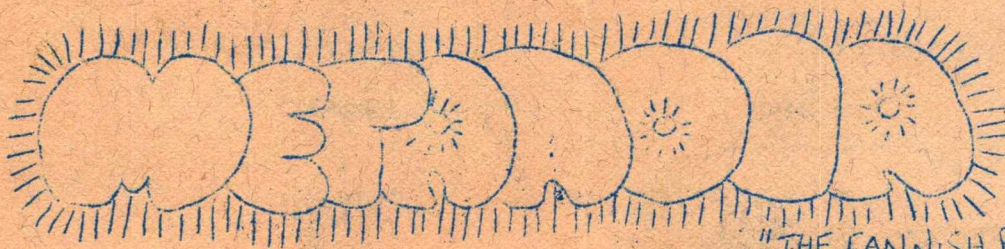


METANOIA 5





KARNIS BOTTLE'S



"THE FANNISH FANZINE?"

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This is the fifth issue of Karnis Bottle's METANOIA, dated July 1970, coming to you this time on pistachio-flavored paper from Greg and Suzy Shaw, who live at 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, Calif. 94930. Our phone number, for the sake of any Phone Phans in the audience, is (415) 453-9323. Copies are free if I think you deserve them, trades are cool, and subscriptions are a no-no. Some of the interlineations are by Suzy and the fellow screaming at you from the cover is Little Richard.  
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WE GOT 'EM We got all kinds of goodies for you this time around. Besides the pistachio paper, which you can sprinkle with jimmies and eat when you're done reading it, we have the latest in our series of mind-bending Thought Variant features, written by James Wright. One of the Great Minds of our generation, exclusively in Metanoia. We also have an exciting 6-page letter column, where my readers are either demanding a return to light-hearted fannish good cheer or bemoaning the wretched state of the Universe. In addition to all this, so many Serious Topics are raised throughout this issue that I find myself blushing as I stencil Dave Burton's heading for Metanoia, "the fannish fanzine."

FANDOM COMMENTS The long-awaited 10th issue of my favorite fanzine sneaked into my mailbox the other day, where I found it sitting innocently just like any normal piece of mail. It was Jay Kinney's Nope, and who the hell says fanzines aren't faanish anymore with zines like this coming out? Actually it's a hard choice between Nope and Egoboo for my favorite fanzine, but now that I've seen the new Nope my vote goes to Kinney. He has a much quicker sense of humor and besides he's a great cartoonist. That's what I need -- a staff cartoonist. Any volunteers?

ATTENTION Speaking of favorite fanzines, I would like to have copies of Quip 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and was there a 12? These issues came out while I was sort of gafiated and I never saw them. I will pay any price and I have a spare copy of Quip #1 to trade. I sent Arnie \$5 in hopes of getting some of these issues, and received nary a word. Hey Arnie, if you don't have them, how about returning my bread at least?

I HAD A SPEECH BUT I TORE IT UP DEPT. I had a con report but I tore it up. Con reports are such a bore. The first page of it was an explanation of why we were at the Westercon instead of the non-con like most of the west coast readers of this magazine. But what do you care? You had a great time and so did we.

I do have one remembrance of the convention that cries out to be recorded. It was a snatch of conversation overheard between two ladies in the cafeteria. We couldn't make out what the first lady said, but the second one replied, "I might as well, my reputation's already ruined."



THIS MONTH'S FASHION HINT "Did you see what Lucy did to her fingernails?" asked Suzy the other afternoon.

"No," said I, "I'm afraid I missed it."

"She was playing with the hole punch, and she punched a hole through each one of her fingernails!"

The hole punch is a tool we use in our leather work; you squeeze the handle and it punches a hole about 1/8 inch in diameter. "Just think what she could do," I commented. "She could tie a ribbon through each one and put beads on the ends of the ribbons!"

"But," pointed out Suzy, "the weight would cause the hole to wear through pretty quickly."

"You're right," I admitted. "But not if she puts eyelets in the holes."

Realizing this was too good an idea to go to waste, I wrote it down in my idea book and reproduce it here for your benefit. Your wife or girl friend will be a fashion sensation with Ribbon Fingers. Get her to try it soon.

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Most girls run around these days with their hair sticking out of their heads.  
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HEARD ANY GOOD BRAIN WAVES LATELY? I heard mine for the first time last week, and it was pretty exciting. My friend Mike brought by a demonstration model of Aquarius Productions' "Alphaphone" which is now available and retailing for \$170. It's a finely-engineered portable unit, consisting of a set of headphones, 3 glue-on electrodes and an elastic band to hold them in place. Mike hooked it all up to my head and let me play with it for a half hour or so. It's really a fun toy. It translates different brain-wave patterns into different sound patterns to give you instant feedback about what's going on in your mind. Grit your teeth (raising muscular potential) and you hear a sound like "brawr-r-r-k-k-k"; blink your eyes and it goes "blip-blop, blip-blop"; do nothing at all and you hear what sounds like everyday radio static. That's beta waves.

Unlike beta waves, alpha waves really sound like waves. They give off a high-pitched, undulating sound similar to the speech of the dolphin. The higher the frequency of the alpha waves, and the longer you can sustain them, the deeper you are in the alpha state. It's not hard to get into; you lean back in a comfortable chair, close your eyes, relax, and center your attention on something like your breathing or your heartbeat. Pretty soon the alpha sound, which you recognize from having heard the demonstration record, begins. Mike told me I had a good response for a beginner, and that it usually takes some 50 hours of work with the Alphaphone to become proficient at generating alpha waves. I found I could increase the intensity of the waves by concentrating on that proverbial point an inch behind the center of the forehead. That nearly exhausted my knowledge of meditative techniques, however, and since Mike was anxious to be leaving I discontinued my experiments.

If I can get the College of Marin to order an Alphaphone, there'll be further reports. Watch this space.





MEET THE PRESS I had another first last<sup>week</sup>, when I visited the editorial offices of Rolling Stone. I went there to drop off some copies of my own rock and roll magazine, Who Put The Bomb, and hopefully to persuade someone there to give me a plug in their paper. Their offices are on the top floor of a 4-story brick building, but I didn't know what when I got there. Rolling Stone discourages visitors. The directory in the lobby contains no mention of Rolling Stone, and the stairs don't go anywhere, so after prowling about for a few minutes I was ready to give up. Finally I found the elevator. When the doors opened on the top floor I found myself in the middle of a large reception room. The secretary sits at a small desk heaped high with incoming subscription forms while a large switchboard blinks and buzzes constantly. Ignoring it, she talked to me for maybe 5 minutes about jewelry, magic, politics, and music before remembering that I'd asked to talk to a record reviewer. She ushered me through the impeccably furnished modern office to Ed Ward's little cubicle. Had a long talk with Ed; he's a fine person with excellent taste in music, a fact which had never impressed itself upon me from his writing. He dug WPTB, too, promising a nice plug in their next issue.

Before I left he took me back to say hello to Jann Wenner, the editor. Jann and I were old buddies from more than 3 years ago when he had been working for Ramparts, and I hadn't seen him in almost that long. It was a weird feeling, walking into his huge office, which looked like a spread out of Playboy. An enormous old carved wooden desk which covers half the wall dominates the room. In front of a full-length picture window Jann sat in a swivel chair talking to somebody. He was busy, so we just exchanged greetings. He was quite surprised to see me, and neither of us really knew what to say. A lot had happened in 3 years.

I talked to Ed a while longer, and we exchanged phone numbers, intending to get together some time and listen to records or something. As I was leaving, Pete Townshend walked in, just as if he were in the habit of visiting there every day.

"Hi Pete!" cried the receptionist.

I left, trying to convince myself I had plenty of interesting things to do.

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"You are what you eat -- be a vegetable"  
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NEIGHBOR STORIES In an early issue of Metanoia I told a little story about our nextdoor neighbor. It proved of such interest to the readers that I've decided to continue with a series of profiles of our neighbors. There's no denying we've got a fine bunch of them, as I think you'll agree after reading about Mr. Celoni.

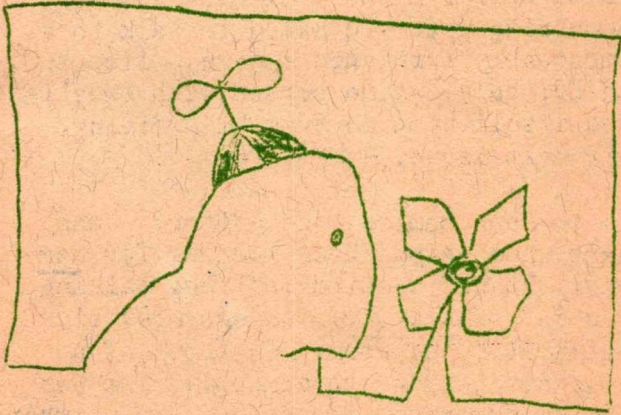
Mr. and Mrs. Celoni live across the street, next to the 35-year old football player who sits on his porch all day drinking beer because his rich mother supports him. He's the one who plays Arthur Godfrey records all day long every Sunday at top volume, even drowning out the people up the street who play Grateful Dead records.

Shortly after we moved in here Mr. and Mrs. Celoni began calling to us as we walked up the street to our house. We couldn't make out what they were saying through their thick accents, so we just waved back and said "hi" or "yeah, it sure is!" It wasn't until after about five of these exchanges that we realized they were trying to tell us something. They wanted us to take some pictures of them with our camera to send to their children in the Old Country.

It took about 2 hours to take 2 snapshots. First we had to wait in their living room while Mrs. Celoni got dressed. They are both 85 years old and she is confined to a wheelchair, so we expected it would take them awhile to get ready for the picture. We didn't mind waiting because there was so much to look at in their house. The chairs and couch are heaped with little throw pillows all of which have garishly



colored embroidered portraits of Jesus, Moses, the Virgin Mary, and other Biblical figures emblazoned upon them. There are religious paintings on the walls, and religious figurines on all the furniture. It's really a far out house. After maybe 20 minutes we asked Mr. Celoni to see how his wife was doing. He found her sitting in the kitchen, looking out the window. She'd forgotten what she was supposed to be doing.



"Good morning, young lady. Hot enough for ye?" whenever I walk by. I've never been able to tell whether he's taunting me or trying to be friendly.

But we were discussing the Celonis. Like many of the people on our street, they spend their days sitting on their porch watching people walk up and down the street. Mr. Celoni has a thing none of the others can match, however. Three times a day you'll find him, wearing his old bathrobe and a straw hat with straw flowers in it, sweeping up the sidewalk with a little plastic boy broom. I've heard that he's been doing it for 15 years or more. We stop and talk to him sometimes while he sweeps, and have learned a bit about his life.

He and Mrs. Celoni came to this country from Italy in 1905 with only a few dollars. They came to Marin and went into real estate. By 1940 they owned half of Fairfax. When he retired they sold everything and bought the little cottage they live in today. Now, like so many of our neighbors, they sit around waiting to die. Suzy had the following exchange with Mr. Celoni the other day:

Suzy: What are you doing?

Mr.C: Crying

Suzy: Why are you crying?

Mr.C: I cry for God.

Suzy: Why do you do that? God doesn't want you to cry.

Mr.C: I cry because He won't take me. The Devil won't take me either, he's scared of me. I don't know why God don't take me, I already have a place.

Suzy: What do you mean?

Mr.C: I have a place, right in the cemetery. It says "Mr. Celoni." Why won't He take me?

But most of the time Mr. Celoni is in good spirits, and when we talk to him his eyes sparkle and he speaks with a good deal of wit and cleverness. For example, as Suzy walked to the store yesterday, he waved good morning and called out to her,

"Every day I come old, every day you come young!"

Or the time he was talking about how things were in 1910, and Suzy said, "Yes, everything sure was nice in 1910." "Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Celoni, "Are you born in 1910?" He seemed perfectly serious, but there was a twinkle in his eye.



Hope you liked that story as much as we like Mr. Celoni. It was a bit somber, but future installments of this feature will be much more humorous. Next month, for instance, Neighbor Stories will concern itself with the lecher down the street whose wife is a frozen vegetable.

"Just because you're a gardener doesn't mean you love your country."

## PLATTER CHATTER

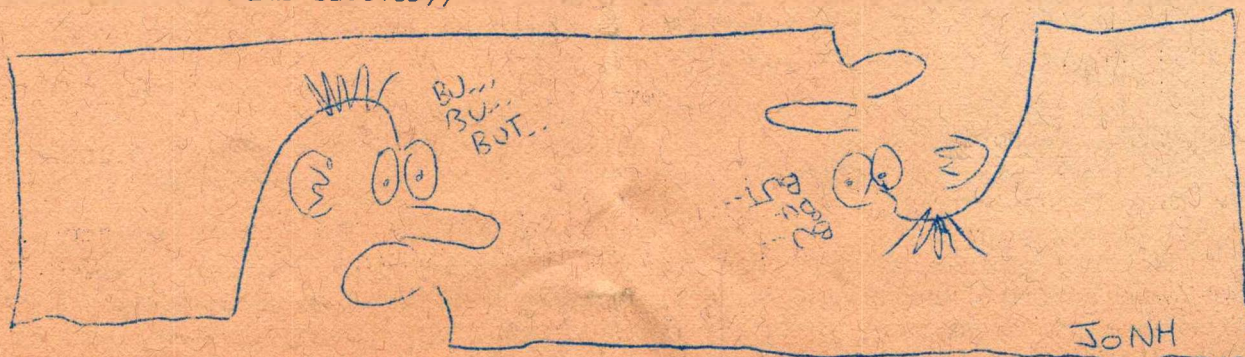
I'd like to hear from some of you how you feel about the record reviews in Metanoia. Not a word from you slob about my review of Cosmo's Factory last time, and I thought that was one of the best reviews I've ever written. ("Don't bother me!" you say, "I'm reading Sixteen")

Anyway, for your punishment, you get no record reviews this time. The reason is that I haven't bought any albums since #4 that are fit for review. Oh, I bought The Best of Gene Vincent, Vol. 2 and Encore of Golden Hits by the Platters, but it would take a more gifted writer than I to describe The Platters and you know what they sound like anyway, and the Vincent sides are being saved for a long survey/article/review that will appear in Who Put The Bomp one of these days.

Capitol Records hasn't forgotten me, no, but you've got to understand how record companies work. Capitol has its own distribution network, their local representative being a large building in San Francisco's industrial district. They have guys there whose job it is to take new records around to radio stations and such and try and jive somebody into playing them. They also have guys who are familiar with all the local rock critics and such and see to it that they get copies of all the interesting new releases, whether in person or by mail. Capitol's publicity Dept. only sends out the albums that are so mediocre or outright bad that no reviewer would accept them if he had a choice, and the local rep wouldn't send out for fear of alienating his mailing list.

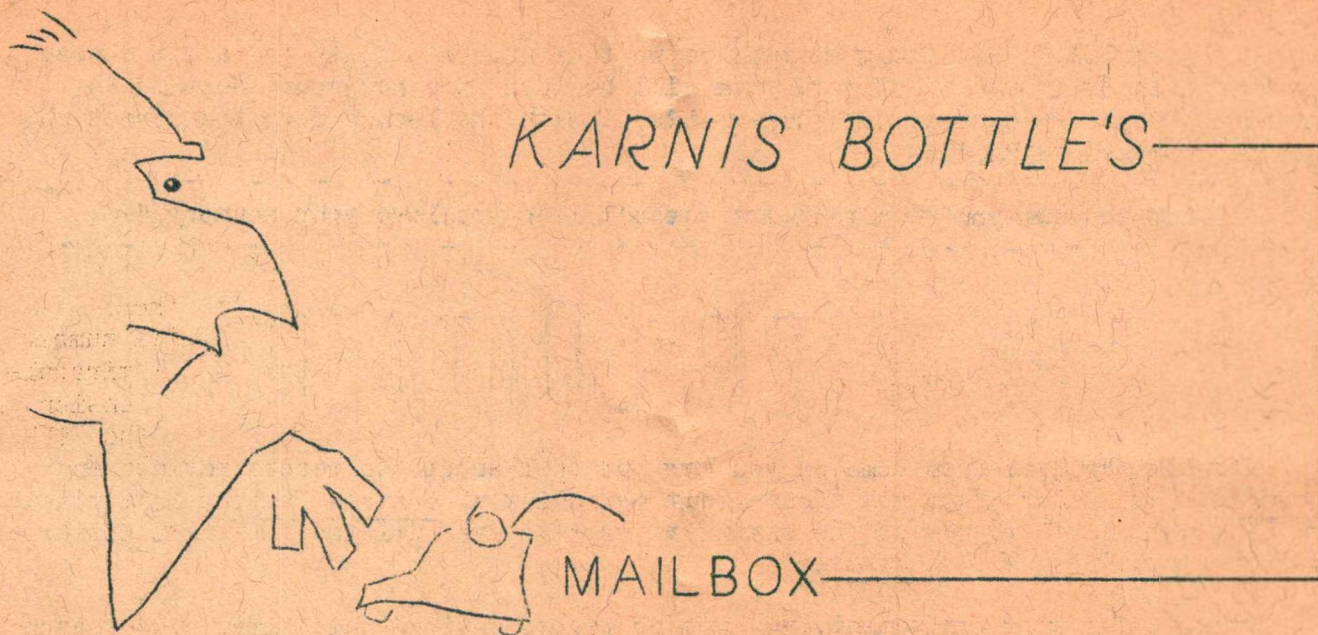
This time I have three new albums from Capitol. The Fightin' Side Of Me by Merle Haggard, Willard by John Stewart, and Brother Fox and the Tar Baby. The latter was preceded by a long tube the day before containing a huge posterized version of the album cover with just the outlines, and a package of crayons. They wanted me to color it in, you see. I didn't find out until the album arrived the next day what the point of it was. (If you want the poster and crayons, send a quarter). The Merle Haggard record is a live concert, and it's not bad at all, if you like Merle Haggard. I'm not exactly his biggest fan, but besides tht title song it has "Okie From Muskogee", 2 great songs, so I'm hanging on to it for that reason.

That's what I got from Capitol. Meanwhile there's a new Band album and a new Steve Miller album. Do they think of me? Forget it. Jonh Ingham tells me he went  
{(continued on inside bacover)}





# KARNIS BOTTLE'S



GREG BENFORD Thanks for Metanoia 4. Very interesting; there are few chatty fmz these days that are well written, or even know the difference between good writing and bad. Your comment on fans not knowing the good fanwriting of the past is to the point: a lot of fmz I get in the mail seem to assume fandom started in 1967 and is just all afroth to learn what any bum fan editor thinks about The State of Science Fiction, etc.

Humor is damnably hard to write; thus there is little around these days. When I changed over from fan to pro writing I didn't find it more difficult, just different. If pro writing had to support itself as writing, independent of subject matter, it would be far harder than it is. Fan writing teaches a respect for the beauty and magic of words; plotting and other mundane aspects have to be learned separately.

I can't really Get It Up for fan writing any more. Hardly anyone else can, either, I guess: fmz are centered around sf now and fandom is more of a parasitic body than it has been for decades. I've been staring at this page for 5 minutes, brain whirling around. The truth of the matter is that fan writing is a little... well... alien to me now. Writing stuff for money has made me careful of my construction, sensitive to the drift of my comments, etc. But a letter isn't like that, it doesn't have to have structure, and that snarls me up. Nowadays when I think of something it almost always forms itself into an idea for a short story or a scene for a book. Such are the debilitating aspects of turning pro. Now it seems that I must go back to the end of the line and learn how to write LOCs again...

←(Well, we can hardly blame neos for assuming fandom began in 1967 when so few of today's active fanzine publishers were in fandom before then, and old fmz are almost completely unavailable. The more I consider it, the more certain I become that fandom is now large enough to need and support a project to keep fandom's Great Literature in print. A fanzine library in each metropolitan fan area wouldn't be a bad idea, either. I understand the LASFS is planning to make the ISL materials available when it has its clubhouse. That'll be a start.)→

KEN RUDOLPH Metanoia strikes me as being just about as interesting as Egoboo, at least to me; because I'm more in tune with the subject matter generally. Some random comments:

My "circle of friends" has been going through some weird changes lately -- lots of split-ups, moving around, and general fuckups. But no major badnesses. No busts or sicknesses to speak of. Since the tenor of our lives is usually dependent on the quality of the dope around at the moment (and it's pretty fantastic right now--



plenty of gold and Sandoz), things are going well. Sorry to hear about your bad times. times.

←(The fact that you depend on dope to provide the pleasure in your life strikes me as pathetic, Ken. I don't mean that to sound harsh, and since I don't know what you mean by "tenor" I won't pursue it, but I wonder if a person with a mind such as yours can long be satisfied in a position of such dependency. :: Incidentally, I'd be very much surprised if you actually had access to Sandoz acid. I haven't heard of any being available in this country in years. →)

Speaking of Biblical prophecy, I was reading a strange book the other day, called The Late Great Planet Earth. It presented a documented scenario of Armageddon from the various prophets and the Book of Revelations; and tried to prove that we are living through the first stages of the fulfillment of these prophecies. The first step has to be the return of the Jewish people to Israel after a long diaspora (fulfilled). Then the rebuilding of the Temple (most likely planned). Then there has to be a confrontation of ten nations in Europe (the expanded Common Market will number 10 if it happens), and the emergence of a leader (the anti-Christ) who will miraculously recover from a fatal head wound. This starts a seven year period of tension and war, pitting Israel and Europe against the Arabs, the Russians (Gog in the Bible) and 200,000,000 Chinese marching from the East. Finally culminates in the last battle at Har Megeddon and the Second Coming of the Messiah after most of the world has been destroyed. The Lord triumphs and the "saved" live happily ever after.

All of this (with the proper amount of interpretation) is pretty well spelled out in the Book of Revelations; and the point is that it is all going to happen in our time -- or so says the book. I don't know, but if a European ruler suddenly recovers from a head wound, I'm going to make some very careful contingency plans!

←(As it is Written, "Cataclysm needn't be Catastrophe". Actually, I suspect something along those lines will occur, loosely interpreted. Are you are that every occult, metaphysical and esoteric Eastern religion, as well as a lot of Western religious organizations like the Jehovah's Witnesses, say practically the same thing, that we are in the Last Days, and that some time within 30 years the New Age will be ushered in? We shall see. Revelations, incidentally, also speaks of flying saucers. →)

I thought Rolling Stone wanted to be the New York Times of the underground press. ←(Uh-uh. Of the rock & roll press. →) I wish I could figure out why you find Rolling Stone to be embarrassing lately. Admittedly it has been rather staid, and their prose has never been very turned on. But occasionally they really hit the nail on the head, as in the review of the new Dylan album in the current issue. I also like their coverage of dope news, finding it the best around. And their occasional issue-length features are usually outstanding (well, the Passion of Manson may not have been in the best of taste). I guess I'm not the "rock purist" that you are, and I find the breadth of coverage in RS impressive and much to my taste.

←(The only "special issue" I thought worth reading was the one on Altamont. So far this year we've had "Chicago", "Amerika: A Pitiful, Helpless Giant" and that abominably tasteless issue on Manson, which, besides prejudicing his case before it's come to court makes him out to be Jesus Christ reborn or something of the sort. I don't think I'm that much of a rock purist; I quite approve of RS's coverage of all the festivals, their reviews and interviews of jazz and folk artists, and even book and movie reviews in moderation, even though I'm not especially interested in any of these things. But I do object to having half-baked revolutionary politics served up with music reporting, and sometimes to the exclusion of it, as was the case in the issue that was current when I wrote my comments last time. The trouble with Rolling Stone in my opinion is that they try to cover too much in areas they don't know enough about or don't belong. The Dylan review and all the other brilliant things they've printed have been the work of a few people -- Greil Marcus and their staff of record reviewers, the finest collection of rock critics to be found anywhere. If the rest of the magazine was up to the level of these men's work -- as it once was -- Rolling Stone would be above criticism. →)



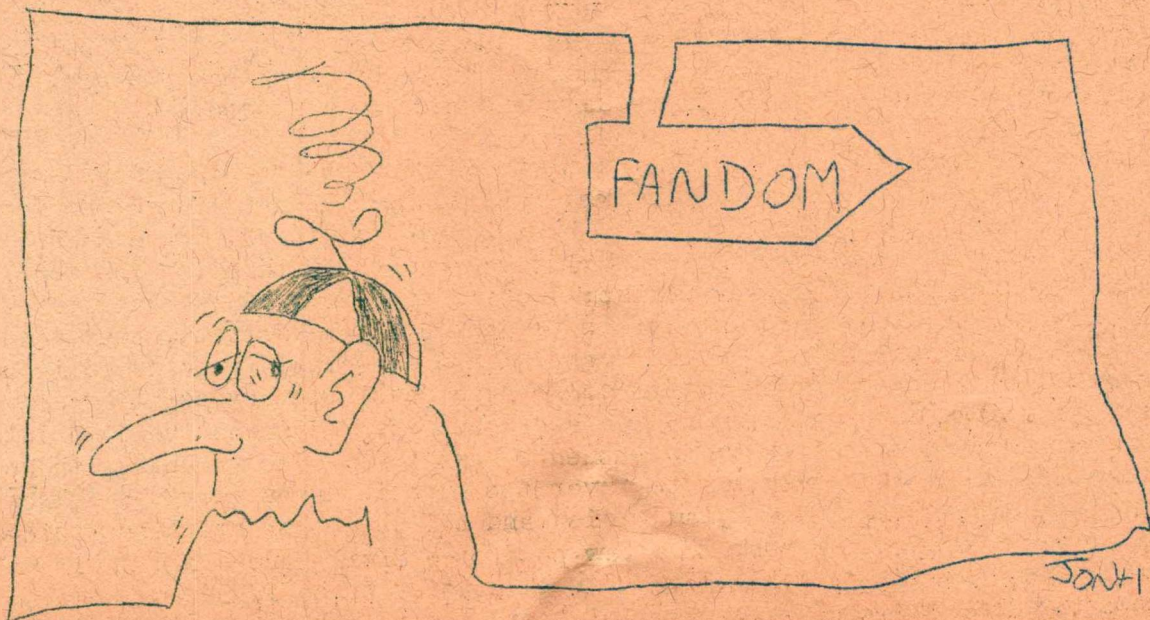
JAMES WRIGHT By now you have probably despaired of my existence; alas, my forwarding services, though Ultimately Efficient, are not always expedient. C'est la vie to say the least.

Warner's comment on the train thing blows my mind totally; the egoboo comes exactly at the time I need it, right on the eve of embarking on my most ambitious attempt at writing to date. I hope something comes from it (like money), but even more, I hope it says what I want it to say. Enough of crypticism, on to the hard, cold facts: for several months I've been trying to write something good, I mean really good, and I got off to a good start on more freight train episodes (I do believe I could get a whole book of like material, which would be very easy to connect up into a Kerouac styled story). Unfortunately, I got bogged. Mostly by my climbing activities, I admit, particularly in the form of THIN EDGE ALPINE ADVENTURE CENTER, a guide service which I am half-heartedly running up in Bellingham, Wash. Actually my main interest in THIN EDGE is the design of outlandish new climbing equipment, of which I have several good designs already which have been in turn submitted to some manufacturers. Nevertheless, I've been flashing hard the last month, literally reeling, by a total conscious state of the general fucked-upness of the world. In large part you may lay the blame at Paul Ehrlich's door, but principally I am struck with the idea that if I ever want to write, Now is the Time. Greater channels of communication must be opened up to humanity Now, there can be no further stalling. All the arts must be liberated from the current sophisticated jive which is equivalent to fucking yourself in the butt with your big toe... Anyway, it's impossible for me to escape from the feeling that I should be concentrating on writing a damn good piece. I have therefore decided to embark no holds barred on an all-out attempt to see if the piece I want is yet within me...

In a week or two I'm going up to the Yukon Territory for several months. I will take my climbing gear so as to keep in shape; I am taking a pan to sift for gold (well?); but primarily I am taking much paper and pencil. The story is half-written in my head, all it will take to assume reality is the proper setting plus time to think it all out. The Yukon provides both in abundance.

Okay, Shaw, you're hopeless; you don't smoke dope and you stay at home. Hell, we can practically consider ourselves diametric opposites (or should that be merely antagonistic nexii of cosmic energy??). The only thing that plagues me is which of us is the good and which the bad?

My friend Jeff Upson recently went under psychiatric (read that sick-) treatment because he believed that all time is cycling back in upon itself Right Now,





therefore we are all experiencing a "shrinking" or collapse of time & the universe is on the verge of another monumental turning point. The reality freaked him out, unfortunately, because he could convince no one else of its truth. The same concept is echoed repeatedly in the works of contemporary Big Thinkers, however, such as Paul Ehrlich and Loren Eiseley (all ecologists, actually). If you want my version, well, Jeff is right, a cycle is coming to an end, but I'm not despairing, rather rejoicing in my own confidence to ride it out into the next cycle whereas perhaps 90% of the human race will no doubt fall, particularly people such as Attorney General Mitchell, Prez Nixon, & the beloved owners of Standard Oil, for example. So drink to the next cycle, Shaw, it may be the best one yet (or, it can't be no fuckin' worse).

To provide my review of THE MIND OF THE DOLPHIN will require a re-reading which I may do anyway. Yes, I have read Lilly's reports on LSD. He has a new book out called HUMAN BIO-COMPUTER which is a schematic representation of the human mind & its processes as learned from LSD research... I've been looking for a copy but apparently you have to send \$7 to Lilly himself for the thing. A tantalizing portion was presented in the first WHOLE EARTH CATALOG which totally blew my mind. Lilly may be on the verge of something really earth-shaking in the field of communications. My review, incidentally, for which I already have extensive notes, deals primarily with science fiction and its relation to his work (which is tremendous). I believe Lilly is actually more interested in the possibilities of communication with alien planets than with dolphins. Ideally, he envisions something along the lines of Eric Frank Russell's "Dear Devil".

Well, anyway, enough for tonight as I am tired and feel I need an instant injection of raspberry shortcake (or, dope is anything you try twice and like...) followed by sound sleep.

DAVE BURTON You can do no wrong if John Berry continues to write columns such as the excellent one in #4. John has the wonderful knack of inserting just enough dry humor into his writing, especially this column, to make it extremely interesting to read.

But reading back through recent Egoboos to find out who it was that called John "the new Willis" -- personally, and I know I'm a tasteless slob for saying it, but from what little I've read of Willis and from what little Berry I've read -- I've read about equal amounts of both -- why I'd say John is just as good, if not a little better. But looking through those Egoboos, someone brought out the point -- it was Redd Boggs -- that John shouldn't merely imitate old fannish ways, and here you are wondering how long John can keep coaxing material from these old fans -- hey, that's some kind of contradiction, or somesuch -- and I'll just make a few comments on How I See the Whole Thing. I think that the old fannish styles, ala Willis &c, are perfectly capable of being modified to fit today's Messages. I mean, good writing is good writing, is it not? It is, take my word for it. But there are damned few faanish fans in fandom today, and a very few faanish neofans. Kids don't want to learn to write well. I really can't think of too many faans who've come into fandom the past two years who are really trying to capture the faanish mood -- Leon Taylor is an excellent writer and he can do both humor and sercon well. You've come back. Jim Lavell, although he's been a fan for nigh on 20 years is really just starting to do columns and stuff, and he's one of the funniest people I know. And I'm trying in my little way. But you see, out of the four people I mentioned two are ungfatiated types, and only Leon and Myself are really new fans. And it's a pity, it really is.

Well, I forgot Paj, but he's really not doing much writing; all of what he has done is beautiful, but he should do more. All of which boils down to a fusion of the Past and Present, but with limited resources in new faanish fans, it just isn't going to happen. It's a tossup between you and John whose writing I like best.



Arnie Katz tells me he thinks that Metanoia, FP, Egoboo and Micro may have started a trend. I can only hope so.

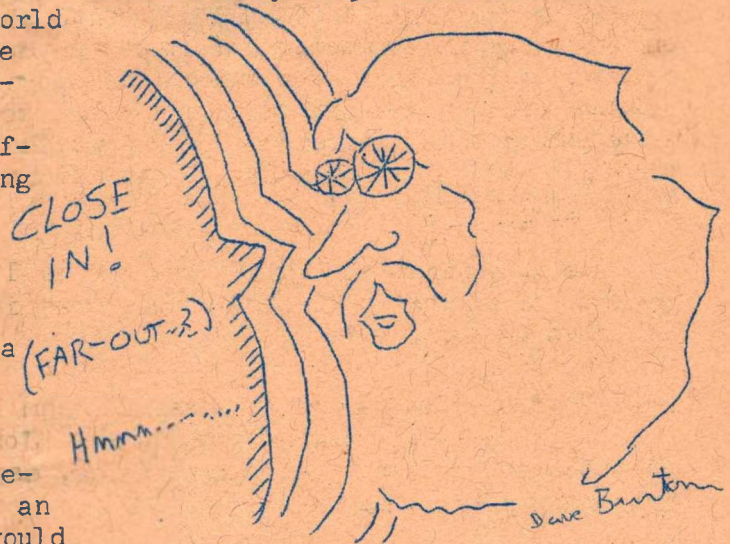
←(What about Jay Kinney? :: The present concern on the part of many of us over the quality of fan writing can be traced directly to John Berry's efforts over the past couple of years. Three years ago it wouldn't have occurred to most fans to expect fan writing to improve. That's a hopeful sign. As I commented to Benford, I think that if standards were higher fans would rise to meet them. A neofan seeking recognition can only imitate the top fan writers of the time -- which, to go by this year's Hugo nominations, are Charlie Brown, Richard Delap, Dick Geis and Piers Anthony. I disagree with Boggs on almost everything, and his comment in Egoboo is no exception. There was a tendency in the fifties to write at length about trivial topics, but the fact is that a Willis or a Shaw or a Carr could take the most meaningless episode and weave a brilliant piece of writing about it. There's no reason why the same craftsmanship couldn't be applied to the Important Topics we write about today. Incidentally, I think that comparing Berry and Willis is unfair. Their style of writing is vastly different. John might be more closely compared to his Irish namesake. :: My deep involvement in the world of rock & roll leads me to wonder if there might be any parallel between this discussion and the revival of interest over the past couple of years in the R&R of the fifties. I know that my own reasons for liking fifties rock are the same as my reasons for liking faanishness. →)

HARRY WARNER I enjoyed the fourth issue of Karnis Bottle's Metanoia and felt particularly happy over the extreme faanishness of your editorial and the suggestion about keeping classics of fanzine writing in print. But I don't pretend to know how it could be done without an apparatus so elaborate that the project would collapse irrevocably over or rather under its own weight.

Maybe the true solution will lie just a few years in the future. Office copiers are doing things more rapidly and less expensively than ever, if I may believe some publicity materials for the very latest and most expensive models. Wait a while longer and it's quite possible that everyone will have access to a machine that turns out copies in a couple of seconds for a penny or less per copy. Then a real system to keep fannish classics in print could be worked out quite easily. All you'd need would be someone who owns the classics and is willing to take ten minutes or so to fill orders via the high-speed, inexpensive duplicator down the block. Or look a few more years into the future, after almost everyone has his own video tape recorder. Even if the commercial interests make it impossible to do your own recording on it, fans will perhaps be ingenious enough to figure out a system, and then you can have hundreds of fanzines on a single reel of tape capable of being read through any television set with a stop-motion playback unit.

←(How exciting! But for one thing, that's years off, and for another, the whole suggestion sounds rather fakefannish to me. A fanzine on videotape (or Xerox paper) just wouldn't seem fannish. Mimeo is quite cheap too, something like  $\frac{1}{2}$ cent/page, and a person with a couple of hours spare time a day could handle the whole project easily and probably turn a small profit too. →)

John Berry's correspondence wouldn't have been recognizable as such, if you'd just published this as a column by him. If I have attained any new accomplishments in recent years, it has been to snub ringing telephones when the circumstances warrant that treatment. Fortunately, mine has a volume control which when turned to its lowest position makes it inaudible from my bedroom with closed door.





I wonder how many of your readers will recognize the name and history of Eric Erickson? But I can't figure out whether this quote is something he just recently said, or something taken from a context I no longer remember from his brief, memorable prominence in fandom. I heard somewhere a year or two ago that he really was getting along quite well.

← The quote was taken from a FAPazine, probably Horizons, about 2 years old. →

MIKE GLICKSOHN Metanoia is a nice, enjoyable, relaxed, slightly faanish fanzine that one can easily read at one sitting. It's well written and fairly well produced with some somewhat strange but nevertheless interesting material. Thanks for mentioning Energumen 2 and at least indicating that it has other things to offer apart from Alicia's erotic art. I must say I'm entirely pissed off at the childish and one-sided reaction of a fair percentage of fandom to this issue (with the great proportion of immature responses coming from California, if that has any significance). In other words, I did not intend to provoke a stream of notes containing sticky, semen-coated quarters and messages to the effect of "Please rush me, in a plain brown envelope, the issue of your fanzine with (gasp! Pant!) Alicia's

- - - - -  
You'll never know what the inside of your nose smells like  
- - - - -

horny drawings in it." It seems I underestimated the intelligence and sophistication of many fans and it may well be that, despite my comments to the contrary in the recent Outworlds, fandom is a bizarre form of masturbation. Nevertheless, I shall continue to produce what I consider to be a reasonably nice looking, intelligent fanzine and let people take it as they will. If fandom has more than its share of frustrated misfits, that's their problem, not mine.

← A pitiful situation, but believable. Energumen 2 was a frequent topic of conversation at the Westercon, at which Alicia was in attendance, and I'm sure she got her share of idiotic comments and/or indecent suggestions. I was present at one pool-side scene where a copy was being passed around by a group of nearby neos. It was almost more than they could handle. Emotional immaturity has long been recognized as a part of fandom and it probably will always be a part. Some, like Laney, have become very bitter and left in disgust, but as Dave Burton pointed out to me, those jerks have to have somewhere to go, and fandom just happens to be it. Don't let 'em turn you round. →

JONH INGHAM Metanoia gets bigger and better all the time. One of my two favorite zines (the other being, coincidentally, Microcosm). I'm beginning to really like this type of fanzine -- small, chatty, personal. It saves on a lot of trees, too.

Don't apologize about the illos and type changing color as it sweeps across the page -- it adds that expensive underground look. (It looks good too -- total involvement with your print and all that.)

"Temporarily Humboldt County" was nice. John D. Berry sounds like a nice person to know. The type of person who so totally reveals himself in print that when you meet him he is an old friend. You should keep his words appearing in Metanoia.

One thought on what John Kreidl has to say in his badmouthing of RS. Fusion does not belong to UPS either. ← You know, you're right →

← Well, that's surely enough letters for one issue. Thanks also to Alpajpuri, John Berry, Jeff Cochran, and Ed Reed for writing. →



# RELATIVELY SPEAKING? WHERE AM I,

## JAMES WRIGHT

Ecology is not a science; it is a religion. The Indians knew this well and fashioned their life-style into a daily prayer. They were faithful, too, until attacked and overrun by the germs of our diseased culture. Instead of learning or improving, our culture has grown more sickly until the very survival of our earth is at stake. Much can be said about this; those with precise measuring sticks can tell us exactly how much time is left and what can be done about it: how we can muster the forces of technology to reverse the disaster that same technology created.

I repeat: ecology is a religion. Understanding the exact chemical chain of events DDT follows in the ecosystems is important, but underlying the technology is something else that must also be understood.

Ecology has existed as a highly developed "science" for many thousands of years (at least). This is obvious if one realizes that the American Indian had a much firmer grasp of ecology than we do today. Three hundred years ago the Indian had developed an ecosystem of astonishing subtlety; our "greater knowledge" has only succeeded in near total destruction of that ecosystem. Yet the Indians had no test-tubes, no pesticides, no sophisticated scientific tools, but they did have one thing we don't: common sense.

Living primitively, "back to nature"-style (though they were never away from it, as if one could get away from nature), the Indians respected their environment. They saw nature as a collection of gods and godly actions their respect was so great. They believed in rain & thunder & lightning and they called it god. They were faithful. They knew that it was real, something to respect. And use. This was their religion. They didn't need to call it ecology.

Unfortunately a return to Indian society would be impossible in our world. Too many people, too many jets, too much money being passed around. But it is important to think about ecology from a, well, "religious" aspect: to see that every daily action, no matter how insignificant, no matter whether in the heart of New York City or on the summit of FitzRoy in Patagonia, every action has ecological significance. Think about it.

\* \* \*

There are many ways to celebrate one's appreciation of nature: the best, I think, is to make use of nature's wonders which are many and gloried. One of my greatest delights is the study of mushrooms, surely one of the most incredible of botanical fields. The fact that mushrooms grow from spores in

SOME NOTES ON THE TEXTURE OF ECOLOGY



decaying matter, spores which are EVERYWHERE, really delights me. Their level of parasitism is so highly developed that there is a species of fungus which grows only on railroad ties! Though they are parasitical, mushrooms provide two uses of such excellent quality that they are hard to beat. The first is culinary: well-cooked mushrooms are a gourmet delight that can't be beat. It hardly seems coincidental that certain mushrooms also provide very excellent hallucinatory experiences.

In the summer months Seattle often experiences periods of rain that will last a week or so. Immediately after one of those rains I usually can be found searching through the grassy meadows of Ravenna Park or the University of Washington campus, searching diligently for the *panaeolus retirgus*, or the *panaeolus campanulatus*, either of which, in suitable quantities, is capable of producing religious fervor. After a day's exploration I can return to my kitchen, sautee the cleaned mushrooms in cheese sauce, and serve on toast, ready to eat. Ecology certainly is an enjoyable affair.

\* \* \*

My greatest appreciation of environment comes in the high mountains, where I most enjoy myself, and activities such as climbing and hiking are sufficient to open the gates of clarity. The mountains, though, as experience will tell, are generally as hard as they are enjoyable. Occasionally one will become involved in situations where survival becomes the key issue. Interestingly, though, it is precisely at these times that one becomes the most sensitive to the environment. Appreciation of ecosystems becomes overpowering when one is struggling merely to stay alive.

I've had this acute realization several times when I thought that I was in danger in the mountains. Lost in the North Cascades jungles, a friend and I survived for three days on raspberries before we forced our way back into civilization. Every raspberry trumpeted the glory of nature in the midst of a predicament that could only label nature as horrifying.

Another time a friend and I were forced to bivouac on a climb in Yosemite Valley with no food, water, or warmth. Glad in T-shirts we tried fantastic tricks to stay warm. My friend wore his longjohns on his head; I lashed myself into a fetus position with our rope. Incredibly enough, we stayed passably warm and our understanding of environment was enhanced (I never got quite as cold any more...).

But perhaps the most memorable experience was in Montana's Glacier Park where I spent a week of frozen nights and lonely days early in June. At night I experienced temperatures well below freezing which I met with only a wool blanket. Needless to say, I never slept but only shivered all night long, my body wracking itself inside out in an attempt to keep the metabolism healthy. As horrible as the nights were, the days became elysian delights, portfolios of shattering beauty. I studied weeds, smoked Indian tobacco, and frolicked one afternoon with a family of mountain goats in a high meadow. They weren't afraid, rather, they seemed to view me as a curiosity, a freak of nature, a clumsy, weak, fragily made sort of creature. I felt very self-conscious the whole time.

A Zen poem relates:

An instant realization sees endless time.  
Endless Time is as one moment.  
When one comprehends the endless moment  
He realizes the person who is seeing it.

For myself the endless moment started on

HOW MUCH LONGER?



JOHN



that afternoon in Glacier Park when ecology became a reality for me, a faith to believe in as much as a science to consider. Not surprisingly, Zen reflects much that is ecologically sound, the best being: "Even though the mountain becomes the sea/ Words cannot open another's mind." Ecology must be felt with the fingertips, eaten with the mouth, digested with the stomach, and shit out again with the bowels.

Recommended reading:

The Book of the Damned, Charles Fort (Ace Books, K-156, 50¢)

Stalking The Wild Asparagus, Euell Gibbons (McKay, Field Guide Edition, \$2.75)

Colorado Mushrooms, M.H. Wells & D.H. Mitchel (Denver Museum of Natural History, Pictorial #17, \$1)

Zen Flesh, Zen Bones, ed. by Paul Reps (Doubleday Anchor A233, 95¢)

Audobon Magazine, Journal of Audobon Society (\$6 yearly membership for students)  
(The most lucid, inspirational, & consistently excellent magazine I've ever seen. It communicates.)

-----  
"It's amazing what a little hamburger can do for your astral body."  
-----

PLATTER CHATTER, contd. to see Liza Williams at Capitol to see if she thought Who Put The Bomp was good enough to merit him some free albums. She turned him down on The Band's new album but gave him a couple of their old ones. Instead of me, she sent a review copy of the Band album to some White Panther who wants to take it to Cuba and get some pictures of Fidel Castro listening to it. What's rock and roll coming to?

Oh, I have gotten one more album recently. If you frequent the R&R section of any large record store you've probably seen a series of 7 new albums called "Cruisin' 1956", "Cruisin' 1957" and so on through 1962. Ed Ward at Rolling Stone gave me a promo album for the whole series that has one selection from each album. You won't find it in stores, which is a shame, because I doubt if enough people are enough interested to buy all 7 albums. I am, but I can't afford it, and it's going to be a tough choice.

The series is a re-creation of the old rock and roll radio sound by some of the most famous of the old practitioners of the art. The jocks include Robin Seymour, Joe Niagara, Hunter Hancock, Dick Biondi, Arnie "Woo Woo" Ginsburg, Jack Carney, and Russ "Weird Beard" Knight. The covers are delightful scenarios in the style of romance story comic books. The records include well written and authoritative liner notes by Jerry Hopkins.

The voices of the announcers are newly-recorded, but the old commercials, jingles, news and weather spots and so on are taken from the original tapes. You can put on one of these albums and for a half hour it's like listening to the radio in 1957. The songs are mostly common hits of the day, but they're well chosen to provide pleasant listening.

Say, this is starting to sound like a review, and I forgot that you're being punished.





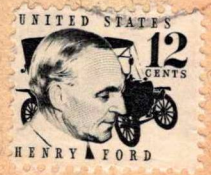
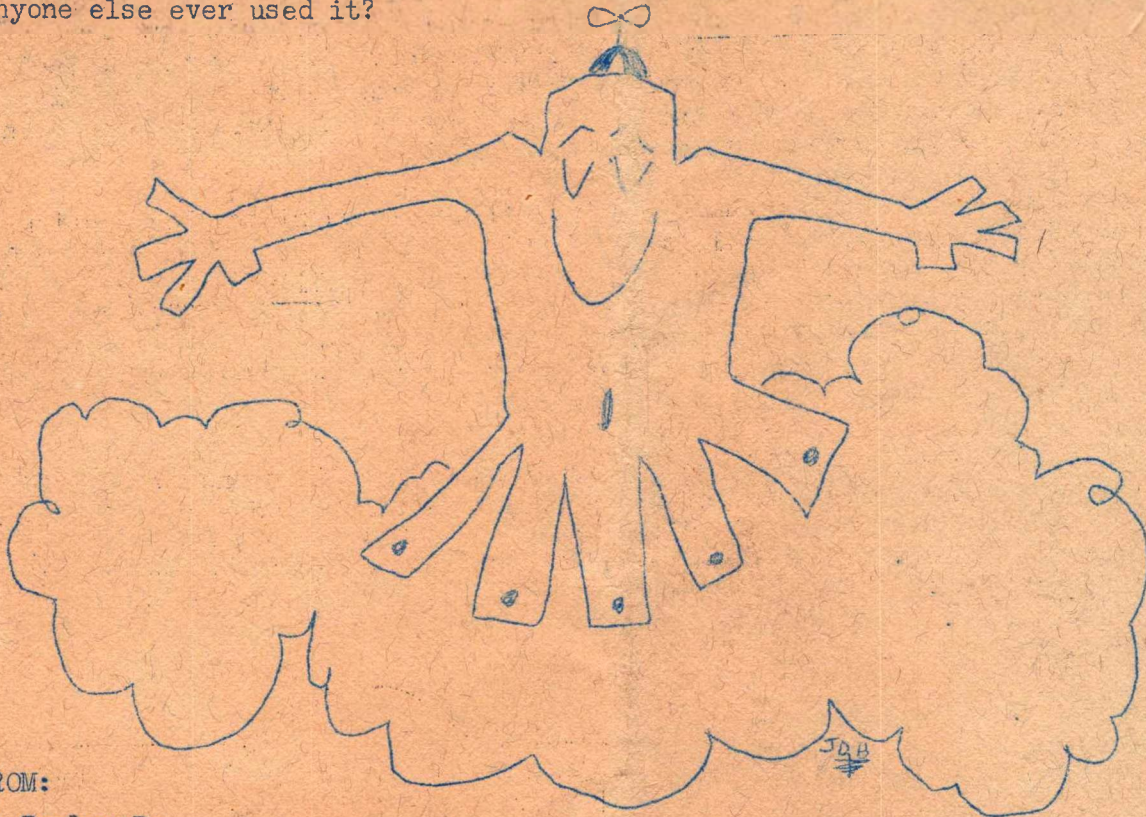
This doesn't really belong in the record department, but who cares? I bet you didn't know Esquire has a policy of sending tear sheets from upcoming issues to the entire Underground Press whenever they have a story coming up that is in any way concerned with the underground. Yeah, they've been doing it for over 2 years, and they don't seem to care who they send them to either, because I haven't been included on the list of Underground Press Syndicate members in almost that long, yet I still get 'em, along with a letter from Esquire's editor requesting any comments or suggestions I might have.

Anyway, they just sent me the first one that I was at all interested in. Usually they're "The Crisis of the New Left" or some sort of garbage like that. But this time it's Ralph Gleason's report on the Altamont debacle. It's a very thought-provoking analysis of the whole thing, for those who can stand to hear any more about it. I didn't think I could either, but as long as they took the trouble to send it to me I figured I might as well try, and I'm glad I did. I have great respect for Ralph Gleason, he's one of the few men with any sanity involved in the youth movement. He's pretty unpopular at times because of that, but I hope he sticks around.

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"Toilet seats in Alaska are brass!" -- Peter Menkin  
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ART CREDITS: Dave Burton (2,11) John D. Berry (3,5,7,16) Jonh Ingham (6,9,14) Bill Rotsler (15). That's my last Rotsler illo. Have a heart, Bill!

The cover is an example of photo-tracing, an art I seem to have stumbled upon. Has anyone else ever used it?



FROM:  
64 Taylor Dr.  
Fairfax, Calif.  
94930

TO: Jonh Ingham  
21157 Kingscrest Dr.  
Saugus, CA.  
91350

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