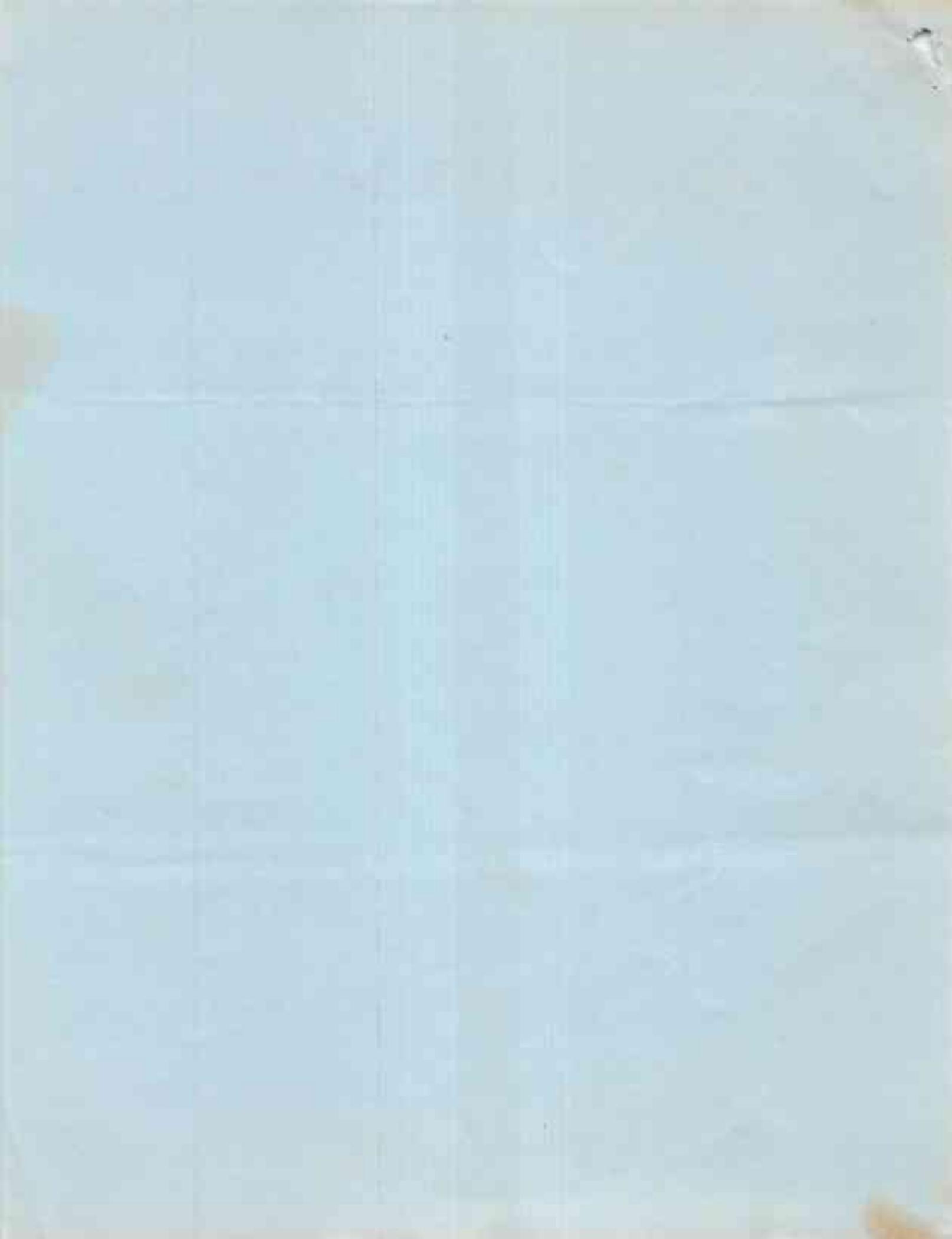


The Diagonal Relationship 12





Rock & Roll Music: THREAT, MENACE, OR CONTRADICTION IN TERMS?

OBSERVER 1

Near the end of last year, there was a rock concert by the Who in Cincinnati. The crowd rushed in to grab seats; there were not enough open entrances to accommodate all of them. Eleven people were stomped to death in the resulting mess.

Twenty years ago, I was a 17-year-old rock & roll fan. I can still remember the hostility of the Establishment to the music I loved. I still believe that if something like the tragedy at the Who concert had taken place 20 years ago, there would have been a public burning of the sort Robert Coover described in fiction. They would have roasted Alan Freed's ass on network television the next day.

OBSERVED 1

For the purposes of this discussion, rock & roll is considered as a phenomenon which began in 1954 when "Earth Angel," by the Penguins, reached the # 1 spot on the pop music charts, and ended in 1968 when there was a Discontinuity.

OBSERVER 2

Needless to say, I thought that what happened at the Who concert was a Bad Thing. But I had another thought as well, one which had first come to me when Sid Vicious allegedly stabbed his girlfriend to death & then saved the State of New York a good deal of money by taking a lethal dose of heroin: It figures.

Now this bothered me a bit, because I realized that I now feel about popular music the way 37-year-olds had felt about my music when I was 17.

OBSERVED 2

Rock & roll began in 1954, but it did not spring into existence out of nothingness. It had 2 ancestors. Everyone knows that one of these was Black music--rhythm & blues, which in turn could be traced to earlier forms such as jazz & the blues. Some will tell you that rock & roll was simply a white ripoff of Black music, in which the popularizers watered down the Black sound into something like the bland blah popular music that preceded it.

That's at best an oversimplification. There was another ancestor of rock & roll, and that was country, or "hillbilly" music. I believe that country music & soap opera are the two most underrated forms of popular culture. Each has dealt more openly & honestly with human problems than its mass-culture analog, and yet each is unfairly despised and ignored, perhaps because one is redneck music, and the other is women's trash.

I do not mean to overpraise country music. It really does represent the attitudes of masses of people, and so at times it has shown sexism, racism, and overweening pride in one's own ignorance. But at its best, it is an honest and human art form. Consider one example, Dolly Parton's "Daddy Come and Get Me," which could be seen as a feminist song or a protest against involuntary commitment for "mental illness." It was a hit in 1969.

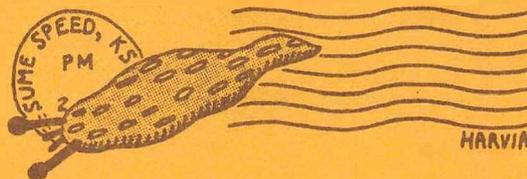
OBSERVER 3

Once a 12-year-old boy showed his dick to a 12-year-old girl. He found the results of this action most enjoyable. Fifteen years later, when he was a well-known professional football player, he felt that he was under too much pressure and once again showed his dick to a 12-year-old girl. This time it made his problems much worse.

It is usually very obvious when someone is repeating once-useful behavior patterns past the point where they are practical, unless of course you happen to be the person doing it. Science-fiction fan Peter Graham once said, "The age of wonder is Twelve." If one discovered rock & roll at the same time one underwent puberty, it is possible to be a bit confused as to the exact source of the feelings involved, and to return to rock & roll over & over again, and wonder why the new forms do not bring the same feelings.

OBSERVED 3

Rock & roll in the fifties was considered a menace--the music of sexviolence (then, as now, one word to the Guardians of Morality). Ian Whitcomb, in his book *After the Ball*, quotes from the official reactions to ragtime music around the turn of the century. They bear a remarkable resemblance to the Official Pronouncements of 50 years later, except that these earlier writers could say openly what could only be hinted at in the fifties--that this new form was Negroid animal-sex music, being promoted by the Elders of Zion to weaken the moral fiber of White Christian America.



May the ghod of 3rd class
mail crawl up your nose!

The Guardians of Morality were not entirely mistaken. There was a certain amount of sex in the music. Rhythm & blues had included songs like "Sixty Minute Man" and one, allegedly about a piano player, called "Baby, Let Me Bang Your Box." By the late 50s, the songs had to be a bit subtler.

But there are limits to how much teenagers can be "protected" from thinking about sex. Cover women's legs, as the Victorians did, and the young men will lust after women's ankles. Forbid all books but The Bible, and the literate young will unerringly find the saga of Lot and his daughters. Clean up the lyrics to rock & roll songs, and some will conclude that "kiss" and "dance" are being used as code words for "fuck."

Whatever it meant, it was a success. This was the age of doowop--the Penguins, the Five Satins, the MelloKings, Dion and the Belmonts, the Clovers, the Drifters, and most of all, the Coasters.

It was the age of rhythm & blues with Big Joe Turner, Little Willie John, Clyde McPhatter, LaVern Baker, Ruth Brown, and the one & only Chuck Berry.

It was the age of rockabilly, as Elvis led the way for Buddy Holly (it is possible that this one remark will bring more angry letters than anything else I say this issue), Carl Perkins, Jerry ~~Brown~~ Lee Lewis (sorry, I knew it was a wild man), Jack Scott, and Johnny Burnette.

It was the Golden Age. Wasn't it?

▲
OBSERVER 4

It was the Golden Age for me. It was lewd & lustful, perhaps, as I was--a fitting counterpart to the pubertal energies I was then experiencing. But it was more than that. It was the music of rebellion. I was at that time attending a high-class boys' preparatory school, a place of discipline, with strict dress rules, one which seemed determined to present us with the Great Culture of the World in suppository form.

Rock & roll seemed opposed to everything Alma Mutha stood for. Everyone knew that classical music was intelligent music and rock & roll was stupid music. Rock & roll was the music of lesser breeds without the law. If these were not explicitly defined in ethnic or class terms, we were nevertheless told that Our Sort didn't do that sort of thing, any more than we got DA haircuts or drag raced.

Needless to say, in the Honors Chemistry class, my senior year, while our deaf old teacher stood in the front & wondered what was going on, four of us--all in the honor society, all on our way to Prestige Colleges--were in the back of the lab, going

Looka there
Looka there
Looka there
Looka there.

The young blood was flowing in my veins, and in 1960, I went off to a Prestige College wondering if rock & roll was tolerated there, and to an extent wondering what was happening to good ole rock & roll.

A discontinuity is a break in the Natural Order of Things. Thus many people believe that there is no such thing as a discontinuity--that all is continuous. But we know that a "moving picture" is a discontinuous series of pictures to which our minds supply the continuity. Some thus suggest that reality itself might be a moving picture of that sort. Others believe in major discontinuities: We all undergo an apparent discontinuity in sleep. It has been suggested that when one awakes, one might be a different person, with a false set of memories. No normal person believes this, of course, but no one has ever disproved it.

This announcement was brought to you by Cosmic Coincidence Control Center, the manufacturers of KALLISTI® Brand golden apples.

OBSERVED 4

In 1964, the Beatles came to America, and rock & roll awoke. It was generally agreed that there had been a discontinuity. The first generation rockers were dead (Buddy Holly), disgraced (Jerry Lee Lewis, for marrying his 12-year-old cousin), in jail (Chuck Berry), or in the Army (Elvis). The field had been taken over by Bobbys--Vinton, Vee, & Rydell--epicine whiners of meaningless gibber.

But the Beatles arrived from across the sea, to reclaim the throne from the pretenders. And in their wake they brought harder-core rockers like the Animals & the Rolling Stones. The Bobbys were vanquished, never more to return. (Well, not quite--Bobby Vinton reemerged years later with a Polish love song. There is no truth to the rumor that the lyrics, translated into English, would be, "My darling, I want to make mad, passionate love to you, but alas there is no one here to read us the directions.")

The British Invasion and/or Rescue was followed by another development--folk rock. During the bleak early 60s, some rock fans had in desperation wandered over to the adjacent field of "folk" music and there had discovered a poet who called himself Bob (not Bobby) Dylan, who certainly did not sound like one of those smooth showbiz types. He moved over to rock & roll, and some rock & rollers--Byrds, Loving Spoonful, Barry Mc Guire--began emulating him, and the Second Golden Age was on.

OBSERVER 5

In 1964, I left Swarthmore College with a piece of paper saying I was a Philosopher. Not only that, but I had learned some philosophy there. (Swarthmore is the sort of college where those two things go together.)

I'd undergone some interesting experiences there. Swarthmore of course offered culture, but never seemed to be enforcing it, and in that environment I realized that the anti-intellectualism of my prep-school peer group was as dumb as the totalitarian pro-intellectualism that had caused it. I realized that there was no need to reach for my revolver (just as well; I've never owned one) when I hear the word "Culture."

I'd found that at Swarthmore, matters of the mind, from drama to physics, were respected & enjoyed; that reading serious literature--even poetry!--for the fun of it did not make one a "fag"; and that learning was not designed for the sole purpose of going on to med school.

And a lot of the people who had these attitudes were also playing rock & roll on the jukebox.

There seemed to be a contradiction here. If rock & roll was stupid music; if classical music was Culture, didn't I have to choose between culture & and rock & roll?

Well, no, I didn't. I told you I learned philosophy at Swarthmore. One course I took was Aesthetics, and one of the assigned readings was *The Beautiful in Music*, by Eduard Hanslick. There I encountered the idea that music has no content, no meaning, no intellectual value. One piece of music can be more complex in musical terms than another, but it cannot be more meaningful, for no music, as such, is meaningful at all. It is a reasonable argument. If two people disagree on the meaning of a poem, they can cite the meanings of the words in the poem. They still may not reach total agreement, but at least they have a basis for discussion. If two people disagree on the meaning of a symphony, what can they cite?

But if music contained no meaning, then there could be no such thing as stupid music. My "failure" to appreciate Serious Music had nothing to do with whether or not I was an intellectual, but was simply a matter of taste. I did not have to consider myself a no-good shit who was incapable of appreciating the culture. I did not have to consider the culture a Pig Oppressor which didn't let people enjoy rock & roll.

Of course, I had to admit that the lyrics to a lot of a rock & roll songs were pretty stupid, but popular music had always set a low standard in that regard, and the best lyricists--Chuck Berry, Lieber & Stoller--were as good as anybody who'd sold.

So it was OK to like rock & roll. Maybe what you've just heard is a rationalization, but it explains the fact--new to me in the early 60s, but now a commonplace--that rock & roll, trash though it may be, is liked by a lot of intelligent people.

All this was going on in the Age of the Bobbys, but I found a few things to like in the contemporary scene. I suspect that the age of doowop was really the early 60s, rather than the 50s, as commonly believed. The Rivingtons' "Papa Oom Mow Mow" may be the ultimate doowop song, and they did an album which included that, the sequel "Mama Oom Mow Mow" (which winds up with the bass growling & barking), and a song called "Love Pill" in which the narrator, after trying a variety of formulas to win the heart of his beloved, finally makes a pill 6 feet long, six feet tall, & six feet wide, and stuffs her into it. The Marcells took a bunch of pre-rock Standards, like "Blue Moon," and treated them with all the respect they deserved. (Heavy-handed irony here, folks.)

When the British came, I was ready. I thought the first couple of Beatles songs sounded pretty Bobbyish, but any group that looked that weird couldn't be all bad, and when I heard Eric Burdon singing "House of the Rising Sun," I decided that rock was back.

OBSERVED 5

What some think of as "the Sixties" ran from 1966 to 1968. It was the age of peace & love, of sex & dope, of hedonism & irresponsibility, of Haight-Ashbury & the East Village, and of rock & roll. A whole group of young people looked around and saw jobs that were meaningless, marriages that were rigid & destructive, products that were symbols of power & status rather than sources of real pleasure, and Americans being sent to kill & die in a stupid genocidal war at the other end of the world.

These feelings combined with the trends in music that had begun with the British groups and the Dylan rock sound to produce acid rock. The groups had names like Big Brother & the Holding Company, Country Joe & the Fish, Jefferson Airplane, and the Grateful Dead. They sang protest songs & drug songs & love songs (some of which were addressed to more than one person).

And by the middle of 1968, something seemed to be happening. There were 2 groups of rebels-- the hippies & the politicals. There was some hope on both sides that the two could be reconciled, or at least could unite against things like the war & the drug laws that both opposed.

The Democratic convention was to be held in Chicago that summer, and radicals, hippies, druggies, counterculturalists, & rockers would be going there to confront the monster. Only a few believed that this single battle would suffice to overthrow Moloch, but the others felt that even if the Establishment reacted, it merely would show the country & the world how oppressive the pigs really were. A new day was about to dawn.

OBSERVER 6

I was in San Francisco from 1966 to 1968, as a soldier in the War on Poverty. One reason was that a leading alternative was being a soldier in the war on Vietnam. The 2 were not completely different. Both were expensive & poorly run; both gave more effort to explaining how they saw the light at the end of the tunnel than to doing something about getting there; both were directed in that hierarchical manner which, I suggested last time, leads to a situation where those who decide everything do nothing and those who do everything decide nothing. Oh, yes, "we" (i.e., the government) lost both wars, though they recognized defeat a lot earlier in the war on poverty.

My platoon did better than most. Our purpose was to obtain pretrial release without bail for those suspects who seemed good risks to show up in court. It served the officially recognized poor--Blacks, Hispanics, etc., and others to a lesser extent. One group it did not serve quite as well as the hippies.

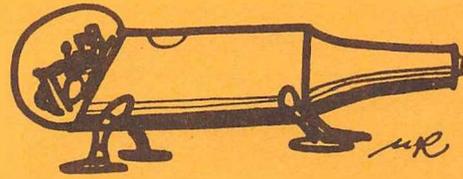
This particular failure was acceptable to the officer corps for a variety of reasons: For one, hippies were presumed to be voluntarily poor; for another, they were not part of the organized poverty blocs, as the Blacks & Hispanics were.

Nevertheless, I liked the hippies. For one thing, many of those arrested, contrary to the romantic beliefs I'd had when I joined the war, were in fact unpleasant individuals who had harmed others. The fact that I was unable to offer any assistance to a young man who was in jail for beating a barber to death for spilling a couple of drops of hair oil on his new suit did not depress me unduly. To be sure, there were some innocent people arrested, but many of those in jail really & truly did belong there.

Thus it was something of a relief to deal with people who'd been arrested for victimless "crimes." I realize that statement means that I, like the Lone Ranger & Lenny Bruce, profited from the existence of evil. So it goes.

I liked the hippies. I liked their apparent rejection of status symbols, standard-brand sexual roles, competition as the One True Path, etc. I liked their grooming, their clothes, and their music, and I might as well admit I liked their drugs.

I did not particularly like the political radicals. They'd tempted me for a while at college. Indeed, I'd been invited to attend what turned out to be the founding of SDS, but declined, largely because I considered much of the Swarthmore delegation to be assholes. (Years later, a woman who'd spent many years in SDS, finally leaving it for feminism in the 70s, would say to me, "Ah, yes, that's a problem SDS has almost everywhere.")



I was beginning to suspect that the socialism the political radicals were calling for would be a great big war on poverty--either a centralized bureaucratic empire like Russia--and one thing I liked about hippies & their spokespersons was their insistence that Russia was far too reactionary to serve as a model--or a forcibly equalized leveled-out gray mass, or perhaps both. One evening I noticed on the wall of the men's room at the Fillmore Auditorium the phrase, *No Left Turn Unstoned*.

I was overwhelmed by inspiration. The graffiti seemed to say it all, Social/ political change was doomed to failure, unless there was a prior consciousness change.

And so I saw an opposition between the hippies and the political. I saw this mirrored in the battle between Senators McCarthy & Kennedy. McCarthy called for dropping out, for changing our consciousness instead of changing the world. Kennedy called for activism, for doing MORE and BETTER. I did not like or trust him. (Perhaps I project later insights backwards. Perhaps my REAL reason for disliking Kennedy was his alarming vocal & visual resemblance to Bugs Bunny, or perhaps even his first name.)

Frankly, one reason I was overwhelmed by inspiration there in the Fillmore men's room (like Martin Luther in similar surroundings) was that a few hours earlier, I had ingested something alleged to be STP.

The one skill that I had learned in VISTA training that came in handy during my actual assignment was holding the smoke in my lungs. In 1968, I finally got up the nerve to try acid. I had about a half-dozen trips with no more untoward result than a recurring desire to tell Dr. Leary he was full of shit.

But there was perhaps a cumulative effect, and as I took more drugs, and listened to more rock & roll, and talked to more hippies, I was questioning more & more how much of what officially passed for reality was, in Jung's phrase, "a shabby hoax designed to trick peasants." By the summer of 1968, I was changing with the times. A new day was about to dawn.

★ DISCONTINUITY ★

OBSERVED 6

Shit, man, what happened? Here it is 1980, and rock & roll isn't what it used to be. In fact, there are a whole bunch of different things. There's disco and punk and art rock and heavy metal and all sorts of stuff.

Looking back, we can see much of post-discontinuity music foreshadowed in the rock & roll of the mid-sixties. Jim Morrison, for instance, was the forerunner of two of the great early-70s trends: pretentiousness and fetishism. He was, he kept telling us, a poet, and indeed it is a shame that he did not live to see himself buried in the Poets' Cemetery in Paris (an honor he shares with Rin Tin Tin). There would be many more self-appointed poets in the 70s, as there would be further followers of Morrison, bringing to the rock scene such pastimes as leather, transvestism, bondage, & flagellation. (I agree that consenting adults have a right to do that sort of thing, but I have an equal right to refrain from paying to watch it.)

Another group of historical (and no other) importance was Blue Cheer, three men who began appearing at the San Francisco ballrooms in 1968, with three times as many amplifiers as any other group before them. Their songs (I don't think they played the same one over & over again) were all long, repetitious, and played at least 10 decibels above the threshold of pain. They did not sell, but that is the usual fate of those who are years ahead of their time.

But why go on? The apotheosis of all these trends is Punk Rock, which has one added ingredient. Remember I said that I'd been taught by the Establishment that rock & roll was stupid music? Well, so were others, and as with most Establishment stupidities, they were able to come up with an equal & opposite stupidity. These people--mostly political radicals--decided they were in favor of Stupid Music. That was the people's music. It would be the sort of thing that nobody'd be any better at than anybody else. Thus punk music, going to great lengths to offend (as is difficult to do in permissive times), loud, played by people with no talent, & politically revolutionary. I suppose there is some good music buried in the shit of punk, and many of the musicians do not carve up their girlfriends, but these young whippersnappers....

▲ OBSERVER 7

Wait a minute. Is it as obvious to you as it is to me that I've been talking nonsense? Well, not complete nonsense. I'm sure there is a grain of truth in what I've been saying, but the fact is that when I speak of the music of the seventies, I speak from a vast, almost bottomless, fund of ignorance.

For the discontinuity separated me from the music scene. Perhaps some of you, reading my tale of escalating drug use & lifestyle weirdness, suspect that at the discontinuity I went stark, raving mad. No such luck. I went stark, raving sane.

America seemed to tremble on the brink of one or another type of revolution, but it pulled back. The young went to Chicago; the cops piggishly beat the shit out of them; America approved. (75%, according to the polls.) America pulled back, not knowing if it passed up salvation, and wound up with Richard Nixon.

And at the same time, almost the same thing happened to me, for in the summer of 1968, shortly before Chicago, I ran out of drugs, left San Francisco, and took the teaching job I wrote about a few issues ago.

I too would wonder if, in turning away from madness, I'd missed salvation, and if I didn't wind up with a Nixon of my own running my mind.

Those who accept the occult doctrine known as "coincidence" will say that it "just happened" that I didn't have a chance to listen to much music that year,

And when I tried to return, I didn't know what to return to. The great AM-FM split had occurred a few years earlier, and while it was wonderful at the time to have an alternative to "Yummy Yummy Yummy I've Got Love in My Tummy," it was the beginning of the fragmentation of the field.

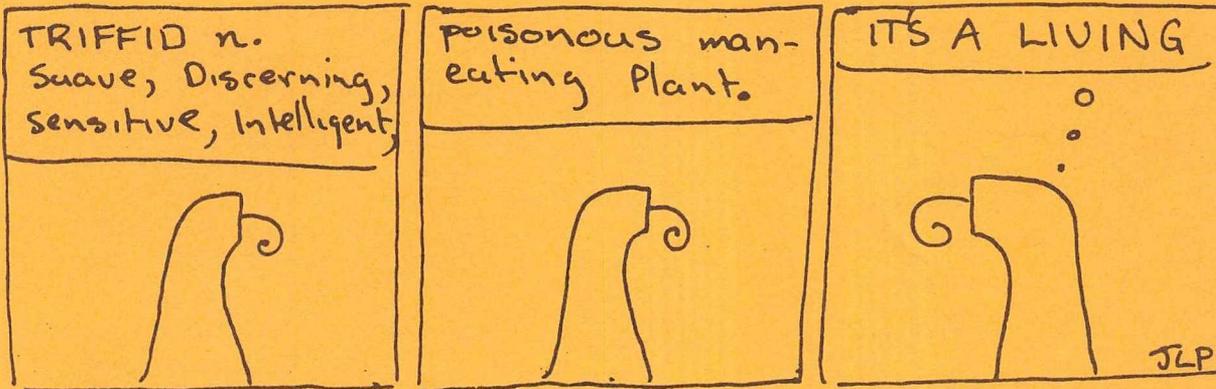
I discovered something else, too. My taste, in the fifties, had been pretty visceral, but in San Francisco I was learning to appreciate more complex music.

Except that what I was really doing was getting stoned before I listened. That way I could enjoy artistic music (or if stoned enough, traffic noises). In fact, I decided that I didn't merely have had taste, but like Tom Lehrer's mess sergeant, my taste buds had been shot off in the war. Surely no one with musical taste could enjoy "MacArthur Park," as sung by Waylon Jennings & the Kimberleys. I suppose I can't say I have no taste at all, since I have preferences, but what I have is fairly random taste. (On the next page, I have added as an appendix or other bodily organ a list of my 100 favorite songs, restricted to one per artist.)

And as the 70s went on, I looked for a kind of music I would like. WHN brought country music to New York in the early 70s, and I listened to that for a while, but eventually it was taken over by Olivia Newton-John. (MOR can strike anywhere, but with your help maybe we can find a cure.) I listened to the Oldies station, and still do sometimes. Occasionally, I get out my old Coasters records, or my old Grateful Dead records.

I sometimes wonder how to classify my experience with rock & roll--something I outgrew? Something I got too old for? Or a once-raging addiction that burned itself out (like Television)?

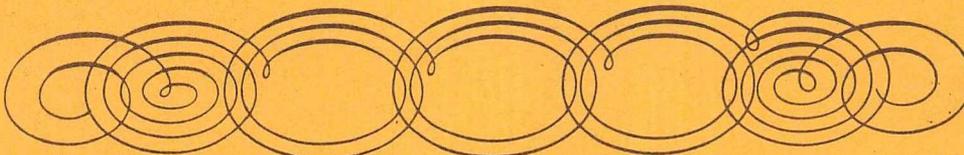
And it didn't even end dramatically. It just sort of petered out, like



Hlavaty's Hundred (I warned you)

House of the Rising Sun-- *the Animals*
 Saved-- *LaVern Baker*
 Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe-- *Bobby Bare*
 Fun Fun Fun-- *the Beach Boys*
 A Day in the Life-- *the Beatles*
 No Particular Place to Go-- *Chuck Berry*
 Down on Me-- *Big Brother & the Holding Company*
 Movin'-- *Bill Black Combo*
 Little by Little-- *Nappy Brown*
 Nut Rocker-- *B. Bumble & the Stingers*
 Look over Yonder's Wall-- *Paul Butterfield*
 I Knew Jesus-- *Glan Campbell*
 I Walk the Line-- *Johnny Cash*
 Liar Liar-- *the Castaways*
 Time Has Come Today-- *the Chambers Brothers*
 Drums-- *Kenny Chandler*
 What'd I Say?-- *Ray Charles*
 Bits & Pieces-- *the Dave Clark Five*
 Love Potion # 9-- *the Clovers*
 Run Red Run-- *the Coasters*
 Cry Me a River-- *Joe Cocher*
 Smoky Places-- *the Corsairs*
 Lodi-- *Creedence Clearwater Revival*
 Mr. Bass Man-- *Johnny Cymbal & Ronnie Bright*
 Mighty Mighty Man-- *Bobby Darin*
 Little Turtle Dove-- *Bobby Day*
 Come Go with Me-- *the BellVikings*
 Little Darling-- *the Diamonds*
 Who Do You Love?-- *Bo Diddley*
 Your Ma Said-- *Kenny Bino*
 I'm in Love Again-- *Fats Domino*
 White Christmas-- *the Drifters*
 Desolation Row-- *Bob Dylan*
 Walk Right Back-- *the Everly Brothers*
 You Can't be a Beacon-- *Donna Fargo*
 Wet Dream-- *the Fugs*
 Little Band of Gold-- *James Gilbreath*
 Pretty Baby-- *Gino & Gina*
 Playing in the Band-- *the Grateful Dead*
 Do What You Did-- *Thurston Harris*
 I Put a Spell on You-- *Screaming Jay Hawkins*
 Forty Days-- *Ronnie Hawkins*
 1000 Miles Away-- *the Heartbeats*
 Fire-- *Jimi Hendrix*
 It Doesn't Matter Anymore-- *Buddy Holly*
 Ol' Slewfoot-- *Johnny Horton*
 Jenny Lee-- *Jan & Arnie*
 White Rabbit-- *Jefferson Airplane*
 MacArthur Park-- *Waylon Jennings & the Kimberleys*
 Crocodile Rock-- *Elton John*

Sleep Sleep Sleep-- *Little Willie John*
 Sorry (I ran All the Way Home)-- *the Impalas*
 Diggy Diggy Lo-- *Doug Kershaw*
 Out of Sight, Out of Mind-- *the Five Keys*
 Let the Water Run Down-- *Ben E. King*
 It'll Be Me-- *Jerry Lee Lewis*
 Make up Your Mind-- *the Loving Spoonful*
 12:30-- *the Mamas & the Papas*
 Blue Moon-- *the Marcels*
 Without Love-- *Clyde McPhatter*
 Tonight Tonight-- *the Mellokings*
 We Go Together-- *the Moonglows*
 How Do You Do?-- *Mouth & McNeal*
 1941-- *Tom Northcott*
 Dance by the Light of the Moon-- *the Olympics*
 Running Scared-- *Roy Orbison*
 Gypsy, Joe, & Me-- *Dolly Parton*
 Shake a Hand-- *Mike Pedicin*
 Earth Angel-- *the Penguins*
 Dixie Fried-- *Carl Perkins*
 The Great Pretender-- *the Platters*
 Heartbreak Hotel-- *Elvis Presley*
 Stagger Lee-- *Lloyd Price*
 A Salty Dog-- *Procol Harum*
 Lord, Mr. Ford-- *Jerry Reed*
 Runaround-- *the Regents*
 Keep a Knockin'-- *Little Richards*
 You've Lost That Loving Feeling-- *Righteous Bros.*
 I Washed My Hands in Muddy Water-- *Johnny Rivers*
 Papa Oom Mow Mow-- *the Rivingtons*
 Satisfaction-- *the Rolling Stones*
 Love is a Rose-- *Linda Ronstadt*
 Angel of the Morning-- *Merilee Rush*
 In the Still of the Night-- *the Five Satins*
 Leroy-- *Jack Scott*
 Walk like a Man-- *the Four Seasons*
 Runaway-- *Del Shannon*
 Remember (Walking in the Sand)-- *the Shangri-Las*
 Let the Good Times Roll-- *Shirley & Lee*
 Get a Job-- *the Silhouettes*
 Don't You Just Know It?-- *Huey Piano Smith*
 Handbags & Glad Rags-- *Rod Stewart*
 For Your Love-- *Ed Townsend*
 River Deep, Mountain High-- *Ike & Tina Turner*
 Shake, Rattle, & Roll-- *Shirley & Lee*
 Unchained Melody-- *Vito & the Salutations*
 Got My Mojo Working-- *Muddy Waters*
 I can See for Miles-- *the Who*
 Mr. Downchild-- *Sonny Boy Williamson & the Yardbirds*
 Hang Up My Rock & Roll Shoes-- *Chuck Willis*

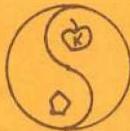


Schrödinger's Cat: The Universe Next Door, by Robert Anton Wilson (Pocket pb, \$2.50)

I guess I have made it fairly obvious that my thinking has been greatly influenced by Robert Anton Wilson, and that I consider him one of the most fascinating minds with whom I have had contact. This book reinforces that opinion.

It is, among other things a science-fiction book (though not promoted as such) in a profound sense. It deals not merely with faster-than-light drives and such, but with the fundamental questions about the nature of reality raised by quantum physics and such puzzling results as Bell's Theorem. It is also a satire, in the manner of Vonnegut but with more bite than Vonnegut's sometimes facile approach, on *Homo sapiens* as mammal, not treating us as NOTHING BUT naked apes, but pointing out the mammalian needs and drives which so often lurk behind what we (yes, you and I, too) think of as rational behavior. It is also, like *Illuminatus!*, a delightfully funny book, with old friends like Markoff Chaney and new friends like Eva Gebloomencraft. It is about alternate universes, the Council of Armed Rabbis, book burning in America, Orgasm Research, mind theft, a character who is really a prick, and much more.

Pocket Books has packaged this book in a somewhat confusing fashion, but it would appear that there are to be 2 more books in the *Schrödinger's Cat* trilogy, namely *The Trick Top Hat* and *The Homing Pigeons*. They have not appeared yet. I think we should march on the offices of Pocket Books and threaten to immanentize the eschaton if they don't publish the books at once.



The Iron Law of Bureaucracy, by Alexis Gilliland (Loompanics pb, \$4.95)

Maybe all I should say is that this is a book of cartoons (the very first one, in fact) by Alexis Gilliland. If you know his work, you will run out and buy it. If not, ~~you're an ignorant idiot~~ now's the time to find out.

No, no, that won't do. Alexis Gilliland is a profoundly verbal cartoonist, one who combines surrealism with wit. I think I can quote one caption & then stop:

I'm assigning my pet rock here to take over your duties, Adelman.... Enjoy your leave.

But there is even more to these cartoons than that. Gilliland has created a world where wizards, demons, and civil servants coexist, and share a surprising number of assumptions. The sharpness of his portrayal of some of these beings is obvious to the most ignorant and untrained eye (mine).

Some of these cartoons have appeared before (two of them in DR), but the majority are new to me. My one negative comment would be that the book's too expensive, but what isn't? It's a pleasure & a privilege to publish Alexis Gilliland's cartoons, and it's a delight to read this book.



Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials, by Wayne Douglas Barlowe & Ian Summers (Workman pb, \$7.95)

This book is devoted to full-color illustrations of about 50 alien characters, from sf books by Silverberg, Vance, Chalker, Herbert, and others. I think these pictures are beautiful and look like the characters as described on the books. This might not be a terribly convincing recommendation since I have little knowledge of art and a great lack of visual imagination, so since the people at Workman were nice enough to send me a review copy, I showed the book to Adrienne Fein, who does know what she's talking about, and she agrees with me.



Too Many Magicians, by Randall Garrett (Ace pb, \$1.95)

And it came to pass that the Lord created the earth, and saw that it was good.... And then it came to pass that the writer beheld the earth, and saw that it was not bad, but s/he could do better....

Today one of the most popular ideas in science fiction is the separate-reality series, a group of books set in a common background different from consensus reality. The most popular of these is of course the Darkover series, which I've written about before, but others, like Zeor & Deryni, are gaining in popularity.

A favorite series of mine is Randall Garrett's Lord Darcy books, set in a parallel world where King Richard the Lion-Hearted survived the crossbow bolt that killed him in our reality & founded an Anglo-French Empire. An additional divergence from our continuum is that in Lord Darcy's reality the powers of Mind (herein called magic) have been developed, to the point where psychic healing is the usual kind, and a sorcerer, rather than a crime lab, presents the forensic evidence that a detective needs.

For Lord Darcy is a detective, and these stories combine the background aspects of a pleasant & peaceful world, and the fascinating details of what sorcery would be as a formal science, with a tale of deduction. This novel is a locked-room mystery, and a good one. A collection of short stories, *Murder and Magic*, was published by Ace last year (pb, \$1.95) and may still be available.

EVERY TIME I TYPE
THE NAME "HLAVATY" I
FEEL AS IF I'M MAKING
A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.



Mike Gunderloy

I do know that legal secretaries know as much about the law as lawyers do. At least as much. (In case someone doesn't know, I am rather intimately involved with lawyers in my business, since I work for a para-illegal firm. We specialize in ~~invading people's privacy~~ obtaining pretrial evidence.) Several times I have spoken to a lawyer on the phone & attempted to explain a problem involving some point of law, only to be told to call back later when the secretary is in. I also have talked to lawyers who knew less evidence law than I do, despite the fact that I have picked up everything I know on the subject in a year of practical experience.

Ed Zdrojewski

David Palter: Slave morality is submitting to someone else for no better reason than that Someone Else is an authority figure. Real morality is following your own code.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with a sense of gender identity. There will be even less wrong with it 10 years or so from now should we continue to follow the path the biological sciences are taking us and gender will be as (or almost as) easily changed as hats. It is when we allow ourselves to believe certain illusions about our gender (like one being "superior" or "more natural") that the problems begin.

I'm in favor of plug-in-replaceable parts for our bodies, too, but when we plug in new genitals, should we necessarily plug in the attitudes that are supposed to go with them?

I think the simplest way to describe the re-defined "game" post-counterculture and post-feminism (if indeed it is at all a game these days) would be to say that each individual decides how "masculine" and how "feminine" s/he wants to be and then lets things take their course in the sexual "arena." Smart "gameplayers" seek out those personalities which will trigger mutual respect and admiration, and the resultant pact (friendship or love or whatever) makes it a lot easier for both to fare in the "arena." If nothing else, there's a guaranteed egoboo source.

Sally Ann Syrjala

Football, huh? Bill Veeck explains why baseball is making a comeback in popularity and no longer has to take a back seat to that pretender to the throne, football.

Veeck says, "Well, it has a lot to do with the mood of the country. In the late sixties and seventies the country's mood was sullen; it was *déclassé* to smile or laugh. The watchwords of the young were speed, action, and violence. Basketball, football, and mugging--not necessarily in that order--typified those feelings. But now it's no longer *déclassé* to show some exuberance, and that's why baseball is popular again."

Vulgar sociologizing from a man who makes his living off baseball. Let me give you my own vulgar sociologizing the truth. Football & basketball were the sports of an age of teamwork & cooperation. What better symbol could we have for the pigginess of the Me Decade than a sport where attention is focused on a lone armed man?

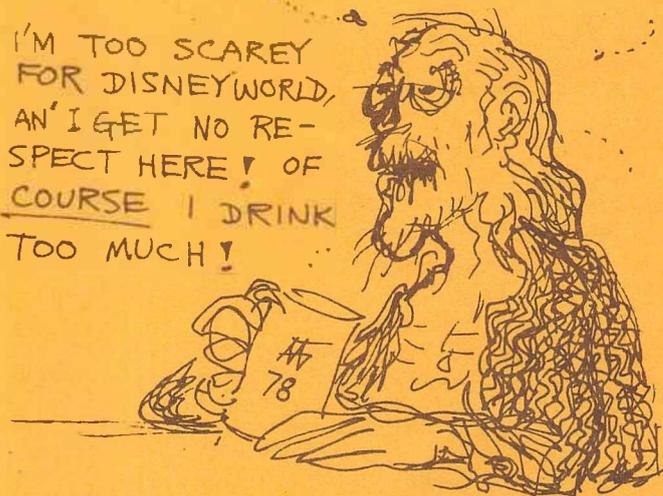
Marc S. Glasser

Being HALVATY on the mailing list isn't all that bad. I'm on a mailing list or two at work as MS GLASSER and keep getting subscription offers for WORKING WOMAN magazine and biographical forms from WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN WOMEN. Not too long ago I got a computerized you-may-already-have-won addressed to GLASSER MARC S, beginning DEAR MR. S. and informing me that their product could be of use not only to me, but to all the SES.

Andrea Antonoff

I have a theory that one contributing factor in male homosexuality can be that many men grow up not even considering women as people. I think this was more true in the past than it is now & also more true in places like the South where social roles are even more exaggerated. This past year I've had the opportunity to meet a lot of gay men & quite a few of them, especially the older ones, seem to have the attitude that women are kind of delicate, kind of boring, don't really enjoy any of the fun things in life like drinking or sex or jokes or swearing or smutty stories & that they're kind of these little serious dolls, not real people at all. And probably their mothers were these ultrafeminine types & men were the only fun people they knew. It could be.

I'M TOO SCAREY
FOR DISNEYWORLD,
AN' I GET NO RE-
SPECT HERE! OF
COURSE I DRINK
TOO MUCH!



The 25 Best Books of the Year

There are a few things wrong with this title. For one, I of course have no idea if these are the "best" books, or even how one decides what the best books are. These are the ones I liked best, with the additional proviso that this is a list made up on 31 December 1979. If I made up another list in a week or 2, I would guess that about 23 of the same books would appear. Secondly, although I say "books," two of the items are series of 3 books, though I believe they may have been published in one volume. Finally, "of the year" means books that I read this year, so there are some oldies on the list, and some new books I haven't seen yet might show up on a later list. But there are 25. In fact, it was seeing that a list of best books of the year came out to a "round" number without additions or subtractions that inspired me to write this.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Lord of the Rings (JRR Tolkien) No, I didn't read this one years ago. I bought it when it first came out in paper (the Ace Science Fiction Classic (sic) edition), read about 3 pages, decided the hobbits would make excellent playmates for Winnie the Pooh, and closed the book. Then I saw the movie. (Some say my ignorance of the book explains why I enjoyed the movie.) I read the book, and now I see what the fuss is about

★
The Law Is for All (Aleister Crowley) The man writes incomprehensibly, obscurely, dishonestly, and sometimes just plain badly. Some say you cannot understand any of his books until you've read all of them, and maybe not even then. Still, there are enough hints throughout to make it clear that he knew Things. (Oh, yes. He was also a male-chauvinist pig. Nobody's perfect.)

★
Miss Margarida's Way (Roberto Atahyde) Public school-ing in all its totalitarian, sexually obsessed glory. "School, being a second home, is the same thing. Nobody asked your opinion about coming in, and now you cannot get out."

★
The Home Computer Revolution (Ted Nelson) Computers, as we all know, are the Future. Here's how to make a decentralized, human-sized future.

★
And Having Writ (Donald R. Bensen) A science-fictional Ragtime, an alternate history in which Earth was visited in the early 20th century. Features Theodore Roosevelt, HG Wells, & Thomas A. Edison. One thing I like about it is that it does not feature Sherlock Holmes, Dracula, and/or Jack the Ripper.

★
Stardance (Spider & Jeanne Robinson) Algis Budrys said that even though he didn't share the book's hippie, dope-smoking, countercultural assumptions, he felt some of its power. I do share those assumptions, so you can guess what the book did to me.

★
The Tao Is Silent (Raymond M. Smullyan) Perhaps one reason for the success of this attempt to point to what is beyond words and beyond logic is that its author is a professor of Symbolic Logic.

★
The Castle of Crossed Destinies (Italo Calvino) Fantastic tales from the Tarot.

★
Strange Wine (Harlan Ellison) It is generally agreed that this, like all Ellison collections, contains a couple of absolutely brilliant tales, a couple of good ones, a few near-misses, and one or two ludicrously overwritten disasters. As usual, no two people can agree on which are which.

★
He: An Irreverent Look at the American Male (Florence King) One of the funniest & most incisive writers around, doing anecdotes & character sketches.

★
Good as Gold (Joseph Heller) Heller had a bunch of ideas for novels in various stages of development, and what he decided to do was to put them all in one book. The Crazy-Jewish-Family book has been done better before, but the bizarre Washington satire (*Son of Catch-22?*) is hilarious. If you insist that a book should hang together as a whole, you might as well skip this one.

★
Jitan (John Varley) I've mentioned this one before. There are 2 problems with it, or with people's reactions to it. One is that Varley is bent under the weight of a Great Potential, and this one is an Entertainment, and thus disappoints. The other is that the male characters are about as interesting & well-rounded as the female characters in the sf of 10 years ago.

★
House of Zear (Jacqueline Lichtenberg) Another catch-up, for me. You could say that the author has come up with a credible new form of biochemically-based human relationship. Or you could say that she's satisfied what some consider the ultimate test of creativity & invented a new perversion.

★
Heavenly Breakfast (Samuel R. Delany) A memoir of the sixties, and what one might pompously call an experiment in cooperative living, written by a skilled stylist with a good memory and/or imagination.

★
Eyes of Amber (Joan D. Vinge) Short stories by a writer with speculative and fictional talents.

★

The Dorsai Series (Tactics of Mistake; Soldier, Ask Not; Dorsai!) (Gordon R. Dickson)

I had always assumed (without basing my opinion on anything so vulgar as factual knowledge) that these books were bloodthirsty militaristic trash. But a while back, I heard Bettina Helms sing "The Ballad of Jacques Chrétien." I decided to look up the words, since I liked the song so much, and wound up reading "Brothers," the story in which it appears, and then the rest of the series. These books are about strategy, not violence, and Dickson understands strategy. There are more of the books to come, and I hear he's even going to start putting women in them.

★

Jailbird (Kurt Vonnegut)

There ought to be a Comeback of the Year award in fiction. After *Slapstick*, perhaps the cruellest parody of Vonnegut ever, he has returned with a book that compares with his best. Vonnegut has the inventive soul of a science fiction writer (much as he might hate to admit it) and he turns it loose in this vision of How Things Are Really Run.

★

The Catch Trap (Marion Zimmer Bradley)

Another sf writer doing mainstream, but this is almost purely a novel of character.

★

A Guide for the Perplexed (EF Schumacher)

A book of, and about, Knowledge. I found the insight that making something into a science means reducing it to what any idiot can do worth the price of the book by itself.

★

Mind and Nature (Gregory Bateson)

More philosophy, about applying the categories of human thought to the processes of the world.

★

The Eastercon Speeches (Bob Shaw)

From the sublime to the ridiculous, and Shaw is very good at being ridiculous. How to run a spaceship on beer, etc.

★

The Iron Law of Bureaucracy (Alexis Gilliland) and *Schrodinger's Cat: The Universe Next Door* (Robert Anton Wilson) are reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

★

Letters (John Barth)

Barth once said that God wasn't too bad a novelist, except that He was a realist. Barth does not have that problem. He has written 6 strange books, ranging from an apparent historical tale where nothing quite comes out right to a huge fantasy in which the Universe is a University to allegories of the writer as mythological character and/or sperm cell. Now he has stamped out reality with a book in which the author exchanges letters with the characters from his previous books. I suspect that you have to read all the other books to enjoy this one, but I did.

★

Tantrum (Jules Feiffer)

There are those who say that the average American is a whining brat trying to escape the normal responsibilities of adulthood. There are those who say the "normal responsibilities of adulthood" are an Establishment shuck that anyone in his right mind would try to escape. This book may appeal to both.

Ron Lambert

Since I am a Christian, I am a theist, and I believe that Adam Weishaupt misrepresented my position with regard to the Ten Commandments. He said that to many theists, they are to be obeyed because they have value in themselves. This he calls slave morality.

Now I won't deny that there are theists who regard the Ten Commandments as magic--you obey them and they make you holy and get you "in" with God. But if you acquaint yourself with historical theology, you will learn that orthodox Christianity (and I'm not speaking of any one denomination) has always denounced this attitude as legalism.

The historical, middle-of-the-road orthodox Christian attitude has always been that the Commandments ought to be obeyed because they are just and good. (Likewise God ought to be worshipped because He is just and good--not because He is powerful.) The Commandments enable us to identify good and evil. If we want to be on the side of God and the angels, then we keep the Commandments.

Keeping the Commandments will not make us righteous or gain us the favor of God. We are born to a rebel species that has forfeited its legal standing, so therefore we need a truly righteous Surety to pay the penalty for our past moral default, and a truly righteous Substitute to take our place in Judgment so we can have present and eternal acceptance with God. But the Commandments enable us to discern spiritual reality and know where to stand so we will be on God's side.

My view of morality thus is based on a "divine Light" or goodness, much as Weishaupt says his morality is based. The difference is that Weishaupt makes his divine Light internal, while I say it is external. My God is in Heaven, not in my belly. To me, Good (and God) are objective, not subjective.

This matter of internalization vs externalization of the source of righteousness and morality is the real continental divide of all religion, past and present. Ancient pagans, for instance, were internalists. They worshiped idols as extensions or personifications of the divine principles they believed were in themselves. Thus they considered partaking in fertility rites or making use of temple prostitutes to be sacred celebrations and acts of worship. The Biblical Judaists of the same time were externalists. They worshiped the God in Heaven, and regarded Law as the means for worship.

Today, virtually all non-Christian religions are internalistic. Weishaupt/Crowley's belief in the "divine Light of consciousness" is common in Eastern religions and even in philosophies like reincarnation.

As an orthodox, externalist Christian, I believe that pantheism and the charismatic view fail to differentiate properly between the Indweller and the indwelled. Because the Holy Spirit is omnipresent, including in the maple tree outside my window, that does not mean the maple tree is God. The pantheist would worship it. Likewise, because the Holy Spirit indwells me, that does not mean I have Goodness in me.

ADAM WEISHAAPT REPLIES: I agree that your distinction between externalism & internalism is a valid & meaningful one, and I apologize for misstating your position. I would dispute your claim that Christianity is the only externalistic faith. Pagans, other than the more magick-oriented ones, seem to worship a Force outside themselves, as do devout Marxists. I would add that what you call "externalism" is precisely what I call slave morality.

Sequel

AND YE SHAKY FIND BETTER

A few followups on what I wrote last time:

Football: When I wrote the article, Joe Pisarcik was the Giants' quarterback. By the time I got that part back from the printer, Phil Simms had taken over, and Pisarcik was sitting on the bench. When I mailed out DR 11, Pisarcik was officially on the Injured List, though some said he was healthy enough to play. Still, as I write these words, he remains on the Giants' payroll.

The Fall of the House of Landry seems a definite possibility. Hollywood Henderson was released for the intolerable combination of being a smartass and playing poorly. The Cowboys are known in football for going out of their way to get intelligent players. (Some teams consider intelligence a handicap; others don't care.) The problem is that many of their intelligent players-- Don Meredith, Calvin Hill, Pat Toomay, Jean Fugett--have been unable to get along with Landry and have left the team as soon as possible. The following week they lost because they had 12 players on the field at one point and got caught at it. It was a combined player-coach blunder, and the players responsible showed up to face the press, but the coaches didn't. Dallas finally made it to the playoffs, but lost when the Rams made the sort of plays the Cowboys usually do. Staubach may retire.

The Listed Sucher: No sooner did I say that I wasn't getting lewd solicitations

Mary Cowan

The part of the football essay that struck me the hardest (ah, nice violent metaphor) was your mention of the woman who asked for a larger wastebasket rather than reporting that no good products were being turned out. In my own experience in the workforce, not only do most jobs not require one to think, but thinking is actually a big mistake; it gets one more work to do and heavier responsibilities without increasing either recognition or pay. I've reached the point where I consciously try not to do any more work than anyone else on my shift. It appalls me to have such a negative attitude toward the work I do, but there's no benefit in trying harder, so why should I screw myself.

Companies that pay for idiotic behavior get it, either from idiots or from people like you who impersonate idiots. I like to think that it catches up with them.

Lynne Holdom

My college roommate, for some reason, got on the smut peddlers' lists. She never paid for any material, however, not deeming it worth the price. We used to pass it around the dorm and wonder what suckers would actually pay good money for this stuff. Another hobby was reading stories out loud from men's magazines, most of which caused hilarity, rather than disgust. I suppose we weren't reading very hardcore stuff in the early 60s,

in the mail than I started getting them again. (See, it's been a long time since I've had any good dope!) A company called ADAM & EVE offered to sell me all sorts of interesting books & devices. We all know that there are many ways for women to dress so as to make themselves more sexually desirable (if you are in favor) or sex objects (if you are not), but now men have the chance to do likewise. The brochure offered men's swimsuits & underwear that emphasize rear cleavage, and STUFFED JOCK, which promises to create its effect without artificial padding. But it could be worse. Mary Teresa Murphy told me of an incident her nurse sister witnessed. It seems that a man was brought in from a disco, in convulsions. (Somehow, I don't think that requires any further explanation.) When the staff loosened his clothes, they discovered that he had taped a lump of pastrami to his thigh.

Publications Organization did not reply to my comments to them, but I received a piece of bulk mail from the Publications Dept. of the Church of Scientology, which happens to have the same return address.

Opposition: About a dozen of you noticed that I mentioned sex & then said I hadn't done so. You have passed the test & are one step closer to Illumination. (Other people's copies have a picture of Spock at this point.) But Seriously Folks, sorry about that. It's almost enough to make me start writing first drafts.



Jolly good
scoring play
there,
David!

That's enough,
the cameras
are rolling



The latest diabolical conspiracy to emerge from the sinister & twisted minds of the Illuminatus! Nut Cult is the Conspiracy to Sodomitize Congress. The main purpose of this group is to have something to talk about over telephones that are known to be tapped by the authorities. The exact membership of this conspiracy is unknown, but one frequently hears the names of leading smut stompers, crusaders against nonstandard sex and/or drugs, and politicians & moralists in general. Any law-enforcement agents who are reading this notice and have concluded that the Conspiracy to Sodomitize Congress is therefore harmless or a fraud might wish to consider the possibility of respectable citizens who had decided on some manner of subversive course hiring someone like me to distract suspicion from them. There is also some question as to whether the conspiracy is connected with the similarly-named Christian Coalition to Cornhole Congress. Some believe that this is the mysterious CCCC referred to in the Discordian texts of Lilly, Wilson, and others, whilst others maintain that it is a hoax created as background for an attempt to devise a 5-word slogan with the proverbial Something to Offend Everyone:

Fuck a politician for Jesus.

In honor of one of the Patron Saints of Discardianism, a man whose picture will soon be appearing on American postage stamps, we are proud to announce the formation of the William Claude Dukenfield Discordian Cabal, Spirituality Ranch, and Collective Love Farm, under the direction of His Paisleyness, Episkopos Amphigorius the Tired (official name, Eric Raymond), at 3920 Sansom St., Philadelphia, PA 19104. Your Primal Nut is organizing his own cabal, to be known as the Alan Freed Cabal, on the cynical assumption that religions named after martyred Jews tend to prosper.



SYNCHRONICITY

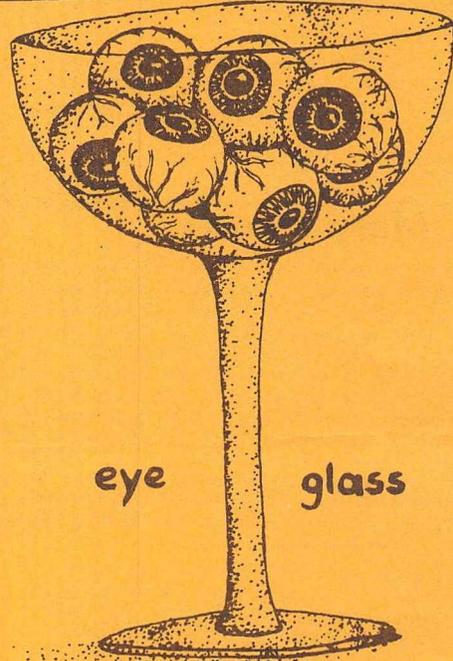
This issue includes a discussion of rock & roll. I could have discussed every artist I remembered & bored everyone to death. But one I left out who deserves a mention is PJ Proby, an American singer who went to England & was eventually deported for allowing his pants to rip on stage several times. Proby uttered a phrase that sums up my approach to life, and as I was putting this DR together, NEW WORLDS 215 came in the mail, and on the back cover, in large type, are those very words:

Jam an artist, and should be exempt from shit.

Ingolstadt in '84 is the one genuine Illuminatus! Nut Cult hoax bid for the world science fiction convention. (Fernando Poo in '82 is a fake hoax bid & should be treated accordingly.) Presupporting memberships are available for \$1 or more from Daniel F. Lieberman, 25 Montgomery St., #10G, New York, NY 10002. Come to Lake Totenkopf and see the Light!

By the power vested in him by his pineal gland, your Primal Nut has declared himself a pope, His Holiness, His Excellence, His Omnipotence, His Omniscience Pope Guilty I, to be specific, and will perform rituals, excommunications, bulls, indulgences, weddings, bar mitzvahs (wait a minute...), etc., for a suitable fee. Since every man and every woman is a Pope, We must admit that there are other claimants whose credentials are as valid as Ours, such as Pope George Ringo II (Ed Zdrojewski), Mome Joan-Adrianna (Adrienne Fein), Pope Sicle I (Mike Gunderloy), Pope Muzak (Buzz Dixon), Pope Priapus I (Rick Brown) and Pope John Paul II (Karol Wojtyla).

Hail Eric, Arthur



eye glass

ART INDEX

Cecilia Cosentino	cover
Tom Cardy	1
Adrienne Fein	2
Teddy Harvia	3
William Rotsler	6
John Packer	8
Fred Jackson III	10
Alexis Gilliland	10
VW Fraser	13
Stephanie Klein	14

OH