was very difficult to get out of the downtown area. It should be noted that the "Spirit of Water" fountain (or whatever it is called) downtown is probably one of the most beautiful in the USA. I hit quite a few used bookstores and got a lot of interesting items. Not being one to foolishly waste money while feet can serve just as well, I decided to walk to Eden Park from my hotel. The distance is about 5 miles, but mostly uphill. At the park was a display of tropical vegetation left over from Tarzan versus the Cincinnati Reds. I also looked for remnants of record albums depicting the famous Cockroach that ate Cincinnati, but this item was missing, presumably due to city council pressure. Louyavull was even cleaner yet, but due to the fact that NOTHING was open on Sunday while I was there, there was NOTHING for me to do. Literally! I walked the perimeter of the central part of town, but even that was beyond endurance and lead to ennui.

AT LAST- YOU CAN SEE ESTAR JUAREZ AT YOUR LOCAL TEATRO!

Well, good things don't last too long, and I had to return to the Guad for 6th semester. That is the one I am in right now. At the beginning of the current block, Star Wars was in town. Or as they call it "La Guerra de las Galaxias" (War of the Galaxies) The film, as usual down here, was a poor print, projected even worse, and with terrible disgusting translations for the Spanish subtitles. For a few examples, they even translated the names of the characters. C3PO becomes C Trespo (which means nothing really), Chewbacca becomes Mascatabaco (Chewing Tabacco), Artudeetoo becomes Artu-rito (little arther) and the Light Saber becomes Sable Liger (where ligero means light as opposed to heavy.) The only good thing about the show was that you could purchase a limited number of posters at the cost of \$1.50 each, some for 80¢. Well, getting back to life down here, I spent the first week trying to find a new place to live. The roommates I had in 4th and 5th semester sold the house and I was left out in the cold, picking up match sticks in the snow. The house I did find, however, suited my needs perfectly, and I got some decent roommates. One, is Mukesh Bhatia, of Indian descent, who works hard at curries and studying one of my Indian cookbooks like it was the Kamasutra. Who knows, maybe he will get enlightened. Another is Al Schwartz, from Connecticut, who has this thing for Linda Rhonstadt and worries about everything from tests to valentine cards. Al and Muk are studying for the boards too. Muk just runs around saying "Fuck me, these are hard!" Al prefers to get drunk... And that leaves Frank, who is very quiet and spends most of his spare time trying to determine which of his mother's tortillas is still good after three weeks. Frank Torres likes to volunteer for things, but somehow he changed his mind when I suggested that he be my orthopedics patient. All that would involve would be a fall down the stairs. Anyway, Frank is a pretty decent sort and studies when he should be going out. Not like me, eh?

MORE DOUBLEREDUNDANCIES:

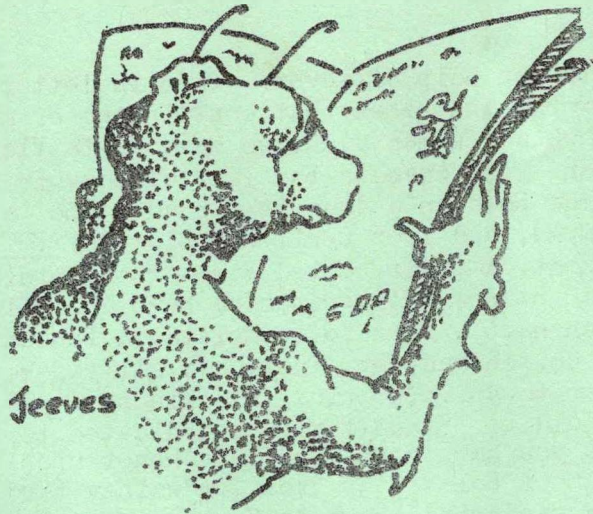
Over the last two years, and with the help of several fans in letters, I have compiled another batch of words and names that contain two or more parts that mean the thing. To bring back a few memories, we have Vista View Dr, where vista means view in Spanish. New ones to the list are: Avoirdupois Weights (pois means weight), Avenue Road (an avenue is a road), The La Cienega Swamps (La Cienega means the swamps), and from Cyril Kornbluth's NOT THIS AUGUST comes one that may or may not exist, a place called Vista Prospects (a vista is a prospect!) From Eric Batard in France: "In French we have the hilarious 'descendre en bas' and 'monter en haut'. Hard to translate... Descender=to go down, en bas=down. Monter=to go up, en haut=up. There's a silly joke about it. 'Monter en bas'= to go up down or to go up (wearing) stockings. It IS a silly joke." From Allan Rothstein in old LA "Since this was dedicated to Harlan Ellison (by the way, does he know you have conferred this honor upon him?), you might have included the infamous Solar Star from Cordwainer Bird's teevee series." And from Steve Simmons: wandering about in San Marcos, with nothing better to do than count redundancies: "I liked your redundancies list. We've got two or three classic ones around here. Most noticeable is a motel in Ramona called 'The El Patio Motel' 'The El' seems to be kind of common, as people are constantly referring to eating at 'the La Tapatilla' or 'the El Comedor." And just to show us that Anglos aren't the only ones, a wetback buddy of mine used to go to 'El "The Comstock"' for beer. I blame the idiot developers for the worst of it tho. To wit: 'El Camino Real Road', 'Valle Canyon Rd.', 'El La Polla St.' (which isn't redundant, just ungrammatical) ad nauseum." If you want to hear more about excitingly redundant parts of San Marcos, write to Steve at 124 Carlan, San Marcos, CA 92069.

COCKROACH HEAVEN

Those of you who got the issue before this one and who still remember, this issue of Dangerous Cruzzines was to be dedicated to the Cockroach. As you all probably know, these creatures are incredibly vile, ugly, survival oriented and carry innumerable diseases like Clap and Spotted Conjunctivitis. All in all not very nice beasties. Cockroaches were known to get into the moon equipment on one of the landings and survive the lunar environment; prompting one news commentator to predict that sometime we might have to make a treaty with the cockroaches for the right to land on the moon. Cockroaches have infiltrated not only the kitchens, storage rooms and bathrooms but our cultural heritage too. We have as a prime example such delightful melodies as "The Cockroach Stomp" and "The Cockroach That Ate Cincinnati" plus the large part that the Roach Reich plays in Gilbert Shelton's Fat Freddy's Cat comic strip. But what we don't know is that cockroaches are secretly planning on taking over the world after we kill ourselves off. They themselves cannot be killed off, since they are immune to any and all poisons, plus all forms of physical death. It was once rightly said that the only way to be sure one was dead was to make it no longer look like a cockroach anymore. In New Orleans the cockroaches are so large that they are referred to as 'cigar roaches', while in Mexico they are required by law to have front and back lights and be licensed once a year. Are we safe from this menace? I don't think so, but there are a few pointers that I can give you on how to reason with the beasties on a cold winter night when you are huddling near the fire place and the cockroaches are slowly, slowly nibbling away at your last blanket. The first of these is: Never let the roach know you are afraid. Grab a chair or a pistol and make a lot of noise. This will, believe it or not, scare him worse than it will you. Use a whip if you have one. Cockroaches are sissies when it comes to snapping leather, plus you never know when a twelve foot bull whip will come in handy. Point number

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Hair raising tales of
true life Cockroaches.



two is that the roaches are able to read your mind. Trick them! Don't think. You will soon notice that they will be running in circles trying to make some sense out of what you are not even thinking about. Point number three: roaches communicate telepathically. And even after they are "dead." Play 1970 vintage bubble-gum music as loud as you can. This has a special effect on their broadcasts

and caused them to be unable to do anything but reproduce. Point number four is that the cockroaches can reproduce even if there is only one, since they are born pregnant! Even spraying the house with diluted DDT mixed with a month's supply of Birth Control pills won't help. Nope, you have to train them to watch TV. And you can't let up either, since unless they are watching TV for 24 hours a day, they will manage to get out and have more cockroaches. The last point is that roaches fly! This is a secret they keep with them, but I swear it is true. That means you cannot gather up a bunch of them and dump them from the top of a seventy story building and expect to see squashed bugs on the ground floor. The only way you can prevent them from flying is to paint them pink. Roaches are so macho, that they will be so embarrassed that they would rather die on the pavement below than to have any of their fellows mention the pink wings. Use day-glo colors. Now that you are somewhat more knowledgeable about the menace, you might start thinking about how to plot against them instead of being constantly the victim of their foul conspiracy. First off, you can't hold a secret meeting, because they or their allies are everywhere. Second, you can't communicate by any written message: they understand anything they eat. (I talked to one who just ate a National Geographic, and he described the map perfectly.) Third, you can't communicate by electrical means, since they pick it up just like their telepathy. Then what can you do? Hold mock political rallies. Roaches hate rallies, and will hide in the bleachers at the back row trying to blot out the bad experience. Give them rum. Cockroaches cannot hold their liquor, and when drunk will not remember any of the goings on of the previous night. Bribe the crickets. Crickets hang around cockroaches, but are not as smart or evil. Crickets will do anything for a bit of food, and betraying cockroaches is like nothing to them. Don't try the same stunt with flies, though, since flies only pretend to be stupid, and actually they take aerial sittings for the roaches. Flies will accept the food, but do nothing in return. If worse comes to worse, converse in German. Roaches don't understand German, although they think they do. All roaches speak Spanish, and most also speak French. Note Well: the small brown roaches DO speak German, so use Swahili. Well, that's about all I can help you with the creatures. In the letters to follow, some of the readers have put forth their experiences with the beasties. I hope you can profit from their advice as well as mine, and someday the cockroach danger will be past.

L E T T E R S- - - - -Some I even Print!

My policy is that I print all of a letter that I want to. Some of you will find a mere fraction, others may find the whole thing printed. I keep in just the parts I think are interesting and will be interesting to the readers. My own comments in [here.]

BUD WEBSTER(POBox 5519 Richmond, VA 23220) Thanks for DC3, received around 4/26 or so[1976]. Nice Spagnola cover(habla est spagnola...?). Mexico sounds very much in your words as it looked in "The Touch of Evil"; I daresay I won't be filling its tourist coffers anytime soon. Ever notice how Incan 'stapayloccocal' sounds? Like some place just north of Chichen Itza...[Actually it sounds Aztec or Toltec. Incan words sound like somebody sneezing, like Macchu Picchu.] I'm glad Mexican was a success, SoB fandom needed a shot in the arm. And that's the last medical pun I'm going to use, intended or not.[Not the last one I intend to use, or is that a shot in the dark?] I've always felt that the reason people run out of money in foreign countries is because the money looks so different, they don't take it seriously. I know in Rome, all the money is very colorful and different sizes and such, and it's hard to remember that it doesn't have "monopoly" written on it somewhere. [Speaking of which, I have just accomplished one of my hopes since having to use Mexican money regularly. I found thta they make miniatrre money for play purposes EXACTLY like the real thing. With this in mind, I bought just about enough to play Monopoly with. Care to join me, Bud?]

MIKE GLICKSOHN(141 High Park Ave. Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3 CANADA) Enjoyed DC#3 and welcome you back to the land of the greed and the home of the grave. Not a hell of a lot in the issue that one can do more than enjoy, but enjoy I did! Your claim that LA has the best hamburgers in the world is a bit extreme, but maybe someday you'll get a chance to prove it to me: certainly the evening I spent at NASFIC was an enjoyable one for me, but that was mostly because it gave me an opportunity to say hello to a whole lot of people I hadn't seen in quite some time. I've no idea what sort of con it was. But presenting Harlan with his Hugo was sort of a neat thing to be able to do. [But, it twoo, it twoo! LA does have the best hamburgers, and only LA people and their friends seem to know this fact.] All this cockroach stories reinforce my previous statement that I've little desire to visit Mexico(or Florida, or New Orleans, or New Jersey...) but recently I discovered that Mexico is infinitely preferable to the Galapagos Islands! Barry Kent MacKay was telling me about his visit there some time ago. We'd already touched on the fact of our shared arachnophobia, and Barry decided to tell me of the only time he was glad to see (and feel!) spiders in the area. It seems that in the Galapagos, there exist saucer-sized hairy black spiders that infest most homes. And they crawl on people at night!(I'd die at First Contact, I'm sure.) And they are welcomed because they eat the red ants that are biting you! Shitfuck! How could anyone lie there under those circumstances?[The roaches have new allies in the Galapagos, it seems. Mexican spiders are only as big as silver dollars, so there is no need to get scared of coming here.]

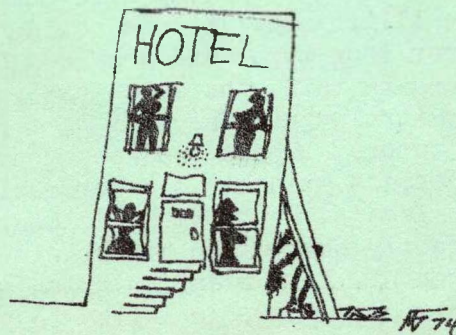
ERIC BATARD(Rue Kléber 37500 Chinon, FRANCE) Thanks for DC3(Never seen #2, is it voluntary?) I liked it, but I think there's a little error in your using a French noun. On page 5, you typed Glenn Mitchell, Anita Gross(Glenn's fiancé.) If Anita is a woman, and Glenn is like the majority of men, you should have typed Glenn's fiancée. If not, please don't read these fussy lines.[Sorry. French nouns are always causing trouble. Somebody should put them away, painlessly!]

HARRY WARNER, JR. (423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, MD 21740) It's good to know that you're safely out of Mexico when you want to be thus. The other weekend, I got suckered into attending a company dinner meeting, where I sat with a former mayor of Hagerstown and his wife. I was surprised to learn that they've been spending their winters in Mexico in much the same way that some other semi-retired local people go to Florida in the winters. They seemed very happy about the way of living where they are, but I've unfortunately forgotten the geographical details, except for the fact that it's on the mainland, not Baja California and it's a considerable distance south of the border. They find the Americans in their area who spend extended periods down there getting along just fine with the Mexicans but they are upset at the behavior of the tourists from the US who just pass through and manage to irritate the Mexicans in every imaginable way within the briefest of stays. They also report considerable decline in the number of US residents wintering in Mexico this year. And I see that a few lines further up, I slipped into the old habit of referring to United States people as Americans, not normally a terrible thing to do but quite confusing in this context. [Mexico in the past has encouraged retired people to come there. Low living expenses, etc. plus climate were the main drawing features. But it is also the fact that the retired folks who resided in Mexico were treated quite nicely in most respects that gives them a good opinion of the place. Students and to a lesser extent, tourists, obtain problems from all sources at once. It is no wonder that resentment on both sides builds quickly. // About Americans vs. US people. I feel very strongly that USofA people should be called Americans since they have that in the name of the country and because they are the oldest nation in the Americas, plus the fact that they have been called Americans even before they were a nation. United States People doesn't work because of the US of Mexico, the US of Brazil, etc. NorteAmericanos includes Canadians, but in total disregard for geography, does not include Mexicans. Gringos is a term of insult, but certainly includes all English speaking natives and in an older sense refers to Greeks!] On the other hand, this is the first news I remember seeing about Mexican. Then before I finished reading the paragraph, you distracted my attention by mentioning tequila. A moderately famous country and western singer was in a small restaurant which I frequent the other morning, thoroughly drunk, and unable to understand why he couldn't buy tequila there. That substance will forever be associated in my mind with the astonishing way he behaved and his extensive narrative of how his wife has been shackled up for six weeks with an extremely famous country and western singer. The cockroach references in this issue also caught me at a bad time. I've seen either two or three of them in this house in the past month, the normal quota for an entire year, and I'm afraid that in my old age, I'm slipping into a bigoted state of mind over cockroaches. My uncertainty over the quantity comes from the way one of them may have gotten away from me; I'm not sure if it fell or jumped behind the piano. It has been abnormally warm around here all during April [1976], until the first of this week, and this may have caused the sudden infestation of this house. [You can't reason with cockraoches, but sometimes tequila works as well as rum does. Try it if you can get any. If not, you better stick to rum.]

DON AYRES (5707 Harold Way#3 Hollywood, CA 90028) I had a pet cockroach once. Found him wandering in my room, so I stuck him in a jar and kept him for a couple of weeks; the jar had a base about the size of a beer can, so the roach didn't move much, but I fed him and he didn't complain. The one night I took him out into the yard and gave him the boot. Sort of like the illo on page 6; Great jumpin' frijolis, or however that's spelled [frijoles], does that character look hurt! [The only good roach is a trained spy. Since they are intensely loyal to their own conspiracy, that is impossible. Better to kill and ask questions later...]

DICK PATTEN(2908 El Corto SW Albuquerque, NM 87105) I'm writing this from the Federal Courthouse in Alb. No, I'm not on trial for murder or rape or any of that good stuff. I'm on a jury. The legal system of this county is hurting when they get to me for jury duty. Anyway, I'm writing this during a break so it'll be mercifully short. Just a cockroach story. [Oh boy! I loves roach stories...] Way back in '63, the Air Farce, er Force, sent me to Hawaii for a month. Of course it was a SECRET!!! mission, so while the paper reported 30 of us were going, they couldn't give us our checks because SPYS might find out where we were. Suffice to say that we were in glorious Hawaii broke. Now Hawaii is no place to be broke. We sat around the barracks wondering what to do. Between all of us we had enough money for maybe 1 to go downtown- but which one? We thought of lotteries and all sorts of other good stuff, but none of them really interested us. Then the IDEA. We could have a sportsman-like contest with all the money going to the winner. We were greatly limited by our sportsman-like abilities, tho so we settled for something any GI can do. We hunted Roaches...Tropical roaches get rather large so we decided to have a 3 day contest. The winner was the person who caught the largest roach. It had to be alive or at least perfectly preserved. After all it's hard to measure a squashed bug. The winner captured a roach 4" long and 3/4" wide. You must admit that after wrestling with that thing he needed a night out. Sorry to say it wasn't me. My best catch wasn't 3 1/2" long, but it was almost as wide. Well, got to go back and act like Solomon. [Another contest would have been to eat as many cockroaches as possible. The loser got the money, since nobody who could eat the most cockroaches could be a winner.]

ALEXIS GILLILAND(4030 8th St. South Arlington, VA 22204) I find myself in receipt of LDC#3, presumably because I sent art. Ars gratia fanzines, as they used to say in LA. I went to Mexico in 1955. I had just learned to drive, and in fact had only a DC learners permit, rather than a bon fide drivers license, and I came up to Joe Vaughn's place with my bag, and there was this nice new Ford filled with unbelievably full of luggage, mine detectors (to hunt treasure) books, pictures, and presents for his family. I put my bag in back, and Joe handed me the keys. "I don't see too good," he said, "will you drive please?" So I got in, the seat was set for Joe, who was maybe 5-6 inches shorter than me, and the car was packed so full that it wouldn't go back. I was young and foolish in those days...Now I am old and foolish, but now I would not hesitate to have him repack the car so I had legroom. I drove most of the way, and the seat never did get adjusted to my legs. Anyway, once there (we arrived during rush hour, naturally) we went to his house, and discovered, surprise, surprise, that his aged aunt was mortally ill, so he couldn't show me Mexico City, alas. He did, however, find me frugal accomodatinns, and let me know the next day that "due to family problems" he would be staying beyond the end of my vacation. Translated he was selling the car and we wouldn't be coming back together. So I spent some time in Mexico City, and eventually took the bus back home. The ticket agent, bless him, sent me to Washington, DC via Juarez... "Eet ees thee same price, Señor." Since then I have returned to lovely Canada many times. Yes. Someday however, just to be different I may return. But you won't see me at next year's Mexican. [Nor me. The first was the last, so no more.]



BEN INDICK(428 Sagamore Ave. Teaneck NJ 07666) Dear Elst, I get to feeling bad seeing faneds forced to cut letters for lettercol purposes. Therefore, to save you trouble, I'll write the loc already cut. I think you'll appreciate the time saved. You can start with any paragraph at all. ///Dear Elst, Furthermore, your friends should know the food in Mexico City will get them sick. ***Even here, the bureaucracy is a pain in the butt. So Mexico has nothing on us. *** (This is for a WAHF letter:) Not a bad issue. I hope you're well. It's good to know your plans for becoming a doctor are reaching fruition. Be well. Etc. ad nauseum. *** After you get your MD you should go practice in India or the Philippines; they must need doctors, because all their graduates come here! *** What this world needs isn't another doctor, but a good cook. Open a chain of restaurants. You can call it MacGinsberg. Har, MacWeinstein is just as good. *** Our con was great --we invited thirty femmes, and 25 showed up. That made 27 all together and Jack had a great time too. *** On the other hand, you're the eidtor, so why should I knock myself out. Still, the idea is worth pursuing. I have this compulsion to aid busy students. I'll try a true letter this time, simply typing blank over lines of crud, until an important statement appears. /// Dear Elst,

what a wacky issue it was! Mexico must mix pepper(chili pepper?) into your oatmeal. I get saltpetre in mine. Shit!

When I got such a long vacation, last, it was because I was in the hospital! Why do herbangelists rate it just because they've cut up a lot of stiffes? Do all herbangelists become doctors anyway? (Man, what a load of baloney I had to edit out for you. I hope you appreciate it.) [Thank you, Ben. I'm sure that if you didn't edit your loc before hand, I would have printed much less of it than the whole thing. Not all Herbangelists become doctors. Most do wash their hands before eating, though.]

ALLAN ROTHSTEIN(1230 S.Fraser Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90022-although this may not be correct anymore...) Number 3 is the first Last Dangerous Crudzines I have seen. I certainly hope that it does not live up to its name ("Last"), but I suspect the fact it is number 3 indicated it is enjoying a slow and lingering death. As a former liquor store employee, I was most interested in your description of the trip through the Sauza plant. Flavored tequilas are now starting to be pushed in the US(or Southern California, at any rate). In fact, a rival to the Crema de Membrillo is being marketed herre, called Crema de MemSOS. Interesting that "some have been known to kill" for the worm in Mescal. (If chicken down there makes you sick...) It is illegal to import tequila into the US if it contains a worm in the bottle. I suspect this has helped considerably to keep down the murder rate hereabouts. Amusing zine, and your spelling is very creative.

A WELL-KNOWN GAFFIATE(Address unknown.) Having read the last three issues of your so-called personalzine, I have come to the realization that you must be a degenerate illiterate. This is not an insult, but a statement of fact. Others must have seen your typos and remarked about your infamous spelling. I am certainly not alone in this. The fact that your prose is humorless, banal and trite is totally irrelevant. The fact that your zine is invariably sent to me IS relevant. In the future, I hope you keep your zine in an appropriate place: the circular file. Besides, bleah! is a perfectly acceptable word, and it does describe your zine perfectly. Furthermore[I interrupt here to let you all know that the Gaffiate is perfectly serious in his opinions. Unfortunately, a wildly enraged cockroach has taken his letter and crumpled it, burned it and ate the ashes. I really regret this happening, as I like to print oposing opinions, and I vallently fought the roach, receiving a hangnail in the process. Sorry Gaff, but write again to the next issue, and I'll try to print more of your letter.]