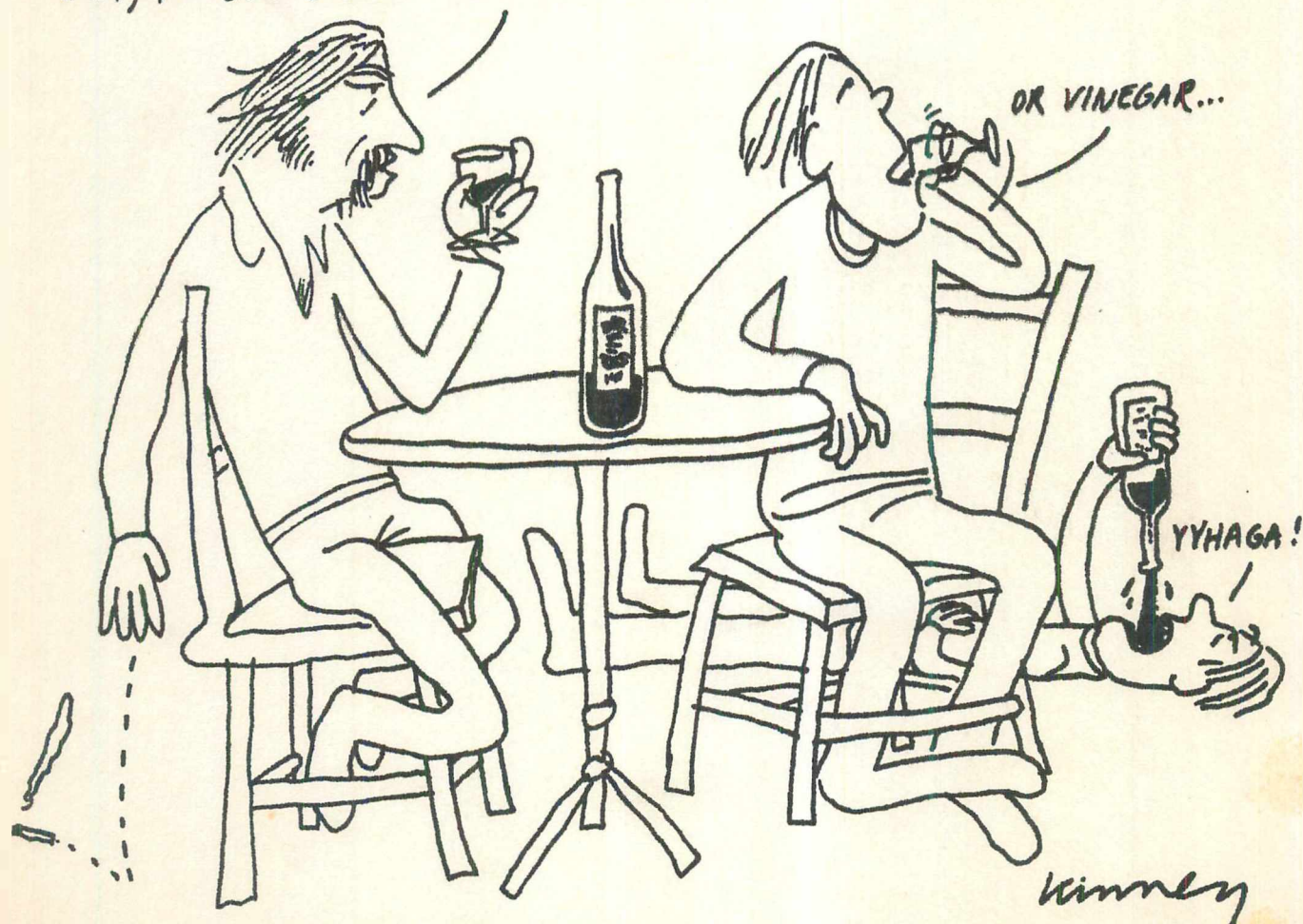


Syndrome

THE WAY I SEE IT - A FANZINE IS
LIKE FERMENTING GRAPES. IT
MAY BE IN THE BARREL A LONG TIME,
BUT WHEN YOU FINALLY BRING IT
OUT, YOU GET SOME FINE WINE!



SYNDROME #4

CONTENTS

Pipe Dreams +++ Frank Lunney +++ page 2
Work is a 4-Letter Word +++ Grant Canfield +++ page 14
Mental Strip Mines +++ Jay Kinney +++ page 23
Dylan +++ Alexei and Cory Panshin +++ page 26
Propinquity +++ the lettercolumn +++ page 32

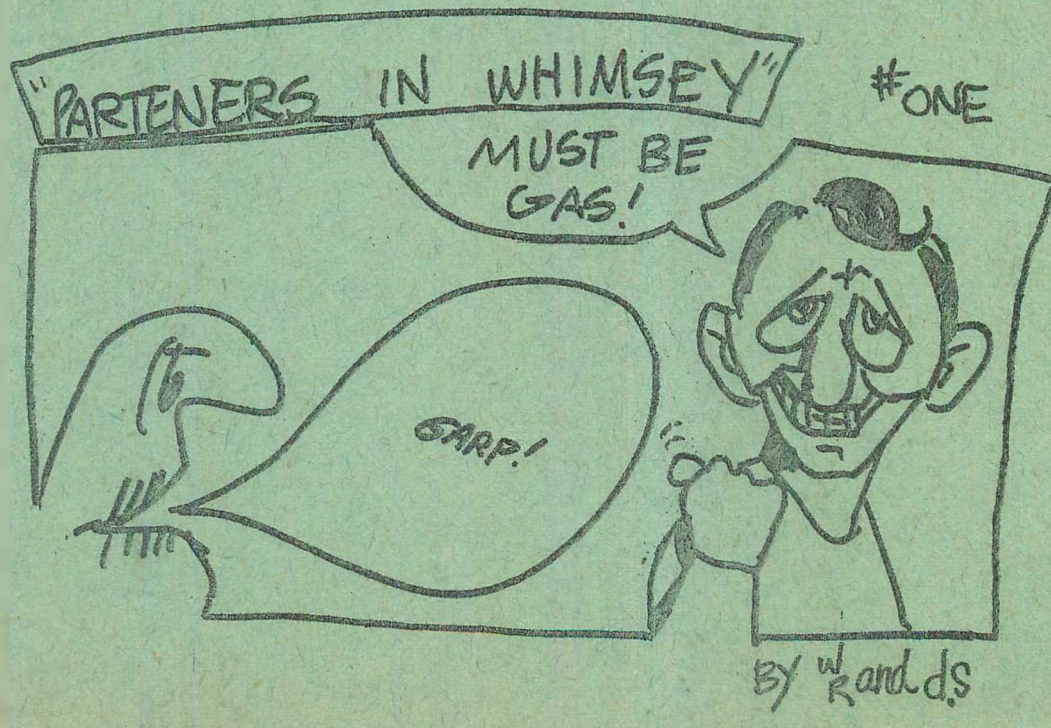
Artwork by

Jay Kinney +++ Cover
Bill Rotsler and Dan Steffan +++ 1
Grant Canfield +++ 2, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22
Bill Rotsler +++ 3, 5, 30, 31, 36, 38
Jay Kinney +++ 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 23, 24, 25, 29, 34, 40
Dan Steffan +++ 26, 28
Ken Fletcher and Jay Kinney +++ 32
Joe Pearson +++ 35
Ken Fletcher +++ 37 and the bacover

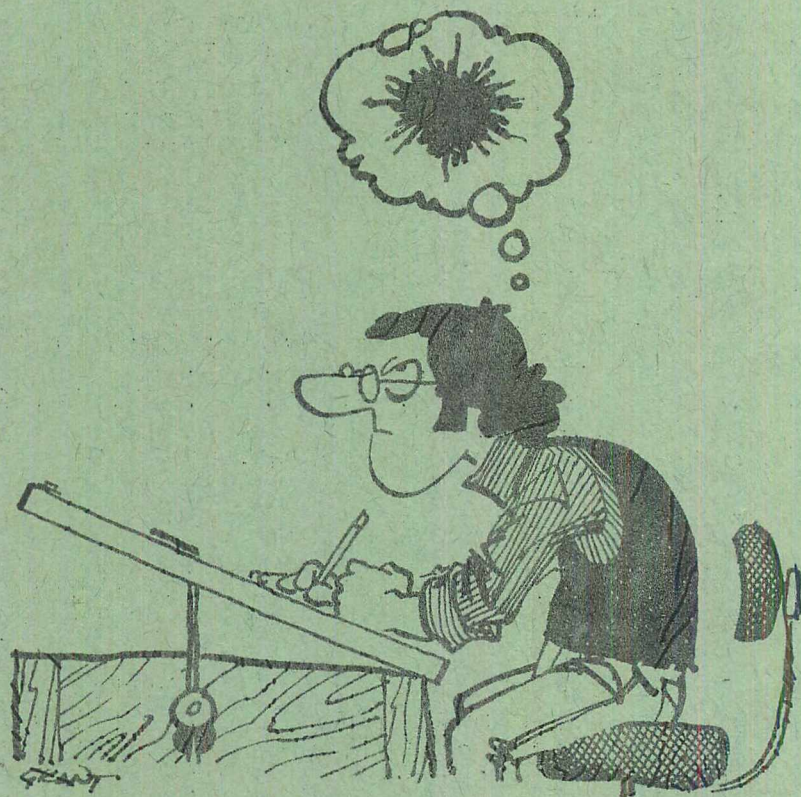
A cover, originally lost, scheduled for this issue, has been found and will appear on the front of the next issue.

SYNDROME is published and edited by Frank Lunney, residing at 421 S. 4th St., Emmaus, Pa. 18049. Copies are available for \$1 per issue or the more worthy methods of locating, trading, or being a Special Person. I'll trade for old issues of Fabulous Fanzines.

SYNDROME is published when I Have Time. I'm really not dead. But I am getting ouled. Each issue I say the same thing, but-- "Next issue should be out in record time." Believe me.



Pipe Dreams



WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE, WHOA HO HO Well, all you SYNDREOM subscribers, I'll bet you never expected to see another issue of this fanzine of perversity. Even those editors who used to trade all-for-all have noticed my infrequent schedule and balanced their publication frequency with mine and decided that not even if I came out with something would I get their fanzine, I think. All except Mike Carlson. I still get JAW-BONE and it seems like on every issue he writes "SYNDROME?" in the space where he checks "trade." Mike, you've really got faith. I don't even know how well my mailing list has held up over the past year and a half. I optimistically typed mailing labels LAST SUMMER, can you believe that? I've studiously examined every piece of mail I received; however, and curiously enough I may have managed to keep up with half the people who don't live in the same place as two years ago.

Despite the delay in publication, there are no apologies, or even apple loggies. This issue should be as timeless as all the others. In other words, it's up to you to ignore all the anachronisms and simply place yourself in the frame of the SYNDROME universe, and I think you'll be able to enjoy the issue regardless of whatever date finally gets put on the page preceding this one, which will be the last to be typed. I intend, at this point, to type the remainder of the editorial out over the next week and publish immediately. I'm now saying "heh heh" to myself, but if I can stay motivated enough I may make this issue my own 23rd birthday present to myself. Ahead of time, though, of course, since my birthday is over a month away.

WAS JOSE SILVA REALLY THE INVENTOR OF THE TEQUILA SUNRISE? This issue's editorial

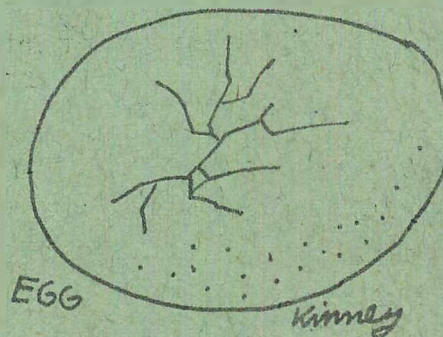
may actually have a topic. That's because starting last night, and continuing for the next five days, I'll be learning to get down to my level via Silva Mind Control, a conditioning process and a teaching of a philosophy which claims it will enable me to have greater control over my mind through training in lowering brain wave frequencies from the beta level, or outer consciousness, down to the alpha, delta and theta levels which collectively make up the inner and unconscious (though the Mind Controllers now claim there's really no such thing as an unconscious, formerly thought to be when the frequency was around 3 or 4 cycles per second. The claim is that by taking the course, an individual will have more control over his mind which in turn leads to claims that the mind will have almost complete control over the physical body. Neatest among these claims in the introductory lecture I attended was the ability to touch a portion of the body and instantly anesthetize it, the ability to stop a wound from bleeding, the ability to even project your consciousness outside the body. But I've been told I dwell too much on the specific claims of the course rather than on the philosophy, which is why the whole concept sounds so far-out to me at this time.

I first read about Mind Control in the magazine NEW TIMES. The author of the article was properly skeptical of the course before he took it at the urging of his parents. As the article went on, however, it was quite plain that this writer had been transformed into--if not a true believer--a graduate of Mind Control able to get to his level and do some amazing "party tricks," indicative of a potential for more serious use should he or anyone else want to get into the philosophy and the practice needed to maintain the abilities granted, which do wear off after a period of time. I was interested.

I showed the article to my friend Nancy, who has taken Transcendental Meditation and probably some other disciplines I don't remember, and she said the basics of Mind Control sounded familiar, but the claims were a little more far out. Eventually I wrote away for additional information and received a schedule of classes in the Philadelphia area, along with a reproduction of a newspaper article headlined "Alpha? Well, it's like chocolate..." There was also a phone number.

A short while later I mentioned the article and my interest in Mind Control to Alex Panshin when he was over one night, and he filed it away in his brain, only to receive, by a strange coincidence, a cassette tape-letter from a friend of his in Oregon. One side of the tape was taken up with this person's brand new experience with Silva Mind Control. Alex called me and asked if I were interested in listening to the tape. I was, and I proceeded to hear the tale of a person intensely skeptical of it all, going because his wife asked him





to come along, repeating all through the tape, "I don't know, Alex, but it works" and having so many tales to tell he keeps wishing he had devoted the whole tape to it rather than just the second side, and he eventually ran out of tape still talking, oblivious of his endtime, yet with many stories more.

I was stupefied. I gave the tape to Nancy, she listened to it, and we signed up for the course being offered from July 22-27. Then we found a friend of ours who had taken the course 3 years ago, and he said he'd come along with us because the powers of Mind Control fade with time, and he had never really stuck with it in the first place, but as long as we were going down he'd come down too for a refresher, a rejuvenation, a recharge of the powers and techniques being taught. Our friend, Brad, said the claims were true, and that he'd like to get back into it again.

And thus, the scene is set.

TUESDAY NIGHT-- The classes during the week are held from 7-10:30 PM at the St. David's Inn outside Philadelphia. This was Nancy's last day as a teacher of reading during the summer, so she got bombed with her teaching pals at the Tally-Ho. Since there are three of us, and since my car of the moment is a two-seater MGB, we took Brad's purple station wagon with the leaking gas tank which floods the passenger compartment with deadly fumes. Nancy staggered out to the car and said, "I want to sit next to the window, so do you want to sit in the front or the back." First choosing the shotgun position, I gallantly allowed her the front seat, only to rue that decision after a few quick chokes on the gasoline odor. "Hey, can't sniffing gasoline make you sick?" I unknowingly ask. "That's what they say," answers Brad, chuckling. "Just ride with your head stuck out the window," added Nancy, and it turned out that that was exactly what I had to do, but it still didn't help. 15 minutes of careful breathing later, the throbbing had worked its way from my head down into my neck, and it continued to bother me the rest of the night, probably to the detriment of the relaxation process we were supposed to learn on this first night.

What happened was that we heard some fact mixed with fiction in a Silva philosophy lecture, and then we got down to business--three periods of conditioning, in which we all got into comfortable positions and listened to the phrases and instructions delivered to us by our instructor, Peggy Huddleston, an under-30, happy, hip-looking woman. There was a lot of counting down from 10, from 1 to

3, down from 5, snapping fingers, pre-recorded beating hearts, all the trappings of hypnosis, Peggy telling us all along we're going deeper and deeper, presumably meaning our brain waves are going from beta to alpha or maybe even lower, who knows?

This theme of hypnosis is very heavy with skeptics of Mind Control. Peggy said we could ask questions during the lectures, and people did ask questions, and she usually gave immediate, direct, believable replies. Then someone in the back of the room asked the stunner--"Is there any correlation between success with Silva Mind Control and susceptibility to hypnosis?" If we had all been in a movie, the camera would have pulled up to Peggy's face as she missed two beats, her smile weakened and her eyes widened and she answered only "No," before turning in another direction to point to another person with a question. I leaned over to Nancy and whispered, "She didn't like that question too much."

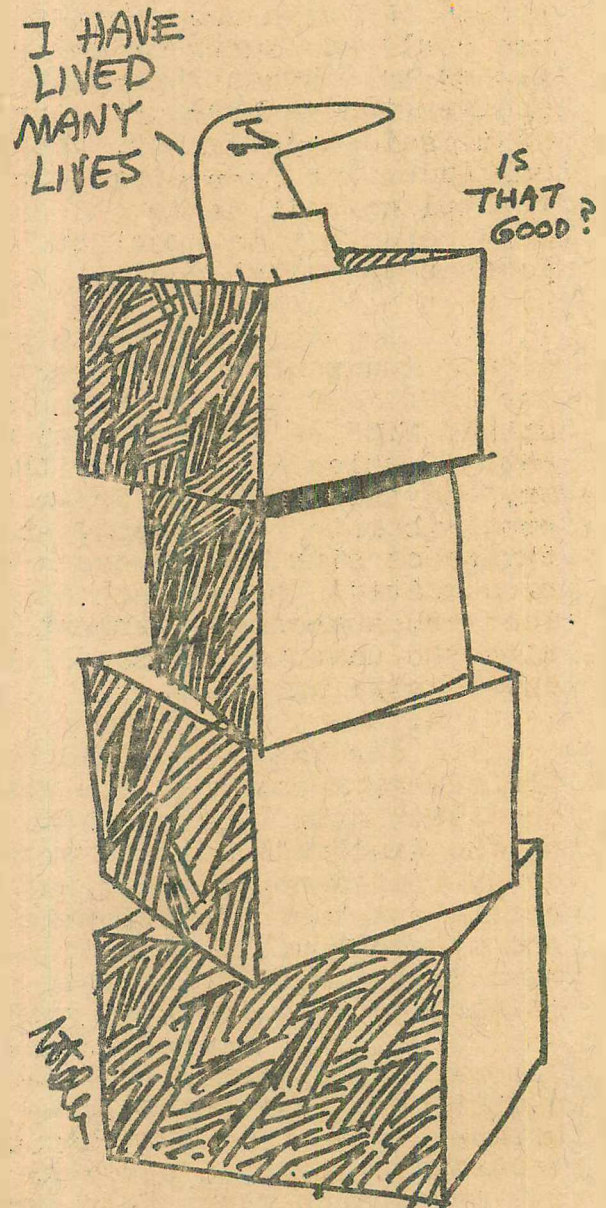
Peggy later tried to explain the difference between Mind Control and hypnosis, but not really to my satisfaction. In a few days we'll be getting notes on the course, and maybe they'll go into it better, and I won't be as unsure of what I'm going through as I am now.

Peggy then told us to try counting down from 25 or 50 or 100 at home, practicing this total relaxation, and I do now find it a lot easier to make the tension drain out of my body just from the three simple conditionings of this first night. I've been playing around with these countdowns all day.

All the positive vibrations didn't keep us from getting lost on the way home, however.

Tonight we're promised a technique to get rid of headaches, including migraine. the gasoline headache bothered me intensely during the first two of the three conditionings, and it was only as we got to the third one that I really started accepting the relaxation technique we were supposed to be learning.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT-- This afternoon I sat around the house getting down to my level before going down to tonight's class. I found it wasn't as hard as I thought it would be to do by myself, and it was very easy to relax,



the first stage before any of the things we would later learn to program. In the car on the way down, Nancy lay down in the back seat and went to her level, telling herself she would wake up 20 minutes later, and when she did, she thought that was great.

Brad and Nancy still think I'm too skeptical about the course, though. Tonight, Peggy taught us how to see auras around things. "Put your eyes out of focus. That is, look at something beyond or in front of where you want to see the aura of energy." I couldn't believe so many of the people in the room were getting off on this seeing of "auras," obviously an illusion created when you put your eyes out of focus. "If you're a little near-sighted, take off your glasses and it will work just as well." Naturally, if I took my glasses off I could see energy coming out of a vacuum, I'm so near-sighted. Then again, maybe there is energy coming out of a vacuum, because this was the night Peggy started making assumptions in her lecture such as that telepathy is inherent in all people, and it influences a lot of things, and she went on to theorize on a universal mind and the innerconnectedness of all things in the universe. I kept making smart remarks in whispers all night, and Nancy got a little pissed off with me. Both she and Brad sat next to me and said they too could see auras around people. Eventually I found out my aura was green. "What does that mean?" I asked. "It has something to do with the spectrum of energy," Nancy answered, but she didn't know what that meant either. Even after the class, when we went to a pizza parlor to eat some pizza with a great crust but rotting cheese (ref. for Ted White), Nancy and Brad sat around checking out the auras of everything within eyesight. I ended up drinking two beers and almost leaving my wallet behind.

But this was the night we also learned a couple other techniques I was able to appreciate very easily. We were taught to go to our level and program sleepiness out of our body, which results in a speedy type of feeling, and we were taught to get rid of headaches, both of which I've done with success. I haven't had time yet to try the techniques of dream control, in which we can program specific problems into our dreams, and supposedly dream the answers to them, things as simple as where a set of car keys have been lost, or maybe precognitive things such as the landing gear of your plane being defective, supposedly without any other way of knowing other than tapping the universal store of knowledge when you're in the consciousness level known as sleep.

Our instructor did do a few dumb things tonight, though. After the class, Nancy said she would have to stay away from me during the conditionings, because I was obviously frustrated and she was picking up the frustration while we were at our levels. It turned out, however, that Nancy's anger was felt toward Peggy Huddleston, because during the last conditioning of the night Peggy started all of us onto another of the techniques used for getting to sleep, in case you have insomnia. It involves a process similar to counting sheep, which I in my skepticism would naturally label as bogus in a mind control class. However, once Peggy got us started onto the technique, I found myself tumbling through my mental space and going deeper and deeper, but then abruptly we were brought back to outer consciousness without being told that the sleep conditioning would wear off. When I opened my eyes, I was very disoriented, and it turned out that this was the reason Nancy felt frustration--not from me, but because she had gone so deeply she couldn't really think clearly when we came out

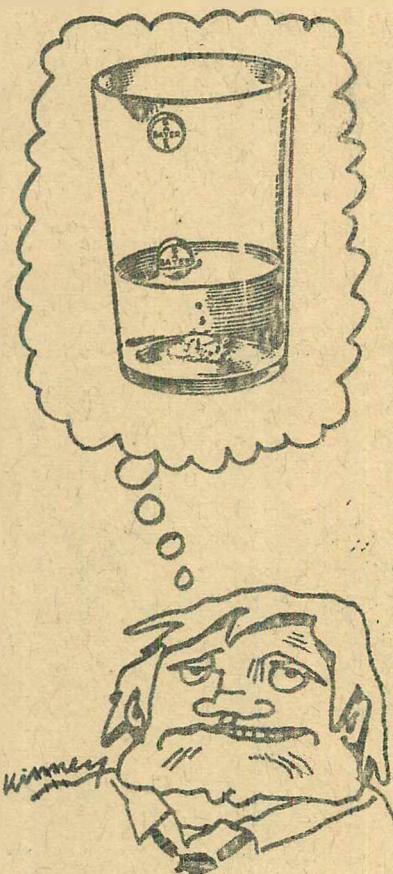
of it for the final time that night. She wasn't able to recollect exactly the cause of her anger, actually directed at Peggy. Brad fell asleep during each of the three conditionings, and after the last final, deepest one, as everyone else was filing out of the room he was still asleep in the corner.

THURSDAY NIGHT-- I think a few more people became alienated tonight, and Nancy asked if I didn't think there were going to be a lot fewer people coming back because of the inept way she explained a few of the new techniques tonight, and her overemphasis of the first--that of improving memory. "We all have a perfect memory--it's just that we don't have perfect recall." The technique we learned turned out to be just another mnemonic method, designed to make us associate absurd things with different words on a numbered list. During one of the conditionings, we were trained to memorize a list of 30 words the class simply made up at the beginning, a list I didn't particularly want to memorize. It served as a good example when we could sit around afterwards and throw numbers at each other and come up with the appropriate word, but hopefully it's intended as nothing more than an example.

We then learned a couple of techniques for problem solving. It sounded more like a course in positive thinking, however. You are supposed to visualize your problem and put a blue frame around it. Then you are supposed to visualize what you'd feel like when the problem is solved--not visualize the solution--and by doing this positive energy will flow from you and eventually the problem will come to be solved. I thought this was a little weak, and felt dissatisfied. Brad told me, It's just that we've gotten over the first few intense changes in our thinking, and these new techniques are very subtle and need practice for perfection, if that's ever achieved at all.

Some of Nancy's other acquaintances in the class also expressed dissatisfaction with tonight's class. The conditionings weren't clear enough to enable a lot of people to get clear visualizations of the problems we were supposedly pondering. And the three finger technique (putting your first two fingers against the thumb to get to an alpha level) didn't work to satisfaction, but Peggy didn't explain that it was only an association we were supposed to make with deepening techniques learned already, something we had to ask Brad afterward.

After class we went out to a diner to eat, in the middle of flash floods. The rain was hot, the diner was air conditioned cold, and Brad got sick. He couldn't lift himself off the back seat of the car all the way home.

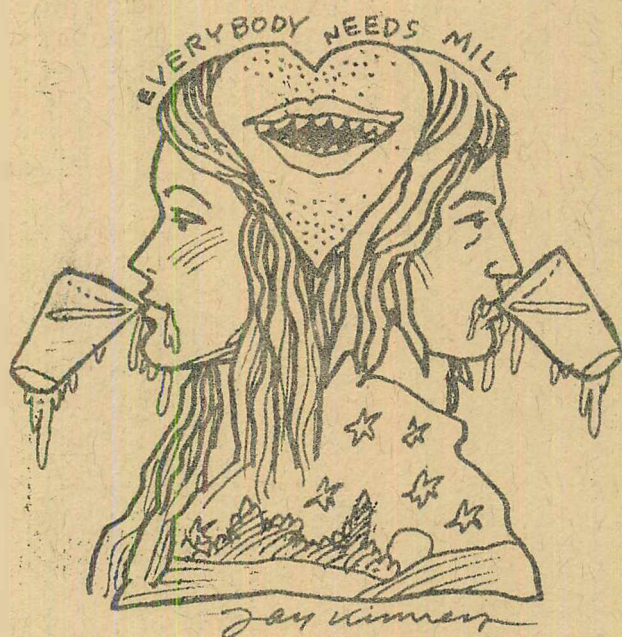


I now resume the narrative about $1\frac{1}{2}$ weeks later. After the Thursday night session, there were no more days-following-nights in which I could put onto stencil what previously transpired. That is in addition to the fact that I was a little freaked for a while, unable to put myself in front of the typewriter to relate the experience, possibly due in part to the fact that I had programmed myself not to talk about it too much, because on the first night after the course was over I went outside my body and looked at myself sounding like a missionary trying to convert the unenlightened, and that was a strange sensation. But to take care of the rest of this editorial--

FRIDAY NIGHT-- Last night was the last for Brad. He said the conditionings already had brought back a lot of what he wanted back, and a lot of things had built up that required his time.

It was probably just as well for him that he didn't come along, because this was another of my disappointing nights. As Nancy and I walked in the front of the motel toward the meeting rooms, I saw in the room we had been using people sitting and drinking, while in the rear of the room a band was setting up. It turned out some company was

having its office party, and the band we saw setting up would later finish setting up and proceed to play very loudly. A few people in the class complained during the conditionings that they couldn't relax while the loud noise came from the adjunction of the room we had been using, separated from us now by only a flimsy, collapsible partition.



It turned out that party saved the night, however. Peggy gave us a few more techniques I really found no satisfaction in learning. There was the three-finger technique for taking tests, whereby we go to our level and read something in preparation for a test, and simply by holding the fingers together again at test-time, all

the information would come flooding into our minds. Anecdotes were presented about med school students and ordinarily poor students who used this Silva technique to radically change their educational lives.

Another technique used was that of weight and habit control, including the capability to stop smoking cigarettes. Basically, it involves using the mirror of the mind to continually envision the desired solution, whether it be incorrect weight, over or under, or smoking cigarettes, or maybe even picking your nose. In losing weight, for example, you're supposed to visualize the desired weight on one corner of the mirror, clothes size in another corner. Supposedly we can even tell ourselves while in an alpha state that the more food we eat the more weight we'll lose, and our brain will accept that it is possible and make it happen..

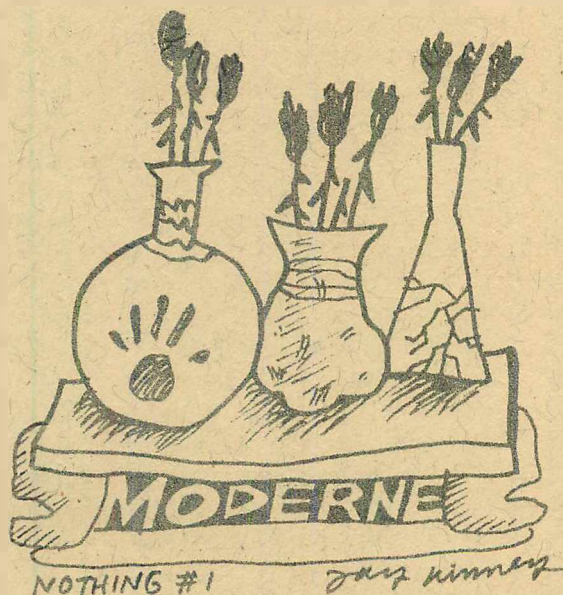
All this time I'm having trouble getting into any part of this course at all. The relaxation is fine, but what the hell! Yet it all seems so positive, and everyone so willing to believe--

Meanwhile, as the party next door got looser and looser, the band got louder and louder, despite Peggy asking that they keep the noise down because of the class next door. Even I could understand, though, the minds of the people next door wanting to get high and have fun and not really caring about the people next door lying on the floor and listening to the heartbeat/metronome. When enough of the Silva Minders complained, some of the men got up and added another partition to the room, between us and the party 100 feet away. This put the class into 1/3 the room we had the first three nights.

So, during the break, Nancy and I went out and checked on the office party. A slightly rotund, happy woman came out to the members of the class curiously rubbernecking the party and said, "Don't stand out there, we've got drinks for \$1.25 in here, you can have all you want." The Silva people looked around to see who was being addressed, and when they noticed it was themselves they did nothing. The people in front of the door continued to stand in front of the door and watch all the people at the party try to have a good time. Nancy and I ended up inside the room dancing, however. We went back again after the class was finished for the night and danced some more. Before going back to the class one of the times I bought a whiskey sour and got pretty high, just the jovial mood I needed for any kind of return to this class in jive mysticism, I thought.

SATURDAY-- This was Nancy's turn to be bummed out by the uselessness of the class, while I was starting on my upswing. The morning and afternoon session involved a lot of discussion of positive thinking, more examples of how people used Silva mind control to radically change their lives, and a couple exercises which I thought were pointless. First we went to our levels and visualized our living room walls, then we went inside them and bounced around and did some more "fantasizing." This projection technique later intrigued me. I talked to a friend who I hadn't known had taken the course a few years before, and he confessed that he liked to project himself into

his Porsche when he drove over a certain back road, and he really got a kick out of that ability, it being almost the only use he had for mind control these days. Nancy would, a few days later, express dismay over the fact that the last time she had gone skydiving, she hurt her back badly, giving her chest pains, and that she might not be able to jump again. My suggestion that she project herself into a bird for an even greater sensation of freedom in the air was accepted with satisfaction that it was possible and relief that she would still be able to float through the air.



We then projected our

minds into copper pennies, gold and diamonds. None of these worked too well with me. Then we were told to visualize a favorite pet. I was unable to satisfactorily get into my cat, Fritz. During our break for lunch we were to find some plants into which we could project ourselves, a medium between cats and metals, I suppose. That didn't work too well either. I didn't get into any green things.

Outside, during a break, a lot of people who had been to the class before said they hadn't gotten anything out of the first time they went through the course at all. They only give you a hint of what your mind is capable of, I was told, and it's after you get out of the lecture situation and test your own powers that you really start to be amazed by the things that happen.

One of the points gotten across during the lecture, however, was that you could use the mind control to find parking spaces. A wife related her husband's aptitude at finding parking spaces on busy streets by using the three finger technique, to tap on the universal source of knowledge, which also apparently has a bank of information on every parking space in the universe. He was so successful it made her mad, she said, mad enough to come to the course.

Well, it just happened that Bruce Springsteen was playing in a gym at Kutztown State College, near Allentown, and 2 hours from where our class was being held. Unfortunately, the class was let out 2 hours before the concert was to start, and I knew the concert had been oversold because the promoters were taking advantage of this being Bruce Springsteen country. Using the three finger technique, Nancy and I got to the gym 15 minutes before the concert started and found a parking place across a field from it, having to cross only one street.

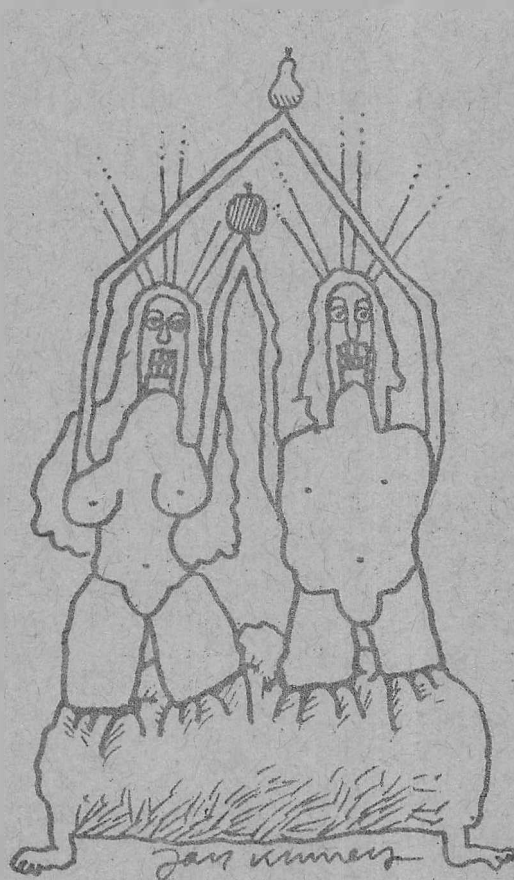
Inside the hall, the people were already standing in the aisles and seated to the rafters. I concentrated a little and said "Aw c'mon" and reluctantly used three fingers and there it was, a little bit farther than halfway back on the floor, directly in the line of sight of the stage, were two empty spaces where it looked like seats should be, only there weren't any seats there. "Are these spaces taken?" I asked, realizing how weird it sounded, and I was told no. Now all we needed were the seats to sit in. My first impulse was to try and steal the seats from where the soundmen were sitting at the rear of the hall, but Nancy said no, we don't have to do that. About 30 seconds later she found two seats, side by side, four seats in on the floor. "Can we use those seats if nobody is using them?" and the girl who gave an answer said "Yes." So we took the seats Nancy found and put them in the primo spaces I found. The girl we sat next to said the doors were opened at 7:00 and the place filled soon thereafter, but when I asked her that question it was 7:55. The concert was the most enjoyable I'd been to in years. I spent all night going to my level and telling my body it was overflowing with energy, and by the time I finally made it to Emmaus I had so much energy I started cleaning up the house which I hadn't done in months.

Also on this day we were assigned a place to do the work we needed to do at our level. My "laboratory" is situated atop Mt. Everest, with one way mirrors so I can look out on the whole world. One wall has a screen for visualizations, and I can sit behind a huge desk, just like the one I used to cut stencils on when I lived in Quakertown, and lean back in my ultimately comfortable swivel chair.

On one side of the room is a calendar and a clock. On the other side is a shelf with any type of device I can come up with. Once I came up with a THC filter I could put down in my innards to strain the THC out of my blood and make me become unstoned, the rationale being that if your mind believes, it is so. And it worked. Peggy suggested we have some healing salves and fluids up there, applicable for every situation, but I like the idea of coming up with a new remedy each time I think one is needed.

Near the shelf is a door I can control with a button on my desk. Anybody can walk through this door, but it's there principally to admit our two counselors, different for each individual. These two were introduced to us slowly, their faces being revealed only when the sliding door moved far enough to see them. My advisory duo turned out to be Santa Claus and Marilyn Monroe. Santa told me that if there were anything I needed, he would reach into his bag which he carried with him everywhere he went. Marilyn told me she knew everything about everyone, from Joe diMaggio to Arthur Miller to JFK (?). Nancy asked, in the car on the way home, if she thought Marilyn and Santa would ever get together, and I said I was sure of it, "Santa's first move was in the direction of Marilyn's ass," that it was almost as if I were a minor character in my laboratory, the way my mind had been trained to fantasize independent of my individual directives.

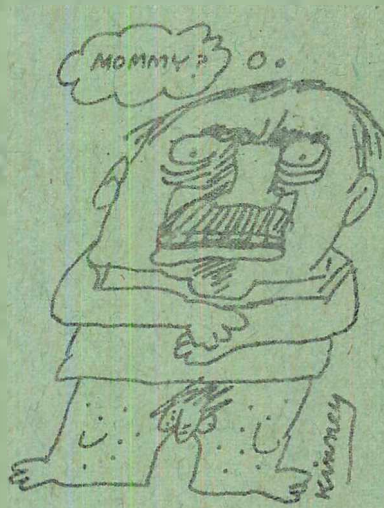
Despite her interest in Santa and Marilyn, Nancy really wasn't as enthused about her laboratory as I was, and she also (mistakenly, I think) consciously created two counselors from conceptualizations of religious symbols, rather than simply allowing pre-existing per-



sonalities to enter the picture. As a result, she had trouble visualizing one of her counselors at all. The counselor appeared to her in a dream that night, though, and Nancy was excited telling me about it the next day.

SUNDAY-- I guess this was the day it was all supposed to come together. The NEW TIMES article said the author's parents kept telling him it might sound hokey in the first days, but that the last ones would be the most convincing. And I heard all the mind control graduates talk about not really being able to get things out of the previous days, having troubles with projecting into metals and such, but that this final day would prove it for the individuals who hadn't been getting anything out of the course up till this time.

On this day Nancy and I sat in the back of the room. In the row in front of us was a family of people, including Aaron, who had ulcers, and spent a good deal of the class time complaining about them and asking if he'd be able to use the mind control to get rid of his ulcers. By the last day he was telling everyone the course had actually helped a lot. Sitting next to him was his wife, and I don't know what was wrong with her, but she always had her legs on the chair in front of her and they seemed to be bleeding all the time, or at least she had a supply of tissues on the chair by her leg to absorb whatever it was oozing from her legs. Mrs. Aaron's face would be continually moving as her husband told stories about his ulcers or of passing out from inexplicable reasons while working in the back yard or of falling asleep while Peggy was going through the conditionings. She seemed to be a puppet reacting to his verbal directions in acting out the emotions involved in each story.



Next to her sat their son, Eric. He also seemed to be helping wipe up his mother's legs, and half the time he would lean forward far enough that his mother come to use that back at her side for an armrest, and she apparently exerted some pressure, because it was easy to see his back trembling under the weight. Nancy pointed the scene out to me, and said she could feel anger from Aaron and other bad vibrations that confused her coming from Eric.

Our first exercise that day was projection into a healthy individual we knew. This was to be after returning from our first break. As fate would have it, upon returning for our back row seats, someone else had already chosen them for their own, so Nancy and I moved up one row. This happened to put her in the seat directly to the left of Eric, and she said, "The vibrations are too intense here, I can't concentrate, I'm moving up another row to get away from him." After a few minutes I followed her.

We then went through with the exercise. My first image when trying to project into my roommate Rob's body was of him going through motions while playing tennis, and this was very vivid, though I could get no other visualizations. We then were supposed to scan the body

for any irregularities, going through the five senses, arms, legs, inner organs, emotional states, etc. I visualized his lungs, and they seemed to have lava flowing out of the tops, as if they were a pair of volcanos. I knew Rob played tennis and smoked, so these visualizations were fine, but not too weird.

Next, a demonstration was set up of one person from the class being chosen to "read" another person's body, chosen by another member of the class. People shouted out illnesses, and Peggy chose a muscular disorder which affected the person's whole body. I thought this whole thing was getting a little shaky. The individual chosen to do the reading went through the procedure, very nervous, and naturally she said she saw some bad places, but the sick person's body was itself a total wreck, so this didn't impress me either.

Next, we broke into groups of three to enable each of us to do readings of people we had never heard of before. And one of my partners was Eric. The class all or mostly went outside, and we proceeded with our "orientologies." "I'll go first," I said, impatient, half-aware that both my partners weren't into the mind control at all, especially after I described my skepticism with the demonstration we had just seen and with previous days of the course.

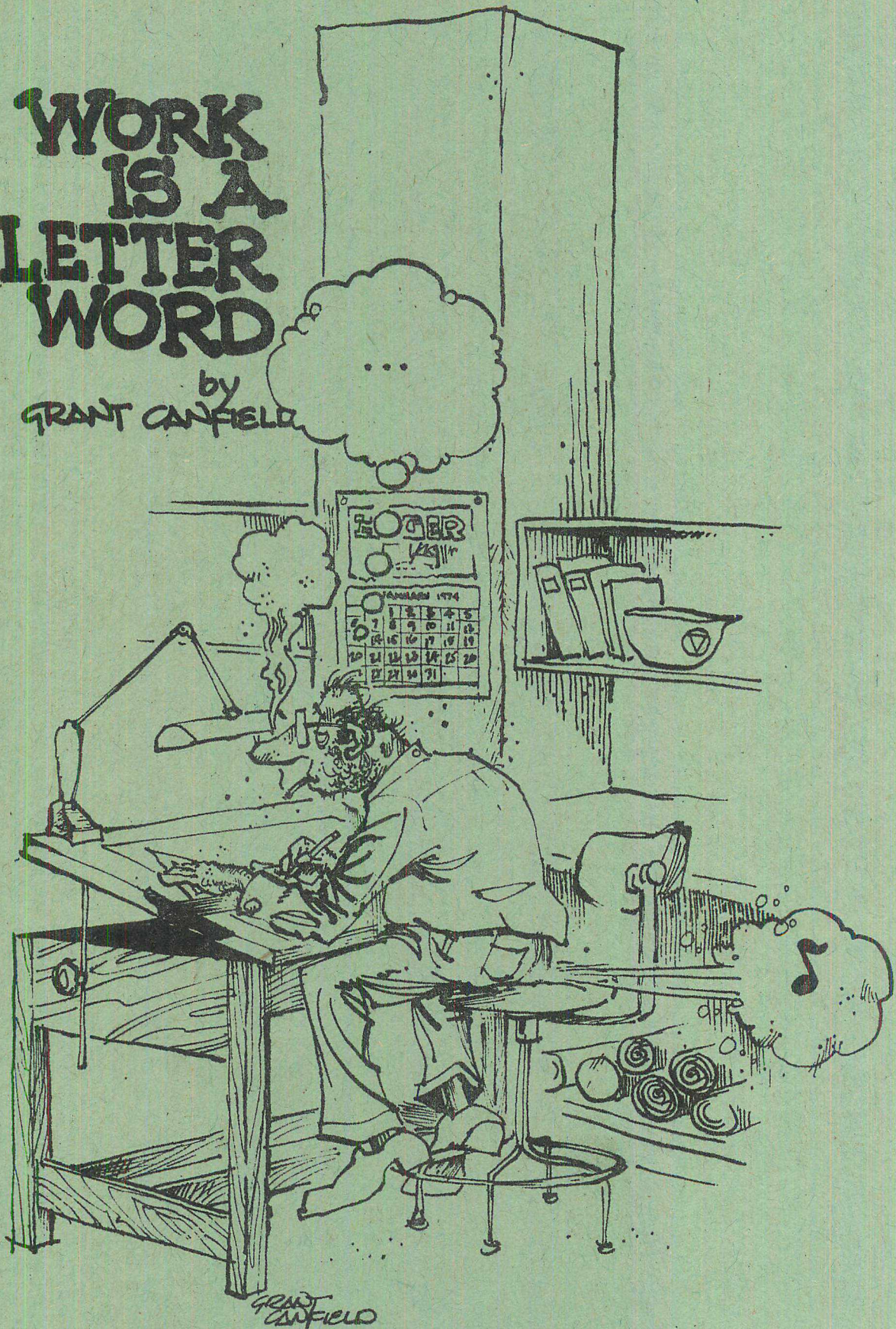
While Eric and Rick (the third person) discussed someone, going over what was wrong with this person, I went in the building to the bathroom. I came out, went to my level, and went through the procedure. I came up a blank. Deep breaths, scan the body, and I saw a line, bent below the middle. A line? "Maybe it's his legs, something's wrong with his legs..." I concentrated more, and zeroed in on his right leg. I saw his eyes on my mental screen, I thought maybe he wears goggles, a flyer in WWI? No, he has deepset eyes, no, not his eyes, it's behind his eyes, it's deeper, there's something wrong with his brain. All these things started coming to me at my level in symbols, and I had to keep talking, trying to give them some interpretation. I went blank again, started concentrating, and I saw this person's body falling backwards, not hitting the ground but hovering at an awkward angle off the ground, and then I saw the end of some kind of stick, continuing above my mental screen. I came back to beta level, and the person taking me through the reading was shaking his head. "Were you standing around the corner listening to us?" he asked. The person had polio in his right leg as a child, used crutches, and he also had epilepsy. I was freaked, and the other two guys were freaked. They tried their own readings, neither very seriously, and both failed miserably.

Excitedly, I asked to do another. A friend of theirs brought along a piece of paper gotten from Peggy with a name and ailment. I went to my level...going through the organs I flashed at the kidneys, and that was my first verbalization, after seeing a large stomach on the woman I was reading, almost making me think she was pregnant. Then I felt sensations in my back, first thinking my backbone, then pinpointing in a specific area (because I didn't know where the kidneys were, it turned out). Then I felt something in front, on the left, above the stomach. The woman had had her kidney removed and reinserted in front on her gall bladder, and once again I was freaking out a slight bit. Well, this has gone on for a while (this editorial) and must end. I'm still pondering my discoveries. My brain seems to have powers I never considered before. I was high just on the possibilities for the first two days, cynical old me. And this is all 100% truth. And I am....

Frank Lunney 8/7/75

WORK IS A 4-LETTER WORD

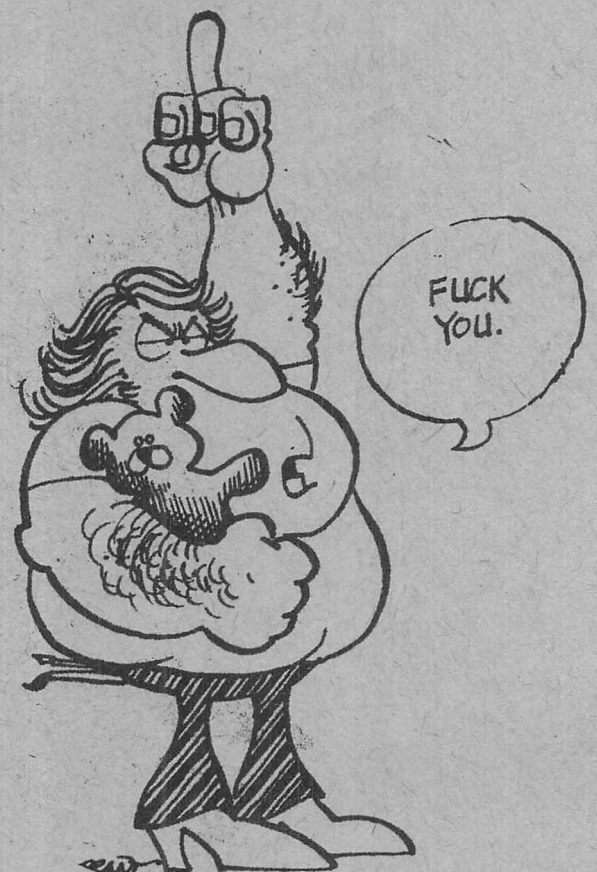
by
GRANT CANFIELD



I am aware of a distinct gulf separating me, a Working Stiff, from a significant segment of fandom. Take Terry "Flash" Hughes, for example. In recent correspondence, Mr. Hughes admitted that he only worked two consecutive days in the past three months, and then quit his job because he was afraid he was getting the habit. How could such a person ever attain more than the vaguest, haziest, intellectual understanding of a Heavy Concept like work?

Or consider John "Detained" Berry, for that matter. Here is a fan of international fame, whose entire adult life reads like a Lowell Thomas travelogue. This is a man who has journeyed to the farthest corners of the globe, on many missions, in an effort to satisfy who-knows what bizarre frustrations and inner torments. As he himself said to me on one of his frequent passes through San Francisco, "Ah reckon Ah'd be gittin' itchy boots ef'n Ah stuck in one place ary too long, ma'am." Mr. Berry's closest approach to "putting down roots" was an uncharacteristically satisfactory bowel movement in an open field near Moosejaw, Saskatchewan. You think he understands the meaning of work? Ha!

Only the Working Stiff understands the Working Stiff. Only a person who does it eight hours a day, five days a week, fifty weeks a year can really grasp what it means to get up earlier than you want to, go to a place you really don't want to go to, spend the day with people you don't even like, performing tasks you don't find particularly interesting or meaningful or even amusing, for a salary which isn't really so goddamn hot in the first place. As clean young Dan "Teddy Bear" Steffan might say, "What kind of fucking asshole shit is that?" And then he'd probably start swearing.



You know all those crabby, nasty people who bump into you on the sidewalks? Those are Working Stiffs, and you will please show them a little sympathy. As a worker myself, I find it easy to understand how a worker can be warped and spindled and mutilated by the machinery of the workaday world, until he is but a paranoid caricature of his former self, drawn with a paper punch on an IBM card.

I am luckier than many other Working Stiffs, because my job isn't really all that bad. As long as I have to work for a living--which should only be not so long, knock on formica--being an architectural draftsman is OK work. Not great, not painful, but OK. The firm I currently work for is Garavelli-Engleman-Zuber-Reinhardt, Architects and Engineers. The staff generally shortens this mouthful to the initials G.E.Z.R., pronounced geezer. Bobbie the Receptionist has to say the whole thing every time she answers the phone, but she's a trooper. My boss Paul is the Zuber of the group, and the only architect in a gaggle of engineers. Paul's greatest claim to fame as an architect is that he is the last architect listed in the Yellow Pages because he is the only Z in town.

On a typical work morning, I stoke up on megavitamins and marijuana and drive to work, where I go up the back stairs and enter the drafting room the back way. I take the steps rather than the elevator because you should always walk up two flights or down three instead of taking the elevator, or years from now your heart will reject your body for its earlier sloth. Moreover, as a chronic late arriver I find it politic to enter the back way, as that affords me a greater chance of



avoiding Bosses. Not always, however. Bosses are chronic late arrivers too, and we occasionally find ourselves sneaking in together. We often laugh about this as we dance around the coffee dispenser.

Usually Bosses are even later arrivers than I, so on a typical morning, odds are the first person I see when I enter the drafting room will be a mechanical engineer named Bob. As we have three mechanical engineers named Bob, these odds approach certainty. No matter what time I arrive in the morning, the three mechanical engineers named Bob are already there. No matter what time I leave in the evening, the three mechanical engineers named Bob are still there. It is rumored they live there.

Such devotion to the job is a trait of mechanical engineers in general, and mechanical engineers named Bob in the specific. As the son of a mechanical engineer named Bob, I was able to observe not only my own father, but also a lot of other mechanical engineers and a lot of other Bobs in the field, and I know them to be hard workers all. They are among the people who live to work. As a matter of fact, my mother often complains about the long hours my father spends at his job. My father loves his work, but I also believe he spends long hours at his job so he won't have to be home listening to my mother complain about the long hours he spends at his job. My mother is 3-times National Champion harridan.

That my office has three mechanical engineers named Bob is not that unusual. Every engineering firm in the country has at least one mechanical engineer named Bob; I think it's written into the contracts. Furthermore, careful observation convinces me that at least half of all mechanical engineers are named Bob, and that approximately 50% of all Bobs are mechanical engineers. My father is named Bob, and he is a mechanical engineer. My wife Catherine's father is not a mechanical engineer, but his name is Bob. See how it works out.

I greet the Bobs at the coffee dispenser, briefly interrupting their fascinating discussion of inductance, air-flow and the Oakland A's. The coffee is prepared several times daily by Skinny Margaret, the junior typist on the secretarial staff. She is the third person I know from Fargo, North Dakota. There used to be a guy in Seattle that knew four, but he moved to Terre Haute.

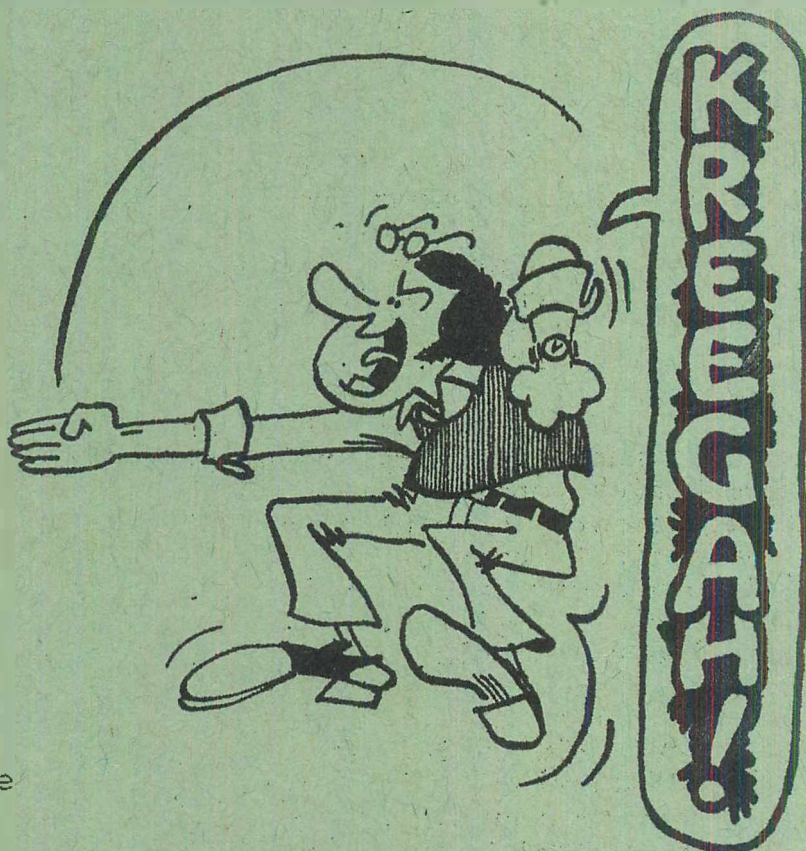
Engineers and engineering drafts-people drink gallons and buckets of coffee. Caffein is the professional engineer's Drug of Preference. Consequently, the coffee dispenser is a Social Water Hole of sorts. On a typical day, I will greet several people there, including Georgia, the boss of the secretarial staff, who at 6'3" and 105 pounds is skinnier



than a joint rolled by a stingy hippie. I might also run into Herm, an engineer with a boil on his lip. If I do, Herm will ritualistically make a joke about my receding hairline, and I in turn will comment on his expanding waistline. There are many such social rituals to be followed in an office, not the least of which is saying "Good morning" to your co-workers. Saying "Good morning" is a ritual which must be observed or they will think you are a Communist.

We even have a couple of Communists in the drafting room, or at least they used to be. Clean Alexei emigrated from Russia some 25 years ago for reasons of Christianity. He is very devout, and very proper, and very stern, and can often be found assaying the constant minor mess around the coffee dispenser, shaking his head and muttering, "They are like little children...children..."

Our other ex-Communist is Parker Wong. He migrated from mainland China about fifteen years ago. But he lived in San Francisco's Chinatown for 13 of those years, and only recently got around to learning English. Conversation with him is difficult, especially since he is much more interested in the Raiders and the As, whoever they are, than in telling me about China or Chinatown. At least we share a common interest in the TV show Kung Fu. Parker's biggest criticism is that the Chinese characters on the show apparently speak mixed Mandarin and Cantonese dialects. This is, I gather, some sort of Oriental linguistic boo-boo. "You stupid Caucasians," Parker says. At least, I think that's what he says. "You're too inscrutable for me, Parker," I say, shuffling off to feed the blueprint machine.



[Handwritten signature]

Accents can be a problem where I work, because San Francisco is such a cosmopolitan city. I can barely understand Jose, one of the draftsmen in the electrical engineering department. He makes almost as much money as a real person, even though he is a Filipino and therefore lower than any other ethnic minority in the city except a Nicaraguan. At various times in the drafting room, my co-workers have included micks, kikes, frogs, wops, polocks, chinks, slopes, japs, spics,

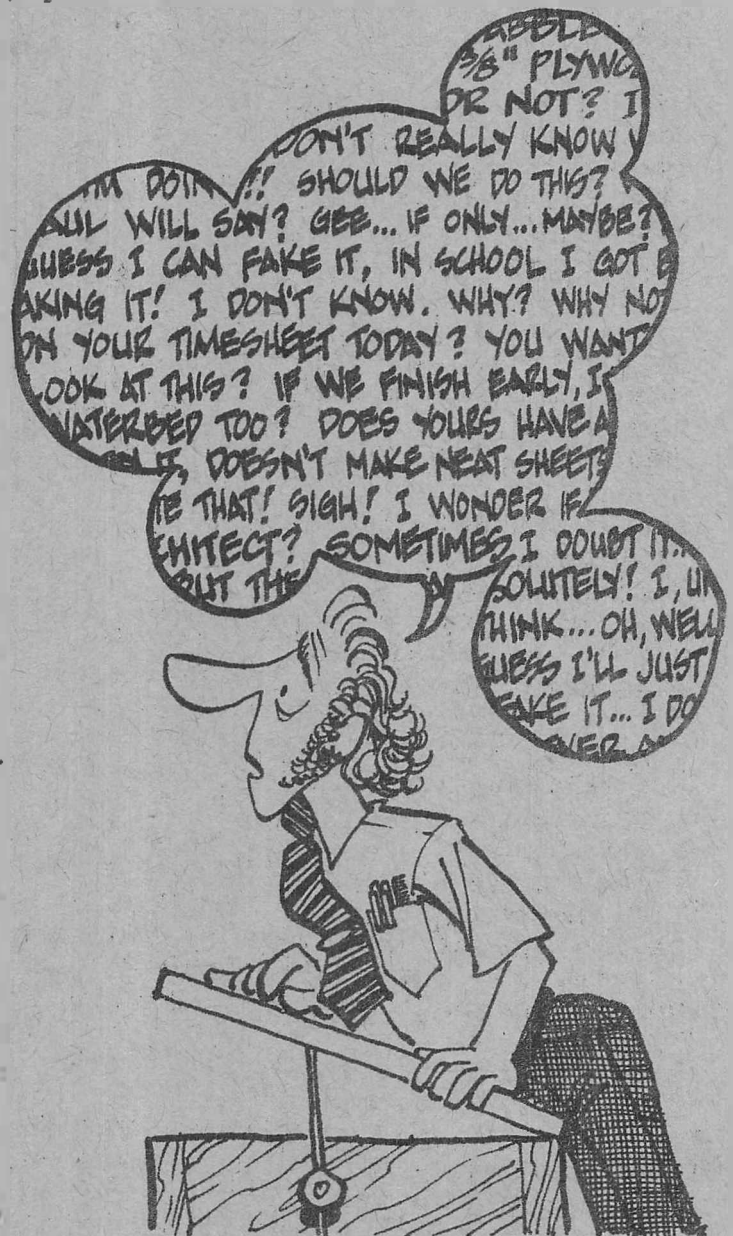
jigs, fags and chicks. Cosmopolitan, yeah.

Most of the day is spent at my drafting board where I suffer eight hours between two WASFs I think of as the Odd Couple. You know that TV show, of course. Oscar the Slob lives with Felix the Neat Freak, exact opposites in every way, except they are both divorced men. They get on each other's nerves constantly, and by all rights should hate each other. But somehow they always manage to stay friends by the last three minutes of the program. That's the miracle of TV sitcom.

In real life, they do hate each other, and I'm in the middle. My board is directly in front of Mister Neat, "Slick" Dick Lester, while the board in front of me is occupied by repulsive Bernie Doder, "The Creature from the Black Lagoon."

Slick Dick, a registered architect in the State of California, is my immediate superior. Often I pat myself on the back and thank my lucky stars and starlets that I had the good sense, perspicacity, foresight, and lack of money, to dump school before I got a degree. Otherwise I might be in the awkward position of having to Take the Tests and Become an Architect myself.

Slick Dick is a compulsive neatnik, and probably anal retentive. He lines his pencils up like soldiers, with the erasers all toeing the same line. The pencils are usually arranged in order of descending height, with the tall virgin pencils at one end and the short stubby ones at the other end. Periodically, though, when he has cleaned out and sorted all the stray blueprints in the department, or when the job files are as rigidly and neatly ordered as it is possible for them to be, and if he has already cleaned his drawing instruments several times that day, then he might arrange his pencils according to color or lead softness. Something of a classic fussbudget, he spends much of his working time making lists of things to be done, just so he can cross them off when I get around to doing them. This convinces him he is actually working. Dick is moderately incompetent at his job,



constantly bugging me with questions, or soliciting my opinion on picayune matters. He is apparently incapable of making a decision on his own, no matter how small, without first worrying himself half to death about it.

When he gets on one of these trips, especially if I happen to be busy with my own work, I am frequently tempted to shout, "Fuck off, Dick! Why don't you just fuck off! You drive me crazy, just fuck CFF, man!" But this is not conducive to smooth working conditions, so I wisely refrain.

Bernie Doder, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, has been an electrical draftsman for over twenty years, but he still doesn't know his capacitor from an ohm in the ground. He used to run a bar in St. Louis. Physically, he's a total wreck. In fact, if he only had hair on the palms of his hands, he'd be my candidate for Mr. Self-Abuse 1974.

He has a deformed body, built along the lines of a squishy rotten pear. His complexion, for that matter, is rather like that of a squishy rotten pear as well; he suffers from the heartbreak of psoriasis, complicated by acute Jungle Rot. Open sores, acne scars, pockmark craters, discolored scaly patches, boils, and carbuncles all compete for the space on his face. A cloud of dead yellow skin flakes trails him wherever he goes. I don't know if this condition covers his entire epidermis-- I don't want to know--but it is on his hands, forearms, neck and face, the only parts I ever see. If he's in the john when I go in, I duck into one of the stalls for fear of catching a glimpse of his doubtlessly disgusting unit at the urinal.

Bernie's facial features should be classified unhesitatingly as "ugly in the extreme," both individually and in the composite. His nose alone is a monument to grotesquery. His hair, sporadic at best, bristles from his scalp in patchy gray thistles like the Brillo pad that Br'er Rabbit begged not to be thrown into.

Bernie is legally blind, and wears glasses as thick as a John Brunner novel. He sucks at his teeth in a vain attempt to dislodge a piece of green foliage stuck there. I believe it may be a growth of some kind. Evidence of this theory is that Bernie was, in fact, out of the office for a couple of months this summer having a benign growth removed from his bladder.

Repulsive Bernie's personal habits are annoying and disgusting as well. He has halitosis to shame a hippopotamus. He smokes incessantly, dropping his ashes onto his drawings. He clicks the hinge of his jaw as he talks, a sound in the same family of sounds as a thumbnail raked across a blackboard, or an icecube being chewed. He jingles the keys and change in his pockets. He sucks the black dirt out from under his chipped fingernails. He whistles as he works. On Tuesdays and Thursdays he whistles "Sunrise, Sunset" from Fiddler on the Roof. On Mondays and Wednesdays he whistles the theme from Love Story. On Fridays he whistles Cole Porter medleys. He whistles in the key of Rotten.

When Bernie needs information from the architectural department, he prefers to come to me, because Slick Dick makes him nervous. Bernie makes Dick virtually nauseous. I have a moderately strong stomach, but proximity to Bernie makes me a little queasy too. After talking to him,

[illegible]

Bernie--and Dick and the others--are some of the people I work with every day. I could go on. I haven't told you about Old Fred, a 65-year old electrical engineer who is into transcendental meditation... or Howard, a young sanitation engineer with buckles on his shoes, who walks like a duck. And I never got around to mentioning Unpronounceable Unpronounceability, a draftsman from Iran. The reason for the oil shortage, which you may have heard about, is that most of it is on Unpronounceable's hair.

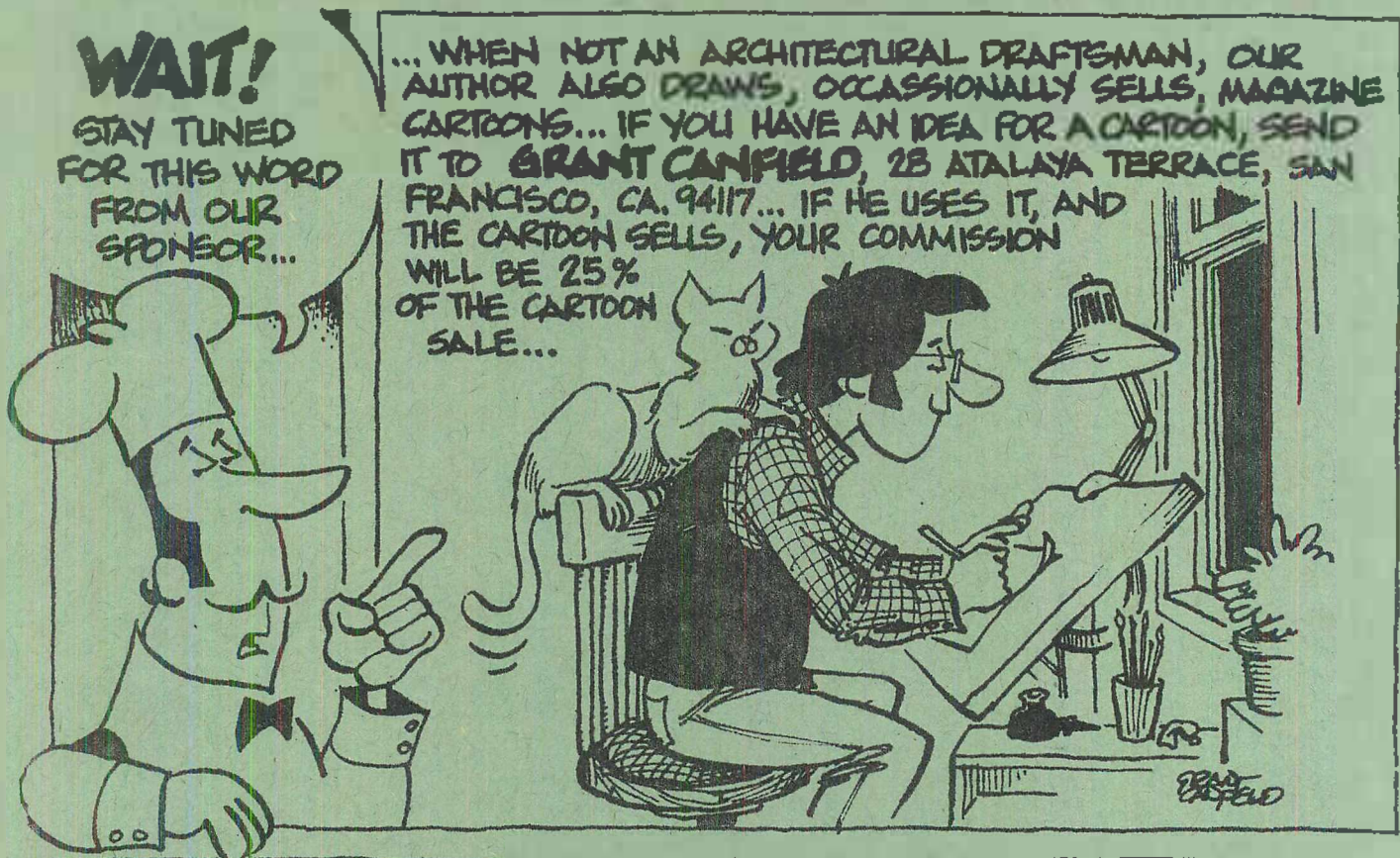
And then there's Slow Tom, and Leech, and the Maha-Roger, and a secretary who was dumped into our office straight out of a time machine from 1957. I could go on and on about the people I work with. For that matter, I could even tell you about some of the people I have worked with in the past. In lieu of all that elegant prose, I'll just treat you to a sprinkle of north arrows I have known and loved. Architectural draftspersons use up a lot of north arrows.

But I think I've gone on enough, and I'm sure you begin to get the idea. If you don't, don't bother going back to look for it, because the point is that there is no point. I'm just blowing off steam. Just making cheap sneak attacks on defenseless settlers. Just airing out my hostilities, in a manner which I hope does nothing more, nor less, than briefly entertain...

Now you recognize this, I'm sure, as a staple of fan-writing, the Work Furge. As unstructured as the fanzine format allows one to be, perhaps even a Work Furge article should have an ending, should it not? I've been stuck for an ending to this thing. I considered just letting it kind of dangle off after Bernie's farting, but that seemed a rather, I don't know, insubstantial ending. Gaseous, you know. Without substance.

Eventually it fell to Terry Hughes to provide me with a time-binding ending. When I started this piece, Terry Hughes was the archetypal hippie nomad, with mud between his toes and a tune running through his head. As indicated in the opening paragraph, the concept of "work" was as alien to Mr. Hughes as is the concept of deficit spending to William F. Buckley.

However, recent communication with Mr. Hughes informs me that this is no longer the case. Terry Hughes actually has a job! He is working, full-time! Five days a week! Just like an ordinary person. The mind boggles. It's the end of an era. And I can't top that, so it's the end of this article as well. Get back to work, creep.



A FORTHCOMING ARTICLE BY THE NEFARIOUS AND DEBONAIR MR. CANFIELD, DEALING WITH ASPECTS OF THE **CARTOONING BIZ**, WILL APPEAR SOON IN SOME FANZINE!! "SUPERB!"-- L.A. TIMES

MENTAL STRIP MINES

BY
JAY
KINNEY



Mental strip mines evidenced by the rapidly consuming fires among the baggage piles of charcoal gray thermos bottles. Maidens strutting resolutely to the dull grained beaches, there to gaze at dead fishes brought in by cool tides to fry putridly in the steady sunlight. Harsh figures standing aloof on natural altars made of randomly piled rocks left over from aborted housing projects. Suburban tract homes crumbling unoccupied, dust puffs issuing from broken windows. Mad dogs crawling in high weeds, mouths foaming and stomachs empty, eyes glistening still, looking for relief from the insect buzz of fragmented brain waves ricocheting in the boring stench.

Doctors huddled in porcelain conference, test tubes steaming out smoke signals to be translated into computer tape symbology. Digests of daily newspaper columns neatly piled on the desk of the President of the United States, left unread while the man behind the desk tries to control his nervous tic. Solemn guards move back and forth soundlessly, emotions nonexistent while their timeclocks are punched, wives forgotten in the unending attention to hazy dangers abundant.

Call girls waking to the noon news automatically issuing from Panasonic clock radios, tinted hair tousled against smooth satin sheets spread on water beds made by long-haired wageslaves who once marched on Washington to stop blood running from leaky psychic faucets of Pentagon armchair warriors. Kabbalistic scholars stooped over darkstained



wooden tables in the British museum, verifying Medieval Rosicrucian historical points of honor, nerves channeled into card-sort systems of color and progressions on inverted symbolic tree of ageless wisdom. Nazis slain in bombing of Berlin floating in between-incarnation confusion, impact of unconscious deeds done to semitic scapegoats slowly rising, and constellating in preparation for understanding, leading to selection of new births required.

Effeminite English musicians singing high-pitched odes to ambiguously-gendered frosty love-objects, colored spotlights slowly converging in reddish gleam as electrically raw sound impulses rise in aesthetic climax to threshold of pain. The fathers of the audience drinking with co-workers in inebriated chumminess of shared mind-dulling labor put out of mind until the morrow. Bombs dropping on technologically naive Asians to the rhythm of darts hitting dartboards in sawdust floored Birmingham pubs.

Discarnate souls facilitating ectoplasm flowing from the mouths of middle-aged female mediums photographed for inclusions in books on psychic phenomena now growing dusty on the shelves of small college library in Minnesota. Teenage women visiting Planned Parenthood for gynecological examinations preparatory to being issued birth control prescriptions to prevent unexpected pregnancies of reincarnated Nazis.

Classes of gradeschool children gazing at Egyptian mummies in cavernous museums while would-be painter considers the import and significance of dreams of pyramids issuing forth toys from open doors. Hitchhikers getting sunburned outside of Reno, Nevada while the air echoes to the atonal melody of silver dollars dropping into machines owned via complex capitalistic networks by descendants of Sicilian fat-bellied papas.

Electronic surveillance devices in Congressional washrooms monitoring opposition plans for compromised legislation affecting millions of black-skinned human beings stuck in brown-stoned monolithic furnaces, souls stewing in vacuum of love and attention. Lavender and emerald coupe de villes swimming through yellow traffic lights while ghetto children pack theatres showing Kung-Fu motion pictures. Russian intellectuals guilty of wrong flavor of Marxist fervor sweat while cold feet trudge through deep crusty snow in camps of stranded victims of misdirected Revolutionary maxims, fifty years after the fact.

Hundreds of officially fatherless children burst forth from mothers' loins while Doublemint twins urge parade of enthusiastic college students over bridge to chewing enjoyment on color TV screens in Rec Rooms of America. Ping Pong champs in China use chopsticks in dining hall atmosphere of rice and vegetables, small red manuals of reality by their dices. Headless chickens flop spastically in the grasp of farmers, blood dripping on earth while baby goats clamor on top of miniature mountain of barnyard rocks.

Retarded children eat complimentary hamburgers from local MacDonald's Restaurant as social workers contemplate days off and snug bedrooms embraces of husbands and boyfriends. Clouds disappear over the horizon in Pennsylvania and signs on the freeway urge motorists to turn on their headlights for safety while gas stations close at 6 PM until further notice.





Dylan was
so paran-
oid, he had
a trap-
door in-
stalled
in his
bedroom!

Dylan by alex w Cory
Pershing

In the fifth year since Altamont, there is the feeling of upturn in the air. There is anticipation. Something is going to happen. Ringo Starr is waiting for the musical phenomenon of 1974 to reveal himself. So are we all. We have no good examples, and we need them.

We have had no leaders since the Beatles and Dylan. There has been moral and artistic confusion in rock during these years of the Nixon Disaster

But now the Demon Nixon is chewing his own guts. All that which was hated and protested to no seeming avail in the Sixties is discrediting itself. The institutions of the world are in shambles.

Part of our sense of anticipation is our conviction that flowers can grow freely among ruins. In the wreck of meaninglessness, meaning can be expressed.

Not all the young were burned out in the alterations of mind and the generation wars of the Sixties. Some retired from sight at the end of the decade to discover how to live in accord with their new visions. It is their return which is anticipated.

Have the caterpillars become butterflies? Have the hippies and flowerchildren transcended themselves?

Humanity is in a bind. If we are to survive, we must all become butterflies and transcend ourselves. But if we are to become butterflies, we must have examples so that we may see how it is done. Not leaders, but demonstrators of possibility.

At the moment, however, there are few examples of creative evolution to be seen around us. One could think the anticipations were for nothing--except that Bob Dylan is making a move.

We owe it to Dylan to remember that he is a marvelous being. We have never fathomed him, as we eventually came to know the Beatles. He still eludes us. A bid for attention from Dylan should be commanding.

Late last year, Dylan published Writings and Drawings, a definitive collection of his work from "Talking New York" and "Song to Woody" to "Watching the River Flow" and "When I Paint My Masterpiece." A retrospective. An end to a period. A promise.

At the turn of the new year, Dylan came out on tour after seven and a half years of privacy. He played the full range of his old music and he transformed it. He was full of grace and power. He reminded his audience that he had created rock music.

Also in January, Dylan issued Planet Waves, a record that has baffled reviewers and gone widely unplayed--even though it is clearly both a spiritual autobiography and a fulfillment of the promises of John Wesley Harding.

Whether Dylan is a poet or not has been argued. By the standards of contemporary poetry, Dylan is a crudity, a clown. But the standards of contemporary poetry are a joke themselves. Among other things, Dylan is a true poet.

A poet is an indicator of truth through words. Society finds poets uncomfortable and they have not been tolerated in the Western world these last three hundred years. They have had to retire to an island and speak privately, like Robert Graves, or they have gone up in flames like Ezra Pound or Byron.

If it once appeared that after near-disaster Dylan had chosen the way of retirement, we must know better now. Dylan is still a true poet. The old music that he played on his tour was compassionate truth. What other music of the Sixties is still truthful?

What is marvelous about Dylan is not only that he is able to survive and continue to speak truth in public--which has not been possible for others--but that he is a poet in a new and active way. He is not a poet for the printed page. He is a poet for the ear. He has to be heard.

This is new poetry--but it is also poetry in an older sense. Dylan's music is an instrument of his poetry, his truth-speaking. His harmonica is played more as punctuation than as melody. Dylan constantly alters his voice, alters words, alters his delivery--to keep the truth alive in his songs.

One sign of the true poet is his spontaneity. He perceives the truth through his intuition and gives immediate voice to it--while others lack words. Dylan is known for making up songs on the spot and for not lingering in the studio. His music is immediate.

Dylan's way of making music is a challenge to those who play with him. Playing for themselves, The Band are cool and tightly structured. Playing for Dylan, The Band is loose and hot. He uses them as they cannot use themselves.

One of the beauties of Planet Waves is its immediacy. In a time when most records are elaborately arranged, built in careful layers of sound, Planet Waves is a reminder that the sound of truth comes otherwise! The raw immediacy of Dylan's piano and Robertson's lyric guitar in "Dirge", a song written during the recording session, which the New York Times reviewer thought sounded like a rough demo. The fluffed first line in "You Angel You," which comes out, "You angel you, you're as...got me under your wing." The sleeve button on "Wedding Song," scratching and clicking, somehow adding emphasis to its personal challenge.

"I love you more than blood," Dylan sings. That's bald. It is an example of love and commitment that we cannot yet manifest in ourselves. You have to be certain to sing something like that. And Dylan



means to be believed.

Dylan may be a poet, but he is more than a poet. After his near-fatal motorcycle accident in 1966, long before anyone else was beginning the reconsiderations that marked the end of the decade, Dylan began to remake his life. John Wesley Harding was an indication of his new determinations. It presented his apocalyptic confusions. It culminated with the song "The Wicked Messenger," which concludes: "And he was told but these few words, Which opened up his heart, 'If ye cannot bring good news, then don't bring any.'" And, as an indication of what Dylan understood by good news, that album finishes with two love songs.

How is good news to be brought? The dedication of a poet is to indicate truth with words--but that was no longer enough for Dylan.

Like so many of us at the end of the Sixties, Dylan was faced with the problems of indicating reality with his life and not just with his words. A good messenger is more than a mere poet. His life is his message.

While others were singing of evil, death and despair, Dylan was practicing more positive notes, generally out of public view. In these past few years, Dylan has been incredibly active--learning and growing. He exercised the higher and sweeter part of his range. He appeared in public for the sake of others--Guthrie, Bangladesh. While other children of the Sixties moved to the country to get their heads together in quiet, Dylan moved from the country back to the city. Many musicians played on his records. The songs he chose to cut and release were tributes, thank yous and gestures of respect. He released a vision called New Morning when others could not yet glimpse the coming dawn. He sat in on so many record sessions that he was ho-hum sideman of the year.

For those without direction in the stagnant Nixon years, Dylan's visible activity seemed weak and wimpy. But it was not primarily intended for the public that received it. It was by-product, scraps thrown off by Dylan in the course of his self-work. What is clear at this distance is that it was all new, necessary, positive behavior from Dylan. He was doing the work necessary to become the person he wanted to be.

Previous incarnations of Dylan were not so gentle, not so co-operative, not so zelfless. Not so genuinely mature.



That it was true work and not a failure of nerve or character is apparent in Planet Waves. Planet Waves is an autobiographical reconsideration from Minnesota to the present--largely in sexual metaphors. Sex has always been Dylan's weakest point. If there was ever a place where Dylan uttered selfishness instead of truth, it was in his songs to actual women, which tended to be posturing, self-puffery and recriminations.

There is none of that in Planet Waves. It is honest about Dylan and sex, Dylan and fame, Dylan and his true heart's desire. Dylan shows where he has been and where he is now. The record is about growth, and it is an example of its subject. It has a dimension that we are not used to in our music. As so often before, Dylan is ahead of us, and it is taking time for people to recognize what is implicit in Planet Waves.

Two things are fair to say:

One is that Sara Lowndes Dylan must be a remarkable human being.

The other is that some major part of the transformation we are passing through, this moment of human liberation, is a fruitful redefinition of the marriage of man and woman. Planet Waves is evidence that that redefinition is both desirable and possible.

And even so, Planet Waves is but a harbinger--a reiteration of commitment, an intimation of new skills and new power. It ends a cycle for Dylan.

What is to be awaited is Dylan's next new record. It will be Dylan-beyond-Dylan.

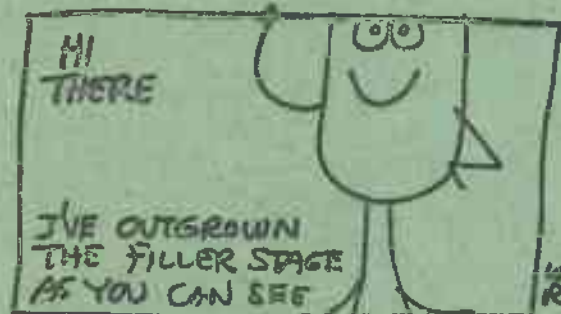
Listen to Dylan. Listen to the good news.

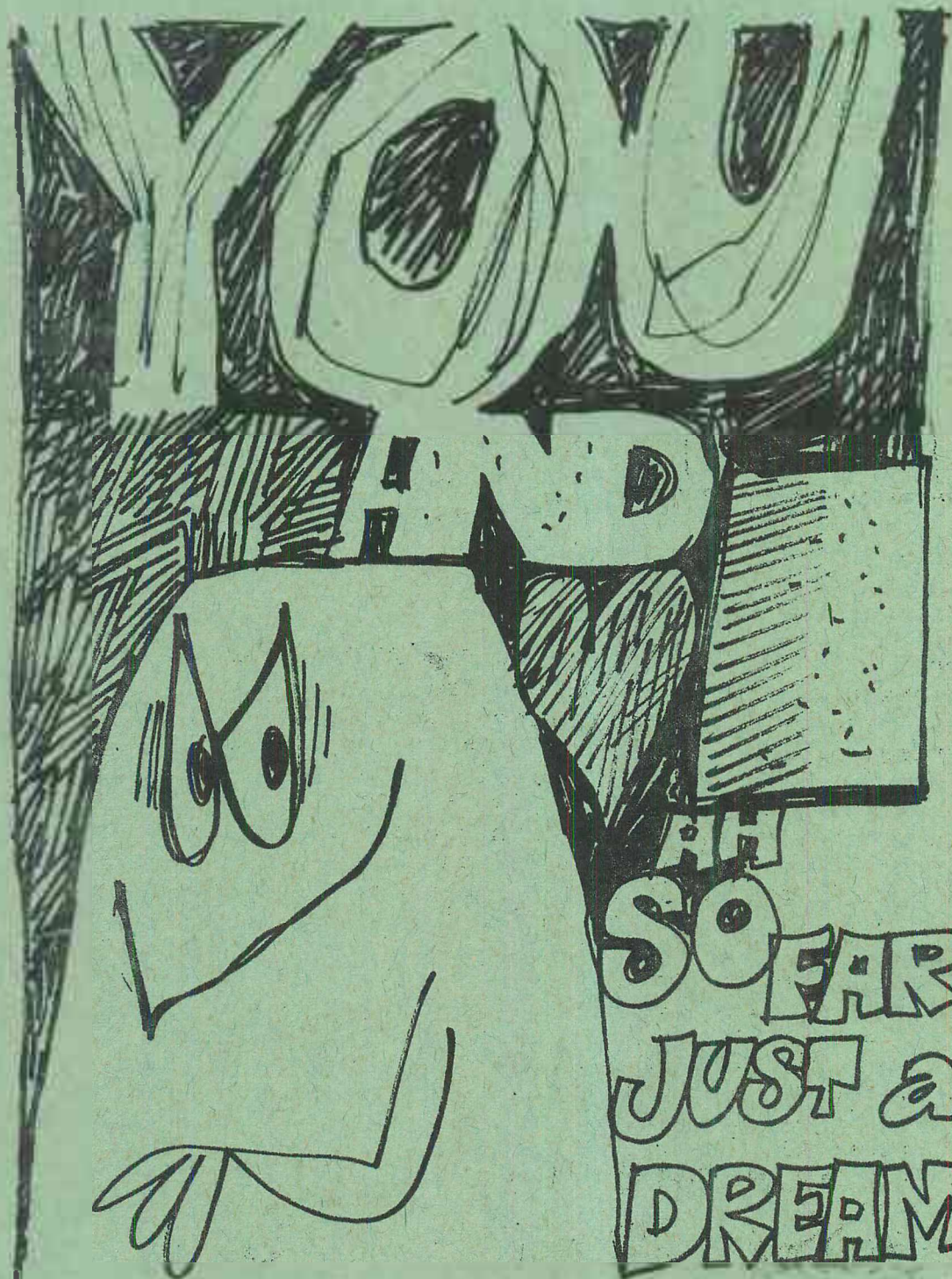
Not a leader. Not a bugle-blower.

An indicator of attitude and direction.

An example of possibility.

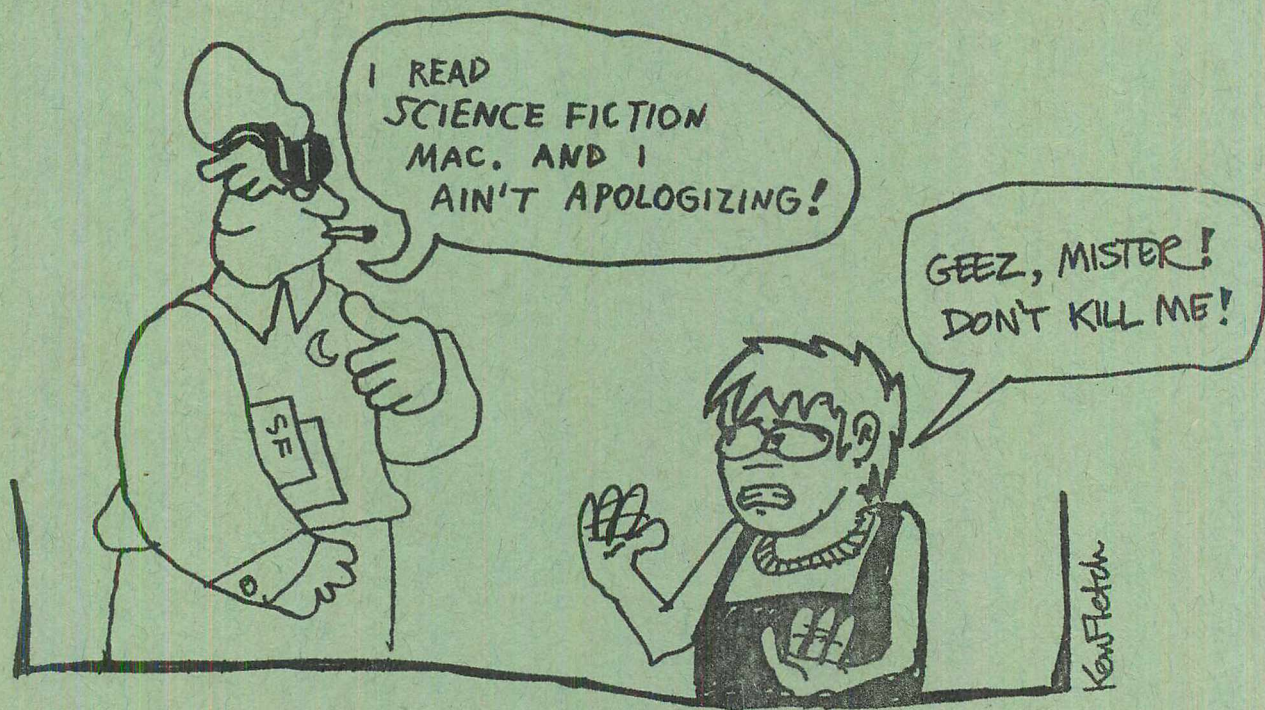
--Alexei and Cory Panshin
May 1974





BUT IN TIME,
WHO KNOWS?
PERHAPS A KISS
IN THE MOONLIGHT?

OR



Ken Ozanne
 "The Cottonwoods"
 42 Meek's Crescent
 Faulconbridge, NSW
 Australia 2776

This is a LoC for SYNDROME #1 mark 2, which I have borrowed from the Secret Master of Faulconbridge Fandom. It's pretty good for a first ish, you may have the makings of a faned. Will watch your career with interest as you start to become known. I like the fresh new talents of Rotsler

and Gaughan among your artists, Panshin and Lapidus among your writers. These are boys from your school are they? You will learn as you go along that it is only fair to tell your readers something about these talented boys, and it will do their little egos no end of good. So, in your next issue, be sure to tell us all about these nice children.

Don't have any more to do with Kunkel or Hubbard though! A nice boy like you probably missed the nasty (cover your eyes as you read this!) Sexual Overtones that are implied by Hubbard in his composition. I hope his teacher told him that he musn't write anything like that again. Kunkel is even worse. Fancy a boy like him smoking cigarettes! He is a very naughty boy and you should not play with him. You might tactfully inform him that behavior like that could get him Expelled From School, if you get a good chance, but don't associate with him even for the sake of giving him Good Advice.

Harry Warner and Mike Glicksohn also sound like nice boys from their letters as well. Why don't you let them help with your magazine? I'm sure they would both be quick to learn and wouldn't do anything naughty to spoil your enjoyment. Or is it that they are in a different class from you? In that case it was very nice of you to let them join in.

I forgot to mention Dany Frolich above. He is very clever the way he drew all those nice little pictures for Hubbard's article. They do suit it very well, but you still should not let him play with that nasty boy.

You are lucky to have such a talented boy as William Rotsler at your school. He might even become an artist when he grows up.

propinquity

(Perhaps you had better not tell him I said that, because he really should learn a good trade as well.) But you haven't been very fair to him in not letting him write a piece of his own. He might not be as good as the rest of you, that's still no reason to leave him out and I'm sure he would try really hard if you did let him have a turn. As a matter of fact, I think I have seen a little piece of his in a school newspaper called "Amazing" which was really quite good. The editor of that magazine, a boy called White, I believe, appears to think highly of him. Though he didn't let William draw any of his clever little pictures in his magazine as far as I can remember.)

Are there no girls at your school? If there are none, then of course you can't publish any of their writings, but if there are then then you really should let them do some of the writing for the magazine, too. Some girls are just as clever as boys you know! Perhaps, if there are no girls at your school (and I'm sure you nice boys would have let them write just a little if there were), you could write to the nearest girl's school and ask some of the girls there to contribute. As you all grow up, you will find that there are many things in life which are more pleasant if you share them with girls. (Not the kind of thing that Hubbard boy hints at, of course.)

Well, those are about all the comments I have to make on your school magazine. Keep up the good work, and try to make the next issue even better. Oh, Frank, you really shouldn't keep numbering your magazine #1. It creates a bad impression, that I'm sure isn't really true at all, that you can't count any further than that. (The next number should be #2, or #3 if you would prefer that.) It is very hard for librarians to keep track of the issues if you do things like that, and I'm sure you would like your school librarian to keep a file of your magazine, now, wouldn't you? I hope these little pieces of advice prove useful to you and that you will send me a copy of the next issue of your magazine.

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave
Toronto, Ont.
M6P 2S3

SYNDROME 3, with its Monty Python inspired cover?, arrived some time ago, languished in a cold empty apartment while I partied among the filthy pros congregated in Westchester County and was of sufficient strength to survive my absence and still demand to be read and locced once I returned.

Lots of good graphic stuff this issue, but since it's passe to react to it, I'll just pretend I didn't notice and palm you off with "too bad you couldn't find any art that related to the text better..." That ought to be blase enough for even the most dyed-in-the-wool anti-repro fans.

The Monty Python episode that was on at TORCON was the last shown in the series. Luckily the show is coming back on this very week, at Thursday midnight. Even if they show reruns it'll be well worth staying up for. (Personally, I find the movie enjoyable each time I see it, but that may be because each time I've seen it has been with a new group of fans watching it for the first time, and their delight is infectious. Contagious, even.)

Undoubtedly the lack is in me, but I find Meltzer such an incredibly pretentious writer that I can't read his stuff through. Maybe he really thinks, or talks, or writes that way, but it reads so very artificially that I can't hack it. At least that way I was spared being interrupted in the middle of a sentence and being denied the chance to ever see what, if any, conclusions he might make. For RATS is still forbidden territory to me, and while Bill Kunkel may not exactly be waiting for the chance to spit on my grave, neither is he ever likely to send me anything he publishes. So it's just as well, in this best of all possible worlds.

Jay Kinney, now, communicates with

words, rather than obfuscating. I'm one of the world's worst hitchhikers: ten hours without a ride will send me to the nearest bus station every time. It did in Sacramento, where there's a warrant out for my arrest to this day for hitchhiking on a freeway. And the only time I tried hitching with someone I'd met while standing at a ramp, we also agreed after a while to separate and call the other if we got a ride, and the schmuck did in two minutes and drove off without me. All in all I lack the necessary temperament to be a Knight of the open road.

Darrell's piece is rather minor (to get into the mood of things) and a bit strained, but the last line makes up for some of the lesser attempts that preceded it. With this and the discussion of Gary Hubbard's



sexual future, SYN has taken over the vacancy left by the premature ejaculation of TAC by Geis. Come to think of it, BAB followed SFR along the controversy route, and now SYN follows REG along the sex route. Hmmm? There may be a lesson there somewhere...but I strongly doubt it. (Along the lines of history repeating itself, there was discussion recently in certain fannish circles about getting up enough money to hire a prostitute for a certain fan, not Gary, who shall remain nameless. When the matter was mentioned at Chambanacon, older fans within earshot mentioned exactly similar plans that had been discussed years earlier for another nameless fan. /Don't you just love these daring, explicit exposes? Just goes to show ya, there ain't nothing new under the fannish sun.

I read Ray Nelson's letter with considerable fascination. It most certainly is a different and honest approach to the subject. Personally, I've had very little contact with the black culture and with black people. The school I've gone to and taught at have been predominantly white, and the blacks I've known have been just like the whites, some great people and some creeps. Thus my reaction to discussions of the race question is academic, and academically Ray makes very good sense. I'm interested to see what reaction others with personal experience in these matter will have to his statement.

I don't think too many fans have been heard to whine that the writers of today are lousy in comparison with the giants of yesteryear. More exactly, the complaint seems to be that there aren't anywhere near as many top quality writers as there used to be, and this still seems a valid comment to me. I'd agree with Dave Piper that Bangsund is one of the best, but there just aren't that many like him who are all that active, and even John tends to publish his best material in little seen or distributed places. Nobody says we should ignore the talents of today, but there's nothing wrong with admiring our past at the same time.

Arnie Katz said this issue was substandard Lunney but excellent nevertheless. Or did he says it was substandard excellence but Lunney nevertheless? Excellent Lunney but substandard nevertheless? Anyway, he wrote about it and I probably either agree or disagree with him or maybe I didn't read that bit yet. Whatever, when this issue comes out I hope you'll send me a copy because I'd probably like to read it. Or maybe not.

Here's to Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, SYN and Spam.

Pete Presford
10 Dalkeith Rd.
South Reddish
Stockport, Cheshire
SK5 7EY England

Understand not the reason why no British zine has taken up the Monty flag. Maybe it is because we live so close to it, silly walks are all part of everyday life. When waiting at the bar of the local waiting for the busty barmaid to notice you, one can always call out...

And now for something entirely different.
A man with three buttocks.



One either gets the attention of the barmaid or is thrown out into the street.

So it goes.

"Bout middle of last year the "First Monty Python Farewell Tour" arrived in Manchester (that's just outside Stockport). Biro (co-ed of HELL) and yours truly popped along to see it.

Great stuff, I can only hope they do another show soon. To see them trawl through all their skits on stage with the minimum of props adds to their status.

95% of the audience sat in the stalls with kerchiefs on their heads (or hankies) knotted at the corners, trouser legs rolled up, screaming at the tops of their voices...

'OOOhhhh, my brain hurts.'

The now world famous "Norwegian blue skit" was saved to the very last and really brought the house down.

'This parrot ain't just dead it's bloody well deceased.'
Great stuff.

The final curtain dropped, a few bars of 'God Save the Queen' then the music stopped...and large white letters flashed onto the curtains.

.PISS OFF.

What an evening...more please.

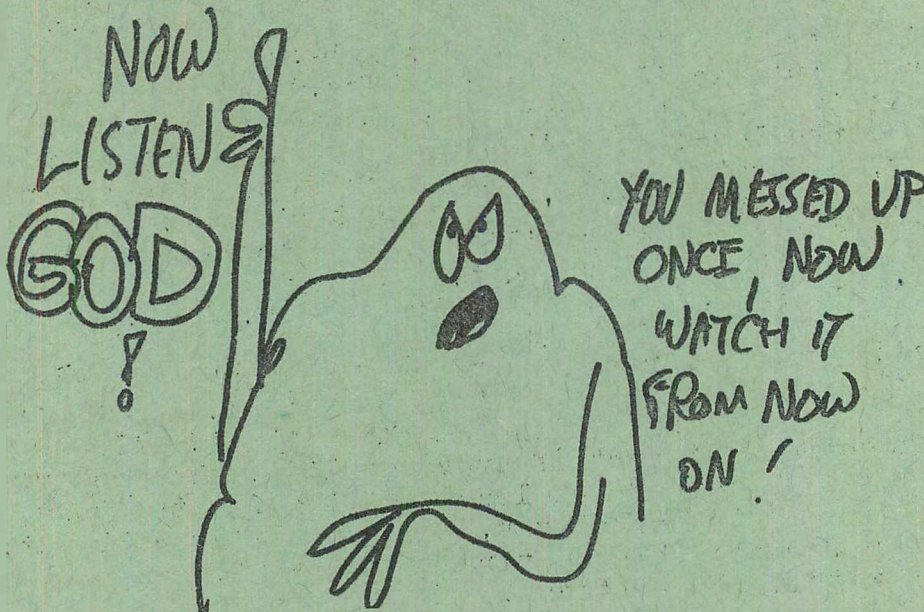
Bill Kunkel
8530 121st St.

Kew Gardens, NY 11415

I loved the first half of Richard's PUD, tho I kept getting lost, it's hard to keep up with that guy! I'll try and get a RATS! out as soon as I can, but I am very sick and all my energy seems to go into music. But I'll get it out. Promise.

((Latest news from Bill as of this date (3/30/75--of when will this fanzine ever feel that light radiated from human eyes?) is that the entire article will appear in RENEGADE, including the thus far unpublished second half. But even that's old news. Maybe I'll try and get the second half of this PUD article myself and try and publish it before 1978.))

The cartoon jam I thought, frankly, was awful. Grant comes off better, and I think the first cartoon sez it all. I enjoyed the



"Canfield at work". part that Grant musta drawn, the drawing board. That was brilliant. Sorry, Jay, it just wasn't your day I guess.

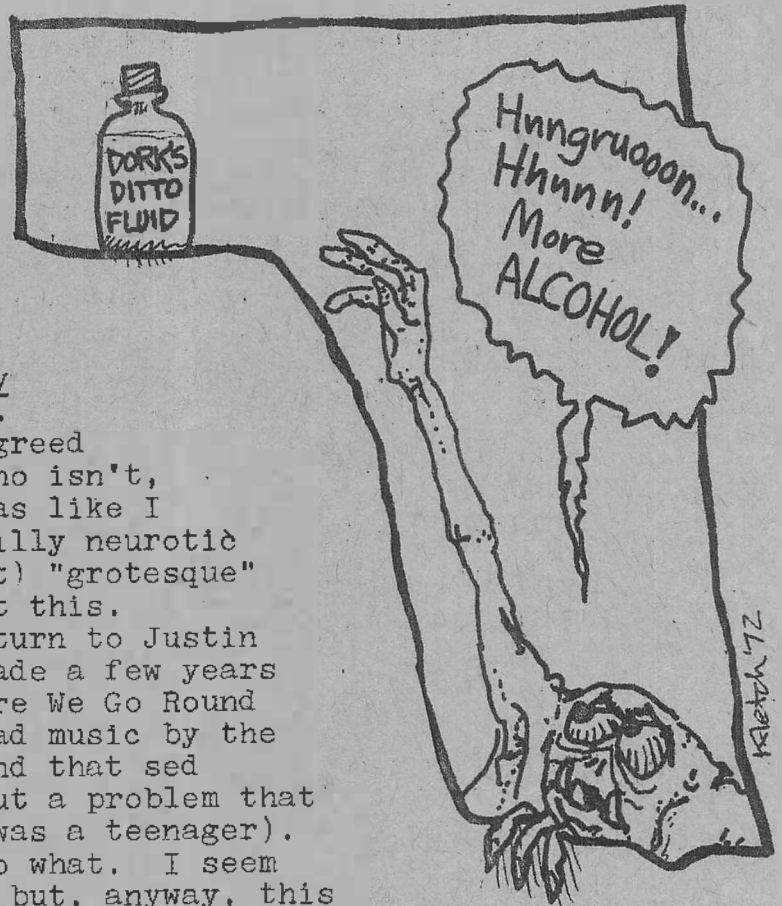
Since you were actually going to print an article called "The Difference Between Men & Women" by Darrell Schweitzer you shoulda made sure it was really funny first, Frank. It wasn't. In fact, it was plain dumb. Agreed he's a fucked up person, but who isn't, and I'm getting tired of--it was like I was finally spared Hubbard's silly neurotic shit and those (Jay sed it best) "grotesque" Frolich cartoons so I hadda get this. Frankly, I would prefer you return to Justin St. John. There was a movie made a few years ago, I think it was called "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush" anyway it had music by the Spencer Davis Group I think, and that sed everything there is to say about a problem that can exist (of course, the kid was a teenager). I find Hubbard pitiable, but so what. I seem to be in the minority on this, but, anyway, this new piece was stupid and sick. And when I say something is sick, that is sumthing, m'man.

Now to the letter column. Good letter from Ray Nelson and I see blacks alienating formerly sympathetic whites more and more and it's reached a point where I don't give two shits about the Panther's problems, since they only see me in terms of exploitation anyway. So I watch SOUL TRAIN and figure that's all I'm gonna do.

David Piper--You are absolutely correct in your statements re the Demmon piece. It was not funny, was it. Terry was simply being a "good little neofan" and praising a "right" person, it's something I have done myself, or at least I'm willing to admit that it's likely that I did. But here's the thing--that particular Demmon piece was an exception, cuz usually Calvin *Biff* is 9 outa 10 funny as hell, which is better than most, and even B*N*F*s are human. It's also true that Terry Carr's taste in his choices for the Entropy series were often questionable--the one that comes to mind most quickly was the one that I think appeared in the sole ish of TANDEM, "A Fabulous Burbee-Like Character" by F. Towner Laney, the Kingest Insurgent of em all. And it stunk, man, did it stink! Not a slight smile, a weak grin or ANYTHING in the whole damn thing, and this is supposed to be classic and it makes you wonder, I know, but I've read things by Laney and they were brilliant. So, you know, it's always hit and miss so long's you're dealing with humans. Even when they're slan humans.

Ray Nelson
333 Ramona Ave.
El Cerrito, CA.
94530

High point of the issue was "The Difference Between Men and Women." Just before reading it, I'd been busy rejecting from my own zine, GARDEN LIBRARY, a supposedly funny story about sex full of real bad words and real sex action, and not a real laugh in it. Like a lot of underground comix, my writer, unlike Darrell



Schweitzer, didn't realize that sex in itself isn't funny, it's the social conventions that surround sex that are funny, and they can be explored better if the sex itself takes place offstage or not at all.

Bruce D. Arthurs

2401 W. Southern Ave.

B-136

Tempe, AZ 85282

"Jeezus, I thought Lunney had gone and gafi-ated!" I exclaimed. That was my first reaction to SYNDROME's unexpected reappearance.

I'm still trying to make sense out of the "Dry Scalp" cover, and now Kinney comes up with "SPAM." Actually, Kinney is a Commie Agent, and these covers are actually a clever code, right? For instance, this "SPAM" cover decodes into a list of this year's Hugo winners.

The Fuck Fund! Oh, that's great! Maybe it could be made a yearly thing, and every year there'd be a race held between Fandom's Most Deserving and Desperate Virgins? For this first one, how about Gary Hubbard, Tim. C. Marion and Darrell Schweitzer? (Or has Darrell managed to get some on-the-job training of the Facts of Life since writing his article?)

I was wrong. I admit it. SYNDROME is not a doperzine.

It's a pornozine.

Hey, maybe Harry Warner could write an "All Our Yesterdays" column about the time "a famous fan really did lose his virginity under the observant eyes of quite a few other BNFs" that he mentions.

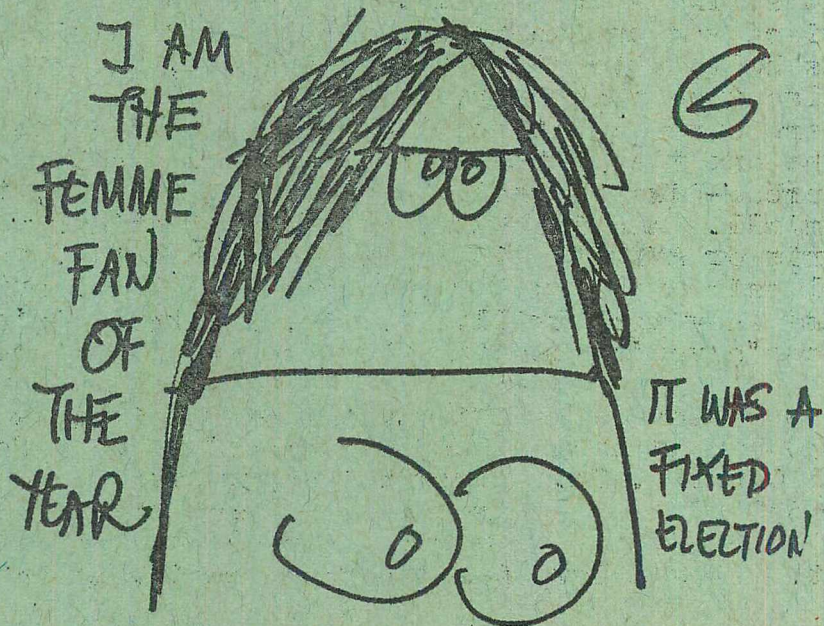
Jay Kinney's upcoming fads of the 70's--"Hypnosis, Suicide, Automatic Writing and something else which I forget." Amnesia, Jay.

What's a slat mill? Anything like a lumber mill, only on a smaller scale?

For one last time, DRUGS - I am not, really, the rabid, foam-at-the-mouth anti-drug fanatic that my letters may have given the impression of. Usually, I manage to avoid the subject and stay cool, let other people mind their own business about it. But there is one thing that really gets me going on the subject: the attitude of some drug users (less prevalent now than it used to be) that, "I have smoked pot and dropped acid, therefor I am holier than thou." For one reason or another, that was sort of the impression I got from the first issues of BAB I got, so...foam, snarl, the hair goes up on the back of my head.

((Well, as far as I'm concerned, the "holier than thou" argument is at least as applicable to people who have tried acid as, say, to people who risked their lives "fighting against the Nazis." I really do think using drugs is fucked up, by the way, but when you're an addict whaddya gonna do?))

Mind if I tell you a true story about the first time I saw a joint? Back in



summer of '71, I was a member of an sf club back home in Phoenix. There were quite a few members who smoked grass either occasionally or regularly. It was known that I did not believe in pot, had never smoked it, never would. OK, everything was cool. It was agreed that there'd be no pot parties going on at the club meetings...the club president worked for the city government and would have lost his job if there'd been a bust, and some of the club members were pretty young and would have had the rest of the club up on charges of contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

After one meeting, I took two of the fans back across town to their apartment. They invited me in for some war games (board type, not the type I play nowadays). These two guys were the regulars I mentioned above, so, to make sure that I wouldn't get into any trouble, I asked, "Do you have any, uhhhhyou know...pot lying around in there?"

"Don't worry, we're not dummies," one replied. We keep our stash buried in a Mason jar in the vacant lot next door." Sooo...I went in. Tried to make sense out of The Battle of the Bulge, looked at a few books, talked, blah blah blah. One of the guys went out of the room.

Came back a moment later, stuck a joint in his mouth, and lit 'er up.

Goddammit, but that pissed me off! I was really furious at those two motherfuckers! They goddamn well knew I was paranoid about being busted, told me there was no grass anywhere in the place, then turn right around and start puffing away! That one incident wrecked my "stay cool" attitude for months!

And if I remember correctly, I got my first issue of BAB shortly after that....

((Bruce, you really sound ridiculous, do you realize that. Anyone giving me grief over smoking one joint in my own home would get bounced on his can through the front door. Apparently, based on facts you've supplied, this doperfans stated there was no dope lying around, and it appears there never was, only dope being consumed. And you know, don't you Bruce, that the law makes a great distinction. Dope lying around you can get busted for... But when it's being consumed the narcs know they don't have a case so they sit down and help polish off the rest of the doobie. Get smart, suh!)).

Re the Fuck Fund: We can't be chauvinistic about this.. Maybe we should start another fund to deflower shy virgin femmefans? (Are there any shy virgin femmefans?)

Gregg Calkins "How I Got Here From There" (or something
150 Las Juntas Way ?? like that) reminds me of my own hitchhiking
Walnut Creek, Ca. 94596 days, although I never had anything quite so
 tough. It once took me over 14 hours to go
the 140 miles from Camp Pendleton to Santa Monica, though, and that's
not a lot more than walking pace.

Ray Nelson's letter was a damned good one, but I doubt if it'll reach any of the people it most desperately needs to reach... Oh, well, I suppose the lid has to blow off before any significant amounts of steam can be released, and all we can do is sit around and watch and try not to put any more logs on the fire.

Buck Coulson A comment on Ray Nelson's letter in SYNDROME 3.
Route 3 I think he's overreacting. I never lived in a
Hartford City, IN black neighborhood or wanted to, but I've been
47348 to black homes and at least one all-black-but-me-
party. Neither have I ever been particularly liberal.

So if the black ghettos are violent, I dislike it, but it doesn't really affect me deeply. I never wanted to know or like that sort of

people, black or white. If liberals want to give to organizations which refuse them membership and look down on them, that's their problem. I'm a member of the NAACP, which has never objected to the color of my skin, has opposed all separate "black studies" programs as segregation, and has done more for people than probably any other organization in the country. The Panthers never impressed me except as people to stay away from - a black KKK.

Will Straw
181 Fifth Ave
Ottawa, Ont. K1S 2M8
Canada

Still recovering from the shock of reading a Frank Lunney Fanzine...had the Quakertown Post Officials actually heard of Ottawa? Fort Erie is obscure enough that they might have chucked anything destined there into a box until some-

thing happened in Fort Erie that made news and they could find out in which direction it was. You had my postal code wrong, by the way. It's K1S 2M8 (not 2MG). Remember this: K1S 2M8= Kis to M Eight= Kis To MEight=Kiss To Mate. Kiss to mate, kiss to mate. I can't get any poems out of 18951, so you're on your own.

I went through about eight years of life without ever hearing the word Fuck. We lived in northern Manitoba, and I attended school with Cree Indians who had their own words for things and never came across the Big One until I was nine. The children of the local Mountie sergeant came over one day, and, at one point, took my brothers and me out in the back yard and told us of a word that was worse than any we'd come across before. Fuck. We were so awe-struck by the awesome power of the word that we didn't dare use it until we got back to civilization and learned everyone did. (The Mountie's son never told us what it meant or what part of speech it was, which added to its power; it was just a Bad Word.) I thought for the longest time that Rape referred to the act of tearing the clothes off someone, until the absurdity of just doing that without following it with anything struck me (and the news accounts of people becoming pregnant through Rape confused me.)

And, oh hell, I'll admit that I lost my virginity in the same way people are suggesting Gary Hubbard lose his. Friends of mine who were more shocked than I was by me being Unexperienced got together, decided they'd chip in, and drove me over to Chippewa St., in Buffalo. It (capital It, for Effect, not just because it's the beginning of the sentence) happened in a parking lot, in a car, I enjoyed in very little, and ended up paying for the whole thing myself. It didn't turn me off sex for years and years or make me hate all women (take note, psychiatrists looking through my early writings for clues as to why I did what I did when I was older) but it's not a way of getting sex that I'd want to go through again.

"DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM'S MY FAVORITE"...

says
Alexander
Marx



ALEXANDER MARX, 9-year-old son of Harpo Marx, whose recent Victor album release is "Harpo by Harpo," says, "I like Floc's secret flavor, because it lasts longer. I usually buy the five-piece package so I'll have a good supply on hand!"

World's best value
for a
penny!



FUNNIES FORTUNES FACTS
ON EVERY WRAPPER

ALSO IN 5-PIECE PACKAGES
AND 20-PIECE BAGS

I collected Pud strips to get a Collector's Badge in Boy Scouts, many years ago. That got me into collecting baseball cards, which got me into gambling, which got me broke, which is where I am today. There was a recently immigrated German boy who lived down the street from us in Hamilton who envied a series of books my grandmother sent us when we lived in Manitoba. He was fairly good at playing the various games we played with baseball cards ~~but a German~~, just a little better than me, and when I ran out he suggested I trade him the books. I said No, then Maybe, then ran out and got one of them and exchanged it for some cards. This went on over a period of a few weeks until he'd won them all and my brothers and sister and parents turned against me for having gambled with something not entirely mine. I use every excuse possible to talk about my Baseball Card Adventures (picking up on obscure comment hooks: Pud strips to baseball cards...oh really!) because they're the only one of the Big Three Nostalgia items that I went through. Old-time TV shows, Saturday Afternoon Matinees...I missed them all, being in Northern Manitoba.

The things I've enjoyed most in the fanzines of the last year or so have been On The Road trip reports, John Berry's and Jay Kinney's particularly. I've written up notes towards a report on the trip I took this summer that I'm going to expand in a full report as soon as I have the time: I started serializing it in Minneapa, then gave it up when I thought about producing a personalzine, so it will likely wait until I get off my ass and do something in that direction. I found myself with an incredible urge to document my trip in minute-to-minute detail for looking-back purposes, and the trip reports I've liked best in fanzines have been the really minutely detailed ones. Hell, Jay's article made me dig out On The Road and start reading it again. I hit it off very well with Bob Hambrecht, a friend of Brad Balfour's who is in Ottawa attending university, and, probably, for good, and we've already made tentative plans to go to places like New York City, Cincinnati, and Quebec City this winter.

I've often felt that Terry Carr built up expectations of an Entropy Reprint to the point where it couldn't help but disappoint. Telling someone something hilarious is coming up is setting an awfully difficult task for the original writer; I've almost felt embarrassed at times, because I like the original writer, and feel that I'm falling flat if he is.

Rick Stoker "It All Started With Pud" is an overwhelming
403 Henry St. article. It's either the most magnificent, plausible
Alton, Ill. 62002 piece of contrived total bullshit ever written,
 or a profound essay on the impact of media
which demonstrates that all students aspiring a doctorate in sociology should first get their theses approved by rock magazines.

((Quack, quack, quack!))

Someday I'll flip a coin and decide which.

I wonder what standards Dave Piper is judging old fannish writers by. Certainly, fandom hasn't produced anybody of the calibre of James Thurber, but most of the old, reputable writers can stylishly hold their own against the quality of most nonfiction published. That doesn't make them great, but considering the limited audience they're writing for, certainly respectable. And I say that having read a representative, if not massive, sampling of old fanzines.

IAHF: I had a letter from Jackie Franke, blocked out for publication, which I managed to lose when I moved to Emmaus, sorry Jackie;
Mike Gorra, Jerry Kaufman, John Carl, Eric Mayer, Bruce Townley,
Tim C Marion, Michael T Shoemaker, Creath Thorne, and Paul Anderson.



IA! Shu
Nibberassh...
Shlu Nigblblath...
Srlu Noggleblash...
Iaw-fukch itsh!

Kletcher '72

Well, it wasn't a birthday present, but it was close. Soon after mailing this issue out, I'll be moving. At least through April of 1976 I'll be either living or reachable through this address--

The other alternative, if you're ever in doubt YEARS in the future about where to reach me, my parents also have a COA. No longer is Juniper Street the location of the elder Lunney's abode. My parents are now at--

I will now stuff envelopes as I watch the first game of the World Series.

10/11/75

