

The background of the page is an abstract composition of large, irregular, overlapping shapes. The primary colors are a muted teal or seafoam green, a soft pink, and a pale yellow. These shapes are layered, with the yellow shape in the center being partially covered by the pink and teal shapes. The overall effect is a textured, painterly background.

QUARK 5







This is QUARK #5, published by Lesleigh and Chris Couch  
 at Route 2, Box 889 Arnold, Missouri 63010 for the 14th  
 APA 45 mailing and for about 75 other people. Available  
 for a letter, contribution, or any similiar show of interest.  
 St. Louis in '69!!

# T A B L E   O F   C O N T E N T S

Sybil Ann Fan By Leigh Couch . . . . .	3
From the Depths of the Overstuffed Armchair by Jerry Kaufman. . . . .	12
The Man Running in the Rain by James Reuss . . . . .	13
Now, Dig This Baby by Hank Luttrell. . . . .	15
Schizophrenia by Lesleigh Couch. . . . .	21
Truth, Justice & The American Way by James Schumacher. . . . .	22
The Vision of the Hungry Eye by Jerry Kaufman. . . . .	25
Lesleigh in Disguise . . . . .	27
LMC's . . . . .	33
Mailing Comments Chris . . . . .	37
Quarkomments -A letter column- . . . . .	40

## art credits

Chris Couch - 2, 30, 32  
 Dave Peloquin - 13  
 Hank Luttrell - 14(& lettering),  
 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20  
 Dick Flinchbaugh - 25, 35  
 Lesleigh Couch - 27  
 Dick Flood - 29  
 Doug Lovenstein - 32  
 Ken Fletcher - 40

All lettering by  
 Chris Couch

CYMRV PUBLICATION  
 #15

Who would believe that  
 they would Freak Out in  
 APA 45???



# SYBIL ANN FAN

Sybil Ann Fan had flown stand-by to the First Annual Monster Con(so-called because it was the largest SF convention ever held anywhere). Standing on the curb outside the Antiquated Airlines Building, she saw an Asian gentleman just getting into a cab alone. She jumped in after him and told the cabbie, Angel Garcia, that Mr. 'Uttar Pradesh' had agreed to share a cab into town with her and that she was to be taken to the Hog Wallow Hotel first. Mr. 'Pradesh' said U.N. several times and settled back to read the Andaman Islands News which was printed in English, Hindi, and Urdu. Sybil Ann Fan took a deep breath and said, "How about picking up the tab for the cab, dad?" (Nothing ventured, no money saved and she still had a banquet ticket to buy). The cabbie glanced in the rear view mirror just in time to see the Asian gentleman nod his head and smile; he headed the cab north to 31st Street. At the hotel, Sybil Ann Fan gave the cabbie a buck and went through the revolving door, fast! She had been promised floor space in the Rumford Falls U. Sfantasts room. The room was registered in the name of Nicosia Midrash, Economics major, and treasurer of the club. It was also on the eleventh floor. Sybil Ann Fan had a distinct feeling of apprehension about that. She got an elevator after a mere seven minute wait and went to the room where she was joyously greeted by the other nine Rumford Falls U. Sfantasts. She was shown which space was hers, against the wall and beside a floorlamp-table combination. Not bad for \$1.00 per night (payable in advance to Nicosia). The bathroom schedule was posted. Each girl was allowed one hour with the provision that the others could beat on the door during the last fifteen minutes, if necessary. Sybil Ann Fan got a nasty shock when she looked at the schedule, her appointed time was from 3-4 a.m!

The registration line was a living, breathing wonder! Fans, pros, artists, Big Name Fans, Big Name Pros, Big Name Artists, Big Name Names! Sybil Ann Fan had been to two previous cons, both regional. Well, as a matter-of-fact, one of them had been a one day affair held at the Bide-a-Wee Motel and sponsored by the R. F. U. S. F. S., and the other had been the monthly party meeting of the Terminus R.R. and S.F. Society whose members were all high school students. After registering, she stationed herself about six feet from the desk and almost went blind trying to read name tags. She scribbled furiously in a notebook. She had been appointed to write the conreport for the R. F. S. (Rumford Faboulous SFanzine). Names, names, names. . . Harold Ellison, J. K. Kleinbottle, Powell Aardvark, CChina Dish, 'Chip' Cup, Roger Zenith, Jo Trembling, Ping (Ping??? who was that???), Ted April, Lee Brickabrack, Jerry Coughdrop, Howard Before, Larry Janissary, James Cellar Door, Michael Warlock, Harry Warlock (brothers???), Bill Genook. . .

Suddenly Sybil Ann Fan really caught her breath; coming towards the desk was the Chairman of the C\*O\*M\*M\*I\*T\*T\*E\*E, the man in charge of everything. Following him were four, no five, committee members, resplendent in their blue ribbons. They passed so close

by: LEIGH COUCH

3



to her that she could have reached out and touched them if she dared. A group gathered around them with friendly greetings. Some of the voices sounded a trifle loud and harsh, probably the effect of the city air. It was impossible to hear what they were saying as the group had moved off. The Chairman seemed to be heading toward the elevator. He probably had many important things to do and couldn't stay to talk with his friends. They were obviously disappointed. One of his many friends was holding onto his shoulder and talking quite earnestly. Sybil Ann Fan heard something about a room number, probably a party invitation. How wonderful it must be to be a Big Name Fan and Big Name Pro and a Convention Committee Chairman! She turned her attention to the other Committee Members; There was Everest Shortley with a beautiful full beard; there was Andrew, he was so handsome; and Dave Van Frisii, rumored to be descended from royal blood; and Arnie the K., what a Fabulous Fannish Group!

With a sigh, Sybil Ann Fan turned away. How hard it was to be a neo, but at least she was here and she could look. She did have one secret weapon in her bag upstairs, a fifth of golden liquid, Old Ullapool Scotch. She thought it filthy tasting stuff but it might get her into a party or into the company of a male type Big Name Fan. None of the girls knew about it and she wasn't about to tell them.

Sybil Ann Fan decided to walk downstairs to the drug store for a sandwich. She discovered seven other members of the R. U. Sfantasts lined up at the counter with nothing before them, no menu, not even a glass of water. Sybil Ann Fan felt brave, "Come on girls, let's leave." The girls looked shocked, but Nicosia Midrash immediately put her cigarette out on the counter (no ashtrays) and got off the stool. The other six slowly followed. The counter man, who had been hiding behind the cash register, looked relieved. The group headed out the south door of the hotel and a friendly neon sign across the street that said "Chinese Food." Lucy Desafinado said "Look, foreign food. Let's try it." Soon the eight Rumford Sfantasts were enjoying the strange exotic flavors of Subgum Chow Mein and Wonton Soup. Sybil Ann Fan, noticing that they were short two loyal companions, asked "Where are Martha Woonsocket and Pat Black?"

"At a party." said Lucy.

"What??" said everyone else.

"They met two fellows from Westerville, Ohio who belong to the Otterbein College Other Worlds Club and they're invited to a Vodka and Sauerkraut Party."

No one looked happy.. No one was overly fond of Pat Black and her shadow, Martha Woonsocket. A short silence settled over the group. "Well," spoke up Hilda Kummelweis, "If they can do it, we can too."

No one looked convinced, and talk turned to other things. After dinner some of the girls decided to walk down to Times Square but Sybil Ann Fan and Nicosia Midrash were having none of that. They had to come to a WorldCon and they weren't going to miss one minute of it. Back at the hotel, They decided to visit the Neo-Fans Hospitality Room.. They were supplied with maps and books of matches at the registration desk and arrived safely after half an hour. Elaine Jones, the hostess, greeted them and introduced them to the other four people present, all male. Two of them didn't even look up, they were concentrating on a chess game. The other two looked to be 16 and 63. Nicosia began to talk to the older fan. He immediately asked her if she had



read the stories of Doc E. E. Myth. Nicosia looked blank, but she sat there smiling and nodding her head whenever he stopped for breath. With nothing left but the 16 year old, Sybil Ann Fan said, "Where are you from?" "Newark." "Wheres that?" "New Jersey", (raised eyebrows) "Ch." Silence. "Do you like Edward Lice Barrows?" Sybil Ann Fan had read some of his books when she was nine or ten, so she said yes. The 16 year old immediately whipped out a fanzine and shoved it at her. A feeling of delicious shock spread over her. Why, she was holding in her hands a real live Crudzine. It was the first she had ever seen and she almost couldn't believe it. But it was, it really was. It bore all the distinguishing marks she had ever heard about. The cover figures were so blurred that she could only make out the title, "Bersume Times". The text was wildly purple and almost impossible to read. She carefully examined the whole zine. It was a real fannish first for her. The 16 year old was talking as she turned the pages, something about a luncheon with Frank Sprghetti as G. o H. Wait, that didn't sound right. "I thought the Guest of Honor was Mr. King." "Oh that's just for the Worldcon, Frank Spaghetti is G. o H. for the Barrows Bookworms Luncheon." He looked rather scornful and Sybil Ann Fan was afraid to say anymore. He said 25¢ and she paid attention. Why he was actually offering to sell her this beautiful crudzine for a mere 25¢. She had never reached for her purse faster, what a trophy to add to the R.F.U.S.F.S. collection! She was sure Nicosia would refund the quarter. She was suddenly aware of someone kicking her under the table. It was Nicosia and she was slowly nodding her head toward the door. Sybil Ann Fan was always good at catching on and she stood up. "We really must leave." "So soon" said Mrs. Jones, "and just when you were having such interesting conversations." "We have a party invitation" lied Nicosia. Sybil Ann Fan breathed in sharply but no one noticed. They were all looking at Nicosia, even the two chess players. "Where?" they all said, almost in one voice. "Oh it's private, by invitation only". One of the chess players said "Tell us where it is and we'll crash it. That's an old fannish custom". "Oh I couldn't. I promised" said Nicosia. All four looked at her with deep disgust. "Damn neos" muttered the other chess player and they went back to their game. The 62 year old was not so easily discouraged. He walked out with them and very consideratly helped them over the planks the carpenters had left lying about. As they got closer to the elevators, Sybil Ann Fan became slightly frantic. Whatever was Nicosia going to do now? At the last moment she turned to the 62 year old and said, "Sybil Ann and I will have to excuse ourselves for a minute and go freshen up." They ducked into the john. "What do we do now?" "Just wait until he goes away." "How will be know?" "The bottom of that door isn't solid, it has slots in it and we can see his feet". "He may stay awhile, he's sitting in a chair out there." Sybil Ann Fan was down on her knees peering between the slots. "Do you have any bright ideas?" "Well no, unless there's a back door." "Huh? Who ever heard of a john with a back door!" "Well you asked." The two girls used the facilities, all of them, several times. One hour and 45 minutes had gone by. The feet could still be seen. The girls were developing mild claustrophobia. Sybil Ann Fan could take no more. "I'm going out." "You can't. He'll want to go with us!" "I can't stay here anymore." Sybil Ann Fan opened the door. Old 62 was sleeping peacefully in the chair. She signalled Nicosia and they tiptoed out and quietly past him. They broke into a run when they got around the corner. They took the elevator and got off at their floor. "What now?" asked Nicosia. "The hell with it, I'm going to the room and read. I'll use the bed until Pat gets back." "She wont like that." "Do you want me to use your bed?" "No, use the sofa." "Who does that belong to?" "Lucy. She pays \$2.00 a night." "So I'll use it, and I'll read 'Storm Over Mars' until I damn well go to sleep. Some Con!"



"Don't get discouraged. It's only the first night."  
Sybil Ann Fan flopped on the sofa and opened the book .....  
She woke early. Sleeping on the floor was not the next thing to great.  
Funny, she couldn't remember how she'd gotten there. Her watch said 4:30.  
She tiptoed quietly to the bath stepping over sleeping forms, reflecting  
that her luck wasn't all bad. By the time she came out, Lucy was up and  
waiting. The two girls got dressed and went out for breakfast. In a  
nearby pancake house Sybil Ann Fan got the distinct impression that half  
the people there hadn't been to bed yet. The menu shocked her, not the food,  
the prices. "Hey, I'm not going to be able to eat more than twice a day."  
Lucy was reading the prices, not food, looking for the cheapest thing.  
"Here it is, juice, hot cakes, bacon, and coffee, \$1.50."  
"What! That's the most for the least?" "That's it." They ate in silence  
for awhile, both of them budgeting their money in their heads. Lucy spoke  
first, "I have about 10 or 12 dollars over." "Over what?" "Left to spend.  
You know I want to complete my collection of 'Appalling Stories'."  
"I think I'll have more than that." "What are you going to do with it?"  
"You can't borrow it. I want an original Jack Goneagain and it will  
probably take every dollar I've got." "It will if you're even lucky enough  
to get one." They had gotten to their second coffee and cigarettes by this  
time. "The first discussion begins at 10:00. Are you going?" Lucy said,  
looking at her pocket program. "What is it about?" "Jo Trembling and  
Jack Goneagain discuss art." "Yes, I want to hear that!"

.....  
When they entered the large meeting room there were very few people there.  
Lucy and Sybil Ann Fan looked around. They were both looking at the few  
people coming in the door when in walked Nicosia with a tall, dark, handsome  
young man with a moustache wearing an army uniform. "Who is he?" said Lucy  
and Sybil Ann Fan to each other. "Who knows, but he's beautiful."  
"Where did she ever find him?" "How did she ever have such luck?"  
(Nicosia never did tell any of them. In fact she only showed up in the room  
to collect the rent money, sleep a few hours, and change clothes and  
make-up. She wouldn't introduce him to any of the R.U. Sfantasts, especially  
not Pat Black. She took great care to avoid her. She would only tell them  
that he was a Big Name Fan from Patterson, New Jersey. That was just about  
the last the girls saw of Nicosia until plane time.)  
Jo Trembling and Jack Goneagain concluded that iron bras and B.E.M.'s were  
out, and creative alien art was in. Sybil Ann Fan wrote everything down  
that she could but gave up on the questions.  
Later, she and Hilda Kummelweis went to hear a discussion of the topic  
"New Wave Writing, New Wave Writers, New Wave Plots, New Wave Impacts."  
They were thoroughly puzzled by the whole thing but made up their minds to  
subscribe to "New Wave Prozine" when they could scrape up 147 cruzieros.

.....  
At 7:30 Friday evening in the R.U. room six girls were sitting about deject-  
edly. Clarissa Clark came bursting into the room. "Girls, I know where  
there's a party!" It was as if an electric current had run through the  
room. "Where?" "When?" "Who's giving it?" "How did you find out?"  
"Stop! One at a time. It's in room 1701 and it's tonight. The Tiajuana  
Fan Friends Society is giving it and I heard about it on the elevator."  
"Did somebody tell you?" "Not really." "How did you find out?" "I listen-  
ed." "You mean we're not invited?" Despair began to settle over the room.  
"No we're not, but I'm going anyway." "You can't!" Sybil Ann Fan remember-  
ed the chess player and spoke up. "Yes she can and I'm going with her.  
It's an old fannish custom to crash parties." "What would you know about  
it?" "I just know that's all. You can learn how things are done if you  
keep your ears open." And that was all Sybil Ann Fan would say as she  
and Clarissa got ready for the party. The elevator operator let them off



on the 20th floor and didn't seem to understand English. Sybil Ann Fan and Clarissa groped their way down steps for three floors. Before they opened the door to the 17th floor, they could hear the party. They were surprised to see so many people waiting for the elevator when they did open the door. They tried to walk toward 1701 but a friendly lady stopped them. "You can't go in there." The girls felt as if all was known about them and were quite embarrassed. "Why can't we?" "You'll never get in the door. Word about the party got out and it's so crowded that the party has spilled out into the hall". "Oh!" These people weren't waiting for elevators, they were part of the party. The older woman continued, "Probably some loud mouth talked on the elevator, or else everybody invited all their friends. Who invited you?" Sybil Ann Fan and Clarissa looked at each other. Sybil Ann Fan decided to tell the truth. "Nobody." "How did you find out about it?" "The loud mouth on the elevator, I listened." said Clarissa. The lady laughed, "You look like neos, but you're learning!" Sybil Ann Fan and Clarissa smiled at each other. At least they had someone to talk to. "My name is Elsie Dinsmore and I'm a member of Pre Historic Fandom. Who are you girls and where are you from?" Sybil Ann Fan told her and then asked what Pre Historic Fandom was. Elsie looked surprised, amused, and tolerant in that order. "It's a group of fans who have been in fandom since 'The Beginning'. Why, I even have a letter from Hugo Greenback at home." The girls decided not to ask who that was. They listened to fannish history as related by Elsie for more than an hour. People struggled back and forth through the crowd and many of them said hello to Elsie. It just didn't seem worth the effort to try for 1701. Someone fainted, at least they fell over. Elsie asked if they would like to be introduced to the members of Pre Historic Fandom. Somehow this was not exactly interesting to them. Clarissa nudged Sybil Ann Fan after about two hours and whispered, "I don't think my ankles are going to hold out much longer." Sybil Ann Fan agreed. They told Elsie good night. Elsie looked staggered. "You aren't going to leave this early? After about two more hours the neos will give up and we can get into the room." "I don't think we can stand up for two more hours." said Clarissa. Elsie looked a little contemptous. "Well girls you'd better develop a little stamina if you ever expect to be real Convention Fans". It was too much! First 'Pre Historic Fandom' and now 'Convention Fandom'! The girls left.

. . . . .  
The next morning Sybil Ann Fan slept very late. It was almost 10:00 when she got up. Pat Black and Martha Woonsocket were still asleep, someone was occupying the bathroom and everyone else was gone. Sybil Ann Fan had a sudden thought; she called the desk, asked for Elsie's room number, got it called Elsie and asked if she could come up. "Sure honey come on up." What luck! Only one floor up, 1242. Sybil Ann Fan grabbed her small bag and immediately went up to Elsie's room. When she knocked, Elsie called out, "Come in, it's open." The room was positively huge and Elsie was the only person in it. "Make yourself at home kid. Feel free. I was up until three and I've got to sleep some more." "Do you mind if I take a bath?" Elsie laughed, "Do whatever you please." It was wonderful! Sybil Ann Fan spent an hour soaking in the tub with no one pounding on the door. She heard Elsie on the phone and when she came out she was surprised to find breakfast waiting. "Elsie, you shouldn't have!" Sybil Ann Fan was looking hungrily at the food. There was so much of it. "It's nothing kid. I have more money than I know what to do with. I wrote a bunch of crummy kids books years ago and the damn things are still bringing in royalties. My ex-husband doesn't do bad by me either." Sybil Ann Fan began to eat with enthusiasm. "Are you on a slim budget kid?" "Well yes, rather." "I thought so. Reminds me of myself in the old days. Eat all you can and I'll call Room Service for more if you're still hungry". Sybil Ann Fan couldn't

7



believe such luxury and between bites, she thanked Elsie. "What are your plans for today?" "Well, I thought I'd go down to the Huckster Room. I want to buy at least one magazine here." "Good, I'll go along. I always drop into the Huckster Room and blow about 50 bucks." "Fifty dollars!" Sybil Ann Fan was so surprised, she spoke before she thought. Elsie only laughed. "I guess it does sound like a lot to you kid. I'll tell you what, if you run out of cash I'll feed you. I hope you've got your fare home!" "Oh yes, I've got that and some money to spend on a painting." "You mean you weren't going to eat so that you could buy a painting!" Sybil Ann Fan felt a little defensive. "Clarissa isn't eating much either. She's spending her money to complete her collection of Appalling Stories." "Well you two sound as if you will develop into real fans. I'll feed her too, but no more than the two of you. I can remember the time....." Sybil Ann Fan relaxed over her tea cup and listened to how Elsie had acquired her extensive collection of mint copies and autographed hardbounds.

. . . . .

The Huckster Room was crowded when Elsie and Sybil Ann Fan walked in. Books and magazines were everywhere. They walked the length of the room and Elsie said hello to almost everyone. Sybil Ann Fan was looking for the comic book sellers. Her little brother had made her promise to look for Vol. 1 No. 1 of "Amazing Analog Man" his favorite super hero, who in real life was mild-mannered John W. Camel and worked in a publishing office. Elsie had wandered off to a table containing hundreds of new paperbacks and was talking 50% voice and 50% hands to the man behind the table. Sybil Ann wandered down the left side of the room looking at each table. Clarissa should have no trouble completing her collection. She finally came to a table full of comic zines. No one else was there. "Do you have Vol. 1 No. 1 of "Amazing Analog Man"?" "Yeah, I think I do." The man got up from the chair and began to look through a large box. He finally pulled a luridly covered comic out of the box. "Here it is." "How much is it?" "Five dollars. It's practically mint condition and you won't find it at a better price." Sybil Ann Fan was speechless. When she finally realized that her mouth was open, she closed it quickly. "Five dollars for a comic book?" "Certainly. This is Vol. 1 No. 1. Say, is this for you or for someone else?" "It's for my little brother and he gave me three dollars and fifty cents to pay for it." "Well that's not enough." Sybil Ann Fan turned abruptly away from the table and bumped into someone, hard! Magazines fell to the floor, her face was momentarily buried in someone's sweater. She pulled away and looked up. "Oh I'm so sorry." She bent to help him pick up the magazines. "God, I hope they're not torn." He sounded concerned and angry. One magazine had landed at an odd angle, spine up. He started to reach for it. "Wait, let me." Sybil Ann Fan had learned about the value of old magazines. She picked it up very carefully and all the pages fell into place. "There you are, not torn at all and I really am sorry." For the next few seconds nothing was said. Sybil Ann Fan looked, and looked. He was an absolute seven sector call-out, male version. "It's perfectly all right, no damage done at all. Don't I know you from somewhere?" "No, I don't think so." But oh how she wished he did. "I'm sure I've seen you somewhere. Are you a member of the Solarians?" "No, I'm from Rumford Falls and the only club I belong to is the R.F.U.S.F. Society.....My name is Sybil Ann Fan." She felt pretty daring telling him her name but she wanted to keep talking to him. "Sybil Ann from Rumford Falls, hmm. Have you ever been to a convention before?" "No. It's very exciting." "You really should have someone to show you around and introduce you to people." "I do feel a little strange not knowing anyone and not knowing much about what's going on." Sybil Ann Fan had been trying to read his name off the button without being too obvious



about it, but he must have noticed it. "You don't know who I am do you? I keep forgetting that there are people who don't know me. I'm Brenford Douglas Forester, president of the M.C.T. Astra Club, editor of Cwmdonkin Cosmic Times, and I've been published professionally." Sybil Ann Fan was completely astonished. He was not only a Big Name Fan but a PRO!!!! "You - you really are all those things? I mean, you've had a story published? Really?" "It was nothing much, just 5000 words in Appalling Stories June 1965 called 'Captain Ballard of the Space Patrol'. Since then I've been working on a novel, writing my masters thesis on 'Elementary Concepts of Space Warp Factors', and keeping up with my fanac." Sybil Ann Fan was impressed to the point of absolute stupefaction and couldn't think of a single thing to say. At this critical moment, Elsie turned up. "Brenford, how are you? Do you know Sybil Ann? She's learning to be a trufan even if this is her first convention." "Elsie! Good to see you. How are things in Pre Historic Fandom? Are you still designing your Jules Verne Flag?" "Lets just not talk about that, ok? I've gotten word of a party. A publishers agent I know is here and he tells me Broadsword Books is giving a private party about 9:00 tonight in Suite 2007. (So that's how parties get crowded! thought Sybil Ann Fan) "Why don't you two come?" Brenford looked at Sybil Ann Fan. "You will go with me of course." "I'd like to. It sounds like fun." The balance of the day was spent wandering about the Hucksters Room, the hotel, city streets, having lunch and each of them paying their own check, and talking. Brenford did most of the talking and Sybil Ann Fan was his admiring audience. She was gloating over her good luck. "What's your room number? I'll call you just before the party." Sybil Ann Fan felt a stab of unease. She couldn't let the other girls near Brenford. Nicosia had the right idea. She certainly couldn't let Pat Black see him. "No, don't call. We don't want the hotel to know how many are in the room. I'll just meet you at the party." "You're sure you'll be there?" This was the first sign of uncertainty that she had seen Brenford show. How could he possibly think that she wouldn't be! "I'll be there, really I will. Nothing could possibly keep me away."

. . . . .

Sybil Ann Fan evaded all the girls' questions and told no one except Clarissa where she was going that evening. Several of the girls looked annoyed and Pat Black was almost angry. "You know you're just going to go sit around in the lobby or the Neo-Fans Room. Why don't you admit it?" Sybil Ann Fan said nothing. Pat and Martha began discussing a collating party they were going to, talking loudly enough so that everyone would be sure to hear. Sybil Ann Fan was slightly worried. She wondered what collating was, it didn't sound quite nice. Well, she couldn't be spending her time bothering about Pat and Martha. Clarissa decided that she would try to crash the party about 11:00. "Ask for Elsie or Brenford, not me." said Sybil Ann Fan. "Why?" "Everybody knows them. Nobody knows me." "Oh that's right. Ok, Elsie or Brenford it is. See you." Sybil Ann Fan felt very nervous when she knocked on the door of 2007. The door was opened a very few inches. "Yes?" "Elsie told me to come. I'm supposed to meet Brenford Douglas Forester here." "Hey Bren, your beautiful neo girlfriend's here. Come on in little one and let everybody see you." Sybil Ann Fan felt herself blush. She thought of running back to the elevator, but the door was open and Brenford had taken her by the hand. "Don't listen to Fred Would. He's always putting somebody on." There was general laughter in the immediate vicinity of the door and Sybil Ann Fan was being introduced to legendary people and someone put a drink in her hand. It was the greatest evening of her life. Brenford knew everyone and everyone was nice to her. The party didn't break up until 3:00 and then Brenford took her to the pancake house for breakfast. He paid both checks, even though she tried to take hers, he wouldn't let her.



When they came back to the hotel Brenford met some of his friends from M.C.T. who hustled him away to a 'Filk Sing' (?) "I'll see you at the Art Room tomorrow Sybil Ann." he called out. Sybil Ann Fan nodded. When she got back to the room she couldn't go to sleep and it wasn't the hard floor that was the trouble. It was late when she woke up. Clarissa was asleep on the sofa. "I wonder how she managed that?" Sybil mused to herself. She drifted off into a beautiful daydream of putting out a Hugo winning fanzine as co-editor (editress) with Brenford. Clarissa was shaking her. "Wake up. I have to meet J. Francis McManus in the Art Room in an hour. Do you want to go along?" "What? What time is it?" "It's two o'clock. Do you want to go or not?" "Yes, yes. I've got to meet Brenford. Were you at the party?" "Sure. Where do you think I met J. Francis?" "I didn't see you." "I don't think you saw anyone but Brenford. Or maybe a few of the people he was talking to." "Isn't he just great?" "Sure. No, don't get mad. He really is great so don't let Pat Black see him." "Don't even talk about it!" The girls got dressed and went down to the Art Show Room. Brenford was just inside the door talking to a group of people. He broke away when he saw her. "And where have you been? I thought you had gone home to Rumford Falls." "I've been sleeping." "I guess you aren't used to staying up day and night yet are you?" "No, but I'm going to have to learn." "What would you like to do?" "I especially want to look at the Jack Goneagain paintings. I want to buy one." "Do you have a special one in mind?" "No, not really. I'd love to have any of them." "I have a friend who spent all his remaining cash on a Jack Goneagain painting and he doesn't have any money to get home on. He'd sell it to you." "He would! How wonderful! How much?" Sybil Ann Fan remembered the comic book dealer. "It's a small one. He wants \$20.00 for it. That's bus fare back to North Carolina." "I've got that much and even a little more. Please find him for me Brenford." "No problem, he's right over there." Sybil Ann Fan quickly bought the Jack Goneagain painting. It would be hard to say who was happier, Sybil Ann Fan or the young fan who now had bus fare home. They looked at everything in the art show room and then Sybil Ann Fan had a sudden thought. "Brenford do you remember where we met?" "Sure, in the Huckster Room. How could I forget that?" They both laughed. "I want to go back there." "Why?" "I was trying to buy a comic for my little brother and the man wanted \$5.00 for it and I was afraid to spend that much. Now I've got enough money to buy it." "Ok, let's go." The comic book changed hands for \$3.50 since Brenford knew the dealer. Brenford advised Sybil Ann Fan to take her painting and the comic book up to her room. "I'll come up with you." Sybil Ann Fan's heart sank. She had this awful feeling that Pat Black would be in the room. She could think of no way to say no. She was very silent as they got off the elevator. "What's wrong Sybil? You can't be tired. Are you hungry?" "No. Well yes, a little." "After you drop these things off we'll go over to Maloney's Bar for a beer and a Pastrami sandwich." Sybil Ann Fan wondered who would be with Brenford in Maloney's. Would it be Pat Black or would it be her? When they knocked on the door her worst fears were realized. Pat Black opened it. "Why Sybil, who is this?" Sybil Ann Fan introduced them and wilted inwardly. Pat moved in like a hunting tiger. She and Brenford were soon talking away and Sybil Ann Fan sat silent on the sofa. After about fifteen minutes Brenford looked at his watch and said "Sybil we have to go. The M.C.T. fan are meeting at Maloney's." "Where's that?" asked Pat. "It's a bar across the street." "I think I'll go along with you Brenford. I'm sure Sybil Ann won't mind." Sybil Ann Fan held her breath. "Sorry Pat, it's our annual con meeting and I can only bring one guest." Sybil Ann Fan felt as if she would float off the floor. Pat Black looked viciously at her. "Oh well, Bob Balbo of the Otterbein Other Worlds Club will be coming up soon." "Bob Balbo. Wasn't he the editor of Comic-Fandom last year?"



Pat looked startled. "I don't know. Was he?"

"Sure if he's from Ohio."

"He is."

"Yeah, he's the one."

Sybil Ann Fan was exultant. That was one in the eye for Pat Black.

As they left the room, Brenford said "Well she's obviously a fake fan Sybil, not a trufan."

Sybil Ann Fan had never been happier. "Is that really true about the meeting at Maloney's?" "No, not really. I just didn't want her along. Some of the members will be there though." When they arrived at Maloney's there was a large group of M.C.T. students sitting around a table. They were eating, drinking beer, and discussing repro. Sybil Ann Fan listened intently to all the technical talk. She intended to try to talk Nicosia into buying a mimeo for the club when they got back home. The treasury should have at least \$40.00 in it by then.

.....

The costume parade was a surprise to Sybil Ann Fan. Some of the people didn't seem to be wearing much. "I've always wanted to get in on this Sybil. Would you like to try it next year? I could be Capt. Ballard and you could be my beautiful alien captive." Sybil Ann Fan couldn't believe what she was hearing. Why that meant he wanted her to come to next year's con and he would surely write to her and maybe she would see him, the possibilities were endlessly exciting.

"I could make the costumes but you would have to send me some sketches of what you want them to be like." "Sure. I'll do that when I write to you. Look there's Mr. Spock. I was sure some fan would turn up dressed like him."

.....

The girls had to institute a crash schedule to get ready in time for the banquet. Time was strictly rationed. Eight of them were at the table on time, tired but very excited. "Where's Brenford?" whispered Clarissa. "With the M.C.T. fen." Sybil Ann Fan was proud of that new plural word she had learned last night. "Where's J. Francis McManus?" "With the members of the S.P.C.A." "What's that?" "Students Publishing and Cartooning Association."

The food was served and the girls ate all of it. They had paid for it and they were going to damn well eat it no matter what. The program began. It was all absolutely fascinating. Finally the big moment, the awards were to be given out. The girls applauded each winner. They even applauded Cosmo Samwitz.

"And now, a special Fan Achievement Award," the master of ceremonies announced.

"To Brenford Douglas Forester <sup>for</sup> ~~as~~ L o Cing every single fanzine published last year. A total of 11,579 letters."

The applause was deafening. Sybil Ann Fan was so happy and proud she almost cried. Sitting there and clapping until her hands hurt, she thought of the wonderful year ahead, and suddenly she realized the truth of something she had heard at the con:

||

FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE.



# FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE OVERSTUFFED ARMCHAIR

by -- Jerry Kaufman

This is being put on paper about three weeks before the NyCon, but you who read it will have passed the convention long since. It may seem like hindsight, and unnecessary over-analysis of an over-worked situation but it can apply to next year's world con as well. It concerns the Fan Achievement Awards.

I recieved a one page one-shot from Bill Mallardi, asking all fans and faneds to keep fighting! He was not just against the name 'Pong'; he was against removing the fanzine Hugo and turning it into a separate award. After noting some low blows by Ted White & Company, he said that even though he was not nominated for the F. A. A., he was still against the whole idea.

I think that Bill is partly right. The whole idea of the Hugo is that it is given by the fans. If the fans wish to give the fanzine an award with tradition and history behind it, then they give a Hugo.

But the NyCon committee has a point, too. The work of fans simply is not on the same level as that of pros. The mixing of the fan awards with the pro awards does not help the status of stf in the eyes of the macrocosm.

Now here's my plan. (No wonder drugs here.) Keep the separation between pro and fan awards, but make them both Hugo-winning awards. (You might want to make the fan Hugoes half the size of the pro Hugoes, to symbolize the work that goes into being a pro.) The pro winners could be released to papers, publishers, publishers, etc., while the fan winners would be kept in the ~~the~~ family. Who cares about fanzines besides fans anyway? The objectives of both sides seem to be accomplished by this plan. Anything I miss?

Let's change the subject.

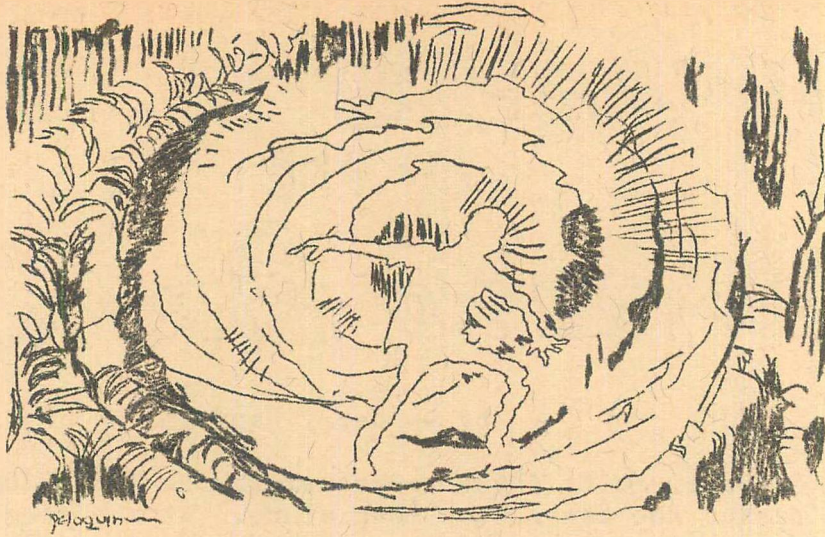
The other day, at my friendly neighborhood drugstore, I saw a copy of that notorious rag, 'The Police Gazette'. The headline read, "Billy Graham says: Sex and Dope are Ruining Our Colleges!"

Mr. Graham shows a complete ignorance of the facts. What has actually happened? Our Colleges have ruined sex and dope!

Once these were in the hands of a quiet few. They were practiced by secret little groups which, proud of their knowledge, went forward in their ways.

Then someone talked. The college crowd, with same spirit that had thousands cheering at football games and reading Tolkien was soon smoking and screwing en masse. Sex and dope went the way of all fads: everything possible was tied into them -- sweatshirts, posters, drinking mugs, records, ads, Time magazine articles. Sex and dope, like all fads, were toyed with cheapened, commercialized. They will be tossed aside when they have finally lost their novelty, rhined & empty. Yes, Mr. Graham, it is our colleges that have ruined these-once-great-underground staples -- sex and dope.





the man  
running  
in  
the rain

and  
You  
have seen me  
running  
with the silver sheets of rain  
and  
the clouds  
and  
thunder  
and  
the spectres half-mirrored in the wet, lonely streets  
and  
i cry out  
like the light whispers of the silver sheets of rain  
and like the sighs of the spent clouds  
and  
like the booming voice of thunder  
and  
perhaps  
like the silent pleas of the spectres,  
moving in the nether world of the glassy streets  
and  
You ignore us  
run away from us  
bolt Your doors  
lock Your windows  
against us  
and  
we cry for help  
we  
all of us  
are running in the rain



# Now Dig This, Baby:





Now, Dig This, Baby. . .

Opinion by Hank Luttrell

Most of the time I spent in high school and Junior High School, I really didn't care much for rock and roll. I thought Elvis Presley and The Beatles of that period commercial and empty, worthless, and made even more repugnant to me by the fawning devotion of millions of screaming teens and sub-teens--including my sub-teen sisters. I am presently a devoted fan and follower of rock music. "I dig rock and roll music. . ." of course.



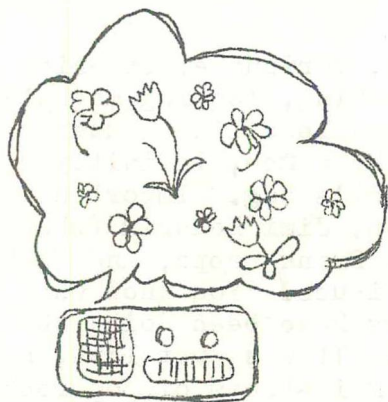
It occurred to me to wonder which had changed: rock music, or me. Some of both, I had to decide.

In those high school days, I did like folk music--or pseudo-folk, if you prefer to believe only songs older than a certain specific age "folk"--I prefer to place the label on any song with a nature, an approach and a sound which should define itself as well as need be later in the course of this article. I liked the simple, straight-forward songs of Peter, Paul and Mary, the old Kingston Trio and others. And I did like some rock music--mostly the instrumentals, records with loud noisy guitars, lots of drums and fuzzy sounds. I didn't like most of the records with vocal parts--well, can you remember what most of them were like? "Now it's Judy's turn to cry, Judy's turn to cry..." I have always listened to words, sometimes quoting lyrics to friends and getting back only a blank stare--they didn't know what I was talking about, they didn't listen to the words. Considering the lyrics to much of that rock, perhaps it wasn't intended to be listened to as closely as I did. Folk music is meant to be listened to for the words, however--it was quite natural, then, that folk music would appeal to me more. Folk music doesn't require any sophisticated knowledge or appreciation of music, certainly, it is simple and straight-forward--as is the poetry of folk music. Folk music often has a message--a song with a message seemed much more worthwhile than the empty moaning and pissing of most tin pan alley rock.

So. Then Bob Dylan happened. Before I had ever heard of Dylan, one of my favorite records ever to get extensive radio play in St. Louis was Dylan's "Don't Think Twice" as recorded by Peter, Paul and Mary. After first hearing Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" I remember noticing how much of Peter, Paul and Mary's material Dylan had written, including the extraordinarily popular "Blowing in the Wind." But I really didn't know what to think of "Like a Rolling Stone"--the singing was so different--maybe even bad, I couldn't decide. In a few more hearings, I decided just different, and I definitely knew what to think of it, I liked it. I rushed out and bought all his other records within the space of two or three weeks--a sizable investment for a poor high-schooler.

Dylan turned me on to the whole rock scene. I've sometimes wondered if maybe he didn't turn it all on. I don't really think so, now, it probably would have happened without him, but differently. I think he does represent one of the biggest single influences in good rock and roll today.

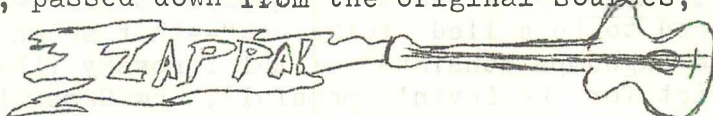




What I think really turned the rock scene on was the combination of several powerfully significant and valuable musical forces. The folk song is primarily a form in which the words are usually most important--the message behind the words, or the poetry of the lyrics, or both. Folk music has its roots--some of them--in Europe, for example, in the huge amount of folk music of England. American folk music has been changed and adapted to our culture, by early "folks," and to some extent by artists and writers like Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger. Even people like Burl Ives. Also in Amer-

ica, the folk song has undergone the considerable influence of the Negro's blues and hymns--but this influence, while strong in pure folk singing, is even stronger in rock, so strong that it deserves separate consideration.

Early rock and roll--really early rock and roll, Bo Diddley, Bill Haley and His Comets, Jerry Lee Lewis, was primarily an outgrowth of several other popular musical genres--white hillbilly music, country and western, if you prefer, and Negro blues. (Rock music with so much hillbilly that it was obvious to everyone where it has come from was sometimes known as "Rockability", while rock with blues influence just that strong was known--is still known--as Rhythm & Blues.) Rock music was these original forms of music made more palatable, more sophisticated, less coarse, more digestible, more mass media. The early rock, the best of it, still retained much of the vigor and meaning of the originals--and it was real, blues and traditional country music sprung from the people, and was about the people. As time went on, rock was made more commercial as it was absorbed by tin pan alley and slowly became--much of it--bleached of its value. I had good reason for disliking much of the rock and roll I heard in high school--much of it was empty and stupid. (I do want to insert, however, that I didn't then recognize records which I now think have some value, passed down from the original sources; the straight-forward,



honest lyrics and powerful deliveries. I like Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry, now. I understand better the genre they were working in.)

Traditional blues and country and western music--hillbilly--are the roots of today's rock sound, and a strong influence in the lyrics. But for the primary influence in the lyrics, we have to return to the folk song, I think. It is hard to ignore the new importance of the lyrics in today's rock music. "I dig you can say something..."

Dylan was one of the first to say something poetically, with the gritty, good rhythms of the rock tradition. Dylan, and a whole group of young musicians, grew up listening to rock music on the radio and on records, while singing and playing folk music. Jim McGuinn, John Sebastian, John Phillips, Joe McDonald, David Crosby, Danny Kahl, the list is long and impressive. Rock music and folksinging had to come together, their roots are too close for them to remain separate.. The speed with which this has happened, and the quality and quantity of the music being produced by this union is the only surprising aspect of the rock scene. It exploded.

There is another influence in current rock music--an influence which didn't



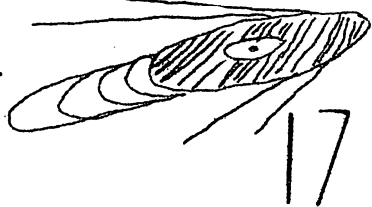
spring from traditional music. Electric. Amplifiers, various electronic distortions. Modern recording techniques: double tracking, looping magnetic tape, backward tracking. All of this seems less and less like a musical gimmick, and is becoming something which is much like a new, infinitely varied and diverse instrument in the modern rock artist's bag. Important rock guitarists such as Mike Bloomfield, Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix (who added a new dimension to wild, freaky guitar sounds), Frank Zappa, and Robbie Krieger have all recognized and used electronic techniques. You know what Freaky Guitar is--Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf and others have been doing things which now sound almost--well--freaky, for some time. It was just loud, hard electric rhythm and blues. Performers closer to the mainstream of pop rock and roll, like Mike Bloomfield, found their greatest influence in these early musicians. Freaky guitar leads developed directly from hard rhythm and blues, together with jazz and raga influences--and again, the very important electronic element.

I want to say just a little about the history and current shape of rock music. I think the best way to do this would be to look at the development of currently important pop performers.

Just about the time Dylan was exciting me and many other people with his first singles, "Subterranean Homesick Blues" and "Like a Rolling Stone 2" (the first single which received extensive radio play in St. Louis), other groups were beginning to find the time right to present their new material before the public. The Byrds like to mention in interviews that they were the first group to plug in one of Bob Dylan's songs, "Mr. Tambourine Man." The Byrds first few hits were their biggest, their popularity was probably at its peak with "Turn, Turn, Turn" (which plugged in a Pete Seeger tune.) But they were very important in the early stages of the revolution, and remain an important voice in rock music today. Jim McGuinn, a singer, writer and lead guitarist with the group, has been recognized as a fine guitarist since the early days of the folk song craze. Members of the old Mugwumps usually want to claim having invented what used to be called "folk-rock"--that seems a fairly meaningless label now. The Mugwumps consisted of Zal Yanovsky (the original, and very fine, lead guitarist for the Lovin' Spoonful), Mama Cass Eliot, Papa Denny Doherty, and Jim Hendrix--not the Jimi Hendrix of the Burning Guitar by the way. The Mugwumps were for the most part unrecognized, however--the later Lovin' Spoonful and the Mamas and the Papas were very popular, bringing the pleasant lyrics of John Sebastian (Spoonful) and John Phillips (Mamas and Papas) before the public in a rock format.

And then there was Simon and Garfunkel. Simon is a more pretentious poet than either Sebastian or Phillips. He attempts to say something of a greater scope than most of the others, usually. Personally, I think he is a less skilled poet than Dylan, for instance, who is also saying things, very often, on a very sophisticated level. Simon's lyrics are simply more verbose, less musical. Dylan's lyrics are first music, but still important poetry, while Simon's lyrics are wordy and sometimes get in the way. But still, Simon is a fine writer, and has done some very remarkable work--and none of his recordings are bad, in any sense of the word. The Simon-written Simon and Garfunkel recordings were some of the most important in proving that there was a pop audience willing to listen and understand good lyrics.

It is interesting to look at one group that has been around for a long time--a group that started out producing records reflecting little but their very ten-





der ages and musical naivete. Presently they do records which reflect a pleasing growth. The Beach Boys. "Good Vibrations" and "Wild Honey". among others that they have been doing recently, have listenable lyrics, something which never stops surprising me. And they sound really good.

British area rock and roll is hard to deal with. It seems to me that these artists have been less influenced by the basic elements of rock, and more by the finished product. In other words, they weren't influenced by hillbilly or blues or the other roots of rock as much as they were by rock and roll itself. Rock seems primarily an American genre--but at the same time, there are, as anyone will admit, British pace-setters, and British performers impossible to dismiss as pale reflections of US rock.

Eric Clapton, for example, can easily be dismissed as a Mike Bloomfield-bag guitarist, hard blues and freaky leads. But he is so good--and he does have a distinctive style, on close listening. Clapton was with the early Yardbirds and did so much for that group's initial popularity, and for a while with John Mayall's blues band. At the moment, he and two other groovy British musicians, Ginger Baker (drums) and Jack Bruce (guitar), are doing very good, fairly straight electric blues, and very hippy, freaky things as The Cream.

Then there is Eric Burdon and The Animals, and the Stones, Rolling. Both started out with rhythm and blues, and both are moving toward heavily blues-influenced freaky things, with some striking results. They deserve their success and popularity.

How about Donovan? For a long time, he was dismissed as a cheap imitation Dylan. It is more than obvious that he is not. Now that he is recording under Mickie Most's production (who has done for him just exactly what George Martin has done and is doing for the Beatles), his records reveal him as a sensitive, aware writer, a skilled singer, with the Dylan hardly, if at all visible. They both have long curly hair, but other than that...



And...The Beatles. As I have already mentioned, when the Beatles first happened in this country, I didn't really like them. I didn't really understand what they were doing, I don't think. Which might sound strange, I suppose--but I do think that even music as simple as the Beatles' early work requires some careful listening, and a little background in similar areas, to really enjoy it.--I didn't listen very carefully, nor had I listened very carefully to the Bill Haleys and Chuck Berrys--it was basically that type of material that the Beatles were performing. Simple, straight-forward--written, for the most part, by the group, not music written some place in New York and handed to a bored group of unconcerned hacks. You know what the Beatles are doing now as well as I do. The primary difference between the Beatles and bad old rock is still the fact that the Beatles are very personally concerned with their music. The Beatles influence--? Perhaps the most important thing they have done for the rock scene as a whole was the popularization of the eastern elements so common now.

There are too many new groups here in the US--good groups--for me to say much about them, or to mention them all (I don't know anything about many of them, anyway). Of the West Coast groups (which seem to be where most of it is



happening), Jefferson Airplane has been one of the most successful, primarily due to the fact that they have been around longer than most of the others, and to their Grace Slick, I think, with her amazing vocals. Janis Joplin of Big Brother and The Holding Company also contributes considerably to that groups impact with her unusually good hard blues singing. Joe McDonald, Country Joe of Country Joe and the Fish, writes some remarkable songs--his writing dates from early Sing Out! days. The Doors, another of the most popular of the new West Coast groups, is one of the most musically sophisticated, with a tight, hard sound--which involves a considerable amount of complex, jazz-like improvisation, by the way, from one of the better guitarists in the field, Robby Krieger. The Mothers of Invention seem to be spending all their time in New York, but they are originally a west coast group. Frank Zappa, the leader, besides being a fine guitarist, has, with his records on Verve, presented a satirical criticism of American culture and mores seldom matched in any field, let alone pop music. Besides that, The Mothers do some rather wonderful satirical parodies of much that is not quite too good in pop music -- and in reflecting what is not quite right with pop music, they often make still more comments on our culture, as that culture is reflected in its music. Just about the only thing that doesn't show as well as it should on The Mothers Of Invention's records is just how fine a group it is, from no standpoint other than musical ability. You have to listen more carefully to really notice that, and it wasn't until I was able to attend their show in New York this year that I really recognized that fully. Frank Zappa is a guitarist of equal to almost any other in the field, and the rest of the group is sound in every respect.

There are good groups which didn't develop on the West coast, of course. The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, an integrated band, is performing some of the best traditional rhythm and blues. The Fugs, a New York group, were once always mentioned in the same breath with the Mothers, the usual comment being that the Mothers were the West Coast edition of the East Coast Fugs. I must confess that I don't know too much about the Fugs --- the comparison may be rather well founded, though perhaps not. I understand Dave Van Ronk recently started recording with an electric band -- I haven't heard him with his group as yet, but I'm sure I would like it; I have always thought Van Ronk an excellent blues singer -- and anyway, he is a Science Fiction fan. The Blues Project (perhaps split up, perhaps not, depending on which sources you believe) have brought a large amount of good material before a large audience. Even if the group is broken up, the individual members, like Steve Katz (a good writer and singer, and the group's rhythm guitarist), Al Kooper (a regular Dylan backer, on various keyboards, can play almost anything, a writer and a singer), and Danny Kalb (a fine fast lead guitar) are still very much in the field as active performing artists.





Perhaps one of the most exciting things about current pop music -- exciting to me, anyway, is the recent news that Bob Dylan (cum beard) is recording in Nashville. A titillating glimpse of the new Dylan material was offered with Peter, Paul, & Mary's "Too Much of Nothing."

The Tin Pan Alley music remains in the field. But there is more good rock music than ever before. I'm glad it all happened while I was around to enjoy it.

END





# SCHIZOPHRENIA

LMC

Everyone lives in a bubble, more or less. The very few people who haven't were called Budda , or Christ or insane. But most people float along the stream of life encased in their own bubble.

Now, a soap bubble is a fragile thing. And these bubbles too are fragile--in some ways. A pin poked thru just the right spot can utterly destroy a bubble and its occupant. But in another way, these casings are quite strong. They receive constant buffeting from other bubbles, from other forces, yet they seldom break because of these. If anything, their walls become thicker and more impenetrable.

These bubbles, despite their appearance, are very comfortable--so comfortable that those few people who do realize where they're at, very seldom want to break out. Of course, you may see starving bodies and disturbed minds riding in their floating prisons, but still they are comfortable. Their existence is defined for them, not by sharp corners and straight walls, but by the softly curving surfaces of their bubbles. They know their bubble; they are comfortable in that knowledge.

Can you see through a bubble? 'Why yes, of course', you say. But can you really see what is on the other side of the bubble? Or do you see merely a reflection of your side?

When you look out of your soap bubble boat, you may think you see clearly. It seems that you see all that is around you without. The slightest bit of distortion from the ever-curving walls changes the impressions which pass through immensely. You can only see what your bubble lets you see, a reflection of yourself.

So the universe is safe and protected from inside the bubble. All is as you expect it to be--present, past and future. What you believe right is right; what you believe true, is true. How can it be otherwise? And how very protected!

But wait! What about communication, emotion; all those things which can only be experienced between persons.

They don't really exist. Oh, the potential is there; if man can conceive it, it is possible. And certainly there is a vast array of emotions in the individual bubble. But how can bubble-occupants really contact each other? They may believe, sincerely believe, they are communicating with another person; yet their thoughts must first go through the others wall, his reflection, before he can grasp them and vice versa. So--the bubble-man receives his thoughts, his emotions from others. What else can your reflection give you?

And in the end, there is only one thing a bubble-dweller knows or cares about--their own reality.



# TRUTH, JUSTICE, & THE AMERICAN WAY

"Yes, it's SUPERMAN, strange visitor from another planet with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men! SUPERMAN, who can change the course of mighty rivers, bend steel in his bare hands, and who, disguised as Clark Kent (mild-mannered reporter for a quaint metropolitan newspaper), fights a never-ending battle for truth, justice, and the American Way! And now, another exciting episode in the adventures of Superman!"

Donny watched the screen; an image of a blue-and-red figure in front of an American flag, arms akimbo, faded into an advertisement for a toy soda fountain. He got up from the floor where he had been sitting, ran to the closet, and got out a red towel, which he tied around his neck. After a few practice glides, he zoomed back to the television, where a close up of The Daily Planet flashed into view.

"Don-NY!" a voice yelled from downstairs, "Supper's done! Don-NY!" Donny glanced with annoyance toward the door. "COMING!" he bellowed. He turned back to the television, where Perry White was scolding Jimmy Olsen for calling him "Chief."

"DONNY! Turn that TV off and come down here this instant!" He got up with a sigh, and, taking a key from his pocket, locked the door. Donny was a very resourceful boy. He went back to the television. Footsteps could be heard climbing the stairs. "DONNY FAYMOND ASHLEY! This is the last time I'm telling you!" Donny knew it wouldn't be; he recognized this episode as "Ghost Wolf." This would be the seventh time he had seen it. Mother pounded on the door.

"DONNY! OPEN THIS DOOR! THAT IS AN ORDER! DONNY!" This time he did not even turn around. The pounding grew more intense, and Donny heard Mother yelling for Daddy. The scene switched from The Daily Planet to a lumber camp in Canada, where the workers were leaving because of a 'werewolf' that had been sighted. Heavier footsteps now tramped upward.

"Donald, I don't want to have to tell you again. Turn that nonsense off, unlock this door and come down to supper. If you don't, you are going to get a spanking." Donald stuck out his tongue at the door. The three reporters had been assigned the task of seeing what the trouble was at the lumber camp.

"DONALD!" screamed Daddy. Donny did not notice.

+ + +

JAMES SCHUMACHER

22

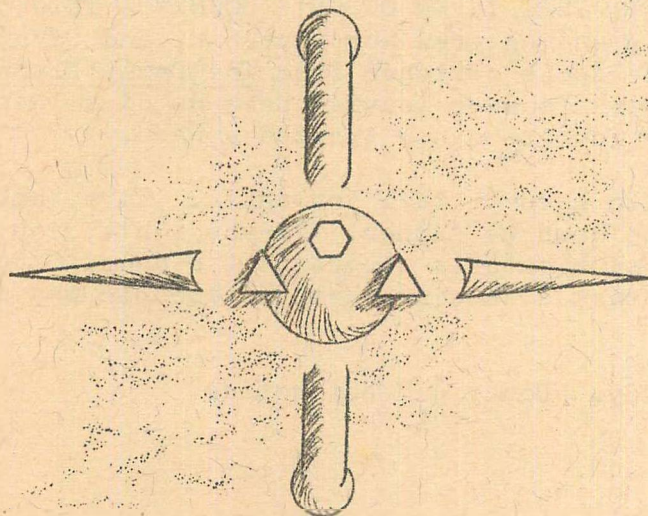


When Superman had put out the forest fire by seeding some nearby clouds with electricity, Donald reluctantly turned the set off. His parents had gone downstairs. He took off the towel, and, folding it carefully, laid it neatly inside the closet. He steeled himself and took the key from his pocket. He inserted it in the lock, but it would not turn. He took it out, peered into the lock, and tried it again. This time it turned half way and then became wedged solidly; Donny could move it neither forward or backward. Completely engrossed in this problem, of the key, he did not smell the shorted television cord burning. When he turned, half the room was in flame.

Donny ran to the window, opened it, and yelled "HELP!" as loud as his eight year-old voice could manage. His parents heard it and ran out the front door and around the side of the house. "DONNY!" Mother yelled in a quavering voice. Daddy saw the smoke and ran to get an axe. Mother was jumping up and down with fright. "STAY CALM, DONNY! DON'T PANIC!" She abruptly fainted.

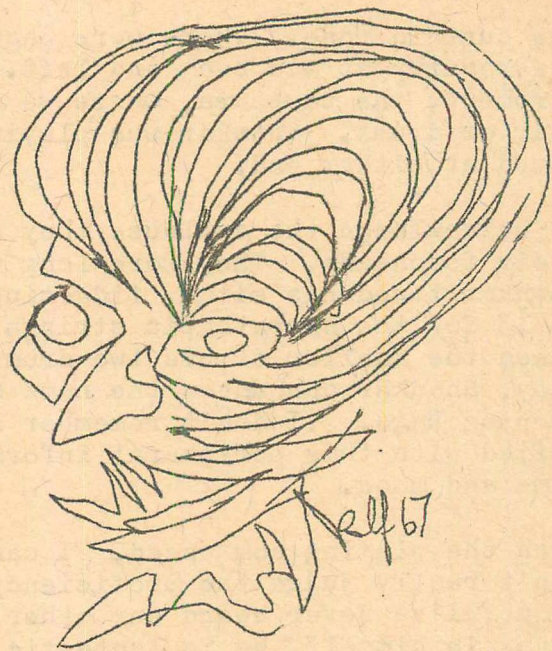
Donny heard a rustling noise and looked up. A blue-and-red caped figure swooped from the sky. Donny stood back from the window and the figure landed neatly in the middle of the room. He put his hands on his hips, looked stalwartly at the fire (now raging frightfully) and after a mighty inhalation, he blew. Pictures fell from the wall, pillows flew off the bed, and most important, the fire staggered. The man blew again, and the flames were beaten back still more. Another powerful breath, and the fire was extinguished. He put his hand on Donny's shoulder and smiled. "Now, I think your parents are waiting for you. Remember to be polite!" The figure walked to the door and x-rayed the lock. Seeing the tumbler broken, he wrenched it from the wood with an easy twist, and the door swung open. He smiled at Donny, waved goodbye, and stood on the far side of the bedroom. With two jumps and a bound, he was through the window, and a terrific suction ruffled Donny's hair. He watched until the caped figure had disappeared, then turned and walked from his room. On the way down the steps, he met his parents coming up. Daddy was holding Mother in one arm, and an axe in the other.

"Is supper ready yet?" Donny asked.





# THE VISION of the \* HUNGRY EYE \*



--- Jerry Kaufman

Swift instance of subconscious punning -- Having packed up two big paper bags of prozines and paperbacks, I headed downtown to the biggest (and no doubt cheapest) secondhand bookstore. I struggled through our public transport and at last arrived at the center of Cleveland.

As I began me trek to the bookstore, I passed three hippy girls. One said, "He's not going to make it."

"What?" says I.

"You won't make it." "The bag's ripping." "Got any food?"

I rummaged around inside one of the bags, found a nice fantasy by A. Merritt and tossed it to one of the girls.

"This is for you," I said.

Half a block later I realized that I had given them my idea of hippy-life -- Dwellers in the Mirage. I hope they enjoyed it. However, when I start punning that unknowingly, I know I'm thoroughly addicted to the form. (Dean Martin has a rye sense of humour.)

So, what else is new? Ravi Shankar, that's what. He had a concert here, so I got tickets. My date and I got down to Music Hall nice and early and went down to our seats, which were front row, left. Wow.

Before the performance we glared at the front row, center, gaggle of giggly girls, and made dark promises to each other about what we'd do if they



screamed. Fortunately, they never did.

The curtain rose. There were Shankar, Alla Rakha at his right and Kamaala Chakravarty at his back and left. We couldn't see Chakravarty on his instrument, the tamboura, where we sat. Rakha's instrument was the tabla, a pair of drums. Shankar was playing the sitar, a stringed instrument with a gourd at either end.

To acknowledge the applause they all pressed their hands, palms together, to their foreheads. They wore long white shirts, grey trousers and no shoes. Shankar tuned his sitar, fidgeting with every tuning peg on the thing, which is 13 for the sympathetic strings and 6 for the playing strings. Rakha tuned the smaller of his two drums with a hammer. When they were ready to play, Shankar announced the name of the Raga he would play. It was an Evening Raga. (I don't remember any of the names, so you'll have to be satisfied with this peripheral information.) Each raga is meant for a specific time and mood.

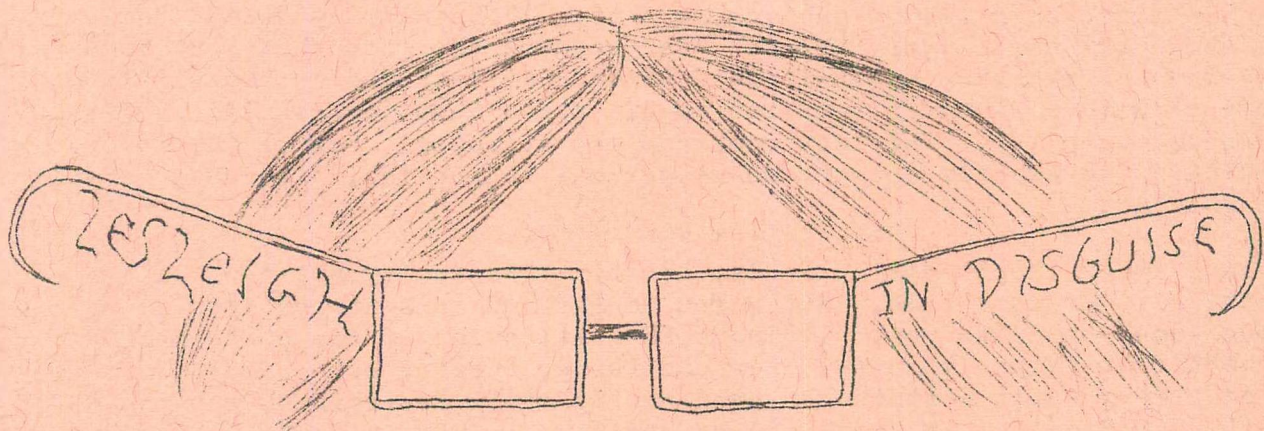
Then the playing commenced. I can't really describe it, and won't try. I can't really judge the proficiency or deficiency of the man's playing technique; I've never heard any other playing Indian music. As a musical phenomenon in himself, he is fantastic, agile, serene, evocative, and thrilling. The tabla player, Rakha, is imaginative, resourceful and great. The tamboura player just strums, as he is supposed to.

Another Evening Raga was played, then intermission came. Afterwards Shankar talked a little bit about the instruments -- the sitar and its materials, the five-stringed tamboura, the tabla. Now there is an odd set of bongoes. Each drum can be made to give four or five different sounds, each with its own name -- and by using this drum language the intricate rhythms and sound patterns can be spoken. Rakha did a tabla drum solo and used the drum language to 'announce' what he would play at several points. He then left the stage and Shankar did a Night Raga and a Dhun melody.

Rakha returned, and the three received a standing ovation. One long-haired young man leaped into the empty orchestra pit and onto the stage. He managed to shake Rakha's hand before the guards carried him off-stage. He made a second rush, and this time shook the hand of the amused Shankar (who had earlier glared at popping flashbulbs). He was carried off again and did not attempt a second return.

It was a fantastic show and I suggest you all try it out, unless you already know that you hate the stuff.





(With Rose-Colored Glasses)

John Berry was in town right before Christmas. It seems he was on his way from Calif. to NY via St. Louis, a very good route.

Anyway, he was staying with Fisher's, so Chris and I decided to go over and see him. That Friday, the film club of Chris' school was sponsoring a showing of "Black Orpheus" at a theatre near Fisher's residence. We both managed to get to the movie by devious routes--mine involved riding with one of the nuns from my school who also wanted to see the movie. She was a pretty good driver too.

After the movie, Chris and I walked up to this wierd bookstore that he had been telling me about and I wanted to see. We spent about an hour looking around; they had a great, many books, records, posters, and one section was filled with all sorts of odd things, including a great many things which appeared to be toys--little animals and dolls which seemed to be more for looking at than playing with.

We were then going to ride the bus to Fisher's, but it was very cold and since Chris seemed to be dying of the flu, we persuaded each other that it would be best to call them and ask if they would come and get us. We did, and Ray very kindly consented.

While waiting, we made the acquaintance of a very nice Irish Setter. Finally it followed someone else off and we were left alone. We were looking up the street and saw just the front of a car stopped at the light, the rest of it being blocked by a building. 'That must be Ray's car,' we said, 'nobody else has a blue '56 Studebaker.' And it was.

Ray, Joyce and John were in the front seat, so we climbed in the back. John had let his hair grow since we met him at Nycon and it looked good (I'm prejudiced). He asked us if he might come over on Sat. and run off Foolscap, which has gone mimeo. We said he might, because you can't be a trufan until you've put out a fanzine for an out-of-town fan.

On the way back, we passed a small store with huge crystalline lettering on the window. Joyce asked Ray to stop and find out what it was. It turned out to be a very new head shop; the letters on the window weren't even dry. It was very interesting; the walls were covered with posters, some original, and the shop was lit by strobe lights. The effect was quite striking, even if it was hard on the eyes. Ray discussed mutual acquaintances with the proprietor and bought some stick incense. We spent the rest of the evening burning incense, listening to records and talking.



The next evening Ray, Joyce, John and 2 other local fans came over for what I suppose might be called a publishing party. John and Ray seemed to appreciate the workings of Cymry Press. John enjoyed the fact that you can save stencils and run them again if need be and Ray remarked on how little waste there is with a mimeo as compared to his press (but the results he gets on ODD seem worth it). The last Foolscap was stapelled about 1 am, and we came out with exactly as many as we set out to publish. It was a very faanish evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have a new 'pop' station in St. Louis. It's really not new; it has been on the air for some time. But a few months ago it switched from pleasant-enough mood music to pop. It is an FM station and it seems they are generally better at things than AM. For one thing, they're not so loud. It used to be a very quiet station and even now is still restrained, tho the music isn't. FM doesn't have as large an audience and so is perhaps more selective. Also, they do not have as many advertisers. This enables KSHE to play two, three, as many as a dozen records in a row, to play whole albums without interruption, to play long songs such as the long version of "Light My Fire". And they play good things, because both audience and djs seem to have some taste. Also, it is part of a Nashville syndicate and they really know what they're doing. The station is all-request and they do play anything anybody asks for, anything. One thing they play several times a day is a 25 minute thing called "Alice's Restaurant". It is a talking song and very funny by Arlo Guthrie, Woodie's son. The song is basically a protest against the draft and The War, but it takes the long way round to get to the point. One of Chris' friends at school said it sounded like a Hank story.

- - - - -  
"Because something is happening here and you  
don't know what it is, do you, Marshall McLuhan."  
- - - - -

In American Problems class, we have been exploring the "Communist conspiracy in America". One day, we had an FBI agent talk to us. He was really one of those people who got involved in a front organization way back when and was asked by J. Edgar to stay in and spy for them. He did and rose very high, he said, in the Underground. Well, he told us a bunch of scare stories. Oh, I imagine it all really happened, but he never said when. He told us that the Communists never let members of the American Legion, VFW or Catholic Church get very high in the ranks because they can't be trusted. Some are already fanatics, some are 'drunk all the time' and the rest are already loyal to another foreign power, you see. He also told us that it was his faith in God which preserved him from being found out by the Communists. God cares.

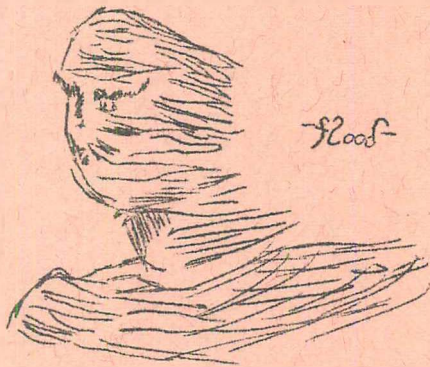
"Paranoia strikes deep . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

Chris, Hank and I have attended two concerts since the last Quatk. The first was the St. Louis appearance of Ravi Shankar. The audience was rather small; (at least there were few people downstairs) but this added to the feeling of union. Every one was quite close to the stage and the musicians sat as near the edge as possible. The houselights were dimmed, not doused, so it was possible to see the rest of the audience as well as the performers. And the burning of incense added to the atmosphere.

The audience was an incredible mixed bag of people. There were many Indians who had brought children and friends to hear this, their music. And there were others, who had recently claimed it. A few real hippies, many plastic





ones, the 'hip' people (to explain--the girls' skirts are shorter than anyone else's in St. Louis; they are likely to kiss another upon meeting, indiscriminate of sex), the beats or older people left over from the last scene. There were also many straight older couples, children, and the regular high school scene. And the incredible thing is that they all enjoyed it immensely.

Ravi Shankar was accompanied by Alla Rakha on the tabla and a very Indian, very beautiful, very quiet woman on the tamboura. He played, I believe, an afternoon raga, an evening raga, a spring raga, and some folk songs. Before each number, he

explained a bit about the music. Perhaps the most interesting, the dialogue between sitar and tabla. Each note on the tabla, each sound, has a name which sounds like it. Anything that can be played, can be said, and viza versa. Even though 90% of what they played was improvised, Ravi Shankar could play something and be answered in kind by the tabla. Another thing he explained, the players often shake their heads at one another. This is an expression of pleasure and approval, because often the audience does not know when they have performed particularly well.

One thing about the concert, I found I could not concentrate on the music in the normal sense. I thought about all sorts of things while I was enveloped in it. And when I left, I felt, well, cleansed, as if I'd just cried or laughed a great deal. I don't know if this is a reaction solely my own, a peculiar Western reaction, or what the music is supposed to do. But it was an experience.

The other concert was the annual appearance of Peter, Paul & Mary. This was very different from the Shankar concert. It was sold out. Even though I sent for tickets right away, we were in the second last row. The audience was composed almost entirely of late high school and college kids.

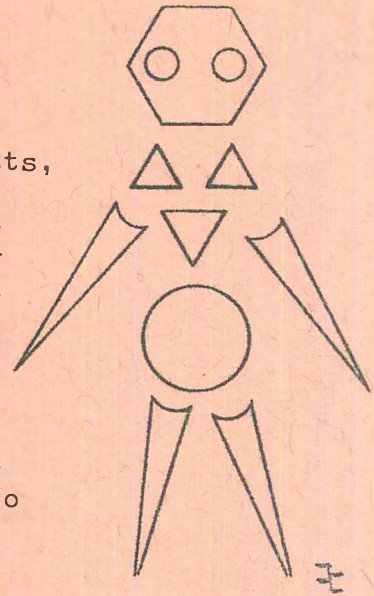
PP&M a little different. Peter no longer has a beard, has let his hair grow. Mary wore short dresses, which seemed shorter because her legs are so long. They sang many of their older songs and introduced their new thing by singing "I Dig Rock and Roll Music" and "Too Much of Nothing". In the introduction to the former; (Peter) "When we first suggested that we do a rock and roll number, Albert Grossman said it would be over his dead body." And they had much praise for Bob Dylan who wrote the second song. In introducing "Puff, the Magic Dragon", Peter said, "Please, when I write a drug song, I'll tell you."

The audience seemed highly involved with the personalities and the music, the clap-along, sing-along type of involvement. When it was over, after 4 curtain calls, they left in a noisy rush, as contrasted to the silent, slow exit of the audience from the Shankar concert.

The next day, I saw my friend on the bus (see Quark 4). She excitedly pulled a PP&M program out of her bag and told the following story: She wanted to go to the concert, but didn't have a ticket. In fact, she had only \$2 and the least expensive seat was \$3. But she decided to go to Kiel anyway and see what she could hear from the hall outside the Opera House. The concert had barely started, when she was approached by an usher, who inquired about her ticket. She told the usher her story and was preparing to leave when the woman offered to find her a seat. She got a \$4 with a program thrown in for good measure. Well, it was almost Christmas.



Quark, the GenZAPfazine



I have been involved, in the past months, in taking tests, filling out forms and doing all the other things you have to do to get into college. It's rather interesting really. I keep receiving mail from colleges at my school, a rare privilege. I've saved most of it, just because I find it amusing. All sorts of places have sent me stuff, from a modelling school in Denver to Cornell.

Early in December I took the SAT. That was a fun day. It was pouring down rain, so my mother offered to take me to the test center. Afterwards, I was to go over to Wash U., where Chris takes an art course on Sat. and do some research for a paper. I got through the test alright, though it wasn't easy, and then proceeded to my bus stop. Now Chris had given me careful directions, but he had neglected to mention that there is a bus stop on the side as well as the front of the building where I was supposed to wait. Consequently, I got on the bus going the wrong way. Some two and one half hours later the bus arrived at the other end of the line, which proved to be some ten blocks from destination. It had been raining steadily all that afternoon, and as I walked the 10 blocks, the wind began blowing fiercely. It nearly blew my umbrella inside-out, and as it was nearly useless anyway, I took it down and carried it. Several times I stepped into ankle-high puddles and arrived in a very sorry state. Needless to say, I didn't get anything done that afternoon. When I got home, I immediately bundled up and went to bed. Luckily, I didn't get pneumonia or any other dread disease. The whole thing was rather funny; one of those wierd cartoon tragedies which never happen to real people.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the last OSFan, if any of you read that worthy publication, Chris said that December would be a month of furious publishing activity in St. Louis. Well, it was, extending right into the new year. Besides Foolscap, mentioned earlier, we published or are publishing 4 fanzines.

The day after Christmas, we had a party for some of our fannish friends. They were rather surprised when they arrived to find we were in the process of publishing Starling. But they all helped and we accomplished another of our marvelous 8 hour publishing, collating and stapping jobs.

The following Friday, Ray and Joyce Fisher announced that ODD was finished and ready to be collated. Hank and I along with the Fishers and Chester Malon worked for 6 hours and didn't even finish up to page 46. (ODD is so huge that the Fishers don't have room to spread it all out, and so must collate in sections.) That and the next night I managed to add pages 36-46 to every single copy.

Saturday night there was a regular collating party at Fishers'. There were some 13 people crammed in their small apartment, including Brian Burley and Sherna Comerford who spent the evening talking about Columbus and Star Trek, but they helped none-the-less. A thing such as ODD surpasses all petty differences.

Hank and I left early, as it was snowing. We decided to drive thru Forest



Park. I suggested we go to Art Hill, a huge hill in front of the Art Museum topped by a statue of St. Louis. There must have been 100 people up there in the fuzzy white darkness; sledding, talking and warming themselves round a huge bonfire. It was a strange and beautiful sight.

We are currently working on Quark, (which has turned into a somewhat larger production than the Saturday before deadline production it used to be), and Sirruish. Yes.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have now joined the ranks of the employed. I'd been looking for a job for some time, but it is difficult to find one when you live as far out as I do. Then, about 2 months ago, my typing teacher inquired if anyone wanted a job. Three of us signed up and the next week we went over to apply. We were all scared, none of us having worked before, but it was incredibly easy. We were given applications, but the 'interviewer' said that he had only given us those so we'd have something to do 'til he could see us. It seems we were already hired and we went to work the next day.

It is a very nice place, a tax service and data-processing center mostly. They have a huge computer (my father, who knows, says it really isn't large, but it does fill a quite big room). And the people who work there are nice. It seems to me that people generally try to be nice. I mean, they may not care, well, they care enough to offer you rides when you have none and such, but they don't have any deep concern for you. But then, how much can you really care? A few people can be very important to you, you should care about humankind, but every individual? They are nice people though.

I'm still not sure I approve of the 'business' mind though. The 'girls' who work there, we work mostly for money, that is the most 'fulfilling' thing about the job. But the bosses, you know that this is their career, the most important thing in their lives, probably. Somehow it doesn't seem important enough to devote a lifetime to. Raising a family may seem a very small thing, but at least it's people.

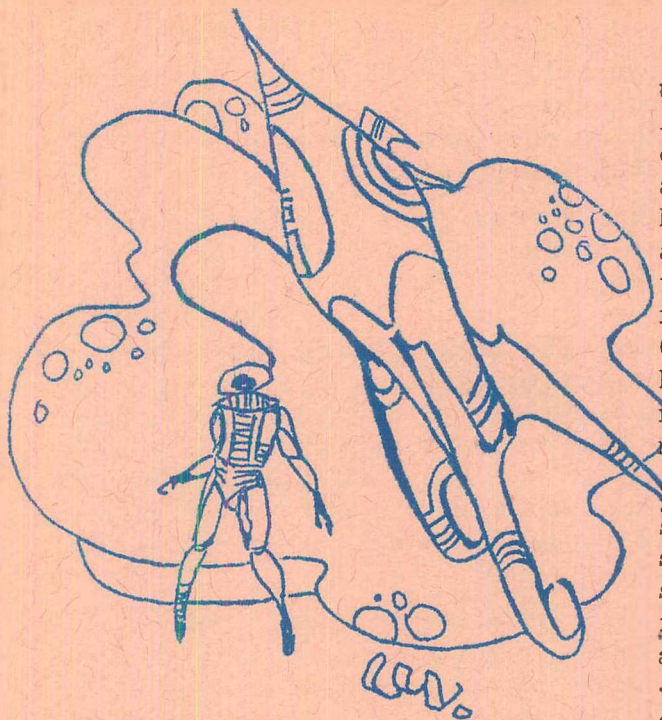
\* \* \* \* \*

Before television, the show was a place to go to once a week for entertainment. It didn't really matter much what was showing, many people went whatever the program. They went for the novelty, for someplace to go, someplace to see and be seen. Besides the fact that it costs a good deal more now, there is another reason why people now a days carefully choose the movies they want to see--television. It is quite easy now to turn on the tv and get entertainment of one sort or another. Now movies must offer something the tv viewer can't get.

One thing many movies offer, is an appeal to 'mature audiences'. Even though television is beginning to relax their code with the showing of such things as Psycho and Moll Flanders, there are still many things which aren't shown on tv. A good half of the movies in town now bear a 'suggested for Mature Audiences Only'. Some people may regret the lack of family entertainment, but there is always Walt Disney. Going to the show might be a good family pastime but kids get the same thing out of tv programs as they do out of movies slanted for them. What I always enjoyed most was huddling under a blanket in the back seat and eating popcorn, not the movie.

Movies are becoming more and more a young people's bag. It seems children and older people generally get their entertainment out of television. That's all they need. Besides, it is a great deal of trouble to go to the show. But young people go out anyway, and they want to see something more important than a half hour situation comedy. (Note: a local 'class' show put this in its ad for Bonnie and Clyde: "Kids on dates will go to see this just like they





went to see the Dirty Dozen and Hell's Angels on Wheels." Surely a reflection of the different viewpoint of the generations.)

Movies are an art form. They are to be appreciated for their artistic value, to be admired and examined. Television is a life form. It is to be absorbed. One can listen to the radio and/or do homework while watching because you don't need to pay it full attention. But a movie must be carefully observed.

Television and movies may seem very similar. They both use pictures and sounds; on the surface they are much the same. But what makes movies different from tv programs is similar to what makes a great picture different from a cartoon--there is more money, more time, more effort, more care put into the former by its very nature. There are good car-

toons and good tv shows, but they can never approach the quality of good pictures and movies. They are different media altogether--fast, now media.

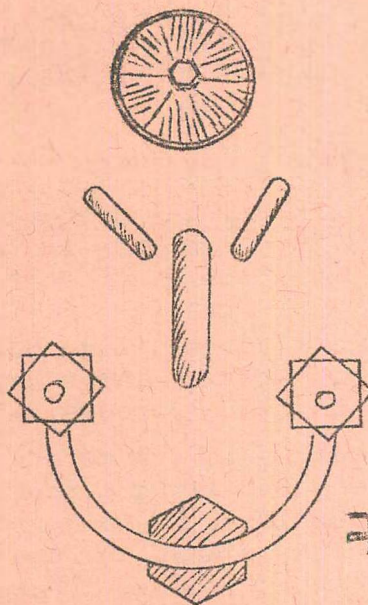
But can you follow it, demands Buck Coulson

\*\*\*\*\*

Once, many years ago, a certain small town elected a very strait-laced mayor named Lodo. This Lodo remained in office for many years. Towards the end of his last term, some of the young insurgents of the town came up with a game of the most undignified nature. It consisted of a mass game of catch played seated on the floor, and was called Friving, in dishonor of the towns founder.

One night Lodo gathered all of the servants in the basement of the mayoral mansion. First he swore them to silence as to what happened there. Then he instructed them to begin Friving with him.

Now, a certain counselor with whom Lodo had made a forgotten appointment for that night, entered the manse and found no one present. Hearing noises from the cellar, he descended to investigate their source. Slowly he peeped around the door, and there on the other side he saw Lodo and the servants bouncing unsamely on the floor, where upon he uttered the startled cry "Lodo Frives!"



-- c. c.



Lmc's

XLV OE Kusske

Our first ego-boo poll. I was rather surprised to be so high (well, 8th is not bad). I don't know, but it seems like we have an awfully long constitution. The other apas generally have one page or so constitutions and they seem to work well enough. Oh well, it is a good deal more reasonable than the monstrosity the apa began with.

BLACK ~~PRINCE~~ KNIGHT #9 ABC

I really don't see the point of the name change, unless it is to confuse people like Bruce Pelz, but the ill is good. Radish looks a great deal more like a lively horse, rather than a limp vegetable.

This Quark is being produced two weeks ahead of time. I really don't see much difference, I probably would spend the same amount of time on it, however much I had. And any way, I just might lose things if I did them too far ahead of time. Actually, most of the outside contributions were done long before now. It's just our mcs and the actual production which get done at the last minute.

LOVE #2 Fred Haskell

It seems this is more of a diary than even Hank's apazines, wherein he claims his life is revealed. I can't say anything tho, because my gnatterings are mostly about me. They are usually written over the space of one week or so instead of over 3 months.

The art was great. It must be nice having an artist for a friend. Chris and Hank are both artistic but Chris seldom thinks his stuff is good enough to print, I just grab it and force him to stencil it. Hank doesn't draw as often as he should. He did do all the illustrations for his article and they show his talent. But having a profuse artist living near you has its advantages, I'm sure. Some of those illos just fit the zine and the page they were on perfectly. One big problem with doing layout for Sirruish is getting art which more or less goes with the prose. Sometimes we are lucky and get a picture that fits, sometimes Chris will do something, but usually we have to settle for something which just vaguely suggests what the prose is talking about. Well, good art is always in place.

Your dept. schtick was at times quite funny, but don't you think you overdid it a bit?

Your poems--they were fairly good but I'm not sure they were poetry. The definition of that genre which we found most workable at school was 'The expression of universal ideas or emotions in the shortest possible form.' But then most people don't even try to write poetry or anything and so remain unexpressed and frustrated.

I generally agree with your philosophy as you expressed it. A good many people, including myself, seem to have thought out morality and freedom to the same principle: "Men should be free to do what they want as long as it does



hurt another.' Of course that involves many things, like we often hurt others feelings but how far out of our way should we go to avoid this? I don't know. I think one big hang-up in our society today is that the law, both state and religious, seems to legislate too far in men's lives. They leave too little to the individual and the individual situation.

ABDIEL #11 Hank

I can't think of anything to say about this, Hank. I suppose one problem is that when I write mcs on your stuff, it's not really for you. When I write them on other people, it is for them; it is the only or nearly only communication I have with them. But when I write them on you, it's for everybody else to see that I haven't forgotten your zine. I've already said everything to you that may have occurred to me because of this zine. Well, I don't make any comments on Chris, that's just less obvious.

SANDWORM #2 Bob

I must admit that when you first mentioned George and Marion Kerby, I was at a loss. But as soon as you mentioned Leo G. Carroll I thought, "Aha, Topper" which happened to be the name of the tv show. That was perhaps one of my favorite programs and I remember it quite clearly, tho I was only 5 to 8 at the time. I know Chris watched as often as I did and Hank has mentioned it several times, so there are at least three of us who aren't ignorant. There was a movie of it too; the basis I believe for the tv show.

WIDGETT #13 Don

A "good" English teacher is one who instills in his pupils a love for reading and a respect for self-expression. This involves many things. A person must know their language before they can express themselves in it. We do not love, do not understand our language many people love theirs. My French teacher loves her French. Not only that, but she is able to explain it to us, logically. But many people misuse English badly. Only those people who know the rules can break them with success. Only those who love the language can use it with success.

To love reading one must find that there are a good many worthwhile written things, a good many enjoyable ones. Many students, with little background, will not enjoy the so-called "classics" and if forced to read only those, will be down on reading for the rest of their lives. Moby Dick is a truly great book, but I would not have read it of my own accord. I am glad we did take it in English, but that same year we read Catcher in the Rye and Huckleberry Finn.

But the most important thing about being a good anything-teacher is to have a love for your subject; an apparent, infectious love.

GASLARK #4 Don & Co.

34

The constitution and Bill of Rights were written with protecting the states from a too-powerful federal government in mind. It was not until the 14th amendment, which made people citizens of the country as well as of their



state, that the federal govt. was able to enforce the Bill of Rights against the states. So, they are not being enforced in their original intent anyway. I think I would prefer to have the federal govt. protecting my rights than the states. One of the few intelligent things Romney has ever said was, "States don't have rights, people do."

#### HEAL

Does it have a name? It doesn't need one. It's beautiful and strange and a lot more logical than my dreams.

#### THE MAGIC BAGEL

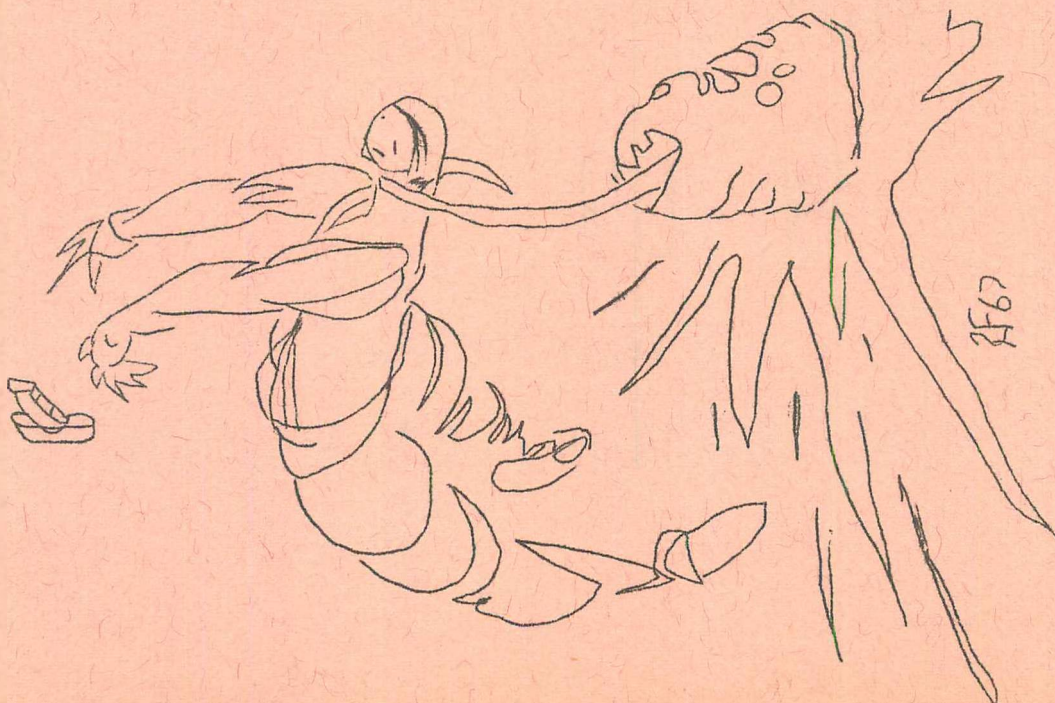
Who are you Tracie Brown? It is nice to have contributors, especially ones who write so well, but a few paragraphs in a story will not tell APA-45 much about you. And we do care.

#### LOFGEORNOST #5 Fred Lerner

Perhaps the most interesting thing was the letter from Greg Shaw. That might be because I am not vitally interested in the workings of the US army (tho I am concerned about the draft and the War, as all of us should be), and I have not read The Harrad Experiment.

We read McLuhan's The Medium is the Massage in American Problems (appropriate, hey Wot). Not so much read as experienced, it is not really a book (or really a record, for that matter, despite the fact that McLuhan did record it).

I think Mr Shaw tied McLuhan and the hippies together rather well. We discussed some surface connection, but he ties them up point by point. I think most of his arguments are valid within their framework, except for one thing McLuhan himself admits that he may be entirely wrong in his interpretation of what is happening. The hippy thing can be interpreted in many different





ways. But the most important thing about it is the fact that it exists and that it has an ever-increasing effect on young people. But I don't think we'll all become hippies. They are not many people with enough courage of ambition to carry their rebellion into middle age. Even if there was, it wouldn't be rebellion any more. I count the hippies successful because they reflect and distort our culture and because they affect so many people, not only in dress and drugs, but also in ideas.

TWITCH #3 Fletch

John Berry was explaining to me that he switched from ditto to mimeo (1) because he had a great deal of trouble with Andy Porters ditto and (2) more fans have mimeo and can be prevailed upon to let him use it. I told him that ditto could be used to very great effect, especially for art. Thinking of your and Jim's stuff, I said, "APA-45zines may not be the greatest things in the world (I had read his letter in Fishbed), but they do have some beautiful ditto work. But I guess you have to know your machine and have some experience and time." I think, actually, a great deal of the credit goes to your fine art work. And this issue reveals your writing talents.

MUTHALODE MORNING MISHAP #4 Fletch

Phoebe Z. is dead. Despite the fact that she has actually been deceased for a long time and has never been rescued from several fatal situations, Evergreen has at last really killed her off. The latest issue contained a fantastic death scene in which about 100 people attacked her. There was a post-mortem which included excerpts from letters for and against the discontinuance of Phoebe. Those who were for it didn't seem to know what it really was but apparently they have won.

\* \* \* \* \*

ST. LOUIS

IN '69

WHY?

BECAUSE ST. LOUIS LOVES YOU!

36



# MAILING COMMENTS

---chris

**XLV OE Kusske** This is the most cheerful O-O I've ever seen. 322 pages. Very pleasing. The first egoboo poll in which we've ever participated. Likewise very pleasing. A nearly full roster (which will, I think, be full this time, if Montgomery is not the only new member). And with this mailing, Lesleigh and I have finally realized an ambition that we have had since the Ninth mailing; Quark is the longest zine in the mailing. It would have been nice if you had had the pages in the proper<sup>order</sup>, but I suppose that you can't expect perfection.

**Black Knight #9** The disappearance of Sir Sylvester and his horse Radish mimeoed on various types of brown newsprint is a very good way to mark the end of an era in APA 45, ABC. Your mimeography looks better on white paper than it did on newsprint; even your stenciling is improved by it. I have a willing agent for APA L; Earl Thompson has said he will send my zines through each week, and airmail the mailings back to me each week. All I have to do now is to get a quantity of 18 weight paper and a quantity of subjects to fill up pages with, and a quantity of time to put the things on stencil with, and I'll be ready to join. Wow. We don't actually like puns; it's just that were sadists, and we enjoy torturing you. No, actually punning is a disease that I caught from Mike Montgomery at Ozarkon II. I am now beginning to recover from it, as witness the small amount of puns in this issue.

**FISHBED #3** Hmm. There's something missing in Fishbed. It doesn't seem to have enough unity. There isn't a tightness, a dominant editorial personality to give it real uniformity. A better editorial and a longer letter column could help. This issue is better than 2 (the green paper looks better, even), but it is not as much better as I would have thought it would be. Ygvni Katz stories are always cheerful, but an article on football! Bhob Ferris' fanzine reviews aren't nearly complete enough. If he is going to do them, he should either exercise real selection in what he reviews, or review everything possible. As they are now, they seem extremely haphazard, not worth reading.

The "Mailing Comments on that Funny Little Ditto Zine with all the Fletcher Artwork produced by Fred Haskell and commonly called LOVE" Dept.

Another one of those conscientious people who first draft material for their gines. I used to do that, but I found that it didn't make much difference in what finally ended up on the stencil, and it doubled the time it took to finish a certain section of the fanzine. So now I do all mc's on stencil, and read the zines just before I do the mc's. This occasionally results in sentence being left out (which happened in the mc on LOVE I, and is one of the main reasons that seemed rather uncertain). Why do you type the thing in two columns? Are you trying to assert your difference from the rest of the APA? Or are you just trying to fill up space? The only point I could ever see in typing with two columns is that it would make justifying margins easier. //I am going to break into the mc's here to kind of apologize for the top of the page; QUARK is rather exhausting me, and I'm getting a little careless.//



Back to LOVE. You like one word sentences that change the tone of the preceding sentence? Good, I'm glad somebody does. Various of my teachers have resorted to red ink when I tried to do the same thing to them. Some of my correspondents have failed to understand the sarcasm represented by those little words. Actually, I had been thinking about eradicating all those "one or two word sentence(s)", with the possible exception of 'Yes.' Well, you've saved a new literary style from destruction. Yes. Fred, I think we all know that you can be wrong; anyone who reads LOVE realizes that (that sounds very, very snide; well, there's a reason -- anyone who is able to chain a great artist like Fletch to a table and get him to draw to illustrate Mailing Comments (!) deserves what he gets). People are slobs, and they generally make messes for one reason -- Money. It is much cheaper to make an absolute wreck out of the land in taking from it what you want than to remove it carefully, leaving some behind. The fast buck, the fortune to be made have been guiding principles of this country since the beginning, and this plus the pioneer mentality (There is no end to the natural resources of the New World) have combined to foster the rape of America.

ABDIEL #11 Hmm. You did manage to make a long mailing comment on QUARK; much too long. I'm sure that I can't do one that long on ABDIEL but then ABDIEL isn't as long as QUARK. Biology in 8th grade. Another manifestation of your science-oriented public school education. Did you ever think that that is probably what caused you to end up in Rolla? You really should have tried a Jesuit education; two years of Latin works wonders for spelling. (Of course, you didn't have any choice in what kind of education you had, but that's beside the point. . . as is the fact that it would not have done your typing any good.) Someone else is stencilling your artwork finally (at least, I don't think it's been done before). If the Luttrell artwork in this issue looks rather poor, it is my fault, people; the originals looked rather good.

STARLING #10 Seems kind of pointless to comment on this particular issue, since #11 is out and in this mailing, so I just won't comment on it. No.

THE ICONOCLAST Five pages is rather short. There just isn't very much to comment on in here. Hi, Gaye! The cover really doesn't look as if it were done on stencil; I think I prefer it to the last cover. Though it would have been much better if you had had a different type of lettering. That that is on there now looks really sloppy. You ought to buy a lettering guide, Jim.

SANDWORM #2 Well, I'll have to comment on this again in N'APA. Welcome to APA 45. I remember Topper; for a long time it was one of my favorite programs. Everytime the movie would be shown on TV, both Lesleigh and I would watch it. It hasn't been on for a while, but if they show it again we will watch it. My favorite piece of subtlety in Invisibility Affair is the scene in which a certain schoolteacher, author of several natural history books, introduced the agents to the author of several hunting books, and notes that he is the town celebrity, as her books are left on the shelves, forgotten. More in N'APA.

SKETCH #1 "Madly it came and madly it went, leaving all before and after in a state of cautious insanity."



WIDGETT #13 Don, your zines are hard to comment on. However, I will see what I can do. I agree with you in general in your essay on race riots. However, I have a question. What have you done about it? Did you write letters to your Congressmen (they do listen, especially if letters are not form letters)? Did you volunteer for Head Start or Vista or any other program that works in the slums? Did you do anything? This is not to say anything against you; it applies to me and to everyone quite as well. Contrary to popular belief, Don D'Amassa is a human being.

GASLARK #4 I liked this editorial better. There has always been one thing about non-conformity (which is not the featured subject of the editorial, but might well be) -- if you glorify the lives of the non-conformists, Then you will have people doing things to be different, and only to be different, which is a form of hypocrisy which appeals to me not at all. It is extremely difficult to write mc's on fiction. It ends up being either 'I liked/disliked this' or 'If I had written it, I would have done it this way' and neither of those is really something you'd want to read. So I'll end here.

MANTRAD #8 That's a handsome cover, John, but I think that I've seen it somewhere before. There is a rather nice fanzine behind it, but it is marred by poor layout. I am not a layout fiend; I don't think that perfect layout is essential for a fanzine to be worthwhile; but I do think that it improves a fanzine immensely if things are arranged with some care. It also acts as an encouragement for people to read the contents.

Y m g v i

The people who. . . I read it, but there is nothing to be said about it.

Hallucinating Arkansas <sup>scheme</sup> Appears to be a clever to keep LeeCarson's membership in APA 45. A noble cause that I am glad to see forwarded.

The Magic Bagel is nice, but once again, what can you say about little pieces of fiction? I hope that we see some mailing comments from this quarter.

Lofgeornost #5 & Hindiwala #3 Heralding Fred Lerner's return to APA 45, I see. It's nice to see that the army hasn't forced your total gaffiation, as it has in so many cases. There must be a lesson in trufannish spirit in there somewhere, but I'm not about to look for it.

QUARK #4 Was much too long. It was expanded far too much by our pica typewriter, and by a story which was much too impossible to be printed by anyone in their right mind. However, I seem to have overcome that handicap. This issue should be somewhat shorter (though right now I'm not sure that it's going to be; I just said it should be!) as we are using nice new elite typers. One is a new one my mother bought at the teachers convention for herself, the other is Lesleigh's graduation present.

DORIE #10 I can understand having nothing to say, Nate. I have written all of these mailing comments under that handicap, and they show it, too (not to mention the typos with which they are riddled). However, if I hit keys for long enough, something comes out. And I kind of enjoy it.



# QUARKOTMENTS

Jerry Kaufman  
2769 Hampshire  
Cleveland Heights,  
Ohio 44106

I didn't bother with the multiple-choice story more than once over. I don't think I did it right even then. The color illustrations were the best part of it. The puns were offal, but they allow me to present this long suppressed gem --

One afternoon in the Marsport marketplace, a crowd began gathering to watch a fight between a Yaskit and three Veblans. An old beggar challenged everyone to a wager on the battle, proclaiming, "I knew a Yaskit what could beat three Veblans with three hands tied behind him."

The crowd took him up on it, and a man was picked to hold the beggar's morning take and the matching funds of the crowd. The fight progressed.

As the Veblans left, each with an arm of the Yaskit as trophy of their victory, the man began to hand out the winnings to the crowd. When he had awarded the last credit to the last winner, he turned to the old beggar and said, "That'll teach you to put all your begs on one Yaskit."

See why it's been suppressed?

//The story was done as an experiment, and only as an experiment. Admittedly, the basic plot line was not great or earth-shaking, but we thought it an interesting concept. Your reaction to the puns seems to be very common; I wonder why. . . ?//

Doug Lovensteing  
425 Coolville Ridge  
Athens, Ohio 45701

I always luv to read con reports about cons that I've attended (which of course isn't many) (or is that aren't?). Anyway, I enjoyed the NyCon report very much, especially as it told me about much of what I missed.

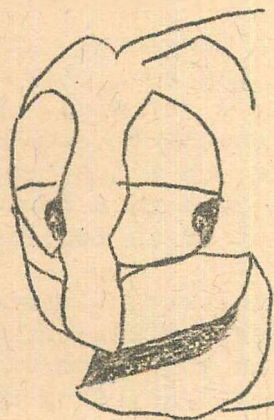
Which was much. //I think that everyone there had the same reaction. There was so much going on at any one time that it was impossible to do half what you would have liked.//

Jerry K's thing was also very nice & interesting. Told me much I didn't know about Cleveland. Which is much.

Lesleigh's developing a real talent for fannish writing. //I had better note here that if is Chris editing the Letter Col.//

USUI NON ESSE was really cool. I read it four or five different ways before my mind snapped.

//Thanks for the kind words and for allowing us to use your art in Quark.//



40

FURCHER 67



In your recent QUARK you have some extremely heavy-handed puns. Word play should be exactly that, play, and to my taste it should be spontaneous and unrehearsed. Thus, in a conversation with John Anthony

Ideally, the conversation should have provided the background for the pun, so that by free association and contextual violence the pun can flash across the table like a bolt of lightning. Thus, the night I met Bob Ekshian //sp.// the conversation ranged (among other things) over navy coffee and the divorce action of a mutual acquaintance (or her friend -- I forget). The remark had just been made that in a divorce you had to choose your grounds with care when I reintroduced navy coffee. With navy coffee you also chews your grounds with care.

Ah well, now I must leave you. . . languishing, no doubt, or perhaps merely anguishing.

Gene Klein      Looking at that bacover: I thought Leo was at least (anatomy-  
33-51 84 St.      wise) correctly drawn, but apparently I goofed up the back leg.  
Jackson Hts.      The more I look at it, the more it reminds me of a camel's leg;  
NY. 11372      not that there is anything wrong with them per se, it's just  
                 that I never got used to them on lions. //On the drawing, you  
                 had a pencil ling separating the leg from the rest of the drawing; however,  
                 it was needed to balance the figures, so I left it in the drawing.//

But. . .

41



the world. He has the most exciting stage act conceived yet.

It consists of some of the following --

First their amps are unbelievable (there are 3 in the group, Hendrix who plays chords/lead and sings, a bassist and drums). They must be at least 12 feet tall. But the equipment is not what makes the group but rather the performance.

Hendrix makes the guitar whine and scream and hardly ever plays without using a tremendous amount of feedback -- all controlled.

Hendrix plays with his teeth (wouldja believe it. . .), does somersaults while playing, and at the conclusion of the act bangs his guitar into the amp, at which time it catches fire and explodes.

His album is in the top ten across the country, yet he is still comparatively unknown. The album is the most creative thing I've heard outside of the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper (and perhaps their new album). One song on the album is called "Third Stone From the Sun." It's an instrumental, about 6 minutes long, every second taken up by screeches, howls, and assorted feedback.

I suggest you get his album -- it's called 'Are You Experienced?'  
//Done.//

Re cartoons -- I watch them. Road Runner is one of my favorites. I can never get enough of the antics of the Road Runner and Coyote. For that matter, most Mel Blanc cartoons agree with me. I am especially wild over the Bugs Bunny-Martian Soldier cartoons (there were about five of them, all very funny. Bugs always talked that stupid dog into doing something at the end of which he had to answer to his loader, the Martian). Most of today's variety doesn't appeal to me. There are just too many of the super heroes running around. I hardly ever miss the Beatles, tho (the cartoon). . .

That weird story could have been good. I did little more than skim it, so I can't say.

But the fanzine reviews, or mailing comments, were a joy to behold, as was QUARK 4. . .

//Thanks for the most interesting letter. Hendrix is fantastic. He is also a great success, if imitators measure success. There are currently about five or six records that feature Hendrix imitations, including one that consists almost entirely of Hendrix leads. The Mothers are enjoying the same sort of success. The Jefferson Airplane, on Bathing at Baxter's, have an imitation of them, and one group has done a straight version of one of the parodies on Freak Out.//

WE ALSO HEARD FROM :::

Bill Kunkel (who also got a Jack Gaughan postcard, and thinks they're beautiful), Ed Aprill (who sent a postcard to 'Leigh' and who liked Lesleigh's NyCon report), Jay Kay Klein (who wanted to read Lesleigh's NyCon report, and reports that he is confused by the Couches. He sent us two prints, one of Leigh, Norb, and Banks MeBand, and one miscellaneous view of TriCon, in which I've found both Lesleigh and myself), and from Dick Flinchbaugh (who told us that the post office lost his copy; it was speedily replaced).







