

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sorry if I've bored anybody, carrying on like this about something most of you couldn't care less about, but a little overeducation in a highly esoteric field never hurt anybody. And if you've got, and will part with, those three issues, I'd appreciate it.

Another notable thing that happened since the last issue is my acquisition of a Rex-Rotary 2000 Electronic Stencil Maker for \$20. (I keep it in the same room with my five-dollar Rex mimeo, my \$50 Gestetner and my \$100 Vari-Typer.) For twenty bucks, it even works, after a fashion--not extremely well, mind you, but I'd say it's worth every cent. I suppose I could show off some of its work in this zine, but I don't have enough variety in spot illos to make that particularly worth doing. Nextish, tho, I'll more than likely be doing a goodly amount of such stuff, so anyone who can bear to have his stuff printed on equipment that cost a total of \$25 is invited to contribute artwork. I generally prefer cartoony stuff, and am partial to ducks (Disney-type, please), but I'm liable to publish damn near anything that strikes my fancy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

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

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

the whole, I think it affords me a fairly realistic picture of the world around me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few days after the SFFA deadline--just about long enough for copies to be delivered--the clicks, whistles, buzzes, etc. stopped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What character would you choose? Why?

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

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

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

And then, a few months ago, I happened to see his face again, for the first time in years. He was buying a ticket at my theater. I don't think he could see me, which is just as well. The broad grin on my face must certainly have been unbecoming.

By popular demand, I suppose I should run a few more of those Porno Tsar anecdotes most people commented on (tho I didn't print most of the comments). Well, actually, I don't have all that many of them stored up. It's about like every other job--interesting at first to be doing something different, but quickly settling into a routine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is kind of a mom-and-pop business (the fact that Pop is a 62-year-old former rumrunner and Mom is a 24-year-old stripper is immaterial), so everything is not as it would be if there were a lot of capital invested in the outfit. When a new concession stand was put in, there wasn't money enough to modify existing plumbing in our rather

Right now, you're probably asking yourself, what does the cyborg/resuscitated
corpse pilot of a Bussard interstellar ramjet use to wet his whistle?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~

A visitor reading the above (the stencil was in the typer overnight) says I should ex-  
plain the term "spear carrier." Very well, tho I think the meaning is clear. It's a  
minor character whose purpose is to be bumped off--the sort of guy you might find  
guarding a door Conan has to get through, for example.



Having mentioned science fiction, I suppose I should give equal space to mysteries, which occupy at least as much of my reading time these days. So. If you're a mystery fan, or just a haunter of paperback racks (like me), you probably noticed a cheapo fly-by-nighter entitled *The Giant Rat of Sumatra*, by Richard L. Boyer. If you're a bit younger than I, you may have run across the title in Firesign Theatre first, but they, like Boyer, swiped it from one of the Sherlock Holmes stories that were mentioned and titled, but not written. I recognized and bought it immediately, expecting to decorate my shelf of Sherlockiana with its spine. But other people I know actually went so far as to read it, and every one of them praised it to the skies. So I read it.

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

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

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

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

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

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

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

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

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



BAGELS AND LOCS  
letters

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

MARK EVANIER            I found your experiences as a Porno Czar to be fascinating. One  
10418 Tennessee Ave.    eve, at a party, I found myself conversing with a young lady who  
Los Angeles, Ca.        worked as a nude dancer between reels at an establishment not  
90054                    unlike yours. She said that the single most depressing factor was  
                          watching old, senile, unshaven men coming back, night after night,  
paying the five dollar admission charge to see the same girls and the same films. There  
was, she said, one old guy who came in at least once a day, sometimes twice, each time  
paying the full admission fee, sometimes totalling fifty dollars a week and rarely stay-  
ing more than an hour per visit. (He often came just to see the fifteen-minute live  
show, every hour on the hour). From the way he dressed, she doubted that he could afford  
five a week, much less fifty, and it saddened her to think that this was all the old guy  
had in life. I cheered her up by telling her it was probably Howard Hughes.

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

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

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

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

[Okay, Mark, I've mostly refrained from "intruding" myself into your letter,---  
tho there were a couple of spots where I'd like to have said my piece and gotten it over  
with, so nobody has to read what I'm saying down here and go searching through the letter  
to find what I'm talking about. (The one interruption I did make was because I figured  
you'd get equally upset if I dropped part of the letter without explanation--and I might  
as well add here that that's not the only part I dropped, and that there's not a letter







BUD WEBSTER You haven't lived. We had a bad flood here in Richmond in '69 and I went  
Box 5519 down with a friend of mine to the paper plant to keep the rats out of the  
Richmond, Va. machinery. Now you tell me that your puny cigar roaches would charge us  
23220 (we were armed with double-aughts and 30-30's) on rat-back screaming  
"Kreeg-Ah!!!" at the top of their roachy little lungs like the water-  
crickets did. I don't believe it. The James River crickets have no mercy. One used to  
work with us at the Pizza Inn, taking out the trash and doing the dishes, and keeping the  
bikers and berserkers in line. The Pagans run in abject fear from even a small James  
River cricket. I asked Bobo, the one I worked with, about cigar roaches and he said "The  
ones in New Orleans," babbled to his old lady in cricket, and they haven't stopped laugh-  
ing. So there.

[Someday I may tell you why you don't find James River crickets in New Orleans.]

I loved *Stikkitupyerzeitung*, keep it coming. [Keep it coming? *Stikkitupyer-zeitung*? I wouldn't touch a straight line like that for all the tea in Acapulco.]

~~~~~

BEN INDICK By golly, just spent \$25. UJA called up and hit me. I just returned
428 Sagamore Ave. from Israel--Inspiring, poignant, whatever you want. Left here
Teaneck, N.Y. dovishly, returned hawkishly (not, i.e., for war, but for grit and
07666 determination. It can only be completely felt if one goes there to
see. But now you'll be accusing me of proselytization, so, I can only
say I did not see any movie house advs for X films in Tel Aviv. They *must* have them;
Heck, they have everything else!...)

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

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

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

~~~~~

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON I haven't read Wonder Woman in years, but I remember having a  
Post Office Box 89517 crush on her. I liked her mother even more though, although  
Zenith, Washington 98188 was always irritated by the running theme that her true-love  
United States of Amerika was lost at sea in some obscure homeric epic long ago. One  
thing that bothered me, though, was WW's choice of costume. It  
always did strike me as a bit tacky, and maybe that's why I preferred her mother who had  
better taste in clothing (and was a blond too--if lesbianism is narcissistic, then blonds  
should prefer blonds, right?). I used to fantasize a lot that I was Wondergirl, but I  
ended up being Supergirl instead (who looks more like me anyway) and Wondergirl was just  
my friend (I didn't know about sex then). [Just out of curiosity, Jessica, was "blond"  
instead of "blonde" deliberate? It's just about the only English adjective that has  
gender, tho I can imagine reasons you might ignore that.]

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

~~~~~


tip the mug over the edge of the bar, race down to the floor, catch and swallow every drop before it struck, and as fast as it went in one end as beer, it came out the other as roach piss.]

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

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

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

ALAN HUTCHINSON Hugo T. Firefly? Who? Oh, Harry Warner must mean Hugo Z.
5510 - 58th Way N. #215A Hackenbush; Rufus T. Firefly never had anything at all to do
St. Petersburg, Fla. with science fiction.
33709

You may not think that cockroaches are readily available in supermarkets, but they are. Just go to a supermarket sometime. Walk to the fruit section. Find the small boxes marked "dates." Open a box and carefully examine the contents. Now what do these alleged "dates" look like? That's right...dates are nothing more than cockroaches with the legs pulled off.

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

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

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

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

GREG SWAN Apparently, Louisiana is a bad atmosphere for cats. I assume it must be
555 N. Miller the humidity, either that or the mildew in the fur. Here in Arizona, our
Mesa, Az. dry desert cats act nothing like you describe them to. Possibly you're
85203 confusing them with dogs, which do leap into people's laps, bite hands,
 carry dead birds onto patios (at your request, since I know so little
about just exactly what creatures may live in New Orleans, I will describe "bird" to
you) and generally do nasty uncalled for things like wet the rug. It's too bad they're,
er, "cute".

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

~~~~~

JOHN CARL            Your announcement that you're going to do an issue of *Tandstikkerzei-*  
3750 Green Lane     *tung* every few months is among the best news I've heard this year so  
Butte, Mt. 59701    far, and it's almost midnight. [In case anyone is interested in  
                      unspeakable trivia, the date on this letter is 12/31/75. Yaas, I said  
*five.*]

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

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

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

~~~~~

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

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

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

~~~~~

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







JOHN ROBINSON Do you suppose the biological warfare people are preparing to drop cigar  
I - 101st St. roaches on the Chinese should we ever have a war with them, or would it be  
Troy, N.O. futile as the Chinese would only eat cigar roaches? The Chinese consider  
12180 cats a delicacy. You'll find few cats in the Orient. Some Viet Nam  
veterans are prone toward saying: "Let's go to a Chinese restaurant and  
have some cat." What with all the gore going around about dognappers supplying vivisectionists I'm amazed to discover not so much as a single story about cats being served at Chinese restaurants.

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

Didn't someone do a story once where the Chinese developed the ultimate weapon? It consisted of air-lifting 50 million of their citizens into New York City, where they went on welfare.]

~~~~~

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

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

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

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

~~~~~

POCTSACRDS: Mae Strelkov opines that the porno theater anecdotes "Read like a novel."

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

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

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



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

For the greater good of fandom,  
We must set our goals in tandem.  
We'll pick characters - not random -  
And enough to make a con,

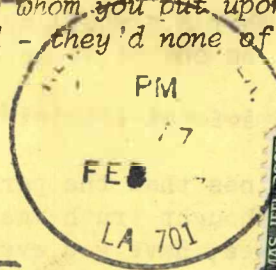
Whose timely gafiation  
Would be hailed with acclamation,  
With this rationalization:  
It's to make things best for Don.

There's the guy who's scared of deros and the others of that race,  
And that big Herbangelist--I've got him on the list!  
And the ones who smoke whatever burns, and puff it in your face,  
They never would be missed--they never would be missed.  
Then the idiot who publishes a Hugo-worthy zine,  
But does it all in dot-matrix and on paper that is green,  
And the energetic, neofuturistic, enthusiastic spy,  
Who's never done a one-shot, but I sure would like to try  
And that singular anomaly, the same anachronist  
(A sane anachronist? He's not on any list!)

And that sine dolo nuisance, who this moment rampant runs,  
The Liberationist--I've got her on the list.  
And the guy who fills his fanzines up with gross, atrocious puns,  
They never would be missed--they never would be missed.  
And comic freaks and Burroughs buffs and trekkies and their kind,  
Such as what we call him--Thing 'em bob, and likewise Never Mind  
And 'St--'st--'st--and What's-his-name, and also You know who -  
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.  
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,  
For they'd none of 'em be missed - they'd none of 'em be missed!

PM  
19 (with apologies to Mr Gilbert, of course)

F-3  
LA 701  
Tandstilkkerzeitung #10  
Donald D. Markstein  
2535 Gen. Pershing St.  
New Orleans, La.  
70115 USA



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