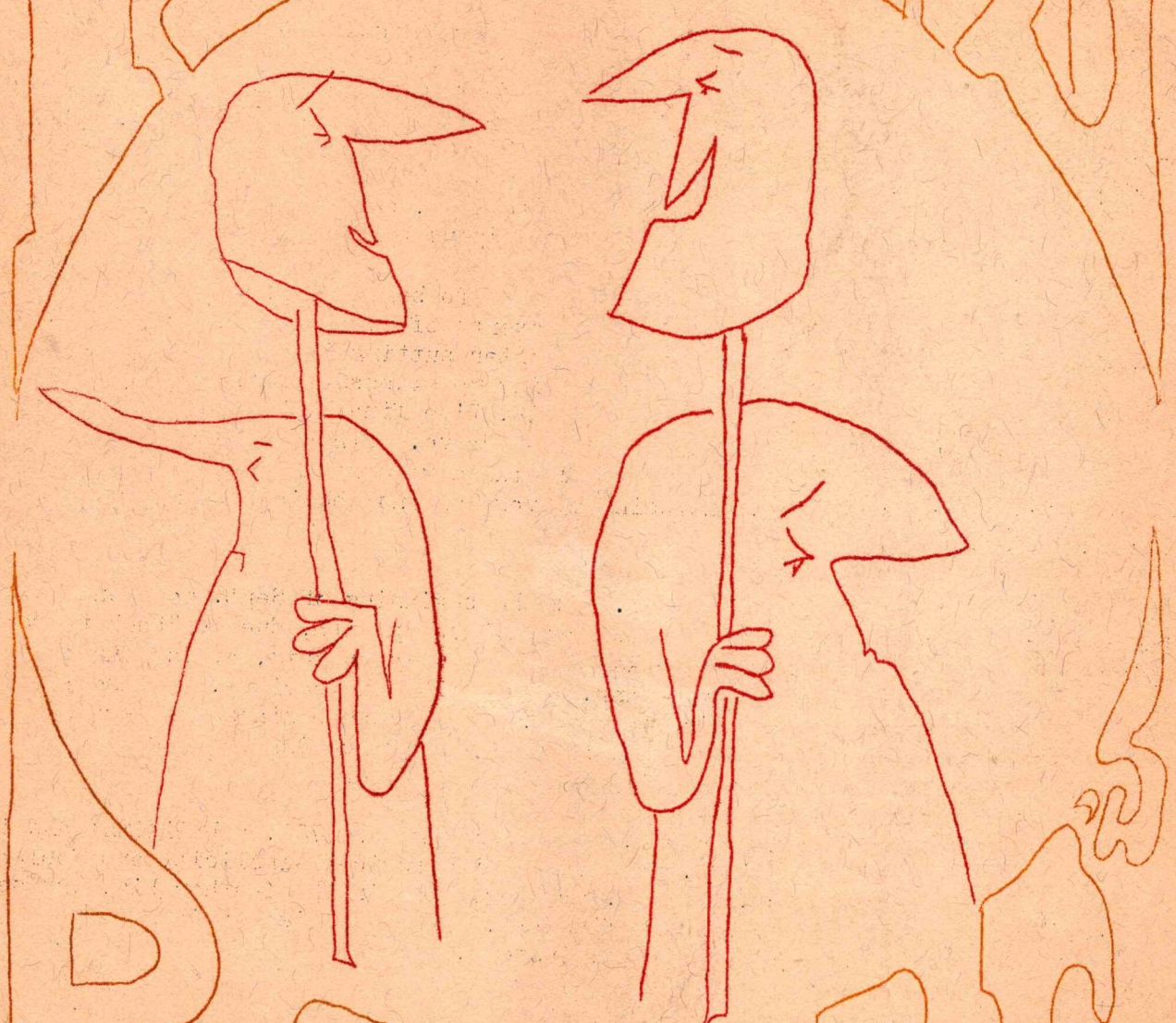


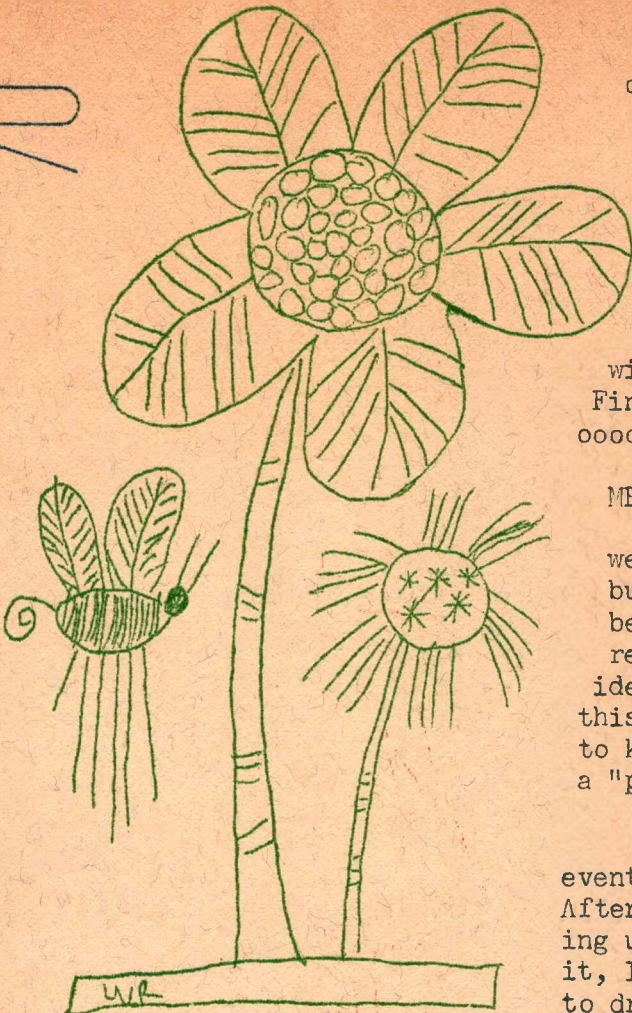
KARMA



BOTTLE

METANOIA

NO. 7 - SEPT./OCT./NOV. '70



oo
KARNIS BOTTLE'S METANOIA #7, Sept./
Oct./Nov. 1970, is a product of
Greg and Suzy Shaw, of 64 Taylor
Dr., Fairfax, CA. 94930 (453-9323)
This monthly fanzine is available
free on request to anyone who likes
science fiction but doesn't have a
compulsive need to talk about it,
with a few exceptions. BRAIN TEASER:
Find 3 errors in the above paragraph.
oo

METANOIA, "THE REGULAR FANZINE" Well,
here
we are again, much later than ever,
but not especially caring. These have
been busy weeks for us, the busiest in
recent memory. I'll try to give you an
idea of what we've been up to lately in
this issue, probably more than you care
to know, but then this is supposed to be
a "personalzine", isn't it?

To begin with, one of the biggest
events of my life took place in September.
After putting it off for years, and mak-
ing up elaborate rationales for avoiding
it, I've finally bought a car and learned
to drive. Other long-cherished principles
of mine have gone the way of my determination

not to drive at the same time, including my vows against buying anything on time and borrowing money.

But let me start a little earlier. At the beginning of Sept. we found ourselves with a larger market for leather than we could keep up with, due to "back to school" buying. So we worked a couple of weeks' worth of 10-hour days, at the end of which we found ourselves with \$700 in the bank. This alone was curious, because last Christmas we worked much harder for twice the time, had so much business we were forced to employ half our friends to help us out, had \$500 checks coming in weekly or better -- and yet, at the end, we had practically nothing left over.

But as we sat around in mid-Sept. contemplating our \$700, a brilliant and intricate plan took shape in our minds, dazzling in its logical simplicity and foolproof certainty. The months of Oct. and Nov. are very slow in the leather biz, you see. Ordinarily we'd spend these months goofing off, then work like maniacs to keep up with the demand in Dec. But what if we, instead, were to borrow some cash -- say \$1500 -- and work 6-8 hours steadily for those two months? We'd have hundreds and hundreds of purses and vests on hand for the Christmas rush; we'd get rich!

Suzy's mother offered to borrow the bread for us, so we were all set. Except for one thing -- the one store we work through could never be expected to move \$5000 worth of our merchandise in one month. The inescapable conclusion was that we had to have a car. A car was a rapidly-approaching necessity in any case, because Suzy is now afraid to hitch-hike and we are running out of friends willing to put up with taxiing her around.

Well, you can relax, because I'm not going to bore you with the details of what I had to go through before we got that car. It would fill the rest of this magazine. Bank loans were arranged, fell through, had to be arranged elsewhere. No insurance

company wanted anything to do with me, because I was only 21 and hadn't driven before. Finally, after expending most of our \$700 on insurance and going through a thousand other hassles, we found ourselves with a bright new slightly-used 1970 Toyota in our Driveway.

Learning to drive it was another hassle, and though I speak in past-tense, I've only begun to learn at this writing. So cross your fingers for me, and have some forbearance if the next issue of METANOIA is a bit late. I look forward to almost three months of long days at the leather works combined with extensive amounts of long distance driving. But if all works out, METANOIA might be coming to you next spring inscribed on tablets of solid gold.

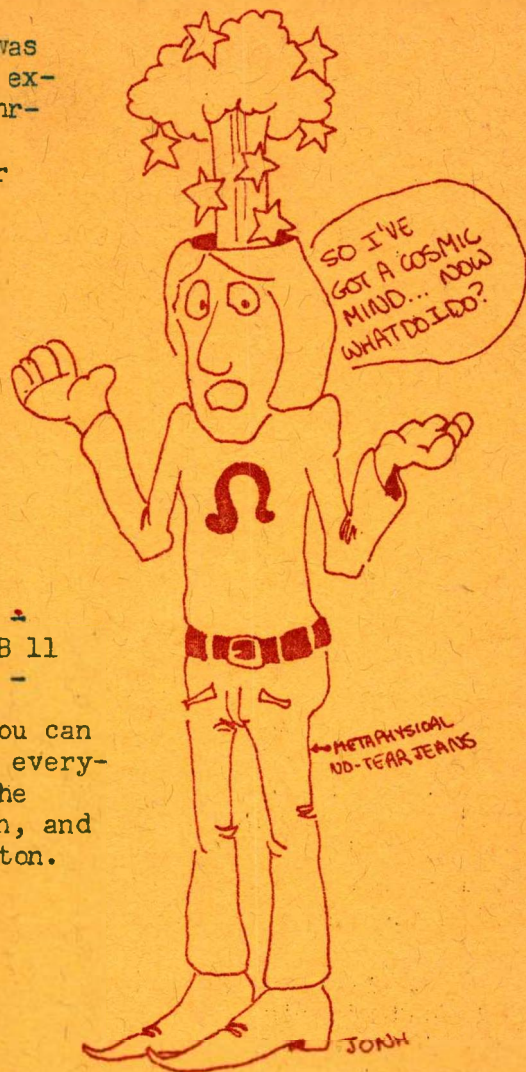
" \$1,000. That's not too much." **Frank Lunney, BAB 11

When Frank Lunney starts using Burbeeisms, you can be sure that something's in the air. In the air, everywhere! Even in Karnis Bottle's METANOIA. Yes, the fine and noble spirit of trufandom is moving again, and it is trying to move Bob Shaw from Ireland to Boston. And I see no reason why it shouldn't. After all, that's not too far.

I've decided to participate by dedicating an issue of METANOIA to the cause. The first issue of 1971, probably #9, will be a Special BoSh Issue. I don't know what the contents will be, but I promise you it will be as "stellar" an issue as I can make it. I wouldn't charge money for it if I didn't think it was worth something. Ah, yes -- money. The cost will be 50¢, all funds to be donated to the Fund. No one except contributors will get free copies. So send in your six bits now if you like, or later; but do it. It's the least you can do.

PROGRESS REPORT There've been some inquiries about Peter Menkin, since I mentioned in #4 that he was putting together a new underground digest. Well, as of this writing, little has changed. We have \$16,000 pledged, but work can't start without at least \$30,000. Peter's working on it. Meanwhile, he has other projects in the works. Peter's a man of ideas and ability, and I expect him to score big someday. His recent ideas of note have included a series of TV specials covering the various rock festivals that go on all over the world. That one is still being considered by one of the big networks, and Peter's going to Hollywood for a conference on it soon. Another good idea is a series of taped material covering the history of black music, from field hollers all the way to rock & roll and soul, to be financed by an educational systems company and offered to high schools. As you might have noticed, all his projects involve rock & roll in some way, which is good for me, as I'll be assured of a place in the sun when the manna starts coming down.

Lest you think I've been twiddling my thumbs waiting for the world to beat a path to my door, I'd better tell you what I've been doing with my small amounts of spare time. I just finished a big issue of WHO PUT THE BOMP -- but if you're interested in that sort of thing you've probably got your copy. Anyway, WPTB is bringing me into contact with a whole nother fandom, which I've been checking out, writing to the people in it, trying to get all the major fanzines, and get some idea of what's happening. Rock fandom is a lot more extensive than I once thought, and it's beginning to come



together and achieve some semblance of self-awareness, just as sf fandom did in the late 30s. There's a lot to be done there, and I look forward to being involved in it.

I also decided recently that my writing was getting good enough that I could try selling some of it. I wrote a review of "Lola", a single by The Kinks, and sent it to FUSION. I would've tried ROLLING STONE first, except that I don't feel right at this stage about submitting material to people I know personally. I worry that either they wouldn't be honest about its faults, or it would be hard for them to reject it if they didn't like it. I'll try RS when I have more confidence. Meanwhile, though, I never really thought FUSION would take it either. I was expecting to send it around to the second-string rock papers until I found my level. But, to my surprise, FUSION accepted the review! They mentioned nothing about payment, but I don't really care. That can come later. This was my first sale, or acceptance, by a major professional publication!

It was enough.

* * * * *
"Yes, but who wants to eat laundry?" -- Suzy
* * * * *

SURGE, SURGE AGAIN Well, it's "surge up or shut up" on the old "fannish resurgence" front this month. A lot of people are becoming fed up with all the "fannish fandom is returning!" chatter, but few are as tired of it as I am. Yes, I know I was saying my share of such things a few months ago, but enough is enough already. Sixth Fandom was at its most puerile in the self-conscious discussions of numbered fandoms, reaching the epitome of foolishness with the phony "7th Fandom" movement. That kind of stuff we don't need.



If your desire is for 8th Fandom to be looked back upon 10 years from now as one of fandom's high points, the best thing you can do is forget about everything else and just be as creative as you can at whatever you do. And have some fun while you're doing it!

NOT A NEIGHBOR STORY I suppose this should really be one, but it happened so suddenly there wasn't time to fit it into that series. Besides, the illos for this issue's Neighbor Story were already run off.

This story concerns Johnny and Ethyl, who live directly across the street from us. With all the weird people on our street, I never considered them for "Neighbor Stories." They keep to themselves and aren't noticeably unusual, except perhaps for Johnny's unfailing habit of coming and going in his car constantly.

Johnny is 92 and Ethyl is 87. Both are tall and frail, and both get around pretty well for their age. Their faces are remarkably free from wrinkles, and they sometimes seem very youthful, yet they give me the impression of "mustiness" for some reason. Ethyl always stays inside and we'd had nothing to do with them other than occasional "good morning"s to Johnny until this morning (10/9).

While I was at the Post Office, he knocked on our door and asked Suzy if she'd like to come over and see Ethyl. Looking around our house, he commented that he hadn't seen it "since the grand piano had been in the corner." When was that? "About 40 years ago." They'd lived in that house across the street since 1905. From here, their house looks nice and fairly large, but inside Suzy found it to be more like a rough shack. Wooden floors with no rugs, no furniture but a bed, a piano and 2 chairs, and everything just sort of tacked together. It was very small inside, and divided into several tiny rooms.

Johnny asked Suzy to please enter through the back door. The back door and the front door are right next to one another, each with its own elaborate staircase, frame, etc. Inside the house, they both open on the same hallway. They found Ethyl sitting in her chair, staring at the floor. Johnny later told Suzy that's all she'd done for the last 10 years or so -- never reads, listens to radio, watches TV; she just stares at the floor with an expression of mild annoyance on her face, drinking whiskey and chain-smoking through a cigarette holder studded with cheap imitation diamonds.

Pointing proudly to the crudely thrown-together, cobweb-covered interior, Johnny explained that it had been a real mess when they moved in, but he'd "spent his whole life fixing it up." Then he got down to the real business at hand. It seemed he'd be going to the hospital soon for an operation, and would like Suzy to come in and care for Ethyl. This would involve buying groceries, cooking food, doing laundry, and sitting with her.

All this, mind you, while we're working like dervishes to implement the Great Leather Plan. But Suzy couldn't decline, because there was on one else to do it. All the other healthy people on the street have their hands full caring for the many sick and helpless oldsters. There was nothing else for Suzy to do but agree. "But it won't be so bad," consoled Johnny, "Last time I went to the hospital I only stayed 119 days."

Suzy asked what Ethyl ate. "Well, for the past four days she'd had spareribs," said Johnny.

At that, Ethyl looked up and muttered, "Don't want no more spareribs." It was the last thing she said.

Ever on the lookout for antiques, Suzy was looking at some of their plates when Johnny asked what she was doing.

"Oh," said Suzy, "I just like to look at old things."

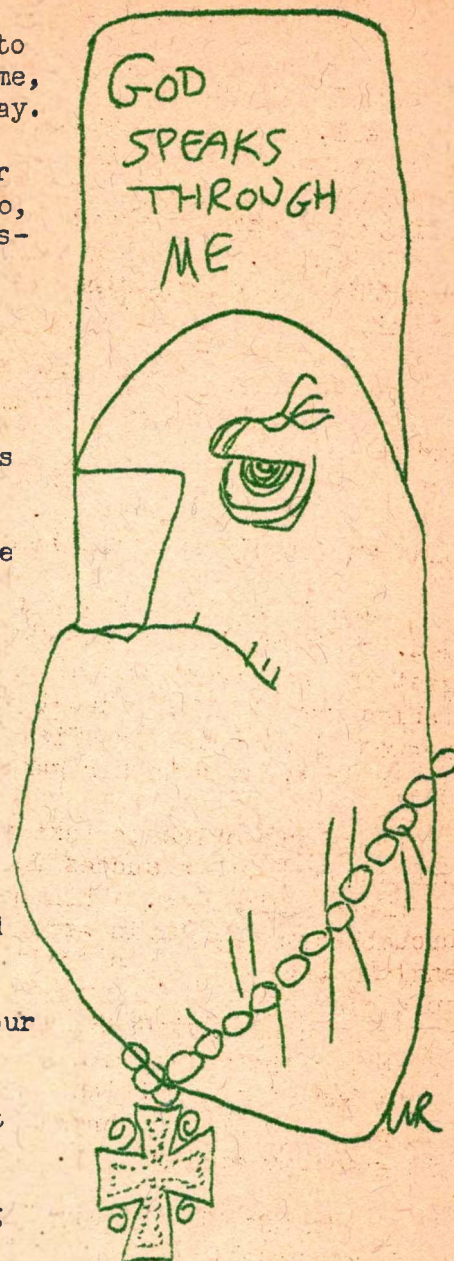
"The only really old thing we have is a 100-year old caterpillar-catcher that used to belong to my uncle. Yes, my uncle was quite a caterpillar catcher in his day. His son has the business now, makes over 1000 a month!"

The "caterpillar-catcher" was a brown earthenware jug that looked sort of like a small wine bottle. They found it on the mantelpiece, under a heap of cobwebs. That was enough for Suzy, and she came home to think about it awhile.

By the sheerest coincidence, this same morning we received a letter addressed to "Ethyl Robinson". Far out, I thought, "Old John Robertson." But before taking it over to them, we happened to be talking to Verl, the old man next door, who told us Johnny's last name was Frank.

"But how could that be?" Suzy asked.

"Well, don't tell nobody," said Verl, "but they ain't married. They been living together for 60 years. Now you be sure not to say nothin' or it might start a neighborhood scandal."



hood scandal."

I hope this article won't start that scandal, but I thought you'd like to know what sort of people we'll be helping out. It don't make no difference to us, we're very liberal about such things.

"Where'd you meet this 'weenie king'?"

Well, you know what they say about good intentions. It's been weeks since the above was put on stencil, and by now Johnny's back, Ethyl turned out to be a friendly old biddy with some far out stories to tell of her flaming youth as a socialite cum Suffragette and temperance crusader. :: In other late news, I learned to drive with no difficulty, the Leather Plan is proceeding apace, and I've had so little time to even think about anything fannish that I am completely out of touch with the zeitgeist of this fossil of an issue. Oh well, on with the typing...

We were just like fish and chips, frying in the sand

and now ("ta da!):

NEIGHBOR STORIES The neighbor we talk to most is Joe, who lives a few houses down from us. The reason we talk to him so much is that he's a Dirty Old Man with his eye (and hands whenever possible) on Suzy.

Joe is a wiry but strong little Italian who spends his time puttering in his garden. He's retired and must be worth quite a bit, because his house is one of the largest on the street and his garden is very elaborate. All kinds of flowers and vegetables grow in soil that is full of expensive conditioners. His driveway is always heaped with manure or bricks or soil or something to do with his garden. Since Suzy is as interested in her garden as I am in fandom, they have a lot to talk about.

Joe was quick to take advantage of this fact. When he found that "wanna see my cucumbers?" was a successful line, he began employing it as often as possible and with endless variations. When he gets Suzy in the back yard, he'll do something like pick up a cabbage, put his arm around her shoulder and say, "see this cabbage?" copping a sly feel as he points to it.

When he invites Suzy into his house it's even funnier. He must stay up nights plotting the measurements of every corner in the house, because he constantly maneuvers Suzy into positions where he must squeeze by her. Suzy takes it all in good fun, knowing Old Joe is harmless as well as half her size and that a little sexual fantasy is good for an old coot. Anyway, she likes the compliments he's always coming up with.

"In the Old Country," he says, "we say 'lean meat no good.' Got to eat more, build yourself up. You got a fine body there!"

He's always talking about sex and about how nice Suzy's body is (so does Zeb at the supermarket, who always says "boy am I worn out from all the sex I've been having



lately" while vibrating his eyebrows -- but that's another story). His interest in the subject is understandable, for his wife is a frozen vegetable. Years ago she was stricken with a mysterious disease, and now she sits in the window bundled up in quilts, watching impassively as the world goes by. She has trouble responding. You wave and say "hi" and maybe she will nod, twice she has managed to say "hello" but always her eyes follow you. And they follow Joe as he makes his advances to Suzy.



Yes, the old fellow must be plenty horny. One day as Suzy was returning from the store he called her over to talk about sunflowers or something, finding excuses to put his hands as close to where they shouldn't be as he could manage. Finally Suzy got tired of hearing about sunflowers, and anyway the ice cream was melting. "I gotta go," she said.

"Wait, can't you stay and... talk?"

"No, I got to go fix dinner."

"Well, come back later. Yes, that's it. Come back later tonight. I'll be waiting." Then he gave out with one of his weird gravelly chuckles that sound exactly like the perverted chuckle you'd expect a Dirty Old Man to have.

He seemed noticeably less friendly after Suzy stood him up that night, and a few days later he made his final play. Suzy passed him on her way to the store and asked him cheerfully if she could get him anything.

"Yes," said Joe, "come here and I'll tell you. I want you to bring me something from you, that we can share together."

"How about a couple of apples?"

"No, no," gasped Joe, becoming very intense, "I want something special from you, I must have it, I burn with the desire!" With that, he began panting and moving toward her.

"Uh... I better go now" said Suzy, and split.

We haven't been on such good terms with Joe since then. Oh, we still exchange the occasional "hello", but the excitement has clearly gone from the relationship. Good riddance, as far as I'm concerned.

I hope I haven't given the impression that Joe is a sinister figure of any sort. Though a DOM, he is really quite innocent. Suzy was never in any danger from him, and after all, he did teach her a lot about Garden.

And our street wouldn't be nearly as interesting without him.

- - - - -
What's a "smithereen"?
- - - - -

ZOUNDS: Those who've complained about the small or nonexistent record review sections in recent issues of METANOIA can rejoice. I've got a couple of meaty reviews for you this time, plus I'll try to say something about the albums that Liza Williams at Capitol has been good enough to send. In future, METANOIA may be used as a sort of supplement to WHO PUT THE BOMP, to allow me to review interesting records that come out between issues of the latter. This arrangement should please everybody -- the record co.s, who like to see their free discs reviewed; me, because I need the practice; and if it doesn't please you, what are you doing here?

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS NOW, IT'S TIME FOR...

platter chatter

First of all, before I forget, don't any of you miss ROLLING STONE

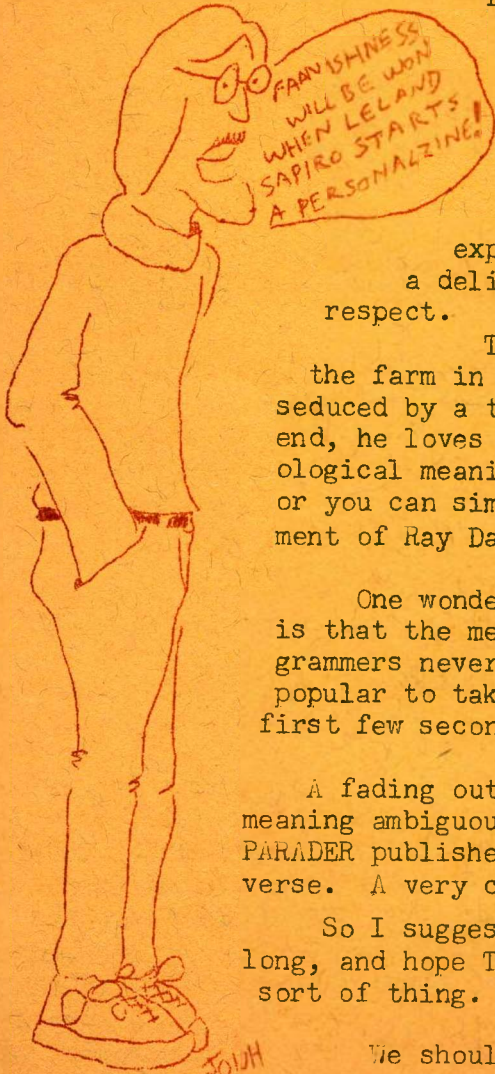
#71, which will be out... well probably weeks ago by the time you read this. It includes an article on the rock & roll fanzines. I'm mentioned and quoted therein, briefly, though I supplied most of the information used. I don't know what the final article will look like, but it should be interesting. :: Next, for that large percentage of you who don't read FUSION, here's the review they bought from me:

"Lola" by The Kinks (Reprise 0930)

With an almost-curious lack of comment from the rock press, one of the very best records of the last 3 years has appeared and risen to the top of the charts. The fact that it received AM airplay at all is a matter of some astonishment to me, due to the highly controversial nature of the lyrics.

The record of which I speak is, of course, "Lola." A stunning achievement in every way, "Lola" is also a milestone for The Kinks. In a radical departure from all the styles they've become known for, The Kinks have established themselves with this record as masters of a powerful new idiom that will assure them of a place of importance in the years to come, if they can keep it up. All the elements of their old styles are present here, but melded with a maturity, depth and fullness that is new for The Kinks.

The elements that make "Lola" a great record are hard to pin down. I am reminded strongly of "Hey Jude" by the slow, deliberate forcefulness of the rhythm section, effectively augmented by the strong piano chording. And of course there's the long, repetitive fadeout ending, which isn't nearly as long as it seems, or as it should be.



Beyond this, however, the resemblances to "Hey Jude" or any other record vanish. In contrast to the openly metaphorical lyrics of "Jude", which allow the listener to experience the force of the song by inserting his own emotional symbols, "Lola" tells an explicit story that is honest, timely and hilarious, with a delivery that demands nothing of you but satisfaction and respect.

The narrative, concerning a naive young man, a week off the farm in London's treacherous Soho district, involves his being seduced by a transvestite male. When he discovers the truth at the end, he loves Lola too much to care. All sorts of social and psychological meanings can be read into the story, if that's your pleasure, or you can simply glory in the poetic economy and cunning understatement of Ray Davies' lyrics.

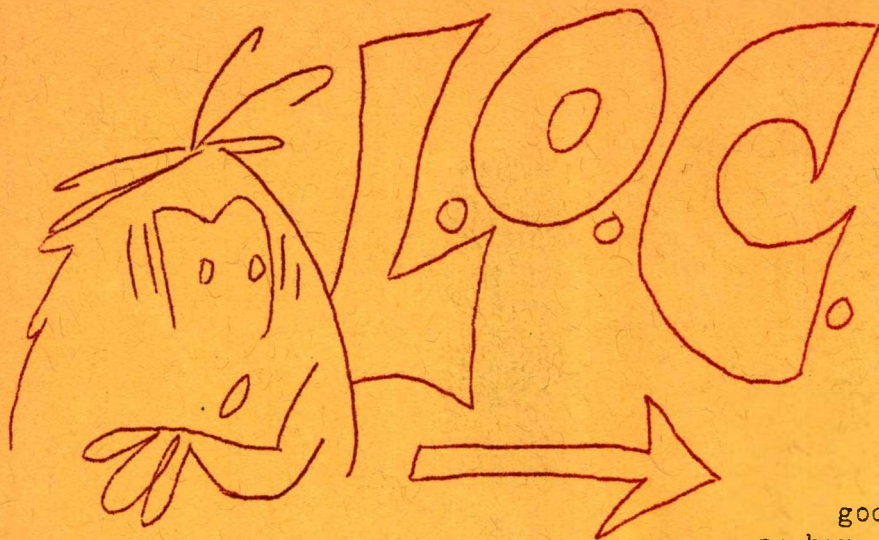
One wonders again how this got on the AM playlists. My theory is that the mere sound of the record is so overwhelming that the programmers never heard the words, and by the time they did it was too popular to take off. Then again, maybe they never listened past the first few seconds.

A fading out of 1 or 2 key words in the final verse would leave the meaning ambiguous, but to my knowledge it hasn't been tried. When HIT PARADER published the "complete" lyrics, however, they omitted that key verse. A very curious business, all around.

So I suggest you get this record immediately, and play it all day long, and hope The Kinks' next album contains a lot more of the same sort of thing.

We should be so lucky.

(PLATTER CHATTER continued later on..)



CALVIN DEMMON I've been hearing a lot about you, Greg, so I was happy to get METANOIA 4, especially when I read through it and discovered a wonderful piece of egoboo for myself. What you said about my letter to EGOBOO makes writing this letter very difficult--I don't want to fail in your eyes (or in anybody's eyes, but that's a different story). Egoboo makes me nervous. But METANOIA is good, and I want to keep getting it, so here is a very nervous letter.

I disagree with Dave Burton; you are all you're cracked up to be. METANOIA is precisely the sort of fanzine I like to see: it has a sense of humor directed not only at the "world" but at itself, and it has a 'chatty, light sense of humor, too, not like the plodding efforts of some of fandom's alleged "funnymen" (Steve Stiles, and his whole crowd, for example--ha ha, just a joke.) And you have a John Berry column. Someday fandom will look back on this period and see that every good fanzine had a John Berry column in it. Young fans will hear old faded BNFs (like yourself) talking about "Berry Fandom" and they will think it had something to do with fannish dietary laws, or something. (I'm really trying hard to be funny, Greg. For God's sake, you really set me up for a fall.)

Ha-ha, well, here it is August 14 already, and METANOIA 5 has arrived, every bit as good as its predecessor. Your story about Mr. Celoni is a pure delight--one of the best things I've seen in a fanzine in a long time. It seems odd to me that there is all this talk of the death of fannishness when some of the most fannish fanzines ever are being published now. #. I dunno where Fairfax is (used to have a job with a mortgage company, calling up delinquent mortgage-owners, and remember calling up a lot of deadbeats in Fairfax), but anyway Wilma and I are planning to move to the Bay Area very soon; maybe we'll see you.

←←Thanks for all the kind words -- you can see that egoboo doesn't bother me at all; I even publish it and mail it to everyone I can think of so they can all see how good others think I am. But I'm sorry if the things I said about you make you uncomfortable (you're probably inquiring about rest homes after seeing #6!) and if it's any help I'll say this is the worst letter you've written in 9 years. Feel any better now? :: Gad, I forgot to type your address; the junk mail advertisers who use this lettercol for a source of names will be up in arms! I'll put it below →→

/2338 Loma Vista Place, Los Angeles, CA. 900397

BOYD RAE BURN Amongst my mail one day was a Fanzine. "Ho hum," I thought, "a fanzine." I decided to open it anyway. I am so glad I did, for it was METANOIA 4. "Wow" I exulted upon reading it, "This is a fannish fanzine. I resolved that I'd write to you RealSoonNow to make sure I got any future issues. But before I could get around to it, two weeks later #5 arrived with a stern warning of "last sample." That was a couple of weeks ago, and probably, with your hectic publishing schedule, you've produced another issue, for which I'm not on the mailing list. I plead, please reinstate me. Fannish Fanzines are rare items to be treasured.

KARNIS BOTTLE'S MAIL BOX



LIFE IS AN INFINITE
MACHINE FOR THE
PRODUCTION OF EGGOBOO!

I'm curious over Jonh Ingham's comments on Len Bailes' review in #3 of, it would seem, a CSN&Y LP.

From the comments it would appear that he is talking about a bootleg LP, hm? (←Correct. It's called Wooden Nickel and I can get you a copy for \$4 if you can't find it elsewhere. →) I'm

also somewhat of a Creedence Clearwater freak, and your review of Cosmo's Factory was the first intimation I had that a new LP was out. It sent me scurrying off to the record store. It's a nice LP. In #5 you complain that nobody said anything about your review. What do you want people to say? "Nice review"? Or are you expecting arguments about it? Keep on reviewing records, for so far, on the basis of this one review, you have good taste - no, not just on the basis of this review, for you put down Hedge and Donna. Hurray. Hedge and Donna bore me out of my skull, but some people sit around making reverential noises about them, as though there is all sorts of Deep Stuff there which tasteless slobs like myself cannot fathom. But then, these same people make the same sort of noises about Richie (yawn) Havens. Phooie. (← On the basis of this loc, I declare that you also have good taste, sir! Welcome to the select fraternity! →)

I pretty much agree with your comments on ROLLING STONE in reply to Rudolph. It does seem to be the impression of many people, including RS, that if one is interested in Rock, one is ipso facto interested in half-baked revolutionary politics. One often gets the impression that RS will print anything anybody sends in. In fact, I recall one item which contained such a glaring error of fact that if Wenner had even read it he should have been able to correct it.

(← Jann doesn't know all that much about music, except in his particular areas of interest. He's really not very radical at all--I think he allows much political material to be printed out of a combination of opposition to censorship and the realization that it will increase circulation. Incidentally, don't you agree RS has improved a lot since the cutbacks? Now if only Greil Marcus would come back... →)

/189 Maxome Ave., Willowdale, Ontario/

HARRY WARNER, JR. You might like to know, after mentioning rock music several times and running the Dave Burton item, that I've sat through most of a controversy over a rock concert. The local junior college student government hired The Rare Earth (← a schlock psychedelic-soul group →) to give one under the assumption that it had been given approval to use the largest high school gymnasium in town. Then the Board of Education refused to give permission to use the gym, on the grounds that the event might bring in too many outsiders for local police to handle. This threatened a financial bloodbath, because there wasn't any other available place that could hold the 2,000 people needed to make ends meet. There was much scurrying behind the scenes and buttonholing on street corners and finally the school board changed its decision, on receiving promises that: tickets would be sold only in Hagerstown, none would be sold at the door on the night of the concert, the house wouldn't be oversold, The Rare Earth will make appearances at the University of Maryland and Washington around the time of the local concert to lessen danger of large immigration of rock enthusiasts, a half-dozen policemen will be on duty the night of the concert, six off-duty policemen will be on alert to hurry to the scene if there's trouble, and fifty student marshals will be provided by a veterans' group at the junior college. I never did find out why the marshals should be veterans.

(← That's fantastic! What an insult to the taste of America's youth! I don't

know quite how to convey the absurdity of the Board of Education's fears except perhaps to compare it to fearing a riot at an Xavier Cugat concert at the time when Frank Sinatra or Johnny Ray were drawing crowds. Except that Cugat is too well known. You neglect to say, but I'd be interested to know if even the minimum 2,000 showed up. ⇨

Amen to what Terry Carr says about the need for a fannish fan with a great talent to assist the fannish revival. I admire the writing talent of some people who have come into fandom during the 60's more than Terry does. But the indisputable fact is that none of these recent talents has taken the time and effort to write and publish as much and as frequently as Willis, Grennell, Hoffman and many others did. It must be more than coincidence that all the people best remembered as faanish fans wrote vast quantities of stuff. The fan who turns out a dozen magnificent pages each year is barely noticed, because his output is unnoticed in the flood of fanzine pages. You might point to Bob Tucker's Hugo as evidence that I'm wrong. But surely the memory of the years when Tucker was prolific, and the extremely long career he has had in fandom, must have been in mind when a lot of people voted for him, not just his few published appearances during 1969.

Of course, modesty forbids me to cite another example of an individual whose productivity counts for more than his ability.

/423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland 217407

GREG BENFORD Ted White's a little off: I didn't mean that I wasn't feeling fannish anymore, just that nothing impelled me to write fan material any longer. There's a critical mass in any entertainment, when it becomes self-motivating and engrossing. Fandom hasn't been that way for me for quite some time. Fannish material isn't hard to write; it's just hard to write well. I don't look to fandom for much communication anymore, so its only charm is the quality of the writing. This has declined noticeably. I don't regard items about rock concerts or con reports or such as particularly engrossing or important, so I don't write them; they're not worth the time. I'd rather do something that gives me more of a sense of achievement. Good fan writing can still do that, but I have to have an audience and until recently there wasn't one. ⇨ Well, now that you've got one, how about it? ⇨

That's what I meant, Frank Lunney, about fans thinking fandom started in 1967. Geez, so much for subtle fannish minds: did you think I really meant that neos think fandom is only 3 years old? Of course not; I wanted to imply that fans nowadays think fannishness is passe, stf is Really In, and thus good writing isn't really recognized any more.

That's why Terry Carr's point -- now new, but bearing repetition -- is crucial. Resurgences come from new talents, not from temporarily exhumed writers like Ted or Terry or me.

Aside to Ted White: injecting fannishness into my science column is hard; that's why I don't do it. The subject matter just doesn't lend itself to that approach. I'm beginning to think of ways it might be done, though, so hold the wire. ⇨ That should be interesting! ⇨

Actually, when I hear that old refrain of Let's Revive Fannish Fandom, I usually think of something funny I ought to write, rather than beating the drum as some people are in your letter column. And I think it would be more to the point for us all to do that. (My trouble is that I'm lazy; what's yours?)

/1458 Entrada Verde, Alamo, CA. 945077

⇨ You're quite right, Greg, and I hereby declare the entire topic Boring and Overworked. Henceforth anyone bringing it up, except from the most original of viewpoints, will be greeted by a disdainful sniff and relegated to the WAHF listings. ⇨

DICK LUPOFF I want to thank you for all the nice fanzines you've been sending me, most recently METANOIA #6. I'm afraid that the fanzine thing in my brain is just worn out. Maybe destroyed by insidious chemicals. I hardly even read them any more, I haven't published a genzine in something like seven years, I'm barely hanging onto my FAPA membership (if I don't do 8 pages by Nov. I'm OUT)...

It isn't the fault of fanzines, in fact I don't suppose that fault is an applicable concept at all. I'm just into other things -- music, writing, a little mysti-
oo
"Life is like a chocolate-covered tomato" -- anon.
oo
cism. (Of a low-grade sort: I use the jargon of soul, karma, spirit, God, etc; I don't really believe in any supernatural phenomena, but I think they're highly beneficial metaphors.) Anyway, fanzines don't do anything for me any more, and I don't do anything for them.

/3208 Claremont Ave., Berkeley, CA.947057

←← Yeah, I can dig that. Bob Lichtman sort of told me what was happening with you, but I figured some of the stuff in my fma would interest you anyway, especially the stuff on music. Anyway, it was good meeting you at Donaho's. →→

NEAL GOLDFARB I almost hope you have more fires if they'll prompt you to write more stuff as good as this. By any chance is Old Verl fat? (←yes→) Reading about someone "waving a hose in the air and bellowing" makes me think of an elephant, and if the person is fat it completes the image.

Dave Burton: Record burning, huh? I guess that's a sign that our culture is really accepting new advances in communication. Books have been around for thousands of years and burning them is passe' now. But record burning, now that is new and exciting, a real product of the Twentieth Century. And of course we all know that rock causes drug usage, brain damage, not paying attention in school, and other heinous crimes.

/30 Brodwood Dr., Stamford, Conn. 06902 7

KEN RUDOLPH I read a letter in a FOCAL POINT of about 2 months ago from David Malone where he claimed that he and another guy (I've never heard of the other guy) had been doing a hoax under the name Ed Reed for a long time and nobody ever even suspected that it was a hoax. I don't know if it's true; but that's what the guy said. I've read a lot of Malone's stuff, and I also corresponded with Ed Reed for awhile. I can just about believe it. And if you will read the article that Reed wrote in your own fanzine, it can definitely be interpreted that two people are writing!

/Box 655, Skyforest, Calif. 923857

←← Congratulations, Ed. You're now eligible to join "Apa H". →→

DAVE BURTON I must tell you that I didn't like the cover, and most of the interiors looked, well, rushed, you know? But inside, wow, fantastic (Amazing, too.) Your editorial section, especially the part about the fire was marvy, fab, and was my faverave. Howzat? (← Are you all right, Dave? →) But where were the record reviews? I missed them.

What I meant to say about Berry/Willis is not what everyone thought I said. I said that I'd read about equal amounts of both and found Berry more to my liking. I've only read fairly little of Walt's voluminous output (a couple of locs, an isolated article and a couple of installments of the Harp from Quandry), so I didn't mean to say John was a better writer, I just meant that I liked him more than Willis. Jeez....

/5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Indiana 462267

←← The inferior quality of the illos is due to my use of the old "hold the stencil up to a window" method. I'm saving my pennies for a flourascope, so hang in there. Incidentally, none of you insensitive oafs noticed how cleverly the illos matched the content of the material around them. :: No record reviews lately because my record-reviewing time has gone to WPTB--the new issue has 12pp of same. I'll try to put more in KBM, but those of you who really care about my musical opinions should subscribe to WHO PUT THE BOMP. →→

EARL EVERS Keeping various "classic" pieces of fan-writing in print seems like a good idea, assuming you can get permission to use the stuff. (I don't know that much about copyrights and common-law copyrights and shit like that, but I do know it's extremely impolite to reprint something a fan has written or pubbed without permission.) There are several ways this could be done--big, pretentious projects like pubbing a hundred or so pages encompassing a sizeable portion of a particular fan-writer's work; re-issuing whole fanzines of the past; compiling collections of a certain type of fan-writing; and so on. Perhaps the best people to do something like this would be the N3F, weird as that seems--they're about the only organization in fandom that has a rigid enough structure to pull something like this off. And I doubt that there's enough enthusiasm in that organization to even consider it. The FOCAL POINT people are making a Big Thing of reissuing THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR to raise bread for the Bob Shaw Fund, and as reprint projects go, that's a fairly small one. A very welcome one, of course, since I've always wanted a copy of TED and have never owned one, but it shows just how out of contact with the past we are. TED should always be in print, along with a Fancyclopedia of some kind.



←← Don't be so hasty in writing off the N3F; that's a good idea you have and it would require little more than an expansion of their "Fandbook" series. How about it, any neffers reading this? :: I am in touch with several people who are limited reprint projects, including a new edition of the Fancyclopedia. There seems to be a growing interest in this sort of thing. →→

/1327 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, CA. 94109 #1187

WILL STRAW I think the ideal way to enter sf fandom is through another fandom, like John D. Berry did. Like myself. Once the fan has gotten an idea that fandom is something more than the pursuit of a form of culture, and has tired himself of talking about comics or monsters or ERB, he can enter sf fandom with a good attitude. I was lucky enough to spot an ad for old sf zines in an adzine while basking in the fringes of comics and ERB-fandom; I sent a buck off for an assortment and got hooked on pre-'67 stuff. I'm still buying up old zines more than I do new ones. I was quite shocked when I finally got around to entering today's fandom; I suppose "distressed" is a better word.



I don't think today's fandom is the result of either the old or the new fans as much as it is due to each dissociating itself from the other, ignoring them. A sercon movement starts in fandom, so the old BNFs decide that "if that's the way they want it, fine, just so long as I don't have to read that crap" and gafiate--and the neos have no one to imitate. I can't help but remember Walt Willis' story "A Modest Proposal" in which a Secret League of BNFs met at a convention to attempt to solve the problem of neos, whom they regarded as nameless, personality-less beings

who were degrading to associate with. They presented a proposal to the concom that all neos be branded with a number that would indicate the fan's interests. Supposedly, this would let the old BNFs associate once more with fandom. The story ended with Dave Kyle saying "Some neofan got up and pointed out how hard it was for them to tell one of us old BNFs from another..."

/303 Niagra Blvd. Fort Erie, Ontario/

FRANK LUNNEY For what it's worth, I have in mind nominating MET for next year's Hugo. As rich brown said in FP #6 or thereabout, the fanzine Hugo, in past years, has been close to being ridiculous, with two awards going to SF TIMES and AMRA and YANDRO and so on, with really good fanzines missing in so many years as to make the award almost meaningless. Still, who doesn't want that rocket sitting in his living room, or holding open the bathroom door?



←← Me, for one. The last thing in the world I want is to be the center of that much attention in fandom. Anyway, as long as expensive, elaborate fmz like SFR, TRUMPET, et al. are being published, I believe the Hugo and the recognition should go to them. More people would've participated in the Egoboo poll if awards were to be given as a result -- so why shouldn't a zine like FOCAL POINT conduct a yearly poll, perhaps with Hugo nominees excluded, and publish the results in an impressive

manner, as was done with the FANAC polls, coinciding with the awarding of inexpensive, nonsense prizes, which would nevertheless be treasured as a symbol of the appreciation of fannish fandom? Why not, ha? Give me one good reason... →→

/212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951/

REDD BOGGS Thanks for issues 4-6 of your fanzine; I'll try to write a proper letter of comment later, at least on one of them. Suffice it to say at the moment that I think you publish one of the likeliest fanzines around just now, despite the fact that I don't care much for some of the subjects mentioned prominently therein.

/Box 1111, Berkeley, CA. 94701/

←← "METANOIA for Most Likely Fanzine" ?? →→

DICK ELLINGTON Your comments about rock fans turning from the pretentiousness and self-importance of current rock to rediscover the simple, honest, unassuming records of 15 years ago make me feel old as hell. You see, 15 years ago I was turning from the pretentiousness and self-importance of the then-current records to the records of 10 to 15 years previous to that for simple, unassuming, etc. That is, I was going back to my teenage days when I had to ask sotto voce where the dealer kept his "race records" and go in the back and thumb through a dusty bin to see what new records Black and White had out--even Earl Bostic was in there and we were grooving with Lonnie Johnson, "Night Train" and Bull Moose Jackson and His Buffalo Bearcats doing "I Want a Bow-Legged Woman, That's All" in preference to the new sounds.

/6448 Irwin Court, Oakland, CA. 94609/

←← No fooling! Boy, I'd sure dig to see some of those records, if you still have any. Now that you bring it up, I generally prefer the rhythm & blues of the late 40s - early 50s to the stuff of the later 50s, but until quite recently recordings from that period were completely unavailable in any form, which is why the music has seen no great popular revival. Fortunately, much of the best from this period is currently being reissued for the first time. →→

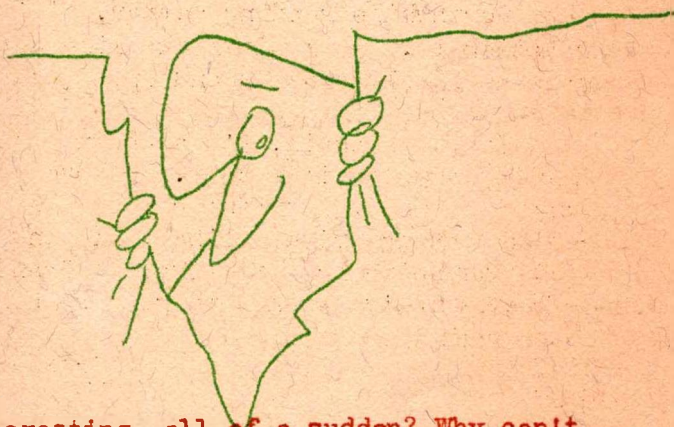
ALPAJPURI Good to see Dave Burton's column in MET - not much of a comment-hook this time, tho I hope Dave realizes that the socio-political phenomenon he's discussing is just as two-sided as any old coin... I'll be looking forward to his future writings. The lettercol is intriguing but I feel more like a spectator at this Old Faanish Reunion than a participant at the moment.

←←Oh, come on. You can fake it, can't you?→→ /330 So. Berendo, Los Angeles, CA. 900057

WALTER J. WENTZ My main ((musical)) interests at the moment are in the areas of the Romantics (Chopin through Rachmaninoff) and some of the heavier types, and American jazz from 1917-1945. And I mean the popular jazz, too. Bob Crosby, Fats Waller, Bix Beiderbecke, Bunny Berrigan, a hundred others both older and newer, fading memories today, big back then. I like that stuff, with the exception of the vocals, which were insipid. There was a lot more spontaneous joy in that music, I think, than in any of the stuff you hear today. If you can overcome the prejudices against rhythm and beat, you'll hear it. The joy of a bird in flight; expressed in a clarinet riff. Joy of complete mastery of the instrument, expressed in a hot trumpet solo. Listen to Fats Waller's right hand. Well, I seem to have covered that area too, which indicates a good place to stop.

/c/o Blue River Ranger Station, Blue River, Oregon 974137

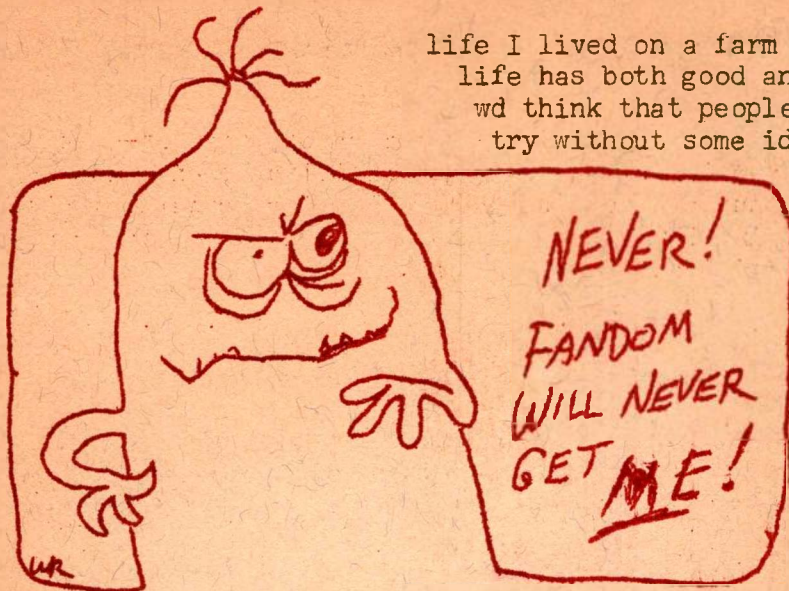
←← If you were expecting me to disagree, you're out of luck. I have a very strong fondness for jazz of the period you mention and a fair collection of 78s therefrom, especially boogie-woogie. From the bebop period on, however, jazz turns me off completely. I'd rather even listen to Mitch Miller than some of the ultra-modern jazz the FM rock stations sometimes choose to play; it seems that the practitioners of this art have succeeded in reducing music to a state of totally random offensive noises. Give me Benny Goodman any time! →→



JEFF COCHRAN Why the hell is Fairfax so interesting, all of a sudden? Why can't Placentia be that nice? Biggest excitement we've had is that someone firebombed the Local Bank of America a couple of weeks ago. (They bombed the Placentia branch? You've got to be joking, Cochran... but I'm not). Sigh, counting oranges is not so exciting anymore now that I have discovered fandom.

/424 Kioldstad, Placentia, CA. 926707

CREATH THORNE What I really liked about the first issue ←← gee, maybe I should start sending your copies first class... →→ was your description of your lifestyle: it was fascinating, well-written, & here sounds almost utopian - you sound as though you are really happy. Sometimes I think it's a fad for people under thirty to groove on alienation and despair (was it Len Bailes who first said that?) but you certainly aren't in that bag at all. ←←Yes, we're very happy, and I really can't imagine how our lives could be any better. Of course, we could use a bit more money, and a little more time, and a few more friends, and perhaps a little bit more mail each day....→→ Do you really have flowered wallpaper on your ceilings? Far out. ←← yes, and on our walls, and under our rugs, and on our rugs, and on our furniture, and flower decals on the closet... far out, indeed. →→ I don't think there's anyone left in the hip scene who doesn't want to form a commune & move out in the country and commune with nature -- with most people, though, I think it's 1) either something more to talk about than to do or 2) just a fad. For the first sixteen years of my



life I lived on a farm in fairly rugged conditions & country life has both good and bad aspects like everything else. I wd think that people from cities who move out to the country without some idea of what they were getting into might be disillusioned. :: The other day I was in Columbia, Mo. where the University of Mo is & where I used to go to school. I stopped by one farm realty pffice to ask if there were any old farms or farm houses for rent. The realtor told me that he had fifty applications for places like that and no farms... lowrent farms are probably a thing of the past, unless you're willing to move out far away from anything & most people are not quite ready to take that step.

⇐ I don't think I'd care to live the farm life. We're thinking more in terms of a more rural scene, but more like a small town. I wouldn't want to live too far from the Bay Area, though. We definitely want neighbors, but a density of 1 family per acre would be sufficient. The only kind of "commune" I'd consider would be to buy a piece of land that had a few houses at that approximate density and rent the others to people we liked. But that would take some money... ⇐

/Route 3, Box 80, Savannah, Mo. 644857

LEN BAILES I think this must be a personal hang-up... I really get turned off by a lot of things in EGOBOO and FOCAL POINT, though the good things make them worthwhile reading matter. It's the whole Fannishness game that I have trouble relating to. To me it looks like a suction cup ego magnification-escape trip which eats up people's souls and spits out witty faanish husks.

But then again, I'm a known paranoid. As long as everyone's having fun and not hurting anybody it's cool. I love people like Terry Carr and Calvin Demmon, and faanishness at its best can be a pretty wonderful thing. ⇐ it certainly is... ⇐ But comparing writers like Arnie and George Clayton Johnson to that is like watching Jack Lescoulie mc a festival of Grand Funk Railroad and Iggy and the Stooges and thinking you've seen some good rock n' roll.

/Box 474, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, CA. 900247

LENNY KAYE Enjoyed METANOIA very much, especially your constant references to faanish fandom... it's strange, but when I was involved in fanzines and conventions and stuff, the thing which I always got off on was faanish fandom. In fact, when I got reacquainted with fandom about two years ago, the thing which disturbed me the most was the sercon nature of everything that was going down. All the fanzines I happened to run across were usually photo-offset, published regularly, full of articles about what was happening in the science-fiction magazines; and worst of all, all the old writers and fans whom I had known were either gafiated or busy fulminating over how dull everything was.

But now that I can see that others are thinking what I was thinking, I wonder if something might be done. Not a resurrection of faanish thinking (though I think that if you believe in cycles, which I do, then we're about due for a resurgence), which would be self-conscious and contrived, at least at this point. But maybe some project -- your idea of preserving the writing of those times is especially relevant here, and you're right in emphasizing the importance of Fancyclopedia II -- might be conceived.

/418 Hobart Rd., No. Brunswick, NJ. 089027

⇐ I find your understanding of the current fan scene phenomenal, considering

your long absence from it. We have a project that is serving to unite fannish fandom, and it's called "the Bob Shaw Fund". ⇨

BILL REYNOLDS About reprinting old fan columns. Perhaps they should live in legend, never reproduction. I compare the old pianists who are remembered in literature. I wonder how a Liszt recording would stand up today? Unable to hear him, I can only imagine his technique.

/1108 "B" St. #8, San Rafael, CA. 949017

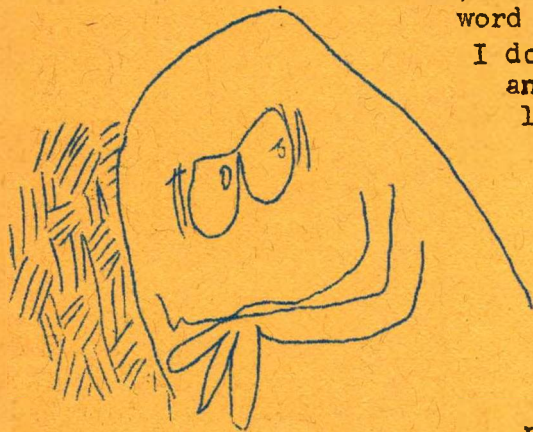
and now, lastly, a letter received as a comment on WHO PUT THE BOMP, which I think will also interest many readers of KBM, to whom the author is known personally...

PAUL WILLIAMS Thanks for sending me WPTB. I'm not as interested in rock & roll as I once was (I haven't listened to any recorded music for 6 months) but I have an undying affection for fanzines, and I wish you much joy and satisfaction.

As for CRAWDADDY... No, I'm not "disgusted" to hear that its j.g. mafioso backers have stopped putting money into it, if indeed that's what's finally happened. "Crawdaddy" to me is just a word and a history now, an experience I dimly remember living through (Jon Landau's reminiscences in a recent FUSION gave me great pleasure). The demise of one more rock paper, for whatever reasons, even a paper with the same name as one I was once involved in, does not tear at my heart strings. I had a dream the other night in which F&SF, ANALOG, and several other prozines (no, Ted, I don't remember if AMAZING was in there) folded publication simultaneously, with gala last issues. That did shake me up a little, I think. But only because I was dreaming, and my defenses were down.

I don't read sf mags these days, or rock papers (somebody sent me that interview from FUSION) or Whole Earth Catalogs, newspapers, the Georgia Straight, what-have-you. And I'm not into publishing or writing for mass media any more than I'm into reading it. But if I were to get the urge, you can bet your boots any publishing I'd do would be on a mimeograph. The demise of CRAWDADDY (all its demises, not just the present

one) stem from being Big Time, business, distributors, in a word -- money. And for myself, anyway, I've learned that I don't want to live in that world. If Peter Stafford and Dick Lupoff and Ted and all have by any chance learned that too, then I'm glad of CRAWDADDY's death, because I do care about people, I care about my friends, I wish them a life free from tension and full of delight.



By the way, I never sold CRAWDADDY. Chester and Mike made the deal with Fantastic Gate and somehow kept the old magazine going (for awhile), but I was the owner (since I knew it would be bad karma to saddle Chester with that burden) and I never signed nothing nor received a penny in payment.

So if somebody wants to put out a journal called "Crawdaddy" now, a) he's crazy; b) he should go right ahead. I don't think we ever even got around to registering the trademark. But do it on a mimeograph, please. Or typed, with carbons, like Dick Lupoff's first fanzine. Or drawn in the air with a swirl and a flourish. This is no time to go into business. Never was and never will be, either.

So as I was saying, I'm not disgusted. I'm happy, in fact, as a pig in shit, and hoping you are the same.

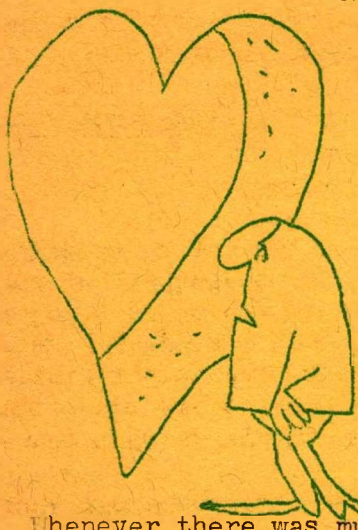
/Refuge Cove, B.C., Canada7

⇨ and that's the letters for this time. We also heard from Jonh Ingham, Arnie Katz, Len Bailes, Louis Mgrra, George Senda, Florence Jenkins, Ronn Sutton, Jacob Bloom and Frank Denton. Hope I didn't forget anyone. Jerry Kaufman, we'll have your long letter next time! ⇨

STILL MORE → PLATTER CHATTER

Vintage Dead by The Grateful Dead (Sunflower 5001)

If there's one thing our generation has not been known for, it's nostalgia. Yet there are thousands of us who cherish fond memories of two years in San Francisco when the promise of a new world beckoned brightly and our innocent wonder shielded us from all worry and fear. To those of whom I speak, this album will be a source of genuine nostalgia and a half hour's worth of misty recollection.



Everything about Vintage Dead adds perfectly to the illusion, from the old Avalon poster on the front ("TICKET OUT-LETS: Psychedelic Shop...") with a bottle of Ripple superimposed (designed by Kelly/Mouse -- when's the last time you thought about them?) to the liner notes by Bob Cohen with a taste of psychedelic light show on the back. The only anachronism is the pictures of the Dead, obviously taken recently.

Bob Cohen, a partner in the Family Dog from the beginning, is one of those ubiquitous figures in the San Francisco scene. Whenever there was music, from the Trips Festival to Altamont, he was there engineering and recording the whole thing. The tapes he must have! From those tapes this album has emerged.

At the time the San Francisco groups began recording, they all had dozens of songs in their repertoires, perfected through hundreds of renditions. Inevitably, between first and second albums new material was conceived, and most of the original songs that we all knew the words to "back then" have been forgotten. The songs on Vintage Dead were among the Grateful Dead's most popular, and a serious injustice has been corrected by the release of this album.

"I Know You Rider", like "Hoochie Coochie Man" and "Codine", was a mainstay of the early San Francisco groups. The bright-eyed joy the Dead project in the song is contagious even today. And lest we forget, Janis used to sing this song with The Holding Company. For those who never heard it, I can only hope Bob Cohen has a "Vintage Big Brother" album in the works.

"It Hurts Me Too" contains some of the best examples of Jerry Garcia's blues style yet committed to wax. Like "It's All Over Now Baby Blue", it was played between the more up-tempo songs, to give the exhausted audience an opportunity to recover from 10 minutes of energetic dancing. "Dancing In the Street" was one of everyone's special favorites. The opening notes would be a signal to get up on your feet and head for the dance floor. The relatively brief 8-minute version here helps to recreate the feeling and the message of the song, which became virtually the anthem of the old Haight-Ashbury community.

Side Two is completely devoted to 18 minutes of Pigpen's "In the Midnight Hour." To be honest, I never got off greatly on Pig's soul imitations. But the little girls with the flowers in their hair ate it up. They used to sway as if entranced by his rambling monologues, imagining I suppose that he spoke to them alone. Great! And at least they don't mangle the song sickeningly like Jefferson Airplane used to. Yes, there's nostalgia enough here for everybody.

The magic of The Grateful Dead is more evident here than on any of their Warner Bros. albums, including Live Dead. Their playing is amazingly together, even for the

Dead, and the rapport they establish with the audience extends to the listener, four years and an eon removed. Yes, living in the past can often be a trap. But scrap-books and old family albums (like this one) can be a lot of fun. If you have something worth remembering, you'll know what I mean:

((More up-to-the-minute news (11/7): the above review was just accepted by CREEP, the #3 rock tabloid. They said they "loved it!" and asked me to be a staff reviewer. And they apologized for only being able to pay \$10 per review, but for an hour's work ... well, I'm not complaining.))

Now to deal with the latest crop of albums from Capitol. First, let's list them: Gracious! by Gracious!; Bloodrock 2 by Bloodrock; Accolade by Accolade; Brainbox by Brainbox; Brinsley Schwarz by Brinsley Schwarz; Cynara by Cynara; Dunn & McCashen by (do I really have to do this? You can figure out who they're by); Yellow Hand; Ashton, Gardner & Dyke; and Mongrel by The Bob Seger System.

In a way I feel guilty receiving records like this for review, because I dislike most of them, and I can't rid myself of the fear that some of these may be excellent albums of the new genre of American rock, and it's the change in popular styles that I've been unable to accept. I'd like to write an article on what I think is wrong with rock these days, but I'm afraid it would seem, in a larger perspective, just like all those other articles you see that try to explain why some artform the author dislikes is somehow inferior. The fuggheadedness of such writers is evident to any fan of the artform involved, and I wouldn't care to join that category of fuggheads. But anyway..

...

The Bob Seger record is more likely than any of the others to become well-known. The rock papers have panned it universally in such terms as "if you love Led Zeppelin you'll like this one" the those reviewers have the same antiquated tastes as I do. A lot of people (a lot of you, I suspect) really think Led Zeppelin is great, and will welcome more music of that type. I don't hate LZ; whatever their failings, they always have Jimmy Page, who can't hide the fact that he's a fine guitarist. Bob Seger doesn't

have a comparable guitarist, but this is one of the best records of that general type that I've heard. The arrangements show some taste, the playing is reasonably clean and professional, there's no horn section (thank God!) and there are occasional touches of restraint.

The only thing I can't forgive them for is recording "River Deep, Mountain High."

The nerve of some people! One warning: don't miss the lyrics. It's kind of hard to make them out, but they've considerably printed them for us. There's some heavy philosophy here. Finally, I dig this album for the great picture of Bob on the back cover, taken at a festival, showing him on stage with his flag-painted guitar, looking like the most wholesome middle-

class hippie you ever saw, and a look on his

face that says "golly gee! Here I am on the stage playing my wonderful rock & roll music for all the wonderful people. It's all so wonderful!" Heavy...



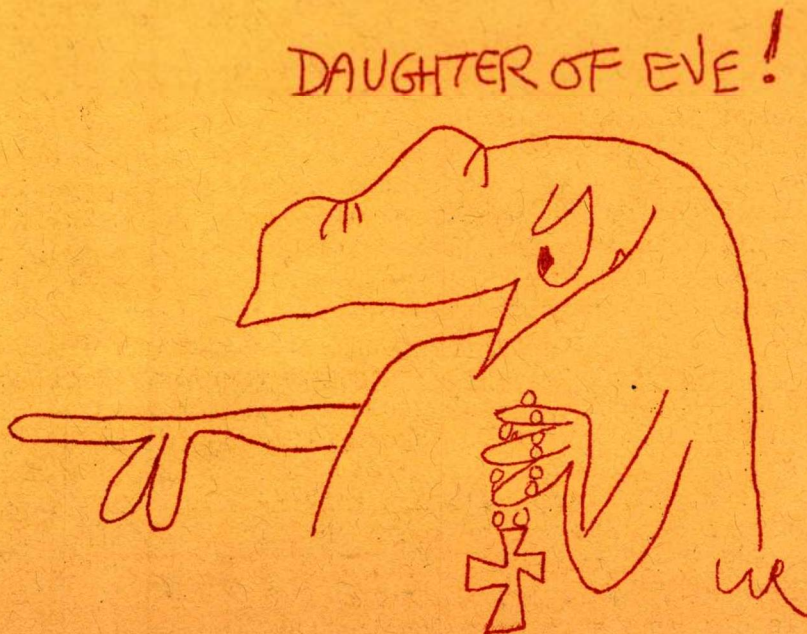
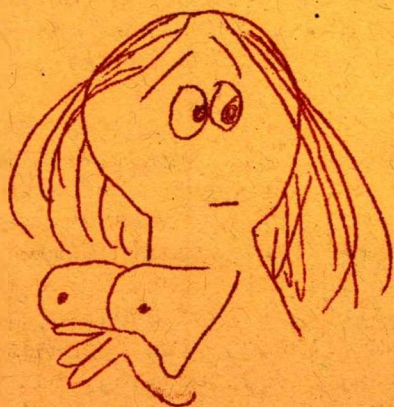
"Hey, why doesn't somebody put out a tasteful rock album?" I don't know if that statement, if ever made, was the inspiration for Brinsley Schwarz, but it wouldn't surprise me. This is a really tasteful (though innocuous) album that will appeal to a lot of people. I'm sure a lot of you would dig it; but remember, "taste and try before you buy." Standout songs are "What Do You Suggest", a tasteful attempt at making hard rock palatable; "Hymn To Me" with CSN&Y influences sticking out all over; "Rock and Roll Women" and "Ballad of a Has-Been Beauty Queen"; a 10½ minute suite that goes through all sorts of tasteful changes. Altogether, this is a fine background record for the nuveau-hip. Who knows, maybe some people even listen to it.

I'm getting pretty sick of second-rate groups trying to fool me, and the record-buying public, with claims of "getting back to the roots of R&R" and so on, when they are really nothing of the sort. Just look at what the jacket of Ashton, Gardner & Dyke says: "AG&D have been consistently churning out gutsy, bawdy and utterly irreverent British rock... (they) have been working in rock bands for nearly a generation-- belting up and down the motorways, playing in sweaty clubs and Hamburg beer cellars, eating in truckers' caffs... (their) music is rude and driving and therefore beautiful" What a load of crap! They sound like any of the other together-3-months funk sensation -- plodding rhythms, dull pretentious lyrics, add all the rest. Don't be misled by song titles like "Let It Roll"; "Mister Freako" is much closer to where they're at. One song here is mentionable, and that's "Momma's Getting Married", a 10 Years After influenced song recorded live with some off-key harp playing by one Miscellaneous Moxy. It almost makes it; but what's the point?

And the hybrids keep on multiplying... now there's folk-rock with funky horns. Dunn & McCashen are responsible, "a couple of groovy heads who dig each other and really groove together on their music." They're not overbearing, and quite listenable in spots. "The Cowboy" for instance is good enough to hear all the way through. Go ahead and buy this one if you've nothing better to do with your money.

Cynara is a slightly unusual record by a group that looks like a Haight St. speed and smack dealing commune. They have four drummers, one bassist, and a "keyboard". What? Where's the guitar? You can't have a rock album without a guitar! "Keyboard" includes piano, organ and vibraphone, and it gives the group kind of a cool jazzy sound that is incongruous with the heavy funk of side 1, where we have songs like "Stoned Is" ("it's the only way to be!") but on side 2 they forget about rock and do a whole side of Vince Gueraldi imitations. I guess you know by now that I wasn't impressed.

Brainbox is a Dutch group, and their first American album is interesting in a number of ways. First, they have an interesting selection of material, from Lowell Fulson's "Sinner's Prayer" to Tim Hardin, Jimmy Reed, Simon & Garfunkel, and Gershwin's "Summertime." Second, they sound for all the world like a good 1968 San Francisco acid rock group. Whatever part of this record I play, I keep imagining myself in the old Fillmore Auditorium; it's almost unnerving. Anyway, I like them. They do well by the old masters, and their own material is good, danceable electric freak-rock. Side two has 17 minutes of "Sea of Delight", an instrumental that combines acid rock with overtones of early Raga Rock, which Brainbox must have conceived independently, because its original practitioners, like the Mystery Trend, never recorded. If you're interested, try this: if you like the Chambers Bros., I think you'll like Brainbox.



Yellow Hand's debut album has 2 original songs by Neil Young, 4 by Steve Stills, and 1 by Delaney & Bonnie. It would be hard to go wrong with such top-notch material, and indeed the material carries this album by what seem to be a group of talented nonentities. I make no complaint about their playing, especially after listening to all these other promo albums today, but yet I have to say that they fail to bring to their music that magic spark which has the power to affect the listener. This music does not affect me, but it also does not offend me, and these days that's saying quite a lot.

Bloodrock, on the other hand, offends me quite a bit. They are imitators of Grand Funk, with none of the originality that is rarely present in the latter. The "heavy" cliches abound at every opportunity, and the whole effect is so boring that I can't bear to listen to enough to do a detailed autopsy on this record. On the other hand, Grand Funk has sold millions of albums to date, so Bloodrock probably has a bright future.

Gracious! is an English group that has given us another classical/rock "meaning of the universe" album. Side one, with "Introduction", "Heaven" and "Hell" explores, mostly instrumentally, heights and the depths of man's spiritual journey. Yeah, sure it does. If your idea of "heaven" is pianos and harps and gentle melodies, and you think of "hell" as jarring fuzz-tone guitars and a little electronic music. Even the Blues Magoos did a better job of it with "Dante's Inferno" three years ago. Side 2 has "Fugue in D minor", a harpsichord workout, and "The Dream", 17 minutes of rock guitar playing, orchestras, vocals, and whatnot. I'm sure this record will do a lot to help you answer that ancient, burning question, "What does it all mean?"

Accolade are proponents of the new contemporary acoustic sound from England. They have a very pleasant combination of classical-folk guitar and flute styles, nice vocal harmonies... sort of like the Moody Blues might sound with this sort of material. The touches of jazz blend well with the feeling of Accolade's music. This record deserves to be heard by the large numbers of people who like modern folk music. I am not among them, but I enjoyed this album anyway.

And speaking of modern folk, one of the best albums of this type I've heard in a long time arrived recently. Called Gingerbread, it's by a fellow named Maury Muehleisen, and Maury seems to be as talented and professional as anyone in the field.

But that's enough about records. I dislike composing on stencil anyway, but when it comes to music I dislike it even more, because a lot of work and hope goes into all these albums, and I like to at least try and do them justice. But I just don't have the time. I want to finish this issue and get it sent out before I have to make it the December issue as well as Sept/Oct/Nov. :: This page is probably the best place to mention that issue #71 of ROLLING STONE has duly appeared... and did not have the article involving me. That means it'll be in #72, which with any luck will still be on sale as you receive this :: I should also mention that Creath Thorne (5524A - 1 W. Ellis Ave. Chicago, Ill 60637) is looking for a copy of METANOLA #2 to complete his set. Have a heart, somebody out there! :: It looks like the first issue of 1971 will be #8 (Dec/Jan) so I guess the Bob Shaw issue will be the second of the next year, still #9. I want to take my time and do a good job, you know. :: And speaking of good jobs, fandom has a great fanzine in its midst for the first time in almost two years. No, dummy, I'm not talking about this fanzine; I refer to WARHOON 27, which just came out a couple of weeks ago. It is not the long-awaited Willis issue, but rather a sort of warm-up for it. But it's still the best damn fanzine I've seen since reentering fandom. Not the sort of thing I'd like to publish, you understand, but a noble old gentleman of a fanzine that deserves everyone's respect. Get yours now!



You can get one for 60¢ or the usual from Richard Bergeron (11 E. 68th St., N.Y.C. 10021).

One of the best new shows to appear on TV in a long time is called "Hot Dog", and is shown Saturday mornings at 11 (10 Central Time). It demonstrates how different artifacts are made, in an imaginative manner employing Woody Allen, Jonathan Winters and Jo Anne Worley to tell humorous stories between the various filmclips. Some of the best rock and jazz music available on TV is used as background, instead of dull lectures, as the film shows various factory operations. I find it fascinating.

: : : I should have mentioned that any of the Capitol albums reviewed in this issue can be yours, if you're the first to send me 25¢ to cover postage (except the Bob Seger one, which I've already given away).

: : : Someone, either Charlie Brown or Buck Coulson, mentioned that "of course there's nothing about sf" in METANOIA. Guess it was Charlie; Buck would've put it much more cynically. Well, I'd like to be able to write intelligently about sf. I think mags like SPECULATION and S.F. COMMENTARY are excellent, and I always enjoy reading them. But for some reason I've never been much inclined to analyze and discuss books of fiction; I find non-fiction more to my liking whenever it's necessary to discuss books. But Buck and Charlie should be pleased to know that I read sf at every opportunity, and usually enjoy it. Recently I've read some Moorcock; "Ice Schooner" (liked it), "Behold the Man" (didn't); Bob Shaw, "Shadow of Heaven" (so-so), Aldiss "Starship" (didn't like it), Larry Niven "World of Ptaavs" (liked it). But most of my time is taken up by the various music zines, most of which come out bi-weekly. Here's a list of some I subscribe to: HIT PARADER, ROLLING STONE, FUSION, CREEM, VIBRATIONS, BIG FAT, ROCK, STORMY WEATHER, R&B MAGAZINE, RECORD EXCHANGER, ROCK 'N' ROLL COLLECTOR, HALEY NEWS, SHOUT, BLUES UNLIMITED, ZIGZAG. It takes time to keep up with all that, you know.

: : : : I guess it's pretty obvious that I'm trying to fill up this stencil so I can mail out this issue with no further delay. When a guy starts listing books he's read, boy, you can tell he's desperate!

MORE ART CREDITS: Jeff Cochran: 6,7; Dave Burton: lettering on cover.

This is not to be taken as an imitation of "Eavesdroppings", but I thought it might be a good idea to fill this space with some of the things that have been cluttering up the sheets of paper I record potential interlineations on:

"SUPPORT THE BLIND -- THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT"... "IT'S ONE THING TO KILL A HAIRDRESSER, BUT WHY DID YOU PUT MY HAT IN THE OVEN?" (from a movie; it made perfect sense in context)... "TWO THINGS A MAN SHOULD NEVER BE ANGRY AT: WHAT HE CAN HELP AND WHAT HE CANNOT"... THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY, BUT THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE AROUND WHO BLOW THEIR GASKETS BECAUSE OTHER PEOPLE DON'T HANG UP THEIR SEATERS ... "AN EXCELLENT PLUMBER IS INFINITELY MORE ADMIRABLE THAN AN INCOMPETENT PHILOSOPHER"... "REMEMBER--OHM'S LAW IS YOUR FRIEND, SO SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL ELECTROMOTIVE FORCE"

ART CREDITS: Cover ("Polite Conversation") by Bill Rotsler. Also by Rotsler: 2,4,5,9,14,15,16,17,18,19,20. Jonh Ingham: 3,8,21,22; John Berry:10,13 (cont. below)

ELECTRIC KOO-AID EXPERIENCE NUMBER 73..

