

AGAIN,

# DANGEROUS

# CRUDZINES

No. 2

WE MUST ESCAPE...  
SO WE CAN HIDE  
AND BE SAFE!

TOO LATE! IT'S NO USE  
TO RUN... WE'RE TRAPPED, AND  
WE'LL BE DEVoured BY.....

**THE  
CRUDZINE FROM  
PLANET XOM!**



© 1985  
HERB  
R. BERRY



edited by Elst Weinstein::::::::::published and+ typed by Mike Glycer

# DANGEROUS CRUDZINES#2

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An impersonal (and antipersonal) personalzine written by Elst Weinstein, who hides from his critics in APDO 6-869 Guadalajara 6, Jalisco MEXICO. (I will be hiding at 7001 Park Manor Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91605 during the period of Dec. 10, 1975-Jan. 10, 1976 ONLY!) If seeing symbols by your name worries you you might have reason for these unreasonable fears. I cut 60 people from lastish, and may cut almost that many thisish! The symbols mean the following: (A) Your artwork is somewhere in my possession. (L) You wrote or even LoCced. (M) You might be canned nextish if you don't respond in some wise. (T) You trade with me. (?) Means M, but refers to the letter preceding, as a sort of subtle hint of what I would like. (\$) You Sub, and that should not appear on anybody's yet. TO GET DC: this is available for the usual, which in this case is: 35¢ (3/\$1), trade, LoC, Art or "whim." About two hundred copies will be distributed beginning September 7, 1975. This is "O"Press Publication #1070. ART CREDITS: COVER: Kurt Erichsen. (7) Ezra Zolman. (10) Stu Shiffman. Headings -- the Devonian Graphics Cartel. In Cartas de Closar my comments are separated by ((double parentheses)).

## PLUGOLIUM TIME

1. The FILLOSTRATED FAN DICTIONARY, a three volume set, for only the small sum of \$2. The first two volumes are immediately available, the third will be sent early next year (hopefully). With over 2500 entries on 172 pages with 100 illustrations, this is really worth it. Write to: Dictionary, c/o Elst Weinstein 7001 Park Manor Ave., North Hollywood CA 91605.
2. The First Fillostrated Supplement still needs artwork and additions/corrections. Various delays have forced me to extend the deadline to late October. Send all materiaks to the MEXICAN address.
3. HERBAPA. The Holy Babble will be out as soon as money to print it up is collected. All interested persons (ie, people who want a copy MAILED to them) are advised to send at least 30¢ (in mint US postage stamps or the equivalent in mint foreign stamps) to help me cover postage. Non-members must send \$1.30 or the equivalent.
4. MEXICON 75; More on this later, but it is NOV. 21-23 1975 here at the Quad. Membership goes from \$5 to \$6 on October 1, 1975, so get your fees in fastisimo!
5. SFinctor - the Fannish News Release is currently undergoing a bit of abeyance. It will still, hopefully, continue. Mike Glycer is joining the myriad co-editors: send subs and news to his address (14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342). The subs are: 20¢/issue (US, Canada and Mexico) 40¢/issue (other Foreign), or 8/\$1.50 (North America), 8/\$3.00 (other). Make all checks payable to Craig Miller.
6. CARDSHARK - the exciting new novel by the author of WATERGATE DOWN. CARDSHARK is the heartwarming action-packed saga about the return of the spirit of a long-dead Mississippi riverboat gambler who returns to a small backwater town that reveres him almost like a ghod.

WHAT YOU SAY YOU TELL US MORE, SR.

For those of you unlucky enough not to get DC#1 and who are completely stymied by the unbegotten appearance of DC#2, maybe I should explain myself a bit further. I am a student (read:estudiante) of medicine (read: medicina) at the Autonomous University of Guadalajara (read: UAG). Why I'm here is another question, one that may be unanswered still at the end of the century. But, still I'm here, virtually the only American fan in all of Mexico. "'Tis lonely to be a fan..." Yet I am not the only reader of the dreaded SF materials: yea and verily there are many more than can be counted. It seems every trip into the few English language bookstores in town reveals still another SF reader. Not fans, but down here that is good enough. But, I wander from my subject, which is, say I've already forgotten. Oh well, I really should end the paragraph in that case, but seeing that it is too short as it is, I'll just have to add a bit to fill it out. Well, how about a progress report? I just got out of the first semester by the skin of my teeth. See? No skin left! Now if I get into another situation like that I'm in heep beeg trobble meester. I'd like to tell you more about this harrowing experience, but the lights are dimming on and off, so I expect the power to go off at any time.

WE NOW KNOW WHO'S THIS ALAN GUY, BUT WHO'S YOU?

A good question. Who am I? I guess somebody, but then guesses often turn out to be just that. I can, however, tell you my name. Really and truly I am none other than Elliot Steven Weinstein. I never use the middle name. I have this thing about spelling my name and pronouncing it. Please note the spelling back there. That's E-L-L-I-O-T, accept no substitutes, for on the checks banks can be real sticklers. Oh yes, I also use the name Elst. At least I do in all fannish stuff done in my own name, if you can follow that logic. How, you may ask, did I get that particular spelling of my name, and why, you may also ask, am I so prone to rage at violators or the rightful spelling? Well, it goes back a bit. It seems my mother has the same logically consistent mind that I do. She decided that when I was named I would be named Elliot because she liked how it sounded. Fine. But she was presented with four potential spellings, Elliot, Eliot, Elliott, and Eliott. But why she chose the spelling she did was a complete mystery to me until last May when I went back for a short trip. We (my parents and I) went out to see a movie and during the intermission my mother made a comment: "Aren't you glad that I spelled your name with just six letters?" "Huh?" I replied. "Well, you can have you name on a personalized license plate that way." (My mother was referring to the personalized plates I have on my car.) "Oh, but why did you really pick that spelling?" "You know I'm clairvoyant, but I looked at it this way. Your name was pronounced El-lee-et, right? So, it therefore would have two l's instead of one. Now if I spelled it with two t's, then it would be El-lee-ett (pronouncing both t's). So I decided on that spelling." Inescapable logic, I thought. My mother should have been a detective.

THAT'S TOUGH, ELST. BUT TELL US SOME MORE OF THE NEATO ADVENTURES YOU HAVE

Be glad to. How about "Mexican pelota torture?" Aha! All you erstwhile Spanish speakers have rushed to your dictionaries to find out what a "pelota" is. Well, for those of you who don't know, and who don't have a Spanish dictionary available, it means "ball" as in "play ball" not the



familiar verb which has other meanings nor the noun from which it is derived. One implication in torture is that an act committed innumerable times to monotony can become a torture if the act is suspended when expected to occur. A case in point is the "Chinese water torture." I won't explain that, since I would expect most of you to at least be familiar with the mechanics of this. But here we really have a variant of the water torture. During the afternoons and ALL weekend long, the average Mexican youngster does nothing but play soccer (read: futbol) or baseball (read: beisbol). Even in the dark or in the rain, they still play. But not in the streets, like healthy American youngsters. No, they must play in the playgrounds specifically designed for such play. Now here comes the torture. Our house has a small garden in the back whose wall is also one of the playground walls. Therefore the devilish little monsters contrive to see who can get one of us to find their ball or pelota which always finds its way into the garden by climbing the walls all by itself. After five or six of these retrievals, the balls are not the only ones climbing the walls. Why, just today they had me looking for a ball that really proved non-existent. It is also unfortunate that we cannot stop them from any of these vile acts, since they have most disgusting habits should we fail to retrieve their pelota. Breaking off antennae from automobiles, or windows from houses; climbing the walls themselves to gather up the balls and other items of interest in the garden (hoses, rakes, etc.)

Not enough for you adventure lovers? Well, how about the "Registro Federal de Automobiles and back again" adventure?

Each and every six month period, non-Mexican (read: Extranjero) who has the fortune (or misfortune) of owning a car, must get the permits renewed. Ah, you might think that would be simple, just a little jaunt to the department some morning and maybe pay a little fee and sign a paper. Yes! But that ain't all... They also want: a copy of your bond, a letter from your bonding company, a letter from your school, a copy of the vitals of your immigration papers (read: FM9) and about 8 pesos of document stamps. (Might I note here in passing that these were exactly the same type of document stamps as caused the American revolution.) So, you again might think that you just go down to the office with the required items in hand. Yes, again! But who tells you that you need those items? Certainly not the department, for they don't even have a telephone. Your friends? Well, most of them are waiting for you to re-register your car to find out. So, you must go down there with what you have and hope for the best. So, I went, and was told all of what I needed except one thing, the letter from the school. I went to the school. To get the letter that, in effect, says "\_\_\_\_\_ is a student in good standing here at UAG," I had to lay out the additional fee to the school of 30 pesos -- \$2.40 in real money (as we say in the vernacular). Now, I came back armed with all the proper items. And had to wait while the secretary had her coffee break, did her nails, and gabbed with the other office workers. After a two-hour wait, I briskly got my papers finished, which required a twenty minute hunt-and-peck type-up of a one-page report on my car. What happens now? In 90 days I get the unique opportunity to return and see if they have processed the car by then. It seems that the office does nothing really but accept the papers. All documents get their proper amount of processing. So, that takes all of three months to do what takes about 20 minutes at the California DMV (although most of that time is spent waiting in long lines).

What's the matter? You're disappointed because I am not telling you



about a robbery of \$50 or something. You aren't excited unless the threat of bloodshed is present? Boy are you hard to please. OK, I'll tell you about a nice little experience, but you have to promise not to tell anyone except your senile spinster aunt. And if you don't have one, then that means keep it secret. The truth is, we were being followed by a group of armed and dangerous federales. This was in the city, too, not out in the country like the robbery you might have heard about. We were just done with selecting a hotel for the Mexican, and were making our way back home. Along side of my car was an open truck (pick-up variety) with about 15 soldiers. I thought nothing of it, until I looked a bit closer. Every last one of them was carrying a loaded, safety-off, light-weight Belgian-made machine gun...barrels aimed at various cars or pedestrians. Not actually aimed, but at such ambiguous angles that if the truck hit a hole or a bump in the road (not uncommon) the resulting bloodshed would have provided a large something for authorities to hush up. The real problem was that we traveled at the same velocity as the truck, without opportunity either to turn off the road or speed out of view. Oh, I forgot to mention the nasty-looking sergeant of the crew. Nasty is really a euphemism. This guy could turn milk to stone at a glance. Old Sarge there had his Belgian Beauty aimed at a slightly less ambiguous angle, namely, us, worrying us slightly more. Finally after what seemed the scariest ten minute jaunt in my life, we turned off into another street. A sigh of relief filled our car and we breathed a bit easier.

Now, after that little exploit, a battle against the elements is nothing. Or so you might think. When the last DC was being typed we were having our first storms of the season. By this time, now, we no longer have storms that are little and they are happening all the time, averaging once per day or night. I should note all Mexican edifices are made out of bricks of the porous variety and covered by plaster of the paris sort. Which means water naturally will soak into and out of them. And onto the floor it seems. We were faced a few weeks back with a flood of the sort Mississippi folk would deride but California folk would look at in wide-eyed amazement. There is this fountain in the center of the house which is open to the outside and surrounded by glass windows. But the bottom of it is porous brick that let through liters of fluid per second. As we manned the decks, bosun's mate Sam (the Texan) and I were swabbing the overflow and rushing quickly to pour it into the drain. Meanwhile the army of General Guillermo de la Cucaracha led a flanking attack on the kitchen. Armed with a can of Raid and "Texas stompers," Sam rushed into the fray. He was relieved by Tyson Shih, karate expert, who kung-fued the flowing menace back into place. As the water subsided I went in to find the kitchen fumigated and General Cucaracha's army in disarray. Sam, a member of the "Sons of the Alamo" society was a real Texas Bennet, not a recent immigrant, you know. Armed with the knowledge that the bugs might return, he yelled out "Remember the Talamo!" (Remember the Thalamus...an obscure anatomical reference) and began smashing the re-grouping beasties. I saw that he had things well in hand on the Kitchen front, so I returned to the fountain. Tyson had just about cleaned up the water there when we noticed that the flood was now emanating from Sam's humble abode. It seems that while the architect of the house was literate, none of the builders were. Hence all the doors in our house that connect to the outside are from one to three inches from being flush with the floor. Hence, another source of the never-ending battle. But, I regress. I also tire easily. So I end this day's typing and probably will be starting about another page of nonsense. In that case I will try to fill up this page with mumblings on various topics. Did you know that Mexico produces more honey than just about anybody else?



## MORE CALABOZAS Y DRAGONES

Ruined but not forsaken, fandom here at the Guad goes merrily along, impervious to the fact that Dungeons and Dragons has hit it so hard it has yet to recover. I have been asked by several people, obviously interested in the blasted infernal sport, to tell them more. And have, at the same time, been warned by others. Well, it is somewhat addicting. D&D, with its many variants, comprises one of the most active areas of fandom right now. The game is fantasy-oriented and includes various aspects of a number of games. Basically, a person obtains a set of rules (address given at end) from the TSR people. Then, at least one person constructs a dungeon, giving it all the imaginative monsters, treasures, and traps one can think of (or swipe from the people who designed the game). The rules present in outline how to run the game; EACH Dungeon Master is the complete authority and interpreter of rules for his particular dungeon. There are as many and different unique dungeons as there are Dungeon Masters. If you are still interested in the game, consider that you will have to lay out a bit of money. A complete set of rules (which includes: the three original volumes @\$10.00, two supplements at \$5.00 each, and two necessary sets of special dice @\$2.50 each -- a total of \$25.00, real money as we say here). The address is: Tactical Studies Rules, 542 Sage St., Lake Geneva WI 53147 USA.

## MEXICON

## SI, ¿COMO NO?

Er, mea culpa, I err. I forgot to put in the cost of membership for MEXICON. It is \$5 US attending, \$6 after October 1, 1975 (It's too late, you know). Supporting will remain \$3. We now know the room rate. MEXICON will be held at the Posada Guadalajara, a nice hotel with most essential con facilities. The rates per person per night in US dollars: \$12.80 Double, \$11.20 Single. We also intend to have a nice banquet at the cost of only \$7.20 per person. Really good food at this place! For those persons interested in touring the city, we will be arranging a special tour of the Tequila Sauza plants at no charge, for people who notify us of their early arrival. I went on the tours and they are quite fun, enjoyable, and intoxicating. (Literally). Other nice sites we can arrange: Libertad Market (the largest open market in the world). Plaza de Mariachis (home of Mexico's famous mariachis), Tlaquepaque (artisan center), SilverMex (a nice, inexpensive place to buy good silver jewelry), Lake Chapala (largest lake in Mexico), plus many others accessible by bus or car. // Please make all funds out to: Elliot Weinstein, (APDO 6-869 Guadalajara 6, MEXICO). Hope to see you all in attendance!

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DANGEROUS CRUDZINES #2





COLA COLA! That ain't a call for Pepsi, either. I am properly calmed down enough to rationally go about the description of another hair-raising experience. What would you say if somebody stated: "I was forced to stand up over 33 hours in the same place surrounded by unsavory characters and then was made to pay a large sum of money for the privilege." Probably you would either not believe it, or you would say that it was some sort of torture. ((Or weird sexual act -- MG)) Well, it actually was registration for the current semester. Due to the usual administrative SNAFU's registration was not very organized, to make an understatement. With almost 6000 students to be registered in less than two weeks, the school decided that it can only handle about 200 per day. So, students had to wait in line for hours every day waiting to get registered, but having the windows close on them. One could conceivably get in line at 6:00 AM, and leave at 5:00 PM and have accomplished nothing. The secret? Well, that is where the title of this little section comes from. The Mexicans at the school are generally a bunch of childish kids -- literally. They are much less mature than Americans of comparable age and they are about five years younger, being generally 17 years old. They constantly yell out "Cola, cola." (End of the line.) On the other hand, they constantly let in any of their friends. This has the result of making half the 200 people processed each day those who just cut into line. How did I finally register? I outsmarted them all by getting in line at 3:00 AM. That assured me of being one of the first dozen or so to get into line. Then I kept close track of people and made sure nobody allowed a friend to talk his way in front of me. It turned out to be worth it since that day I only had to wait in lines for six hours.

You might think that it should in no way take that long to register. Well, you are wrong. You see, you must pick up your boleto (report card) at one window. But if it is not ready you can't do so. They don't tell you it is not ready until midday, then they say "manana," which means three weeks. Sort of like "real soon now" but with the emphasis on the real. After you get the boleto, they must type out your individual registration form. That takes about 3-4 hours, so you could just as easily go home and sleep. After this, you take your forms to the "caja" (cashier) and pay your tuition. Or do you? Did they make a mistake on your form or not? Did you get charged that extra \$1000 or was that just a computer error? Er, maybe you had better check that out. Yes, just as you thought, no error. Well, back into the lines. WHAT! They closed the lines at 1:00 PM and won't open again until 9:00 AM tomorrow. And so on...

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

Does the Mexican Army have any authority over disaster areas in Mexico? I would suppose it does, considering the US Army reacts that way in similar situations. The school here is very public relations minded: by sending out there "medicos" to disaster areas, they look good. True enough. So, Sam the Texan was sent out with a group of other medical students to the neighboring state of Nayarit which was hit by a devastating flood. Or, was supposed to be sent out. The usual administrative SNAFU's delayed the actual sending by several days. It was then pointed out to the school that the Mexican Army had gone into the area and was doing the job sufficiently by itself. The UAG was a little hurt by this comment as could be expected, and decided to send the students anyway. However, it turns out that all Americans are forbidden from working in conjunction with foreign armed forces without specific permission to do so. A little trip to the American Consulate was sufficient to



change a few minds. Fortunately, the usual administrative mixups delayed all maneuvers so long that the trip had to be cancelled. Too bad, now the students don't have the experience of treating each other for typhoid fever! How in Hell do you expect us to get Medical training against such obstacles. Was there not some wise man who said "Learn by experiencing?"

#### NUNCA CUENTE LOS HUEVOS ANTES DE PUTRIFICACION

That little expression is very common down here. It means, never count your eggs before they go rotten. I learned, the hard way. I had originally planned to go home during the short break between classes. One week. What happened is another little horror story. I bought tickets to go home, thinking that the day after the last final I could leave. Well, it turned out that one of my earlier finals was misplaced and so I was informed that I failed it. That meant I had to stay an extra week to take second finals. The day before this second I discovered that the people had corrected their error. So, I could register, right? Wrong. I told you on the previous page how long it took me to register. I was framed! So now it looks as if I can go home only on a very tenuous basis: cutting a few days of class (shudder the thought!) Either that or wait until December!

"LIBRARY?" If you had a project that required some basic research and you don't own the world's largest private library, you would start by attacking the local public library, right? Or maybe hit the bookstores in town, or drop in at the local college or university library, right? Well not here. I tried the whole lot of them and lost. I wanted to obtain information about Aztec and Mexican legends, so what better place than in Mexico? First, I looked up all the used bookstores in the city, since I would rather own a book that had information than have to check it out in a library. Sorry, no used bookstores. The new bookstores treated the subject about the same way the folk in Salem treated witches. So I then attacked the libraries. First, the UAG library. Not much luck there, the place was like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Next the public libraries. What do you mean there is only one of them? Where? In the sticks? So I went there. The sole public library is beautiful as far as architecture is concerned, and exquisite as far as artwork was concerned: but as far as books go, well... The total library consisted of two walls of shelved books. In front of the shelves were meter high fences preventing contact with the volumes. It turns out that if you want to look at any book (not being able to check out books means resorting to this) you have to obtain a ticket (boleto) which you must sign. The books themselves are all at least 20 years old, torn, ripped, written in and missing pages. There is a catalog unlike any you might expect -- a huge book with each volume entered by author alone, on waxy old pages smudged with faded red ink, listings semi-alphabetical on pages so worn, torn and shorn that most peons dress better. Anyways I only obtained a fraction of what I wanted. Then I discovered another library in town: at the American Consulate. This was a donation of the American government to the city of Guadalajara (probably because of the over 50,000 Americans here more than anything). It had none of what I was looking for, but it was satisfactory for minor things, or fiction (but not SF!) I would say it was the equivalent of any small-town library or metropolitan branch library. It is the only decent library in an area populated by over 3,000,000 folks. Do you think the government takes the 60% illiteracy rate here seriously?



# CARTAS DE CLOSAR

My policy towards LoGs? Well, I'm an eclectic and a realist. I will not print up an entire letter when half of it is about something entirely uninteresting or unrelated, or unprintable or DNQ. I respect your DNQ's and hope you respect mine. So, without further ado about nothing, I lead on:

MIKE GLICKSOHN                      Got DC#1 today and it prompts me to drop you the  
141 High Park Ave.                  card I've been meaning to send for some time. I've  
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3                written to the address given in the zine to mention  
CANADA                                  that my copy of the fan dictionary didn't arrive

although my friends have had theirs for weeks.  
((Say no more, Mike. A big mixup happened since I left LA. Hopefully it will get corrected. Please, all you who have not gotten the dictionary that you ordered BEFORE February, please tell me. I will have the whole matter straightened out soon after that.))

It surely seems like a hell of a longshot to take in order to get a chance at doctoring in the US but I admire your willingness to take it and wish you the very best of luck. In the meantime, I'm looking forward to getting some insight into life in Mexico via DC. The first issue already pointed out different aspects of life there and here (remind me never to carry cash in Mexico!) and I enjoyed reading through it. The idea of a con in Mexico is very appealing, but I don't see my being able to make it. By the end of the summer I'll have been to cons in four different countries this year (and Fan GoH at three of them, he added immodestly) and the thought of trying for five of them is enticing. But no way. I note that you did not mention how much people should send you: I assume that's one of the questions your leaflet will answer. And where are you getting DC printed? I gather it's in LA? ((Yep, you hit it on the nose. I do print in LA to save 70% of the printing cost, and about that much in mailing expenses. Also, I neglected to put in the price of the con, for which I was duly chastized by our GoH. I regret the actions I have done in the past!))

GIL GAIER                              Thank you for including me among the recipients of  
1016 Beech Ave.                      DC#1. You are a born PR man: APA-H, MEXICON, and the  
Torrance, CA 90501                  Fillostrated Dict. all got plugs. (Hm, I wonder if  
page on the Church of Herbangelism counts?) ((Sure  
does!)) Anyhow, the only connection you missed was your and Miller's  
SFinctor.

My only disappointment with DC is that you didn't take time to give your impressions of M. Renoylds. Is he moulding down there or still an active soul? ((Actually he churned out an average of eight novels a year, and seemed to be in good health while I was there, so I guess your question could be considered partially answered. I wish I could go into more detail but that is rather difficult for me. Mack impressed me as very nice, and worldly wise. He lives well for much less than one would expect. He might not be so crazy for living here after all.))

"I probably have already caught something..." Hmm. Do we get a prize if we figure out what it is? (Don't worry, it's only morning sickness.) ((Er, not really. If your guess was correct I would have given you some free tequila punch if you attended MEXICON.))



LINDA BUSHYAGER  
1614 Evans Ave.  
Prospect Park PA 19076

Thanks for the news on MEXICON. Can you take American che cks? Do you still have a US bank account? ((Yes on both counts.)) Dangerous Crudzines was a lot of fun... Ron read it too and laughed out loud at many points. Keep it up.

JESSICA A. SALMONSON  
Box 89517  
Zenith, WA 98818

I just sent off a letter to you a couple days ago when, low and behold, up pops Dangerous Crudzines. My opinion: Bleah. ((I should here add 'sic', since we all know the word is 'blecch!'))

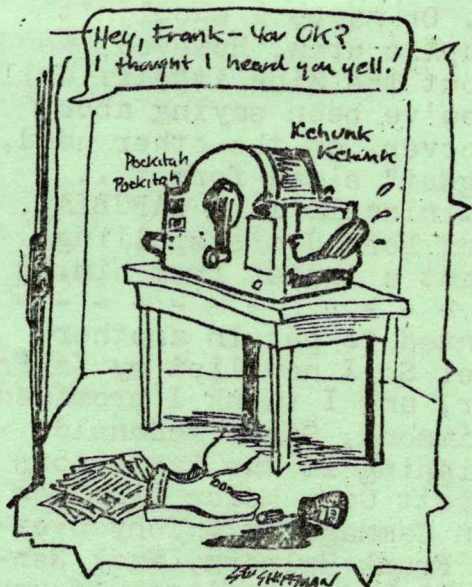
MAE STRELKOV  
CC 55  
Jesus Maria Cordoba  
ARGENTINA

I don't know when the general strike here will ever finish and allow this to go forth from Argentina, but I'm writing anyway now to loc DANGEROUS CRUDZINES 1, and tell you I'm delighted to feel I'm no longer the sole voluble sf fan in Latin America. Welcome, welcome among us critianos! (He, he.) ((Judiano is more appropriate in my case, but, whatever.)) It is fascinating, all you tell of LIFE IN MEXICO. I think you are HEROIC, ((Blush!)) and a truly dedicated doctor-to-be, and wish you the best of success facing the obstacles strewn before you, of which studying in another language is but the least. We have in the Universities here also brave souls...I heard of a trusting girl from the States studying medicine right near here somewhere, who is sweet and trusting and anxious to please (like I used to be). And guess what! In her eagerness to learn colloquialisms, her companions have taught her all the foulest words they know, instead of the innocent terms she was hoping to learn, to get the feeling "part of it all here." So watch out in your turn...(or wouldn't you mind?) ((Not too much. I already swear better in three languages than the average Mexican can in his own.)) You also mentioned the difficulty of getting sf books in Mexico. NOW do you believe me when I've always said in locs that I can't get any SF reading matter down here? By now not even the innocuous weekly TIME comes in any more. No English-language reading matter can be got. Of course, now our currency is worth ten times less than last year (apparently), so we couldn't afford it even if the books did still come in. I will soon be reduced to reading pious old Jesuit manuals of devotion, amply in stock in every library. (New ones too! Every type...) // You are bringing Mexico to life with that idea of a convention and I hope it goes off with a lucky bang. But then, you are so near to the States, lucky you. A few hours drive? ((Yes, if 48 straight hours nonstop is few.)) Crossing the border every time will cost you a lot unless you travel with empty pockets, naturally. Try smuggling your self in barefoot and keeping your wealth up you -- er -- nothing. // Your story of bureaucracy matches how it is here. I chuckled with gentle malice. "Now Elst will tell 'em I'm not a hoaxer or liar!" But nobody wants to believe me, because I'm so hot-tempered when I let myself go it puts everyone off. But you're telling it the right way! Good for you! // You've really got the feel of your Latin ambiente already as I see&in that racy, lively style a book by you about your life there would absolutely fascinate us all, I'm sure.

Dave ROMM  
17 Highland Ave.  
Middletown, NY 10940

Just got Dangerous Crudzines. At first it tried to take a nip from my finger but I gave it some granola and everyone knows you shouldn't bite the hand that feeds you so it stopped. Not quite as dangerous as you thought, eh? ((That's funny, all the copies here are busy taking nips from a bottle.)) But it was all right for all of that. I knew what you were doing in ol' Mexico. My brother also wants to be a doctor. He couldn't get into a six year medical school, but he did get into MIT. It should be interesting to see how he does. How are you doing? ((Guess.)) Mexico also has the bear. True to tradition (as you parenthat-





ically remark) streaking was invented. I don't think I'll be able to come so I'm not spending any membership fees, but I'll be happy to spread any info you have on the con to my diverse sources. Support the Albany Oligarchy! // That proves what Karl Malden has been saying over TV, namely you should carry travelers checks. Would that be wise? Do you get much TV down there? Did God or even Herbie make little Green apples? ((Yes, too much, and O.C. Smith.))

LARRY BROMMER  
217 E. Haskell St.  
W. St. Paul, MN 55118

Received Dangerous  
Crudzines. Sounds  
really bizaar there.  
It's really bizaar,

here, so I decided to share bizaarshes with you, and send you my 50th Celibate Satyr. However, it doesn't explain very

much of what is going on, so I will rectify that. I am playing bass in a country-western band, now, and am slowly going insane. This is the second C&W band I've been with. The first stole all of my equipment. I have very definite feelings about them, but I can't tell them about it, for they have departed to unknown regions. Fortunately this present band has equipment for me to use, and since they are all my friends, things should work out. Now if I could only find a way to tolerate the horse-shit music we play. // Please send info on MEXICON! I have no idea if I would be able to come or not. It's too far away to tell, but I might buy a membership anyway because I like the idea of it. Blue Petal likes the idea too. // On the Herbie ad, you left off his light-reflecting halo. ((Sorry.)) I don't think I would like to come to Mexico by bus. I spent a week one night going to South Dakota. ((Whatever for?)) I would not be a functional being by the time I got there. Train might be fun if I had company, but I don't know if I could get anyone to go along... So it looks like I would be best off flying down. Since I have no wings, the only direction I could fly would be down. Anyway, this all depends on how life is going by then, and what kinds of funds I have available. I would really like to fly down for the con and then spend a week or two there conspiring and such. We shall see... When I was in the fourth grade I made my second TV appearance on a local educational language series. This was when every student in grade school had to learn to speak Spanish. (I wasn't too crazy about the idea.) Anyway, I took my father's pet red fox onto the show and the nurd who was the host asked me some questions, in Spanish! At this time I had exactly one month of grade school Spanish. I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, and he had to whisper the answers to me, and I would repeat them, rather poorly. Apparently this didn't matter to the people producing the show, because they didn't want to tape it over. The show is still seen twice a year, and the fifth grade students that watch the show are still laughing at the dumb kid that didn't know how to talk Spanish. Fortunately they never used my name on the show, and no one recognizes me anymore. It was a great source of embarrassment for many years, however, and when I got to High School I took German. I still don't care much for Spanish. ((I don't either.))

LORD JIM KENNEDY  
1859 E. Fairfield St.  
Mesa, AZ 85203

Congratulations on your myghty and rapidly growing SF Society. I can see that in a matter of short decades, Guadalajara will have become a fannish power to be reckoned with, lyke North Dakota, Three Churches, WV, or Mesa. At least you aren't planning your Westercon bid,



lyke these idiots in Phoenix, after the 1st con. Or maybe I shouldn't be giving you ideas... ((We aren't in the geographic area. However, we can bid for the Worldcon in 1979...)) A word about the Zine itself: Well, as for illos...your one simply reaffirms what you've been saying about your "talent" as an artist all along; Schirm's cover, on the other hand, is hilarious, tremendous! Also, I lyke this "digest" sized format... cheap and easy to handle, but not ridiculously miniscule like TABUBIAN. ((Nobody is original these days. I left in all of Lord Jim's spelling nuances, so I could prove to you that I really got a letter from him.))

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Mucho sorry! I runned out of space. I really wanted to put in another page of letters but my page limitation got to me. So I now list my IAHPs (NIPO) Gary Mattingly, Ned Brooks, Dave Rowe (er, and I think I promised to put your letter in), Bruce Arthurs, Steven Simmons, Steve McDonald (who sent an 8 page letter to an 8 page zine, signing it the Mysterious Mr. Prolific!), John Dai Platt, Philip Cohen, Brett Cox, Meade Frierson III, Joe krolik, Kurt Erichsen, Leah Zeldes, Ken Gammage Jr., Tony Cvetko, Steve Beatty, Rich Bartucci, Vik Kostrikin, Frank Halpern, Mack Renoylds, Sheryl Birkhead, Tim Kirk (!!!), and A Well known Gafiate. If you weren't listed here, didn't have a LoC printed, don't trade, don't do art, or don't send money then you will probably not be getting the issue after this one. In fact, some of you will not be getting this issue.

MINI PLUG      The Society For The Prevention of White Space In Fannish Publications Inc. is a nonprofit fannish charity/service which distributes illos to fannish publishers depending on need and supplies at hand. Currently a few artists are contributing to the Society and it needs more. Any artwork will be appreciated, and ONLY artwork earmarked for the Society will be used for it. (Although I might partake of the services of the Society if I deem it needful.) Artwork for fannish publishers is free for the asking. Currently about 5-6 illos are sent out to each request.

AGAIN DANGEROUS CRUDZINES  
(No. 2)  
From: Elst Weinstein  
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ponga la  
estampilla  
aqui

(m)