

Tandstikk epzzeitung STORIES

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TOP
NOTCH

complete
in
THIS
ISSUE



SHU

THEY WERE CATS
by FARUK VON TURK
and
THE TENDERFOOT
OF NAIROBI

cuts are played out of focus before your jaded eyes.

Well, you're wrong. This is a genuine theater, with 35-millimeter film (two of the three theaters in the chain don't even have equipment for 16), wall-to-wall carpeting in the lobby, a lovely chandelier in same, rocking-chair seats...the works. Most of the movies have plots (tho there are a few "documentaries" yet) and all of them are in color. The Toulouse is particularly plush--it's only been a theater for five years, and was originally intended to be a really high-class place. It's the plushest porno house in town, without a doubt, and I've been wanting to push it as such. Unfortunately, the best slogan I've been able to come up with, "Where the Elite Beat their Meat," didn't go over too well with the company brass. I can't figure out why.

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

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

Less annoying was the time one of those Salvation Army type places that takes in all sorts of derelicts and makes them happy and well fed called up and asked if they could have about 20 free passes for their clients. I said I'd be glad to send them, if this was the type of film they wanted their clients to see. After I told them, they thanked me politely and said they'd prefer to take their trade elsewhere. I was less kind to a garden club that wanted passes to auction off at their annual fund-raising sale. I sent the passes without comment. I don't like garden clubs.

And then there was the time a voice that sounded about nine years old called and asked how much it cost to get in. When I told him, he asked how much it was for children. I told him no amount of money in the entire world would get him in.

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

So here I was, fairly shouting at these kids, over and over, slowly and distinctly, that I'd have to see some proof of age before I'd let the cashier sell them tickets. Seeing that this was getting me nowhere (even we English speakers have our limits), I dredged my 12-year-old high school Spanish from the dim recesses of my memory and asked "Cuantos años tienen ustedes?" (kindly forgive the lack of an upside-down question mark--this typewriter has its limits, too) in what I'm sure was barely understandable broken Spanish. To which they informed me that they were speaking "ἑλληνικη."

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

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

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

Which reminds me, for some reason, of when somebody came up to the box office and wanted to know if people actually Do It right on the screen in these movies. He apparently didn't have the gutterfilth vocabulary necessary to phrase his question, so he merely stammered and gestured a lot. Finally, I made a circle of my thumb and forefinger and thrust a pen through it several times. He said "Yeah, that's it," and bought a ticket.

Most of the above is the sort of thing that could happen at just about any theater, but there are a few hassles that are unique to the porno field. Getting busted springs to mind immediately. It hasn't happened to me yet, but if it does, I'll just figure it's part of the job--and for the owner, part of the expense of doing business. I've seen it happen at other theaters in the chain, and it doesn't look unbearable. Unpleasant, yes.

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

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

And the time I was stuck in the box office because somebody didn't show up (at one time or another, I've done every job in the theater except run the projector, and I probably would have done that too if the union weren't so touchy--and so efficient about keeping someone in the booth every minute) and someone with a language problem knocked on the door to tell me he was finding it difficult to use the toilet. At first, I wondered what kind of a wierdo I was dealing with this time, but finally, I managed to get someone to watch the post for me and went up to check. And there was this dude sitting on the henry, cheerfully whacking his whang. I told him he'd have to do that elsewhere, because people were waiting to use the facilities.

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

There are compensations to getting zines out as late as this one (if, that is, a zine with no schedule can be "late"). I don't have to make last minute changes in the WAHFs (or IAHPs, for those who, like me, eschew the Editorial We) to accomodate late letters. Anybody I'm going to hear from on #8, I heard from months ago. But this doesn't mean I can't make an idiotic mistake. Eric Mayer's letter was inadvertently placed in the wrong stack, and I neglected to mention it. Sorry, Eric.

THEY WERE CATS

by Faruk von Turk
that elusive son of the desert

Built perforce upon the rotting ruine of time our minds peruse refused refuse to tidy disabuse the oozing multitudes whose perlinguations we daily deign to dignify by guiding errors off as they arise there with to egoboo ourselves by seeming wise but in this shallow wit we find a twisted road which writhes and then upsets our load for whatever are our actions the consequential rewards are ours as well if either these are wonderous good or give us awe of horror or even both at once as found the Roman senate that is remembered by a few for having torn the emperor Domitian's body (a form of impeachment sometimes used in those days when the enlightenment of civilized life was cultivated to a higher perfection than it is in our own time cf. *von Turk's Famous Bygutwucts; or Accius Naevius The Death of Romulus*) which had the desired effect of ridding themselves of an odious ruler whose features they then also obliterated from every public place over which they had power but also in calling to them the wife of Domitian who was herself a noble member of the class of patres in order to show their magnanimity and to show that their actions were done only out of an odium for her husband and not from her or her family and because she herself was among the chiefest opponents of the late emperor and took no part in his oppobria offering her anything she wished which she accepted asking only that she be allowed to bury the body of her husband and that one and only one statue of him be erected in a place of her choice the expense of which she would bear which request the senate happily granted unknowing that she had already collected the torn parts of his body and sewed them together from which a bronze statue was cast and placed on the steps of the Forum to the Capitol on the right andhside showing both the features and the fate of Domitianus such that the senators having perpetrated the deed had to look at the atrocity whenever they would go to the Capitol for the following six hundred years by which time the empire having evaporated few of those senators saw the need of any longer going to the Capitol. Likewise we fans who for years in proselytistic fervor sought to expand the audience of our first favorite literary form by giving those who seemed to list in this direction books to read which we believed to fit their predilections best and recommended more than we could give. Whenever we would see somebody on a bus or on the street or in a class who was reading *our kind* of book we would greet him like a brother. If we saw him in one of our favorite book shops at some of our most frequented piles fraternal friendship again arose which would often last for years and years. I know of one young fan of those dear far away days who after helping in the foundation of a local such coconspiratorial club visited each and every newsstand in the city putting slips of paper into the proper books and magazines in an effort to recruit more members therefor. We all might remember that in long ages gone there was much talk that if only one television show would treat of our subject in a way more serious than was their wont then the world would be more wonderful a place where our problems would melt like the dead. We remember also plain as if it were but nine years ago the tumult cheers as fandom finished their first introduction to the sinestral *Star Trek* which then was hailed as that for which we waited the best and closest to our concepts ever done, which perhaps it was. Then recall to memory also the campaign to keep it on the air and then surcharged with this victory even realizing for the most part that every story possible by its premise had been propounded once again we sought to resuscitate the worming corpse whose living putrefaction infected fandom with the blight of trekkies. Here was the reward of our efforts--the fruits of our proselytism. For it there is no cure but time yet still we should learn the prevention lest another more fatal sickness overcome us in health forgetting illness we make the same mistake again as did the nun of whom Alfonso the Spaniard speaks when he tells us of her who even though she well knew a certain Cardinal she found herself in fear of falling from grace because of the fact that she had become pregnant thus throwing into doubt the faithfulness of her vow of chastity which the cardinal came at once to speak to her about after which consultation the cardinal found that by a miracle she was no longer in an Impregnated condition and in thanks she then at the suggestion of the cardinal went on a retreat for the next three months after which she came under the tutelage of a certain priest whose miracle happened to be investigated as a result of which both the priest and the nun were burnt at the next holy festival from which we may learn as the old Frogs might say, "*Chien eschaude craint l'eau froide.*" There is a man I see from time to time at odd cons who always asks what book I recommend to people who show the interest I have described or what record I play since he also is a jazz fan to which I reply it depends on the person-

ality of the subject at hand. If he tends to like the exposition of a finely drawn character he needs must be given *Captain Future*. If he enjoys the delicate subtleties of the English language some Marvel funny book for him is best or if he likes words precisely used then he must be forced to read a page of Robert Howard. In short any thing to convince them that this Buck Rogers stuff they do not need. The folly of promoting one's own interests to others was recently brought home to your author at the present time when he finding in a junk shop several oriental fox frots in sheetmusic form asked the proprietors thereof the price therefor which he put at \$2 each even after I pointed out that his usual price for such things was no more than 25¢ to which he answered that, "Well, they got a whole orchestra that plays that stuff now and plenty of people are after it!" So here after years talking and weeding convincing and putting on von Turk himself has his reward. Von Turk, Flinder of the Oriental Fox Trot, Trismajistus of the Musical Arcana, Emperor of the Shifting Sands, Creator of this Zine being called Von Turk's Reclisian Ronton Zine because that is its name in as much as it was produced from beginning to end being written, composed, and printed by him at his press which is in Carrollton, must therefore pay more for his pleasure and who then resolves in future to propagate only his silence.

As noted above, Mr. von Turk's column this time was previously published in *Von Turk's Reclusion Ronton Zine*, which appeared in the 63rd Mailing of The Southern Fandom Press Alliance and was copyrighted in 1975 by F.v. Turk, as was all writing by Mr. von Turk in this zine. Another installment of this epic will appear in an early number.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now me, I put a lot of faith in what you might call unconscious lore, the little distinctions people make without even thinking about them. I figure there must be a reason that in fairy tales, traditions, animated cartoons, and just about everywhere else you find talking animals, cats are villains. I mean, rats and mice are pretty scuzzy things, but for some reason, cats are counted as being even worse.

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

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

Being a human being, I explained--and not just any human being, but a white, male, American human being who speaks English--I am a representative of the most arrogant class of creatures the world has ever known. Naturally, in my relations with lesser beings (such as foreigners, animals and women) I expect to be acknowledged as The Master. Dogs acknowledge my mastery. Cats do not. Therefore, I prefer the company of dogs.

As I expounded, Pat's huge Persian pussy leapt onto my lap and made motions like it expected to be petted. Horrified, I batted it halfway across the room.

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

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

The first time I heard it on the radio, it was explained as being a fan magazine. But I saw it in *Writers' Digest* several times, without a word of explanation, I was sitting at a lunch counter one day several months ago, reading a copy of Ray Nelson's *Garden Library*, and someone struck up a conversation about it, using the word. And one day, in the office of one of the local weekly tabloids, I happened to notice the word "fanzine" in some headline type that had just been set (it referred to a magazine being published by some rock music fans). There's no doubt that it's become a Real Word.

Not surprising, I suppose. It's a useful word, and nothing else means quite the same thing. What's surprising is that "egoboo," which refers to a *much* more universal human drive, still hasn't appeared in a single dictionary outside of fandom.

I guess most people reading this have seen Angus Taylor's attacks on the U.S. in *Gegen-schein*. I was all set to send Eric Lindsay an amusedly irate letter, but didn't because I don't think I could bear to see my accurate English spelling rendered into SR-1 (I honor his spelling peculiarities when I publish letters of his--I don't see why he can't show the same courtesy to his correspondents).

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

I mentioned back there somewhere that it's been a couple of years since I've had a steady job. Going on three, actually, tho of course, I've done work of various types on a sporadic basis (I've got a mimeo with a voracious appetite to support). The various types have included freelance writing, typesetting on a per-job basis, and an occasional regular job that lasted just long enough for the boss to find out he really didn't like me (the maximum duration of one of those was ten weeks, and it was a real penance for nine of them).

One of my favorite experiences with the freelance writing, at least from the standpoint of having a good story to tell (of the "big one that got away" variety) happened when I was doing something for a weekly tabloid on a city-subsidized racket involving towing cars away. It was a couple of irritating things arising from this assignment that made me resolve never again to have anything to do with either the editor of the said tabloid or D. Eric "Dependable Dave" Bookhardt, the photographer I was working with on the story. But that's another tale altogether, and if you want to hear it you can get it from Dependable in a version that I didn't even recognize when I first heard it.

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

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

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

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

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

Oh boy, I thought, you and me are gonna get along *just* fine.

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

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

Since it just opened officially a couple of months ago, very likely most of you have heard of the Damned Stadium, New Orleans' answer to Watergate. More political maneuvering, more chicanery, more sheer *evil* has gone into that building than into any other ten projects the state has done in its entire history, and that includes the machinations of Huey Long. The Louisiana taxpayers are paying more for the Superdump than Sen. Proxmire would allow for the SST. It was originally proposed at \$30 million, and barely passed at that, but when it passed the 200-megabuck mark, nobody was even surprised.

And I was applying for a job in public relations for it.

Times are hard. As I said at the time, for the money they were paying, I would have accept-

Speaking of funnybooks, I see where DC dropped its First Edition Reprint series. Every two months, see, they'd reprint an entire first issue of one of their comics from the Fabulous Forties, page for page, right down to the original advertisements. I'm really going to miss it--especially since they never did get around to the two I wanted to see most of all, those of *Captain Marvel* and *Plastic Man*. They did, however, do *Wonder Woman* in January.

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

There were four *Wonder Woman* stories in that book. Each contained at least two really top-notch bondage scenes. Entirely too frequent to be accidental, not to mention too blatant. Whenever there was an excuse to get a rope around a woman, it was a big, thick mother with every fiber clearly delineated and a big, phallic stub sticking out of the ball-like knot.

My favorite can be found on Page 7 of the third story. A kid in a cowboy suit--looks to be about 4 or 5, I'd say--gets hold of the magic lasso. Remember, this thing forces the person tied with it to bend to the will of the one doing the tying. He wraps it around his just barely pubescent sister and says "Down on your knees, woman, and beg for mercy!" When she obeys him, he thinks "She's doin' it! She must like this game!"

Jesus! If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. I knew all along that *Wonder Woman* was kind of kinky. Don't ask me why, but when a woman runs around with spike-heel boots, metal on her head and wrists, a star-spangled leather bathing suit... Don't ask me why, but when I see these things, I get suspicious. Even as recently as a couple of years ago, there was a cover that showed her strapped spreadeagle to a giant, flying phallic symbol. But this stuff is simply croggling.

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

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

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

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

You really have to be born here to have any idea how it works. George Effinger, who wasn't, complains that he can start anywhere in the city, proceed in any direction, and sooner or later, he'll cross Washington Avenue. He's almost right, but I once heard of someone who crossed the city from one side to the other without doing it. (Of course, the next time he tried it, he crossed Washington twice.)

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

THE TENDERFOOT OF NA ROBI -- LETTERS

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

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

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

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

ALAN HUTCHINSON, 17 - 23rd ST. SOUTH, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. 33712: I suppose having a cigar roach crawl up your asshole while you're sitting on the toilet would give a person some sort of a phobia about taking a crap, and it's at least three times as bad as merely having a cigar roach fly into your face. You know, a novel about one man's experiences with roaches sounds like a great idea...and you certainly have the skill and the background necessary to write it.

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

I hope Wertham replies to your review, assuming you'll send him a copy [I did, and he did]. Wonder how he could possibly defend his ignorance.

FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D., KEMPTON R#1, PA. 19529: I find some points in your review rather puzzling, and some apparently due to misunderstandings. It would take a whole article to do justice to these different points. But I might mention a few of them.

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

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

this business about many young people having a resistance is (a) rather self-defeating-- if only weak-willed people succumb to such things, the thing to do is to work with them rather than depriving us healthy people of the material--and (b) just an excuse for the fact that not all EC readers went around setting fire to their teachers. Hardly very scientific. Face it, Dr. Wertham. The EC generation has grown up, and for all the gory funnybooks we read when we were kids, we're no better or worse than our predecessors.]

In *The World of Fanzines* I point out especially that there are comics-oriented fanzines which have excellent writing and excellent art, some of which I reproduce. So I am in the strange position of being blamed by critics for saying that some crime comic books are bad and equally blamed when I say that some comics-oriented fanzines are good.

[That isn't the case at all, at least with me. Whenever anybody, even you, says that fanzines are good, I'll wave a little flag and cry "hear hear!" They may be the ultimate in throwaway literature, but I love 'em. What I criticized you for was writing a book on a subject you really don't know anything about. I won't reiterate here--I used three pages of *stikker* #7 pointing out your inaccuracies and mistaken interpretations and speculating on where you might have picked up some of the bizarre ideas you promulgated in that book. (If anybody is really interested, I might pull those stencils out and run a few more copies for those who came in late.) But if anybody is castigating you for saying nice things about fanzines, it ain't me, babe.]

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

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

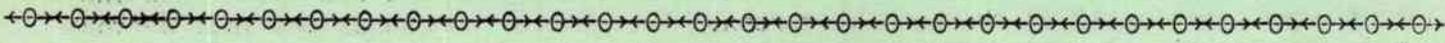
I included in the glossary only words which I found in several different fanzines. I did not think nor say that they were universal nor especially valid. I never "saw a word once in a fanzine and concluded that it was current throughout fandom." [Perhaps not. I only said it was likely that you did. But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

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

Originally my text had too many names, so many had to be eliminated. I did not intend any completeness. You point out especially that I mention Richard Geis' fanzine several times, but not his name. He evidently didn't feel this was wrong, for he not only wrote a most understanding review of *TwoF* but has also asked me to write something for *The*

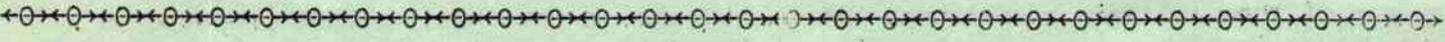
"arse" was cognate to Greek uppoo. I'd like to have seen that article of yours on the derivation of four-letter words. [Actually, it was more on four-letter derivations of ordinary words, like "jazz," "jerk," "razz," etc., which, now that you mention it, are four-letter words.] Not too long ago Mae Strelkov asked in one of her Tongzines what "twat" meant, so I wrote her and told her. Robert Browning thought it was part of a nun's habit! [The OED lists it as "ooo" ("of obscure origin") but Partridge says to confer *twachylle* = *twitchel*, a passage, and the dialectal *twatch*, to fill a gap. He also lists *twachel* as a diminutive thereof, probably just as *putz* is a diminutive of *shmuck* (well, maybe not etymologically...). I did the necessary conferring and found that the OED lists *twitchel* as being Anglo-Saxon and doesn't give any cognates, and doesn't list *twatch* at all, even in the Supplement. I would have checked the Century, but there's a limit to the number of massive tomes I'll pick up just to answer an offhand remark in a fanzine loc.]

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



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

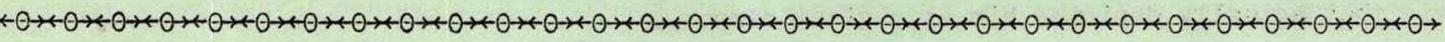
Czech is the worst language I know of for getting along without vowels, though. You can say whole sentences in Czech without a single vowel, or even a vowel sound as we know them. A sample my Russian prof (a Czech by birth) gave us was "*Strč prst skrz krk*", which means "Stick your finger down your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



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

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

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



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

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

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

A friend of mine went to America some time ago, incidentally. It cost him all of £10. The catch? He stayed at a rural indoctrination camp as the guest of the Rev. Moon. No kidding. But he enjoyed it all immensely (despite reports in the British papers about trouble among the students at the camp). The first day he was there, he organized a union which then told the camp authorities what they could do with some of their less comfortable plans (early morning showers, pep talks, and what have you). After many running arguments with the Moon-men, he (and other uncooperatives) were virtually paid off - given a large amount of money and told to go away for a while. Basically, he found that money was an important part of the practical philosophy of the Church: they gave him money when he argued in the seminars, they gave him money when he said he was fed up, and they even gave him money when he caught a cold...As I said, he had a good time.

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

ROBERT WHITAKER, 4612 HAVERFORD PLACE APT. 7, WILMINGTON, DEL. 19808: Faruk von Turk is slightly in error. In itself, Poly Vinyl Chloride (as the Turk capitalizes it) is quite harmless. It becomes a cancer causing agent only when mixed with formaldehyde. The newspapers screamed a mite because there exist communities where both poly vinyl chloride and formaldehyde are made, and the smokestacks from the independent factories belch out traces of the chemicals into the air. And the only people who have to worry about cancer from these substances are morticians who play records a great deal.

ROBERT JENNINGS, RFD 2, WHITING ROAD, DUDLEY, MASS. 01570: One of the reasons you probably didn't hear much comment on the Wertham book (actually two or three reasons) is first, at ten bucks a throw, not many people have bought or read the book (not me, baby, not my hard earned ten bucks), second, why try to comment about anything Wertham writes? He has his opinions enshrined in a hard cover book a reference book that is doubtless well on its way to being distributed to universities, libraries etc. etc. all across the country. He already has the last word. Nothing you can say to or about him makes any difference, and if he maintains his same general attitudes as with his past material, he really wouldn't list or accept anything fans might say in criticism anyway, and third, who the hell really gives a shit? You said it right the first time, glad he saw us, sorry he missed the point(s) of the whole ball game. So what? So what if the guy got terms backward, edited material, rewrote comments, failed to examine in depth? So what if he did almost everything wrong? It isn't going to affect me, or you, or anybody else involved in fandom, not even comics fandom which he directed most of his efforts towards, so who the hell cares? I don't.

E. HOFFMANN PRICE, P.O. BOX 406, REDWOOD CITY, CA. 94064: Your fun with linguistics is always interesting. I was reflecting on how Latin was for the rabble, whereas people of distinction and elegance spoke Greek. Hence, St. Jerome's Vulgate. For illiterate bastards, the Lower Classes, the Oafery, as it were.

Now to Merrie England. Folks of elegance, refinement, culture, said, or, at least, wrote, *urinate--defecate*, and referred to *el qotta* (Arabic, ze pussy [see the lettercol in *stikker 7*]) as *vagina*. And there was *coitus* and *coition* (check spelling; we never wrote those elegant words on crap-house doors). I will not sully this chastely typed page with the Anglo Saxon four letter equivalents, if only because you already know them, and, I fancy, feel far more at home with honest Anglo Saxon--*cunt*, for instance, has about it a heartiness which its Latin counterpart wholly lacks.

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

In the interests of more refined and elegant usage, I beg of you to consider this in the next issue of *Pot Sticker--er, Tandt--* I bow three times.

[Of course, you are undoubtedly aware that once we ascertain the word used for "it" by refined and elegant Romans, we've only pushed the question back one step, and the next one is a bit more difficult. Did refined and elegant Greeks, for example, use an Egyptian or a Sanskrit word...?]

LINDA PEARCE, 1217 S. ASH ST., OTTAWA, KANSAS 60667: My English class at Ottawa University is studying science fiction and particularly fanzines. I would appreciate your sending a sample copy of *Tandstikkerzeitung* that our class might examine. [Phnph. Hmpp...He! Haha. Heehaha! Hahaahohnohahee... hoho. Hauhahahahoop! Oo hoo hoo! Sure thing, Linda. Hahawhoo! Hahahahawhaw! Heehehehehehoh!

SEAN SUMMERS, BOX 160, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK. CANADA: I think the question of foreign cigar roaches is a mixup in terminology. Until you compare a Burmese cigar with an American one, you can't understand the difference between a New Orleans cigar roach and a Rangoon cigar roach [except that none but the New Orleans breed are worthy of the name]. I think the relationship is similar to that between a docile water buffalo and a wild Cape Buffalo or Guar. The American version is the domesticated variety, the foreign version is the ferocious, wild variety. [There are ten million cigar roaches reading this over my shoulder who swear you'll never get out of New Orleans alive if you ever set foot here.] Now here I agree with you: I can't understand why anyone would domesticate a cigar roach. But there must have been some reason. Do they make good watchdogs? Perhaps they were an important ingredient in Mexican witches' charms or cauldron recipes? Maybe they're around to reincarnate nasty people into. (An Atilla the Hun Cigar Roach?) Also, do the noisome beasties range into the Heart of Texas? [Heart of Texas? They don't even go as far West as Opelousas. Only New Orleans has cigar roaches.]

Aren't you the fellow who proved that the Center of the Universe was in back of the men's bathroom at a New Orleans railroad station? Or was that Faruk von Turk? [It was a joint thesis, worked out in 1968 and first printed in '69. And it wasn't a railroad station, but the motormen's john at the intersection of Carrollton and Claiborne Avenues, about eight blocks from here. I'd give the proof, but it should be obvious to everyone anyway.]

POCTSACRDS: Eric Lindsay says "I'm in favor of shooting them with rubber bands, a medium that requires a steady trigger hand and keen eye, thus restoring an element of sportsmanship to the encounter." Ha. Cigar roaches shoot them back.

BUCK COULSON, RT. 3, HARTFORD CITY, IND. 47348: Noted Mike Glicksohn's comment that you couldn't get a discussion of Wertham's book because everyone agrees with you. Since I never agree with Mike, that led me to check #7 to see what you did say. I can nitpick at least. Fanzines do, of course, deal with astrology, sports and dope (though damned few outside of FAPA deal with sports, and FAPA-zines are not all that available to outsiders). But if they didn't, it would have no bearing on whether or not they were an unfettered form of communication. (I realize it's a German tradition that anything not verboten is compulsory, but don't get carried away by the idea.)

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

The World of Fanzines isn't - and was never supposed to be - a definitive study. It's an introduction to fandom, published solely for those academics who never heard of science fiction until last year when their department heads assigned them to teach it, and who are desperate for background information on the field. Is it a good introduction? Well.....it's the best there is..... (Of course, I'm cheating a bit there, since the reason it was published is not at all the reason it was written. But what the hell.) [And just on the off chance that anybody misses the point of one statement there, let me mention that the reason it's the best introduction there is is simply default.]

Most of the fan objections I've seen concentrate on the terrible fact that Wertham didn't define any differences between science fiction fandom and (ugh!) comics fandom. You provide some much more vital objections, but you slip over a bit into the "never the twain shall meet" syndrome, too. [I don't think so. My objection was that he sort of glossed over the fact that there are distinct types of fanzines and then proceeded to ascribe the characteristics of comics fanzines to all fanzines.] It seems beyond the comprehension of these critics that to a total outsider there may not be all that much difference between comics and stf fandom. The object - communication with one's fellows through the printed media - is identical. To a non-fan, that fact alone puts the two together; differences are trivial. [That fact alone, then, also makes underground newspapers, books published by Arlington House, and most newsstand publications fanzines. It's absurd on the face of it, Buck.]

Incidentally, since I do operate to a limited extent in comics fandom (and would do more if more of them were interested in communicating with their fellows to the point of trading), I saw a review of the book in a comics fanzine that criticized it for not paying enough attention to comics zines. What nerve! Over 80% of the fanzines mentioned were comics variety.]

I wasn't around when Gernsback was publishing (well, I was around, but not reading science fiction). However, since his science fiction magazines kept going bankrupt, I have this feeling that any "living like an East Indian maharaja" that he did come more from his profits off a little publication called *Sexology* than it did from his stf mags. (I'm in no position to defend the feeling if Price says I'm wrong, but I'll stick my neck out anyway.) More or less incidentally, I've managed to read enough pulps to know that Price was indeed more of a mystery-adventure writer than a fantasy writer. Don't believe I ever read one of his westerns, though.

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

BRUCE D. ARTHURS, 920 N. 82ND ST. H-207, SCOTTSDALE, AZ. 85257: The reason Mike Glicksohn doesn't see cockroaches around where he lives is because the roaches have enough brains to live in warmer climates. That's why roaches are usually seen in heated homes. (Of course, you might raise the example of how unheated ghetto homes are usually described as filled with scuttling roaches. The key to that, of course, is that they're *scuttling*; they're scuttling off to someplace where it's *warmer*.) Actually, I'm surprised that people even live in *Virginia*. Do you realize that these people actually have *snow* in the winter? [Good God!]

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

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

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

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

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

Tandstikkerzeitung #9
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