

# METANOIA 4



" I JUST WANT TO BASK IN THE AURA OF FANNISHNESS. "

KARNIS BOTTLE'S, THAT IS...

# METANOIA

Yes, it's time again for Karnis Bottle's METANOIA. This is the June, 1970 issue even though it's appearing in the middle of July. Future historians will never know the difference, and I will not abandon my Chronology! Copies are free to Active Mailing Listers. Subscriptions are \$1,000.98 per year. Editorial offices are at the home of Greg and Suzy Shaw, 64 Taylor Dr., Fairfax, CA. 94930

**EXCUSES, EXCUSES** My apologies to those of you who are accustomed to setting your calendars by the arrival of this fanzine. We are late, but at least we warned you last time. The reason we are late is Who Put The Bomp 4, which has been rolling off the presses for the last 3 weeks. If you are a rock & roll fan and haven't received your free sample copy, be sure to request it. If you're not, don't be too hard on WPTB, because it made possible all the blinding colors that bedazzle your eyes as you flip through this issue of Metanoia. I used 5 colors for WPTB, and ran off illos for the next 2 Metanoias while fading from one color to the next, to avoid wasting any ink. The sloppy appearance of parts of this issue can be attributed to this also, for when I ran out of illos the lettercol had to be hurriedly typed and run thru. Sorry.

But I know you won't complain, faithful reader. If you do, you can have double your money back.

**WELCOME TO THE CAMP** A number of fanzines have recently had some good things to say about Metanoia, and the egoboo is greatly appreciated. As a result of this publicity, I've been getting requests for copies from people I've never heard of before. One that I had heard of, Dave Burton, took me to task in the 9th issue of his fanzine Microcosm for not being all that I was cracked up to be. I wrote him a long letter explaining how things were and I'm happy to report that Dave and I have reached an understanding and now are on excellent terms. He suggested I help other new readers avoid the same misunderstandings about the purpose of this fanzine by Making One Thing Perfectly Clear. I assumed it was obvious, but here goes anyway:

Karnis Bottle's METANOIA is a free fanzine published primarily for friends and people with whom I wish to exchange fanzines. Very little effort is put into editing it or trying to secure top-quality material to fill it. I do it all for fun. So please, don't take this magazine too seriously.

There, now that you've been put in your place, let me say "welcome aboard!" to all you newcomers. And the next person that calls me a 'wild dooper' is going to get a punch in the nose.

**AH, SWEET NOTHING!** While reading my copy of Psychotic 17 the other day I noticed for the first time that Peter Graham's address in 1954 was in Fairfax, Calif. A couple of other references in the same fanzine give the impression that there were a few other fans around this area too. (Ron Cobb was also mentioned, but that's a different story) I wouldn't have sounded quite so smug in my description of Fairfax fandom last time had I been aware of its long history. It seems I'm only the latest in a long line of illustrious trufen to walk the hallowed hills of Marin County.

You undoubtedly noticed how cleverly I worked in the fact of my possession of such

a treasured collector's item as Psychotic 17. It is a recent acquisition, thus qualifying as "news". Does anyone remember Bill Reynolds? (Does anybody even remember Sixth Fandom? How about Seventh??) Bill was active throughout the fifties, and lives in nearby San Rafael. Six years or so ago as a wet-eared neo I made his acquaintance and borrowed his large box of fanzines, from which I learned enough about fandom to inspire all my attempts since then to attain the heights of Trufan-nishness. The collection included complete or near-complete runs of Psychotic, Fan-ac, Quandry, Innuendo, Seetee, as well as examples of many of the better fanzines of the fifties.

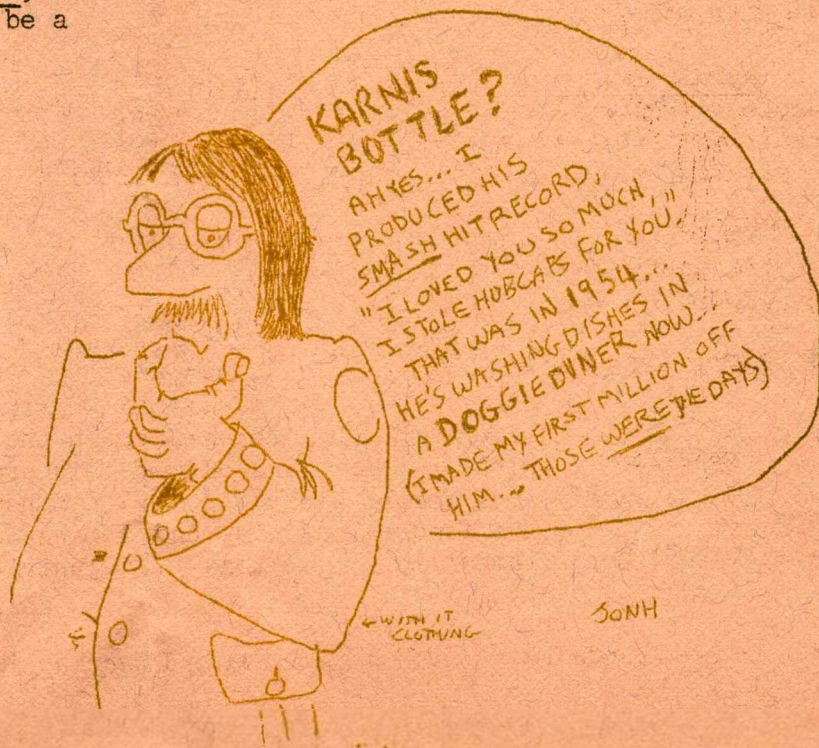
Last month I paid Bill a visit, the first time I'd seen him since '65 or so. We had an enjoyable long talk, at the end of which I mentioned I'd like to see his fanzine collection again. He said I could have the blamed thing if I wanted it, the only problem being it didn't seem to be around. Possibly his nephew had borrowed it, or perhaps it was in the closet under all those magazines. So, as of this writing, Bill is trying to locate the collection, and if he's successful, it'll be mine. In the meantime, all I have is 3 issues of Psychotic (17-19) and a few old Shaggys and such. These, such as they are, will surely keep me happy for quite awhile. Here are all the stories about Harlan Ellison the brash neofan. Here are the marvelous columns of Vernon McCain. And, most of all, here is a refreshing breath of fannishness of the kind the world could surely use more of.

I know it does no good to suggest wonderful projects for "someone" to do, but there is one I have wanted to see done as long as I've been in fandom. I think the classic examples of fannish writing should be kept constantly in print so that each new generation of fans will have some concept of the continuity of fandom, and also of the standards that have to be measured up to. I think one of the main reasons why the fanzines of the past few years have been so poor is that so few current fans have ever seen any of the really great fanzines of the past.

The works of Willis, Burbee, Berry, Grennell, Laney, Bloch, Carr, Ellik, Hoffman and a lot of other people should be kept in print. Whenever somebody reprints "The Willis Papers" or something of the sort it always sells out immediately, so it would probably be a good financial proposition for whoever did it. And has there ever been a collected works of Vernon McCain? His writing stands up perfectly well today and he has a lot to say to today's fans. Also, all the various TAFF reports that have been written should be published as a series and kept in print. And the works of Carl Brandon. And The Enchanted Duplicator. And The Fancyclopedia II, by all means. Then, if some enterprising soul would only reprint A Sense of FAPA, The Five Foot Shelf of Fanzines might be a real possibility.

Get to it, Norm Metcalf.

A SEASON OF TRIBULATION      How've  
you  
been the last couple of months?  
Everybody I know has been  
having a bumner. Weird sick-  
nesses, flus, holes appearing  
in feet and ears... or fin-  
ancial purifications: get-  
ting fired, car blowing up,  
2 people and 1 store being  
ripped off for approx. \$2000  
each... or freaking out, like  
one of my closest friends who  
lost his mind completely and  
began raving about CIA trans-  
mitters in his watch, and



hanging around the Russian embassy, making phone calls to the White House and the FBI, smoked a joint in his classroom (he's a teacher) and had a student call the police, who weren't interested; and finally decided to hijack an airliner, fly it to Washington and force the pilot to crash it into the Pentagon. Luckily he's come down a bit without having done any permanent damage except losing his job, but it doesn't look like he'll ever be the same.

Or like me. Another reason this fanzine is late is that I was sick for over two months. I'm still sick, but I'm talking about sick where you can't leave the house or even get out of bed. I had bronchitis, asthma, and possibly pneumonia, and when I didn't get any better after 5 weeks of treatment I was admitted to the hospital for a week, I don't want to exaggerate this, because I wasn't really that ill as illnesses go, but I was incapacitated.

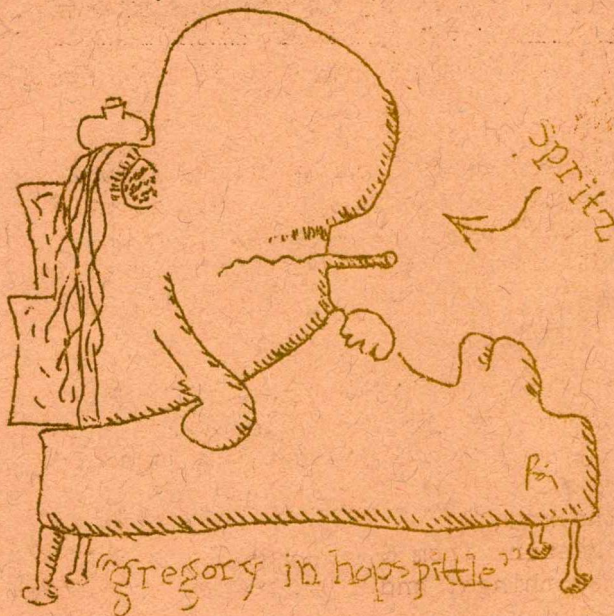
And Suzy didn't escape either. For months she's been feeling weird and sickly, but wouldn't go to the doctor because she thought he'd laugh at her for being overweight. When she lost 30 pounds in 2 weeks I insisted she go, and by then she had no objections. Turned out she had a serious bladder infection all this time.

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"I'm an irregular fashion saucer today!" --Suzy  
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So I hope you've been all right. I told one friend who came by after a long absence about how everybody we knew was having a lousy time of it and he assured me that things were just the opposite for him and his circle of acquaintances. That was a week ago. Yesterday he came back and told me that his big business deal was off, his friends had thrown him off their ranch, some other people he knew got busted...

Have a good day.

BEWARE THE DAYS OF DARKNESS!! One of our dearest friends is a medium who always keeps us informed of goings-on in the Spirit World. Typically, she'll say something like "Now you know me, I'm very skeptical and don't believe everything I hear, but..." and then launch into a story about invaders from the Fifth Root Race burrowing tunnels under the Pacific from China with the intention of springing up from our sewers and subjugating America. Somehow when she told that story she ended up talking about the Titans, a race of giants with whom we once shared the world (the Incas and so on have legends of them) whom she asserted to be maintaining an underground facility in the hill behind her house. Numerous clairvoyants have seen them, and clanking noises are frequently heard from under the bathroom.



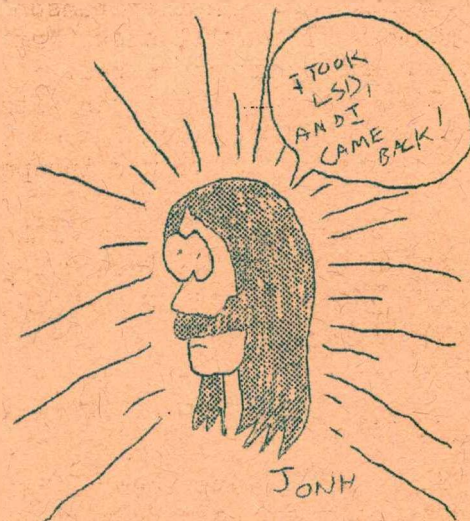
This was all months ago, however. Last week we were talking about all the strange problems people have had lately, and someone pointed out that the highest level of solar flare activity (or something) ever recorded had been last month. Well, the theories began flying fast and furious, and things were getting quite exciting when Pam remembered something of vital importance.

"Do you know about the Days of Darkness? No? Well, I've been warning everybody ever since Wayne and Belle (a couple of well-

known mediums) told me of their revelation. The Days of Darkness were predicted in the Bible; for three days the sun and stars will be dark, there will be no light or power in the world, there will be great panic and cataclysm. Wayne and Belle feel it will be happening soon, possibly this year, so just be prepared."

So don't say you weren't warned; I hope the Days of Darkness find you ready.

WHO IS JOHN PETER ZENGER? I get around by hitchhiking, which may sound like a drag, but I meet some interesting people that way. A few days ago, for instance, I got a ride from a guy named Peter Menkin, who turned me on to some things he's doing that I may be getting involved with, if things work out. Peter is an experienced writer and journalist, and he has a concept for a newspaper that sounds pretty good to me. It will be an anthology of the very best things published in the underground press, and it will be divided into categories. There will be pages for politics, for religion, for books, films, records, dope, and whatever other categories come up. Layout and content will be tasteful (no split-beaver photos, no sex ads), and Peter intends to distribute through Independent, one of the largest of the national distributors. It will be, in his words, the "New York Times of the underground." Since it will be carried on newsstands, drugstores, etc. he hopes it will reach a lot of people who would otherwise never look at an underground paper.



His name for it is John Peter Zenger's Underground Digest. It will come out fortnightly in a tabloid format, just like Rolling Stone. The source papers will be paid in proportion to the amount of profit. Peter is currently subscribing to every underground paper he can find, and he was quite taken aback when I told him about fanzines. He asked me to make up a list of the better fanzines, so that he could subscribe to them, and use them as a source. So, Jophan, mind your syntax and you may find your mailing comments right next to Modern Romances on newsstands across America. You can send a sample copy of your fanzine to Peter Menkin at 37 Kent Ave., Fairfax, Calif. 94930.

If Peter gets his thing together, the first issue should happen around August or so. There is a good chance his expected backing won't come through, but if it does, and unless he finds someone before then who knows more about music than me, I'm going to be the editor of the music section. Howzabout that, ha? Eat your heart out, Ted White.

FANZINES RECEIVED: Starling 14 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Mo. 65201) Well, I hope you all had a good time at the St. Louiscon. I wasn't there, but no matter how good it was I don't think it could have been worth the loss of St. Louis fandom. Remember when Starling, Odd, Sirrnish and Quark were all coming out regularly? It was the most vital and exciting fan scene going. As far as I know this is the first genzine from St. Louis since the convention. Hank says they intend to get back into things, and I only hope it's true.

This is not the best issue of Starling ever, but it's still an above-average fanzine. The cover is a reprinted interior illo from #13. Contents include Part One of my 3-part article on Chester Anderson that I wrote over a year ago. I think

it's one of the better things I've written and naturally I'd like you all to see it. There's also a lot of talk about rock groups, with Hank pointing out some rock/sf interactions and Lesleigh holding forth on The Incredible String Band. The editors tend to be more interesting on the subject than their letter-writers, except for Juanita Coulson, who surprisingly turns out to have quite an ear for rock and a history of listening that goes back a lot further than most of ours. Articles about J.J. Pierce and excellent book reviews by Joe Sanders round out the issue.

Twas Ever Thus 1 (Jonh Ingham, 21157 Kingscrest Dr., Saugus, Ca. 91350) This is my friend Jonh's first attempt at a fanzine and the results are mighty impressive. TET is profusely illustrated, both with Jonh's own fine cartoons and with lots of electrostenciled photos, including some great shots of the Rolling Stones. These set off an essay by Gene Youngblood reprinted from the Freep that is one of the heaviest pieces of writing I've seen in a long time, anywhere. A reprinted article by Chester Anderson and a reprinted conreport by me are also included, as well as Jonh's own original comments and an article by him on filming Lord of the Rings. Highly recommended.

Egoboo 11 (John D. Berry, Mayfield House, Stanford, CA. 94305) is a bit of a comedown from #10, but Egoboo is still the best fannish fanzine there is. This time we have 5 pages of John's well-written comments on what he's been doing, including a report on the SFCon; a column by Bill Rotsler reprinted from lilapa, which is not much better or worse than anything else Rotsler writes. He seems to dote on topics sexual, but then that's what he knows best... and he is always an interesting writer; a TAFF report by Rotsler would undoubtedly be Unique (vote! vote!); Ted White's column which is good but not spectacular, the most interesting item to me being the suggestion of an invitational con, which sounds better to me every time I think about it.; and, finally, the lettercolumn, in my opinion the best lettercol around these days, with Focal Point second and closing. Reading Egoboo makes me realize how poorly written practically every fanzine is these days. In this issue we have Terry Carr, Norm Clarke, Calvin Demmon and Redd Boggs (among others). Demmon is great as usual. I must've read the last paragraph of his letter 5 times. I am humble. I wonder how long Berry can go on coaxing material from tired old BNFs before becoming completely disillusioned with fandom. For someone so much in love with the old fannish ways, it seems inevitable.

Microcosm 6,7,8,9 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Indiana 46226) This is rapidly becoming one of my favorite fanzines. It's a small, frequent (as if you couldn't tell) zine written mostly by the editor, who is a good writer and becoming better. Each issue also has an article by somebody else, all of which have been excellent, especially Alpajpuri's in #9. Microcosm deserves your attention.

Energumen 2 (Mike Glicksohn, 35 Willard St., Ottawa, 1, Ontario) A fairly good fanzine with incredible illustrations. Fifty illustrations in 50 pages, including 2 covers and a foldout. You've heard by now about Alicia Austin's erotic drawings; well here they are, and they're worth at least 50¢. And they're only a small part of this fanzine.

Wokl 3,4,5 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore, Md. 21212) There's no way you can get Wokl unless Ted wants to send it to you, but I just wanted to acknowledge it. Mostly detailed reports of fannish events Ted has attended; I enjoy it.



# TEMPORARILY HUMBOLT COUNTY



By John D. Berry

A short column of excerpts from correspondence, circa February - April, 1969

I'm lying in a cradle, looking up at the bright blue sky and playing with my toes. My friend Tom Goodhue told me of someone he knew in Southern California who owns a 1939 Ford fire engine, with no motor. I'm going to write to the people and find out more about it; it's probably a derelict, but can you imagine if it could be fixed up? What a wonderful vehicle! A firetruck! I could build a camper-type interior in the back (it's a small fire engine, only two parking spaces long and low), fit it out to be comfortable, and travel everywhere in it. Pat Ellington makes big floor cushions, and that would be a great way to furnish the interior of a firetruck--lots of cushions and a mattress and a low table. Then maybe I could build a little porch on the back, with a white picket fence around it and a flower box, and someone could sit back there in a deck chair with a captain's cap on his head, bombing down the freeway... What a gas. We had a lot of good ideas of stuff I could do with the firetruck. I could park it behind Mayfield House and live in it next fall, spending the money I would pay for board on fixing up the firetruck. Eat at Roth House across the street, use Mayfield's toilets and showers, and if anyone asks me where I live, I just tell them, "Oh, in the firetruck behind Mayfield." It can be done; somebody lived in a tree-house for two quarters last year, and a frat man lived for awhile in a teepee on his frat's front lawn (although he was still paying to live in the frat). And can you imagine inviting a girl to see your firetruck? Why, you could pick up a whole party and drive it off around the freeways, provided there was someone sober or straight enough to drive.

It probably won't be able to be fixed up without a lot more money than I'm willing to lay out, but I like to dream about it. And I do intend to look.

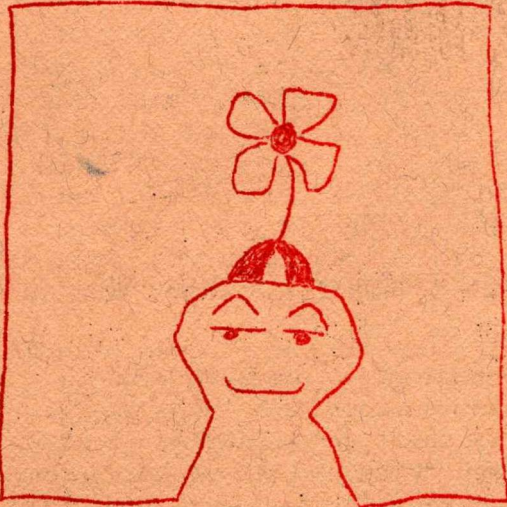
Many funny things happened on my vacation. I went out to Brooklyn to see some of you, and strange things seemed to happen around me on the subways and such. Like the time I couldn't get from the IRT to the BMT in the Union Square subway station, and I had to leave the station and walk through Union Square at 10 o'clock (the first time I'd seen it) and go into the BMT entrance, at a cost of 20¢ more. Or the little gold invitation I was handed in Times Square, saying "You Are Cordially Invited" on the front and giving a very snazzy pitch for Scientology East on the inside. ("Time for a Change?...These undesirable conditions of your life CAN BE CHANGED...Scientology combines the scientific techniques of the space age with the philosophical wisdom gathered from man's ancient quest for enlightenment...Everyone attending receives a FREE PERSONALITY PROFILE...FREE! introductory lecture on film by L. RON HUBBARD founder...") Or the dinner I ate in the Kashmir Restaurant (my quarterly pilgrimage for good Indian food), where I found the Kashmir has gotten a little more self-conscious and I ran into a couple from Austria and started talking with

them in French. Or like other weird things that seemed kind of trippy at the time but which I can't remember. Strange vacation.

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I use logical mental constructions a great deal -- everyone does, and I am certainly no exception. But I always distrust them. I am very reluctant indeed to act on the basis of something which is solely the result of logical extrapolation;

I don't feel right about it until it feels true as well as sounds true. I don't believe that reality is limited to logical terms, and I know damned well that every system of logic is essentially arbitrary, based only as closely as humanly possible on the facts. Since there's always a margin of error in the bases of each logical system, there is an ever-increasing possibility of error as you build on these bases. That's why I am lost in mathematics until I can not only see where my logic is taking me, but also feel the whole relationship I'm dealing with. (I'm a lousy math student.)



I first came to fandom through paper contacts. You see, I came in through monster fandom, which was like sf fandom of two or three decades ago in that almost nobody ever met anyone else. There were no monster-fan conventions, and most monsterfans were kids who had little opportunity to travel.

It was really a big thing when one day a guy named Ken Gladstone, with whom I had been carrying on a heavy correspondence, and with whom I exchanged criticism on our first tries at science fiction, dropped by. He was passing by on the way to a college basketball game in Bronxville, and he recognized a street name and drove up. It was a pretty brief meeting, and no great conversations took place, but it was the first time I'd ever met a fan. It was a real Event.

When I drifted into sf fandom, it wasn't until I'd been in it for some time that I met the New York fans and began going to Fanoclasts. So my interest in fandom, what attracted me to it, was the paper world, the atmosphere of fanzines and such. I discovered this consciously when I became aware of sf fandom and found my interest in monster films had died somewhere along the way, leaving only an interest in fandom itself. And, of course, science fiction-- but that too has waned in the last year or two.

Since I've become involved in in-person fandom, I've discovered the basis of reality behind the paper world, but the reason I don't just gafiate, or lead such a fan life as many old fans in the BArea (most of whom won't even admit to being fans) do, is that I'm still thoroughly fascinated by fanzines. Now this is an interest with its ups and downs. I alternate between periods of intense fannishness and complete gafia. But when I'm interested in fandom, per se, it's because of fanzines.

On a different level, I am involved with people in fandom, in a way that precludes my ever achieving again the complete aura of a totally-paper fanzine world I once enjoyed. This is what I mean when I say that fandom is people. I don't give a faint damn about advancing the place of science fiction in the world--a rather dubious boon for the world, I feel-- but I groove on some of the people in fandom. But because I do feel the need for paper fandom, still, in spite of fits of disgust and gafia, I continue to publish fanzines. And that, to me, is at least as much a part of fandom as personal contact.



\* \* \*

Yesterday we were going to go candle-casting at the beach, but it rained so we postponed it. Instead I went over to Felice Rolfe's house and learned medieval dance. Now I have often looked askance at the Society for Creative Anachronism, and the only official function I've attended except for a few minutes of the Baycon tournament was the Twelfth Night celebration in January, 1968. But when Felice said she needed another male interested in learning medieval dancing, it sounded like a very fine idea, so when the candle-casting trip was called off I was quite happy to show up for the first dancing lesson. If you think that medieval dance is simple... try it some time. The first thing we learned, and the slowest and stateliest, was the pavane. That was fairly easy, once you had the steps down, and once you got in to the rhythm. (The dancers are supposed to resemble a flock of strutting peacocks, or so I was told.) But the galliard, a very fast hopping-and-jumping dance that looks a bit like a formalized highland fling, was my downfall, for I kept forgetting the order of the steps and losing the rhythm. I also have knots in my calves today from the spirited jumping, and at the time my face was dripping with sweat. (Not a very courtly appearance, I guess.) The basse dance, which uses the same basic steps as the pavane, was my favorite and the one we all seemed to do best at. Then there were the Scottish bransle and the bransle de montard (bransle is pronounced "brawl", and in the former case it sometimes resembles one); the Scottish bransle combines side-steps and jumping around in a circle where everyone is holding hands, while the bransle de montard is merely a complicated but relatively unathletic dance that progresses in a line sideways.

After and during the afternoon's dancing, great numbers of Society folk and assorted fans showed up, and most stayed for supper and an impromptu party in the evening. I went back to Stanford briefly to change my shirt, and I brought back my copy of Alice's Restaurant, which was played through twice and which sent Luise Perrin into veritable gales of insane laughter. Later we all got mellow on a couple of large bottles of sauterne and burgundy (generally in that order), and Luise did some improvised dancing to parts of the new Beatles album.

All of which proves that life among the Creative Anachronists can be fun too. But I do notice that I seem to enjoy the Society and the people within it most when they are associated with Mayhem House. Well, anyway, I steadfastly refuse to go out there and get bashed on the head with a broadsword. Nossir.

\* \* \*

The pay telephone next to my room just rang for the fourth time in the last hour. I used to be indifferent toward ringing telephones; I could take them or leave them. But now, the telephone here has reduced me to a quivering mass. Nobody ever answers it. It rings and rings, and I hate to go answer a persistent telephone that probably isn't even for me, but after awhile I can no longer stand it. I succumb. And now I hate ringing telephones. Damn you, Bell Tel.

THE END

COMING ATTRACTIONS: Our files are currently bulging with fine material for future issues. The article on ecology by James Wright that he mentions in his letter will be in #5. James has also promised a review of John Lilly's Mind of the Dolphin ("The Science Corner" returns!). I have portions of a correspondence between William Burroughs and a friend of mine, Charles Upton. Burroughs' part is great, but I can't legally publish it. Upton's work is well worth reading, however. The themes of power, fear and mind control dominate the discussion... important themes in these times. Also coming up, some of the choicest parts of a 26-page transcript of an interview some friends of mine did with brain-wave pioneer Dr. Joe Kamiya. It's heavy. ("Son of Science Corner Strikes Back!") Don't miss it; subscribe now! (I could use the \$1,000.98) Next issue will be in about 2 weeks and there might be 2 issues in August.

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LETTERS TO METANOIA



JAMES WRIGHT (1605 Thayer, Richland, Wash. 99352)

Well forwarding services just moved Karnis Bottle's METANOIA into my range of perception and this is a letter of comment is what they call it I guess. So now I've explained myself, what I'm doing in your field of perception so now you must render yourself subject to cross examination on this rag, this Karnis Bottle's METANOIA.

Where in the seven hells of Satan did you find such a verbal construction as "Karnis Bottle's METANOIA"? Have you been taking drugs again, Greg? At any rate, it's good and it has the distinction of being the only fanzine I've read cover to cover in the last three years.

I've known a few Stacys in my time so far and expect to meet many more before the sun goes down. I used to hang with this maniac in Seattle who was a total outrage on the streets with women. We spent months pinching butts & tits. It's actually amazing what one can get away with these days if one is outrageous enough.

Here's something for your goddam fanzine. If you don't want to print it, send it back and I'll put it in the Cult. You should publish it, though, since you inspired it. I went back through my files (what's left of them) and dug out MOJO ENTMOOTERS and read them for the first time. Your second issue was great: a monument to satori, a true attempt at gut-level communication. However I think you realize it failed. Presumably you no longer feel the same as when you published that issue (Karnis Bottle's METANOIA is as far removed from that as one can get), but you did get one idea across, to me, anyway. Namely, when you write, SAY SOMETHING. The enclosed contribution is an attempt to say what I really feel, to communicate part of my ideas for world improvement. You can judge its success. I will say though, that it is not a major attempt on my part, that the words are more like something I'd throw out in a conversation (if I spoke as well as I wrote) rather than an all-out literary effort as was the freight train thing.

I like what you were trying to do with MOJO ENTMOOTER much better than METANOIA, but most likely you'll work back into it one of these days.

-/Also included in this letter were descriptions of plans for mountaineering expeditions in Colorado, Alaska, South America... if the next Egoboo Poll includes a category for Most Wandering Fan, I nominate James.: Thanks for the egoboo and the contributions, be careful in those High Places, and be sure to drop by next time you're in the neighborhood... /-

F.M. BUSBY (2852 14th Ave, West, Seattle, Wash. 98119)

In general I'm very poor at responding to fanzines, so before I have time to forget it, thanks for Metanoia #1-3, and the Mojo Entmooter (I had a copy of that from Wright circa Dec. '68, but how were you to know?) I enjoyed reading these zines and like the feel of them; you & Suzy seem to be looking from a good place.

I think James Wright's railroad-bum bit is the heaviest piece in these issues. Having known James off and on since before he left Richland the first time, I'd been wondering where his head had gone to, lately. From this piece he looks to be coming on like this decade's non-alcoholic version of Kerouac, if he keeps it up. (Well, relatively non-alcoholic... Also much more coherent.)

-/The Norwestercon in/- Portland was fun in a disorganized sort of way; these guys are re-inventing Cons all over again from the beginning. A young Seattle fan made history by having to be hauled off to the hospital Sunday and being officially diagnosed as a case of Battle Fatigue; truer words were never spoken, though no implication of hostilities should be taken. It was just hyperactivity on no sleep and very little food, all weekend: Fans just aren't all THAT much Slans...

-/Sorry to cut out all your comments about smoking-dope-in-the-basement. This thing could easily mushroom into a huge discussion that would take up the whole lettercol, and I'm simply not that interested in it. :: Incidentally, I was sort of expecting that you'd comment on the music pages. Shows what I know... /-

JONH INGHAM (21157 Kingscrest Dr., Saugus, Calif. 91350)

Apart from watching brainless girls intellectualizing -/and brainless intellectuals, too -Ed./- Playboy After Dark is an excellent show for the better rock groups. Where else can you see the Grateful Dead or Fleetwood Mac? If you live in the L.A. area, the alltime classic show is Boss City or Dig It (same show, different titles and times) -- one hour visits to the Happy Hunting Ground of 1950's amphetamine talk minute be obnoxious stophOradio djs. Totally unbelievable.

Re the Kinks: "Brainwashed" is a cut off "Arthur". -/I know. I'm an idiot/- There was a "God Save the Kinks" kit (sent out to reviewers -- although Fusion or Changes was giving them away as a subscription offer and Reprise was selling them via coupon for a couple of \$\$\$) that contained among other things, a record with a cut or two off all their albums. -/Yeah, they sent me one. One of the nicest promo packages I've ever seen/- Was "Dead Eng Street" (1966) ever released, and is it on an album? To my mind, it ranks with "Sunny Afternoon" as the epitome of Kinks songs. -/Hmmm. Never heard it. It's not on any album I ever saw. Help, anyone?/-

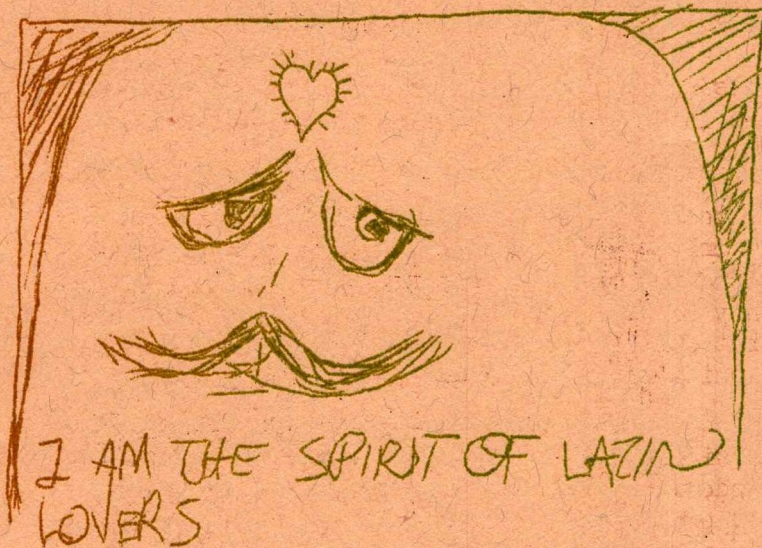
I've noted that about hippies not reading much, and it's always something that's puzzled me. And there seems to be no middle ground; either they read nothing other than the local underground or record bacover, or they read everything they can lay their hands on. I wonder if age or environment has anything to do with it; i.e.: the ones who were watching tv from a very early age don't read much, while those older than tv, or didn't have one when they were kids do all the reading. There's a grant there for some enterprising psychologist. -/Forgit it. My family had a TV from the time I was 2, and I watched it as much as any kid./-

I enjoyed Len Bailes' review very much. Although it wasn't a great intellectual comment on CSN&Y, you could tell he really loved the group, was in a position to talk from experience, and was able to get his thoughts together. For once I was prepared to believe that the reviewer was right, and that I wouldn't get burned with this purchase. The only thing now is to find the damned thing. -/Yes, they're hard to find. I bought one on the strength of Len's review and didn't like it all that much. I didn't get burned, tho; the thing's a collector's item./-

DICK ELLINGTON (6448 Irwin Ct., Oakland, Calif. 94609)

Gee, and to think I started all this activity by getting rid of a big ~~Albatross~~ box of fanzines. That certainly is a wonderful thing. Your current "lifestyle" -- you should pardon the expression -- sounds very pleasant and happy. It's fascinating to watch the steady outward march of Civilization (I like to think that this is the real civilization) from the Haight when that got nasty, up through Mendocino and out into the Southwest and now the further migrations going on to Alaska and British Columbia from there. In a smaller, less easily definable way, it's much like the old "Westering" spirit. It's not so much a need, nowadays, to seek a new frontier, as to find room to breathe and space to move your elbows. I know I feel the same urge and look longingly at Mendocino and really wish to hell I could write sufficiently well enough to get the hell out of the urban areas. -/With grammar like that, you'll never make it/-

I don't think you're in such a minority in fandom in not having any scientific training. I don't either and I know a hell of a lot of others fans that don't. I mean, we can't all be Sid Colemans or Greg Benfords, for which I have no doubt that Sid and Greg are duly grateful. I wonder if anybody has done anything along the lines of checking out how the control of Alpha wave emissions tallies with the way Yoga adepts maintain control of involuntary functions--it could be that this is actually what they are doing.



-/No doubt about it. I didn't go into much detail in Metanoia, but we've been discussing it in Apa-L, and this is one of the things that have come out. In the near future I may publish an edited transcript of an interview some friends of mine did with the brain wave pioneer, Dr. Joe Kamiya. Parts of it are very far out. /-

Your feelings about the SFCon tallied very much with outs too. The whole thing was just fine. I'm glad to see Stacy identified as the record peddler too. We heard his spiel with some amazement and kind of wondered who he was. Several people rather acidly informed him

the records could be obtained cheaper in Berkeley which he not only seconded but quoted specific locations and prices for underbuying which kind of shock-silenced the acid informers. The cartoon is most inkeeping with that scene too.

I can't quite bring myself to the proper contemplative spirit necessary to view "Playboy After Dark" as high camp, but I'm working up to it. Pat and Marie insist on watching Star Trek reruns at 6 pm and that is quite enough of high camp in one day for me. I find most superhip types are just plain afraid of teevees because they simply don't have the will power necessary to turn that little switch from on to off. The more honest ones -- Ray Nelson is a good example -- freely admit to this lack.

-/I think you're very right. An example that comes immediately to mind is our friend Wendy who was always giving us dire warnings about how TV would "rot our brains" until she came over and spent the afternoon one day. She became completely hypnotized by the TV, wouldn't hear you when you spoke to her, didn't do any of the work she'd come to do. No wonder she's so scared of it! I get quite a bit of entertainment out of TV but can take it or leave it. Suzy likes to leave it on most of

the time mainly because it gives her some kind of emotional satisfaction. We leave it on all night with the sound off and the contrast turned way down, and she can sleep. But if it's off, she can't. I understand it's quite common for housewives to leave their sets on all day without watching, without being able to explain why they do it. Might have something to do with ion emissions, which are now known to affect the emotions./-

WILL STRAW (303 Niagra Blvd., Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada)

I was intrigued by your descriptions of Marin County and the creativity that abounds there. California has always seemed almost mythical to me, as a place for youth to do the things youth likes to do, without the contemptuous glances one receives in this part of the continent. Were it not for my strong pro-Canadian feelings and my equally strong anti-American feelings, I would've moved there long ago. I don't know how closely Toronto's Yorkville parallels Haight-Ashbury or similar areas, but the freedom there is confined to too small an area. It's there though; John Lennon and crew must have realized it when they chose it for their ill-fated peace festival. -/I thought that was John Brower's idea?/- The trouble with centering all the creative hippie-types around an area like Yorkville is that anything that comes out of there is likely to be regarded as evil and dangerous by the outsiders. I'm sure that anyone who sat outside the Fort Erie school and sold leather goods would be in Fort Erie #1 Paddy Wagon before you could say goshwow.

-/Yes, from what I'm told California is a very sheltered island where anybody can do what they like and nobody seems to mind. I can't understand why it would be any different elsewhere, but I have no desire to find out firsthand. I've heard some good reports on the Toronto scene, a lot of far out people in those parts. Ever hear of Zeera Charnoe? /-

Don't tell me Fairfax has a fandom, too? With a pop. of 7500? Howcum Fort Erie has 10 or 12 thousand, and I am the only single fan in this area? It's quite discouraging. -/There are quite a few more fans in this immediate area than I thought. Twenty within 5 miles, perhaps. They've been thinking of starting a club and putting out a fanzine for a long time, but they're not fannish types. Very sercon. Turns out one girl I've never met is planning to attend the Heicon./-

Your many references to rock fandom and fanzines surprised me. I wasn't aware that rock fandom was so complex, with fanzines, regular correspondence, and the other things that are also present in SFandom. -/It's not really that surprising. The only rock fans that write letters and pub fanzines about rock are also SF fans. Most rock fans aren't the least bit interested in reading or writing about it. /-

HARRY WARNER, JR. (423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, Md. 21740)

You apologize for keeping me off your mailing list for your last few fanzines and I feel like Macbeth the night Banquo's ghost came to dinner at the sight of the second Mojo-Entmooter. You did indeed send that issue to me and I intended fully to write a loc on it, but that good intention joined a numerous company of unfulfilled things that weren't done during 1969. I'm sorry because it was a special sort of achievement that deserved a letter. Did it ever occur to you that you may have caused Ted White to stop talking about Stellar and to do next to no more fanzine publishing, after he saw the experiments you contrived within that one issue? -/I doubt it, since I never sent him a copy/- Ted's format accomplishments may have been more professional in appearance but they didn't have your originality. I remember being particularly impressed by the inside front cover, some of the causes of insanity on the reprinted table of statistics, and some of the quotations, over and above your layout innovations. But what use are extended comments now? You can give me instructions on what to do with this duplicate copy.

-/You can stoke your fireplace with it, if you like. It was a critical success (though Charlie Brown didn't like it - weak on literary content) but a commercial failure. I have close to a hundred copies cluttering up my office. Hmmm- is there still a fanzine clearing house?/-

Fortunately, Karnis Bottle's METANOIA leaves me with a less guilty sensation and it's easier to comment on. I would have been overwhelmed by the two issues if they'd contained nothing but "Rough Rider",

because this is one of the finest things to appear in any fanzine in a long while, written much too well and dealing with such an overpoweringly interesting subject that it should be reprinted immediately where people outside of fandom and your circle can appreciate it. -/Any suggestions, anyone?/- I'd thought George Metzger to be the only person capable of conveying in words the reasons behind a way of existence absolutely alien from mine with such power that I find myself nodding in complete understanding of the com-

pulsions behind a picaresque personal life. But James Wright does everything George used to do in those fanzine articles a few years back, and he also puts genuine poetry into his prose, something George didn't attempt. When I read aloud certain parts of this article, it sounds like the very finest free verse.



I've had no experience with genuine bootleg records. But I have doubt that their sound quality can be any worse than some of the semi-bootleg records I've bought. I'm more interested in classical music, of course, and the semi-bootleg genre may not exist for rock music -- it's the sort of records that provide no income for the musicians, aren't sold in most record stores, aren't advertised openly, but don't pose a real threat to the artists or the record companies that own their exclusive contracts and so nobody ever tries to put their distributors out of business. Releases usually run to operas so little-known and rarely performed that nobody would dare issue them commercially, or extremely poor dubbings from short-wave broadcasts of familiar music exceptionally well performed by famous artists, or semi-pirated tapes of reciatla given by singers who have no fame over here but are deeply beloved by a few connoisseurs. Anyway, I have a strong suspicion that there will never be a really low-priced, dependable video tape recorder on the market, because of influence by the television and movie people. If people can't do their own video recording, but are forced to buy commercial video recordings using some photographic medium, alot of people could clean up without competition.

It's good to know that you have found at least temporary congenial surroundings and personal happiness. That's not what I mean, because I don't mean the temporary to refer to the personal happiness which I fervently trust is permanent, but to the surroundings alone which I've decided can't be permanently congenial anywhere in the nation today for anyone except totally vegetated people. -/I beg your pardon?/- I'm bourgeois but dissatisfied, and awfully close to pulling up stakes altogether. A friend working in Europe has been regaling me with disarming statistics about how comfortable I could be on investment income available to me in a country like Yugoslavia. Even if I live another thirty years, which I probably won't, I'd still have a good chance of dying before chambers of commerce and zoning regulations moved in to disturb me in such a neighborhood. -/You don't make it veryclear exactly what you dislike about America, but from your writings in Horizons I have some idea, and I don't think you'll be able to escape it anywhere. What happened to your plans to move to Austria?/-

-/Thanks to all you WAHFs out there, especially Leon Taylor and Jeff Cochran (is he or isn't he?) who, if he's really a hoax, is the first one I've ever gotten a letter from. /-



A couple of months ago I sent away \$10 for all the back issues of Fusion, only 3 of which are unavailable. As Rolling Stone has gradually slid over the past 2 years from 'great' to 'good' to 'disappointing' to 'poor' and finally, with the last 4 or 5 issues, to 'embarrassing', I've become more and more interested in this outspoken and frequently experimental publication from Boston. Fusion is the last bastion of the Crawdaddy! style of writing, but unlike the old Crawdaddy! it also provides a lot of valuable information about music and records, as well as some brilliant writing on occasion. I won't attempt to review 35 issues of Fusion, but I do suggest you check it out. It has suffered a slight decline from last year also, but it's still the best rock mag I know of (Big Fat, which started off with 2 great issues, has gone down the drain in 5). Their regular contributors include ex-fans Lenny Kaye and Joe Pilati.

Fusion 21 (11/14/69) was a special issue on 'the Great Divide', examining the differences in life-style, weltanschauung, and preferences in rock and rock writing between young people in California and those in the East and the rest of the country. I thought it was a very perceptive and necessary discussion. Included was a history of the San Francisco rock scene by John Kreidl, editor of Boston's Vibrations magazine. Kreidl's piece was surprising to me not only because I wasn't aware he'd been in San Francisco during that period but also because of the unexpected clarity of his understanding of what went on here in those days and his avoidance of most of the usual misconceptions that writers from other parts of the country have about San Francisco rock. In the midst of Kreidl's article I happened upon a paragraph that took me completely by surprise with some unexpected egoboo:

"Mojo-Navigator, the original rock magazine from San Francisco was far more representative of the spirit of 1967 than Rolling Stone is. Rolling Stone didn't kill this small publication, it just, apparently, died in 1968 due to an editorial squabble between Greg Shaw and its other editors. But Greg, to me, was tuned in to the mood of 1967. Rolling Stone, on the other hand, seems more out of the minds of slick San Francisco and its hip bankers and hipsters who believe in selling the San Francisco image. It's a kind of West Coast Billboard that seeks to export its image. It, I think, reflects San Francisco, rather than the spirit of rock. For this reason, historicals interested in the cultural revolution of 1967, will have to check out Mojo-Navigator. Greg, last I heard, had started another publication, called Mojo-Entmooter. The spirit of '67 lives on. Footnote: Mojo belonged to UPS. Rolling Stone doesn't."

One reason I found his comments so surprising is that when I first discovered Vibrations I sent them a complete back file of Mojo and a letter; all I got back was one copy of their current issue with a note: 'letter follows'. No letter ever came. I assumed they didn't like Mojo. I guess Kreidl must've seen a copy of Mojo-Entmooter somewhere with the explanation of what happened to Mojo. Are any of you responsible?

Cosmo's Factory Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy 8402)

Yes, they've finally done it. They've produced a whole album without a single poor song. And what's more, none of them sound alike. Technically, they're all playing better than ever before. Fogerty's improvement as a guitarist is uncanny; even since the last album his inventiveness and the number of styles at his command have more than doubled, it seems.

John Fogerty is a confessed admirer of the sound achieved by Sam Phillips on Sun Records in the mid-fifties with such rock & roll greats as Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Elvis Presley. He has succeeded in taking a modern studio and turning out high quality stereo recordings that sound for all the world like the raw, primitive, powerful records that Phillips made using 2 microphones and no overdubbing. This could easily be an early Sun album. The Carl Perkins licks abound, especially in "Ramble Tamble" which sounds like something Carl and Scotty and Bill might've jammed up between sessions in Memphis. "My Baby Left Me", an Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup song, is done just the way Elvis did it for Sun in 1954. "Ooby Dooby" (would you believe this was Roy Orbison's first record?) differs only slightly from Orbison's original Sun recording.

The other derivative songs are "Travelin' Band", an admitted take-off on Little Richard, and "Before You Accuse Me", a blues standard composed by Bo Diddley, one of the best and most unusual of Diddley's songs.

Thought I forgot "I Heard It Through The Grapevine", didn't you? This 11-minute opus is a throwback to Creedence's first album. They stick closely to the Marvin Gaye arrangement without adding much to the original, as with their version of Wilson Pickett's "Ninety-Nine And a Half". The long instrumental break is unimaginative and detracts from the emotional force of the song. The deep-voiced chorus is a nice touch, but on the whole this song is a failure. Marvin Gaye's classic remains untouched. The more I hear it the less I consider it part of this album; it doesn't belong here.

In addition to all these songs, Creedence presses forward here with their own original styles. "Run Through The Jungle" is a tense, mysterious song that creates an effective mood. "Up Around The Bend" is a happy song full of promise for the Golden Age to come, and almost an answer to "Who'll Stop The Rain", which creates a powerful feeling of despair. You can almost imagine the singer sitting there lamenting the state of the world only to have the piper of "Up Around The Bend" come along and show him the way out of his misery. The songs, however, are in reverse order, which I suppose disproves any such intent on Fogerty's part. "Who'll Stop The Rain" represents a slight gap in creativity, inasmuch as it sounds enough like "Lodi" to make you notice, but it's still a great song. "Long As I Can See The Light" is a soft, blues-painful song with a beautifully evocative saxophone solo. I can almost see Buddy Knox kicking up his heels as he sings "Lookin' Out My Back Door". He never sang the song, but it's the kind of happy, clap-your-hands-and-dance rock & roll song that he would've been right at home with.

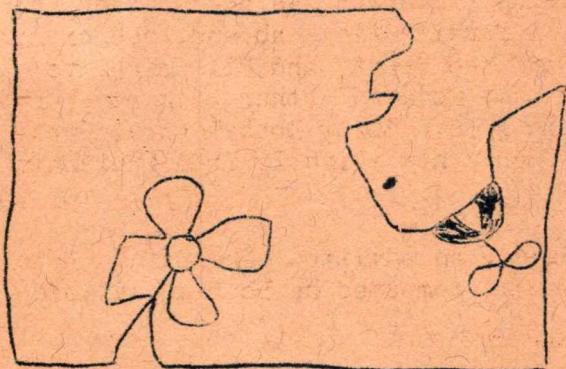
I think John Fogerty must be really satisfied with this album. In it, all the divergent styles that Creedence has been developing and emulating come together to create an amalgam of all that's great about rock & roll. The band has reached a peak of sorts with Cosmo's Factory; their growth from now on will be on a higher level.

Two of the "hidden messages" on the cover say "3rd Generation" and "Lean, Clean and Bluesy". Creedence Clearwater Revival know exactly where they're at.



My friends at Capitol Records have sent me four more albums, presumably to review in Mojo-Entrooter. It's albums like these that make me realize my shortcomings as a record reviewer. I don't like them, which is my prerogative, but the problem is that I can't force myself to listen to them. And when I do manage to make it thru a song, then quickly take the record off the turntable and put on the Kinks or something to take the foul taste out of my ears, by the time I get to the typewriter I realize I have nothing to say about the song except "Yecch." This isn't good criticism; a real pro can take a record like this and isolate the faults, point out the promising qualities, and make helpful suggestions. But not me.

I have tried listening to these albums and I have failed. If anyone wants them, they're yours for 25¢ each to cover postage.



Rig is a new progressive rock group that's been playing the Fillmores and probably has a lot of fans by now. I find them so boring I can't sit through any of the songs. Just to make sure we get the message, the tasteless lyrics are printed on the back.

Special Circumstances, by Hedge & Donna Capers. This is Hedge & Donna's fourth or so album, and the first I've listened to. They do a sort of folk-singing thing with a lot of instrumentation and special effects. I don't like it. That doesn't mean it's not a good record or that you won't

like it, though. I don't feel qualified to judge this record since I don't like the whole field it's a part of very much.

Ah. Glen Campbell and Kim Darby in Hal Wallis' production "Norwood". It's a soundtrack. I guess it's Glen Campbell's new album too. Sound good? It's yours!

I also got the album Grand Funk by the Grand Funk Railroad, but since Capitol didn't punch a hole through the jacket like they usually do (those sneaky bastards!) I'm gonna take it down to my local record store and trade it for something decent. Perhaps Cruisin' 1957.

Also available for the cost of postage is the David Axelrod album reviewed last issue.

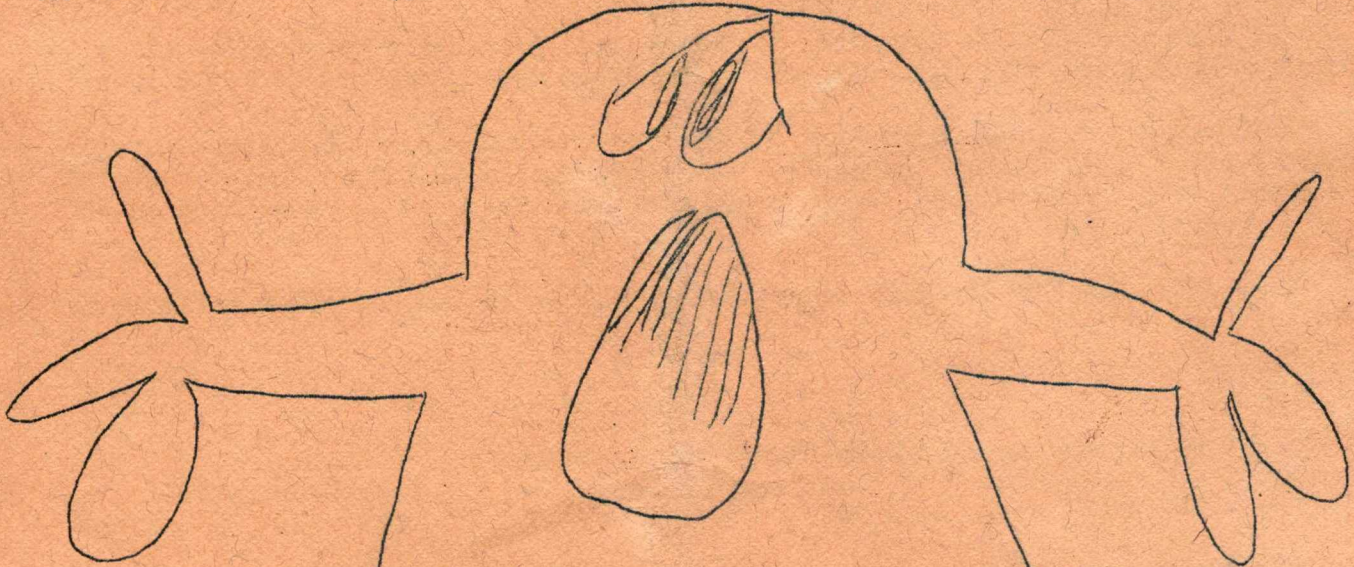
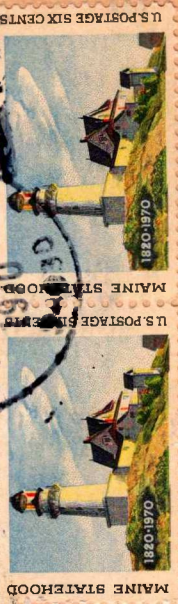
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"I am pretending that such things as the Empire of the Stars  
no longer concern me." -- Eric Erickson  
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MORE FANZINE REVIEWS Figment 1 (Jacob Bloom, Box 161, Clark University, Worcester, Mass. 01610) (cont. from p.6) Contents of this issue are mostly poetry, about which I'm not qualified to comment (mainly because I'm not interested in reading it) but the editor's prose essays are quite well written. Hardly anything here about sf or fandom; figment seems to be a pretty good reflection of the editor's mind. He has an interesting mind, so if you think you could get into a thing like that, send Jacob your fanzine or a quarter. The cover, incidentally, is very very good and quite unusual. Just one thing, Jacob... ydo you have to always double-space?

Yage 1 (Neal Goldfarb, 30 Brodwood Dr., Stamford, Conn. 06902) An Apa-45 zine. Mostly Neal's comments about music, books, politics, the world, and the Ultimate Meaning of Life. In spite of his limited interests, Neal has a few things to say. Thanks, Neal; I enjoyed it.

BLA!



FROM:  
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WR

FIRST CLASS

((ART CREDITS: Art this issue is by John D. Berry (1,7,8,10,12,15,17); Bill Rotsler (12,14,18); Jonh Ingham (3,5); Alpajpuri (4); Jack Gaughan (6) and Dave Burton (2). Thank you, one and all.))