

Quark 10







April 1969

Cymry Publication #39

# QUARK 10

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## +art credits+

Bill Bowers - 25	Gene Klein - 31
Chris Couch - 2	Doug Lovenstein - 10,
Ken Fletcher - 34	29, 37, 39, 50
Richard Flinchbaugh - 3, 44	Bill Rotsler - 6, 12-
George Foster - 20, 24	16, 32, 36, 46
Mike Gilbert - 42	*Special Cartoon Issue*

Lettering by Chris Couch and Hank Luttrell.  
Layout by Chris Couch.





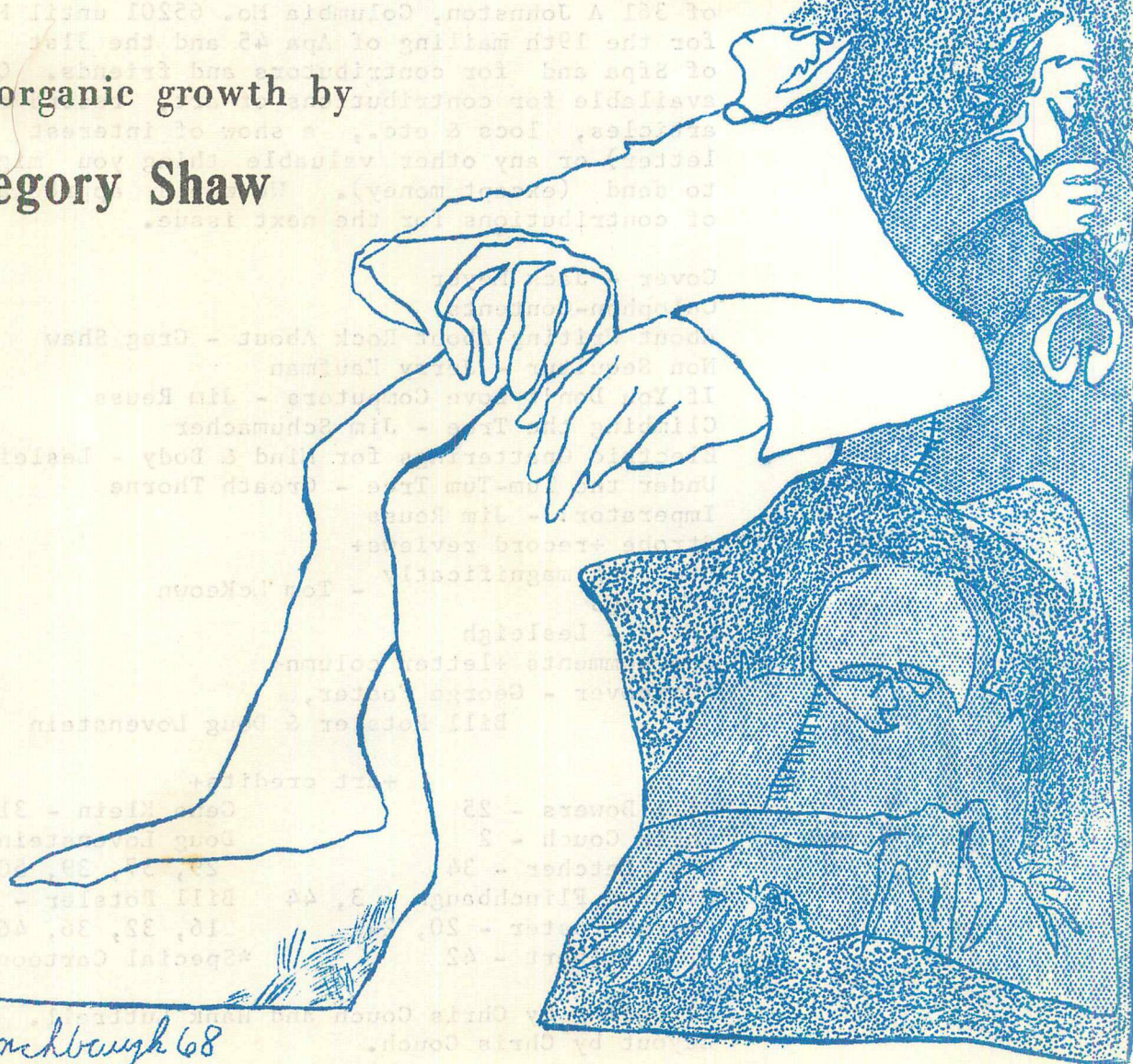
ABOUT WRITING

ABOUT ROCK

ABOUT

an organic growth by

Gregory Shaw



r. flinchbaugh 68



After an absence of some time, I'm delighted to return to Fandom and find the fanzines bursting with talk of rock music, the Generation Gap, and the whole rest of the youth scene. Not that what's being said is so heavy (I have yet to see a comment on rock in a fanzine that could be called anything more flattering than "uninformed"), but I see the whole involvement thing as the first step toward the evolution of fandom's new role in society, which I think will be one of some importance (I've been feeling quite the visionary lately, but more about my intuitive faculty some other time). However, I've written of this elsewhere.

I'm here to talk about rock criticism. After reading several new fanzines, I recently spent the better part of a day in a meditation about this subject, and emerged with some ideas and a theory that is certain to leave almost everyone who reads this thoroughly baffled. I think it's a beaut, tho, and I'm sure it'll be appreciated someday (if I manage to communicate it at all).

Thinking about my theory I realize that it is based on a number of premises that I'm going to have to give you as assumptions, tho they represent to me truth, as experienced and learned and cherished over the years. Can these things be communicated? Can I do it? I care enough that I must try. Can you accept that man can be said to have four bodies, the physical, emotional, mental or intellectual, and the intuitive, composed of progressively finer states of matter (energy)? (Not to forget the sexual body, but it's a parallel system.) Do you know that the higher bodies, which exist as fields of high-frequency energy, hardly ever function (because, shit, you don't even know about them) but can be awakened in special states of consciousness when there is energy available that can harmonize with their own high-frequency vibratory rates? Do you believe that within the range of the electric instruments used by rock groups lie energies that can do these things, and more?

You probably don't but you don't understand rock music either, or why it has some of the effects on its listeners that it has, and you want to have an open mind, don't you? It might just be so; stranger things have happened.

A person sitting down to write about rock mus has only his experiences and whatever generalizations he's been able to draw from them to work with. There are many degrees to which rock music can be understood, it depends on how much time you want to devote to it. I propose that there are four levels on which a person can be involved with rock music, these being analogous to the four bodies mentioned above. This brings in another truth (pardon me, 'assumption') that rock music, in a McLuhanistic sense, is a medium that affects human beings on all levels of their existence, more so than anyoother musical medium yet discovered, because of the vast amounts of energy involved.

Let us start with the first level and proceed to develop the analogy. Since music reaches us in the form of pure energy, it is first encountered by that part of us closest to the energy form, the intuitive body. A person experiencing rock music with his intuitive body alone has such a superficial understanding that he couldn't even begin to write about it. He has vague notions about what he "likes" and "doesn't like", and occasionally some catchy will "grab" him, but he couldn't tell you why (almost certainly some kind of chance harmonizing on the intuitive plane). You see such kids on the Dick Clark Show,



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where they are asked to evaluate new single releases (and you can be sure that radio station program directors watch this part of the show very carefully). They spin some wretched side, and then Dick says, "What did you think of it, Tommy?" And Tommy mumbles something, and smirks at the camera or his girlfriend, and says "Uh, I'll give it a 75." Dick writes "75" in the left column on the blackboard and says, "OK, tell us why you liked it." And then Tommy, exactly like thousands of teenagers before him (Good Lord, do you suppose there's a script?) says, "Uh, well, It's got a good beat ...." And you can almost see the high school gym where some middle-aged P.E. instructor taught his class how to Jitterbug to a solid 4/4 ...

We all had to start there, but of course there's more. If you are interested in rock and roll, and have some intelligence, it doesn't require too much listening before the intellectual faculties can be brought into use. On this level is a very broad scale of understanding, which encompasses almost everyone currently writing about rock music. The state of rock criticism in fanzines seems to lie at the bottom of this spectrum. Your typical fannish reviewer, to begin with, likes everything. Mention Janis Joplin, and he'll gladly rave for three pages. There are the beginnings of pattern-recognition in some fannish pieces, but I have yet to see anything profound of this nature. I will say that there are a great many current fanzines I haven't seen and there may certainly be fannish writers who are very accomplished rock critics indeed, but I haven't heard of them, and if they really do know something, I wonder why they aren't writing for any of the "underground" publications such as Rolling Stone, which pay for their material.

Anyway, leaving fandom, we find a group of writers whose work appears in just about every publication in the land, from the Berkeley Barb to Ladies Home Journal. These people have done quite a bit of listening, know who most of the musicians are and what they're doing, and they may even know a little about the roots of the music. For example, if such a person were reviewing a new Cream album, he could tell you that "Crossroads" was written by Robert Johnson, one of the most influential bluesmen of the twenties and thirties, and that Eric Clapton had recorded the song previously with his group The Powerhouse. And he could tell you that the album is fantastic and it's a shame Cream's breaking up.

At the top of this spectrum are the few writers who have a through intellectual knowledge of popular music and are able to shed much light on any subject they dwell upon. They are probably familiar with every recorded version of any song you could name, they have respectable collections and often give sources including record numbers, and they can perceive all sorts of subtle patterns running through the living tapestry that is popular music. There aren't too many people who have achieved such familiarity with rock and roll, and almost all of them write for Rolling Stone. Critics such as Barret Hansen, Jon Landau, and Ralph Gleason are fascinating to read, because of their encyclopedic knowledge of their field, but they have not experienced the most profound understanding possible of rock music.

The music that enters your ears, even if you never think about it, deeply affects the way you feel, the moods you go through, the texture of the experiences you have. It does so by affecting your emotional body. There are only a couple of people around who have so completely integrated rock music into their emotional lives that they know how it does this, and are able to relax and let the energy flow thru them unimpeded and thus receive the peak experiences that are brought with it, and can then communicate this experience in words. Mike Daly has done some experimentation with literary stylistics in



order to achieve these effects (using stream of consciousness, use of all capital letters, using record trade jargon of the fifties when writing about stars of the fifties) with some degree of success, but he's not really into the next level. I would place him at the top of the second level.

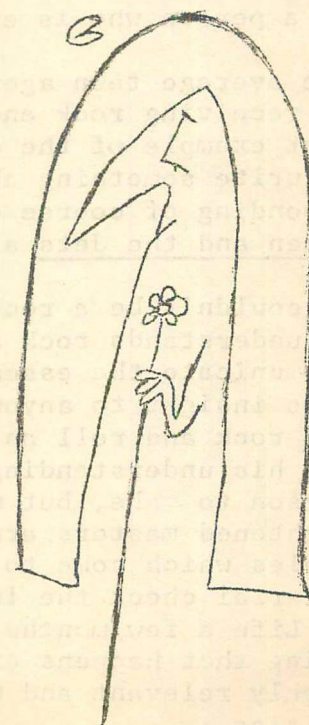
One writer who I have only recently begun to appreciate has been using words to indicate some of the subtle effects rock music has on the emotional body for some time. His name is Paul Williams, and I can recall when I used to criticize him for not talking about the music. He kept talking about what the music did to his mind and how it worked, and I see now that this is much more meaningful. Incidentally, it may be news to some of you that Paul has given up Crawdaddy! (to Chester Anderson, of all people) and is living in Mendocino, California, out in the country, and putting out a local paper called Friends & Neighbors. He has taken the next step perfectly, and it must have been infinitely harder for him, from where he was, than it is for those of us out west here who are doing it. Anything Paul writes from now on should be well worth paying attention to.

Paul Williams is experiencing rock and roll on the third level, through his intuitive, mental and emotional systems, but it seems to me that, in my terms, he still has to look at it through the lens of his intellect in order to write about it. There is one more stage, to my knowledge, that has been reached, and one beyond that hasn't.

The understanding of rock music described thus far can be achieved by anyone. But the line of direct growth stops here. There is nothing the person with an intellectual understanding of rock music can do to achieve emotional union with the music, short of radically altering his entire life style. And he is likely to have more difficulty even then than someone who never used his reasoning faculties with regard to rock music.

The very existence of rock music implies a life style based on the values and attitudes about life expressed by rock music. It is not a thing that has to be thought out; it happens automatically, through the emotional center, when rock and roll is heard over prolonged periods of time, especially in young people who probably aren't already heavily committed to another life style.

I don't mean to imply that this is a rare occurrence: quite the contrary. Teenagers have been practicing this lifestyle for over ten years now, unconsciously, until they got old enough to decide to change their commitments in favor of a more socially acceptable, and hence more remunerative, life style. Over the





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past couple of years young people have adopted the rock and roll life style, on a much vaster scale than ever before, and with some consciousness of what they are doing.

Many words have been written about the new youth life style, and they can be summed up by saying nobody really knows exactly what's happening or why. I don't claim that the rock music is the chief cause, but I am sure that its importance has been greatly underrated. The life style being discussed, which has been called the "hang-loose ethic" among other things, has been well studied and described. It is made up of such factors as mobility, openness to change, disregard for traditional authority, a relaxed and easygoing personality, high sensual/sexual index, and many others. In searching for causes, it occurred to me that if rock music makes people feel like living in this way, the people making the music have a lot to do with communicating the emotional content. This seems only natural when we remember that the original rock and roll musical forms were developed by black musicians, and it is basically the black life style that is being communicated to young white people through rock music. That white people, always having been so uptight, could assimilate the black life style in any form is, to me, a minor miracle, and it could only have been accomplished through the fantastic energies that are released by amplified rock music, with an effect something like we might imagine a socio-cultural sledgehammer to have.

To live the rock and roll life style is a pure and beautiful experience. To communicate it on paper takes a true artist. I found this out during a season when many of my acquaintances were trying to convince me that I had what it takes to be a rock critic. I found out that, though I knew I wanted to communicate when I set out to write a piece about music, when I sat down at the typewriter my mind shifted to a highly verbal, literate, intellectual framework, which is the only state I've ever been able to write in. My knowledge of some of the things rock music can do, and how rock criticism could be written, discouraged me from continuing my efforts. How this relates is that it taught me just how difficult the art of communicating the insights experienced by a person who is experiencing rock and roll on three levels can be.

The average teenager cruising around in his hot rod with the radio blasting is receiving rock and roll energy through his emotional body, and he is a perfect example of the existential rock and roll style. If he were to sit down to write something about rock music it would probably be of some interest, depending of course on his writing ability. The back cover of the Mothers' Ruben and the Jets album is an example of what such a person might write.

He couldn't be a rock critic, however, because it takes a person who consciously understands rock and roll on the intuitional, mental and emotional planes to communicate the essence of the rock and roll experience in words that will give insight to anyone who reads them. Such a person would be one who had chosen rock and roll as the discipline about which he would structure his life and his understanding of the universe. This is a very unusual commitment for a person to make, but music is as good a discipline as any other, and its enlightened masters are as impressive as those of any other. The two prime examples which come to my mind are Frank Zappa and Peter Dinklage. For source material check the interviews with both in Rolling Stone and Frank's article in Life a few months back. These two men seem to understand perfectly everything that happens around them and to be able to relate it to rock and roll in highly relevant and meaningful terms. It is a shame that they are not rock critics.



There is only one writer I know of who has achieved this level of rock consciousness. He has written a couple of pieces for Rolling Stone, but his best work has appeared in his weekly column in the San Francisco Express Times. His name is Greil Marcus, and while the Express Times is an excellent paper, I wouldn't buy it except for his column. He did a piece recently comparing San Francisco's best AM station, KYA, with our "underground" station, KSAN, which I think is one of the very finest pieces of rock journalism I've ever seen. I'm going to quote extensively from that article (I'd like to quote the entire thing) because it's such a perfect illustration of the deeper understanding of rock and roll I've been speaking of. Not Greil's ability to sense unerringly the meaning and relationships of the various elements of rock music:

"BJ Thomas and Jay and the Americans don't belong on KSAN anymore than 'Desolation Row' belongs on KYA. 'Like a Rolling Stone' sounds much better to me on KYA than on KSAN, though. That's because, I think, it's a gift — it's so fine it's almost too good to be real, there in the midst of color tv's and million-dollar jackpots. But there are a lot of color tv's and jackpots in 'Like a Rolling Stone.' What makes it special is that when one listens to top 40 radio one gets used to taking his color tv on time, an ad for more of that pie in the sky American Dream. 'Like a Rolling Stone' is in full color, right there, and you don't have to pay for it at all, everybody's credit is good.

"After ten years of listening to KYA, and a year of being glad I didn't have to, I began to rediscover 1260 on my radio dial. With so many insipidly pretentious new groups, like the Collectors or the Iron Butterfly, having their day on FM, with Ralph Gleason hailing each new member of his genius of the week club, rambling about the 'new rock poetry,' I longed for the nightly bombing raids of KYA's Russ the Moose....

"If you hated something real bad, you'd call him up and if the rap was laid on with a little finesse, Russ would trot out the bombs over Tokyo sound effects and you could hear the record melt and shatter right on the air. 'I want that new rock poet shot!' 'Okay, I think we have a blindfold around here somewhere.' And Russ would verbally go through the motions of wrapping a clean white handkerchief around the latest Simon and Garfunkel hit....

"It was the vitality of it all. The pace of the radio kept time with American Life. The songs had the same crazy, frantic rhythm: 'You're lucky if you can find a seat, You're fortunate if you have time to eat.' Like a green glass ring, not even rhinestone, but it fit on the finger, cheap, flashy, shitty, fun, a drag... Every time I hear a moment of silence on KYA (always a technical failure) I have the feeling the world has ended. They can't afford to ever let up — someone's attention might wander, someone might even switch to another station, missing the commercial...

"That's why singles have instrumental intro's and long fades at the end, in order that the dj can talk over as much of the record as possible, get in two or three commercials, the weather, and the time before, out of breath, he collapses to wait for the singing to stop...

"I've even heard commercials in the middle of a guitar solo. Top 40 radio is based on that kind of utterly Philistine money grabbing, as opposed to FM rock and roll, which is based on cool hip capitalism. On KSAN one is forced to take Tim Buckley along with Bob Dylan; on Top 40 one endures, if only for the few seconds it takes to recognize the offender, the current fraud — the Monkees, Question Mark & The Mysterians, the Classics IV — in order to get Marvin Gaye singing 'I Heard it through the Grapevine or an oldie by Gene Pitney...

"Top 40 has gifts to bring... A gift on the radio is only something much finer than anyone has any right to expect. Driving across Nevada in the middle of the night, heading back to where I belonged, my hand spinning the



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dial over a dozen dusty shifting beams of sound, out of the Cowsills and Washing Machines came Mick Jagger singing 'Goin' Home,' shougint over the coarse scrub and into my own headlights. Eleven minutes at ninety miles an hour through the desert, trying to make it over hundreds of miles before it was over, and as the song ended, the station faded out for good.

"Coming into Berkeley at Four o'clock, gald to be in the range of KYA again, and over the bridge the radio's playing Country Joe with 'Section 43.' Driving slowly this time, making it last... On to Ashby off the freeway. The disc jockey begins to talk softly over the last notes: 'There is a fire in Berkeley, a fire is burning tonight. Do not drive on Ashby Avenue tonight, but if you are there now, go slowly, with this song, until you are home.'

"With all the crackling stale ugliness of Top 40 radio, its soft sell and its hard sell, the trashy songs and the singing commercials, it's the grace of that moment that moves my hand to the dial."

Sorry to have lifted so much from you, Greil, but man, was that beautiful! Do you see what I mean, people? As far as I'm concerned this is the pinnacle of rock criticism. Nobody could understand rock better, and I doubt if anyone could put it into words so well.

To complete the analogy, of course, we must consider what effects rock music has on the physical body. There are many, to be sure, too many in fact to discuss here. An article on this subject would have to be pure speculation, since only the most rudimentary experimentation has been done by myself or anyone. Two pages of abstract theorizing in an area that I doubt that I've even established the validity of, at this point, would throw this whole essay out of balance. It's irrelevant anyway, because, as I envision it, the extension of the consciousness of a rock critic who had reached the third level into his physical existence could only take place through what Gurdjieff calls the "moving center," that part of your mind that takes care of your body's common functions and reactions without your thinking about it. Such a person would undergo another radical change of lifestyle, and would almost certainly be henceforth incapable of putting himself into the state of mind it takes to write about rock. I doubt if he'd feel like writing about anything.

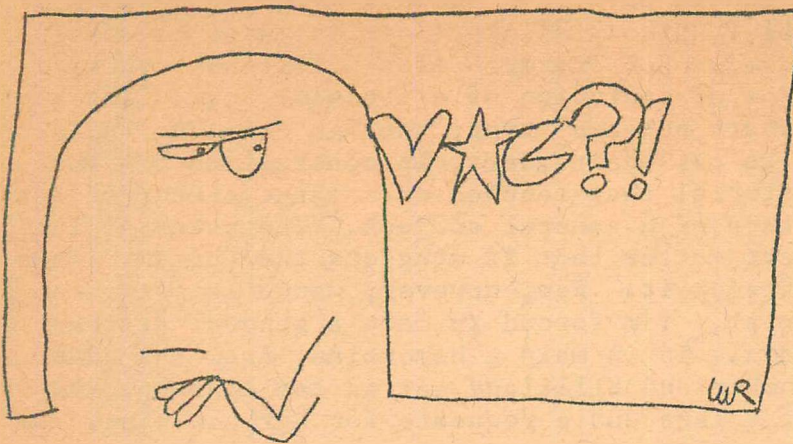
He would be a being somewhat like the completely realized zen master, whose every movement and action is a reflection of divine law. In the same way that a musical note can be said to be the "perfect" one to follow another in a progression, his life would like a song by the Stones or the Beatles. There may be such people: I doubt it because rock music hasn't been around long enough for anyone to so discipline himself within it. But in any event, if there are such people, they represent the ultimate form of the rock critic. You won't catch him writing or speaking about music at all, but the simple fact of being near him or watching him or touching him is enough to communicate understanding of rock music.

Such people will almost certainly begin appearing within a few years, especially as rock music itself becomes a more perfect form of energy exchange (communication), and, if you ask me, the world could only be the better for it.

Can you dig it?

-- Greg Shaw





\*a column by JERRY KAUFMAN\*

KALLIKANZAROS #6 John Ayotte plans to get very tough with his printer, and I feel he should. The reproduction on the electrosencilled illos is so poor that a number of them verge on the invisible. Also, the slow haste in which John works has marred much of the contents through the huge number of typos he makes; they are annoying in prose and positively

destructive in poetry. (Best ballup: Jack Gaughan describing the appearance of a wizard; "alligators and owls and frigs and lizarda.")

Someone has said that Kal has little editorial personality. Part of this may be due to John's refusal to write an editorial of any length. In his editorial he refuses to discuss "commercialism vs. art." If he had, he would certainly have shown something of himself. Maybe he was just being lazy. (The cover is a good indication of one facet of his personality — his off-beat humor.)

Kal's reputation as a sercon fanzine is in danger this issue. A comic strip by George Foster, a column by Jack Gaughan, a loosely structured (some might say unstructured) fanzine column by this reviewer, a column on conventions by Larry Smith (which ought to draw comments) and a generally fannish column by an Englishman pen-named Pablo — that's a lot of fannishness for one issue of Kal.

Even Angus Taylor's comparison of rock and stf has some very fannish puns (and highly useful also; they mix stf and rock, e.g. "The Terminal Beach Boys"). In fact, the most serious part of the megallah is John's editorial, short as it is. I think maybe the whole thing slipped quietly from the serious moorings John once tied it to, and floated off into the night without his noticing..

As an afterthought, I'll mention that there is a poetry column, with a new editor, and a letter column, with Terry Jeeves indecently exposing his mind. Why don't you try your luck at both? You could write Jeevsian poetry for one, and explanatory letters for the other.

++John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Oh. 43224. 60¢, 4/\$2.25 Usual, but it says 'fiction (maybe).'

GRANFALLOON #6 This issue records, in various ways, the beginnings of the Pittsburgh explosion onto the fanzine scene. One review in Linda's column is of a fanzine called Trinity which is published by a Carnegie-Mellon girl (Linda loves it). More indicative is the announcement that this is the last Grannie to have Suzle Tompkins as co-editrix. She and Ginjer Buchanan (of "I've Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle" fame), will be putting out a fanzine of their own. (If that doesn't sound like an explosion, let me say that WPSFA has started a new clubzine, and that Dena Benaton and Dale Steranka are each starting zines of their

own... I think I have #11 that straight. Anyway, that qualifies as explosion, especially for Pittsburgh.

For some reason, both the cover and the fold-out (Bill Bowers former, Jack Gaughan latter) feature skulls. Fortunately, this is only superficial. The impression doesn't carry to the contents. Not completely.

## Non Sequitur



<sup>11</sup>  
However, Piers Anthony's story should have been buried. Richard Delap's strange opinions of the delightful Anthony Villiers series makes me wonder if his mind wasn't, momentarily, dead. Bob Tucker & Alex Gilliland both kill me. Overall, I get only an impression of confusion of a pleasant sort. The klutzy editorials tend to be of the 'short notices' type; they go from one subject to another like a personal letter to all the readers, in contrast to the more usual mosaic (or montage) type editorial that touches on a large number of subjects but give an over-all picture of a general subject. The material itself ranges so far and wide in subject matter that it staggers the brain. This isn't unusual, many fanzines attempt it. Few, however, manage to get such good examples of every type of material. I'm forced to make a general statement, to I'll venture to say that Grannie is in main a humorzine, from the editorial tone, and the nice positions Tucker and Gilliland get in the line-up. Further, humorous articles are the first things Suzle requests for her new zine. And we all know how funny Ginjer can write.

All bets are off with the next issue. I'm not sure what the changes in Grannie will be with the loss of Suzle, but I'm certain it'll be more than just the dropping of Suzlecol.

++Linda Eyster, Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213 50¢ 3/\$1 or the Usual. Linda has moved, but her mail will be forwarded.

CROSSROADS! #1 This is a perfect illustration of the personality-zine. Al Snider is publishing it because he likes to publish, and he will, he says, write most of it because he likes to write.

The zine, dittoed because Al's mimeo is three thousand miles away in California, is simple. The cover is a half-page drawing of a futuristic city that somehow seems very peaceful. There is only one illustration within. Any blank space left for compositional purpose is filled with geometric forms. The inside back cover is the only false note — it is jumbled, confusing and violent in effect.

The contents are apparently all reflections of Al's interests. Although the piece by Lord Triffid III doesn't appear to warrant the praise he gives it, it is an insight into his tastes, since he mentions that he has been saving it for years. The Wonderwall review and the emphasis on conventions (this issue has comments by Al on the Dallascon report and a letter from Jim Young of Minneapolis in '73; Al requests information and/or comments from other con chairmen or bid chairmen) are indications of the directions Al may take with Crossroads!

Al and Crossroads! both seem to be without malice, and worth knowing. Although any extended emphasis on conventions is sure to bring discord to Crossroads, if last year's battle is any indication, I hope it won't bring any malice to Al Snider, and I think that both he and his fanzine will continue to be worth knowing.

++Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, Rhode Island 02912 (until May); 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, California 91790 (May until August) for the usual or stamps. No money.



**IF YOU  
DON'T LOVE  
COMPUTERS**

[T...then there really never was anything between us?]

Well, folk,, in this installment of my column I intended to exercise my right as a columnist to ramble hither and yon on the Big Life Scene and its numerous aspects, exhibiting and intending absolutely no pattern at all in my frothing other than the fact that it's all happened to me, the common denominator of an otherwise irrational fraction,

First I'm going to talk about fandom. (You remember, don't you? It's how we pass the time between rock concerts.)

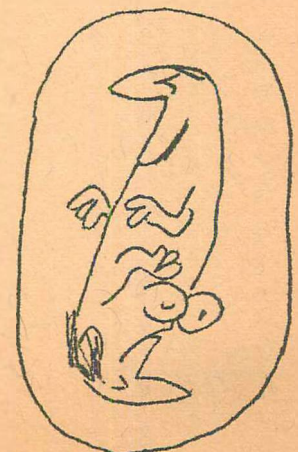
In its most stringent form, fandom is intended to be a trip-out from the Big Wide World Out There. There are too many tensions, too many unknowing, uncaring people, too much happening all at once. So one can join a slice of humanity small enough that one can know (if not befriend) most of the members, yet large enough that the whole thing doesn't become boring, or worse, destructive. The escape is not complete, for the microcosm depends upon the macrocosm for its physical existence; but it is sufficient to satisfy the need for escape.

This is not, of course, the only motive for entering fandom and — thank god — it is not the most prevalent. The motive may be that the person's friends are fans already, or a serious interest in science-fiction, or an urge to write or draw for a limited, responsive audience or any number of others.

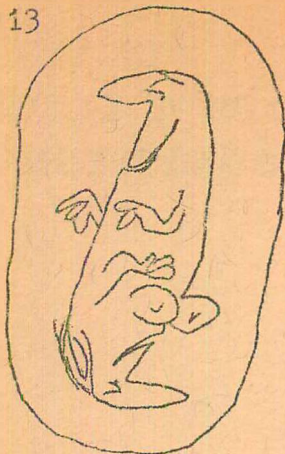
But fandom isn't just composed of 'fans' — narcoleptic fiends who work eight hours a day only to go home and crank a mimeo or pound a typer or chair a con or host a party for another six. Fandom is made of people.

Beautiful people. Outgoing, charitable, intelligent, witty, fun people. Hung-up people. Selfish, egocentric, oversexed, vengeful, self-destructive people.

**JIM REUSS**







And not many fans can be permanently classified as one or the other. It is possible for a fan to switch back and forth schizophrenically, with little reason at all that he or she could state. But fans in the latter group are likely to act rashly and, when they return to the first group, find their fannish (and sometimes macrocosmic) lives ruined — along with the lives of their closest friends. Then what they do, when there are too many tensions, too many unknowing, uncaring people, too much happening all at once?

They escape. From fandom. Back to the macrocosm sometimes; other times, simply living inbetween and friendless.

They gafiate.

By now the paradox should be evident. Why 'escape' only to 'escape' again, back to the original starting point? The gafiation is simply a pantomime of the original escape to fandom, but it is, perhaps, as real an escape — as satisfying an escape — as the hung-up fan's original.

And that is all I really wanted to say about fandom. Except to remind the gentle reader once again of this fact: there are people behind the paper masks of fandom. No matter how frothy-nice the faanishness you read in fanzines sounds, there are people behind the paper masks.

Second I'd like to go over my recent reading and try to say something meaningful about it.

I am a fairly avid reader of the current experimental science fiction writing more conveniently referred to by its Ellison-rejected title, the New Wave. After a year or two of consuming and generally appreciating the sometimes-gutsy, sometimes defeatist moods of these works, I had a very revealing experience which told me something about the New Wave and what it often fails to portray.

The experience was The Goblin Reservation, by Clifford D. Simak. It combines some of Simak's favorite subjects — time travel, goblins and other 'little people', pets, and a completely alien ancient culture — with just the right mood of humor to make very enjoyable reading. But the most impressive thing about The Goblin Reservation was the beauty Simak was able to portray in the 'simple' things of life: the beauty of old friendships, and new ones, of old familiar knowledge and new things to learn, of nature and simply being alive and aware of one's surroundings.

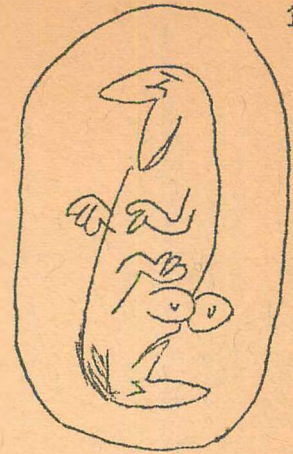
I suspect many writers of the new ken would condemn this almost neo-romantic, idyllic view of life as being ill-suited to the pressing problems of modern society. Why? Because they often see no room for beauty at all in the face of the prevalent ugliness of life. And so there is very little beauty in most New Wave work.

This is not to say that the majority of this writing is not skillful and emotionally powerful — it is. I simply say



that much of the modern writing (and this includes mainstream work) is too busy kicking its reader in the groin to get his attention because it feels nothing else will work.

And of course it is dangerous to speak in generic terms at all. There are modern writers capable of portraying beauty which is just as powerful as ugliness. But because I still haven't read enough material by all of the new writers, I won't start classifying which authors have attempted to portray beauty as seriously as the Grim Facts. But onward...



Having missed Stand on Zanzibar the first time it appeared, I can only say that The Jagged Orbit is probably John Brunner's major work to date. A fat volume as science fiction goes (397 pages), the novel is divided into one hundred chapters ranging in length from one syllable to a dozen pages. The result is a fast-moving epic which flashes back and forth in the apartheid, drug-dominated, mercenary Earth of 2014, following the lives of (count 'em) thirteen major characters as they realize the mess their world is really in.

More Ace Science Fiction Specials of this quality will be a welcome addition to my paperback bookshelf.

And now, for something in the jogular vein, we come to the blazing question of my humanity, or lack of it. There certainly must be some doubt in the minds of the gentle fan and femmefan readers who have never met me personally as to whether I am a human being or a computer programmed by an extremely talented (and sick) inmate at the Missouri Institute of Psychiatry (whence I hail during the summer months).

Well, you certainly are not alone in your doubts, gentle readers. Only last Saturday, a prominent St. Louis fanzine publisher, known and loved by us all, came right out in the open and said it — "Jim Reuss, are you human?" And he's known me for a couple of years! And the question was serious! Really!

How can I answer a question like that, anyway! If I were a solipsist, why then sure — I'm human and the rest of you are a bad dream (or a good dream as the opportunity presents itself). But no, granted your humanity, we'll have to wait and see about mine ...

I've got a reasonable facsimile of a human body — is that what you meant? All the equipment was in working order last time I checked. Ah, you must refer to the human essence — do I have human emotions?

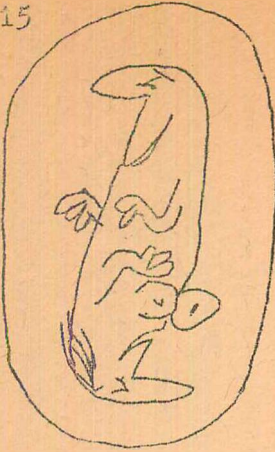
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I'll prove to you I'm human if you help me prove it to myself.

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How's that for an answer?





Come to the St. Louiscon and debate the matter with me. For now we'll leave the matter hanging in the air, along with a lot of smog, several airplanes, more young people than the older generation would care to admit, a pair of Mariner spacecraft, and a couple billion cubic light years of nothing better known as the Starry Void.

Fourth thing on the agenda is a note about fanzines. I don't intend to mention any titles or review any zines; I just want to comment upon the general appearance of the issues I've received in the last few weeks.

Most of the zines I'm thinking about have been around for about a year. The repro problems they've run into along the way have been ironed out; the material is decent — both writing and artwork. What they lack, though, are editors.

Layout is not leaving two to four inches blank at the top of the stencil and plonking down some lettering! The result, when applied to an entire zine, is neat but uninspired and unspectacular. And if you're really ambitious you have to be inspired, you have to be spectacular. You've got to sit down with the written material and work out the way the text should appear on the page. Each contribution is a different length, typed with a different machine, on a different subject. Yet the resulting layout should remove these differences to a certain extent so that each feature ends, not halfway down the next stencil but at the end of the stencil — or halfway down but with a pre-determined, appropriate illustration.

So I would ask that faneds do more justice to the material they print.

Last of all,  
it is time for a little story . . .

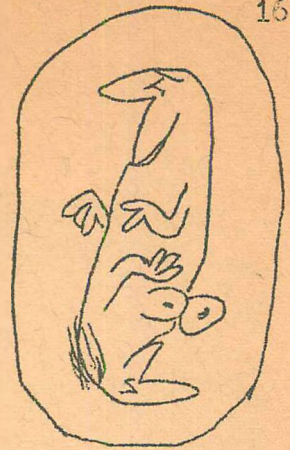
We've had a cold, dry winter in the Midwest, save for a few unpredicted snowfalls. Several times during January and February, despite the fact that its rays fell oblique and were thus weakened, the sun burned through the cloudy atmosphere, warming the land to springtime temperatures.

It was on a day such as that when the fire happened. A burning trash pile, left untended, ignited several acres of tinder-like grassland south and west of my home. Fortunately, the conflagration was stopped before it could spread to any buildings of other property, but sufficient damage was done. The thick green turf, moist with dew from summer mornings past, that I remembered was gone, destroyed, turned to black and acrid ash. It made me sad.

Weeks passed. Months passed. I became involved in several time-consuming projects which occupied my mind and severely cut short my leisure time. I forgot the fire, forgot the lawn, perhaps . . . forgot how to live.



Then, in the latter days of March — the first days of spring — a point was reached. Call it the saturation point. The scholarly books, the pages of cramped elite typewriting, the long hours of reading at night under harsh white artificial lamps, the pills and drinks and stimuli necessary to turn Intellectual Concentration on and off like the blasting radio I used to isolated myself from the small soft sounds of the world outside — they all became rather humorously sad.



I grabbed a jacket, walked from my study and the now-meaningless work it contained, walked from my house and wandered in the late-afternoon warmth, whose winds were slowly turning cool with the approach of night. I looked upon the land ... and something happened — what can best be described as an upheaval of the old roads of thought.

You see, the scorched terrain which I thought would be barren for several springs was colored with the bright green of grass. I had misinterpreted the nature of the fire: It had burned only last year's dying growth, leaving the seeds of future life untouched for the gentle rain and sun to beckon forth.

I felt better for no particular reason, except that (like any good allegory) this one was applicable to a number of situations . . .

Peace is a way of life.

-- Jim Reuss

**IF YOU  
DON'T LOVE  
COMPUTERS**





# CLIMBING THE TREE:

Culture In St. Louis

By Jim Schumacher

We arrived at Graham Chapel scarcely ten minutes after the scheduled start of the address, but met an overflowing crowd at the door, and it took us a good time to edge, worm and elbow our way into it. At the far end of the hall upon a podium, less than imposing at such a distance, stood Tom Hayden. He is not a practiced or even very eloquent speaker, yet he handled his subject matter confidently and with intelligence, and makes his points well. In the part of his lecture I heard, for instance, he talked about the two kinds of student power: the first, which never goes beyond asking for and receiving more comforts for the student but very little in the way of anything new or reformatory; and the truly revolutionary student power which, he stated, exemplified best Columbia and San Francisco State. In each of these places the striking students had an extremely wide base of support, and gained rather than lost defenders as protests continued; each demanded specific goals not only for themselves but for those of lower socioeconomic standing as well. (The people of Harlem at Columbia and the black and third world people of California at SF state.) Moreover, he pointed out, the student strikes at SF state, which are continuing to be very effective and have the college "screwed up," have been accompanied day strikes at other California universities of the American Federation of Teachers, and least-publicized yet perhaps most important, a strike among the laborers in Richmond, a nearby industrial city. These laborers, who are employed by Standard Oil several months ago would probably have beat up "hippies," but they are now asking the students to come picket with them. Thus the black and third-world students have re-introduced the extraordinary power of strikes all over again to the workers.

Indeed, this revolutionary student power is so strong, Hayden continued, that big business is now trying its hardest to attract "young men with new ideas" to its folds; Hayden pointed as an example to the magazine Carrers Today -- with their carefully planned insistence on "change from the inside" -- which, as a representative of the new tactic business is trying to present to today's youth "The psychedelic businessman," who goes so far as to say "we agree with your ideas, but as to your methods. . ." He spoke of the student class as being the most "comfortably oppressed" class in the world -- an idea which seems at first contradictory, but is obviously not in the one-dimensional world of American society; how hard it is for the average, middle class student to risk privileges and comforts, both at the present time and in his later life to accomplish revolutionary change, and how more and more of those who did take that risk are finding that they can no longer turn back -- and so, in true revolution, must look only forward. Combining it all ironically in the statements of Hubert Humphrey and Ronald Reagan, Hayden said that the US failed to "Bring the Great Society to Asia," but instead "brought Vietnam home." Hayden closed by saying that the movement of the 70's would make the present Movement seem "a tea party," and that the Movement is now self-perpetuating, and can only continue to grow.



# ELECTRIC GNATTERINGS FOR THE MIND AND BODY

or

I-Feel-Like-I'M-Fixin'-to-Write

Lesleigh

There should have been a ban on science fiction and fantasy movies in 1968 after the release of 2001. That way one could give 2001 the Hugo it so justly deserves without feeling bad about the movies that were slighted. But, as it was, there were several movies that came out in 1968 which might in other years have been under serious consideration for a Hugo.

Planet of the Apes, despite the many complaints about it, was a fair representation of a science fiction work. The script and acting, while not great, were certainly much better than most of the things which have been labelled science fiction in the past. And, from a technical point of view, it was a well-made movie.

Rosemary's Baby is perhaps not the sort of thing which would come to mind immediately when thinking of Hugo contenders, but it was a fantasy (and fantasies certainly shouldn't be excluded from consideration). It was a well-made movie from a well-written book. Roman Polanski is certainly a very good director, and the movie did deserve the acclaim it got.

A movie which a few people have thought highly enough of to nominate is Yellow Submarine. It might be difficult for some people to seriously consider an animated fantasy as a Hugo-contender, but I think such thoughts are justifiable. I personally enjoyed the movie a great deal. It -- and 2001 -- are the only movies I have seen more than once at a theater, and I certainly wouldn't mind seeing either one again. Yellow Submarine was an incredibly imaginative production, and I think that fans, of all people should be able to appreciate that quality.

Charly is a movie which in other years would certainly have been a Hugo winner. It is, of course, the cinematic production of Flowers for Algernon. Cliff Robertson, with whom I had been previously unimpressed does a fine job as Charly, a part which got him, remarkably, an Academy Award. I have heard that Robertson himself bought the right to the movie, and spent quite a while observing



retardates in order to play the role! If so, the work was certainly worth it. I think his performance as the retarded Charly could be compared with Patty Duke's performance as Helen Keller in The Miracle Worker. And Robertson was also good as the intellectual Charly. He exhibited a marked difference, not only in behavior, but also in facial expression, movements, and even voice after the operation. This made both characterizations more believable.

The movie did have faults, perhaps the biggest one being that it wasn't nearly long enough to do justice to the book. What I found most lacking was the dwelling on his dwindling intelligence which was so effective in the book. I've heard that the director did shoot some film dealing with this but later decided not to include it because it was 'too frightening'.

Another fault, perhaps, was a lack of characterization in the instance of the supporting actors. This was probably due to the shortness of the movie and the emphasis on Charly himself. But I did miss the development of the other characters which I enjoyed in the book -- though I suppose Algernon was practically the same. One thing I thought fairly good was making the two scientists of the opposite sex. I did find one of them a bit feminine in his attitude toward people in the book, and their sexual polarity in the movie made it easier to understand their disagreements over the experiment.

The other day Hank found an announcement of some experimental movies to be shown that weekend. Both of us got fairly excited over the announcement, as one of the movies was to be Ed Emshwiller's Relativity, which I have wanted to see for quite a while. So we went to see the movies.

The movies shown first were rather good. One I found interesting was an experimental movie, Meshes of the Afternoon, made in 1943. I found that date hard to believe when the first scene showed a girl in sandals and wide-leg pants, but then I noticed that she was wearing red nail polish, a dead-give-away. The movie itself was well done. It involved the aforementioned girl's fascination with a butcher knife and a mysterious figure. It is a very bizarre and frightening picture of a suicide.

Another movie was a French production, The Blood of the Beast (No, it wasn't a monster movie). This movie concerned slaughterhouses and seemed to be an educational film, except when snatches of poetry or of unrelated scenery were shown. I can't really say that I understood the purpose of the movie. It contained a number of horrible scenes of animals being murdered and their bodies mutilated, yet made a great point of telling human things about the people who did it. Perhaps it was all meant to say, 'see what horrible things man can do to animals without even thinking about it, simply because it is a job.'

Relativity was not quite what I had expected. I did not expect it to be so earth bound, but it was as good as I had heard. The film uses quite a bit of experimental technique to examine 'man's place in the universe'. It concentrated, I think, on man and his body, man and his neighbors (human, animal and vegetable). I found it a very beautiful movie. It reminded me of 2001 in several places: deep breathing was featured on the sound track several times, one sequence showed groups of lights moving by very quickly, as in the first part of the 'light show', and there were shots of computers reminiscent of those of Hal. Surely Stanley Kubrick saw this movie before he made 2001!

One thing that puzzled me: the film featured two main 'characters', a male and a female. I assumed these were Ed and Carol Emshwiller, thinking I had



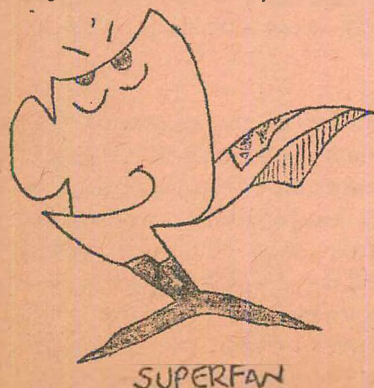
heard that somewhere, but the credits said these were two different people. As Hank later pointed out, Ed Emsh used Carol as a model many times and the woman did resemble females in his illustrations. Does anybody know if these were actually the Emshwillers in the movie.

After discovering that sociology is a rather useless subject, made up half of 'commone sense' knowledge and half of things which would do quite nicely in other disciplines (something I'd suspected all along), I've changed my major to history.

I'm not sure this choice will stand wither, as I find that I like anthropology more and more. Actuaaly, all of these are relatively 'useless' as far as determining exactly what kind of work you can do once you graduate in that field. They are the kind of things which would give you a college degree to show to a prospective employer, but the fields themselves wouldn't be of much use to you unless you'd done graduate work in them. Actually, I don't care. History and anthropology are the things I'm most interested in. I don't look on college as a way to a better job; right now I have no ideas about jobs, careers, salary I'd like to earn, or anything like that. College is a place to learn about things I'd like to know more about and discover things I know nothing about now.

Actually, that's what I wish it was. I am rapidly becoming more and more discouraged with school. First, this place, and I assume all others, is full of people who are here to kepp out of the draft, find a husband, get away from home, increase their earning power, waste some time they have nothing better to do with, participate in sports and social life, make useful contacts, or any reason besides to learn. And the administration and faculty aren't here to educate. They're here to earn money, do resaarch, coach teams, anything besides to teach.

It's really rather strange; I put up with an incredible number of rules and restrictions in high school, and it never bothered me, but now I feel restrizted when the administration passes any anneescessary rules on me. I want to be able to run my life; I certainly think I'm capable of it, or at least I don't want any help from the University Administration. It's gotten to the point where each day I become more and more irritated by this school. I keep hoping maybd other places are better, and have already planned to transfer somewhere after next year, but I'm afraid anyplace I go will be basically the same. I suppose I could put up with it for four years, if I thought there was any reason too, but I don't feel like I'm getting enough learning out of



school to justify my putting up with the other irritations. It is really a bad scene. And the terrible thing is that college could be a good scene if only the people who cared about learning and teaching were there, if the administration was nothing more than paper pushers, if the society didn't demand that everyone go to college. I jast wonder if people will ever realize that the colleges are nothing more than institutions, like churches and companies, and that they really add nothing to the country in their present state, they simply act to preserve the present status quo. It's really a shame.



Surprisingly, I haven't attended any concerts since the last Quark, except for hearing some local bands play a few times. Actually, there have been lots of concerts in St. Louis in the past months, but they have all been either of people I didn't want to see or had already seen, or they were at times when I absolutely could not get to them. It is a bit discouraging to get a St. Louis paper and see ads for three or four concerts you might like to attend and realize that they all are at times when you can't possibly be in town.

And what, you may wonder, have I been doing. Homework, mainly, working at my job, and what is typically known among students as 'fooling around' meaning doing all sorts of useless little things which take up time simply to rest from doing all the things you have to do.

And I have read a few books; that is books which were unrequired for class. One book that I thought was very good was Omnivore by Piers Anthony. The book explored the idea of a planet where the life was evolved from fungi, or the 'third kingdom'. Now this is a very interesting concept, but I'm sure we have all read some books that explored similar concepts. One thing Mr. Anthony did though was to explore this from a philosophical viewpoint; that is, only the life on this other planet was justifiable, because fungus is a very vital life form, it allows all the other forms to exist, it gives more to life than it takes. This aspect Mr. Anthony explained in a rather lengthy portion of the book, however the idea was fascinating. Another idea explored in the book is that of life and death. Of the three main characters; one was a vegetarian, one was a carnivore and one was an omnivore. This last character was shown to feel guilty because she had not chosen either philosophy. The vegetarian had an interesting rationale, that is, no man has the right to kill anything, yet he engaged in violence quite readily in a fighting match, which later turned out to be a commendable social event. And the solution of the book came when one character realized that he would have to kill one of the new beings to win their respect. I think the author is trying to find some compromise between these two ideas. Death is good in its way, through death and violence comes life and the good things of life. But death cannot be treated lightly. One should always be aware of its importance. The animals that were used for food in the book were raised in pens too small to allow them to move, and were slaughtered as soon as possible. This is unimportant death, and man has no right to kill anything unimportantly.

I'd like to say a little about the Ace Science Fiction Specials. I have read several of them and enjoyed every one. And a considerable number of them seem to be of Hugo quality. I think Ace is doing a very good thing in this, and I've told some sf readers that I know that if they are looking for a good book, they should get an Ace special.

Perhaps the most enjoyable books I've read recently from a purely entertainment view, are the Anthony Villiers series by Alexei Panshin. I think Alexei has created a world (or should I say universe) and some characters which are worth many, many books. Certainly Villiers is an extremely enjoyable character, and I'd like to see more of the universe the author has created for him. I did enjoy the great attention to details of the worlds in the books. I was glad to see that long hair is the fashion in this universe, at least among the rich, and I think that this is the first time I have ever found an author to invent an entirely new piece of clothing, as Alexei has done. Talking about women's clothes and their unreachable fastenings, only men would think of something like an utterly useless drapeau which one cannot put on by themselves.



## The Turn-Turn Tree

The first installment of a column is often the most difficult to write; the columnist usually is starting cold, not quite sure of his audience, the fanzine the column will appear in, or, perhaps most important of all, what he himself will actually say once he sits down to a typewriter and lets the creative act begin. I find myself in such a situation now, and the solution to the problem that I've come up with is to choose as a subject this first time around a traditional subject -- one that occurs throughout fanzines time and again as a perennial theme. The danger inherent in the approach is, of course, that in choosing a traditional subject as a type of ballast I may also bore my audience into insensibility.

Still, there are dangers inherent in almost any type of writing; and the main purpose of this introductory caveat is, after all, now so much a warning as an attempt to bring the readers of this fanzine to an awareness of what I'm going to try to do. I call my topic (perhaps somewhat pompously) "The Discovery of Science Fiction", and I'm going to approach it from a purely personal viewpoint. That is, I'm going to talk about how I came to be so infatuated with science fiction in my early youth.

So, to begin; Just as science fiction developed out of fantasy, so for the individual reader fantasy usually appears first in his reading experience. In my case, there was a time in my early childhood when my experience of the world was so limited that almost any story my parents told me had the characteristics of fantasy. As I grew older, the idea of fantasy began to take on a more definite form, as I associated it with ideas of brownies, fairies, dragons, fabulous monsters, and all the other elements of the traditional stories told to children. Thus, long before I began to read I had a definite background in the mysterious and fantastic which



I believed in. The only deleterious effect of this background that I can remember now is that I was deathly afraid of the dark through much of my childhood -- but this was a small price to pay for the wonders of the imagination.

When I began to read my books were first limited to the "Dick and Jane" series; but I had an able teacher and a great interest in the art, so that at the age of eight I was able, with the aid of my mother, to read my first work of science fiction: the third section of Swift's Gulliver's Travels: "A Voyage to Laputa." Gulliver's Travels is not usually considered science fiction, and most of it is fantasy, written with a strong satiric purpose in mind. But in "A Voyage to Laputa" a marvelous invention appears: a floating island in the air. This was miraculous enough when I first read about it; but as I read on I discovered that Swift told how the floating island in the air worked. It was this one aspect that thrilled me as no book had ever done before. For the first time, to my sense of the miraculous was added a sense of the possible. In that one moment, I realized the same motive that must drive scientists and engineers today: a sense of the attainable execution of the dreams of the imagination. Well, Swift's island worked by magnets, and as things turned out it wouldn't have worked. But I didn't know that and for many months afterwards I spent my time planning how someday I would build the island that Swift described.

The sense of wonder, after all, is what the experience was really all about. I didn't understand how the island floated, but that wasn't essential to what I got from the book. What I did receive was that sense of wonder at the possibility of things in this world. Suddenly, the world wasn't the same any more; just as at one time, I had known that there were dragons in the woods behind my house, now I knew that one day a floating island would appear above my house.

When I reached the age of nine I was given a library card by my parents and for the next six years did little but constantly read library books at the rate of at least one per day and often more. And a large percentage of those books was science fiction. Some offered little literary merit; but many were written by good, competent authors; and above all, over-riding the particular merits of any author, was that vision of the possible that controlled my mind. Here, I was convinced, was the real world, the world of the future, and I was part of it. I felt superior to my classmates and other people who did not experience what I did. I was involved in an enormous quest for the future; a quest that led me beyond the limits of known science; a quest that took me to the planets of the solar system and then beyond to the galaxies and the universe.

When I was thirteen years old some visiting relatives left behind ten copies of Astounding Science Fiction. The minute I opened their pages I entered a new phase of excitement in science fiction. My excitement came not so much from the stories themselves, which were relatively adult and sophisticated compared to the books I had obtained from the children's library. My excitement came rather from two sources. First, through the existence of the letters column and the books column of the magazine I realized a wondrous thing; there were other people who liked science fiction and who talked about it. I realized that the people who wrote in to the magazine were doing something which I had never done before: vocalizing their feelings and emotions about the stories. I recognized an affinity with them; I wanted to do the same thing. I realized thousands of things within me that I wanted to pour out about



science fiction. Second, I realized that for the first time I had science fiction that was my own, my possession. I could stack the magazines carefully, read them time and time again -- I didn't have to return them to the library. Here, again very suddenly, I realized a tremendous desire to own and possess as much science fiction as I could. I wanted to assure that my experiences would always live with me. It was here that my desire to collect began. I knew that Astounding Science Fiction could be bought on the newsstands, and once I went to the stands I saw other science fiction magazines. I began to save my money and purchase all the magazines I could. At first, I would carefully deliberate before deciding what current issue my carefully-saved fifty cents would purchase; but as the months and months went on I grew more and more desiring of magazines and paperback books until every week I was purchasing at the very limit of my abilities the items I found on the stands.

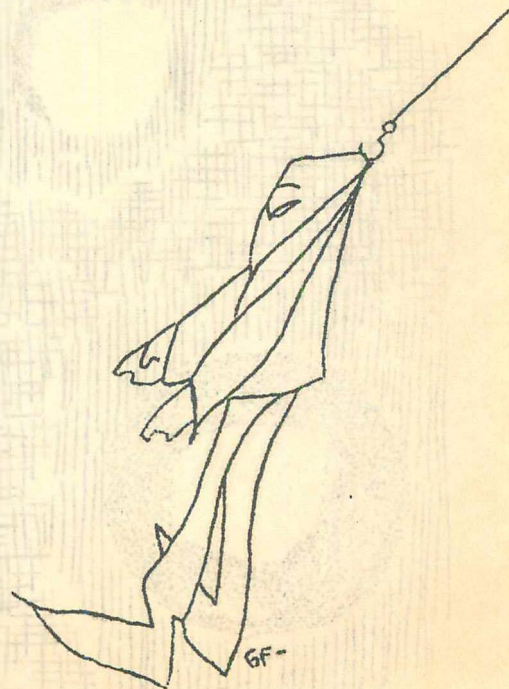
And that, friends, was the beginning of the end, because in those magazines were ads for fanzines, and once I contacted the world of fandom I began to lose interest in science fiction. So here it is -- one person's story. Is it typical or not? I really don't know, and I'd be interested in finding out.

- Creath Thorne

\* \* \* \* \*

if you want to live  
 you must suffer  
 suffer for love  
 suffer for life  
 suffer for everything  
 and anything  
 work for it  
 live for it  
 believe in it  
 die for it  
 do what you must  
 suffer what you must  
 but remember  
 if you do not suffer  
 if you do not work  
 you will not get  
 what you truly desire  
 that is the price you pay

m. couch





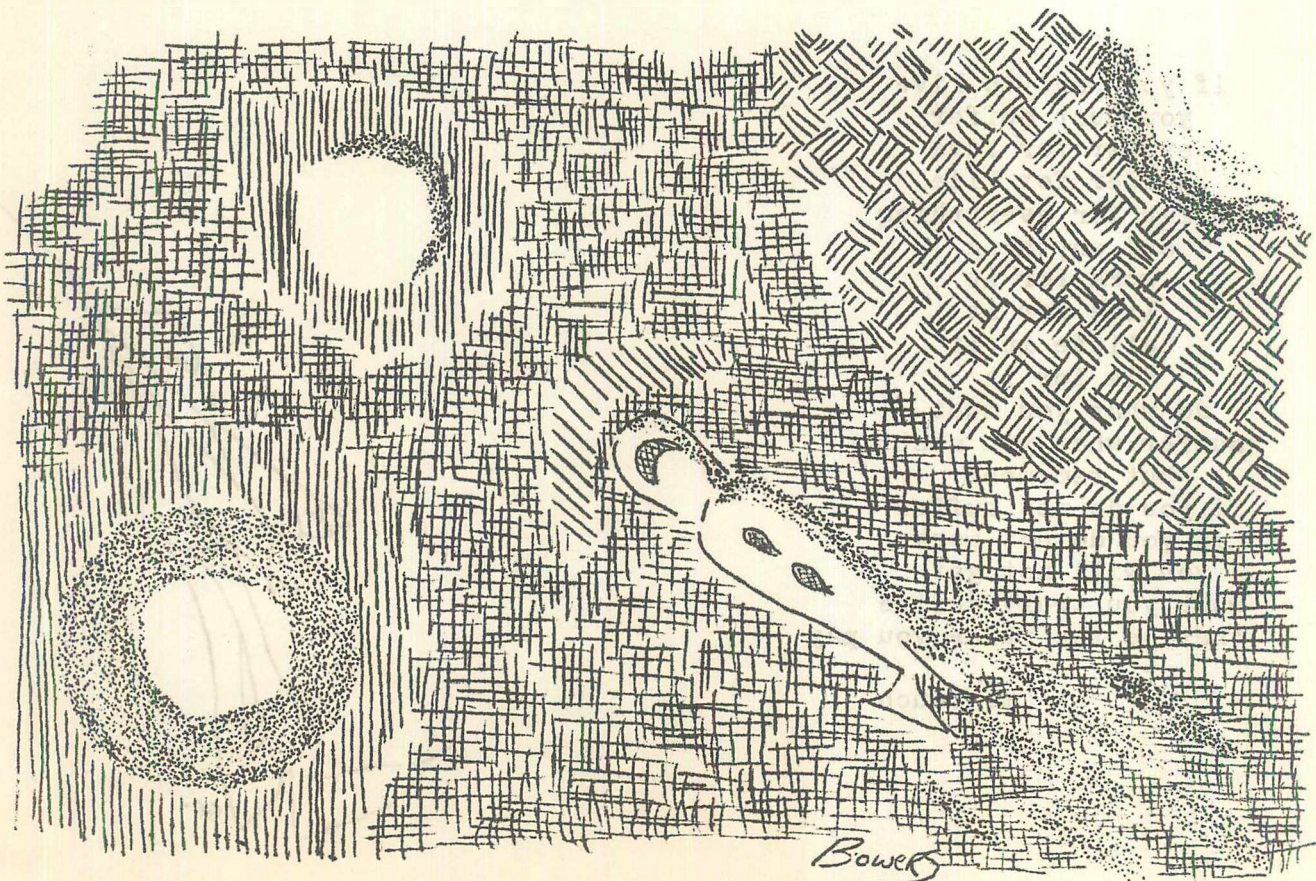
# Imperator!

god-demon of silver,  
despot of the dark spaces,  
the orbs revolve with thy permission  
the sun is under thy domain!  
let the flesh-clad creatures  
beware thy efficacy,  
and scurry into shelter  
from thy hellish puissant beams!  
**anarchist supreme!**  
raise a mighty shout of destruction,  
which even in the airless voids  
will echo hence from star to star!  
prowl the jungles of the sky,  
revel in a wake of carnage,  
the music of the spheres disrupt  
with engines rending fiber of space\*

SHAKE HEAVEN AND EARTH WITH MATCHLESS STRENGTH!

IMPERATOR!

Jim Reuss





DR. BYRDS & MR. HYDE (Columbia Records)  
Roger McGuinn & Co.

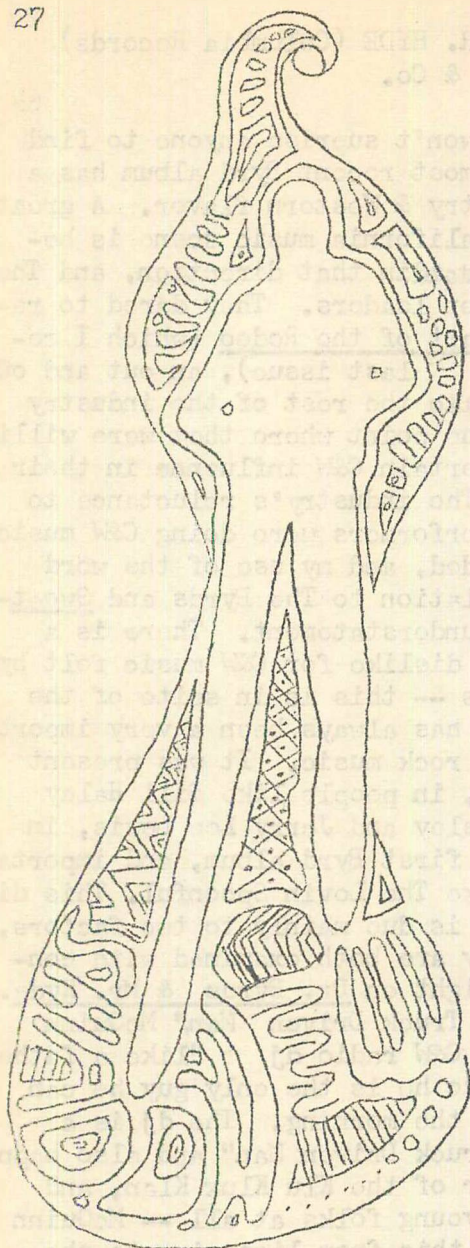
# STROBE



## RECORD REVIEWS

It certainly won't suprise anyone to find out that the most recent Byrd album has a distinct country & Western flavor. A great deal of the California music scene is becoming orientated in that direction, and The Byrds have been leaders. They dared to release Sweetheart of the Rodeo (which I reviewed last issue), an out and out C&W album, while the rest of the industry was only to the point where they were willing to admit a certain C&W influence in their performers. The industry's reluctance to admit their performers were doing C&W music was well founded, and my use of the word "dared" in relation to The Byrds and Sweet-Heart was an understatement. There is a great deal of dislike for C&W music felt by many rock fans -- this is in spite of the fact that C&W has always been a very important factor in rock music. It was present in early rock, in people like Bill Haley and Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis, in even the very first Byrd album, and important to a group like The Lovin Spoonful. This disliking of C&W is due mainly to two factors, I think. They are both examined with considerable insight on Dr. Byrds & Mr. Hyde. In "Drug Store Truck Driven Man" McGuinn sings about a C&W radio dj "like a father" to him, because he is the only guy he can hear early in the morning. The dj is a "Drug Store Truck Driven Man" and also happens to be a leader of the Klu Klux Klan, and doesn't like young folks at all -- McGuinn learns all of this from listening to the guy's radio show. McGuinn explains that he is a rock and roll musician, and he can't understand why his favorite early morning C&W dj doesn't like him at all. Actually, he probably understands quite well, and he also understands why that dj wouldn't like the millions of other young liberal or radical rock fans, and why those rock fans wouldn't like him. A leader of the Klu Klux Klan? This is a generation gap we aren't going to be able to cross. The C&W music is still good music, but sometimes the values of the music aren't the values of young rock fans -- though this certainly isn't always the case -- C&W can be free and liberated, reflecting a timeless morality as real to youth today as it possibly could be. But





too often this isn't true, and even when it is there is still sometimes a gap between people involved with C&W music and the rock audiences.

The second reason many rock fans don't like C&W is simpler: snobbishness. We are all spinning out on our "progressive rock" -- which is all right, it has involved a lot of people in a lot of good music. But in this instance it is unfortunate, the situation is preventing young people from enjoying a very pleasant form of music. "King Apathy III" is McGuinn's comment on this artificial, contrived part of the new music scene, he sings of "middle class suburban children, wearing costumes. . . ." McGuinn's answer to all the contrived aspects of hipness is ". . . leaving for the country to try and rest my head." This is a too simple answer -- C&W certainly isn't going to cure the problems of the world, just as "progressive" rock isn't going to cure any great evils. But hopefully people will start to realize that music is music, and that C&W music is every bit as valuable a form as any other.

Meanwhile -- the album has a lot to offer. The wit and sympathy of "Drug Store Truck Driven Man," the disillusionment of "King Apathy III," the best version of "This Wheel's On Fire" that anyone has done, a wonderful, corny "Old Blue" some delightful country music, and a medley leading off with "My Back Pages." "Child of the Universe" is the science-fictiony tune from the movie Candy -- and I wonder about the story behind the tune on this album called "Candy," which seems much more related to the film than does "Child," and yet didn't appear in the film.

-- Hank Luttrell

THE SOFT MACHINE The Soft Machine (Command/Probe)

The great folk-rock thing has come and gone, for the most part, leaving in its wake numerous other musical integrations and amalgamations. The field has seen the resurgence of blues, raga rock, acid rock, and many other variations which are too numerous to mention or haven't been around long enough to have a label applied to them. Some of the combinations have been successful, some haven't: The Soft Machine, by doing an excellent job of alloying jazz and rock is one of the successes.

One of the interesting things about this album is the lack of emphasis upon the meaning of the lyrics and the emphasis on the sound of the lyrics. The three members of the group use their voices more like musical instruments than methods of verbal communication, although "Why Are We Sleeping?" and "So Boot if At All" are notable exceptions to that. The content of the lyrics in those two songs are more a point of interest than in other numbers. This lack of emphasis is a change from many current rock musicians, to whom what is said is almost more important than how it sounds. So here the sense of the lyrics, instead of being an active chemical in the musical reaction, are simply a catalyst in all cases except the two already mentioned. I found myself getting more involved with the way the vocals mixed with the instruments



than with the meaning of the words. This in no way detracts, however, and helps make The Soft Machine a pleasantly unique group.

I got the feeling when listening to this that much of it was on the spot studio improvisation. It would be quite difficult for many musicians to remember all the complicated changes gone through in each number. Excellent use is made here of Michael Ratledge's organ talent; this is another trait which gives The Soft Machine a distinctive sound, a personality. And although much of their music is atonal, it is complicated, intensely structured, and always good to listen to. The listener is taken down a lot of funny musical sidestreets, to some strange but interesting places.

Detailed descriptions have been purposely left out; the main focus of this album is the beauty of the instrumental (plus vocal) passages, and I fear that any microscopic examination of those would lose quite a lot in translation. The best way to appreciate this record is to hear it, obviously; rock fans wouldn't be disappointed in it and I suspect that jazz fans wouldn't be, either. It's certainly worth an appropriation from your musical budget.

-- Mike Montogemery

#### LED ZEPPELIN Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)

With the same suddenness and intensity of force that characterized the explosion of the Hindenburg in 1937 (an event pictured on the front cover of this album), Led Zeppelin has emerged as a dynamic force in the world of rock. The degree of musical proficiency, originality, and variety of material in Led Zeppelin's first album seem to indicate that this group has an extremely bright future. Led Zeppelin is only one small step below some of the most fantastic first releases of this decade. (Fresh Cream, Doors, Are You Experienced?)

One of the factors that places Led Zeppelin above the plethora of rock groups that have recently been formed is the great skill as a guitarist demonstrated by Jimmy Page. Moody and forceful are the strains which emanate from his sacred guitar. Actually Page has been around the world of British blues for quite a while. He has played with Clapton and the Yardbirds and other musicians of that stature. Page constitutes the pulsating nucleus which gives Led Zeppelin such appeal to rock and blues fiends.

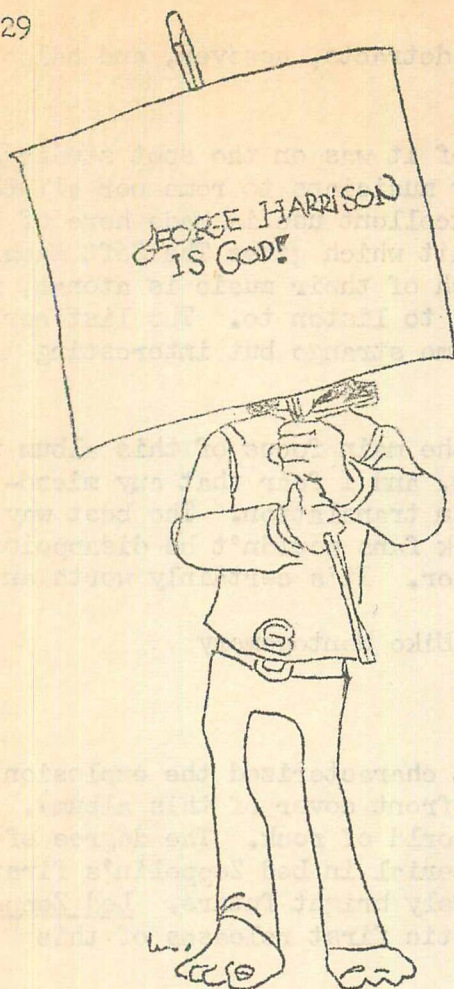
The vocals of Robert Plant are worth taking a look at. While the quality of the lyrics is not particularly above average the sound content of them is. A strong moaning drone which varies in intensity permeates the cuts on this album. Plant tends to use his voice more as a musical instrument than as a vehicle for communication.

This album is steeped in blues. Two of the tightest and most powerful cuts on this album are "Good Times Bad Times" and "Communication Breakdown." They are infinitely enhanced by Page's sensual and driving riffs which complement the softly pleasing screeching of Plant. Both of these cuts have been widely exposed on that hallowed medium of top forty radio.

Two rather haunting ethereal compositions by Led Zeppelin in this album are "Dazed and Confused" and "How Many More Times." Their ability to carry off relatively extended numbers with several changes in mood is fantastic.

Their background in traditional blues is shown by the inclusion of two Willie Dixon





numbers "You Shook Me" and "I Can't Quit You Baby." Though they do adequate interpretations of his compositions their original material is much better.

As is the fad now Led Zeppelin has included a semi-Indian number "Black Mountain Side" which features Viram Jasani on the tablas. Though it is not a particularly earthshaking composition it does show that Led Zeppelin is trying to work in a framework outside the immediate realm of blues.

Led Zeppelin has mixed the emotional melancholic sound of the blues with the driving sensual beat of rock in order to form a really refreshing uniquely original sound.

-- Mike Novak

#### WONDERWALL MUSIC George Harrison (Apple)

I suppose it is better not to write a review of a soundtrack unless one has seen the movie it was written for, but I think I will anyway. I doubt that Wonderwall will soon reach Columbia, Missouri.

The cover of the album seems to be an attempt to explain it. It depicts a staid gentleman, and a scene of bathing ladies reminiscent of erotic Indian art separated by a wall which is missing one brick. The album itself is a mixture of Eastern and Western music. The Eastern music is the real thing, not the rock adaptation with a large variety of exotic instruments.

I really do not feel competent to say much about this part of the album. I enjoyed the music. It seemed to be different from ragas, the pieces were much shorter and did not seem to be excerpts. The instruments were more varied than I have heard before, and there were many strange and beautiful sounds in the music, such as instruments which sounded like an eastern tuned harpsicord, and other striking sounds. I enjoyed this music for these sounds and because I thought it was good music. If Harrison actually wrote these pieces, he has certainly become incredibly acquainted with the art form in the past years.

The Western music also features a great variety of instruments, from guitar to flugel horn and is itself incredibly varied. In the course of the album I heard such music forms as honky-tonk, chamber music, progressive rock, electronic music, hollywood western, and hollywood movie soundtrack. Each form was interestingly done, and it is intriguing to wonder what kind of movie would require so many different types of music. Wonderwall is enjoyable as a selection of all sorts of interesting music, and an indication of George Harrison's talent.

-- Lesleigh Couch

#### NASHVILLE SKYLINE Bob Dylan (Columbia)

Bob Dylan's "gone to the country" and this album features Dylan with a group of very good Nashville sidemen, and even Johnny Cash on "Girl From The North County," (perhaps starting a relationship similar to the Dylan/Paul thing.) Anyway, they perform well together.



The most remarkable thing about this album, besides the return to country which was foreshadowed in parts of John Wesley Harding, is the change in Dylan's voice. It is deeper, more "normal," perhaps Dylan has finally proven that he "can sing just as good as Gursu (he) can hit all the notes." It is even difficult to tell that it is Dylan. Actually, I sort of miss his unique way of singing and I wonder how on earth it is possible for someone to change their voice so much. I wonder why he did it. His former voice would seem to me to be more like regular country performers, but perhaps that is just the reason. Dylan has never sounded like any other performer.

As I have said, this album is country. The background music is very good country, though on some cuts the music is not straight country, but includes piano and other instruments which deepen the sound. The songs themselves are much better written than most typical country songs, though they are concerned with simple subjects and use similar language.

One of the most interesting cuts on the album is the Cash-Dylan version of "Girl from North Country." Actually their voices do not blend terribly well, but it gives one something to compare Dylan's new voice with, and the dual interpretation is interesting.

The only pure instrumental is "Nashville Skyline Rag" a very enjoyable cut. I have always rather enjoyed country instrumentals which lacked the irritating voices and lyrics, yet displayed the good music which is part of C&W.

When I first heard rumors that Dylan was doing a country album, I expected it to be something like "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" on John Wesley Harding. It is not like that. His voice is different, of course. But the songs themselves are different, more serious, perhaps. The voice change may have something to do with this, but it might also be the result of a more serious attitude toward the music.

Most of the songs are love songs, as are a good many C&W songs. The writing is better than most other C&W, and certainly different from all the rest of Dylan. There is no topical comments, no abstract passages; instead the lines were clear and relatively simple (for Dylan).

This album will probably take some getting used to for most Dylan fans. It is certainly different from anything he has done before. Even when he changed from folk to rock we still had the same unique voice to help bridge the gap. However, this album does prove that Dylan is good in whatever type of music he attempts. Perhaps he will do more in the Nashville scene. Perhaps he can even bring about a C&W revolution similar to the ones he affected in folk and rock. It will be interesting to see what his next album is like. However, I can secretly hope that this is not his final resting place.

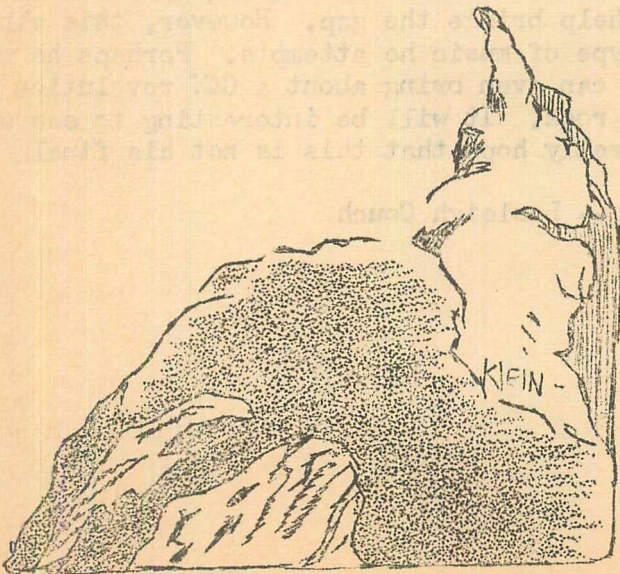
-- Lesleigh Couch



# him sung magnificatly

my yes o yes marying i  
him o so burgeoning by  
like dewsons in leaflight  
joys chalicing in lordlife.  
he javelines his gazing  
on my nilling o amazing;  
i am worlded as being,  
(his awe-all's my meing.)  
sacring his graspheart tolls,  
stretchaged his graspheart rolls  
away, away the godding fear.  
with flex unsparing heart's spear,  
he thronetumbling depotentates  
and unkinging mankindly elevates.  
fallfaminig he empty-fingers;  
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in the portering of the israelminded  
as he fatherpromised the abramkinded—  
forevering, forevering, forevering.

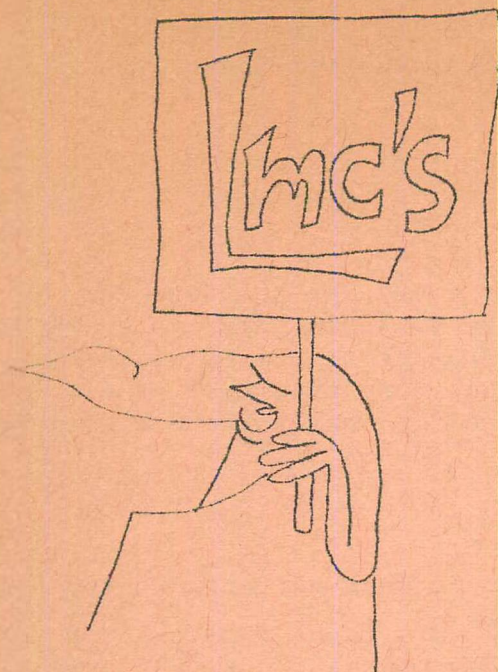
Thomas L. McKeown



# diggings

An archaeologist  
Lost in a cave  
Found a letter  
Written by Jesus.  
Translation  
From the Aramaic  
Took ten weeks.  
The scholarly world  
Waited breathlessly.  
The letter said —  
Unfortunately —  
Nothing new.  
The archaeologist  
Died in obscurity  
Digging assiduously  
In the same cave.





XLV

In case you were wondering, I collate the mailing in the order I get your apazines. The string of 'S' zines was purely co-incidental.

The Stranger #1 A1

The cover was very impressive, as I'm sure everyone will tell you. I had to guess how it was done to put in the XLV. Please tell me if I was wrong. I always figure if something looks very good and I can't tell what process is used I call it offset and the person involved will most likely be pleased if it was really mimeo or something.

Your discussion of APA-45 was quite interesting. Good apas are made of enthusiasm (though perhaps the most enthusiastic people in FEPA are the 68 or so waitlisters), and I think we do have a lot of enthusiasm in the apa. I really don't quite understand it. When I first got in, the apa was in very bad shape and several people, including OE Kusske were almost ready to give up on it. But when a few new members got in, people seemed to get more interested in the apa. People started joining and even re-joining, and now we're in incredible shape. I think one factor that can't be overlooked is the fact that so many members have had personal contact with each other. I consider a number of people in APA-45 to be among my best friends.

I think Ray Fisher has upset the offset movement a little by switching to (faultless) mimeo. However, I don't think Odd was terribly de-personalized before, at least Ray's press had a definite personality - it was incredibly obstinate. Seriously, I don't quite understand your objections to offset, even though I personally prefer mimeo.

Saradaukar Bob

After seeing you, I really don't think you have to worry about being drafted. Surely you're underweight. They do have some minimum standards which they can't wave, no matter how much 'Uncle Sam wants you.'

I don't think the cigarette companies would mind if marijuana were legalized. Cigarette sales are starting to go down, so they just might need a new line. Some companies have even copyrighted names like Acupolco Gold and Head for future use.

Sandworm #6 Bob

I think that the Ace Specials are about the best thing to come along in quite a while. Every one that I've read has been a very worthwhile and enjoyable book. And I think a number of them are at least worth considering for a Hugo. I liked The Revolving Boy more than you did. Perhaps the premise of the story was a bit unbelievable (even to a developed sense of wonder) but I thought the



book was very enjoyable and well done. Certainly, there were some inconsistencies, but I thought the boy's behavior followed well, and the ending was very well done.

Jeff Jones can't draw hands? I've been told that it was feet he couldn't draw (a much more easily corrected fault - it's quite easy to draw people so that you can't see their feet).

Regarding Harry Warners letter, practically every apa has some sort of unifying membership requirement, if only a desire to be in that apa. Besides APA-45, SFPA has a notable membership requirement and it is at times quite successful! Our's tends to unify the membership more than what is found in other apas, and it certainly encourages young fans (generally the most enthusiastic kind) to join.

Sanctum #11 Steve

Re Ted Tom's column: I don't think you should snub Butterfield for not being real Chicago blues. Butterfield learned his blues from all the people you mention, but he certainly interprets them himself. And Butterfield is not solely a blues band. I think the best thing they've ever done is East/West (the cut, not the album) which is not blues, but a reflection of lead guitarist Mike Bloomfield's interest in the Eastern thing. Besides Butterfield is white, which makes it impossible for him to be a black performer as are all real Chicago bluesmen.

I do read fanzine review columns wherever I find them (that is, if they are more than just listings). However, I thought your little discussion of fanzines was well done and the kind of thing I'd like to see other people try.

This is a rather strange type of zine, a sort of personality genzine. You call it a letter substitute, but it is much better than other similarly categorized zines I have seen.

Radiophone #5 Steve

Hank and I have also been trying to persuade Ken to try and sell his stuff. Maybe if everybody in the apa helps us someday we'll see our own Ken Fletcher in professional comic work.

I suppose one does feel a little out of place at their first worldcon. Actually Baycon (my third such strip) was the first time that I felt really in. But once you know some people, preferably people who give parties, you are in good shape.

I'm not a sociology major any more. As a matter of fact, I'm a history major right now, though I'm considering switching to anthropology. I did do a paper for my sociology class last semester on MoSFA, the sf club here. As for your question, none of the St. Louis APA-45ers or even waitlisters smoke a pipe, or cigarettes.

I am Grude as you are Mike as we are all in APA-45

Your life history of Dan Chapman reminds me of Zap. Annie Katz's sole entry in to APA-45. Only yours was punnier.



It is rather difficult to comment on Grude because most everything you say in it is either funny or esoteric. Well, I love Grude a lot, too.

Tally Ho #3 Larry

God, you and Jim Young sound just like we did last year, or even more enthusiastic, if that is possible. Bidding is a lot of fun, and a lot of work, and I hope all the people in APA-45 currently engaged in it have as much fun as we did. I don't quite understand where all these enthusiastic, non-establishment midwest bidders are coming from. Did we start this? Anyway, have fun guys. And I hope you make lots of friends without making any enemies in your bid.

Actually, my mother wrote "Sybil Ann Fann", which is supposedly going to be made into a musical for the Phlange by the Pittsburgh people.

Back mailings are selling right now, but it is possible that soon they won't be. Those things are very changeable. Of course, as long as we have a waitlist, we can sell extra mailings. Waitlisters are easily intimidated into buying them. Actually, I'm not sure that I would want a bunch of non-apa people buying the mailings. Some people do now, but they are all friends of apa members. I just think that a lot of times people write comments for the other apa members which outsiders wouldn't understand and would perhaps take the wrong way.

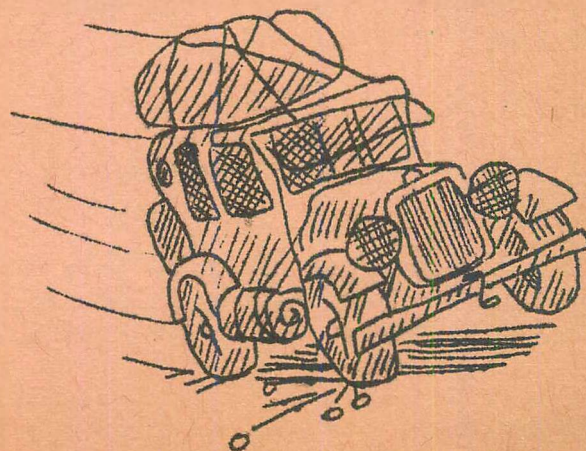
Genuine Victorian Wicker Duncle Leigh

I hope you do "get to like Dylan". He really is a fantastic and versatile artist. A lot of people never get past the 'hurdle' of his voice, but even that is fascinating if you listen to it the right way. And he is an incredibly good songwriter, even better than Paul Simon.

Dick and Jane are the characters in the first reader of every school in America, I think. At least that's the way it used to be. 'Dumb-old-Dick-and-Jane', as they are fondly called.

In order for there to be an Age of Romanticism, it would have to have popular support - in other words, be commercially successful. I doubt that such a thing is possible in this most cynical of all possible worlds. And I don't actually think 'hippy' beliefs are characteristic of Romanticism. They are connected with, oh, getting out of one's limited perspective and seeing the world differently, believing in the supernatural powers with which one can commune and which one can use to guide their life, but which do not demand anything in return, living for now, and other similar things.

US education system (you will probably get this from everybody else too); Grades 1-8, grade school, (in some places grade 7-9 are lumped into one building and called junior high), grades 9-12, high school, and then college,



KEN FLETCH '68



Ah-ha everyone is telling Ken to turn pro. Come on Ken, we're all rootin' for you.

I hope you continue to publish this so we can get to know you. (Allright, so I won't give my lecture on personality zines).

Dimension #10 Jim

I read one Shaver novel, Slaves of the Worm or somesuch. I thought it was rather incredible that it appeared in the late 40's, since it featured almost undisguised sex and perversions thereof (lesbianism, sadism, which were perverted because of their horribly unnatural characteristics.)

I used to misplace postmailings all the time, until I became OE. Now I'm sure that postmailings are postmailings because I get extra copies and I immediately stick them in my mailing so I won't forget to list them in the next XLV. But I understand your complaint.

Actually, I dislike being called Les.

You certainly do take your writing seriously, in the good sense of the word. You seem to be trying to discover exactly how to write, which is very good. I think that unless you are a natural born genius, there are only two approaches to commercial writing; either learn the basics of writing very well to begin with, or else learn to read the markets very well. Probably the most successful writers do both, and certainly everyone who writes must consider both, but I think if you go at it enough from either approach you will eventually succeed.

Piers Anthony did send us a postcard and asked us to stop sending him Quark, though I did send him the last one because of my 'review' of The Ring in it. I think he actually is a nice person, and he certainly is a fine writer. He wrote me a very nice letter when I wrote to tell him how much I enjoyed Omnivore.

On APA-45 ages; Hank is 20, I'm 17, Chris is 16 (those ages will all change this summer), and Jim Reuss is 16 or 17; but the ages of everyone in the apa would probably average out to about 20. I think most of the waitlisters are fairly young though. How about everybody telling us their age so we can average them?

Dorie #13 Nate

I thought Omnivore was a very good book, but I'll talk about it in my gnatterings.

You have started an 'APA-45ers I have met contest' again. All right, I've met 16 members and 5 waitlisters. I'm afraid I won't match Lon Atkins who has met everyone in SFRA. Peter and Leigh are just too far away.

I don't particularly like soul music, perhaps partly because it gets so much radio play, and it is incredibly popular in St. Louis among the high school people. Any Supremes song, for example, is guaranteed to be played every hour for 3 weeks till one gets absolutely sick of it. I'd have to like a song very,







militants is that they have called student strikes, and in some cases tried to use their physical presence to prevent others from breaking it (known as picketing in the vernacular), they have occupied buildings, thus trouncing on the 'sacred American right' of property, and they have indulged in some vandalism. This behavior is certainly not without parallel in our history. These are the selfsame tactics used by unions in their first attempts to gain workers' rights. They

obviously worked. And sit-ins, et al. have been adopted from the civil rights movement, where these tactics too succeeded.



One factor to be considered is the peculiar place of the student in our society. A person of college age that is not a student is considered to be an adult, is treated as such by the society in all respects (except voting and drinking), enjoys all the rights of a US citizen. But a student is not treated as an adult. They are subject to unnecessary and oppressive restrictions on their private life, such as hours in dorms, or the right of the school to expel student for "conduct unbecoming a student" no matter what the conduct is (the school reserves the right to pass judgement on what is 'unbecoming' in each individual case) or where it is performed. On the other hand, students aren't expected to act like adults; party raids, cruel fraternity initiations, dangerous fads and stunts are all tolerated, as long as such actions remain non-political. But let a student direct any action toward gaining recognition of his rights, the rights any other citizen has, and the administration will immediately pounce on him. It is only when students exhibit their power that they gain anything. This power may be effective when displayed as a simple preference poll or petition, but these are too often ignored by the Administrations, necessitating more drastic action. And this action is very often effective.

There are some people in this world who believe in violence for violence's sake, though I suspect there are as many of these in the military-industrial Establishment as in the ranks of students and blacks. However, most participants in 'violent' actions do so because they are frustrated with what they have experienced, and because they believe it is the only way to bring about change. The way to confront these people is with proof that 'legal' means are as effective as violence.

I think the increase of leftist fans is to be expected as leftists increase among the dissatisfied young people in the country. You are a bit of a rarity, I suspect. I sometimes wonder if you were so conservative before you were in the army.

I don't know anything about radicalism among sociologists. Here, the most radical department is History (including professors), I read in a sociological essay that students in the humanities tend to be more radical because their place is less assured than that of, say an engineer, and hence they place less value on the status quo. But architecture can hardly be construed as a humanity. However, it is becoming to be considered an art by many people, and I'm sure the same ideas would apply to artists.



Microtwitch #4 Ken

I always enjoy the Monthly Funnies, but I also enjoy your writing. I hope to see more of it in the future (and writing gets more comments).

Alegria #2 Tracie

Universities consistently pay below minimum wage, I think, being cleverly exempted from such bothersome laws; they don't engage in interstate commerce, or somesuch thing. Anyway, students are niggers, and you don't have to pay niggers a decent wage.

Chrome #1 Chris and Jim

How evil to inflict a fanzine on unsuspecting students at SLUH. You might be addicting them. Really, it's the most enjoyable thing I've seen out of a school group.

Id #3 Jim

Id is improving all the time. I wouldn't pay any attention to those people who say St. Louis fanzines are all alike. They may all be good, but they're all very different.

Your repro was very good this time, and I really enjoyed the silkscreened pages. Maybe we should acquire a silkscreen, but I think Chris and Hank actually prefer seeing what they can do with mimeo color.

The best items in the zine were the columns. I enjoyed Shumacher's the most, I think, possibly because it was the longest. There are basically only two ways you can look at the scene anywhere; either 'God's in the heaven and all is right in the world' as far as 'I'm' concerned and 'I' really don't care about anybody else, or people are in a bad way; they're starving while others spend their lives going on and off diets; they're killing and being killed; they're being persecuted and are persecuting others; and the world is generally a bad place for everybody, including me, right now. I think a lot of people just don't see the things that are wrong with the world, and if they are made to notice them, then they're likely to think that the cure for them is to get rid of the people who brought them to their notice.

I still don't think it's fair that you got so good so fast. It all comes from good example, I'm sure. I certainly wouldn't want to compare Quark 3 or Starling 3 with this issue of Id. New fans now are just too precocious (but I suppose we could have been accused of the same thing, because we didn't start out on hecto).

Abdiel #16 Hank

Yes, well I never have anything to comment on because I've already discussed any important stuff in here with you, but so long ago that I forgot what I said.

DPT #3 Jim

Perhaps drugs will disappear with a spaceward expansion, but I doubt it. Drugs have been used for ages in many cultures by 'medicine men' and artists (which



everyone thinks he is in our culture). It is quite possible that there will be more concentration on turning outward than there is now, setting the crowd-followers off in another direction, but there will still be drug users.

I would like to see everybody do something special for the 20th mailing. I still think a "Best of APA-45" should be done at a later date, but yours is a good idea. How about it gang? Do something special for the next mailing.

I've been told that the peace sign was originated by the 'Ban the Bomb' people, and it is really two cleverly disguised B's.

Love #7 Fred

I have often thought that a Communist 'takeover' of the world would probably be the shortest way to develop world government, but now I rather doubt it. Look how much quarrelling the Communists do among themselves. I really doubt that we'll get world government until we either colonize other worlds, to give us some sense of perspective, or at least the feeling that 'we have more in common with each other than we do with them(off-worlders)' or 'Earth for Earth-men'.

Leopard Lime is beautiful.

Transplant Gray

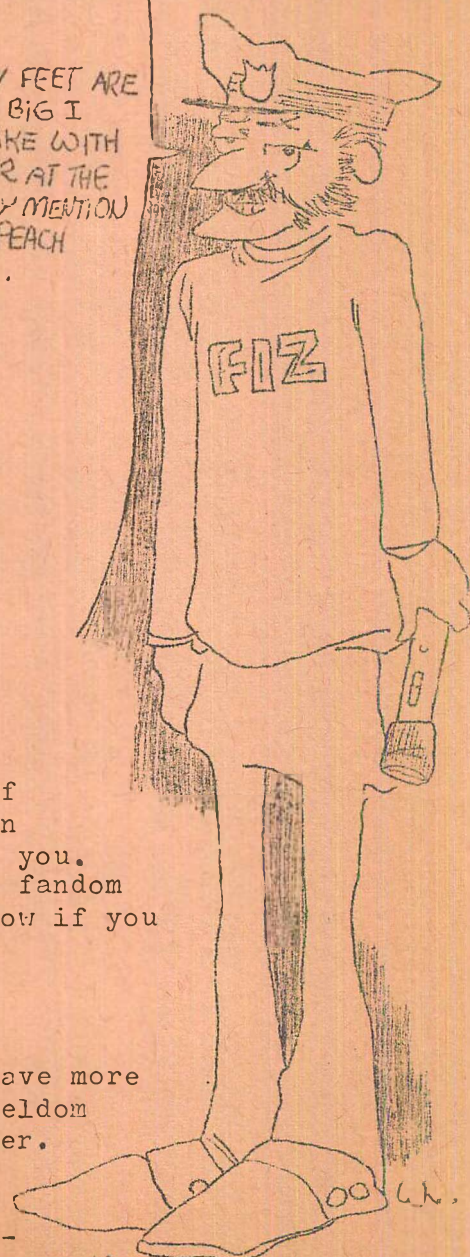
I would like to see more stuff like this in APA-45 from the overseas members', telling us the interesting events in their lives (which will likely be doubly interesting to 'foreigners') and about their local branches of fandom.

I'm glad you reacted the way you did to Ted White's criticisms. He probably would be happy to hear that. I really think what Ted, and a number of US fans, are upset about, is a seeming decline of fandom in Britain, with a number of old fans leaving and the new fans which replace them seem not to know 'what has gone before'. In a recent fanzine, Ethel Lindsay said she felt terribly out of place and even snubbed at Bristolcon by the young fen and this is an impression many American fans have of you. I think that your idea to bridge the gap in British fandom is admirable, and someone should do it. I don't know if you can succeed at it, but I certainly hope you try.

Lostwithiel Checkpoint Peter

This looks like a good idea. I hope future issues have more and better reviews though. In-depth reviewing is seldom done in fandom. However, your review could be better. For example, a good many of the reviews sounded almost snide (perhaps the wrong word, at least unfriendly), until the very end where the reviewer decided maybe the zine wasn't so bad after all and perhaps the reader should get it after all.

MY FEET ARE  
SO BIG I  
QUAKE WITH  
FEAR AT THE  
VERY MENTION  
OF PEACH  
PIE.









With Rex Rotaried mimeo-tint inside. And the New York fanzines today look alike. The same thing applies to St. Louis. 'It's nothing to worry about. //St. Louis fanzines do look a good bit alike, but Id, since the first issue, has changed from a lay-out like Hank's to a more simple and clean-looking geometric layout. Jim is trying to achieve his own distinctive look, and I feel he is making more progress than he was given credit for. CC//

Harry Warner      Hank Luttrell's Through Hard Rock With Gun & Camera should  
423 Summit Ave.      prove interesting to me over and beyond the information that  
Hagerstown, Md.      I gained from reading it this first time. Like Bob Silver-  
21740      berg, I am intrigued by some of these groups, and have just  
                 discovered that the local library has a fair assortment of  
lp's by the Jefferson Airplane, Beatles, and various friends. I don't think  
I'll take out the Beatles' albums, because I can't get enthusiastic about  
them. But I do plan to make a real effort to solidify and analyze my likes  
and dislikes in the field by borrowing some other records, putting them on  
tape for protection in case I get busy all of a sudden, and then perhaps I shall  
become the only person my age in Hagerstown who can speak specifically about  
this and that aspect of this music. Meanwhile, until I get around to that  
procedure, I must remain more or less silent about the music material in  
Quark. //I think you'll find rock worth your time. If you want to look for  
some more guidance and background on rock, there are a number of paperbacks  
of varying quality around. Any one with a fair amount of text might be help-  
ful. CC//

Non Sequitur might have been written about many things other than two kinds  
of demonstrations on campus. Right here in Hagerstown, for example, we have  
a monster hallowe'en parade each year, reputedly the biggest in the East on  
that holiday. Inevitably a few people get picked up before the night is over  
for too much drinking or disorderly conduct, for any big parade causes some  
spectators to overdo a trifle. Nobody even bothers to count the total number  
of police cases associated somehow with the parade. But a few rocks were  
thrown when Wallace spoke in Hagerstown and some television sets got busted  
at the state reformatory one afternoon when some inmates got even with a  
couple of hated guards, and in each case the episodes became tremendous news  
events, subjects for public discussion for weeks to follow. I think that the  
key might be predictability. The public and police will put up with almost  
anything if they've had experience with exactly the same sort of misbehavior  
under similar circumstances. But the comparatively new kinds of unusual  
behavior by crowds or organized groups worry the police and frighten the public  
because those groups don't know how far the trouble is going to go or where  
it might lead. Just imagine that the law of averages broke down temporarily  
and a million people crowded their way into Times Square just before midnight  
some June 7 or September 13. God only knows what would happen because of  
panic among the law enforcement authorities, who don't even work up a head-  
ache over the very same masses in the same place on December 31. //Predicta-  
bility is part of it, but if the police don't like your politics, they tend  
to 'overreact'.//

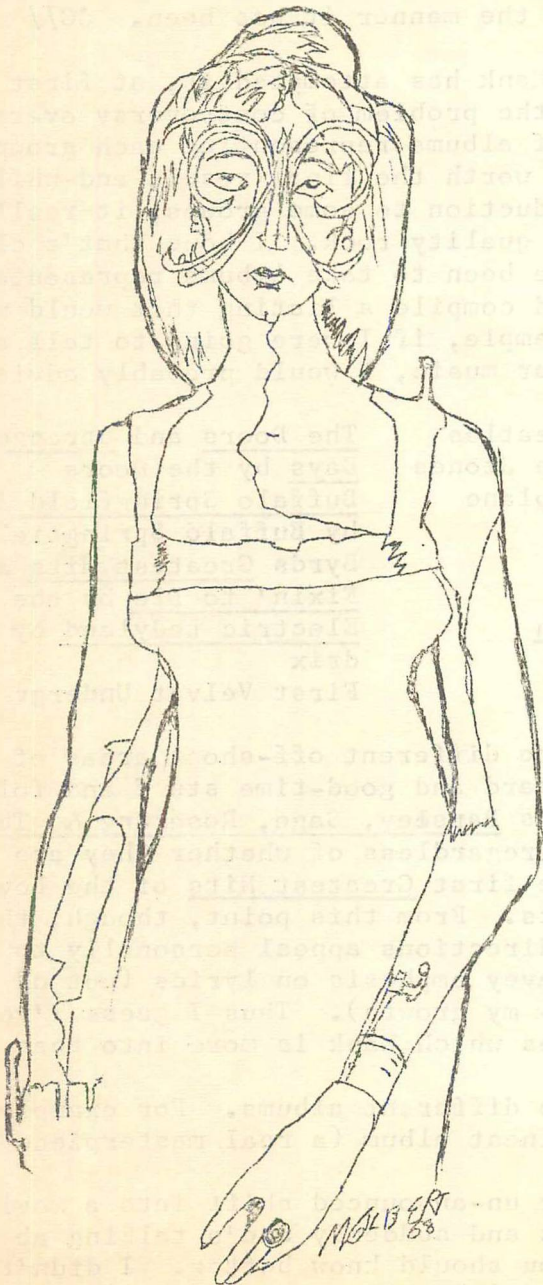
Jim Reuss' column should get reprinted a few years from now in some mass cir-  
culation fanzine. It will probably seem then as the perfect example of the  
spirit when St. Louis fandom was in its finest flower, besides being an excel-  
lent and funny article in its own right. It's strange about silkscreen in  
fandom. Very few fanzines have used it in the past couple of decades, and  
yet it was creating fanzine covers in the long-ago era before fand had even  
done much experimenting with multi-color mimeograph artwork. New York fans,  
were working with silkscreens when I got into fandom, at the end of the 1930's.  
They apparently had two different techniques, because the Futurians' silkscreener



covers on The Phantagraph and various 42 other fanzines didn't look like the silkscreen art that appeared on New Fandom's fanzine and a few other items published by the Moskowitz-Taurasi-Sykora group. My ignorance about the mechanics of fan art is such that I'm not even sure if the Jack Wiedenbeck technique was silkscreen. He created magnificent covers for Battle Creek fanzines in the 1940's by means of an airbrush, various colored sprays, and stencils.

It takes me a long time to remove from my immediate attention the fact that I'm talking with A Girl or A Woman. My old-fashionedness in this regard seems to come from a variety of causes. My small town upbringing, where walking one block in broad daylight with a female can cause a man to become the subject of gossip. Millions of encounters in my life with the women-are-property attitude prevalent in the bulk of the population, making me aware that I could cause the female or her husband or her boy friend to suspect that I had larcenous intent behind innocuous conversation. Knowledge that a lot of females are more apt to be shocked at plain language or mention of certain topics which would be quite harmless if I were talking with a man. Trying to remember that there are genuine basic differences between man and woman in areas of interests and sympathies, causing me to try to talk in a way that won't bore the female. Various other matters. Females in fandom are sensible and liberated enough to make these problems trivial or non-existent, but during the first few hours in the company of fans, I'm still quite conscious of the fact that the shes are female, even though I'm deliberately trying not to remember that they don't need the special treatment women require in my home town.

Of course, I know nothing about APA-45 as a general entity, just a few limited manifestations of it in the APA-45 fanzines that reach me. But I'm glad to see that nobody seems to want to make it an extremely large organization. The era of the large apa seems to have definitely ended, with the serious decline in quality of FAPA, the catatonic condition of OMPA, and the corresponding success of your group and other limited ones like CAPA and Apa L. SAPS seems to be the only large ajay group that





13  
has come through this time of troubles in good condition.

I have the strangest suspicion that legalized hunting is the only thing that prevents lots and lots of men from running amok. It's wrong to generalize, of course, But I know a lot of men who yell and stamp their feet and turn red in the face when they start talking about communists or mothers-in-law or dirty politicians, and then go out and shoot some squirrels and behave quite normally again for a few months. I can't even force myself to go fishing because I don't like to see anything die at my hands, but I'm not opposed to vivisection when practised for real scientific purposes and maybe I should condone the death of fish and animals on the theory that their lives are less important than the lives that might be lost without this form of release for a lot of trigger-happy conservatives. //Of course I realize that hunting cannot be done away with; it is needed to try to rebalance some of the messes man has made of ecology, and in any case, hunters wouldn't stand for it. But I like to think that a growth of civilization will lead to other ways of releasing tension than killing, and I think an effort should be made to teach children this and not to glorify hunting in the manner it has been. CC//

Robert Schoenfeld I think this thing that Hank has attempted is, at first a  
9516 Minerva Good Thing, but he runs the problem of controversy over  
St. Louis, Mo. some of his selections of albums representing each group.  
63114 The responsibility isn't worth the final result and while  
it can serve as an introduction to some groups, it really  
doesn't get down to the nitty gritty of the quality rock. I hope that's clear,  
but let me say that a better idea would have been to take albums representative  
of different offshoots of the rock idiom and compile a listing that would make  
an excellent beginner's collection. For example, if I were going to tell some-  
one how to start a collection of rock/popular music, I would probably advise  
him to buy things like:

Sgt. Pepper & Magical Mystery Tour by the Beatles  
Buttons, Flowers and Beggar's Banquet by the Stones  
Surrealistic Pillow and Bartenders' by the Airplane  
Disraeli Gears and Wheels of Fire by Cream  
Donovan's Concert and Greatest Hits albums  
Days of Future Passed by the Moody Blues  
United States of America or Switched on Bach  
Mamas & Papas Deliver by Mamas & Papas  
Absolutely Free by the Mothers

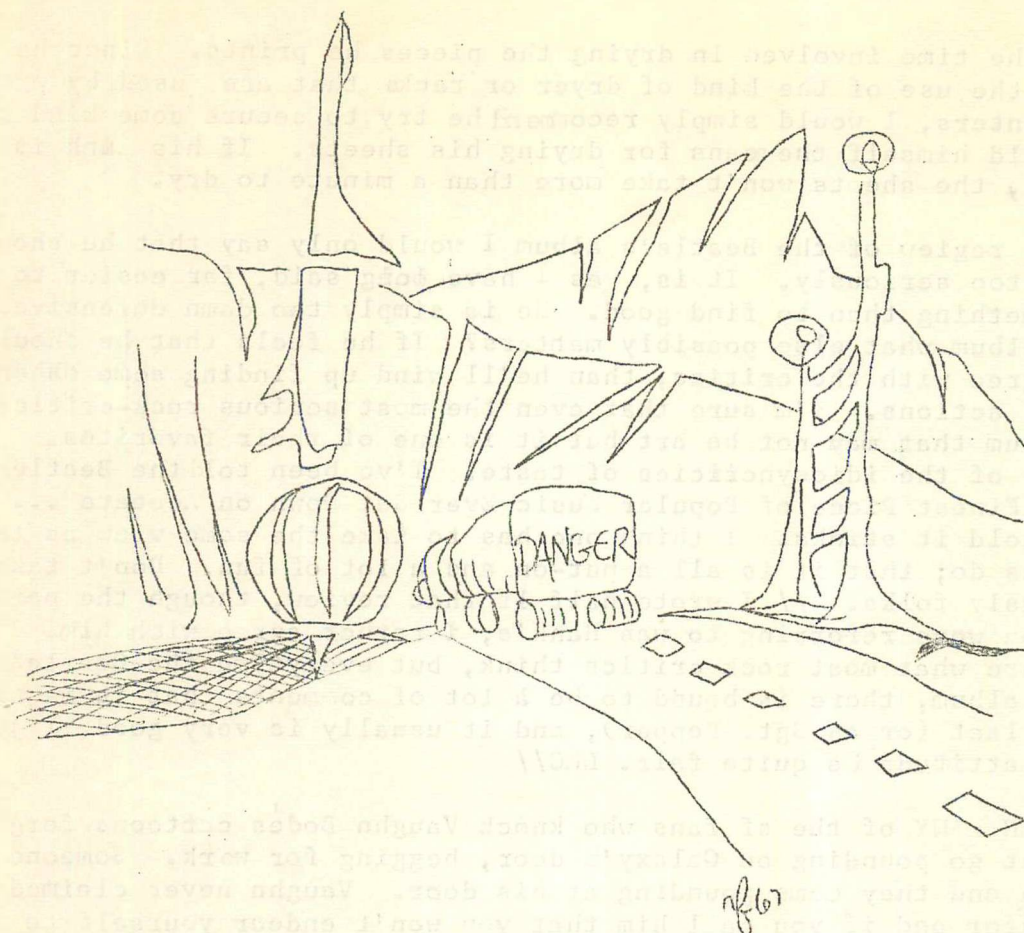
The Doors and Strange  
Days by the Doors  
Buffalo Springfield Again  
by Buffalo Springfield  
Byrds Greatest Hits album  
Fixin' to Die by the Fish  
Electric Ladyland by Hendrix  
First Velvet Underground

That, I would say, represents the best of the different off-shoot areas of the field. You've got acid and just plain hard and good-time stuff and folkish. I would also probably add Simon & Garfunkel's Parsley, Sage, Rosemary & Thyme album, and, of course, Dylan's best albums (regardless of whether they are really honest to gosh rock) and possibly the first Greatest Hits of the Lovin' Spoonful. Also Triangle by the Beau Brummels. From this point, though, the listener would be able to decide just what directions appeal personally to him. As you probably know, I've always placed heavy emphasis on lyrics (out of folk into Simon and Garfunkel and finally rock -- my growth). Thus I guess I've kind of de-emphasized things like heavy blues which Hank is more into than I.

I've also shifted emphasis in some groups to different albums. For example, Buffalo Springfield Again is that group's finest album (a real masterpiece).

A bad aspect of Lesleigh's natterings is her un-announced shift into a movie review. There I was hearing about the Doors and suddenly she's talking about Barbarella. Lesleigh that's a no-no, and you should know better. I didn't enjoy Barbarella a bit. The acting was abominable (what there was of it) and one





tires rather quickly of Jane Fonda's two facial emotions, even if she is sexy as hell. The depth of the "cause" for which Barbarella was supposedly fighting is lost in the mire of absurd encounters. The whole thing was just a little too hookey and the scenery just a little too plastic and unreal.

Yellow Submarine is, on the other hand, perhaps marked by genius; though not that the Beatles who, I suspect, had little really to do with it. The puns came so fast I could barely keep up, and the visual

symbolism just didn't quit. The whole thing attacks the viewers on so many planes that you almost have to see it three times to fully appreciate it. It wouldn't surprise me if there was a follow-up to this film, as well as several imitations.

St. Louis's rock scene is interesting only for its god-awful slowness to accept change and new things. As I said jokingly, but half-truthfully, in a recent ish of Rowrbazzle!, St. Louis just gets beatniks and Time Magazine tells us hippies are all the rage. While it's not all that bad, it seems to hold that we catch the music on the tail-end. As I think I mentioned to Hank, we should have had two concerts, at least, by groups like the Airplane and Doors a long time ago. I think, as I explained just recently in a conversation with KSHE's Jack Davis, that what impresses me most about St. Louis \*now\* is that suddenly groups are appearing here with great frequency. They are not all good groups by any stretch of the imagination, but the volume of groups from out of town is staggering. I suspect that 1968-69 collectively will see the appearance of more groups here than all previous years added together. That is a good sign. It will encourage new groups to put St. Louis on their first tour itinerary whereas Chicago was as close as most ever came before.

I could tell Reuss some interesting things about silk-screen color since that, supposedly, is how I make my spending cash. For example, four-color billboards are printed with exactly the same kind of press that Reuss has except on a larger scale. This surprised me. When I first began working for Silk-Screen Products, I was expecting some huge complex piece of machinery. Instead, you get this hand-fed, hand-operated thing that works like printing presses of old. It's almost amazing that they produce some of the things they do with such seemingly crude methods, yet I have seen some beautiful work done with this.



His problem is the time involved in drying the pieces he prints. Since he obviously hasn't the use of the kind of dryer or racks that are used by professional s-s printers, I would simply recommend he try to secure some kind of heat lamp and build himself the means for drying his sheets. If his ink is properly prepared, the sheets won't take more than a minute to dry.

Concerning Hank's review of the Beatle's album I would only say that he shouldn't take critics too seriously. It is, as I have ~~boing~~ said, far easier to find fault in something than to find good. He is simply too damn defensive. If he likes the album what else possibly matters? If he feels that he should intellectually agree with the critics, than he'll wind up finding some other rationale for his actions. I'm sure that even the most serious rock-critics have that one album that may not be art but it is one of their favorites. It's all a matter of the idiosyncrancies of taste. I've been told the Beatles album is the The Finest Piede of Popular Music Ever Set Down on Acetate ... and I have been told it stinks. I think one has to take the same view as the Beatles themselves do; that it is all a put-on and a lot of fun. Don't take it so damn seriously folks. // I wrote half of that review, though the particular remark you were referring to was Hank's, I rather agree with him. I don't really care what most rock critics think, but everytime the Beatles come out with an album, there is bound to be a lot of comments that it is not as good as their last (or as Sgt. Pepper), and it usually is very good. I just don't think that attitude is quite fair. LMC//

The thing TOO DAMN MANY of the sf fans who knock Vaughn Bode's cartoons forget is that he did not go pounding on Galaxy's door, begging for work. Someone there saw The Man and they came pounding at his door. Vaughn never claimed to be an illustrator and if you call him that you won't endear yourself to him. He is a cartoonist like Ken Fletcher is a cartoonist, and, like Ken, Vaughn's strength lies in his ability to enchant and weave the reader into a new world. Vaughn's work is marked by the same kind of almost child-like innocence that marks the illustrators of children's books and it is a quality I hope he never loses.

Bob Tucker            Reading Quark gives me the dismal feeling that I am incredibly square, and there is no hope for me in this jazzed-up //  
Box: 506                rocked-up?// modern world. I think you're trying to tell me  
Hayworth, Ill.        I'm a member of the Establishment. I recognized no more than  
61745                   half a dozen names among the hundreds and thousands of rock  
and blues artists scattered everywhere in the issue, even though I was first  
on my block to hold my nose at the sight of Elvis Presley. // It is very difficult for fans of the art to keep up with every new performer or group. If  
you don't read Rolling Stone, and go to the record store every week, it is very  
easy to get out of it. But the really good people stay around long enough  
for one to get to know them. LMC//

Further, I work for a Giant University which is as square as I am, if not more so. Their tastes in stage music runs to the Lettermen, Andy Williams, Roger Williams, this or that symphony orchestra, add the like. Now and then they will make a daring experiment and book something like the Electric Circus, but students reaction (or rather lack of any action) sends them scurrying back to the safe side of the street. And the students get all this stuff for free too. The Electric Circus was our most resounding flop: it pulled an audience of about 500, and one or two hundred of them walked out at intermission. At the other extreme, Andy Williams brought in about 7000, and a road version of "Hello Dolly!" did about 9000, so these young leaders of tomorrow are about as square as I am, I guess. //The University of Missouri, where I go,



had an Andy Williams concert this year which drew a huge crowd, too. I heard about it the next day. The kids at first said how nice it had been, and then later admitted that they had gotten bored after a while. One reason the U gets 'square' concerts is that they are generally cheaper than well-known rock groups. And I'd like to see any U group try and have a dance for the students without a rock group. LMC//

Jerry Lapidus    The front cover of Quark 9 looks like an extrapolation from 54 Clearview Dr. a few scenes of Yellow Submarine. True?  
Pittsford, NY  
14534

Hank's thing is quite well done and in general I agree with him. Maybe I can add a few possibilities here and there..

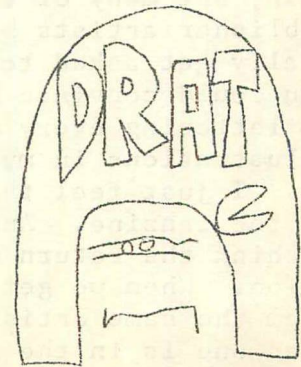
By now you know that Joplin has left the band. In a few concert reviews I've seen (one in the New Yorker, I remember) the new band is discussed as a competent back-up group, one selected to play behind Janis--but to let her do her thing without "interference." //It seems the Holding Company broke up completely after Joplin left. We saw Country Joe and the Fish last night, and their drummer and rhythm guitarist were from Big Brother. Actually, they were better with Joe than they had been with Janis. LMC//

A number of people (notably Al Snider) have raved about the Iron Butterfly's live shows in recent DGLT correspondence. Might be worth seeing live, if nothing else. ?? I saw them here, and while they were a big hit with the St. Louis audience, I wasn't greatly impressed. As a back-up group, they were all right, but they are much more popular here than their talent warrants. CC//

One final note here: Leonard Cohen has a second album out at last, Songs from a Room, Cohen is the author of Suzanne and other on Judy Collins' Album, and once you get used to his voice (sort of culture Dylan), his recordings become quite fascinating.

It seems as if I go through a strange progression when I buy an album, especially one in which I'm not familiar with the group or with most of the material. The first few times I play it, I usually don't like it at all, except perhaps for one or two particular melodies I pick up. I begin to like it about the fourth or fifth playing, and then I'll play it very often, once or twice a day if possible. This goes on for a few weeks, until I know the album very well; then, depending on the particular album, I make an unconscious decision whether I actually LIKE it. If so, I'll continue playing it regularly; if not even though I may enjoy listening to it, that particular record will be played only occasionally. Very strange, no? //No, I go through something very similar. There are only a very few albums I like on first hearing, and none I really appreciate fully. I decide only after hearing an album a great number of times if I really like it, and I am still finding new and surprising things in records I have had for several years. LMC//

I rather agree with you regarding genzine vs. apazine (best work--personal vidv), but I think you're basing your ideas too much on APA-45. This is a rather unusual apa, rather like the Eult, in that everybody has some familiarity with everybody else, and usually knows what the others can and will do. Larger apas, I feel, don't really have this knowledge, and the result





is often a bunch of small genzines. I feel, as I think you do, that this knowledge of the others is one of the advantages an apz gives over genzine publishing. It's something you can usually get only in a small, friendly club, something unusual in a correspondence organization.

Looking through back issues: Arnie Katz in Algol 12 -- "APA-45 is an apa that exists for nothing other than to shield sensitive little minds from objective criticism." Missed the point completely. //You didn't put these two comments together, but I think they are related. It is probably true that since the people in the apa know each other pretty well, they aren't as critical of each other. For one thing, we understand each other better; like I may know why someone in the apa writes the kind of poetry they do, but I don't know why Fan X does. But we do criticize each other. However, I think criticism from friends is often more effective than that from other sources. LMC//

Bode should definitely be nominated for the fan Hugo, but I don't think I'd want him to win. I really feel that the fan artist nod should go to an artist, someone who has demonstrated ability as all different types of illustrations, rather than one who's done ONLY cartoon work -- like Berry, Rostler, or of course Bode. Bode's work this year has been so original and so outstanding that I wouldn't really mind seeing him win, although my personal choice is Mike Gilbert. I'd also like to see Tim Kirk nominated.

If one is familiar with the professional work of a pro (particularly a good one, like Gaughan or Harlan or Ted White), it's almost impossible to forget this completely when it comes to fan awards. //It's almost impossible to forget the work the nominees have done in other years, particularly the one in which the voting is, and just consider the year they are nominated for. Surely you wouldn't want to limit nominees to people who written only as an amateur, only in the year in question? LMC//

You make a comment about art coming out poorly in xerox. This used to be the case, but with the new 3600 and 2400 copiers, this just isn't true (if the person running the machine knows what he's doing). As an example -- dig out your copy of The Legal Rules. All xerox, including the cover (lettering in magic marker, illo in black ink). I doubt whether either ditto or mimeo can reproduce illos this good. If you can afford it (or better, have friends who can do it for nothing) I don't think you can beat xerox for illo reproduction. And with the newer machines, you are not even limited to one side of the paper. //But can you do color in xerox? LMC//

I still think Quark lacks art, although this issue is better than last. I think the problem isn't quite as bad as you imply; true, many artists do publish, but many of these will contribute if you ask. And a lot of the local-publisher artists WILL do work for other people -- it's just that they don't really get asked to do so. With your quality publications, I really feel you could convince more artists to contribute goodies. //I try to put an illo or lettering every other page if it worked out that way. However, I never put illustrations in my con reports, which is perhaps one thing you were objecting to. I just feel that sometimes art can distract the reader, as much as add to the fanzine. And we don't get as much good art as we would like. However, I think the return of cartoonists to fandom is beginning to rectify the situation. When we get cartoons, we are liable to get several, even tens of them from the same artist at the same time, because they are not difficult to do when one is in the right mood. Cartoons are easy to reproduce, generally, and anyway, I like them. LMC//



Buck Coulson

Route 3

Hartford City, Ind.

47348

Comments on Quark 9. (A whole fanzine full of rock music? How can I comment on that. Ah well, there are a few items about things I know something about.)

I wouldn't switch sides if the gun registration were called a "gun tax". For one thing, the name is not the object, and changing the name doesn't change the legislation. For another, I now pay two taxes on my income (state and federal), two on my car (licensing and property), 2¢ on the dollar on everything I buy, plus of course one hell of a lot more than that on some things such as gasoline, and of course, the "hidden" taxes that the manufacturers pay and pass along to their customers. Thank God I have never been a smoker or much of a drinker. And you suggest adding a gun tax. Thanks a lot fella. (How about a gun license, like a drivers license, which would be required to own a gun. Perhaps non-shooting licenses for people who collected them, and shooting licenses, given after passing a test, to hunters, etc.)

I suppose if Dena Benatan feels that letting animals starve to death or be eaten by other animals is more "natural" she has a right to the opinion, but I figure man is as much of an animal, and has as much right to eat meat, as any other predator. At least, a rabbit shot by a hunter is dead before it is eaten; one caught by a fox or an owl isn't always. (Or possibly her attitude toward killing animals is the same as that of the Puritans toward sex; it's all right as long as nobody enjoys it. See why historians don't think humanity has changed much? The same attitudes keep cropping up, over and over.) //I don't think Dena meant quite that. I don't see what pleasure you can get out of taking the life of an animal, which you don't need, while the fox or owl or whatever does -- and if it starves or dies of disease, its body returns to the environment which it doesn't if you eat it -- it goes to pollute some poor river. But you know that as well as I do. Buck, I get the feeling you are just trying to be the grouchy cynic -- unless you're a hunter. CC//

Bob Silverberg  
5020 Goodridge Ave.  
New York, NY  
10471

I'm puzzled. I send you a letter explaining that pros are Just Folks and that this particular pro is still a sort of fan and likes to get fanzines. So you print it, but you confuse my address as though you think it's necessary to preserve my privacy from against the hordes of fans who might otherwise choke my mailbox with their publications. I don't get it. My address isn't Classified Info; how will people send me things if you keep it suppressed? //Sorry about that, but there have been people who published pro's addresses and the pro in question was later sorry. But if you really want to get fanzines ...//

We Also Heard From: Don Blyly, who asks what exactly is necessary to get Quark, and what we consider a show of interest. Well, it is generally a request. Anybody we know is a fan, and whom we don't dislike a great deal, will get one issue on a request with no question. People we have heard of might not get one if we are running low, but they usually do. However, people who address their requests to Mr. Lesleigh Couch seldom get one. I'm afraid our criterion might have to get stricter if hordes of requests come in because of our mention in Amazing. LMC//, Dale DiNucci and Ed Reed.

That's all folks, until next issue, which will probably pass the 60 page limit, as it is to be special, that this issue miraculously fell beneath. Keep those cards and letters coming.

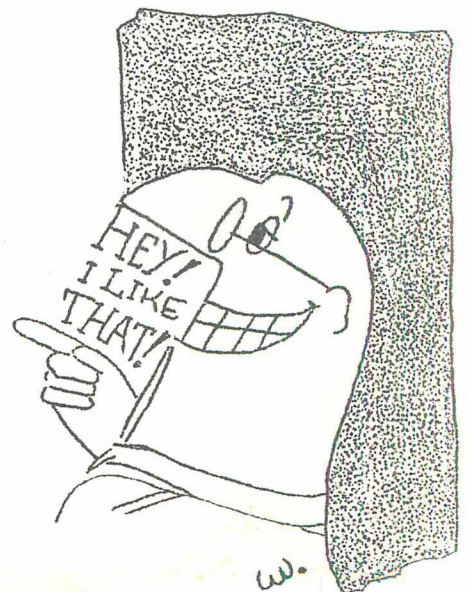


A cartoon illustration of a man in a trench coat and hat, holding a gun. A speech bubble above him says "BUT IT'S REALLY RATHER A DRAG." An arrow points to the gun with the word "GUN" above it.









Quark 10