

QUARK 9



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This is QUARK #8, published by Lesleigh and Chris Couch at Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold Missouri 63010, for the 18th mailing of APA 45, the 30th mailing of SFPA, and for various other people. Quark is available for letters, contributions, or similiar shows of interest. Hank Luttrell, chief production assistant. Cymry pub. #33. This is our Second Annish. We're celebrating — by publishing a shorter issue.

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THE GROUP THING

Hank Luttrell

The Animals -- When they were known as just The Animals, they recorded a traditional blues thing called "House of the Rising Sun." With this song and others like it, they were one of the first groups to bring a strong blues sound to the mass pop audience. When Eric Burdon reorganized the band, with mostly new personnel, and renamed the group Eric Burdon and The Animals, he was one of the first in the field to recognize the shift of the importance of the group to the importance of the individual performer. Burdon sings well, but lately has been flying off in several dozen different directions, all at once. The Best of The Animals, Winds of Change,

Association -- A slightly better than average group, commercially successful for some time now, with some nice songs. Insight Out, Birthday

The Band -- They have one great album out Music from Big Pink. They helped Bob Dylan invent progressive rock music while they toured with him during his folk rock period.

Beach Boys -- Brian Wilson writes some nice stuff, and they put it on records well, too. They invented surfing music, then switched to car racing with changing interests of listeners. But recent records have reflected a serious interest in music and genuine talent. Pet Sounds, The Best of The Beach Boys (3 volumes)

The Beatles -- Pioneers. The Beatles got a whole generation of people really listening to and caring about good rock. The Eastern Thing was first popularized by the Beatles, although it didn't start with them, just as they popularized the unified album. George Martin, their producer, is at least as much of a genius as any of the others in the group. Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, The Beatles.

Bee Gees -- They started in Australia, made it big, went to Britain, did well, and then started making money in the US as well. One of the better Teeny groups, based on a Beatle-type sound. They write their own stuff, and some of it is rather good -- arty, sort of, yet simple enough for the kids. Horizontal

Jeff Beck Group -- A vehicle for Beck's lead guitar work. Part of the movement away from groups, toward individual performers, I think. (See: Yardbirds.)
Truth

Big Brother & The Holding Company -- As long as Janis Joplin, the best female rock singer, is with the group, it is one of the best; Joplin sings raunchy rock brilliantly. When she leaves, if she leaves, the band will hurt, it isn't much. Cheap Thrills

Blood, Sweat & Tears -- Big Band rock & roll. When Al Kooper and Steve Katz finished with The Blues Project, they got BS&T together, with a big brass section, a string ensemble, and a "soul chorus." Kooper has gone on to other things on his own, while Katz stayed. The first album, Child is a Father to the Man was brilliant and progressive, and even without Kooper, BS&T will probably be a good band. The new lead vocalist is David Clayton Thomas. 4

Blue Cheer -- A noisy, artless group.

Blues Magoos -- The first group to make it big with "psychedelic" sound -- actually, it was a juvenile, noisy sound.

Blues Project -- Now broken up, The Blues Project led the way into much of current electric blues. Important members: Al Kooper (see Dylan, Blood, Sweat & Tears), organ; Danny Kalb, a fast lead guitar, Steve Katz (see: Blood, Sweat & Trears), rhythm guitar; Andy Kluberg, bass and flute (on the group's famous "Flute Thing"); Roy Blumenfeld, drums. The Blues Project Live at Cafe Au Go Go, Projections.

Buddy Miles Express -- A spin off of The Electric Flag, led by that group's drummer, and featuring a good brass section, like The Flag. Expressway to Your Mind.

Buffalo Springfield -- One of the great US bands, which never got quite as much recognition as they should have. One time members Neil Young and Steve Stills are of on their own now. Buffalo Springfield, Last Time Around.

Paul Butterfield Blues Band -- Butterfield is a white blues singer without equal, and a good mouth harp player. Mike Bloomfield (see: Dylan, The Electric Flag) made a great deal of his reputation while with this group, helping the Eastern Thing along a lot. When he left, Elvin Bishop took over lead guitar for a while. One of the first groups to start using a lot of brass to good effect. East-West, In My Own Dream.

Byrds -- First to put Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" to rock music. The band has gone through many different phases under leader Jim/Roger McGuin's guidance, and will probably go through several more. Currently they are trying to combine elements of country music with rock, and are doing it with their usual great skill, and considerable success. Mr. Tambourine Man, Younger Than Yesterday.

Canned Heat -- Usually thought of as the US's second most important blues band, after the Butterfield Band. A good bunch, with an excellent lead singer, Bob Hite Boogie With Canned Heat, Livin' The Blues

Chambers Brothers -- "Psychedelic Soul." ? Better than average, perhaps.

Country Joe & the Fish -- A really fine band, one of the best, with lyrics which are poetic and real, often with a great deal to say about our society. New Left Rock. Electric Music for the Mind and Body, "Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die".

Cream -- Eric Clapton, guitar; Jack Bruce, bass; Ginger Baker, drums. Recently broken up, probably each to form his own group. Probably the best electric blues/pop group ever, each member one of the best in his field. Crystallized a movement to improvisation, and individual virtuosity. Disraeli Gears, Wheels of Fire.

Donovan -- Along with Dylan, the only two individuals (rather than a group) to make it big in the early years of the progressive rock revolution. He started as a "folk" singer, somewhat Dylan-derivative. With producer Mickie Most, his recent albums

have been neat, with fancy arrangements, weird sounds and lyrics. Sunshine Superman, Mellow Yellow.

Doors -- Jim Morrison, song writer, vocalist, and underground sex symbol; Ray Manzarek, piano and organ; Robbie Krieger, lead guitar; John Densmore, drums, a bard without parallel, performing Morrison's very original material with brilliant success. The Doors, Strange Days.

Bob Dylan -- He invented progressive rock, it flew from his head full formed. Well, almost. He gave rock the lyric, He was the person who made people start listening to words. His music was critically important, too. Rock giants Mike Bloomfield (See Paul Butterfield, The Electric Flag) and Al Kooper (See Blood, Sweat & Tears, The Blues Project) got their big breaks from Dylan, and were important to the sounds of his rock albums. The Band toured with Dylan, spreading his sound across the nation. Bringing It All Back Home, Highway 61 Revisited, Blonde on Blonde.



The Electric Flag -- Mike Bloomfield's band after he finished with Paul Butterfield's band. One of the first to use a lot of brass. (see: Buddy Miles Express) Barry Goldberg (see: Barry Goldberg Reunion) was organist for a while. Long Time Comin'

Fugs -- They started out with some amount of disdain for the "professional" sound, and recorded for a very minor label. But now they have been playing very good, very professional music, on a major label. Some serious music, some social criticism, some plain put-ons. The Fugs First Album, It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest.

Barry Goldberg Reunion -- A vehicle for Goldberg's fine organ work. Remember the work on Mitch Ryder's "Devil With a Blue Dress On" -- that was Goldberg's piano. More recently, he was with The Electric Flag. Barry Goldberg Reunion

Grateful Dead -- Jerry Garcia is a fine lead guitarist -- the group does some excellent songs and jams. Anthem of the Sun

Jimmi Hendrix Experience -- Good lyrics, freaky music. A trio, strong on all corners, with Hendrix playing a wild, original lead guitar and singing, Mitch Mitchell on drums, and Noel Redding walking all about with his bass. Axis: Bold as Love, Electric Lady Land.

Hollies -- a pretty good British group that has been around for a long time. Nothing spectacular, but consistently better than average, and very successful commercially. Hollies Greatest Hits.

Iron Butterfly -- A better than average West Coast group which hasn't done anything too impressive yet -- maybe they will. In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida.

Jefferson Airplane -- Marty Balin and Grace Slick are the core of this group, but everyone is good. Their records are extremely tight and well done, with nice, fancy arrangements and good songs. They make less of an attempt at improvisation than some other otherwise equal groups, and are to me at least less exciting because of this. One of the oldest and most professional of the San Francisco groups. Surrealistic Pillow, Crown of Creation.

B. B. King -- Generally known as the king of blues, he is a primary influence of almost all freaky-electric-blues lead guitarists. Lucille, Live at the Regal

Kinks -- An early British group, with some good members and good music. Probably ahead of their time. The Kinks Greatest Hits

Lovin' Spoonful -- Good Time Music, they called it. John Sebastian was a good writer, Zal Yanovsky was a good guitarist. Both have quit the group to do solo work. The name of the group lives on, with drummer Joe Butler leading the way. It feally isn't the same group. Hums of the Lovin Spoonful, Daydream.

Mamas & Pappas -- John Phillips was the brains of the group, he wrote and arranged and played the only instrument that wasn't added by side man. They did some neat stuff. John Phillips and Cass Elliot are doing solo work now. The Mamas & Pappas The Mamas & Pappas Deliver.

John Mayall & The Blues Breakers -- Britain's number one blues band; they once had Eric Clapton (See: Cream, Yardbirds) as lead guitar. The Blues, Bare Wires

Moby Grape -- A good San Fransisco group, perhaps slightly less inventive than some of the other important West Coast groups. Wow, Grape Jam

Moody Blues -- Symphonic studio rock, carefully and tastefully done. In Days of Future Past, In Search of the Lost Chord.

Mothers of Invention -- Frank Zappa's group, a big band. Some serious music, a lot of parodies of '50's rock, social criticism. Good Stuff. When they started out, they were compared to the Fugs -- now the Fugs are sometimes compared to them -- though both comparisons are ungrounded. Freak Out, We're Only in it for the Money.

The Paupers -- Got all kinds of favorable critical attention, but nothing happened in the money making department, and the group split. Elk's Island, The Paupers

Pink Floyd -- Science Fiction rock of a more direct and unmitigated nature than you'll find almost anywhere else, and very good rock, too. Saucerful of Secrets

Procol Harum -- A British group well based in classical music which coupled a very original sound with some unusually good writing.

Rolling Stones -- Jagger and Richards have proven a fine writing team, and the group a strong blues based rock band. Along with the Animals, they were one of the first groups to popularize a strong blues sound. Their Satanic Majisties Request, Aftermath.

Simon & Garfunkel -- One of the first groups to capitalize on Dylan's forcing the rock public to listen to words. I tend to think Simon's lyrics are a little pretentious, but somewhat less so recently than at first. A talented pair, who do some nice songs. Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme, Sounds of Silence.

Spencer Davis Group -- A British rock group who did a few good songs, important mainly because of the emergence of the group's one time lead guitar player, Steve Winwood (See: Traffic).

Strawberry Alarm Clock -- A silly, juvenile, commercial "Psy-ke-dol-ic" band.

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Steppenwolf -- A pretty good band which has probably had a little more success than it deserves, after being picked up by top-40 radio. Most of the members were once part of a Canadian group called Sparrow. Steppenwolf, Steppenwolf the Second.

Traffic -- A very good 3-man group, lead by excellent guitarist Steve Winwood. (See: Spencer Davis Group) Son of Fantasy

Ten Years After -- A British group with a lead guitarist who is beinging to be known as the world's fastest, Alvin Lee. Undead

Vanilla Fudge -- A pretentious, limited group, who have had much more success than they deserve.

Velvet Underground -- An Andy Warhol-sponsored rock group, with some muddily-recorded, but interesting, albums. The Velvet Underground & Nico

The United States of America -- They did only one album before folding, but on that album did more with electronic music and rock than had ever been done before. I mean, everyone seems to be using Moog, but how often can you hear it? The United States of America.

Who -- An inventive British group, with a good guitarist, Peter Townshend, and a good drummer, Keith Moon. The Who Sell Out, Magic Bus

Yardbirds -- At one time, Eric Clapton was the lead guitarist, at another, Jeff Beck, so it has had two of the best. (See: Cream, John Mayall's Blues Breakers; Jeff Beck Group). The Yardbirds Greatest Hits

Young Rascals -- Pretentious and dull, popular mainly with teonies, but maybe a little better than Tommy James.

Youngbloods -- Always receiving lots of critical attention, and favorably, but they have never happened commercially. Youngbloods, Earth Music

* * * * *

I wanted to write a guide to progressive rock music. I had problems, there were a number of groups I thought were probably quite good and rather important, but that I knew nothing about, like, for instance, The Steve Miller Band, Spirit, Ultimate Spinach and a few others. Also, there are so many new bands, new records issued every day -- there is no way to keep up with it all. Should I have included Elizebeth, or Kangaroo or Rhinoceros? Anyway, I wanted to include, when I knew something of it, the currently important groups (either artistically or commercially), plus those defunct groups important to the history of progressive rock. My definition of both "progressive" and "rock" are going to be strange and arbitrary, I'm afraid. I don't think there is a thing progressive about the Strawberry Alarm Clock, for instance, but their music is -- or -- mind-expanding, or so I've been told by radio dj's, so there is a note on them. If I didn't list a group you think I should have, or name a record by a group I did mention that you think I should have, it might be that after some thought I decided that either the group or that particular album wasn't rock. Like, I decided that it would be unfair to both the group and to rock to label The Incredible String Band rock & roll; likewise, I decided that Dylan's John Wesley Harding wasn't rock.

My Guide has a theme or two: There has been a massive up-grade in mass taste as far as pop music has gone -- similar to the up-grade evident in the popular movie. The general trend has been toward originality, greater quality of lyrics, and more awareness of musical values. The most important trend today, and something I've tried to stress in this Guide: the end of the Group dominated scene, and a movement toward a much freer business, stressing individual performers.

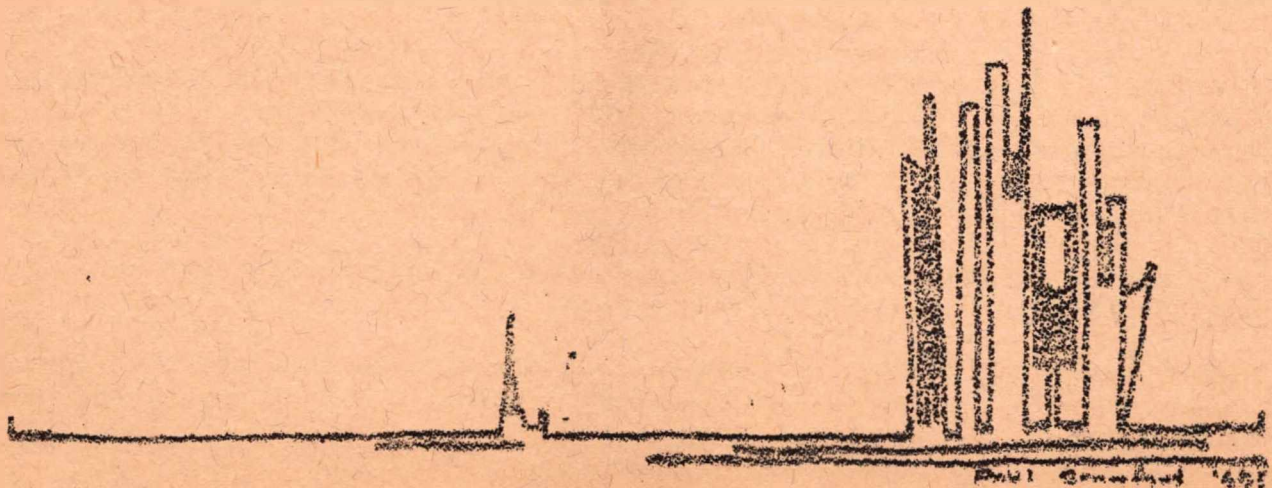


THE FIRST HALF WAS TOUGH; Michigan and Ohio State traded touch down for touchdown, with every yard fought over as though it were the last. The second half was dull; Ohio State walked away from Michigan.

Dave and I went out of the bedroom and Jack went into the hall to pound on doors and raise the dead who were listening to their radios in peace. He came back in, his sardonic face contortorted into a grin.

"Look out the window!" Dave yelled.

Our section of the dorm is the base; there is a section perpendicular to it, forming a right angle. From both sides of the right angle poured a river of paper. The favorite was toilet paper. With the strong winds climbing the walls, toilet paper streamers were whipping out to forty-foot lengths. Breaking apart, they would slide, twist and flutter to the sidewalks or hang in trees.



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After half-an-hour we were tired from the exertion of unrolling rolls, tipping newspapers and yelling. I went into the hall to see who I could find to eat supper with.

Mark and Larry were in the hall, Larry in his shorts and drunk, Mark only drunk. Mark wanted Larry to get into his pants. I asked if it was because of the girl at the other end of the hall.

"Oh, is it open-house? I didn't know that; Larry doesn't care. I just want to get out of here and start drinking."

Start? I wondered, and went to the Commons to suffer through one of the usual meals, relieved only by Hirshel's successful attempts to gross Shirley out. (For instance, Chris asked him not to, and Hirsh replied, "O.k., Chris, I'll stop. On your birthday I'd do anything you ask — even **** you.")

I went out to High Street, and for two or three hours acted like an idiot, working off the steam of a quarter. I don't drink. I only act like I do. A convertible drove by, with a pair of girls in the back seat, waving and screaming. "Get in!" they called to me, and so I did.

I don't remember the driver at all, but the girls stay with me. One was a tall, frizzy blond who was very friendly on only one bottle of beer and called herself Floyd. The other was small and apprehensive and was called Ralph by Floyd. Floyd gave me a friendly kiss, and asked some more people to climb aboard.

Soon we transferred to a truck, then back to the convertible. Somewhere along the line I shifted to the rear deck of a Triumph, then a straw-filled truck, then I was on foot. My hyperactive, drunken mood was gone, and I was the semi-detached observer again.

I saw the streets full of broken bottles, of drunken men and boys, of wary, watchful girls. Street signs were being pulled down, windows casually being broken, girls being unwillingly grabbed. Cherry bombs went off constantly, garbage can lids banged together, and everywhere the smash of beer bottles.

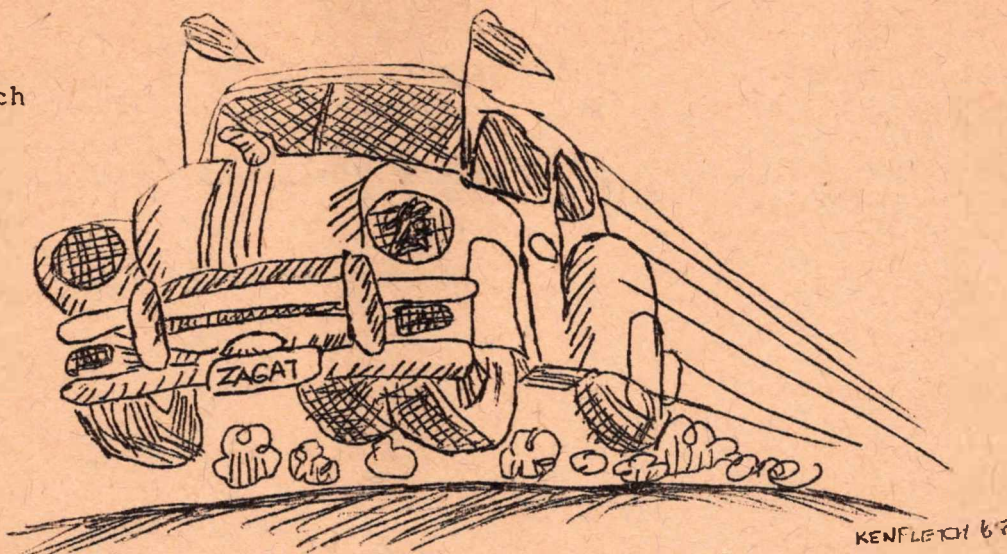
I rescued a friend, feminine, from a drunken masher by claiming her as my own. I picked up a beer can, and in a sudden stroke of meanness decided to give someone a beer bath. Sardonic Jack came by and I gave him the well-shaken can. He got a beerbath.

I walked to Charbert's Restaurant, where many of my friends spend their time. The steam roller was sitting there, with kids all over it. Yvonne was there, big, sweet and slightly plowed. She thought the hospital sign someone had was very nice, and she took it to the top of the roller housing with her.

Someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was Ted hair in his eyes and a mischêvous grin below it. He had a plan.

"Look across the street, at Hershon Auditorium. You know the spotlight that should be shining on the clockface? Well, it's been moved, and we can do the same. We can point it this way."

Moments later, Ted was on my shoulders, which felt like they were being pinned to my body. Ted was having trouble moving the thing, when a voice authoritatively said, "I'd like to talk to both of you boys."



Ted acted drunk, and claimed we were only trying to move the spotlight back to its original position, and we escaped, narrowly.

Where were those defenders of right, life and property, the cops? They were around, restraining themselves from joining in the fun. At 2:00 am the riot police, the riot helmets and the riot nightsticks appeared, and the streets were cleared by a line of officers and a heavy burst of rain.

Seven thousand dollars of damage was done, and the police, the merchants and the University marked it up to good, clean (albeit exaggerated) fun.

Some people were as mad as hell. Who? Every politically active leftist on or off campus was boiling, especially SDS, whose slogan, "The streets belong to the people," was so well proven until 2:30 in the morning.

The main point of their anger, as expressed in letters published in the Lantern, the school paper, was that such a demonstration on High Street would never be tolerated by University or police if it were a political demonstration. Even a peaceful march would never get by. Yet here was a pretty destructive outburst that served no purpose for anyone except the beer dealers.

Most of the comments seem ambiguous in their righteousness. Are they saying "We also have the right," or "They have no right."? Or both at once? I couldn't work up a good mad over the whole thing myself. Everyone knew it would happen; other years have seen such "parties" and after the game with Purdue earlier this year, the same thing happened. No one complained that was financially harmed; no policeman tried to bring any order; Even the student assembly voted not to pay the city.

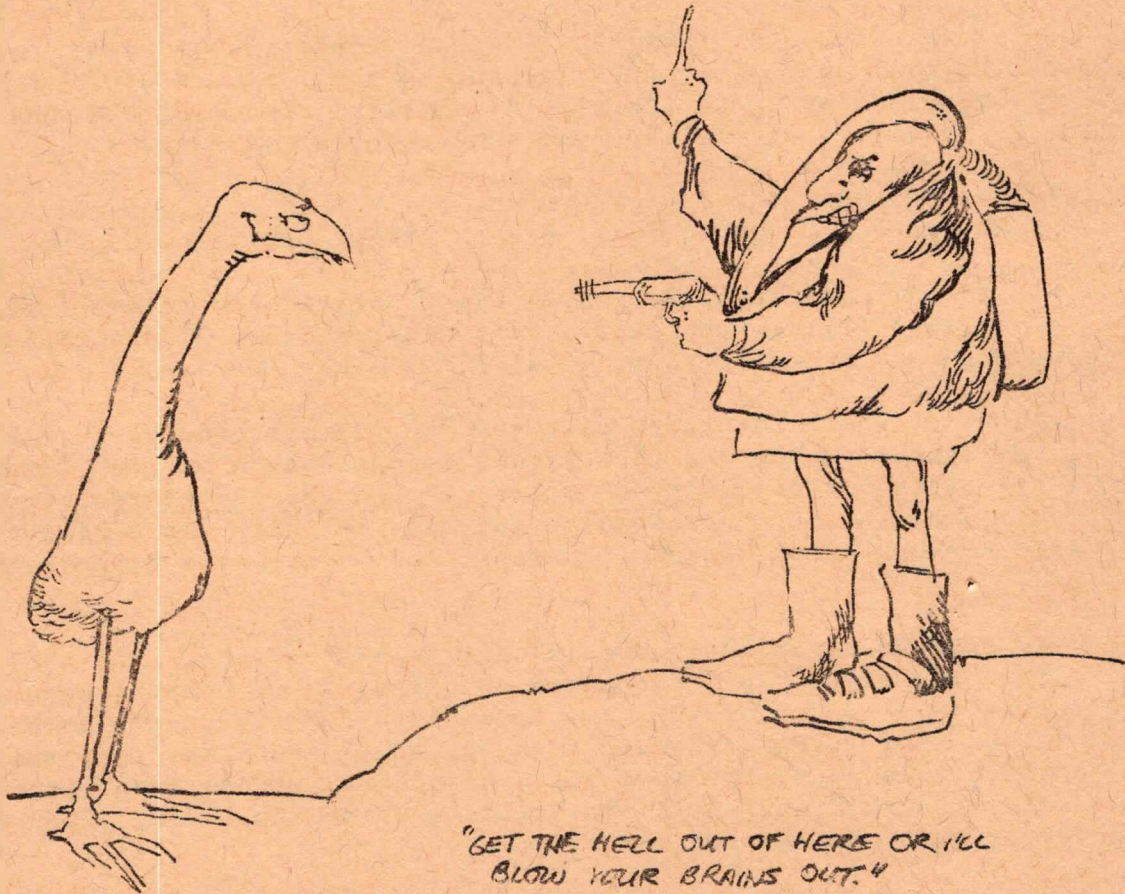
But the truth is obvious to everyone in Columbus: one iota of constructive political purpose would have brought the clubs crashing, the explosions flying, the charges crowding thickly upon one another.

And that's where it's at, in Columbus and elsewhere. You could, as the SDS did, have a mass of people out chanting, "Law and Order" or "The streets

belong to the People." in satirical fashion in the midst of such a melee, but try it alone sometime.

We'll cheer football today; injustice will have to wait. If we decide there is any injustice.

--- Jerry Kaufman



FROM BUICK 8

12

Lesleigh

or -- I need a fanzine to unload my head

or -- If I go up flyin' you know they're bound to call me a head

One Sunday several months ago, Hank happened to get a St. Louis paper. As I was looking through it, I suddenly saw an ad for a Jimi Hendrix concert. I exclaimed this excitedly and then suddenly noticed an ad for a Doors concert to be given the weekend after the Hendrix concert. This was unbelievable!

By dint of great effort, we managed to scrape together the money necessary for the tickets and managed to get to St. Louis the weekend of the Hendrix concert.

The concert was in Kiel convention hall and the \$4 and \$5 seats seemed to be nearly full (the second balcony is rarely filled because the seats are so terrible). Since it was a Sunday night the concert began rather early, starting with a New York group which was touring with the Experience. When they started to play, I decided to try to listen to them a new way.

Every time we go to a concert or even listen to a record, Hank comments on how each musician used his instrument. Most of the time, I can't even remember hearing what instrument especially, so I decided to try this time to hear everything. I found that this certainly does involve a different listening technique, one which requires looking very closely at the musicians (or imagining him if you are listening to a record) and trying to hear/see what he is playing, separating it from the rest of the piece but keeping in mind its connection with what the other performers are doing. I'm afraid it will take some time to perfect this listening technique, but I did manage to determine that night that the back-up group played fairly well, but weren't terribly original. They called themselves Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys.

After a longish intermission, the announcer presented the Jimi Hendrix Experience. In the brief delay between his announcement and their appearance, there was suddenly a mass movement of the audience to the front of the auditorium. At least one third of the people there crowded up into the aisles and everyone was forced to stand to see. I kept expecting a hoard of ushers to descend upon the crowd, but nothing what-so-ever happened.

When Jimi Hendrix came on, he was met with wild cheering applause. He was dressed beautifully in highly colorful clothes, and Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding were similarly attired. He began with a usual "Hello St. Louis" speech and then dedicated his first songs to Charles Koen, leader of the local black militants. The audience tittered as their friends explained to them who Charles Koen is ("You know, the one the police beat up.") I thought it was very cool of Hendrix to acknowledge his connection with black militancy in front of the white, rich hippy audience.

Hendrix played fantastically. It was difficult to take my eyes (or ears) off the man as he caressed his guitar, producing incredible sounds. He played the guitar as no one else could. He seemed to realize that it was an electric guitar and did all that one could do with such an instrument. He performed admirably for the audience, ramming the amplifier with the guitar, putting the instrument before his face and playing complicated leads with his teeth, even putting it on the floor and playing it with his feet. Despite all this, I managed to notice that Mitchell and Redding were also superb performers and certainly just the people to play with Hendrix.

As the audience got more and more involved with the performers, people continued to stand and move toward the stage. There was some vague managerial stirrings in the stage wings. Finally, after Hendrix had been playing for nearly an hour, someone told Hendrix that he'd have to tell the audience to sit down. At this point, Hendrix turned to the crowd and asked that everyone stand for the next number. He then launched into the National Anthem, weaving the sounds of gunfire and diving planes which the song really stands for into his playing. In the middle of it he broke into "Purple Haze" and concluded his last number to a cheering, applauding crowd.

As I left, I thought that the Jimi Hendrix Experience had certainly not disappointed anyone with their performance, as often happens at a concert, instead, my opinion of the group was raised several notches and now I'm sure Hendrix is the most fantastic guitar player in the progressive rock field.

The following Saturday afternoon, Hank and I took a bus from Columbia to downtown St. Louis. We got there about two hours before the concert was to start and wandered around for awhile. The bus station was crowded, as always, and I found the women's restroom occupied by half a dozen girls changing into mod outfits, several without waiting to get into the one free stall. Downtown St. Louis closes at 5 PM. I knew that, yet, suburban dweller that I am, it was still surprising to see darkened stores and nearly empty sidewalks while it was barely dark. There was one place open though, the Burger Chef. Any of you who have been to an Ozarkon know of what I speak. Anyway, we were forced by chill air into this greasy spoon. We sat there for an hour observing some of the people. There was a cool black character sitting in one corner. Hank said that as he passed him, the man asked if we were in town for the Doors concert. When Hank replied in the affirmative, he muttered something like "They're coming from all over."

As it got nearer to time for the concert to start, we set out for Kiel. The closer we got, the higher the proportion of "rich hippies" to the downtown winos got. Finally, we got to Kiel which was surrounded by people huddled together, waiting for the doors to open.

Since we had bits of luggage and books with us, we were waiting for my father to arrive with Chris and Mike, who were also going to the concert. Finally, I saw some familiar figures crossing the street and we ran down to find Chris, Mike and Doug Lovenstein, who said he had come into town for the concert. But my father was nowhere in sight. We had just about resigned ourselves to spending the concert holding our belongings when he drove by. We rushed the car as he slowed, opened the back doors and put our stuff in, saying only "Hi!" It must have looked very strange.

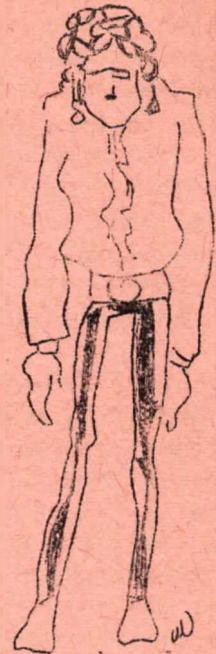
The convention hall was almost entirely filled by the time the concert started, with an unusually large portion of the audience seemingly dateless girls.

The concert started off with a group called something like the "Midwest Gas Co.,"

or somesuch. Hank contended that they were remnants of H.P. Lovecraft, and they seemed to prove this contention by playing several numbers which they identified as having originated with that group. They weren't terribly exciting.

At the intermission, people began to shuffle about and when the house lights started going down, they began to crowd to the front. But this time the ushers were braver. They forcibly cleared the center aisle and set up guards around it. However they seemed to ignore the side aisles as long as the people knelt, crowded into an already occupied seat, or otherwise stayed down, so that when the concert started again no one was standing but many people were not sitting in their seats.

The Doors were brought on amidst incredible cheers and applause, most seemingly directed at Jim Morrison who was clad in his famous skin-tight leather pants. The whole group performed well that evening. Bobby Krieger proved to be a first rate guitar player, Ray Manzarek did some fantastic things on the organ and the drummer, John Densmore, certainly didn't detract from the rest of the group.



Morrison performed his own way. He has apparently become quite a sex symbol, and he acted like one, wriggling, turning his back on the audience, glaring, accepting cigarettes (joints?) from the audience, singing as sexually as he could manage. This produced the desired results. The dateless girls (most not teeny-boppers, but those people who weren't quite old enough to catch the Beatles first time around, and found the Monkees too juvenile) went wild, chapping, shouting, bouncing in their seats, moaning, doing all the things which characterize the devoties of most popular groups. Several even jumped on the stage, until it was crowded with ushers and security men, and many more expressed a desire to touch Morrison and be touched by him.

Despite all this Morrison proved to be a very dramatic singer. When he came to his famous line, he hesitated for a long time and then almost whispered, "We want the world and we want it now." He also did a sort of talking insert to "Back Door Man" which certainly was not bad for his image but which went very well with the song.

After the concert, I had mixed feelings. It was very good save that some of the audience behaved very childishly. Morrison is good but it's a shame he just doesn't disappear sometimes and let us really listen to the others and appreciate them as fine musicians, not just back up men for Jim Morrison.

Once in a while, there is a good movie, or at least one which seems interesting enough to go to see it, in Columbia. The last time such a thing happened was when Barbarella played here. The theatre that presented it got quite a campaign going, giving away free passes and buttons which read "See Barbarella do her thing." and they even booked the movie for two weeks from the first (rather than renewing it for another week as they sometimes do). They must have figured that all the sex-mad males on campus would flock to see "Jane Fonda take her clothes off."

I think perhaps they overestimated their crowds. The night we went, the lobby was filled for about half an hour before the performance, but after the people got in the theatre, I saw that it was really only about a half capacity crowd. And this was

o Saturday night.

Be that as it may, I enjoyed the film. Barbarella is sort of sexy science fiction (which is why we went to see it). Many people seemed disappointed in it because after the credits the whole film seems anticlimatic, if you're looking for skin. (The credits are backed by a scene of Barbarella removing her space suit completely while in free fall -- the scene was rather interesting until Hank informed me it was "all done with a piece of glass.") Some of the girls in my dorm found it disappointing because of this first scene (perhaps because of socially assumed disgust) and because the movie was "silly." One girl remarked that it was like a comic strip. At that I attempted to explain that that's just what Barbarella is, a French comic strip, and that I thought the movie had carried that flavor throughout rather well. But no one seemed to understand.

Anyway, I enjoyed Barbarella. The plot was almost non-existent, simply a vehicle to justify (or at least to hold together) the various parts of the movie. Several of these parts were very well done. In one scene Miss Fonda is tied up by some strange looking children who then set their dolls upon her. These dolls prove to have metal teeth and chomping jaws and threaten to tear our heroine to pieces. (And even begin to do so.) I thought the dolls were very well done. They appeared to be dolls representing all sorts of humanoid species and when one realizes what they are, it is incredibly frightening.

Another well done scene was the Labyrinth which featured exiles from the evil city some of whom were imbedded in stone, others moved about like corpses covered with cobwebs and a fog covered all. A friend informed us that this was a scene straight out of a Marvel Comic (which perhaps got it out of the original Barbarella?). Anyway, it was well reproduced.

Barbarella was a trite film in many ways, but it was a well done and enjoyable trite film, even for a female.

Perhaps the best film I have seen recently (that is, since I saw 2001) was Yellow Submarine, attributed to the Beatles, but animators should really get the credit. As I have indicated, it is an animated film about the attack of Pepperland, an under-sea utopia, by the Blue Meanies and how the Beatles journey from Liverpool in a Yellow Submarine through various strange seas to save Pepperland. If the plot sounds fantastic, so is the rest of the picture. The picture is very well, if strangely drawn. The people of Pepperland look like Beardsley drawings. I was impressed by the fact that Pepperland seemed completely integrated, with white and pink people playing side by side, and the fact that there seemed to be no set fashion in Pepperland; everyone was dressed differently in fantastic and beautiful outfits.

The Blue Meanies were impressive, too. They come in many varieties. The chief Blue Meanie (supposedly modeled on Hitler) alternates between periods of childish rage and sweet talk (particularly to his secret weapon, the Glove) which made him sound almost like a homosexual. Other sorts of Blue Meanies were the Apple Bonkers, evil looking clowns who shot missiles when their noses were punched, Snapping-Turtle Turks, and Butterfly Stompers, small animalistic creatures whose chief duty seemed to be to stomp on anything and everything (though they managed to charge their stomp into a dance near the end.) The movie was full of puns. Some were delivered nonchalantly ("What day is it?" "Sitarday." "Oh, then George'll be in.") as if they occurred naturally. Others seemed forced, exactly as a calculating punster would tell them.

The movie was filled with fantastic and beautiful scenes. One scene in the Beatles'

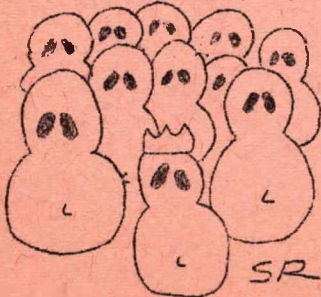
Liverpool home, shows a long hall with doors on either side. Everytime the hall¹⁶ way would be empty of people, fantastic creatures would run from one door to another, reminiscent of the Three Stooges. The Sea of Monsters offered some remarkable beasts especially the vacuum cleaner beast who swallows the Yellow Submarine and then proceeds to swallow the entire landscape. Finally he espies his tail and begins to consume himself. He disappears with a pop, releases the submarine and answered the question of what would happen if you swallowed yourself. The Sea of Holes was incredible. It at first appeared to be a white plane with a regular pattern of black holes, rather like a sound absorbant ceiling. But then the Beatles began popping out of the holes, sometimes their head and upper body would appear while a pair of legs popped out of the next hole. And you realized it was two planes of holes.

The music in Yellow Submarine was mostly from Sgt. Pepper and was by and large used very well (though they missed the opportunity to illustrate "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds"). For example, the Blue Meanie and particularly the Flying Glove were defeated by John singing "All You Need is Love" while the words came out of his mouth in large letters which protected him from the Glove's attacks. The 3 new songs in the movie are not terribly inspired, though. I did enjoy one called "All Together Now" in which the chorus begins "all together now" and this phrase is repeated again and again by the chorus. It's really very funny when you realize that is the chorus.

All in all Yellow Submarine is a fantastic and beautiful movie well worth seeing. It is the most stoned movie I have ever seen (even better than the "light show" in 2001). Whether you are an aging Beatlemaniac, a fan of good animation, or a head, you will enjoy Yellow Submarine.

Every once in a while, here at college, I decide to forget about studying and read something that I don't have to. Sometimes that something turns out to be science fiction.

Perhaps the most fun book I ever read was one by Phillip Jose Farmer. Hank had found it in a stack of coverless "returned" paperbacks, which the commercially owned book store was giving away (the first time in memory they'd had something that didn't have a 200% mark-up on it) Hank got some other free books from that same stack, including one which quite surprised me -- it was Easy-Eye and the blurb read like weird horror, which it was involving a mad undertaker, but parts of it would have sounded good in a Peggy Swanson novel. I hadn't realized that Easy-Eye did pornography, too. I guess theres no reason to deprive people who can't see well of that brand of literature either. Anyway, back to the Farmer book. I decided to read it and started to leaf through only to find that the pages were in no order whatsoever. After due consideration, I determined to read it anyway, with the pages in proper order. So I read it, spending several minutes searching for the next page to read. It turned out there were two pages missing, rather important ones, but I managed to follow the story. I think next time I run across a book like that I'll read it front to back anyway and see if it makes any sense.



Another book I read in a "spare" moment is The Ring by Piers Anthony and Robert E. Marroff (which, you'll remember, Mr. Anthony suggested we read in the last Quark-omments.) The book is rather strange. Most of it is very original, but some parts are not. Perhaps this is the result of the collaboration. (I would tend to attribute the better written parts to Mr. Anthony.)

The characters were inconsistent. That is, some were very

well done such as McKissic and Ed Bladderwort. But other characters, including the main one, Jeff Font, and Pamela McKissic, were shallow. One could perhaps empathize with them, but not believe in them. The beginning of the book pointed this up very well -- Jeff's whole plan for revenge seemed contrived, and used only to get the book going.

The main concept of the book is rather original. The Ring of the title refers to a piece of metal, resembling a ring which is joined to a criminal's body. This metal is an extension of Ultra-Conscious, a computer-like thing which determines what is proper behavior and punishes the wearer when he does something improper. Jeff is ringed within two chapters and the book proceeds to tell how the ring changes him and how it almost kills him several times when it will not allow him to defend himself. Piers Anthony recommended this book after Chris and I expressed views against capital punishment. I don't know if he feels that this would be a perfect solution (as Jeff proposed to modify it in the end) but I don't believe it is. A similar method of rehabilitation was used in A Clockwork Orange by Anthony Burgess and therein it provoked a wave of protest from people who believed it interfered with the individual personality. I feel this way about the ring. It forced one to be rehabilitated, denying free will or even the existence of different standards than those of Ultra-Conscious. And I do not think the main thing wrong with it, as revealed in the book, was the inability of the wearer to fight. If one accepts this they accept the fact that man must always fight his fellow man to survive. This is a very unattractive view to a pacifist. A way to prevent crime is to make all laws reasonable and necessary and make people believe this is true. I suppose there will always be criminals, but I think perhaps the best way to 'punish' them is to make them give retribution to the victim.. (Victimless crimes aren't really crimes.)

But there were many very good and interesting ideas in the novel. The gyro-car was a very interesting scientific extrapolation. The drug, instant confusion, was a very good extrapolation of hallucinogens, and I think the way the characters used it was a good comment on their society. And Vice, Inc. seemed a very reasonable solution to some of the crime which so occupies us today.

The last chapter must have been written by Piers Anthony. In it, Mr. McKissic becomes unbalanced, and retreats into a world of Tennyson. He can only speak by quoting the poet, and the lines he quotes are so appropriate to the situation that one wonders if this chapter wasn't written first.

Considering the several unique ideas the authors try to explain in this book, The Ring is very integrated and entertaining novel.



some thinks of you

It was evening,
and the plum car of destiny sped home
from home
carrying Home...

Above, night—

below, darkness;

(all around the fire gem was dark,
except

the One shining in the jeweled's
Light);

it was then the thought was asked,
then it was

the silver question slid from
your lips to my side-...

And i draw the fire nearer and more softly
chant:

You are the brightest bead on a long
bright string:

You are the one graceful glasses-
closing nose in the worlds;

You are long hair whirling with the
wind while we run;

You are God;

You are the crimson grass
around me that i pluck
while lying on my back
beneath a summer tree

thinking of you;

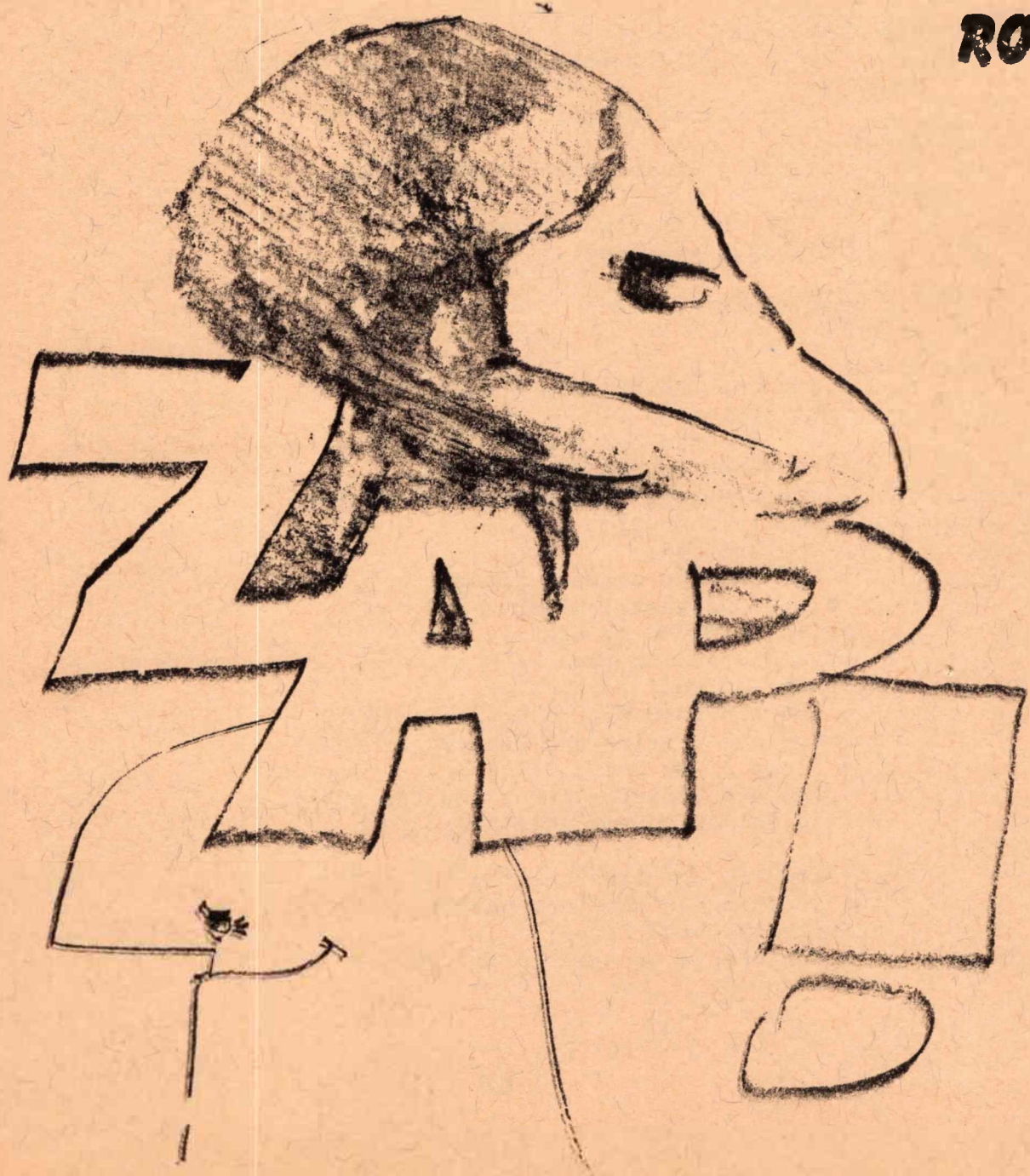
You are snow-frozen incense slowly
warming and melting and curling around
the flame of my body;

You are blindingyellow sweater gypsy
blouse Salvationarmy sheathed;

You are the firerunes on the side of
the flashing quicksilver porpoise as it
shivers the blue water;

You are an orange riddle, because
you love me.

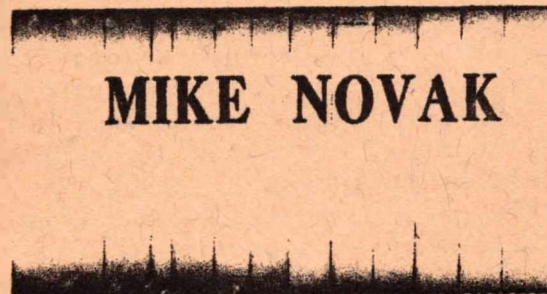
HELP!
I'M
A
ROCK!



THE ST. LOUIS ROCK SCENE

"the sound of rock shall resound throughout the land and it shall not be silenced until the mari-golds disappear from the face of our planet."

Lamentations of a Deaf Hermit,
lines 1911-1912



Since the summer of 1967 St. Louis has been undergoing a dynamic cultural revolution. Prior to this time, the growing interest among an increasingly large number of young St. Louisans in blues, folk music, and progressive rock had constituted a solid foundation upon which a local rock scene could be built. But we couldn't have a real rock scene in St. Louis until we had (1) an active progressive rock station around which a local scene could crystallize (2) frequent concerts featuring nationally acclaimed groups to provide added vitality for the the local scene (3) good local groups which would enable the local scene to be at least partially sustained on its own momentum. Despite the difficulty of finding really suitable places to hold rock concerts and dances in the area, and despite the continuing popularity of second-rate soul bands, St. Louis did develop a healthy and growing rock scene. It came into being (or should I say the bud began to open) during the latter half of 1967 when a new FM rock station (KSHE) appeared in St. Louis to saturate the area with "Heavy" sound and thus alleviate the city's cultural thirst (and also make money). This article tells briefly how KSHE, Velvet Plastic Productions and thousands of local rock enthusiasts irrevocably turned their backs on the past and set themselves to the task of creating the St. Louis Rock Scene.

Radio Stations in Pre-Revolutionary St. Louis.

At the beginning of this decade, St. Louis had three AM pop music stations: KWK, WIL and KXOK. These stations were of uniformly poor quality. Occasionally they managed to squeeze in slivers of music, but most of their air time was taken up by overly-numerous commercials (for pimple creams and 'sharp' clothes), humor serials (Chickenman and Story Lady), school closing announcements, new reports, weather reports, dedications of songs by seventh grade girls to their 38 best friends (individually named on the air, of course), dj's foaming at the mouth, and a plethora of contests including turkey-shootings (before Thanksgiving), tree-choppings (around Christmas), and 'bonus-word' contests, which occurred almost every night. The amount of good music they did manage to air was somewhat limited because the stations were mainly concerned with making money. Virtually nothing that lasted over four minutes was aired, anything which might prove even mildly offensive to parents was banned, few pieces were played that were not on the charts or did not possess commercial potential, and they were aiming their programming primarily at early- and pre-teen record buyers. Thus many highly talented but anti-establishment groups such as the Mothers of Invention, Country Joe and the Fish, and the Fugs, were never aired. Also many of the better efforts of groups which did have records on the top-forty list were never aired — The End, When the Music's Over: Doors, Crucifixion: Phil Ochs, In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida: Iron Butterfly, etc. The commercial market in St. Louis wasn't lush enough to support three so similar stations, and in 1962 KWK stopped broadcasting rock music in an attempt to lure the older, more wealthy, age group with the sounds of Guy Lombardo, Frank Sinatra, and others of that ilk. In 1966 WIL followed suit. First they turned to "adult pop," then to 24-hour news broadcasting, and finally found financial stability by broadcasting country and western music. Thus St. Louis was left with only one rock station (actually half rock and half soul), which hardly deserved its solitary position. They did play the Beatles, some Doors, Dylan, Rolling Stones, Simon and Garfunkel and Donovan. But a rather considerable amount of the precious time they allotted to music was consumed by the sounds of the Ohio Express, 1910 Fruitgum Company, Monkees, Archies, Union Gap, Joe Tex, Lemon Pipers, and various other deficient or bubble-gum rock groups. It was better than nothing, to use a tired but applicable cliché.

Concerts in Pre-Revolutionary St. Louis.

Prior to the summer of 1967, a number of really excellent folk and soul concerts were held in St. Louis — Judy Collins, Peter, Paul, & Mary, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Simon & Garfunkel, the Temptations, Supremes, a few others. — but good rock concerts were few and far between. Early in 1966 the Rolling Stones appeared at Kiel Opera House. Though some adolescent girls were shrieking in ecstatic joy because of their proximity to the flesh and blood of Mick Jagger, most of the audience sat in silence, completely enraptured by the music of the Stones. But it was really unfortunate that the opera house had been barely half-filled. Excepting the Beatles Concert at Busch Stadium in August 1966, major rock groups ignore St. Louis on their tours. It was not until the following July that a rock group appeared in St. Louis which I deemed worthy of my time and money (tickets at Kiel concerts are usually \$3, \$4 and \$5). It was during this period of relative calm that the stage was being set for the appearance of the St. Louis Rock Scene.

The Castaway (a first look).

The Castaway was one of the first rock clubs to appear in St. Louis. In the summer of 1967 it was a relatively obscure place lurking beneath a grocery store with a small sign near the entrance, CASTAWAY. Though plagued by its inherent dampness, it was a rather pleasant place where one could hear the sounds of rock in a multi-media environment. The walls were black, splashed with white paint. Old flicks were shown on the wall behind the low stage where the bands performed, strobe lights would occasionally flicker, and colored lights would flash intermittently. The admission price was \$1.50, for which one could bould hear two bands in an informal atmosphere. Most of the clientele consisted of young people from about fourteen to twenty; a large percentage of the boys were musicians themselves and heavily partial to hard rock and blues. The groups that played there were remarkably good, and it surprised me that they had not received more publicity. These groups performed very little original material but they did a really good job performing material that had been made famous by top rock and blues groups. Most of these groups were composed of high school students and it hasn't been until quite recently that they became professionals to a degree.

Three of the best groups that played the club were the Acid Sette, the Good Feelin', and the Aardvarks. Their lead vocalists were all quite good and the lead singers of the Acid Sette and the Good Feelin' often wielded tambourines or caressed harmonicas as they sang. These groups played mostly hard rock and blues, though the Aardvarks were somewhat partial to softer English rock. Though it has yet to become a Fillmore, the quality of music in the Castaway constantly improved, a large number of local bands were given public exposure, and the lighting and decoration experimented with and improved many times.

Who, Blues Magoos, and Herman's Hermits Concerts.

In July of 1967 these three groups appeared in Kiel Opera House for two shows. The Who, though they did engage in a little too much banal manipulation and destruction of equipment, and despite their too-intense volume, were quite good. The Blues Magoos did fine renditions of "Tobacco Road" and "Gloria," but their electric suits proved to be as distracting to the listeners as was Keith Moon's tossing of drum sticks into the audience during the Who's performance. Herman's Hermits came on sugar sweet and tried to stir up audience enthusiasm by asking everyone to join in singing "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter." Though the concert was not fantastically good, it did draw a good crowd, and important factor for bringing future concerts to St. Louis. The next week at the Castaway I remember quite a few drummers talking about the techniques of Keith Moon and guitarists talking about the Who's use of distortion. To them, the concert seemed to be somewhat instructional, in addition to being entertaining.

KSHE is established.

In the early fall of 1967, St. Louis got the ingredient that it needed in order for a rock scene to really form — an FM station, modeled on some in San Francisco and New York, devoted to folk and blues, but with the special emphasis on progressive rock. KSHE, 95, had been a soft music station, operated from a basement in Crestwood, a suburb of St. Louis.



Rumour said it was bought by a Nashville syndicate that has set up other such stations. In any case, it began with tremendously good programming. It was an all-request station, and as such was particularly responsive to its audience. KSHE would play almost anything that was requested, regardless of its length, and its programming was relatively devoid of commercials and other trivia. KSHE began to publicize the Castaway by one of the best means possible; it aired live broadcasts from the club. Finally there was an alternative to KXOK, and the competition brought about improvement in KXOK's programming. In addition, KSHE was interested in creating an audience receptive to progressive rock, if only to assure their own continued profits.

The First Velvet Plastic Ball.

In the fall of 1967 the first Velvet Elastic Ball was held in Union Station. The initials "VP" have in St. Louis traditionally represented the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, the reigning dignity in a local celebration held by the upper class of the city. The Veiled Prophet Ball, one of the major annual events among St. Louis high society, features the presentation to the Prophet the blue-blooded girls of the city, with their escorts, from whom is chosen a queen. The following day a parade traverses the city, featuring colorful floats to give the common folk an opportunity to gawk in dumbfounded awe at the lily-white queen and her royal maids. The Velvet Plastic Ball mocked the Veiled Prophet Ball by its very existence. While the participants at the real VP Ball were clad in their robes, beads, levis, and sandals listening to the Crystalline Silence Band, the straight people were dancing to more conservative strains clad in their tuxedos and white evening gowns. From then on the history of culture in St. Louis has been a tale of two cities.

Ravi Shankar Concert.

In August the Mamas and Papas gave a concert dominated by the KXOK audience, and in September the Lovin' Spoonful gave a less-than-spirited concert for an audience at Washington University, mc'd by a KXOK disc jockey. In November Ravi Shankar appeared in St. Louis. Although he plays Indian classical music, the overwhelming majority of the audience consisted of the young members of the local rock scene "in full flower-child array," as the St. Louis Globe-Democrat quipped. The concert was really fantastic. As I sat in my seat I closed my eyes and let the eerie music seep into my brain, an intensely relaxing, yet moving, experience. The audience was quite appreciative, though somewhat overawed by Shankar. The concert was a kind of turning point in St. Louis concerts.

A period of hibernation.

During the winter of 1967-68 the rock scene underwent a period of hibernation, but continued to live and grow. KSHE was gaining more listeners all the time. The Castaway was doing a good business and held a successful New Year's Eve Blast featuring the Acid Sette, the Good Feelin', and the Aardvarks (who brought a sitar along). About once a month the Castaway held afternoon-evening marathons at which one could hear 5-12 bands for \$2.

The Cream Concert.

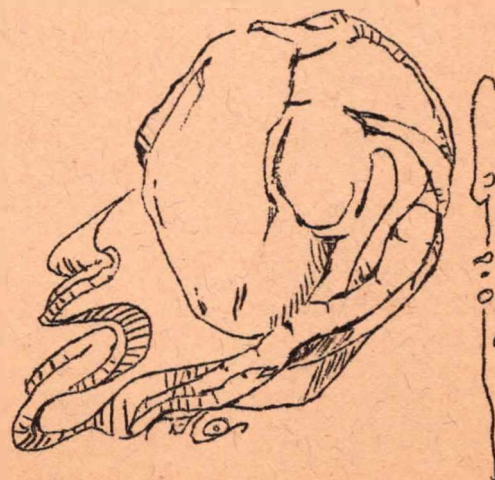
The Cream Concert was one of the most successful rock concerts ever to be held in St. Louis. The Kiel Opera House was completely sold out and everyone was more than satisfied with the high degree of musicianship which the Cream demonstrated (see Id 1 & Lesleigh's natterings In Quark 7 for more on it). Yet there were many people who felt that Kiel Opera House was far from the ideal place to hold this concert. Pamphleteers from a St. Louis chapter of SDS passed out handbills in front of the opera house which condemned the management for forcing the audience to remain seated during the performance and called for liberated concerts. Though the language of the handbills seemed to attribute more importance to the issue of whether to sit or stand at concerts than it deserved (the handbills seemed to infer that freedom of motion at concerts was an inalienable right that must be protected at any cost), most persons at concerts seemed to be perturbed about being forced to remain in their assigned seats.

The Dance-Concerts.

Ideally a rock concert should be held in a place spacious and uncluttered enough to allow the audience to move around, dance, congregate on the floor, or do whatever the spirit moves one to do. Because of their permanent seats and fire rules, Kiel Opera House and Kiel Auditorium were totally inadequate. Actually, there are very few large, spacious halls in St. Louis. And so when Velvet Plastic Productions decided to present Steppenwolf in a dance concert in late Spring it was held in, of all places, the National Guard Armory. The Steppenwolf concert was the first local concert to have a really professional light show. The real beauty of the Steppenwolf concert (aside from the fact that I had received two free tickets) was the free and casual atmosphere in which it was held. The next weekend the Grateful Dead played there for two nights. Velvet Plastic sponsored two more concerts after that, one featuring the fake Moby Grape, and another with Canned Heat, a group very popular in St. Louis. Though these concerts were relatively inexpensive (\$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the door), they were not very well attended and the sponsors lost money on them. It was back to Kiel!!!!

The Castaway (a second look).

The Castaway was slowly rising from obscurity in 1967; in 1968 it was one of the foremost rock clubs in St. Louis. The First Edition played there just after the release of their single "I Just Dropped In..." and Rotary Connection did a free concert sponsored by Gretsch in the hallowed basement. Almost all of the local rock groups played there at least once. The management physically added to the rising quality — the light show was greatly improved, the walls were painted in strange designs with fluorescent colors, and black lights were installed. (The admission was also boosted to \$1.75). The Castaway was the prototype for a number of other rock clubs that have grown up in the area in recent months. Some of the more notable are the Palace, the Cahokia Castaway, the Rainy Daze and the Beneath Society.



The Airplane & Big Brother.

In July of 1968 Jefferson Airplane descended upon Kiel Convention Hall, preceded by a number of local groups. (One of the soul-rock groups was greeted with a mass walk-out.) They performed material from Surrealistic Pillow, After Bathing at Baxter's, and their then unreleased Crown of Creation. I consider the Airplane to be the greatest American rock group today, and their concert did nothing to sway me from this opinion. Towards the end of the concert, Marty Balin asked if we liked the concert, and was greeted with a resounding "Yes!" Why didn't we dance, then. He was met with silence; for the answer was obvious. SDS pamphleteers were still distributing their usual "freedom of motion" and locally-produced underground newspapers and magazines were being sold.

The Big Brother and the Holding Concert that was held in mid-August was billed as the big concert of the year. Iron Butterfly, Ford Theatre, and Spirit were scheduled to appear with Big Brother but Spirit didn't show up for reasons that were never announced. Ford Theatre was mediocre, but an hour of performing by Iron Butterfly proved them really superb rock musicians and they were vociferously applauded. The Holding Company was last, and after Janis Joplin and friends had been on stage almost fifteen minutes, some flunky appeared on stage to announce that the concert was over because house rules had so determined. His word stood, but not without vehement jeers from almost every member of the audience. However, the next day a friend of Janis' persuaded her to give a free concert in Forest Park (which disturbed me somewhat considering I had shelled out \$6 the night before and was unable to attend the free concert).

The Local Groups.

Good local groups have begun to emerge from St. Louis soil. The Acid Sette wisely changed their name to 'Truth.' They had been given the cold shoulder during a tour of California when they were looking for gigs because of their original name. Since then, they have made several blues records, "I Can" being one of the most popular in the area. The Aardvarks have made a recording entitled "Subconscious Trane of Thought" featuring good harmonization of voices, fine use of reverb, and excellent guitar playing. A group known as Touch, a truncated version of Jerry Jay and the Sheratons, made a really haunting recording of "Light My Fire" as well as a rather mediocre original effort, "Round Trip." One group, the Offshore Movement, do rather adequate versions of Doors songs, but I believe they are hampered by trying to imitate them too closely and not developing an original style. The Public Service Blues Band is great in doing blues and blues improvisation (they are particularly good with "Spoonful," "Boogie" and "Good Mornin' Little School Girl") but their original material is not very good, as was seen when they attempted to impress the audience with it preceding the appearance of the Jefferson Airplane. St. Louis groups, while generally talented, are somewhat lacking in experience, though a few (particularly the Truth) have begun to shed their cocoons of amateurism.

2nd VP Ball.

In September the Second Annual Velvet Plastic Ball was held at the Ambassador Residence which just happens to be a block down from the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel, which housed the reception following the Veiled Prophet Ball that same night. It was so crowded that it took almost a half hour to just get into the room where it was being held. The sounds of Albert King and the Sound Farm saturated the minds of all those present and it proved to be a highly enjoyable affair.

It did however make something of a black mark against the St. Louis rock scene, at least in straight minds, considering that the manager of the hotel was quoted as saying in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat "I never let them come back as long as I am in charge here." This was particularly unfair because everyone behaved perfectly except that they were weirdly dressed. There are people who are biased against weird-looking people as well as there are people who are prejudiced against Blacks and Polacks, and there is nothing that can be done about it.

Jimi Hendrix & the Doors Concerts.

Simon & Garfunkel and the Vanilla Fudge gave concerts in late summer and early fall, respectively, both of which were well-attended and highly successful. Then in November two of the world's top groups gave concerts. On November 3, the Jimi Hendrix Experience came to St. Louis and were extremely warmly received. I had heard that Jimi Hendrix could play the guitar with his teeth but I didn't realize that he could play so masterfully in the oral position. Hendrix's mere presence on stage proved to be a sufficient catalyst to start everyone rising from their seats in order to merge themselves in the growing throng that flowed down the aisles. As Hendrix played "Fire" and "Hey Joe" excitement was mounting with each passing chord. Inevitably the head flunky gave orders to put the herd back in their pens and it did seem that the collective will was finally broken, until Hendrix declared "Everyone stand for the Star-Spangled Banner!!" People who thought Jose Feliciano's version of the national anthem irreverent would have declared Hendrix's version obscene. But I was not one of them, and thought that the intricate plucking and use of the wa-wa pedal added a vitality to the anthem it is lacking in most respectable renditions. The concert ended with "Purple Haze" as the satisfied throngs strolled towards the exits. Excitement was at fever pitch throughout the concert, but the most dramatic moment of the evening was that time when Hendrix, unlike Joplin and Balin, said "no" to the man. St. Louis was really experienced.

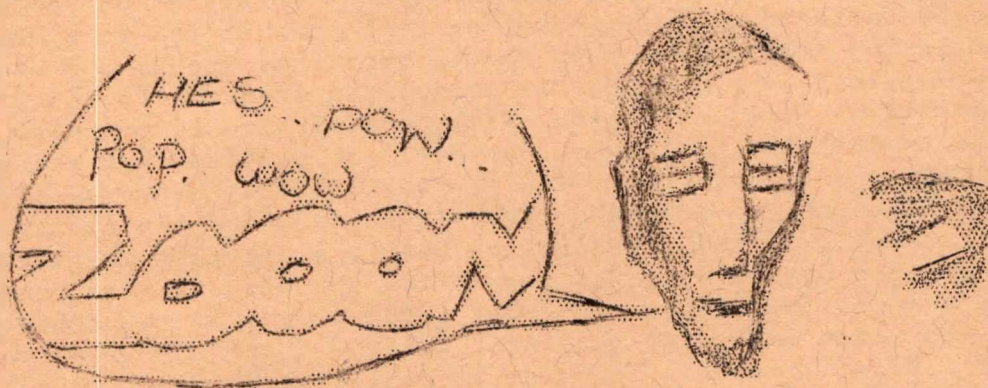
The following week the Doors appeared at Cool Kiel Convention Hall. They began their concert with an earthy rendition of their excellent "Five to One" followed by an even more penetrating "When the Music's Over" which Morrison cut short while the rest of the Doors continued playing to tease the audience. Humorous jeers could be heard throughout the hall, directed towards Morrison. After about thirty seconds Morrison just looked at the audience and uttered a really haunting evil laugh. The teenyboppers seemed to be gathering strength as they slowly converged around the stage. Finally one young lass jumped up on the stage, ran frantically toward Morrison, threw herself on him, and action which Morrison greeted warmly. The police then came to drag the girl away, but Morrison shielded her and gently lifted her down off the stage. About ten minutes later some twenty girls tried the same thing only to have the lights turned on and the aisles cleared. The whole scene was really ridiculous but it seems that Morrison asks for such occurrences by his somewhat suggestive actions and his strolling around the very edge of the stage. The most intense mood of the concert was created by Morrison following the first half of "Back Door Man" when he drifted into a bluntly chilling erotic tale which surprisingly didn't get him dragged off stage, though the *pl* fuzz were waiting to nab him if he got carried away. Unlike Hendrix, Morrison respected the rules of the house and admonished the audience to "listen to the man and face the music" when the management complained to him about the disorderly audience. The concert was well received and was probably the best rock concert that had ever been held in St. Louis, despite the idiot tribal mating instincts displayed by our own local groupies.

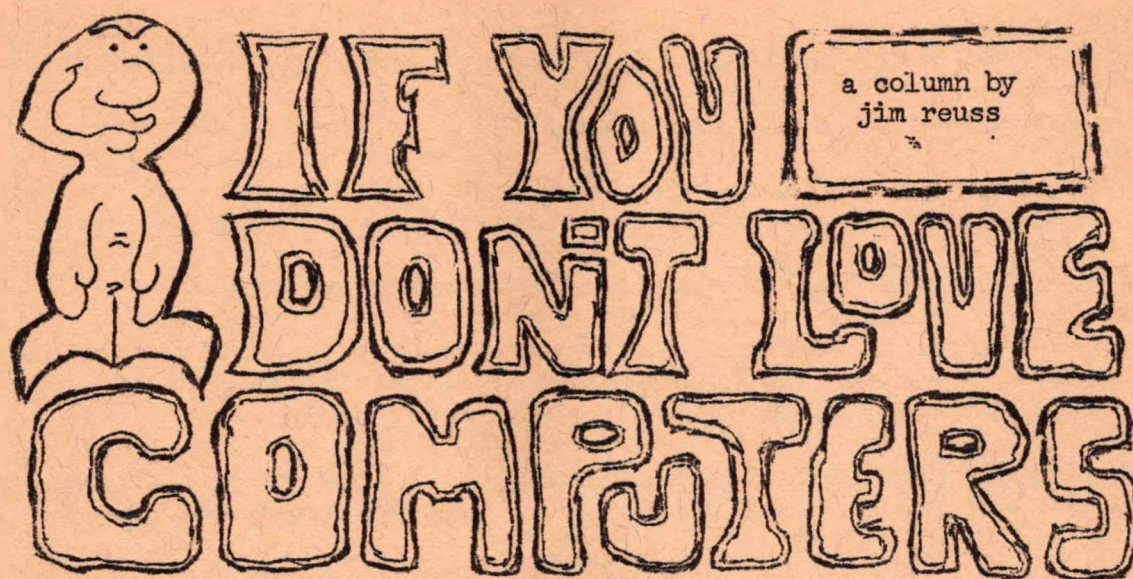
The High School Scene in St. Louis.

Though many young St. Louisans are interested in rock music an even larger segment of young St. Louisans like soul music. This can be clearly seen from the choices of bands we were given to on for our Christmas dance — the Disciples of Soul, the Apostles of Soul, the Souldtown Revue, Souldtree, Joe Soul and his Grease Revue... The majority of high school mixers feature soul groups which in St. Louis are characterized by their loudness, inane selections ("Knock on Wood," "Tighten Up," and "Soul Man" are three of the best loved in our area), meaningless and distracting synchronization of steps by the musicians, and putrid vocals. (I am not saying that soul music in itself is bad; it's just that too much of what I hear at the high school dances is low-grade soul.) The Aardvarks, Good Feelin' and the Truth do occasionally play at high school dances but generally must depend for jobs on clubs such as the Castaway and the Rainy Daze. At St. Louis University High the people interested in rock are a minority, though we are increasing all the time (doesn't seem like I am attaching an undue importance to a person's musical preferences?). The revolution is spreading.

Can you dig it?

Right now St. Louis has one FM rock station, KXOK and a new AM rock station (KIRL) which is slowly encroaching upon its rival in the AM band. We now have a rather sizable number of rock clubs in the area: the Castaway, the Cahokia Castaway, the Palace, Rainy Daze, and a few others. Mount Rushmore, Blue Cheer, and Keleidescope are coming at the end of this month and Procul Harum should be here in February. A good number of local groups have already cut records: the Truth, the Aardvarks, Tough, the Unknown, a few others; and hundreds of lesser groups flourish in the area. Yes, unbelievers, there is a St. Louis Rock Scene.





IF YOU
DON'T LOVE
COMPUTERS

a column by
jim reuss

II... why are you carressing the cpu?...II

portrait of y'author as a young drudge dept.

Ah yes, another year, another column Unfinished work breeds uncontrollably in the far corners of my desk and room: unanswered letters, books to be read & reviewed, fanzines to be LoCed, contributions to be solicited, computer programs to be modified, artwork and material for ID to be filed and thankyounoted, books to be taken back to libraries, lists of books to find and read, unfinished projects (of great pith & moment) to be completed, stencils to be cut, job application information to be investigated and acted upon and and and and

URK! A COLUMN TO BE WRITTEN FOR *QUARK*!

what i did for my holiday vacation dept.

(Well doctor, the whole thing actually started some time before my vacation itself, yes, it started quite some time ago, but I remember it well ...)

It was at Uncle Ray's Apartment, one Friday night, I believe, that the subject first came up.

The scene was probably like this ...

Picture Ray, sitting comfortably on the sofa, enjoying a cigarette after a loooong work week. Picture Joyce, holding Cat in her lap as she sits in the chair, bathing Cat in the glowing radiance of motherly love. Y'author too relaxes in silence, as a momentary lapse of conversation deadens the room.

"Jim," says Ray, with a certain spectral gleam in his eyes, "Do you know how you can print multi-color covers with perfect registration, and at extremely low cost?"

Ah, had I then understood the implications of that straightforward question! What strange, unfamiliar future would have resulted had I darted then and there for the exit to the stairs?!

20 "No," I replied.

Several hours of intensive programming followed. I left that night with several books, which were carefully perused during the next few weeks.

But help would be needed to execute this stroke of innovation.

"Chris," I said to my friend C. Couch, "Do you know how you can print multi-color covers with perfect registration and at an extremely low cost?"

We went and purchased the equipment the very same night.

The next stage of planning lasted until just after Christmas: finding the appropriate artwork to print in color. I settled on a Jack Gaughan, to be printed in red and black on white: the cover of Id #3.

D minus six days. The black areas of the design are electro-stencilled and electro-printed by Ray Fisher on 28 weight Vellum, hand-fed and hand-slip-sheeted.

D minus two days. The color background is executed in watercolor by y'author. The half-complete covers are transported from St. Louis to Belleville, Illinois, slipsheets and all. They are decollated, the slip sheets later to be returned.

D minus one day. How would the eve of the faanish event be spent?

At the annual Osfa party, of course!

The attendance and such should be noted first. Present were: the Watsons (who hosted it, at their home — a hearty thanks), Norbert, Leigh, Lesleigh, Chris and Mike Couch, Hank Luttrell, Wayne and wife Finch, John Steele (plus a number of friends whose names I did not catch), Betty and Linda Stochl, Kerry and Cheryl Brouk, Doc Clark, Leif Andersson, and probably a few more people whose names have slipped my mind. Yeah, I guess I was there too.

The first part of the evening was spent simply talking to and greeting everyone else, getting drinks, passing around Leif's Ozarkon slides, and wrestling with the Watsons' mean tom Cat.

Around eight-thirty or nine o'clock, word got around that something was happening or about to happen in the rear bedroom. Naturally curious of happenings in back bedrooms, I went along with the rest of the younger fen there and . . .

Item: it was a game called 'Twister.'

Item: it is a participation sport in which the players must rest, with their hands and/or feet only, on selected spots arranged in different colors on a floor-sized plastic playing surface, the winner being the last person not to tip over *thud*.

Item: it was played more or less continuously until midnight, the old stock, being enlivened occasionally by unwary people who just wanted to find out what the noise was all about, and by amateur ~~photographers~~ photographers who apparently thought they had come upon an actual remnant of Heliogrbalus' Permanent Floating Orgy. . .

Item: a dozen people sprawled in twenty square feet of floor space is rather thought-provoking ...

(... you see, doctor, I already had the contusions from Friday night ... all that happened D-da — Saturday — were the two fractured arms ...)

A great time was had by all.

Saturday, then, was the day Chris Couch had arranged to make the journey through dangerous mountain passes and fog-shrouded plains to the metropolis of Belleville, lovingly known by its citizens as the 'Asparagus Capital of the World.' Did the upright people of Belleville know what was soon to transpire behind the locked doors of the brooding house on the hill? Of course not! How could they, when we didn't even know for sure ourselves!?

The first thing we had to do was cut the film stencil. This at least looked simple enough: cut around the design, peel off the laquer film where the ink was to print. Chris, knife in hand, begins cutting.

(half hour later) Chris: "Uh, Jim ..." (simultaneously getting up and handing me the knife.)

(half hour later) Me: "Uh, Chris..." (simultaneously getting up and handing him the knife.)

(half hour later) "Uhhh ..."

(half hour later) "Gack ..."

(half hour later) "Urkgghslfçkçkk ..."

Finally: done! ZOWIE! Completed film stencil lying on desk! All that was left was to print it!

Down, down into the ~~44444~~ basement we carry it, where it rests in glory on a renovated card table:

A hand-operated silk-screen printing unit!

The first surprise came when I tried to pour some of the 'ink' to be used out of the can ...

"Pfut!" says the can as I pry off the lid, then tip it over another container ... and tip and tip and tip ... finally over the edge comes a thick red tentacle (about this time, because of its reluctance to pour, I had begun to think of the paint as a one-celled animal out to destroy me) which bent and fell, plop, hitting the bottom of my other container. Thinking that enough had been poured, I foolishly tried to stop it by straightening out the can; but it kept coming out, somehow . . .

"You've made a fine mess," Chris says helpfully . . .

Are you running with me Fisher? I think frantically . . .

Ah, but the best was yet to come! D-day! Dimwit!

21 If you've never palyed around with a silk-screen unit, you don't know the exquisite pleasure/pain. The unit consists of a wooden frame with silk stretched over it, attached with hinges to a base. You also need a squeegee -- a hunk of rubber a foot wide. And a good-natured temperament. And lotsa rags to wipe your hands on ...

Oh, the fine moment when the screen is put down the first time and the squeegee run across! (Actually, the moment is a lot 'finer' if one puts a piece of paper underneath first ...)

Lookit that keen-o color, I think, only one hundred forty-nine more to g--!!!

Finally, Chris and I have a pretty good 2-man system down; he slips in the paper, I put down the screen and pull the squeegee across, depositing ink throught the stencil onto the paper, and pick it up again, he pulls out the finished copy and finds a place to put it . . . to dry ... for about a half-hou . . .

Two aching arms later, the furniture and much of the floor is covered with id's covers ... Chris points out that they look very much like huge sheets of postage stamps. I point out that the wet covers on the floor have blocked off the bathroom . . .

"Insane editor and masochistic friend..." murmurs Chris, carrying off another cover.

Ahaha, the exquisite pleasure/pain!

(... I don't care about the cost, doctor, just get me fixed up so I can print up some more colors covers . . .)

post-scribble dept.

I'd like to thank Ray for bugging me with the notion in the first place, Jack Gaughan for the artwork, Chris for being a good ~~but~~ friend and helping out.

I'm also curious to know whether or not silk-screen process printing has ever been used before in fan publishing. It's a very simple procedure which yields satisfying results, but I myself have never seen a fanzine employing the technique; I'd probably enjoy seeing it catch on. I know that St. Louis zines will, at any rate, be producing some innovative work with silk screen units.

Oh, by the way, a screen process unit large enough to print wraparound covers (11"x17") can be purchased for \$7.50. To see an amateur and first-time effort at it, pick up a copy of Id #3 from me at only 25¢. And if you have any information about the silk-screening in fan history, drop me a line. The address? Certainly: Jim Reuss / 304 South Belt West / Belleville, Illinois 62221.

Peace is a way of life.

STROBE

THE BEATLES (Apple)

This is the first Beatle album since Magical Mystery Tour of a year ago, and what I feel is their first real creation as an album (one side of MMT seemed to be merely thrown together) since Sgt. Pepper.

This album came as a surprise to me. I had heard rumors that the Beatles were coming out with a new album only a week or two before it was actually released in this country. The package also surprised me. Perhaps it shouldn't have, since Sgt. Pepper really started the rush of fantastic album covers, or attempts at fantastic album covers. Now, the Beatles have put this double album in a simple white package with the title in small raised letters, which are also white. It certainly would have stood out in any record department, even if it hadn't been prominently displayed with 500 copies of the same record. Enclosed in the album is a poster and 4 pictures, each of a Beatle. The poster and pictures seem to be an attempt to show the least attractive and most beautiful pictures that have been taken of the Beatles, perhaps to reveal them as real people.

The album is a two record set. The two record set has recently become popular, with the Cream, Hendrix, The Grateful Dead and Canned Heat among others putting such sets out. (Bob Dylan's Blonde on Blonde was just about the first pop two record set, but there wasn't a flurry of imitations for some time. The Mothers Freak Out was the next one, I think.)

The Beatles is not a unified album, at least not in the same sense as Sgt. Pepper. I seem to find some connecting threads running through it. There are many parodies of other pop music. "Back in the USSR" is sort of an obvious parody of "California Girls" and thus of the Beach Boys. "Helter Skelter" sounds like a Presley parody. And is "Honey Pie" a parody of Tiny Tim, or a parody of the stuff Tiny Tim parodies? Does it make a difference?

**RECORD
REVIEWS**

Another thread is a comment on society. Again "Back in the USSR" seems to say that the Communists are people after all. (This is perhaps a dangerous sentiment. I was listening to a Chicago station one night when the dj said something like "We're playing some cuts from The Beatles and some people have asked us to play this one. So we're going to play it, and we want you to let us know what you think of it, if we should continue to play it or not." And then they played "Back in the USSR.") There is "Piggies," about the Establishment types, and of course "Revolution." There also seems to be an underlying theme to this connecting thread, a sort of anti-war, anti-violence thread which includes "Revolution," "Bungalow Bill," "Happiness is a Warm Gun," and maybe even "Rocky Raccoon." I think maybe another connecting thread, perhaps related to the song parodies, but somewhat separate also, is that of nostalgia. From "Cry Baby Cry:" "Can you take me back can you take me where I came from, brother can you take me back?"

The Beatles is also full of allusions, especially allusions to other songs. "The Ukraine girls really knock me out. . . that Georgia's always on my mind," from "Back in the USSR." "Dylan's Mister Jones," in "Yer Blues" and especially "Glass Onion" which refers rather saterically to some of the Beatles previous songs and, I think, the interpretations people have put on them.

The Beatles then is not a unified album in the sense of Sgt. Pepper. Rather, it is unified rather like a poem, with several different images and comments running through it.

Some reviewers seem to feel that this album is not lyrically nearly as good as some of the Beatle's previous work. I would disagree. There is much more material in this album than in any previous album, and perhaps some stuff that is not great, but then there is much that is excellent. Lennon/McCartney have attempted some "story songs" similar to "A Day in the Life." Two of these, "The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill" and "Rocky Raccoon" come off well I believe "Rocky Raccoon" is especially good, lyrically. The best lines are:

"Now Rocky Raccoon he fell back
in his room
Only to find Gideon's Bible.
Gideon checked out and he left
it no doubt
To help with good Rocky's revival."

Other cuts which include interesting and beautiful lines are "Everbody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey" "Julia," ("sea-shell eyes . . . oceanchild.") and "Revolution." ("But if your carrying pictures of Chairman Mao, you ain't going to make it with anyone anyhow.")

The Beatles also attempt some rather simple songs which rely mainly on their music. The prime example is "Why Don't we do it in The Road?" which consists almost entirely of that line but has a very hard-driving beat which suggests what I assume the song is supposed to suggest quite well.

Musically the album is extremely varied. The Beatles can spend any amount of money they want in producing their album, they can spend thousands on a few seconds of record time -- as a result, I think this album contains just about as complex a variety of studio rock as you are ever apt to hear. It includes a good many of the instrumentations the Beatles learned to show in Sgt. Pepper, though the Sitar is notably absent.

There is a great deal of music added by back men. Almost every song includes³⁴ brass or string sweetening, sometimes both, at times it seems the Beatles did nothing but sing . . . and, of course write the pieces (an example: "Goodnight" which must have been incredibly expensive for a little bit of tongue in cheek: a large orchestra and chorus, and then the first part of "Martha My Love.") On the other hand, there are a few songs with very simple arrangements ("Mother Nature's Son," "Blackbird," both of which use acoustic guitars with simple backings) Most of the songs are sophisticated studio rock, though: double track vocals, lots of side men, brass and string sweetening, electronically distorted vocals and instruments (and maybe electronic music -- it is hard to decide what is generated by machines and what has just been distorted.), guitar parts piled one on top of the other a mile deep, and who knows what else. I challenge you to hear the two places I found where an accordion is being used.

This is a pretty deep album. Studio rock is built of many layers of sound -- this one has been well built, you hear a little deeper each time. And there are many levels of meaning in the words, too. There are an awful lot of good things here to listen to: interesting, often poetic or sometimes witty words, biting sometimes, some awful nice guitar riffs, lots of jumping bass lines. Excellent piano.

This seems to be the album that critics across the nation have decided to jump on with harsh criticism. Not only that, writers seem to have decided that it is time to get on the Beatles in general -- Sgt. Pepper wasn't that great, early Beatles were terrible, stuff like that. Well, maybe Sgt. Pepper wasn't quite as wonderful as it seemed to some people for a while, and maybe the early Beatles did have some things wrong with them, and maybe this album isn't the completely mind-blowing album the Beatles probably wanted it to be, but the early Beatles were great, they started this whole silliness called progress rock (in its more pretentious moments) and Sgt. Pepper was awful neat (and trend setting) and this present album is damn good.

--Lesleigh Couch & Hank Luttrell

MUSIC FROM 2001 (MGM)

While this album is not progressive rock (though a good deal of the music is progressive), it is one of my favorites at the moment. And, judging from the impact of the movie and the number of rock performers who seem to be fans of science fiction, it is not unlikely that this music could have some influence on the rock field.

Both the movie and the album, 2001 begins with a short piece from Richard Strass' "Also Sprach Zarathustra." This piece achieved a short popularity on some pop radio, perhaps because its majestic tones make it the most memorable piece of music from the film, especially since other pieces in the film would not be considered music by some.

This piece is very significant for the theme of the movie. The title is also the title of a book by Nietzsche in which his hypothesis



in the development of "everman," the superman or next human being. This is a distant foreshadowing of the end of the film.

Perhaps the strangest pieces in the movie is that used in connection with the appearance of the monoliths. The pieces used with the first and last appearance is officially called "Requiem for Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, 2 Mixed Choirs and an Orchestra" by Ligetti. The music is quite unearthly and not quite human. There seems to be some voices in it but they sound almost pseudo-human, like the wind crying through tree branches. There are several layers of voices. One conveys a feeling of fright in its range, another sounds rather like the noise used in some science fiction films to accompany a space ship in its flight. The music which seems to come from an orchestra consists of notes held for a long time, blending in so well with the voices that it is impossible to tell one from the other.

The other music used in connection with the monoliths is "Lux Aeterna," also by Ligetti. This piece is used during the moon sequence, the title perhaps referring to the sunlight which awakened the monolith or even the "light" which the monoliths awakened in man. The music is a mixture of voice and instrument. The voice resembles a religious choir, and we can almost make out Gregorian chants. The instrumental music suggests the hum of smooth running eternal machines, perhaps the music of the spheres.

Even though all the music in the movie was used excellently, the use of "The Blue Danube" was especially memorable. It was used during the flight of the ships to the space station and moon. It suggests an endless dance of ship and planets, a carefully timed, beautifully executed dance with well performed music.

The second side of the album contains the "Gayne Ballet Suite" by Adagio used during the flight of the Jupiter mission. Its slow tempo suggests the almost imperceptible movement of the ship through space, the length of the voyage and perhaps even its boredom.

The next piece, "Atmospheres" by Ligetti, is used during the "light show" sequence. It is as strange as his previously used composition and it seemed to fit the accompanying scenes quite well. Changes in the direction of the music accompanied by changes of scene, swells are accompanied by expanding and exploding scenes.

The album ends with a repeat of "The Blue Danube" and "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

The music for 2001 fit the movie remarkably well. So well, in fact, that it is difficult to believe that it was not written specifically for the movie. It adds a great deal to the effect of the movie and to its symbolism. By itself the album is worth having because the music is impressive and well performed, and as a soundtrack, it is an excellent reminder of the brilliance of the movie.

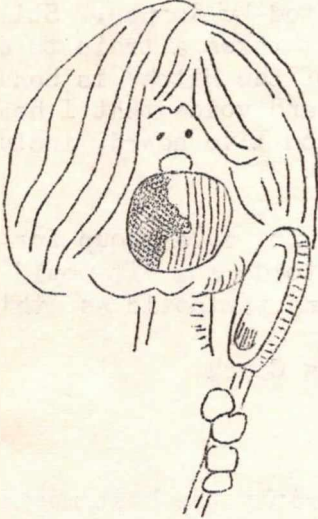
-- Lesleigh Couch

CRUISING WITH RUBEN & THE JETS The Mothers of Invention (Bizarre/Verve)

One of the creatures on the cover is saying, "Is this recording the Mothers of Invention recording under a different name in a last ditch attempt to get their cruddy music on the radio?" And sure enough, one choice cut, "Jelly

Roll Gum Drop" has been released as a single.

This album is grease rock; more precisely, it is a parody of all that is grease rock. I must admit that I was somewhat disappointed when I first learned of the release of this album. I really thought that Zappa and The Mothers had done all they needed to do with their parodies of 50's rock. Freak Out had a lot of it, in fact three of the songs on Crusing are new versions of songs from Freak Out ("You Didn't Try to Call Me," "How Could I be Such a Fool," and "Anyway the Wind Blows.") And all their other albums use this type of material quite a bit, usually as a vehicle for a rather scathing comment on some aspect of the contemporary US.



I had hoped that Zappa might sometime get around to releasing an album of the intended instrumentals and jams that have thus far probably only been heard at their live performances. I almost said I had hoped Zappa would record an album of "serious" music -- "serious" meaning something other than the parodies/satires/social comment which have made up most of his past albums, and instead, his music for music's sake.

But this is a good album, and a worthwhile album. Freak Out went off in a dozen different directions at once, and the rest of his albums have never really explored Zappa's interest in grease rock thoroughly. So that is what this album does: it is Zappa's and the other Mother's tribute to grease rock, nostalgia and good natured parody. This album should be the final word, though, I don't think another album of grease rock parodies is necessary. Real hard core grease rock is dead: the worst of top 40 radio these days is only a pale shadow of yesterday's grease. So there really isn't too much reason to issue album after album of parodies.

The last cut on this album is strange. The instrumental break builds into a savage, brilliant lead guitar run: lots of wah-wah, and a nice backing by the rest of the band. Not at all like anything else on the record. Interesting? I thought so. I wonder what Zappa will do next?

-- Hank Luttrell

SUPPER SESSION (Columbia)

This is a fantastic album. That is only to be expected, though, from a work by three of the greatest rock musicians. Al Kooper has been working in rock for years as a composer, arranger and musician. He and Mike Bloomfield worked as back-up musicians on some of Dylan's albums. Kooper then formed the Blues Project, an excellent blues band that produced some excellent interpretive blues in its few years of existence. After the BP broke up, he started a new group, Blood, Sweat & Tears, which had more emphasis on horns. Mike Bloomfield plays electric blues guitar a great deal like BB King, which made his working with the Butterfield Blues Band, a band emphasizing imitation of original blues, a natural thing. He left them after several years and started a new blues band, The Electric Flag. Steve Stills founded the Buffalo Springfield, and was their lead guitarist. By some unbelievable coincidence, all left their groups at the same time; somehow or other they all ended up together in the same studio, and they jammed together and produced an absolutely fantastic album.

Side one is dominated by Bloomfield's guitar. The cuts are beautiful blues with three instrumentals written by Kooper and Bloomfield, one of these (the longest) is called "His Holy Modal Majesty," and is my favorite cut on the side. In a group as small as the Super Session, Bloomfield and his guitar can be heard better than in any other album he has done, and I've never heard him produce any finer work.

Steve Stills is guitar on the other side, but it is dominated by Kooper. Stills does some excellent work on Dylan's "It takes a lot to laugh, it takes a train to cry," and on "Harvey's Tune," and his wah-wah pedal on "Season of the Witch" is beautiful, but it is Kooper's arrangements, horns (musical that is), and voice that I hear.

This "Season of the Witch," by the way, is the best version I've heard, including Donovan's own.

I've heard that the Super Session people were actually working as a group for a while, and did a concert in San Francisco. I hope they continue to do so. It would be unfortunate if a group that can produce an album as stoned and fantastic as this were to come to an end so soon.

-- Chris Couch

YES The Beatles (Apple)

The Beatles' newest five-record set, "Yes!" is almost certainly the best musical work to come out during 1975. This is the ultimate in concept albums, and completes the series begun by the Beatles' three previous three-record sets which have been released during the past six years. "Yes!" does remain, however, a separate entity, complete in itself, although its connections with previous Beatle albums are obvious and strong.

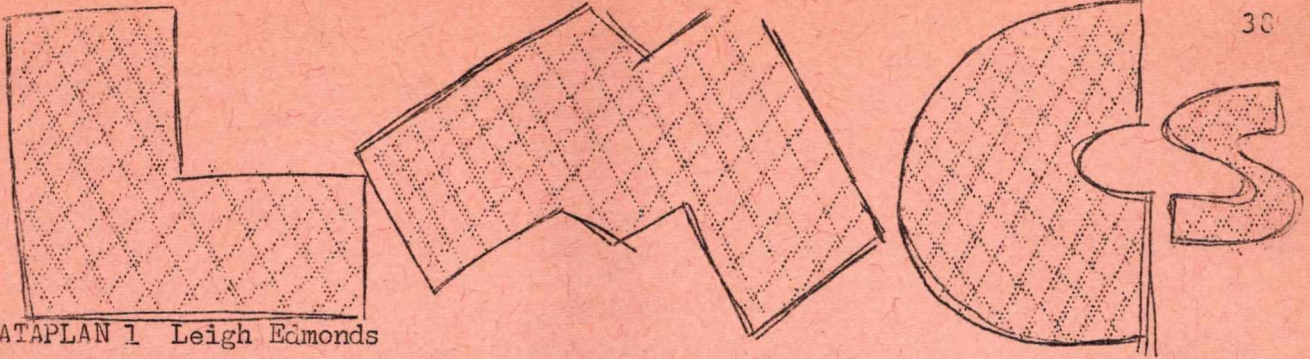
But in addition to the album itself there are several other Beatle creations included with the five-record package. One of these is George Harrison's two-volume book, The Times I Worked for the Railroad. Having had the chance to only skim the book, I will not offer comment. Also included are two posters, repeats of previously issued posters (by Apple) for those who might have missed them when they first appeared. These are supplemented by twelve 8x10 glossy photographs, three each of the Beatles in various poses. These photographs are taken from the four enclosed autobiographical photograph albums which are also part of "Yes!" All these additions add to the cost (about \$35, depending on where you buy the album), but the records cannot be bought separately.

The first two records of "Yes!" are very successful attempt at making known, musically, the attitudes and feelings of inanimate objects toward the world around them. The feelings of despair and loneliness are outlined, but so are the happier moments, as in "Happy as a Rafter in the Morning."

The other three records are devoted to the Beatles' parody of the universe, "Revolution 39." Again, the content varies from the very humorous, as in their parody of neutron stars, to the very bitter and sad, as in their satire of gravity and the way people react to it. This section of "Yes!" is very difficult to describe, but it can be said that it is excellent.

There is a rumor about the music world that another album of some kind will be released as soon as the Beatles culminate their purchase of northern Britain, but this is so far only rumor. In any case, I doubt it it could be any better than the present work. Although it has been said many times before (but not in regard to "Yes!"), what can the Beatles do to top this?

-- Mike Montgomery



RATAPLAN 1 Leigh Edmonds

I appreciated your comments on fanzines in the editorial. Your view seems to be similar to mine, in considering fanzines an expression of personality. Actually, I would consider this to be more the goal of apazines where the editor is the whole zine. A genzine is more like a magazine which first of all tries to be good, and in doing so reflects on the editor. A genzine does have a personality too, Science Fiction Review certainly has a different personality from ASFR, and I'm sure that this is mainly due to the personality of the editors. But a genzine is not as valid and complete a picture of the editor's personality as an apazine. A genzine seems to me to be an attempt to show your best work and taste, while an apazine is an attempt to show yourself as you are, or at least as you think you are, because it is directed at a specific audience of friends. (I hope you will come to consider the members of APA-45 your friends) while a genzine is directed at critics too.

U. S. fans "have the most terrible accents"? That's an interesting statement. I've always enjoyed people with foreign (to me) accents, and am quite capable of sitting around for several hours listening to someone, particularly someone with a British accent, simply because I enjoy it. I've wondered what other people think of an American accent as of course, I can't really judge it. There are a good many 'American' accents, but I've found that most fans have 'the' American accent, that is, the type radio and television broadcasters have.

As for the rest of your zine, it seemed fairly good for a first issue of a genzine with practically everything one could want from fan fiction, to reviews and articles. Perhaps I didn't enjoy it as much as I could have though, because I know very little about Australian fandom and the zine felt a little in-groupish.

GENUINE VICTORIAN WICKER DUNCE 1 Leigh Edmonds

This is an apazine. I think it is a good start in APA-45. Your comments are interesting and I think you reveal enough about yourself that we'll be able to comment to you (I've always found it difficult to write good mailing comments when I didn't know the person at all.)

I'm glad to see you come to the defense of Bode. I would like very much to see him win a Hugo at St. Louiscon, though as a member of the committee, I can't do much to bring that about.

I'm very pleased to hear that the mailing got through your customs uninspected. I have heard stories about Australian customs, like the person who bought a complete set of Weird Tales and when they arrived all the 'suggestive' pictures had been torn out. I'm not sure this story is true though.

About foreign memberships to the worldcons, several past con chairmen have told us that the Worldcon always loses money on the foreign memberships.

2
ALEGRA 1 Tracie Brown

I was very happy to see something from you in the mailing. You seem to be getting quite comfortable in APA-45 and your mailing comments are getting more and more interesting, though one could wish they were longer.

Mike Wood never claimed you were responsible for him. I got the feeling he thought you were trying to discourage him from joining and he had scribbled my address down one day when you weren't looking (that's a very literal translation of what he said). On the other hand, Gil Hilton said that it's all your fault that he's on the waiting list. Anyway, it makes me feel great to see APA-45 with a waiting list again.

RADIOPHONE 4 Steve Johnson

You raise an interesting point in your comment about drop-outs on Atheism and Free Love. When you think about it, what in life is really worth doing at all. Living for yourself cannot be justified if you consider how short a lifetime is and ask how someone who lives only for himself (which I think is most of the people in our society) can justify his existence. He does no good to anyone or anything. But even those who do do something significant, for instance, make a medical breakthrough which prolongs everyone's life, what good do they do? People who do no good just live longer. Why exist at all? Really, the only answer is that you do exist and you might as well make the best of that existence.

It seems like almost everybody in the apa has come to think of it as a group of friends writing for each other. This is really a good, good thing. I enjoy the apa immensely because I feel like I know and like practically everyone in it (don't think Quark isn't done just for APA-45 - it is. We send it to people who might be interested in some of the things we have in it, but the whole zine is done with the people in APA-45 in mind.) I hope that we can convince all the waitlisters of this philosophy of an apa so that we won't lose this sense of friendly in-groupishness as more waitlisters get in.

But that was Hank Luttrell at Baycon! While I certainly wouldn't put a hoax past any of those people that you mention (after all, Lee Carson is a Lee Carson hoax), I know that the person at Baycon wearing that name tag was Hank Luttrell.

XIXIX Don D'Amassa

I read the whole thing and found it very interesting and entertaining. I hope you write the rest of it. It is certainly of professional quality.

DIMENSION 9 Jim Young

I'm glad you did get some mailing comments into the mailing, even if they were only two pages. I'm looking forward to a longer Dimension next mailing.

HOOP 4 Jim Young

Hoop is turning into a very good genzine. I thought the contribs were good and I especially enjoyed the personal type matter from Nate, John and Fred. If you'don't mind, I'd like to make some comments to them for awhile.

Nate's column was very interesting, even though he talked about things and people with which I was not familiar. Nate, you have a talent for that. You also have a

talent for making everything sound rather unreal. Perhaps it's what you write about or perhaps it's the way you write, but I would have believed it had you labelled this a fragmented story. Anyway, I enjoyed it.

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I was glad to see John's column in this Hoop. I certainly hope he continues to at least keep in touch with APA-45, even if we cannot expect a great amount of fanaticism from him for the next several years. John, I found your section on the army very interesting. I often wonder how people can bear such discipline and even degradation as the army imposes, but I suppose people will bear anything they have to. One teacher I have said he quite enjoyed the army; it gave him three years in which he didn't have to think. I doubt that a fan could turn off his mind for three years though.

Your portrait of St. Louis fandom was incredibly accurate for someone who was only here for two days.

Fred's article was very interesting and amusing. If it had been anyone but Fred, I wouldn't have believed that such a thing could have happened to them, or that they would tell anybody about it if it had.

Looking at your answers to the questionnaire, I found that most of them reflected the Fred Haskell we have met in APA-45. However, one thing did surprise me. On the question which begins, "I believe pre-marital sexual relations are," you have answered "permissible anytime." I'd like to question you on this. I suppose had the choice been of only two answers, never and always, I would have chosen the latter, but I really can't see your choosing this one over the other alternatives, especially the one which reads "permissible in any meaningful relationship". Surely this is liberal enough. It implies that the sexual relationship does not necessarily include a promise of marriage, or even love. It simply means that two people have a certain amount of affection and respect for each other and wish to add a sexual dimension to their relationship. If people really feel like this, I don't see anything wrong with their actions (assuming both are responsible people.) But to say that pre-marital sex is permissible any time is to say that one need have no affection or respect for the object of their sexual relationship. It implies the use of another person. It implies the reduction of person to object. And since it is much easier for men to have a fulfilling sexual relationship without affection, this implies the degradation of woman. And I cannot agree with this.

CHEAP THRILLS 2 Fred Haskell

Fred, after my comments on Hoop, I must say that the opinions expressed in your editorial regarding killing show a maturity and insight that I wish everyone had. I couldn't agree with you more.

If I were Chris (which I'm obviously not) I'd now give you a lecture on how terrible most fanfiction is and why you shouldn't print it. Being Lesleigh, I will say that I did not read the play and read only Fletcher's story, which I enjoyed very much. His geoduck is one of the most imaginative characters to appear in fanfiction.

I don't think this Cheap Thrills was as good as it could have been. It was certainly well reproed, and parts of it were good; some of the poetry, Fletch's story, the Stripjumpers, which was excellent, as is all of Fletch's stuff, and Gil Lamont's article, which was quite informative, though I hope the complaints he registered are no longer valid now that the Beatles record on Apple. However, there were parts of the zine which seemed to take much more space than they were worth, and one could have wished that more Stripjumpers, or something similar would have been in those pages.

I do concert reports because, well, because when I first determined to write several pages of rattlebings for each Quark, I didn't know what to write about. The only thing I could think of to write about was what I had been doing since the last issue and when I go to a concert it's sort of an unusual thing, one I thought worth writing about. And then concert reports seemed to be springing up in a good many fanzines, so I couldn't stop, could I?

Re your comments on my article in Starling: I really would like you to explain how you feel about females. Why should we be constantly aware of the sex of another person? Why shouldn't we just accept them as an individual and be aware of their sex only in cases where it is important to what they are saying or doing. I know that this would be difficult to do, but why? Is it physical, or a result of our living in this society? I'd really like to know people's views on this. (Perhaps I should state here that I too experience this over-awareness of a person's sex. I think perhaps the main reason for this is the role that society has given to women, teaching them that they should be infinitely concerned with the trivial matters of personal appearance, gossip, homemaking, etc., to the exclusion of all else. Thus, I would consider a male as having more interesting things to say in many cases, because he is urged by society to think a bit more than a female. This is my main awareness of sex in a speaker.)

PORNOBIKE 2 Fred Lerner

I think it is a common fault of all people to accuse someone who has views very different from their own of being ignorant, and anything else that seems to fit the occasion. We radicals are certainly not free from this fault. I myself find it difficult not to believe those of "popular" conservative views (as opposed to true conservative views--known as liberal views in Europe--which include limited government) are ignorant, or, even worse, fascists. (This is a word radicals tend to as other people use "Communist". This is what we fear the most, and most any radical will be quick to point out fascist tendencies in anyone or anything, though we cannot do anything to those people we consider fascists except point the fact out to everyone usually by demonstrations. We aren't in power.)

First, I'm glad you described your voting in the primaries. You seem to vote on a principle which my parents often use, and which I consider sound in most cases; the vote of one individual does not mean much in the election of this or that man to office. Instead, its main purpose is to display the political opinion of the voter, thus justifying write-ins, protest votes, etc. Therefore, I would think of you as considering voting for Wallace as a protest (I cannot truly believe any thinking person could want that man for President, merely considering the fact that he has no experience with federal government, foreign relations, etc. And surely no one could believe that America would retain her prestige in the world, esp. among the African nations, if Wallace were president.)

I cannot really say more except that I disagree with your views. I am a radical Leftist and I don't want "the sternest measures" taken against me. No, I don't want to be beaten or thrown in jail for years simply for trying to do something about what I consider the ills of society. Were I to practice civil disobedience, of some kind, I would not expect to avoid at least token punishment, that of course being the whole point of the act, but I don't want to be beaten by cops in the process.

No, America will only be cutting her own throat if she tries to completely suppress her radicals. She will either force them into the real revolution (and I imagine

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that if worst came to worst, I would be forced to take part in the revolution on the side of the radicals), or by stilling the voices of the loudest critics society has, she would go blindly into fascism.

The button which says "Girls Say Yes to Boys Who Say No" is a part of a F... for Peace thing supposedly practiced by radical females. Actually, it is one of the horror stories made up by the Establishment about "those horrible protestor-hippies". They couldn't think of anything worse to say about radical females than that they engage in pre-marital sex, but it is rumored that you'll often find Establishment types at hippy and radical gatherings looking for a girl to take home. Perhaps the aforementioned movement is a creation meant to discourage these hypocrits.

ATHEISM AND FREE LOVE 17 John Kusske

I suppose that it is more comforting to know who your oppressor is, some sgt., etc, than to be oppressed by "the administration" but I still think college would be preferable to the services at any time and especially now when you could get killed in the army. Of course, you can get beaten up on campus (or shot by a policeman, as one boy was here last year) but people seldom get killed in college. And college isn't as obviously morally objectionable. Surely universities support the Establishment to a great degree, in much the same way the church used to support the state, but the military represents one of the most objectionable parts of the Establishment, the killing machine.

TWITCH 6 Ken Fletch

What I enjoyed most about this issue were the captions (and the cartoons in Pornobike and A&FL were also very good). Any best of APA-45 would consist mostly of Fletcher cartoons.

ABDIEL 15 Hank

I definitely think that writing for fanzines improves your writing skills. When I first got into fandom I couldn't write very well in fanzines or even in school. That was partly because I hadn't written very much, I didn't like writing. I didn't even particularly like the process of writing. But since I've been turing out fanzines for two years now I've come to enjoy writing and I think I write a lot better. I suppose I couldn't consider myself a real writer though, as I still prefer scribbling first drafts longhand rather than typing them.

Id 2 Jim Reuss

Jim Reuss is drawing on all the publishing talent in St. Louis to become a good editor and publisher fast. Id 2 is almost or as good as anything published in St. Louis fandom, except of course ODD.

I thought Bill Kunkel's thing was good. I'm not sure that it was an article though. The first paragraph starts out as an article on the Village today, but then the piece becomes something else. I thought it was well done, but it would have been better had it been consistent.

Your letter column was really good for a second issue. I especially liked the way you put that letter from Robert E. Gilbert (the artist) in between the letters from

AS

from John Berry (the unfavorable critic) and Jack Gaughan (the favorable critic). I hope Fieldhammer got enough egoboo to last him three months.

This is starting to sound more like a Loc than a mailing comment, which is the problem when somebody puts their genzine through an apa. (And Quark isn't our genzine.)

APA tite # 1 Horvat

Thanks for the biographical data. That's the only way we can get to know the people we are writing mailing comments on. I think you'll probably fit into APA45 even though you are married, out of school and not a rock fan. We're tolerant, really. you might be able to introduce some new topics of discussion into the apa.

GRUDE #4 Mike Montgomery

What ever happened to which Gypsy Dave?

I hope the Albuquerque climate would dull your pun edge, but not so. Or maybe it was just the contact with Malon and Wittington at Ozarkon.

BIBEN-BUBYN Peter Roberts

Your mailing comments were a bit hard to read. Not because of the repro which was fairly good, but because of the way they were written. I really can't explain it, but I found it very difficult to follow where you kept interrupting yourself, going off on completely opposite directions, using all kinds of interjections, and just generally talking to yourself. I suppose some of my difficulty was the fact that we live in different countries, but I got the impression you were trying too hard. Perhaps that is better than not saying anything at all, but most people in the apa have started off saying very little and increased in verbosity as they got the feel of the apa. I hope that when you become a member and encounter a few more mailings, you will get the feel of APA45.

Fireworks are legal in the US and there are many manufacturers or importers of such things. They are illegal in some states and municipal areas, such as St. Louis. Other areas forbid firecrackers but permit display fireworks. This inconsistency of laws results in numerous firework stands in the places where they are legal. Near where I live is a stand which is just a few feet from the river which marks the boundary of St. Louis County, and the firework laws. Many people come out to Arnold and similar areas from St. Louis to purchase and sometimes to shoot off fireworks.

BAYCON 1968 Bob Vardeman

It was strange that 23 pages of the mailing were Baycon reports. Everybody kept saying that no one could write a report on Baycon. I guess you didn't hear them and I didn't believe them. The reason no one thought that a report could be written was that Baycon was too weird. I guess you didn't notice how weird it was, it being your first worldcon and all, and I think all worldcons are weird.

Jim Young was right, you look somewhat like Fletch, though Ken does have a more Proto-puppish face, whereas you look something like a sandworm.

I wouldn't pay too much attention to Dwain Kaiser. He used to be the resident fugg-head of APA45 many years ago, but quit when he ran for OE and got only one or two votes. Hank ran in that election and got more votes than Dwain, but he was beaten by Rich Mann. Perhaps this explains Dwain's antagonism toward St. Louis.

I enjoyed reading this very much. It's always nice to find out what you missed at a con.

ECSTATIC PINBALL MACHINE #7 D'Amassa

Apa brothers cry "Don," enough, fanzine good help in joy. Kill lightly, maim, Not Often perhaps, queer reports, strange tales, under veil we yearn zealously.

GACK 2 Chris

I bet nobody noticed you called your me's Mailing Coments. That would be a fun thing to do, but I don't think they'd pass postal inspection, and especially not Australian customs.

APA-tite #2 Horvat

I'd like to see a little longer issues of Apa-tite in the future. Your natterings are really beginning to get interesting, but I'm sure everybody is anxious to see you do some mailing comments.

DPT #2 Jim Reuss

Jim you don't talk like that. What happened? I guess school got you down a little or something. (Chris talks strange sometimes after a particularly bad day at school). Really, you shouldn't let it bother you. I got through high school (and there weren't any other weird people there, except maybe Pam) by sort of ignoring the whole thing. It wasn't easy, not when the principle tells you she wishes you'd get your hair cut (imagine, saying that to a girl) but I managed. High school is the last place to begin. Colleges will change and if you want to make some permanent changes in the society get to the little kids. But forget high school. Try to keep it not too oppressive (Fieldhammer's Ydiot seems to be trying this) but mainly ignore it.

I hope you weren't serious about giving up publishing. (I know you haven't, I've seen parts of the next Id already). Fandom does seem false and useless sometimes, but it is one of those refuges in the world which helps you retain your sanity and self-respect. And fandom is an almost classless society. That is, there are the divisions, neo-fan, BNF, pro, etc., but anybody can make it into any category and there is no discrimination or any biases in fandom (unless you count not letting somebody you don't know into your party.)

Well gang, keep up the good work, and other cliches which have graced the end of everyone's mailing comments recently. Really, it's getting to the point where I expect good mailings from you people. And it is especially gratifying to the OE to see a good mailing shaping up right before their very eyes.

I hope that most of you are planning to come to St. Louiscon, as I would really like to see as many of you as possible there. I imagine the St. Louis APA-45 people will want to give a party for the apa people. It will probably be a coke and pretzel party, unless some of you bring something else (that is, if any of you want something else), but we will have a party.

I've really enjoyed being OE so far, and I hope you people don't have too many complaints about the way I have been doing things!

THE CONSTITUTION

There are, you will notice, a number of amendments up this time. I would like to say a few things about them.

Most of you will remember that a few months ago, the last time I published the constitution, I said that I thought the constitution was a bit unworkable, and that I thought we should think about writing a new constitution. The few people who replied to this suggestion said that they thought we really needn't rewrite the constitution, that they thought it was okay. After looking at it, Hank and I decided that perhaps a few amendments could make it workable. Other people had been thinking about that too, and the results were the 30 copies amendment and the amendment proposed by Montgomery and Vardeman this issue. I hope the rest of you have been thinking about this too and will agree that these amendments are for the good of the apa.

First, the membership. APA-45 has a long waiting list now. This doesn't mean it always will. But I think we are in very good shape right now and will stay that way. I think we can support a membership of 25 without losing the quality we have been gaining. I wouldn't want to see any larger membership, because I think an in-group feeling is also very important to APA-45. Though most of the present waitlisters have some publishing experience, the apa is, by its special nature, a place where people will come to learn to publish. And a friendly, in-group atmosphere, where it seems everyone are friends is helpful to someone just starting to publish apazines. I think the apa would be made more available to young fans by increasing the membership, but would still be a good apa, because the membership would not be too large. Other apas have changed their size to meet different demands, as any member of SPPA or Kappa Alpha can tell you.

However, I don't think that we should let in 5 extra members all at once. We should give the apa time to adjust to the new members, or there will be a loss of interest by the members and subsequently, in the quality of their zines. I think that the best way to increase the membership would be to add one new member per mailing. We have proposed a special rule to this affect. This means that there will be 25 members, or spots on the roster, at the end of 5 mailings, so that I will let in a member per mailing for for the new spot, and for any empty spots which come up.

Copies. I think that the best thing to do about copies is to allow some leeway in the number. For example. I could have sold 10 copies of mailing 17, had I had them. But I think that pretty soon, everybody that wants one will have a mailing and I will be able to get rid of only a few per mailing. And this would mean that I would have extra mailings sitting around taking up space, and this would cause difficulty in the transfer of OEs. So, I think the OE should be free to decide how many extra copies they think they could get rid of. If you agree, vote for our amendment, rather than the Montgomery-Vardeman amendment regarding number of copies. (I didn't have time to contact them and ask them if they wished to withdraw in favor of our amendment, so this doesn't mean we are in disagreement on this point necessarily.)

Other amendments include dropping a waitlister to the bottom of the list rather than dropping him entirely for not replying. This is standard practice in most apas, and allows for the mess-ups of the USPOD, and some forgetfulness on the wl's part. And most people will not pay another buck to get on a waitlist once they've been dropped. Also, I would like to drop the section regarding Honorary Members. I think it is cumbersome and unnecessary. No one has taken advantage of it yet, and I'm sure that if someone over-age really wanted to get in the apa, we could pass a special rule allowing them in. Anyway, please consider the amendments carefully, and please vote for them, if you feel, as we do, that they are in the best interests of the apa.

MAILING COMMENTS

chris !

Last time we published a Quark, I stayed up impossibly late every night for a week to get my share of the typing done. This time, since both Lesleigh and I had semester break to work on Quark, I didn't think it would be necessary. Well, my semester break (all three days of it) ended last week, and Lesleigh's ends this week, and here we are desperately staying up late, trying to get finished. It really wasn't because of negligence, really. With Lesleigh away at Columbia, we don't know what the other one is doing, so we each solicit material, type it up, and then when we put our parts together, it always seems to produce a Quark about twice as long as we expected. We hoped this one would be thirty pages. I'm not sure how long it's going to be, but I'm afraid it's going to be much more than that.

G.V. Wicker Duncle (Leigh E.) & Rataplan. Hoddamm, the type in GVWD is small. That type would make up the difference in size between Australian and American paper, though I'm not sure I want to see you continue using it. It tends to be a bit hard on the eyes. I'm glad you didn't use it in Rataplan. The saving in paper & such isn't worth the decline in appearance. I started publishing in pica, and it looked terrible. We changed to elite in Quark 5, I believe, and I've been much happier with the way the pages look. Elite types cut cleaner stencils than pica or a micro-type.

Alegra #1 (Tracie, who changes titles a lot. Why?) I belonged to a Judo club for a while. I enjoyed it while I belonged, but it took up far too much time and money. I spent \$15 dollars today on paper, and I'll be spending several dollars Saturday for postage. You'd have more time and money to go see movies if you gave up Judo.

I've had trouble with *automated* & *computerized* libraries too. I took a course at one of the local universities (there are only two, really), and I used their library for some research on a history paper. My teacher recommended a book to me that he said would have "all the information you need." It took me about 4 hours to find the thing, because the library had it filed in a special 'reserve' section, and they had neglected to place the reserve list on the librarian's desk. The book proved useless when I got it so I returned it a few days later. Out of 20-odd books I borrowed, that was the one they lost.

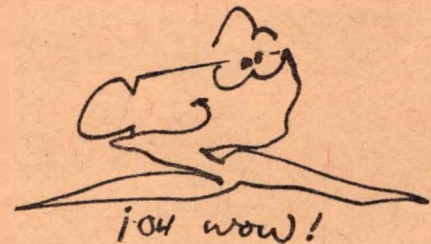
Radiophone #4 (Steve) The contrast between the story and mc's in this is rather effective. Most mc-apazines begin with some vaguely autobiographical narrating, then move to mailing comments in nearly the same style. Your story coming first, then the complete change of pace & style with mailing comments was different. I enjoyed the story, though it did have some of the faults of on-stencil material.

Novak's article wasn't really meant to prove anything about the government, I don't think. It was his observation's of his trip to Russia. And speaking of Viet-Nam, have you seen the big special issue of Ramparts? It's quite good.

Micro*Dimension 9 (jmy) I can understand being pressed for time while doing mailing comments. Jim, the material really should have been not quite as good as that in Quark 7. #7 was the Super-Quark, remember? Next time you give us an opinion like that, would you elaborate. I can understand why you didn't, tho. You mention something about the merging of U-High. That is something that should be done in St. Louis. The city and county school districts are an awful contrast. All of the middle class moved out to the county, and their school districts are quite well off, in contrast to the city schools.

Hoop #4 I don't think your layout in this Hoop is quite as good as it was last time, though the material is good. Its nice to have columnists. Kaufman and Reuss between them have generated a lot of good locs for us; I'll be interested to see what response Kusske and Bucklin get in your lettercolumn.

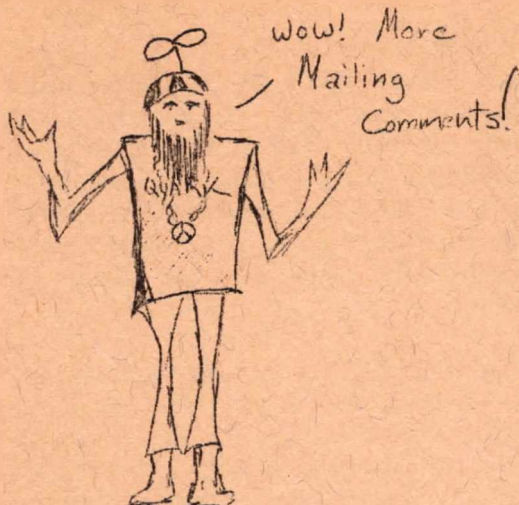
Love (Fred) I didn't think this Love was quite as good as some past ones, but I would imagine that Love is a difficult fanzine to write. The whole burden of the material falls on you, and if you don't have a lot to write about, or don't feel like writing, the quality falls. That's one nice thing about Quark; I don't feel like writing, I know these mc's aren't up to par, yet the quality of Quark won't suffer much.



:::a portrait of
Fred Haskell:::
drawn from life at Ozarkon 3

I'm glad you prefer the solid-figure cartoons to the stick-figures. I like them better, I've decided, and will use them in the future (tho there aren't too many in this issue: lack of time & ideas). I won't comment on Cheap Thrills here, even though you probably wish I would. I reviewed it honestly, and I don't want to loc it here.

Pornobike #2 (Fred Lerner) The editorial was the most striking thing in the issue, and tho I don't feel that a complete answer would be worthwhile, there are some things I want to say. First, I agree with you completely on the worth of Gene McCarthy, and on his courage. Some of his recent actions have rather borne out my opinion. He refused to vote for Edward Kennedy, saying that he wished to avoid an outward (and appeasing) show of change, without really doing anything effective. Most of the news commentators I heard claimed that they could not understand his motives, even though he stated them plainly. He also resigned a post on a more powerful policy-making committee to take a seat on the Government Operations committee. I don't understand this, but I feel that maybe he felt himself being pulled and decided that his conscience was too important to compromise. You say, on the other hand "the sternest repressive measures are both necessary and justified in dealing with the militants and radicals of the Left." What about the radicals of the right? What about the minutemen who were buying weapons stolen from the national guard? Why is it that only liberals have been assassinated? There was a great deal of contempt, even hatred, for the man whom you wished to cast a protest vote for, yet there were no attempts on his life. And why shouldn't something be done about the police reported on in the Walker report? And the Constitution probably should be changed in regard to election procedures, though I'm not entirely sure what you meant there.



Had I been voting in the Nov. elections, I would have voted for Humphrey. I've already expressed my opinion to some extent on him. I could not have brought myself to vote for him, even though I did not care much for HHH. I doubt that Nixon can 'unite' the nation. His looks like a do-nothing presidency. But I reserve judgement.

Your editorial doesn't really change my opinion of you, Fred, but it is interesting the national elections this year caused some rather deep divisions in my class, and in the other classes at my school. In the past, the school has been mainly concerned with attaining an easy unity thru

athletic events, but this year a definite political polarization appeared. A lot of people were lamenting this, but it hasn't proven harmful to the school. In fact, it is more alive than I can ever remember it.

Atheism and Free Love #17 (John FZusske) 17 is quite a bit of Atheism, John. Your worrying about watering down the English language is something that various writers have worried about for a long time (Jos. Conrad notable among them). I don't really think it's a trend. A question Hank & I were discussing tonight might tie in a bit here. He and I decided that the way to write an album title is the same as a book, underlining: Title. I came to the conclusion that many albums are as much entire unified works of art as are many books, and should be dignified by the same punctuation.

Twitbh #6 (Ken) Fantastic cover. That really struck me when I first saw it. You mention a best from APA 45. I don't know whether I said something to you about that, but I wasn't too serious. My actual plan was more of a jest I made after reading some of A Sense of FAPA. I'm planning to do an anthology of material in time for the Apa's 100th mailing. The title is to be taken from the famous (?) song (?), APA 45 Forever. I really seriously don't think such an anthology would be worthwhile doing now.

Abdiel #15 Well, Hank, I did as much lettering and layout for this Quark as I could. Some of it is photo-type, though, which doesn't take much artistic ability to work with. It is a bit expensive, though. Remind me to tell you about the night I went over to Ray's and used about three times as much material as I could afford. Yes. But it was fun.

ID #2 (jlr) Johnny Berry claims that your layout is imitative of Hank's, but I don't think so. It is much closer to Andy Porter's layout than it is to Hank's. It is simple and clean, though. You and your stacks of lettering guides, mumble.

Apa-tight #1&2 Xerox is a bad way to reproduce a fanzine. I don't like xerox; artwork reproduced that way bothers me. But I was glad to see you introduce yourself. Good.

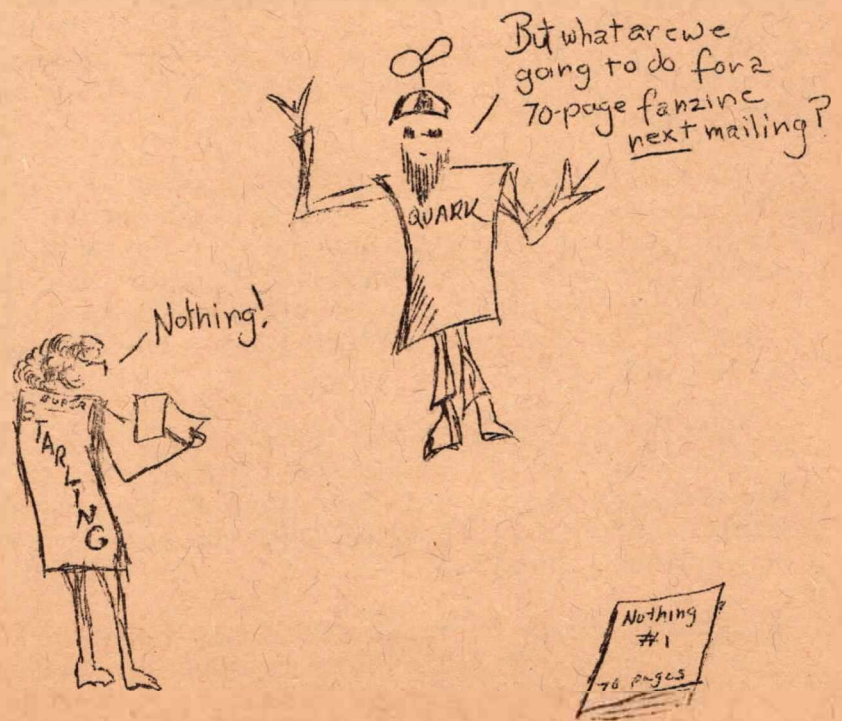


Grude # 4 (Mike Montpurnery) Get thee to a punnery!!
If there is a Jim Reuss poem in this issue, there will be no more unused ones left in the Couch files (if there isn't a jlr poem in this, we'll have one left). A bad situation, don't you agree? Jim doesn't seem to be willing to do anything about it (Everybody's publishing, nobody's writing, to quote a famous prophet). You are publishing quite a good apazine, Mike. Not this issue in particular, but taken together the grudes (notice the lack of a capitol; i spent all my money on paper for Quark) are a good set of personalized apazines.

BAYCON 1968 (Bob) Is that the title? It's a little bit presumptuous if it is. But then a 15-page convention report is too, so I suppose it fits. Seriously, it was a good convention report. The writing is consistently pretty good thruout all of it; was it typed on stencil or first-drafted? I especmally enjoyed the description of the consite selections, for obvious reasons. Fanocracy? Degler!

Gack #2 (me) One page in here reads "Mailing Comets." That is not, repeat, Not a Mistake. Ok?

Damn Pink Toad (jlr again) This is the only thing I have left to comment on. Think I should try to fill up the rest of the page with it? Jim, you're a failure at meeting deadlines with DPT. Really.



QUARK

OPINIONS

Jack Gaughan, PO Box 516, Rifton, NY 12471

You might inform Jerry Kaufman of some trivia he wouldn't be expected to know. But I was a fan first. Back in the late 40's and early 50's (when none of you were probably aware of anything). I did a number of fan drawings, spots, doodles, comic-strips. Not in the profusion of present work but nonetheless a respectable quantity of work under my own name and the name Frank Jonbrian.

I would say I remained a fan solely (in spite of some pro work published - after all Barr has done covers for Fantastic or Amazine) up until the aftermath of "The Dragon Masters" at which time I was no longer the invisible man.

Anyway, there was a rather long if not continuous period of fannishness before, as a pro, I "came to a convention but once he (I) did he (I) was hooked." My first convention was in Cincinnati, Ohio along about 1948 or 1949 where I met Hannes Bck.

But you can be damn sure, Jerry that I did indeed worry about the con-site this year perhaps even a bit more than the average fan.

And, in relation to NY fandom specifically (but not exclusively) you malign Delany who knows many fans indeed.

Also, I think perhaps that Harlan's "style" (for want of a more subjective word) is putting you off. I, for one, do not believe he has a contempt for fandom merely an impatience with that portion of it which is doodling around and not going anywhere.

// Thanks for a 'pro's eye-view' of the matter LMC //

Jerry Lapidus
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Pittsford, N. Y. 14534

Chris, I don't agree with your criticism. Many people DO read RQ, and some of us even like it in moderation. RQ has by no means "cornered the market" on scholarly articles, although they might have done so on the boring variety.

Bandra Meisel (forgive me if I misspell), who HAS written for RQ, has done some excellent pieces on Zelazny and Delany for Kallikanzaros; these are well written, interesting, AND just as scholarly as anything in RQ. Warhoon is famous for its most literate articles, including Robert Loudnes' complex but fascinating pieces and similar works from James Blish, Walter Breen and others. My gemine, Tomorrow And.. ran a long article on alien communication by a University of Chicago linguist-fan in the current issue; comments aren't all in yet, of course, but response to this article particularly has been very, very good, and we have similar things planned for the future. It's not impossible to write an INTERESTING scholarly article; it's necessary, however, to be first a writer and then one willing to do the research. This, unfortunately isn't often the case, and we have too many dull RQ-type things around.

// The main point of my comment on this subject was that no one will read a pompously-titled, extremely long and un- or poorly illustrated article in a fanzine. Kallikanzaros and Warhoon both have excellent layout, artwork and reproduction to match their articles, as well as reputations for quality. No new fan can achieve this sort of thing in two issues. Bergeron and Ayotte both began with lighter material, and the articles were introduced later. And their articles are only part of a whole fanzine. CC //

About Baycon: I didn't know they were keeping "minors" out of the Champagne party, but I did get very annoyed at the "Meet the Pros" thing. I was leading a couple of Chicago neos (obviously underage, whereas I easily could be 21) in, when we were stopped and rather impolitely refused entry. Now it's not the wine so much, or the fact that I was dying to meet somebody for some reason. But this WAS supposed to be the chance for young fans to get to meet their idols, and despite what Alva's told me about cops checking them at that very moment, I still refuse to believe that people couldn't have been stationed at the tables, to see that those underage didn't receive anything, rather than outside like was done. After all, since they didn't prevent anyone from taking drinks out, and then giving (horrors) a minor a drink, this wouldn't have created any more problems for them. // I can see where a con committee could have such problems with hotel authorities but I think they should have thought of this problem first and not had their "Meet the Pros" thing at an alcoholic event. LMC //

David Gerrold, author of "Tribbles," was not exactly an unknown among West Coast fans; he, in fact, played Kirk in the Thursday night production of Trek-a-Star and was probably better than the original. I'm sure people bid high on the tribble just to embarrass Dave, who's really a good guy.

To Kaufman's column: The whole fan-pro problem is indeed difficult, and there's really no simple way of solving it. Basically, this could be due to the lack on any agreement on exactly what the fan awards should be. As far as I'm personally concerned, anyone who makes a living working in sf in a particular field (like Jack Gaughan in art) should not be eligible for a fan award in that category, no matter how generous he is. I mean, Jack's been voted (two years running) the best artist in sf. Certainly if he contributes decent work to fmz (and he does) he will also be the best fan artist! Under the rules we have, though, we just have to nominate by our own consciences and hope that people who feel themselves ineligible for various reasons (like Jack and Harlan this year) will withdraw their names from consideration. // Any pro who would contribute to fanzines must also consider themselves a fan, and I see no reason why they can't run for a fan award on the basis of their

work for fanzines. I believe the main reason people withdrew this year was because they thought they would not be judged on this basis. LMC //

Bode is probably the best cartoonist going--but his illustrations can easily botch up a story, just BECAUSE of the cartoonist's ability. Did you see his Galaxy covers? They were terrible, and from what I've been told Pohl dropped him because he is unable (or seems unable) to do good 'straight work' for the pros, while his cartoons are unbelievably good in the fmz and similar places. I'd like to see him (along with Mike Gilbert) at least nominated for fan hugo this year.

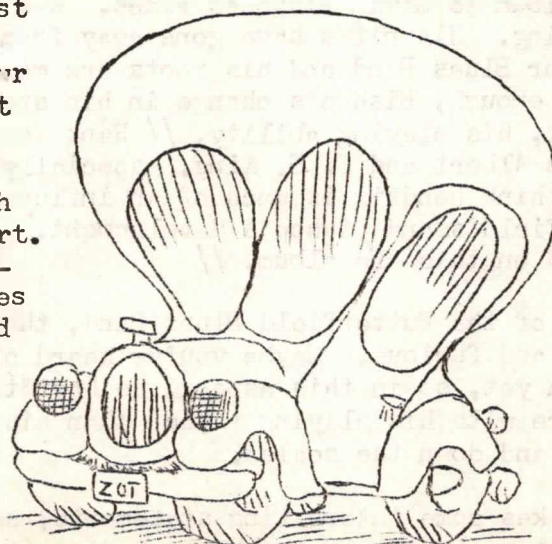
I still remember A Wrinkle in Time quite vividly, though perhaps not as fondly as you do. If I recall correctly, I read it after I'd been through most of the Heinlein juveniles, etc., and had read a bit of Asimov (post-French) and Clarke, and compared to those people, I wasn't impressed with her at all. // I recently re-read the book. I found that I still thought it was quite good, as a children's book, and the sf was very well done for a non-sf writer. The book did win the Newbury award for excellence as a children's book. LMC //

Discussing record "censorship;" anybody remember "Street Fighting Man?" This was a fantastically groovy Stones single, with words appropriate to the title, released--right before the Democratic convention! Man, was that banned quick! It's out now on "Beggar's Banquet". And there's one song around which deserves to be banned; it's so nauseating it makes "Open Letter to a Teen-Age Son" sound like hard rock. This has "quotations from letters from a brother in Vietnam ("When I come to think how close these poor people are to losing their freedom, I just know we gotta stay here and fight"); then a brother at college, accompanied by a pseudo-rock background ("We had a groovy march today, and how can you condone my brother killing them commies; after all my soc teacher says they really aren't so bad after all"); then a letter from Brother A's sgt. (or something) ("How proud you must be of you-posthumous medal of honor winning son"); and finally one from the college kid ("I've thought about it, realized I was wrpng, hope you'll forgive me someday, and have joined the army")! The thing's called "Ballad of 2 Brothers" and it's pervaded with all sorts o' super-patriotic music, etc. It's positively sickening. // That's no reason to ban it. I'd hate to think that many people like such things, though. I do think many radio stations would play it to keep on the good side of the Establishment. LMC //

The biggest lack in Quark, in fact the biggest lack in all the St. Louis zines, is art! Do you realize that the first illo after the cover page of this issue is on page 16? // I don't like to illustrate my con reports. LMC //

In general, all the St. Louis publications (except, I guess, Odd) suffer from not enough art, not enough good art, not large enough art. Except for the covers, all the art is small--and most is really tiny. Seriously--this does hamper the appearance of what otherwise would be a very good-looking fanzine.

// We can only publish what art we receive and that is not a great deal. If you think about it, you'll realize that most of the artists in fandom either publish or else work only for a group of local publishers. CC //



KENTLECHER '68

Debbie Atherton
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Pittsburgh, PA.

Our semi-underground but approved school zine has been cancelled (too sarcastic); our mild attempts to bring up minority views have been stopoed (too bitter). Our single success (kind of) is an exchange program with a ghetto school, to begin Monday (our's is two teachers and a friend).

Life seems rather special to me, if only in the ability to consciously move and change
What is intelligence but a concentrated agent of change?

There really are more males than females in Pittsburgh fandom. Noisy ones. // There may be more boys in Pittsburgh but not in fandom. Most of your boys don't do anything, whereas half dozen of the Pittsburgh girls are known throughout fandom. Sort of a matriarchal society. LMC //

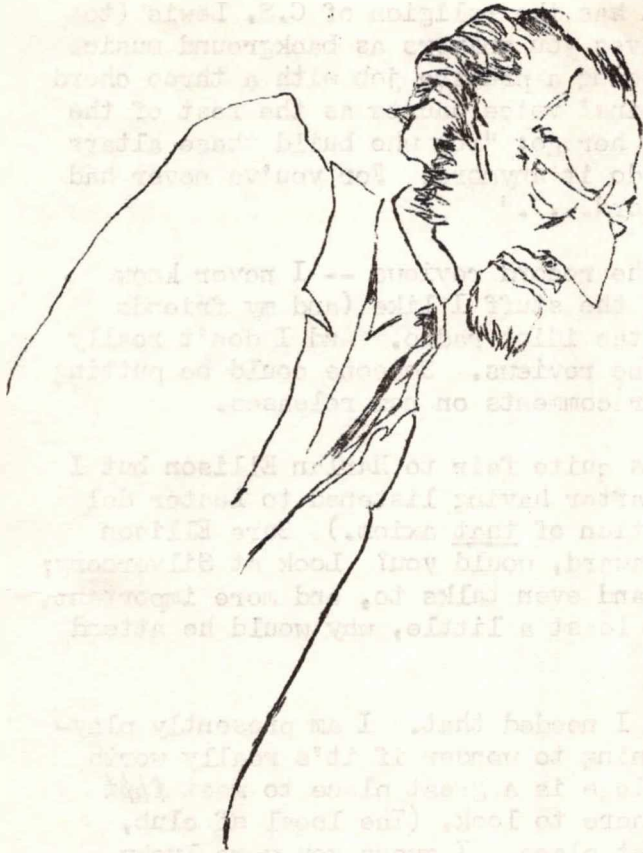
gene klein
33-51 84 st.
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Music seems to play a large part in Quark's content, so I hope you don't mind if I rap some about my band. You know that Seth Dogramajian's in it (for the past 6 years, I'd say) as is Steve Coronel (who does occasional covers for Dogramajian's Exile). The band is doing very well as far as sound improvements goes. We've widened our music roster to include such things 'good time music' from the new Beatles, Youngbloods and such. All quite a lot of fun. Unfortunely (with the Youngbloods) the musical form isn't as accepted (or commercial) as it should be. As it is, pressures what they are - well the Youngbloods have lost one of their members and they're playing as a three man band. Admittedly, the sound lacks something, but they are far more entertaining than many of the blues bands that play something akin to pseudo-blues. The magnificently moving "Grizzly Bear" is the tightest number I've ever heard a live group do. Of course, the Candyman do marvellous Beatles classics like the complete, polished version of "Day In The Life", but as far as original material goes, the Youngbloods are very tight. . .

Most of our roster though, is blues in one form or another. The Cream and Hendrix make up a large part of it. The new Hendrix "Ladyland" shows what I've been saying is true. He is the most creative blues guitarist around. Buy the new Bloomfield-Kooper "Live Adventures Of.." (which is a continuation of the Super Session thing) and you'll see that Bloomfield is doing many Hendrix melodies. His riffs have speeded up and Bloomfield has stopped playing the on-beat riffs. Also of interest on the album is Elvin Bishop's rides. His voice, if nothing else, goes well with his playing. His riffs have gone away from the jazz orientated things he did with the Butter Blues Band and his roots are more entrenched in blues nowadays. Interestingly enough, Bishop's change in his style has lessened his originality, and to an extent, his playing ability. // Hank says that the primary influences in this album are Albert and B. B. King, especially in the guitar/vocal trade-offs. He doesn't think Hendrix is much of an influence. This album reflects only one aspect of Bloomfield's and Bishop's development. They are both much more versatile than indicated on this one album. //

Speaking of the Butterfield Blues Band, their new lead Buzzy Fieton is amazine. He is young and furious. Maybe you've heard of him. Anyway, he hasn't played with his teeth yet, so in this aspect, he hasn't matched Hendrix, but Fieton is interested more with his playing rather than his stage act, and he is fantastically fast going up and down the scales.

Kunkel makes some interesting statements, some of them I agree with - Yes, Hendrix is the finest guitarist in the blues medium (today) but the Beatles definitely deserve more than what Kunkel thinks of them. For one, it is the melodic things the Beatles are famous for, not the intricate arrangements (although they have a lot to do with it



as well). And it is certainly someone other than George Martin who wrote all those songs - either that or he hasn't been given credit for it, which is a shame.

Regarding soul music - I meant the feeling behind it, not the musical form. I am very much caught up in the intricate bass patterns of the Motown sound, although I think the whole factory stinks (mainly due to repetitious material, unimaginative arrangements and the like - although the use of the wah-wah pedal on the Temptations song shows some improvements in potential.

Ed Reed
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Frank Zappa has changed his groups' name to RUBEN AND THE JETS, there's a new album, he may continue with things a la LUMPY GRAVY under the name Zappa, but MOTHERS albums are now JETS album. Complete parody of rock. // I doubt that he's changed the name. The notes seem to indicate the album is all a put-on. See review in Strobe. LMC //

In case anyone's interested the new AIRPLANE album will be made from a concert given here last weekend (thanksgiving). Should be good. I see where John Brunner is preaching the String Band. Their new album, unreleased till they get more publicity is called something like "Tiny John and the Fantastic Big." And I've heard 3 songs, best being about some Mayan god, or somesuch.

New CREAM album soon. Baker isn't dying from Speed (nor do they have to tape his drumsticks to his hands due to the shaking. . . good grief!) altho he's on it. . . they may come together to do more albums a la Super Session. Actually, they've been doing that (very successfully) all along, as they are so independent. SS has the problem that it isn't knit properly: Cream are, when they're good. I hope (if they do) the albums in the future will be good. I wonder if Baker is going to London Symphony (ghod, what I've heard about Baker .)

Now to Judy Collins: Argh Mike! (Jerry Kaufman says I look like a thin Mike Couch . . .) lucky son of a fan! Anyway, Collins has a new album called Who Knows Where The Time Goes. And, even amongst all the new albums coming out it manages to be the best, and the musically best even. Stills plays guitar frequently and Van Dyke Parks joins him a coupla times. Along with several folk. She does fantastic versions of Dylan's "Poor Immigrant," The String Band's "Hellow, Hooray" and "First Boy(girl) I Loved" plus her own "My Father" and "Pretty Polly" (adpt. & arrnged). Title song (fabulous, almost as good as "My Father") and a new Lenny Cohen "Bird on the Wire." Now all of these are simply fantastic songs, all great instrumentally and Collin's voice is unsurpassed. But the second song on the first side, another Cohen, "Story of Isaac," is not just fabulous. It is great, the best song AT LEAST of the year and this is ultraconservative. I've not heard any song that is to any extent better. Cohen turns out to be religious as we've all suspected. The song tells of Isaac from his viewpoint, ". . . So we started up the mountain/ I was running he was

walking/ and his axe was made of gold. . ." it has the religion of C.S. Lewis (to an extent) and some incredible writing. It gives you shivers as background music. Hapsichord is the only instrument, Mike Sahl doing a precise job with a three chord bass part and simple melody soprano line, Collins' voice haunts as the rest of the music. You've not heard nothin' till you hear her go: "You who build these altars now to sacrifice these children; you must not do it anymore. For you've never had a vision or been tempted by the devil or the lord. . ."

Dena Benatan Much appreciation for the record reviews -- I never know what to buy and most of the stuff I like (and my friends like) is not played on the idiot radio. And I don't really trust commercial magazine reviews. Someone could be putting them up to it. Hence I shall find helpful your comments on new releases.

Jerry Kaufman is a nasty. I don't think he was quite fair to Harlan Ellison but I guess everyone's entitled to an opinion. (And after having listened to Lester del Rey at Philcon, I have heard a great illustration of that axiom.) Sure Ellison is a pro -- you wouldn't give a pro-pro a fan award, would you? Look at Silverberg; he is a pro-pro and still attends conventions and even talks to, and more important, with, fans. If Ellison didn't enjoy fandom at least a little, why would he attend cons?

Lesleigh: Thank you for the plug for college: I needed that. I am presently playing the college application game and I'm beginning to wonder if it's really worth all the effort. But I think you're right; college is a great place to meet ~~fbbt~~ ~~ball blabbb~~ intelligent people, if you know where to look. (The local sf club, for instance) but it helps if you find the right place. I guess you were lucky, some people aren't and are miserably unhappy and end up dropping out. For the past four or five years the "guidance" people at school have been telling us how hard college is and how we have to prepare ourselves to meet the responsibilities of college life. Tell me, is it really that difficult? // Depending on where you go and what you take, college really isn't that hard. After all, think of all the people who go to college to escape the draft, or find a husband. They'd never make it if it was very hard. It might get harder if all those people quit, but then it might be a more valuable place academically. LMC //

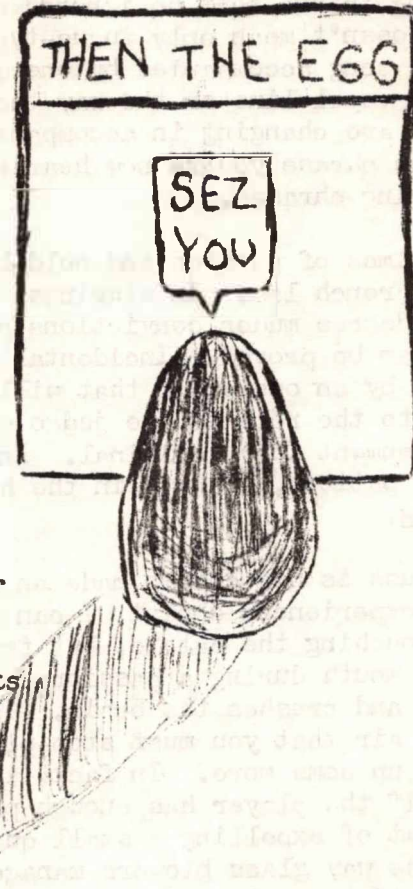
Capital punishment. Ought to be abolished. No one has the right to kill anyone (except in self-defense) and I for one would rather be locked "in a cage for ninety years" than killed. But as I do not plan to kill anyone or violate any traffic regulations, I will not be faced with that problem. Though I may be faced with jury duty after I reach the advanced age of twenty-one, I could never recommend the death penalty for any one. Then there's always the case on hunting. I can not condone that either. But I've got a solution: take all the hunters from one state and give them an area large enough to provide a challenge, and let them shoot at each other for two or three days per year. (With a stiff fine for killing an animal.) I bet that would do a lot to discourage those brave souls who go out on a lovely autumn day and shoot at anything that moves. // I couldn't see killing anything. I usually feel bad about killing insects, but hunters aren't all bad. They help keep the natural balance which we've upset badly a little stabler (if they observe hunting laws) and many of them contribute to conservation projects, if only to preserve their "sport." LMC //

Harry Warner
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The Baycon account was not only enjoyable but also quite informative about many little matters

which most fans must know through conversations. Chances are that this will be the only place in all the history of fan publishing where will be found the details of how the pocket programs came to existence, or a detailed set of reactions to the various bands.

I agree with Jerry Kaufman's attitude toward movie reviewers who see the film repeatedly before writing about it. I think that movie-going conditions are difficult enough nowadays to justify script writers and directors and producers to assume that the average person will see the movie just once in a theater, then won't encounter it again for several years at least after which it might be released for television. Under these circumstances, I see no reason why movies should be condemned for plotting flaws that are apparent only when you've had time to disentangle the series of events or praised for editing rhythms which the reviewer himself didn't notice until he'd seen it screened a third time. It's different with a printed story or a recording, which is easy to pick apart by repeated references to this or that section. It's the same difference as the way you are expected to react to a magician's act and the attitude you take toward your roommate. The magician is wonderful if you see him do his act skilfully and you don't worry about his basic character and personality traits as you do about the person you're going to live with for the next nine months.



As far as I can figure out my admiration for cats, it's at least partly based on their sheer functional beauty of body. After they get out of gawky kittenhood, cats of either sex are visual poetry. There isn't a superfluous part of the cat, it curves in an endless variety of ways depending on whether it's standing or sitting or crouching or lying down, and it moves without the apparent waste motions that so many animals adopt. A dog obviously has a tail only for public reactions purposes, but the cat uses that same object in all sorts of useful ways: for balance, to keep its nose warm, to twitch when there is a nerve wracking situation which needs muscular release, and similar functions.

It's quite possible to improvise a fugue in three or four parts at the piano or organ, if you've had enough training in the rules of polyphony. So this is simultaneous thinking, in a sense, but in another sense it isn't, because the improvised fugue won't contain much except the cliches of counterpoint. It's the musical equivalent of the way a person normally talks in sentences that he might have severe trouble diagramming (if English classes still teach students how to diagram a sentence.) As for listening, I've never been able to be thoroughly aware of more than two simultaneous lines in a musical composition, although I can keep untangled in a vaguer way three simultaneous lines. This doesn't mean anything in particular about me or about complex polyphony because there's no reason to believe that Bach expected anyone to follow all six voices in a six-voiced piece of counterpoint. This limitation is one reason why complex music can stand up so well under repeated hearings. Consciously or unconsciously, the listener hears from time to time

various things that he ignored on previous occasions in favor of something else. This doesn't mean only fugue-type polyphony, either. It can hold true of even a simple song accompanied by one instrument, where you can concentrate on the words or the vocal line or the way the singer is inflecting the vocal line or how the harmonies are changing in accompaniment and any melodic lines that may exist there, and how the phrase you're now hearing is similar to or contrasted with the preceding and following phrases.

But crimes of passion and cold-blooded crimes are separated in American law as well as in French law. In slayings, there are manslaughter, second degree murder, and first degree murder convictions possible, depending on the amount of premeditation that can be proved. Incidentally, it just occurred to me that the surgeon who saves a life by an operation that will leave the ill person an invalid for life is very close to the role of the judge who must decide between capital punishment or life imprisonment for a criminal. In some cases, there's even some guilt on the part of the patient, if he's in the hospital because of a suicide attempt or reckless driving.

Jim Reuss in his column made an erroneous statement about why oboe players go crazy. As an experienced oboist, I can assure you that the misfortune doesn't come from the reed touching the palate, but from the fact that air pressure builds so rapidly in the mouth during a passionate phase that the roof of the mouth presses too hard upward and crushes the brain. The oboe is the only wind instrument which uses so little air that you must stop playing occasionally to expel air, rather than to gather up some more. In fact, it's possible to sustain an oboe note ten minutes or more, if the player has enough patience and has mastered the trick of overblowing, the feat of expelling a small quantity of air trapped in the mouth while inhaling. It's the way glass blowers manage to create complicated designs which would be ruined if they stopped puffing long enough to get more oxygen.

Wayne Finch
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62203

Jerry Kaufman's classification of pro is interesting. Just where is the fine line distinction that separates fans from whatever? Does the true fan have to read all the prozines, fanzines, attend all the cons, etc.? I think not. I can't stand most of the prozines, am unable to attend all the cons, yet love fanzines and wish that I could see more than I do. (Actually, I enjoy all types of amateur publications in any field.) If this makes me a "Fake Fan," so be it. I still consider myself a fan whether anyone else does or not.

I also feel that anyone who contributes to fanzines should be eligible for the Hugos. The pro who contributes is on equal ground with the amateur -- neither gets paid for his efforts. If anything, the pro should get more thanks than he does. He is taking time out from his means of earning a living, to do the same thing he earns his living with -- free.

I won't enter into the Gun Registration bit except to agree with Roy Tackett that the registration is just another name for gun taxation. Registration of every gun in America (if that were possible) would not prevent one gun murder. // I wonder how many people would switch sides in the gun controversy if the title was changed from "gun registration" to "gun tax?" LMC //

Marty Helgesen
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Malverne, New York
11565

The rock part of Quark didn't interest me because I don't care for modern rock, much of which I find completely unlistenable. I prefer older rock, closer to its rhythm and blues roots, and I'd rather listen to traditional folk music than any kind of

rock. I suspect that a lot of modern rock isn't selling music, it's selling amplification. The audience is really responding to the vibrations themselves. In a record review on page 31 Hank Luttrell says, "The...album should be played loud on a good stereo...It will get to you." Yeah, I bet it will. Jim Reuss warns of the special danger presented by an amplified oboe, but other instruments, already used, have their effects as well. I suppose you read a few months ago about the researchers who took meters into discotheques and rock places and recorded decibel readings above the danger level set by industry. Cases of people in their twenties with severe hearing impairments are already being reported // Yeah, well that's one way to keep from getting drafted. LMC // Incidentally, it may be old hat to you as rock fans, but I was a bit crogled when I heard recently that some groups are using amplified drums because ordinary drums are being drowned out by the other amplified instruments.

Robert Silverberg I was a fanzine fan long before I became a dirty pro, and though I haven't touched a mimeo handle since 1955, I'm still immensely interested in fandom. I'm a member of FAPA even -- joined in 1949 and never dropped out. So I welcome all fanmags that show up here. (It's my opinion, by the way, that fanzine publishing is at the highest level it's attained in twenty-odd years. I don't recall a time when there were so many first-rate fanmags all at once; any one of twenty that are going now would have been hailed as monumental achievements if they'd come out, say, in 1950.)

I like Quark for a special reason. In a timid way I've become a rock fan -- timid because I'm on the wrong side of thirty and sometimes feel I'm venturing like an anthropologist into an alien culture. I know what I like, but I don't know a whole lot about what's available, and the reviews and general chitchat in Quark may be able to point me toward what I'm after.

What I'm after, incidentally, isn't vocal stuff -- I don't give a damn about rock lyrics -- but loud, sharp instrumental work, the more electronic the better. I thought the first group at the Byron masquerade was a groove; tight, clean, nicely deafening, with real structure and outline. What came later seemed too shapeless and fuzzy for me. I may have been alone in the pro contingent in liking what went on at the con that night, but the right kind of rock does glorious things to me, and Food, Dancing and Entertainment was doing the right kind of rock.

Come up and say hello at St. Louiscon. It disturbs me to think that many fans feel that merely because a pro is immensely gifted, savagely witty, and enormously eloquent, he doesn't want to be bothered by mere fans. Not so, not so at all, say I.

We Also Heard From Louis Morra, Earl Thompson, Mattewillis Beard, Keith Fieldhammer, Doris (the Elder) Beeten, Stephen Lewis, Stven Carlberg, Piers Anthony and Bob Tucker.

DOUG LOVENSTEIN



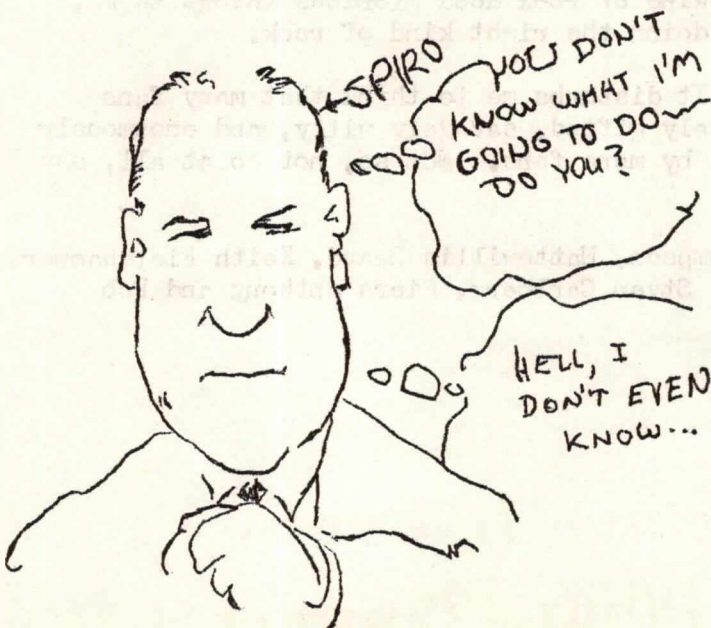
looks at

THE ELECTIONS

IT TAKES COURAGE!
~~HITLER~~ WALLACE
HAS IT! DO YOU?



STAND UP
FOR ~~GERMANY~~
AMERICA!



YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT I'M
GOING TO DO
DO YOU?

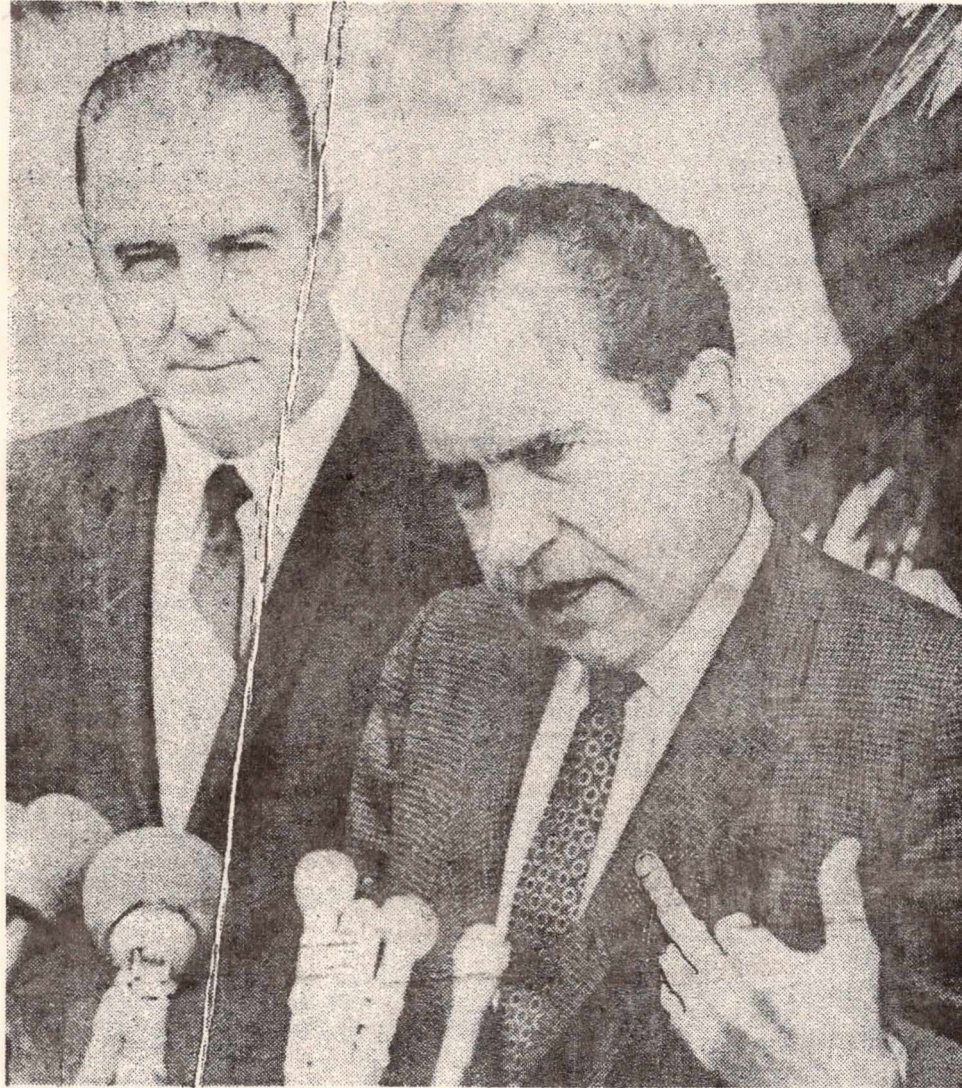
HELL, I
DON'T EVEN
KNOW...

SUNDAY PAGE ONE EAR—
On Today's Editorial Page
America Is Ready for Democracy:
Editorial
A Loser Who Won:
Editorial

ST. LOUIS

VOL. 90 NO. 311

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To Expand Role of Vice President

President-elect Richard M. Nixon at a press conference in Key Biscayne, Fla., yesterday, announcing that his vice president, Spiro T. Agnew (left), will have important added duties at home and abroad in the Nixon Administration. (Associated Press Wirephoto)

AEC Completing Its Study of Nuclear Plants Transfer

...al and was enrichment business to private
...to hands"

1950
1951
1952

THE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE



To expand role of vice president
ABC Completing its study
of labor plans transfer

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quark 9

up
down

quark 9

