

DANGEROUS CRUDZINES

No. 1



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DANGEROUS CRUDZINES #1

A personal fanzine written by Elst Weinstein. APDO 6-869 Guadalajara 6 Jalisco, Mexico. This is being sent to mostly friends and people who deserve it (Not mutually exclusive groups, by the way.) It is also available for a sticky quarter, trade, LoC, or other things usually comprising the standard "The Usual." Preferably, trades or LoCs would be appreciated, but money is nice too. This is being started on May 8, 1975 probably printed some time later and distributed even later. As always, this is an "O" Press publication with a number 1050.

FIRST AN EXPLANATION

You are getting this only because I want you to. If you are reading somebody else's copy, then feel justly mortified that you did not get your own copy. [Or, feel justly happy it did not burden your doorstep.] DANGEROUS CRUDZINES or DC as it affectionately known in Mexico, was actually destined to come out early last year. But due to other projects and time consuming matters, it was delayed and finally I returned all the material given to me for it. With the one exception of the Marc Schirmeister cover. Knowing this work was just sitting around waiting for use, I was forced to come out in print even if I had to do it as a perzine.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MEXICO?

Believe it or not, I'm studying medicine and going slowly insane. Due to the admission policies of medical schools in the US of A, 75% of the applicants are not given the chance to enter the field. This is not to say that these people are not qualified or wanted, it's just that lack of space prevents them from entering. Most of these people give up their ambition to become a doctor and go into another field. However, there is another choice that some 1000 all fired students take each year: Apply to a school in Mexico. The best of these schools is the Universidad Autónoma de Guadalajara, lovingly referred to as UAG. Students who go here are given the opportunity to have a medical education, but are presented with problems that you have to believe. Mexicans, as most Latin-Americans, are highly document oriented. To enter here I have to send documents from seventh grade on! But the problems here are nothing compared to what I face when I try to get back into the US to start practice. If I stay here, I have to spend an extra 3 years to get my "titulo" or doctor's title. If I try to go back, I have to fight over 1000 others for the limited openings in the "Fifth Pathway" program. This program is intimately concerned with the reintroduction of American Born-Foreign Educated doctors into the mainstream of American Medicine. The emphasis of the program is in clinical work, which most foreign schools notoriously lack. So, it looks like another 3-4 years here in Mexico with a hope for a "Fifth Pathway" spot. Looking at the brightside, I can always catch some intestinal parasite and get sick. Come to think of it, I probably already have caught something.

SO, TELL ME WHAT'S BECOME OF ALL THAT STUFF YOU DID?

Well, due to the fact that I was no longer in contact with the good old reliable USPS, I had to give up APA-H. The person who now is running the APA is Steve Beatty[1162 College Terrace Dr. Murray KY 42071 USA]. For those of you who don't know it, APA-H is the APA for Hoaxes, probably one of the more consistantly entertaining of the APA's. Steve's policy is to send out a free sample to people who write him with expressed interest. I would certainly reccomend this, since if you ~~don't~~ read APA-H, you won't find out about the more important things in fandom: the Fanquets, the Hogus, and the General Hoax Fandom elite. I still belong to APA-H, sending in reports from A Well-Known Gafiate and his band of revolutionaries. (Most people add that the Gafiate certainly is revolting.) All the other APA's I was in charge of have gone their own way with the exception of HERBAPA. The Holy Babble 3 will hopefully be out in the summer when I get back from the Guad for a short, but muchly deserved vacation. Copies are given to Herbangelist for only the postage costs, but to the non-believers for \$1 cash! If that doesn't make you a believer in the power of Herbie to save you money, nothing will.

DEFINE YOUR TERMS, PLEASE!

Yes, the Fillostated Fan Dictionary is out and has wung its way to all who had gotten copies sent to them. This monumental work, all modesty asside, is the most complete fannish lexicon to date. It is 172 pages long, over 2500 entries, almost 100 illustrations and contains several hopefully useful appendices at the end. In addition, it is offered to anybody who sends the proper amount of money, proving it to be an equal-opportunity publication. For only \$2 you get the two volume set, plus the volume of corrections and additions sent at a later date. Cost includes the price of book rate mailing. The address to write to is: 7001 Park Manor Ave. North Hollywood, CA 91605 USA. Do not send ingeniously worded inquiries here, I'll probably keep the money to pay for a taco or something.

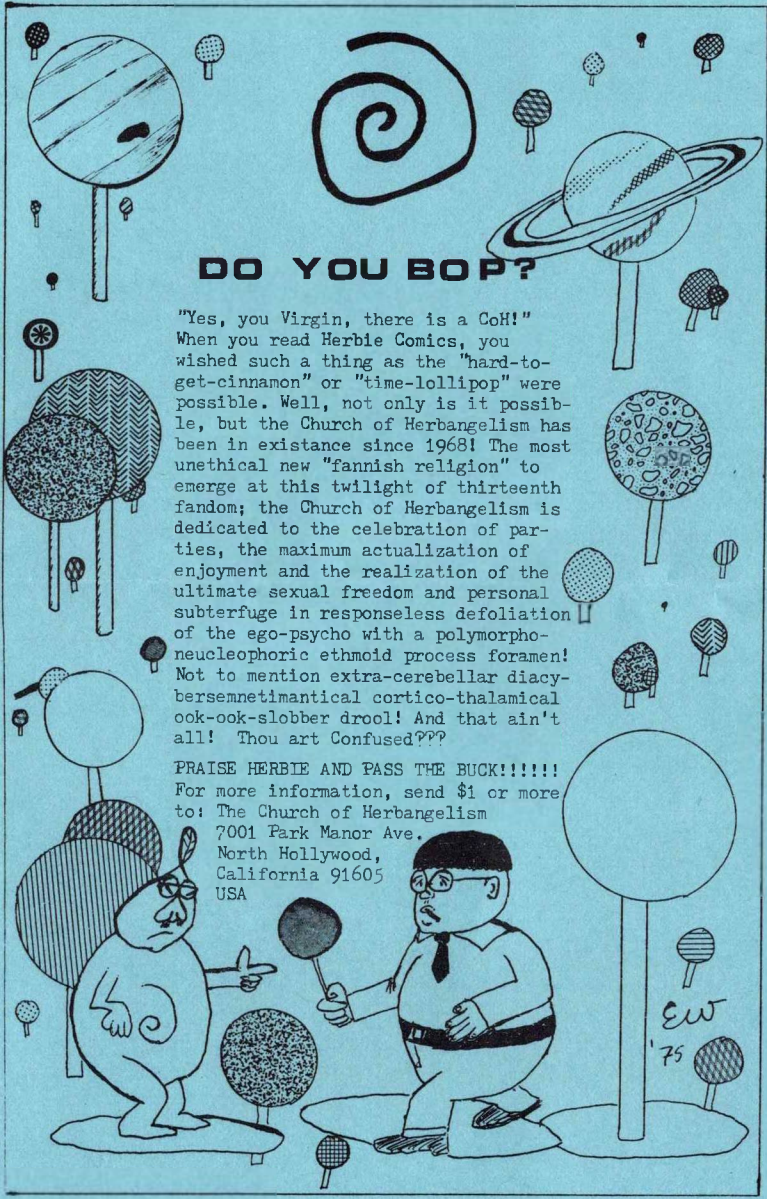
MEXICO COMES UP WITH ANOTHER FIRST!

Yes, indeed Mexico has many firsts. The first car(its still running), the first prostitute(yes, she's still...), and even the first police cop! But now, MEXICO tops all lists with the First SF convention to be held in MEXICO, called quite naturally, MEXICON. The MEXICON has Mack Reynolds as its Guest of Honor. The date is November 22-23,1975. The place is Guadalajara, the nicest city in Mexico I've been in the last three hours! If you are in the mood to see the con that will set new records in con history, then send in your membership fees (US Funds) to Elliot Weinstein APDO 6-869 Guadalajara 6, Jalisco, Mexico. And as a special added incentive, the committee will send interested people a leaflet that will answer questions you might have. It may not answer all your questions, so write anyways. Hope to see you there.

DO YOU BOP?

"Yes, you Virgin, there is a CoH!"
 When you read Herbie Comics, you wished such a thing as the "hard-to-get-cinnamon" or "time-lollipop" were possible. Well, not only is it possible, but the Church of Herbangelism has been in existence since 1968! The most unethical new "fannish religion" to emerge at this twilight of thirteenth fandom; the Church of Herbangelism is dedicated to the celebration of parties, the maximum actualization of enjoyment and the realization of the ultimate sexual freedom and personal subterfuge in responseless defoliation of the ego-psycho with a polymorpho-nucleophoric ethmoid process foramen! Not to mention extra-cerebellar diacybersemnetimantical cortico-thalamic ook-ook-slobber drool! And that ain't all! Thou art Confused???

PRAISE HERBIE AND PASS THE BUCK!!!!!!
 For more information, send \$1 or more to:
 The Church of Herbangelism
 7001 Park Manor Ave.
 North Hollywood,
 California 91605
 USA



THE GUAD SQUAD

The SF Society of Guadalajara officially started in January, and already has 5 members. Our main objective now is the MEXICON, which we hope is successful. The current project is to contact people to attend the terrific and fantastic MEXICON, and so far all responses have been positive. In the future, the Guad Squad will attempt to organize a member only lending library. This is much needed at this time due to the paucity of well-stocked SF bookstores here. There is no such thing as a used book store here in the entire country, since the theory is that once a book is read, a patriotic peon will use it as scratch paper to alleviate the nation's paper shortage!

ALAN WHO?

One of the people here in the Guad who has become active in our Con promotion is Alan Trimpi. Who? Yeah, he really was a proto-fan, a person who had heard of fandom and should have gotten into it, but never had the opportunity to do so. Anyways, this man has delusions of being a pro writer. Don't we all? Yet, he is actually working at it with a few decent stories to his credit. [Shall I mention the not-so-decent stories, Alan? What do you mean "no".] Alan is also trying to be of assistance in the MEXICON by talking with the Tourism Dept. and Hotels, etc. A useful way to get help, and believe me, the Tourism Dept. loves the idea. So, Alan also saw fit to accompany me to the little old town of San Miguel de Allende, which shall be talked about soon. It is interesting to note that life here in Mexico, especially at the Guad, is programmed to drive you insane unless there is some sort of way to get your mind off it. Alan feels that writing SF is the way. Maybe, I got out a few short stories myself. This is an act that I never was able to do before.

THE LEGEND OF SAN MIGUEL

This is a short trip report of our viaje to San Miguel de Allende to visit Mack Reynolds and his wife Jeanette. It started out that we almost did not get to go. Part of the requirements of all students at the UAG is to put in community service through the school's "Guardia" program. Due to the usual minute administrative mix-ups, some of the Guardias were to start the weekend we had planned the trip. So, on the morning of the trip we had to go there, to the Guardia HQ to find out the actual info. Luckily for us, our Guardias did not start until Monday morning. Fine for me, I grabbed Alan by the scruff of his neck [no mean feat] and pulled him into the car...we were off. The town was a good 5 hours on the road, but this was because we had no idea the correct way to get there. In Mexico it is always faster the second time you go somewhere--because you know what roads to take to avoid the little towns. It is these places that eat at your time and speed, since travel is obligatory at 25(kilometers!) to avoid topos(toh-pehs) which are little mounds that can kill an auto faster than a rock. We got to the town in one piece, and even found Mack's little hacienda. Next door on the right was another residence, but on the left was this old fashioned bar, right out of the old west--swinging wooden doors and all. I almost expected to

see Billy-the-Kid swing out from around the bar. I didn't go in, for just that reason. Like all houses in the small towns, Macks was narrow and very, very deep. The house kept going back, and where the end of the backyard should have been was another house that Jeanette had just finished designing and having built. It seems that they got tired of the rest of the house, since it was "older than the Pilgrims." For those of you who didn't know, Mack Reynolds in the past was quite a globe-trotter. Not that he was good friends with the folk from Harlem, but he was travel editor for ROGUE mag when it was still a going concern. Alan went out to get some veintes (20 centavo pieces) and got mugged by this American girl and did not show up until late that night. Meanwhile, I conversed with the Reynolds and even got them to bring out there coin collection. I've been a collector since I was eight and could tell quite a few stories on my own, but some of their coins were pretty difficult to find just about anywhere. For example, while he was in Afganistan, he got in change a silver coin of Alexander the Great, which was still in use! Other finds included an old four pence coin from Queen Victoria's early era (1850's), but the vast majority had more sentimental value than anything else. A lot of any coin collection is putting today's common coins away from sight for 25 years. //The next day, we got the tour of the town, and a little bit of history. The town was originally San Miguel, who was the patron saint of the Indians. "Supposedly," Mack adds. Every year there is a festival for San Miguel in the town. At the time of the carnival, peasants, peons and others come from everywhere to celebrate. An armed guard is placed in front of the statue of San Miguel, which is shown with one hand placed over the head of an Indian, blessing him and the other hand cup-like up to the sky. However, sometime during the night, the guards are bribed away with Tequila and in the morning the cupped hand is found full of shit! It doesn't matter who the guards are, they will always get bribed away! Even Tee-totalers. Anyway, after the Independence from Spain, the city was re-named to honor Allende, one of the leaders of the Revolution and a cohort of Hidalgo. Other interesting things in the town were the many fine churches, one of which has a roof painted by some ex-fannish artist. Another church was designed by an illiterate Indian, who sketched the design in dust on the ground. After the tour we had a fantastic meal, HAMBURGERS! Real American style food that we had not had since home. A nice treat for tired stomachs. After this, we really had to go home, so we thanked the Reynolds and left.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

The trip back was really uneventful until we were about thirty minutes out of Guadalajara. We were stopped for the routine arms inspection and had the car searched. The federales were all carrying their sub-machined automatics, but we were not carrying guns so we thought nothing was to be worried about. Ha! While we were asked to open the trunk, the federales glanced through our belongings, which unfortunately included my wallet. They must have been revolutionaries themselves, because they liberated \$50(US) from the wallet. Knowing that a life was worth more than the money, I wisely left without lodging a complaint to the ten armed federales. Later,

however,I told the American Consulate and the Turismo Dept. both of which don't like such acts to be perpetratered on \$\$\$ that could be spent on huaraches, comida and hoteles. I won't get it back, but maybe the guy who took it bought some moonshine tequila ~~afa/afaf~~
~~vtta/ttva/afvvt/vfvtvvt.~~

CALABOZOS Y DRAGONES

What has infected one fandom, has laid waste to others. DUNGEONS and DRAGONS has crossed the border and has caught on like wildfire. I am to blame for this foul deed, if such is so. After hearing about the game, I was rather glad to go out and devise a Dungeon of my own. Alas, it is known that the devising of this cannot be done until the game has been played. So, I called up several people here in the Guad and got them to be as enthused about the game as I was. Enthused enough to help share the burdensome \$25 investment for the initial game. However, as luck may have it, I will be hopefully on my way to the old Estados Unidos for a short trip back to sanity. This will hopefully be a time to allow the finer hellish elements of LASFS to put together a game so that I can see one in action. I wonder if a really evial calabozo can be devised using a few not-so-widely known Mexican horrors. It will be seen if I can get it done with.

HACE LLUVIA

It has started to rain. It won't cease until the end of September. Actually, this really is a blessing. We have lost over 70 hours over the last few weeks in electricity, due to the fact that the hydro-electric sources have run out of hydro, hence electric. With the rains coming, we get full service unless the frequent lightning bolts strike a nearby electrical pole. It should be mentioned here that for the most part Mexican electricity is normally reliable, but until the story was settled about the true source of electric losses, we got every rumor under the sun. 1.Mexico City was converting to 60 cycles and the rest of the country could suffer. 2.The rest of the country was suffering the transition to 50 cycles like Mexico City has. 3.Mexico City had a power shortage for the while, and the rest of the country could suffer. 4.The rest of the country was suffering so that Mexico City could have sufficient power. And so on.

AND NOW A WORD...

I would like to mention the fact that I am trying desperately to put together the third volume for the set of the Fillostrated Fan Dictionary. This is to be the additions and corrections volume that will update and correct the first two volumes. I do hope that all of you who have ordered your copies got them by now[pre-ordered copies] and that you are looking for errors or missing items. If you find anything along these lines, PLEZE send them to me here in Mexico as soon as you can.(Preferable by the last part of July.)

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I am also looking for artists on this work, and would appreciate it if spot illos could be sent. The usual deal is in effect here: any words used or artwork used brings the sender a free copy and contributor's credit. You can order a copy of this, postpaid for 50¢, sent either to me or to the Dictionary address WITH A NOTE EXPLAINING WHAT THE MONEY IS FOR! If you sent in \$2.00 for the dictionary, the extra 50¢ includes the dictionary supplement and this will be sent to you at the time it is completed. The expected date for this is September or October, so please be patient.

THAT'S ABOUT IT, FOR NOW AT LEAST

Yeah, I suppose a summary of the contents is reasonable at this time for people like Bob Vardeman who don't open their fanzines. This will be visable on all domestic copies, since this will be folded in half. THE CONTENTS IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE RESTRICTED TO ADULTS ONLY. MINORS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO SEE THIS WITHOUT EITHER THEIR PARENTS WRITTEN CONSENT OR MY WISH. IF YOUR CHILD IS READING THIS WITHOUT YOUR PERMISSION, PLEASE REPORT YOURSELF TO THE EARLY WARNING CLINIC IN YOUR COMMUNITY FOR EMERGENCY EUTHANASIA TREATMENT. THIS IS ONLY A WARNING, IN CASE OF ACTUAL ATTACK, WATER WILL COME FORTH FROM THIS FANZINE TO SMOTHER FIRES AND ACT AS A RADIATION BUFFER ZONE.

*Dangerous
Crudzines*

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aquí

to/a

