

# HYDRA 25

This is HYDRA #25, published for APA F and AFA L by Mike McInerney, Apt 4C, 268 E. 4th St, New York City, New York. Phone number is GRue 3-8230. Things are getting better tinewise...I only worked 70 hours last week...70 hours, that's not too much.

I don't usually like to make excuses or to explain my failures. I prefer to let my actions speak for themselves. But I do think that you APA Ellers should know why I've only been producing one page efforts in the last few weeks. Basically I've been over working so that I can get enough money to get to Europe in time for the worldcon. My schedule has been rough. Up at 7, out by 7:30 at work by 8. Half hour lunch. Leave work at midnight. Get home by 12:30 and then start cutting stencils for the mailing. It's been fun, but I don't think I'd like to do this every year. Anyway, that's why I haven't had longer contributions in the mailings. I will do better I hope after Christmas.

I said if anyone enjoyed it I'd run some more of Pete Stampfel's columns thru here. Some naniac said he liked the last one, so here comes another.

HOLY MODAL BLITHER  
BY Pete Stampfel

These will be splinters — paragraphs is perhaps a clearer word — not intending to relate to each other, but they probably will of their own accord. They usually do.

"Who will solve our problems now that there's no N.R.A.?"...folksong.

A couple of columns ago, I lauded the famous Folkways Anthology of American Folk Music, which was six records comprising 84 selections, each being lanbent and crunchy. There are also 84 basic Yoga positions. I could see — before 1970 — a doctor's thesis on the relation of the successive Yoga positions to the corresponding bands of the anthology.

1984 is 20 years away!

Some people's name should be in print more often. John Fahey! John Fahey! John

Shape note hymns tear me up! I'd like to be a shape note hymn.

The more I hear the Rolling Stones, the more I like them.

Most of the Dylan copiers would have been Bob Gibson copiers in 1961 and Pete Seeger copiers in 1958.

I have recently been lent all 7 of the Original Jazz Library records. Two are of Charlie Patten, one is of Henry Thomas, one is of chicks, two are assorted country blues, and one is jug bands. I like the assorted country blues ones best. Got the assorted country blues, Great God!

I don't want to hear 12 bar blues anymore! Prefer the exotic country blues tunes. Much prefer. Grunt!

"Trains are a gas. Umbrellas are a drag."...Dino Valente

"You take the table and I'll take the chairs."...hillbilly song about divorce, 1960 or so.

When things are written about in hillbilly songs, you know things have reached the lowest common denominator.

"Well, here I am at the lowest common denominator."

Denominator — "Call me Low."

"Gee, eh, Low, it sure is good to know that you're around to have things to get down to. It makes me feel kinda secure, you know?"

"That's mighty pleasing to my ears," said Low.

"Cause when things get down to you," I explained, "everybody knows about it and you can talk to anybody about it." I threw handfuls of rice into the air to clarify my point.

"Mighty pleasin' "said Low.

"Lots of things have made it down to you already like Debbie Reynolds, and Stalin, and hub caps, and Coca Cola."

"Yup, Yup, I recollect each one."

"And I think it's just swell of you to wait here so patiently with your cosmic catcher's mitt..."

"Look out," yelled Low. I ducked into a convient tank. There was a loud splat that sounded like a concept landing in a cosmic catcher's mitt. The sound is similar to that of the men working on the chain.

After the Second World War and Korea, many hundred percent American boys came home married to foreign women. It took a while for the general public to swallow this, but songs like "Frauline," "Geisha Girl", "Eskimo Pie," and "My Phillipino Cutey," testify to the swallowing. The splat of concept against catcher's mitt.

"In a moment of glory, a face shines before me — the face of my pretty frauline."

"It's written in the tea leaves, and it's written in the sand. I found love by the heartfelt in a far and distant land. Tell the old folks that I'm happy with someone who's true, I know. I love my pretty Giesha girl where the ocean breezes blow." SPLAT, and an enemy is forgiven. See how easy?

—Peter Stampfel—

Well, folks, that's folk music for this time. Hope you like it. I do intend to keep running these things, but of course in the future there will also be other stuff (no's, poems, etc,) along with it.

This is Mike again. I suppose that this is as good a place as any to mention that rich brown and me are going to be publishing a bi-weekly newsmag. It will be called FOCAL POINT, and the First Issue will appear in about two weeks. Subscriptions are now being accepted at the rate of 3 for 25¢. Free for comment or news items, of course. So send in those news items, or even some sticky quarters.

So ends the quarter century issue of HYDRA. I certainly never thought that I'd get this high in the numbers, but then who could have predicted APA F or APA L either. I now expect to see the century mark with this fanzine, 100 issues, that's not too...

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