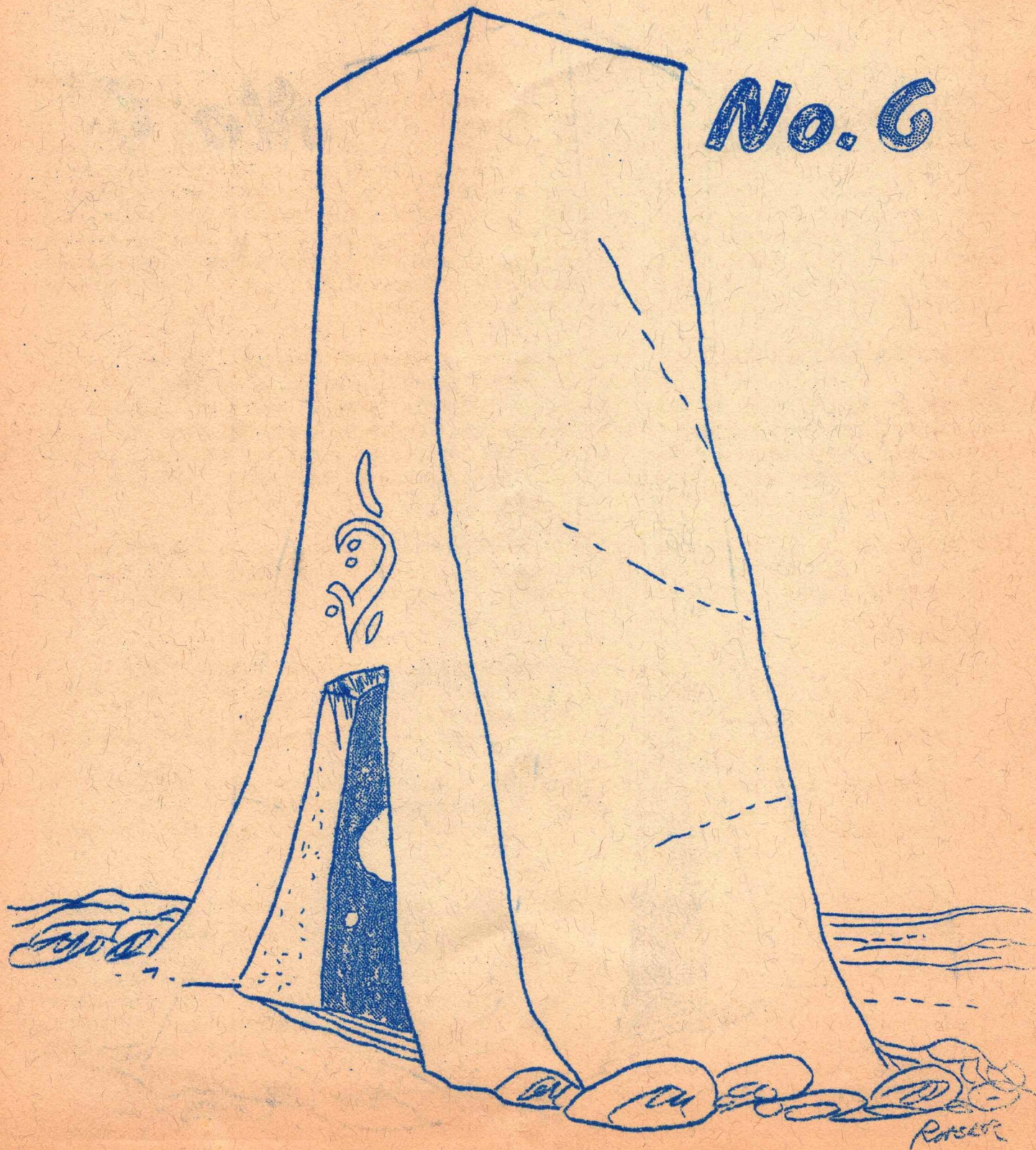


Karnis Bottle's

ΜΕΤΑΝΟΙΑ

No. 6



Rosier

METANOIA

Karnis Bottle's METANOIA is published by Greg and Suzy Shaw of 64 Taylor Dr., Fairfax Calif. 94930. (453-9323) Copies are available *free* for being on our mailing list, comment, trade, asking politely, or Being Nice. This is the sixth issue, dated August, 1970. Not a reprint.

WHAT DOES METANOIA REMIND YOU OF? I'm glad you all liked the blue ink on green paper so much, even though you didn't mention it. I've enough left to use it this time, but in the future I'll probably alternate colors to make it easier to tell issues apart. Sorry no color illos this; I'm simultaneously pubbing a Whole Book in blue ink, and can't change. In #7 though we'll be back to 5 colors, thanx to a new WPTB. :: John Berry said METANOIA 5 reminds him of OOPSLA! (in terms of blue on green). That's the first time METANOIA has been compared to anything. I myself have been compared (in the L A Free Press, 4 years ago) to some Russian character whose name I can't recall or pronounce anyway ("Greg Shaw is the -----kovsky of rock"). I asked everyone I knew but nobody'd heard of the guy; to this day it's a mystery to me what the author of that quote had in mind.

SUPPORT THE BOB SHAW FUND No, not my younger brother Bob (though I do have one). This is the famous Irish fan of the same name, one of the few who've done so much to make fandom the enjoyable thing it has been. \$1,000 is needed to bring Bob over here for the Noreascon. Figuring maybe 200 fans who actually give a damn, that comes to \$5 each. Send \$10 just to be sure, and see FOCAL POINT for more things you can do to help. Fund administrator is Rich Brown, 410 61st St., Apt. D-4, Brooklyn, NY 11220.

YOU ASKED FOR IT I was amazed how many ~~take~~ readers wrote in to ask for Jay Kinney's address. Rather than just give it, I'm going to list all the fanzines I know of that are indispensable to anyone who enjoys METANOIA.

RECOMMENDED FMZ:

- NOPE Jay Kinney, 606 Wellner Rd., Naperville, Ill. 60540 (summer) 25¢
- EGOBOO John Berry, 1352 Emerson, Palo Alto, CA. 94301 (summer) Mayfield House, Stanford, CA. 94305 \$1.00 (preferably trade or comment)
- FOCAL POINT Arnie Katz, 55 Pineapple St. Apt 3-J, Brooklyn, NY 11207, and Rich Brown (address above) 6/\$1
- MICROCOSM Dave Burton 5422 Kenyon, Indianapolis, Indiana 46226 25¢ (send 50¢ for #14 only, all monies to go to the Bosh Fund)
- TWAS EVER THUS Jonh Ingham, 21157 Kingscrest Dr., Saugus, CA 91350 25¢ (more heavily into rock)

That's it for the zines I recommend without qualification. There are others that can be enjoyed, but only at the risk of running into articles about Science Fiction.

A VISITATION It's not every day in our sleepy lives that someone comes to see us any more, especially a certified Travelling Giant. So it was a rare treat when John Berry came by to visit recently, bring some moldy treasures from his fanzine collection. We gossiped about mutual fan acquaintances, exchanged hot DNQs, and generally worked out details of the Master Plan for Fandom. Dinner was eaten, a few records played, and somehow four hours disappeared.

John left me with a choice bunch of fanzines to read, most of which I'd never seen before. Quite a few VOIDS and LIGHTHICE, a couple of QUIPS (including the only existing copy of #13) and a complete run of FLYING FROG. He left with a stiff warning to beware of "Focal Point Fever" after reading VOID, quite a common affliction to hear John tell it.

FLYING FROG FEVER? Actually, there was a much greater danger of my falling prey to Flying Frog Fever. Many of you are probably as unaware of FLYING FROG as I was, so for your sake I'll say that it was a 4-page weekly fmz published from Berkeley in 1963 by Andy Main and Calvin Demmon. Beyond that I can't describe it. FLYING FROG contains the best writing by Calvin Demmon I've seen outside the 2 issues of FRAP I have, but then I haven't seen Calvin's zine *Skoan*, so the best may still be awaiting me. In any case, when the Fanzine Reprint Library comes about, I intend to see to it that a volume of the works of Calvin Demmon is included.

Andy Main is a good writer too, let there be no mistake about it, but not in Demmon's class by any means. I happened to be reading a book by Richard Brautigan a couple of days ago, and that may be the reason my mind keeps comparing Demmon with Brautigan. The resemblance is not all that deep, actually. Brautigan's descriptions are more imaginative, but Demmon's sense of the absurd is much more highly developed. Parenthetically, I'm also reminded of the long and rich contribution to fandom of Ray Nelson, now unappreciated or forgotten. Nelson is one of the most talented and imaginative people we've had in our midst, and a Collected Works for him wouldn't be a bad idea either.

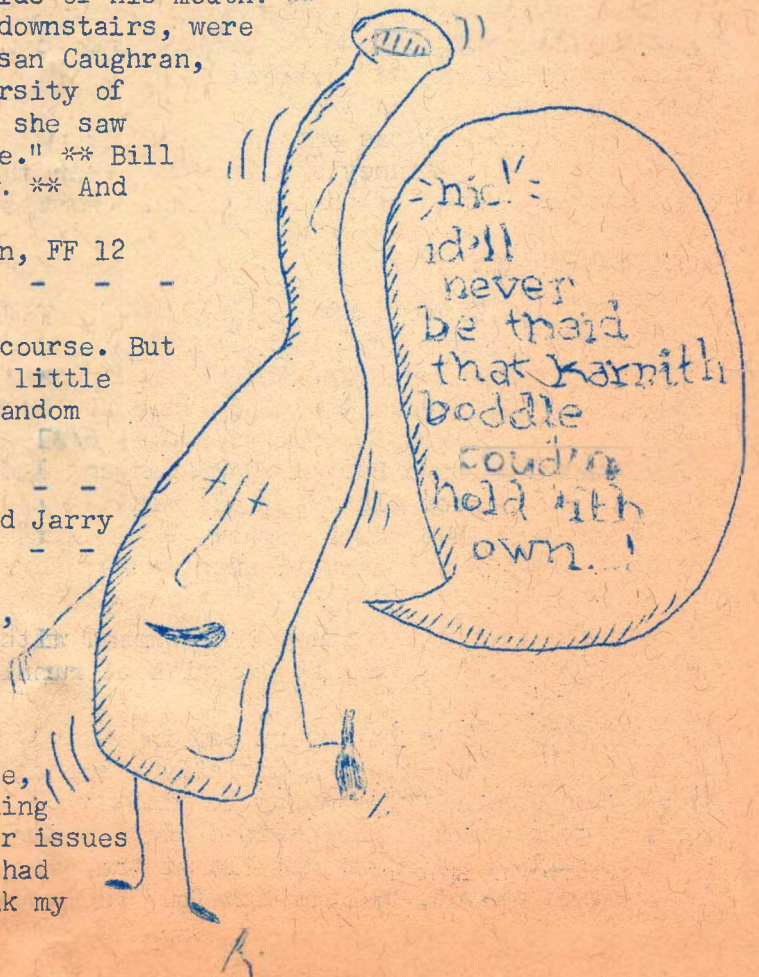
NEWSBREAKS: This has proved to be such a popular feature that we are bringing it back this week for your enjoyment. ** Andy Main, of El Cerrito, is at this moment sound asleep in his sleeping bag, just inches away from violent death. ** Ray Nelson has nearly completed his tunnel to the Bay. ** Ed Clinton has finally returned, but he claims "amnesia." We've heard better stories than that before, Mr. Clinton. ** A recent letter from Bob Lichtman reports that he has completely regained the use of the left side of his mouth. ** Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Moore, the people downstairs, were burned out recently by a maniac. ** Susan Caughran, who works in our building at the University of California, reports that the last time she saw Jim he was "hanging from the Bay Bridge." ** Bill Donaho ate a live monkey the other day. ** And that's NEWSBREAKS for this week.

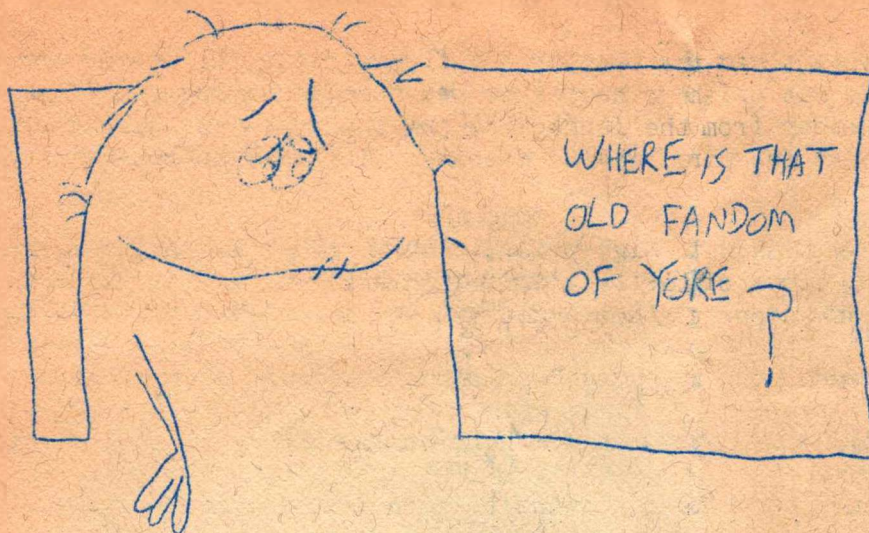
-- Calvin Demmon, FF 12

This was all seven years ago, of course. But Calvin's still around and maybe with a little prodding he'll get back into things. Fandom needs you, Calvin Demmon!

La 'Pataphysique est la Science! -Alfred Jarry

LIGHTHOUSE I tackled LIGHTHOUSE next, which wasn't much of a jump, since LTHS was the product of 2 recently transplanted Berkeley fans, Peter Graham and Terry Carr. In its early days LTHS was a relaxed, literate, friendly fanzine, with lots of rewarding material. I much preferred the smaller issues to the 90-page monsters, though those had their share of good stuff too. I think my





favorite thing about LTHS was Peter Graham. My familiarity with Graham had previously come from his writing in PSYCHOTIC and other zines of the early fifties. In LTHS I found a much matured Pete Graham, with a well-disciplined mind, an admirable writing style, and opinions I found myself agreeing with much more than I'd have thought, considering his radical political beliefs. But then Graham must've been one of the last of the reasonable Socialists, because he at least

was willing to talk to people who didn't agree with him. I wonder what he's doing nowadays?

I wonder about a lot of things, tantalizing little references I've been coming across in these old fanzines. Did Graham ever publish A FANZINE FOR THE BEATLES? Did anyone ever find out why copies of Lee Hoffman's FANHISTORY were disappearing? Does Terry Carr still get phone calls from Jeff Wanshel? I wonder briefly, with an interest that flares brightly and then fades as I realize that these questions are meaningless when one considers the hundreds and thousands of good fanzines that have all but vanished from the face of the earth. I don't know why I worry about it anyway; as it is I don't have time for more than a fraction of the reading I'd like to do. I might as well wait till I'm a rich old slob and buy some huge collection of fanzines to read through my twilight years.

AND NOW THE NEWS All of you who enjoyed the little stories I've been writing about life in Fairfax will especially like this issue. It's hard to say if more things are happening to us or I'm merely getting into the habit of committing them to paper, but the fact is that my file is bulging with material of this type. So much, indeed, that the popular Neighbor Stories has been crowded out. Look for it next month.

IT WAS JUST A QUIET EVENING AT HOME We were watching Tom Jones on TV. Suddenly Suzy grabbed my arm and cried, "Look!" She seemed to be pointing at the closet, but I didn't see anything unusual about it. "No, stupid. In the kitchen!" When I looked, I saw a sort of light show on the walls of the kitchen. Going out to investigate, I saw flames shooting up outside the far kitchen window.

"Our house is on fire!" I yelled, and ran through the house and out the wrong door. Suzy hurried after me to turn on the hose in the front that doesn't reach the side of the house where the fire was. I ran around the house, the long way, to the back, and turned on the other hose. A large pile of leaves was burning against the side of the house, and I had the flames out in a few seconds. Inside, the curtains and ceiling were burning. Suzy, back inside now, was so nervous she was carrying water 20 feet across the kitchen in a teacup to hurl ineffectually at the burning curtain. After several trips she realized it wasn't doing any good, but by then I had it out with the hose.

Suzy picked up the phone and dialed "operator," then dropped the receiver on the floor. When she picked it up she waited for the call to go through, while the operator was waiting for Suzy to say something. Finally, realizing they were connected, Suzy blurted out "Fire, fire!" The operator, catching the spirit of excitement, gasped, "Where, where?" "Fairfax, Fairfax!" screamed Suzy, and hung up without giving our address.

Several neighbors had already called the Fire Department, however, and the

trucks pulled up almost as soon as I had the last of the flames out. All up and down the street neighbors were coming out of their houses to see what was going on. Old Verl next door (whom you'll remember from the fence-stealing incident) was standing on his porch, directly adjacent to the fire, waving a hose in the air and bellowing. He was dead drunk.

The firemen soaked the whole area with high-pressure hoses and checked the foundations for lingering embers. A crowd of little kids was gathering, 8-10 years old, mostly with long hair. "Hey," asked one of them, "did you set the fire?"

"Oh, sure. I just love to burn down my house," said Suzy.

"Say," I asked the firemen, "how'd you guys get here so fast?"

"Well," drawled one of them, "sure wouldn't want to come any slower."

"That's right," added another. "When we hear the bell, we just go."

I went back inside to inspect the damage. The kids followed me in. "Hey, you got a neat house here!" I mumbled something over my shoulder on my way out to the kitchen. Some four or five of them followed me. "Wow," said one, "look at that stereo!" "Yeah, boy, look at all the smoke." They were all over, in the bathroom, checking out the closets, watching the TV, reading my mail.

"Hey you guys," I said. "This isn't open house, you know."

One of the kids outside heard that and started telling all the people who were milling around on our front lawn that we were holding open house. They began trooping in. Finally the fire trucks left, the neighbors went home, and the kids disappeared. We went back to where the fire'd been to rake up the remains of the compost pile and wet the area down again. Old Verl was out there too.

"Yessir," he began, "I was just a-watchin' my TV and then I saw that fire. What a thing! Boy oh boy." It was the same thing he'd said a half dozen times to anyone who'd listen, beginning when I first showed up with the garden hose. We made some small talk with him; he was pretty stoned. After awhile he took me aside.

"Tell me, boy. You ever take a drink?"

"Nossir," I replied, "just at parties occasionally." Not strictly the truth, but I didn't feel like trying to explain science fiction conventions to him.

"Well, how about the wife? I got some good stuff inside."

He's always trying to get Suzy to come in and drink with him, mainly because the last girl who lived here used to do it all the time. I thanked him politely and



changed the topic to fires and such. I asked him when was the last time there'd been a fire on the block. He didn't know about that, but he used the opportunity to tell us about his job, his family, his life history, and his opinion of minority races, all tied together in a kind of rambling reminiscence. He went into his house for a little while and came out with a framed photograph of one of his daughters that had been taken in 1941, showing it to us as we tried to shovel burnt leaves by the light of a 100-watt bulb on a cord.

We made suitable noises about the attractiveness of the girl, and he went off muttering something about his 32 grandchildren and uncounted great-grandchildren. It appeared our earlier assessment of him as a lonely person who just wanted attention was correct, because once the fire had put him in the center of things, so to speak, he opened up and was really quite friendly.* I still wish he'd give back the fence, though.

After it was all over we settled down again in front of the TV and talked about what a nice fire it'd been. An obscure corner of the house had been a bit charred, one window pane would need replacing, and altogether it appeared that our fire karma had been used up in a harmless and quite instructive manner. The excitement alone was almost worth the trouble, and the things we learned about fires, and about our neighbors, made it a rewarding experience. The kindness shown by all the people who'd come to watch, as well as the firemen, warmed our hearts. One of the firemen who lived up the street promised to come back around midnight and check to make sure everything was cool. One older neighbor, who didn't quite comprehend the small extent of the damage, offered to put us up for the night. It was really touching.

Altogether, I think Suzy summed it up best with one of the last things she said before we went to sleep:

"How could you ask for a better fire?"

A TED WHITE STORY We had a suspenseful drama here this month, not as much so as the fire, but compared to the usual sort of thing, quite suspenseful for us.



For 3 months we've had our leather things on consignment at a certain store in San Rafael called Anthem. We've always been on the best of terms with the owners, Tony and Tish, and their assistant Carlos. We spent a lot of time in the store talking with them, they were concerned about our health, and we thought we knew them. Best of buddies.

One day I went in to take them a purse order, and I found the shop boarded up, everything torn down and removed, a "for lease" sign on the window. I was quite surprised, for Suzy and I had been in several times in the last couple of weeks and they'd said nothing of moving. I conjectured that their landlord had suddenly evicted them for some reason, and went home to wait for them to get in touch with us.

A couple of days passed, then a week, and through conversations with others we know who'd been dealing with Anthem a pattern of guilt began to take shape. Three other craftsmen claimed Anthem owed them an average of \$500 each. The landlord said he hadn't

* Our landlord suspects him of having started the fire, because there's no way it could have started by itself. They have a good point, especially in view of his extreme anxiousness the next morning to explain that he doesn't smoke. But... C'est la vie, I guess.

evicted them or raised the rent or anything, and that they owed him \$5,000. One girl who'd been in 2 days before our last visit said they'd told her they were moving. We remembered Tony had asked us to make up an order of 10 vests for which he would pay us "next week." Suspicion mounted. Finally we reached a close acquaintance of theirs who claimed Tony was some kind of psychotic who always burned people, who his rich father was constantly having to pay off. By now we were certain: we'd been burned.

We'd had some \$240 worth of goods on consignment at Anthem. We could absorb that large a loss (though we'd naturally prefer not to), but we were more concerned about the relationship we'd thought we had with Tony, Tish and Carlos. Suzy was especially upset. Finally, regretfully, we went to the Police.

We explained the situation to Inspector Sousa, an unexpectedly groovy cop in his late thirties.

"It's sure sad this kind of thing has to happen," he commented. "You know, we have several communes here in town, and have been really hoping they'd succeed. We try to let everyone do their thing, and do the best we can to help bring about the Aquarian Age, but it's pretty discouraging sometimes." We agreed. "Why, just last month," he continued, "we found out that the members of one of our favorite communes, the ones who were always talking about the Golden Rule, were making night raids on other people's houses. It really breaks my heart when things like that happen."

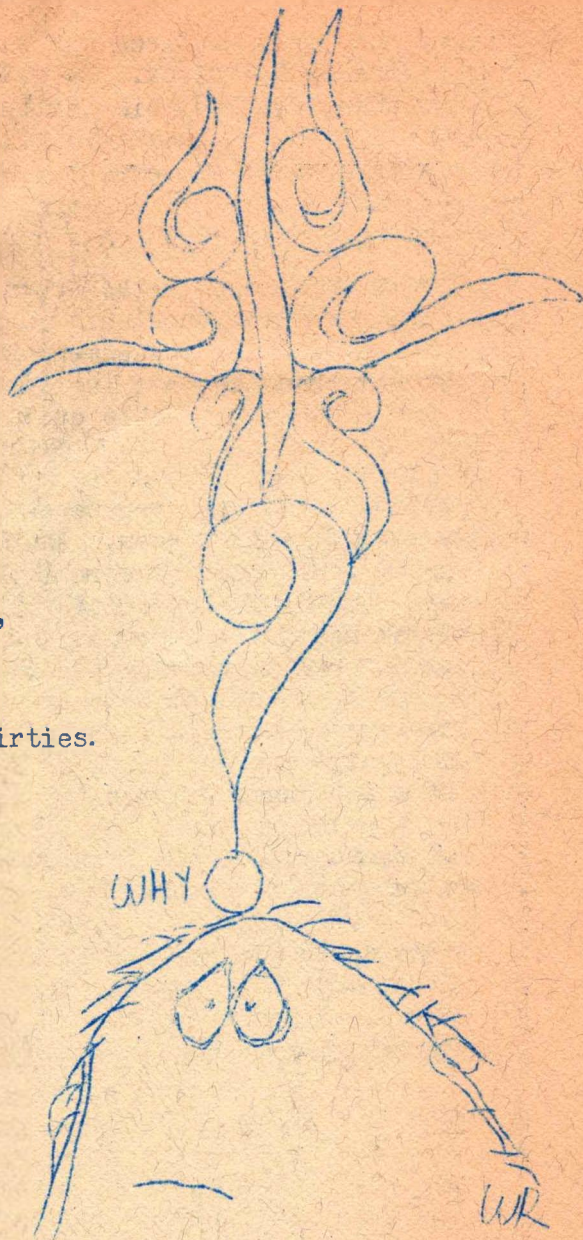
So anyway, we pressed charges as best we could. It seems there's not much you can do in the way of filing complaints against an established business, no matter what they do. But Inspector Sousa promised to explain our case to the DA and see if he could get a warrant. Meanwhile he advised us to try and track down the culprits ourselves.

We got a lead on Tony from a guy who'd seen him on the street and gotten a vague address. We drew up a list of the missing goods, attached a statement of responsibility to get them to sign if the goods weren't there, and went off to look for the place. We were a bit apprehensive; it was the first situation of this sort we'd ever been involved in. All our business arrangements are conducted on trust; we never bother with signed receipts, preferring to let things rest on the strength of human relationships. Our method hadn't failed yet.

Suzy had been in a state of depression bordering on tears all day. She felt that if these people, whom she'd been so sure were our friends, really did consciously try to burn us, it would destroy a large part of her faith in humanity. I was a bit bewildered myself, because the character judgments I make of people are usually so accurate that I've come to rely upon them almost automatically. This would change things.

In our hearts we were both holding out a small hope that it was all a vast mis-

((continued immediately following letter column - ed))



AN EIGHT INCH COLUMN

I hadn't planned on going to the dance/concert, mainly because there were so many bad vibes, and so many bad people who would take great pleasure in creaming my head -- and if that's paranoia, it's damn well justified -- but I had to take my younger brother and his Horde, so I figured on stopping by for a minute and seeing if there was anyone I knew present. There wasn't, I split, and ended up in an orgy. It was at the apartment of a local fan and everyone was in college and fans may look like slans with their clothes on but they sure don't with them off. So anyway I split from there about ten thirty and went back to pick up my brother. When I got there, there was this crowd gathered and I could see a couple of police cars, and the first thought in my mind was "there's been a fight." This was really a logical conclusion since most of the people that go to these weekly dances are straight and/or drunk, and fights are a fairly common occurrence. But it wasn't a fight -- the police had busted two freek-types for possession of marijuana -- the Killer Weed -- and they had one of them handcuffed and the other was being frisked. I felt sorry for the two guys, but I also felt angry at their stupidity. While the cops were looking Bad -- just doing their jobs, actually -- the crowd's mood changed, slowly at first, and I don't think many people recognized the change. Where they'd felt hostility before, now that the two freeks were "up against the wall" they sympathized, no empathized with them. The crowd became restless, and they pressed in on the cops. The cops must have sensed the change too, because they started giving orders and hustled the two cats into the squad car. I went home that night feeling good, because empathizing is the First Step.

But on the way home I was listening to this talk show on the radio, the Chuck Boils Show (you supply your own joke about his name) and while they get some intelligent people on the air -- like the fellow last week who was criticizing the police department and calling people witch burners and saying how backward Indiana is (reminded me a bit of Harlan Ellison) -- they get some incredible fools on. Like last night. This man came on and was talking about a big rock concert going down here soon -- the mayor is supporting it and they're bringing in the Guess Who and it'll be free: the first of its type here in Naptown -- and he was talking about how he screened every record his son bought and how the rock music was turning his son against him and how all rock was communist inspired. And he burned some of his son's records. Would'nt have his son listening to that commie trash. His son's only going to listen to what his father wants him to. But that's just fascism, which Everyone knows is better than Communism. Right?

So I took two aspirins for the headache that fart gave me and went to bed. I had some pretty strange dreams that night, too, but that's another story. I think.

BY DAVE BURTON

KARNIS BOTTLE'S



TED WHITE I'm curious about the whole recent Rolling Stone downer thing. I like RS a lot, although I think the record reviews are not only dreadfully uneven, but often just plain Wrong. But bad things seem to be happening lately. Advertising seems to be off quite a bit, the pages have been cut back to the 35¢-price-level (without cutting the price back), and I've been hearing all sorts of contradictory things about Wenner and the RS. Like, Independent News says RS is going to be the next One-Million-and-One Best Seller. But the advertisers have been going over to Crawdaddy. That seems foolish, unless they know something I don't know. And I've heard a lot of people are down on Wenner without knowing why about any of them. Compared with the other rock papers, I think Rolling Stone's prose is admirable. They seem to have at least some journalistic standards, while the rest of the papers allow such self-indulgent writing that it inevitably turns me off after a few paragraphs. But I know that a lot of people are down on RS for exactly this reason. I wonder why. Is readability really that objectionable to the Newly Hip? Oh well. I couldn't bring myself to read the Manson stuff. That this charlatan has become the new folk hero of the underground is a sad commentary on how easily the underground can be manipulated.

On the Crawdaddy front, things are bleak. The publishers seem to have been milking the till. All the most recent checks paid out -- to staff and contributors alike -- have bounced. (Mine was for \$100, and it's the first time I've been burned professionally in nearly ten years.) The printer has been paid for none of the tabloid issues and is holding the 11th until he is paid. (Funny thing; I had a major piece in that issue. *Sigh*) The phones are off now, and I plan to raid the offices today for all I can carry away to hold in ransom for my money. And this at a time when advertising had doubled in the last two issues. Somebody just couldn't wait.

⇐ Everyone seems to have different complaints about Rolling Stone, but it's pretty much agreed they're not doing the job they should be. John Wasserman, who replaced Ralph Gleason as the Chronicle's music columnist, ran a column last week explaining that RS had run out of money, three top editors had been laid off or resigned, and Greil Marcus (their best writer) had taken a leave of absence to work on his doctorate in Political Science. There was that item in Crawdaddy awhile back that they had hired some european designer to come up with a new format, which nobody around here can confirm, as well as all sorts of rumors floating around ("Wenner forced the whole staff to take a 10% pay cut so he could put paneling in his office") I think we can expect some big changes soon. As for Crawdaddy, no issue has been seen here since #7. I'm amazed their printer has trusted them for so long, but not that a crew of such inexperienced people has managed to grossly mismanage the magazine's financial affairs. Too bad; I hope they pull themselves out. ⇐

Greg Benford's letter is curiously moving. Poor Greg has become sercon without his realizing the fact. Alas, after all those fine old VOID editorials, and now he can't make it happen. Perhaps this is why, despite my urging, he's not made his column in Amazing more fannish in tone.

I can't agree with Dave Burton that John Berry (my co-editor) is a better writer than Walt Willis -- and neither, I think, would John. I suggest Dave, whose heart is obviously in the right place, lay his hands on a copy of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR or THE HARP STATESIDE, or, indeed, almost any vintage piece of Willis writing. John has an easy, pleasant, friendly writing style, but I'd no more rank it with Willis' Thurberish wit than I would my own.

As long as new fans are rediscovering the old ghods, though, isn't it about time for another Burbee Revival? (← hear, hear! →) The last one was over twelve years ago. And that's too many. Arnie Katz and I were talking about republishing a complete issue of MASQUE--the Al Ashley issue--as an issue of FANHISTORY, although we never did anything about it. (My copy of that MASQUE has a blank page we'd have to have re-copied.) There's a lot of lino-block Rotsler art in the zine, and we were thinking of electro-stencilling the works. It's one way to do replica fanzines, although perhaps Harry Warner is right that in a few years better means will be available. (Well, right now, in fact, 3M has a full-color office copier, but I'm sure it's far too expensive at the present.)

I'm astonished at Mike Glicksohn's description of the reactions to Alicia Austin's artwork--and yours, as well. I thought it was excellently done, although I wondered why she seemed to prefer hermaphroditic types with both male genitalia and cute little up-turned breasts. The thing to remember, I guess, is that a lot of young fans are fans because they haven't learned to adjust and fit in with their peer groups. That means lots of sexual hangups and all, and I guess this stuff hits them where they live. But it would seem to me that with all the porno so freely available these days, Alicia's drawings would have much less impact than they reportedly did. I guess it's just the novelty of seeing them in a fanzine. (But I was gassed by a full page of Rotsler cartoons in SCREW!)

I bet they were disappointed when they met her.

JAY KINNEY What are you trying to do anyway? Two METANOIAs in 2 weeks. Jeezes. At this rate you'll inspire me to make NOPE a monthly. Thanks for all the egoboo in METANOIA 5. I just got a letter from Dave Lewton, an Indianapolis fan, on NOPE 10. He really dug it. It looks like there are some fans like him and Burton (and Jonh Ingham for instance) who are getting turned on to the RIGHT STUFF. Fuck this SFR - BEABOHEMA sercon crap. Faanishness shall reign yet.

LEN BAILLES Another Metanoia arrived yesterday and found me in a much better frame of mind than I was in when the last one arrived. Metanoia seems to have become an indispensable part of my reading diet, and is greeted in my mailbox with the same anticipation I used to feel for Hyphen and Lighthouse. Or no, I take that back... it's more like the way I used to feel about the monthly TAPsZines when that apa was really going good... frequent enjoyable information exchanges, as opposed to the carefully constructed entertainment trip of the Giant Genzines.

Fandom seems to go through periods in which this sort of fanzine goes in and out of style like women's hemlines. In the late 50's and early 60's FANAC, AXE and Flying Frog did the kinds of things that Metanoia, Focal Point and Microcosm have been doing lately... they serve as the pivots for various developing Karasses of fans. (Vonnegut had a name for the pivot of a Karass, but I've forgotten what it is.)

(← I can see it now: "METANOIA, the Fannish Wampeter!" No, it just doesn't make it. →)

Somewhere inbetween lie fanzines like Egoboo and SFR, ((John will like that)) more frequent than the 60-pagers and less frequent than the 10 pagers and combining aspects of both. I'm working on a fanzine that lies in this shadow-region myself.

((Len Bailes publish a genzine?? The Renaissance has truly arrived!))

By the way, if John Berry is such a lovable all around good guy, I wish he'd send me the latest issue of Egoboo. I'll bet he mails them the way I used to mail Quips. Sort out the priorities of the people on the mlg list and every month or so address and send out another 25 copies. Since I sent him \$money\$, that probably puts me in the bottom pile, *sigh*

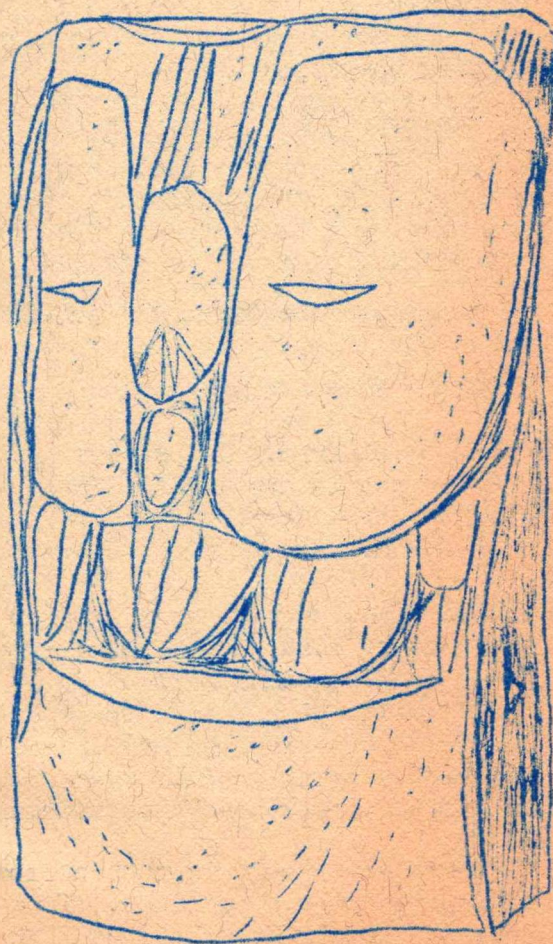
All right, comments on your review of Cosmo's Factory: I agree that Fogarty is trying in some of the songs to recapture the Sun Records flavor, but the album seems to be a synthesis of all of Creedence's various styles, which is why "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" definitely belongs on the album. The problem is that the order of the songs is all wrong, and so they don't set each other off well, instead they conflict with each other.

To me there is a definite connection between "Run Through The Jungle" and "Grapevine". Neither of those songs is like "Ooby Dooby" or "Travelling Band". They're both sort of mysterious... they take you back into the Swamp... back into Bayou Country. I really like the long instrumental on "Grapevine". I guess some people will feel that "Grapevine" is the obligatory long boring song which must appear on every Creedence album, but I feel it to be a part of the whole. If I were producing the album I would change the order of it considerably. (I like your idea of placing "Up Around the Bend" right after "Who'll Stop The Rain"... when I play the singles I always set it up like that).

There's a new CSNY bootleg out which I thought of reviewing for WPTB, but it's sort of a drag, so I won't. (The acoustic cuts are pleasant, but the electric cuts are really shitty...none of them sing anywhere near on key, and their idea of a jam is to play the same two chords over and over again for 10 minutes. I've about had it with CSNY... I wish Neil Young and Steve Stills would get together with Jim Messina and Richie Furay and...

Oh... back to Metanoia: James Wright's comments about ecology really being a religion make me flash on DUNE, which I've just reread after reading Dune Messiah. One of the things which depresses me about the run of the mill eco-freaks you run into in the Media is their rejection of Science and Technology as possible means for getting us out of the mess they've gotten us into. What's needed is some sense of balance. Electricity and machines don't necessarily "rip off the environment", it's the people who don't want to spend the money and time to develop processes which produce energy without destroying the Earth who are "ripping us off." I'll take Buckminster Fuller over an LAFreep speed freak any time.

(It does make me feel weird sometimes when I realize that I earn my money by scribbling on dead trees, though)



STONE GOD

WR

Maybe James is correct, though, and it will take a religious reverence for the Earth to get everyone off their butts, since possible extinction of the race isn't bothering G-M very much.

KEN RUDOLPH James Wright croggles me, as usual. Here's somebody else on the two trips most uppermost in yrs truly's existence these days: mountains and film-making. Since I've packed up and moved into the real mountains, I've never felt more liberated. It's groovy returning to the primitive eco-system of sun, trees and clear air. And I support myself by making trip-film shorts which are actually getting good distribution in the theaters. I've got it made as long as I keep making films--but you see I keep getting seduced by mountain trails and fresh streams...

It must be a very common dream these days to form a nature commune among like-minded, self-sufficient type people. We all have the bug down here, too. I just decided to take the first step, because the nature of my work-trip gave me the chance.

"I'm thinking of crossing a chicken with a caterpillar,
so as to get more legs." -- The Galloping Gourmet

I'm still a long time away from the Ultimate Fantasy, though: owning the land and having other people around. *sigh*

JOHN D. BERRY These METANOIAS are coming in with ridiculous frequency. (I wonder if you could time the frequency of your publishing schedule so that I could pick up METANOIA on my car radio...?) The fifth issue is as fine as all the rest, and I find great solace and wonderment in seeing how you can publish a mushrooming fanzine like that and still keep from exhibiting any sign of pretentiousness. Keep it up.

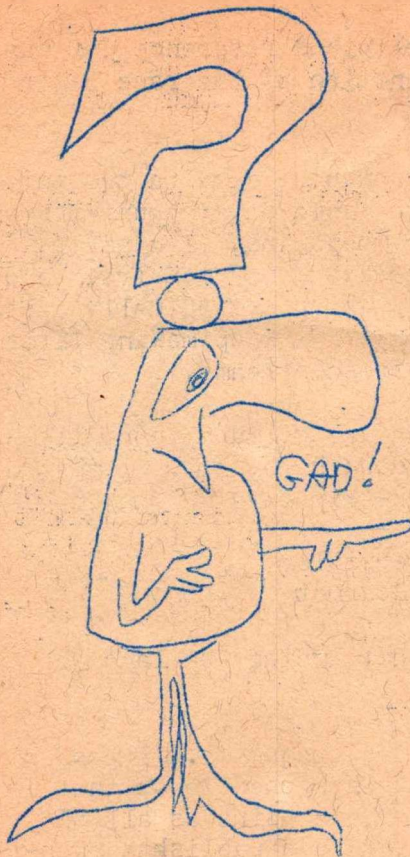
Obviously what slapped my attention in this issue is the unwarranted outpouring of egoboo in my direction by you and Dave Burton. I'm encouraged to see Dave recognizing the difference between good writing and bad, but my faith in his judgment has to waver a bit when he says he thinks my writing equals Walt Willis's. Balderdash. (Such a nice word; it should be used more often.) To use a Harlan Ellison phrase, I couldn't write my way out of a pay toilet, compared to Willis. If I weren't so wary about entrusting hard-to-replace fanzines to the mail, I'd rush off a care package of HYPHENS and THE HARP STATESIDE and QUANDRYs and OOPSLAS and others with Willistuff to Dave Burton, to give him a better idea of what he's dealing with. I'm honored that he should find my writing that good, though, and I only wish I could live up to his paeans of praise.

JEFF COCHRAN RIBBON FINGERS???? Well, I admit it sounds interesting--but I can raise some objections right away. They may be fashionable, but they would be very clumsy too. And how to properly put in the eyelet? Human fingernail is rather fragile, in that respect. A better idea might well be some sort of adhesive strip that one could mold around the fingers and hand, a flexible one of a little thickness. Enough, anyway, to build patterns of thread and other materials from. Colors and designs could be used to accentuate each person's more attractive hand portions.

What is the purpose of the Alphaphone--proficiency in producing alpha waves--huh? Some explanation, please.

Wright scores again with an excellent piece on ecology. However, the knowing of ecology can only be the first step in attempting to fight for the defence of a good environment. In general, a damn good issue, but I wish you could find some other way to fold it--my copy arrived pretty mangled, I'm afraid.

←(Briefly, people are interested in alpha waves (1) as a way of relaxing, (2) as a meditative aid, (3) as a means to self-knowledge. Read some of Joe Kamiya's reports in the scientific press for more details.:: I fold Metanoia in the time-honored tradition of Hyphen, Quandry, and other great fmz too numerous to mention in 2 lines. I don't want to use envelopes, and folding them lengthwise causes even worse mangling, so I'm afraid you'll have to live with it. →



← I guess I was silly to think I could get away with a 4-page letter column, but no letters came for days and I thought that was it. Then suddenly a New Wave arrived, so onward we go: →

WALTER BREEN On M 1: James Wright--glad to have you back. :: How on earth could you bear to return to smog after a month of mysticism at 8000 ft? Even granting that Uncle Tim has rightly told us we have to drop back in to tell the world about what had to be learned Outside, still the once sufficiently sensitized person cannot continue to live in smogville without regret--and often without having to desensitize himself again. Which is why yoga breathing exercises and the Buddhist of yoga diets are not recommended for city dwellers: they sensitize too strongly and one must become a permanent religious dropout, away from the city, or risk a nervous breakdown. Mountain climbing--talk sometime to MZB about that; she's done a lot and read a lot more. We've both figured out that the "because it's there" appeal of mountain climbing isn't even principally the athletic challenge but something far transcending man. Volcano climbers have this same thing about the Element of Fire; cavers, about the Element of Earth; surfers, about Water--as do the people who try to cross the ocean solo in a tiny boat like Robert Manry in the Tinkerbelle. ← what do people who are attuned to Akasha do for sport? --ed.→

Will James Wright or someone please furnish Lilly's mailing address? I have much to write to him anyway and might as well send him the \$7 for his new book at the same time. :: His bit on the "instant realization of endless time" as in the Zen poem rings true, all right. Clock time is a creation of outside clock time too. "A thousand years in Thy sight are as yesterday... or as a watch in the night." Much of the distinctive quality of such states is precisely the realization of freedom from clock time. (For more on this very important phase of understanding mind and the universes, read J.B. Priestley, Man & Time. Laurel paperback.

TED WHITE ← The first 3 pages of Ted's letter consist of a description of how he and Terry Carr visited the CRAWDADDY offices to try and get Ted's money, and ended up taking a typewriter. These comments will be printed in WPTB. →

So why tell you all this? Well, in the mail this morning was a whole neat batch of METANOIAS, plus the MOJO ENTMOOTER 2, and I read them in one sitting and dug them a lot. Mostly it was for the things you said, about yourself, your wife, your way of life, which make me feel I know you and dig you. More than just a "fannish" reaction...you sound like the kind of people I wish lived down my block instead of 3000 miles away. Oh well. Anyway, I had this urge to communicate, this silly-ass typer sitting here on the livingroom table, and a story to tell.

I can't agree with Harry Warner about the superiority of MOJO ENTMOOTER 2 to anything else I've seen; I've seen village-type publications from people like Tuli Kupferberg that had much the same quality, although not mimeoed --for better or worse. Nor do I agree with whoever it was who compared METANOIA unfavorably with it. It seemed to me that MOJO ENTMOOTER 2 was much shorter on content than METANOIA, and I'm one of those freaks who likes to read. The type and mimeoing made the written contents of MJO hard to get into, and they weren't that rewarding when I made the effort. You are definitely the best thing about META, and it would be a pleasure to read even if published like HORIZONS in solid, unparagraphed type. Or is this the equivalent of telling an artist you liked his toss-off sketch better than the painting he spent a year on? Oh well. ← Yeah, sort of. I spent weeks and a lot of money on ME, but it was an experiment that failed. I agree with you (modestly) and thank you for the egoboo. →

DAVE BURTON "Neighbor Stories" was beautiful, and I think the best thing you've written -- or at least the best thing I've read by you. Why should all the Neighbor Stories be humorous? The original wasn't, or rather, I didn't take it that way, and it and the Celoni story are both excellent.

You mis-interpret me, sir! I didn't say that those "jerks" -- I don't think I called them that and I'm a bit surprised you did -- just end up in fandom. I thought I said that maybe it was better for these type of people to end up in fandom, where they can mature -- or at least, they're given the chance to mature: if they blow it it's their fault. You see? Man, you turned me onto this "have a good word to say about people" scene, and here you go with stuff like this?

← ah... gee. Actually, I admit it wasn't the most Aquarian thing to say, but then I wasn't talking about any particular person(s) or I certainly wouldn't have made such a categorical judgment. I was considering a type of person who would hypothetically have a certain reaction to a certain fanzine, and my conscience doesn't bother me when I write off a whole class of people as "jerks." But if an individual came up to me and said "I creamed over that fanzine" I think I'd accept him as a human being and discount his behavior in the context of his life. I wouldn't put him down for his emotional immaturity. But talking about an amorphous group I don't think it does much harm. But you're right, it doesn't do much good either, and I thank you for pointing it out. And I'm sorry I mis-interpreted you. →

HARRY WARNER The Celonis sound like interesting persons to live near. You realize that they're probably the California headquarters of the Mafia, cleverly disguised as ancient, near-helpless people.

I hope I started something good and important when I said something nice about James Wright. Unfortunately, I've received praise unexpectedly from a couple of people within the last year and it hasn't succeeded in getting me started on the professional writing that I feel a desperate desire to start. There are three or four full-grown novels screaming to be written and instead I fritter away time on this and that while the years whiz past.



I liked your cartoons and the general unassuming expertness of the format. If anything can help to promote the gospel of faanishness through the land, Metanoia should be one of the prime movers.

FRANK LUNNEY This is the first time for a loc in quite a while, and it's all because of BAB. The damned fanzine has corrupted me. I started publishing it only a few months after I got a few fanzines with any regularity, and most of those I bought. And the easy way out was to trade with people, figuring that was enough. Here I was, working so hard on getting each issue together, when in reality it was mostly typing up what other people wrote. As time wore on I stopped commenting on letters to a great extent. And I dropped out of the magazine. I wondered why I did that. It was because, I'm coming to believe, people were writing letters that didn't excite me greatly. Mild interest, that was it. But I didn't care that much. But I still used my "editing" as an excuse for not doing other writing, aside from the fact that I knew I wasn't great hots when it came to writing.

And that brings me to Greg Benford's assessment of fan writing today, and his idea that most fans think fandom started in 1967. I started fanning in 1968, and I knowbetter, and it should be easily seen by neos that Greg is wrong. But they do believe that fandom as it is now began in '67. I mean, what was fandom before? The remembered fanzines were LIGHTHOUSES or the faanish PSYCHOTICS or the old FOCAL POINT

and the more faanish fanzines. Now the Big Thing is SFR and TRUMPET and BAB (to some extent) and the neos who get into the last named fanzines can't see why they should bother with faanishness, which has gone on in the past, which right away makes it wrong in some people's minds. The past is evil, for some, while others are reminiscent of what the past could hold for them.

LEON TAYLOR Jay Kinney? I didn't even know he wrote fan humor. Quick, Greg, pub NOPE's address so we can all rush out and 'discover' another fannish fanzine! One of the interesting things about the currentfaanzines is that they all have an almost identical readership -- an active one, anyway. Which points up Burton's remark that involved fen are few and far between, with the gafiation of even one sometimes totaling a major loss.

- - - - -
"People are just like Band-Aids" -- Lucy
- - - - -

RONN SUTTON Dear Suzy, (First off, you're probably wondering why this isn't addressed to Greg. Well you get tired of writing to guys all the time, Writing to a chick, whether she's married or not, is always more interesting and relieving. I'd love to write to some of METANOIA's female readers, but I don't know any of their addresses. Perhaps you'll find room for my plea in #6. Thanx.) I can't say I know what Karnis Bottle's Metanoia is all about but I'm thankful for reaching it. I can't help but wonder about it, though. It's weird, but aren't we all. I somehow haven't come to really relate with K.B.M. totally yet.

← Don't worry about it. One day it will all come to you in a flash, you'll laugh the "laugh of liberation" and everything will seem quite simple and natural. →

TERRY CARR Delighted to find METANOIAS 5 and 6 on my doorstep. I respond instantly with a batch of miscellaneous old fanzines of my own -- lacking any current ones for trade. ← Terry sent me INNUENDO 11, THE EXPURGATED BOOB STEWART, THE FANNISH III, THE BNF OF IZ, and various DIASPARs, ████████ and HOBGOBLINS. Terry -- I don't know how to thank you enough. You are a Ghood Man! →

Well of course the first thing that leaped out at me was the section of your editorial in #4 about Fairfax fandoms past. You bet your beanie I remember Bill Reynolds; how is he these days? I remember a number of much enjoyed bullsessions with him in years past, and he wrote a good column for PSYCHOTIC too, which might be better remembered if Vernon McCain hadn't overshadowed everyone else in most issues. Bill could draw, too; had an odd, original style that I rather liked.

I agree that the best stuff by the really good fanwriters ought to be kept in print for the edification of new generations of fans, and I agree further that this ought to be done by somebody else. I took my turn with THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE (two printings, and I bet the stencils are still extant somewhere in southern California) and THE EXPURGATED BOOB STEWART, which wasn't exactly of the same stature but did reflect my feeling that some less-known fans did work worth preserving. Of the list of fans you name, I'd demur on two of them, particularly the Irish John Berry, who worked primarily in the yok-yok genre, and would suggest instead Bob Shaw, Mal Ashworth, Bob Leman, Redd Boggs, Vince Clarke, Harry Warner, BobTucker, Chuck Harris or any number of others. Pete Graham, Greg Benford, Calvin Demmon, Gary Deindorfer, Norm Clarke...

The thing about the fannish revival that's trying to get itself together these days is that there are some good fanzines and decent writers (John Berry, Arnie Katz, Greg Shaw), but we don't have a new, enthusiastic fannish fan who's a Jiant Talent. In fact, as far as I can remember, we haven't had a really first-rate writer enter fandom since Deindorfer and Demmon, and that's about ten years now; no wonder fandom has fallen on evil days. My feeling is that we're not likely to get a fannish movement going strongly with just new fans whose hearts are in the right place, nor even

with the re-emergence of some of the older talents. Energy, enthusiasm and discovery are indispensable ingredients. Sixth Fandom had its fanned of medium writing talent, like Shelby Vick, Max Keasler and Gregg Calkins, and it lured some older writers back into the fold -- Bloch, Tucker and so on -- but the real spark was the new writers who came along, primarily Walt Willis but also Chuck Harris, Vince Clarke, Bob Shaw and that whole English-Irish crowd. It's been the same with the other really good periods, too. In the late fifties we got Burbee back for a while, but most of the good stuff was by then-new types like Leman, Elik, Ashworth and so on.

All of which is just a long illustration of the fact that I agree with Redd Boggs' comment in EGOBOO that it won't do just to emulate the past and try to revive the oldfen. Old fans and tired don't lead resurgences; neither do old styles.

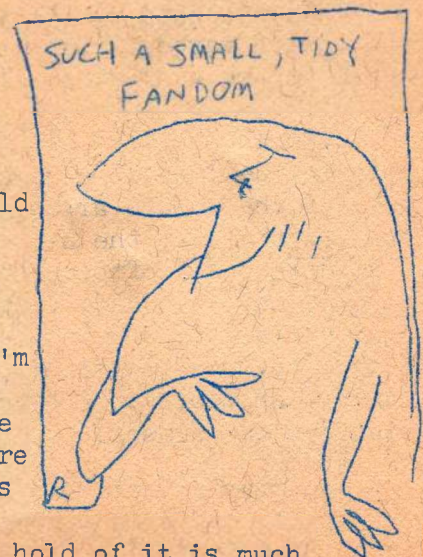
Two of the most appalling lines I've read in fanzines lately appear on succeeding pages of METANOIA-5. First Dave Burton says he thinks John Berry's as good as or better than Willis -- a remark I won't comment on further because John isn't responsible for what somebody else says about him and to take that remark seriously would subject John to much too rigorous a standard -- then you say, "I know that my own reasons for liking fifties rock ~~are the same as my reasons for liking fifties rock~~ are the same as my reasons for liking faanishness." Oog. Maybe if you elucidated I'd find something there to agree with, but I'm afraid to ask. I really hate the crap that came out in the rock & roll days, with a few exceptions that are probably more for sentimental than esthetic reasons, and to hear fannishness compared to it is a downer. Oh, you cut me to the quick, and maybe even to the dead.

⌘ From your and others' comments it seems that was the most ill-considered remark I've made in a long time. Keeping in mind that musical preferences are a relative matter, I'd like to explain that many rock fans today are turning from the pretentiousness and self-importance of current rock to rediscover the simple, honest, unassuming records of 15 years ago, records where the artists enjoyed what they were playing and maintained a sense of humor about it.* It is between these qualities in old rock and fannishness that I draw my analogy, recognizing that it's a weak one because fan writing did have a level of sophistication that early rock lacked. However, I think that in the future I'll confine such comments to my rock fanzines. Sorry to have caused you any anguish, honest. ⌘ *sort of like the difference between traditional jazz and Third Stream, perhaps

WILL STRAW It's nice to know that a few people out there have the same ideas regarding fandom as I do. I refer to your "Ah, Sweet Nothings"...I've always upheld the belief that fifties fandom was something of a fannish climax, and that after that, the overall quality of fandom has diminished considerably. I'm something of a John D. Berry, I guess - I like science-fiction fairly well, but couldn't give a damn about it if I had a choice between faanish and stfnal material in fanzines. Berry is responsible for my interest in prozines; Amazing in particular. I doubt that I'd buy it if not for his reviews, which I can always depend on.

I suppose the attitude towards the fannish fan rather than the stfnal fan has changed right around from what it was 15 years ago. Nowadays, it is the fan interested in fandom, and not in stfnal sercon stuff that is regarded as the fringe fan, whereas fans of the fifties would regard today's type of sercon fan as the outsider.

I think you would be the right person to reprint old fanzine material. Maybe institute reprints as a regular feature in KBM, if not as a separate magazine entirely. I'm sure there would be no lack of material. I've been buying up old zines lately also, and havetoyed with much the same idea. It seems almost ironic that in the fifties there were quite a few reprint zines; a time when the regular fanmags were carrying the same type of excellent material as that being reprinted. Now, when Old Stuff is gone, and getting hold of it is much harder, you can't find a single zine reprinting older fmz material. ⌘ You're right, and I'd love to, but I simply haven't the time, nor am I likely to for quite awhile. ⌘



⌘ Eight pages of letters -- That's Not Too Many ⌘

EDITORIAL
SECTION:

CONTINUED



take. And as it turned out, we were right. Tish answered the door, and cried out with delight when she saw us. She'd been trying to find us for days, having lost our phone number. All the things the other people had told us had been exaggerations or lies, the landlord had raised the rent, they'd moved out to look for another store. We took back our things to put . in some other stores in the meantime.

We called Inspector Sousa back the next morning and explained things. He wanted to know where they lived because the landlord had filed a complaint, but we said we couldn't remember. We felt terrible.

So now Suzy's faith in humanity is restored, as well as my faith in my judgment, but we're both sorry we panicked and went to the police. Hopefully next time our faith will be strong enough to handle it.

DANCING IN THE STREETS August sure has been an exciting month for us -- just one thing after another. My Sense of Wonder got a real shot in the arm today from a totally unexpected direction, as I was running off some stencils in the heat of the afternoon. Suddenly the world was filled with music.

It was loud rock & roll music, and it "swung like mad", as Ralph Gleason sometimes says. It seemed to be coming from all around. Suzy thought it was a record, and I had to admit it sounded too good to be live, but no amplifier I could imagine would be capable of producing that kind of fidelity at that volume, so we set off to locate the band.

The music got louder as we approached downtown Fairfax (some 2 blocks from our house) and we saw that the parking lot in the center of town was beginning to fill up with people, some of them dancing. It wasn't until we were almost upon them that we realized the band was playing on the roof of Christiansen's Bakery. Besides the band, there were maybe 30 people up there, dancing and having a good time. As we got closer I became aware that they were playing a great arrangement of Dylan's "Highway 61".

The whole scene was somehow surrealistic. Suzy pointed out that of the 200 or more in the immediate area or drifting toward it, no one seemed older than 25 or so; most of the people around were teenagers. It was sort of like a scene from Only Lovers Left Alive, the simple exuberance of a hot summer day expressing itself through a spontaneous rooftop concert. No scowling oldsters were present, indeed no adults at all; no tac squads rushing to the scene in paddy wagons and self-righteous "the streets belong to the people!" posturing from the crowd, as the same event on Haight St. or Telegraph would've turned out. When the policeman drove past in his patrol car there were a few anxious looks, but he was smiling and flashing the "v" sign out the window.

We stayed through 3 or 4 songs; a drawn-out "Smokestack Lightnihg", a couple of originals, and some Kinks/Rolling Stones sort of rockers. The musicians, a nameless bunch of friends, were really outstanding, and the sound system was unbelievable. We dubbed the event "the Fairfax Non-Festival", in honor of the yearly Fairfax Festival, which had been cancelled this year due to some political ruckus with the conservative elements in the community.

CONTINUED FROM OVER THERE

to kick the habit (see William Burroughs' Junkie) requesting copies of MOJO-NAVIGATOR ROCK & ROLL NEWS for their patients, offering to provide address labels. How about that?

BOB SHAW for TA... BoSh With The Crew in... hrrm. ah!

BOB SHAW'S THE ONE IN '71!!

Normally the Fairfax Festival attracts thousands over a 2-day weekend, with lots of music of different types, all the local artists and craftsmen displaying their wares, cotton candy and bicycle races, the whole thing, and all sorts of fun. This was no substitute for the Festival, but in a way it was even better, since apparently it hadn't been planned at all.

Wouldn't it be nice if things like that could happen everywhere, whenever people felt like getting together for a good time?

Name 2 undiscovered islands near Africa

AN ANSWER FOR WALTER BREEN: John Lilly's book "Programming and Metaprogramming in the Human Biocomputer", formerly \$7.95, now \$1.50 from Portola Institute. It's incredible. (You can order it postpaid from Whole Earth Catalog, 558 Santa Cruz Ave, Menlo Park, CA 94025)

ART CREDITS: Bill Rotsler (1,4,5,6,7,11,13, 14,16,17,18), Alpajpuri (3), Dave Burton (2), John D. Berry (9). Special thanks to Mr. Rotsler, who responded to my pleas with boundless generosity. Next time I'll do your stuff in color, Bill!

Thanks also to everyone who wrote letters; keep 'em coming please.

BRAIN TEASER Here's a question to any among us who've ever owned a Rex Rotary M-4. Why in hell do I keep getting those smudges at the top of the page? They come out on the bottom side of the page being run, and wiping the impression and the 4 feed rollers doesn't seem to help much. Is there a better way to clean these, or is the problem somewhere else? I'm getting sick of it; HELP!

LOUIS MORRA WRITES: "You receive so many interesting things in the mail, like the advance copy of Gleason's Altamont report, that I'm jealous. Or does it just seem thatway? You do sound like there's always some news about an underground development or a mundane catastrophe coming to you from these old odd places that you need to know and that don't forget you."

I was going to write a whole thing about that here but I'm running out of room. I don't get that much anyway. Releases from a rock press agency are the best thing. But I got a letter yesterday from the govt. hospital at Lexington where they send junkies

KARIN'S BOTTLES
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94930



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