

GENRE PLAT

GENRE PLAT

~~Summer~~
No. 5 ~~SPRING~~ 1983
FALL

GENRE PLAT always and forever, as opposed to merely quarterly, is a White Sport Coat and Pink Crustacean Publication, produced and edited by the Norfolk Howard People's Co-operative Press, and is available for \$1.25 single issue, interesting letters of comment, accepted contribution, or trade. We do not accept fiction or poetry unless it's cleverly disguised as something else. All mail should be addressed to Genre Plat; 368 2nd Avenue; San Francisco CA 94118; U.S.A. Please make cheques and/or money orders payable to Allyn Cadogan, many thanks.

defacto editor Allyn Cadogan
all-round moral support, tea and crumpets. . . Elisheva Barsabe

Artwork this issue: Sam Adkins p.28; Shay Barsabe p.32,33; Robin Cadogan p.4,5,19; Bill Gibson p.18,20,21,22,37,38; Alexis Gilliland p.26(fish logo); Jeanne Gomoll p.35; Steve Leialoha p.12; Helmut Pesch p.31; Hal Robbins p.26; Bill Rotsler p.7; Jessica Salmonson p.29; Dan Steffan p.9,10,11,25,27,28,40; Tara! p.41,42,43; Robert J. Whitaker p.39

Cover by Jordan Cadogan
Back Cover by Grant Canfield

Electrostencils by Brian Earl Brown, Charles N. Brown, Shay Barsabe, Karl Mosgofian and me. The bulk of the mimeo work was done by Shay. The drawing by Helmut Pesch previously appeared in LOCUS.

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Dangerously Amateur

"Remember that fanzine you used to edit?" Jerry Kaufman writes, apropos something entirely different. I'm cut to the quick. *Used* to edit? So I've got a long lead time; no need to be sarcastic.

Well, all right.

My typewriter is buried around here somewhere. The turkey gizzards are boiling to death in the kitchen, and I should be trying to figure out how to make refried beans without resorting to a store-bought tin.

Instead, I'm playing at editorial.

The bookshelves have been built, and inserted onto the walls between window sill and door jamb, much too long and sagging in the middle -- I'll have to brace the shelves; there's no hope for the door jamb or window sills. I've seven cardboard boxes of stuff here in the back room which is my office (count 'em, two desks, both mine), and have unearthed another six, all labeled simply "office," which are stacked in the middle of the living room. I've no idea how many have already been unpacked. Something like 85% of my total belongings go into the office; there were 20+ crates of books.

Unpacking can be fun. Some of this stuff I haven't seen in over two years. Here's another box of fanzines to be taken downstairs to the mimeo room, and a 9x15 manilla envelope addressed to Brian Earl Brown. It contains five 8 1/2 x 14 sheets of artwork to be electrostencilled. The attached note is dated 2 May, 1980, and reads, "...Had so much fun doing GP4 that I've decided to charge right in on #5. No great rush on these, tho...." Yo.

Here's another crate labeled categorically, "pencil sharpener." I'll approach that one with caution.

My god, how do I accumulate so much junk?

My god, how have I lived without it for two years?

Dear god, how will I ever get it all back into the desk?

In keeping with GP tradition, this being a new issue and all, there's a new return address in the colophon, and a new co-editor in the opening credits, even though she insisted on a different title.

I phone Bill Gibson and lie, in my own version of dulcet tones. "We're all set to go, Bill. I've got articles from Grant and D and Neil and a couple of reprints, and we're just waiting on your piece."

"Oh, okay," he says. "Do you remember what my article was supposed to be about?"

I run into Grant at a party. "You will have that new ending soon, won't you? I mean, we've got articles from everyone else; we're just waiting on your's...."

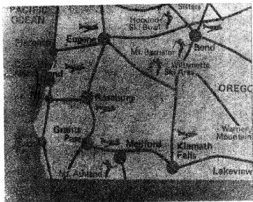


And so it goes. Back in my office, I search frantically through a three-year accumulation of paper, looking for the one article I really do have, to no avail. I wonder if this is how Dan Steffan operates?

The preceeding was written nearly two years ago.

I never did get articles from any of the people mentioned above (tho I did collect all the articles that were promised *two* issues ago, promised back when GP was still appearing at least yearly. Of course, none of these people expected to wait as long to see their work in print as I did to see the original manuscripts, but they've all been good sports about the wait, especially Jim Benford, who quit phoning me every night to discuss publication schedules after he had his brother beat me up).

For a while there, it seemed like this issue was doomed. I had just got everything more or less laid out, artwork selected, and all that, when I was forced to take temporary shelter with some friends while my nearly-ex-roommate and I argued over who would get custody of the apartment. While at Shay and Jim's, however, I did manage to get everything typed up on these nifty thermofax stencils I picked up cheap at Arvey's. Two months later, I was back in my own apartment and ready to start up the trusty ole mimeo. Somewhere in all those moves, I had misplaced the little dohickey that holds the paper in place on the paper feed end of the Gestetner. A quick trip to Gestetner Company produced a replacement dohickey not exactly like the missing one. The new dohickey shredded the bottom of the sheets of paper.



So we made a quick trip to Oregon, where the original paper-feed dohickey was found amongst some stuff I'd left with my mother for safekeeping. Then I got married to Karl, which kind of took my mind off fanac for a few days, and then Karl and I moved into the Kennedy/Barsabe household, and then my kids arrived for their summer visit, and we had Westercon to do, and the new room to paint and more bookshelves to build and unpacking to do. Then Shay bought a Gestetner 466s and an electrostenciller and the question of the no-longer-missing dohickey became moot.

It was time to pub my ish. Remember those wonderful cheap stencils I mentioned above? They make three perfect copies and then they bleed ink all over the place, through the entire stencil. I cried. I was ready to give up fanac altogether.

Dave Rike and Redd Boggs came by the house one afternoon to pick up Shay's old Gestetner 150 (this was right in the middle of Karl's and my wedding party, complete with every imaginable relative from both sides: You can picture this, can't you? I mean, here's my mother in the living room talking to Karl's grandparents, who are her age -- in the confusion, we had somehow forgot to tell my family about our age difference -- while Shay is up to her elbows in mimeo ink in the middle room with Redd and Dave, and Karl

and I are battling it out with the 35-pound ham and the clogged drain in the kitchen -- everything came out fine, though, and everyone had a swell time, including me and Karl and Shay). Anyhow, in the midst of all this, Dave explained to Shay, who passed it on to me, that you have to put the thermofax stencils through a thermofax machine before typing on them. This fuses the fibres or something so they don't bleed ink all over the place.

Well. Have you ever even *seen* a thermofax machine, let alone had *access* to one? I haven't. The people who made the stencils didn't mention this complication in their instructions on the box; they said just go ahead and type on them, like you would any other stencil, and I did, and they didn't work.

By this time, I was busy being mumsy for the summer, as well as putting in 10-14 hour days at work. Still no time for fanac. But eventually the summer was over, and the kids went back to Canada, and my family went back to Oregon, and Karl and I had all our new bookshelves built, and I quit my job, and it was time to get back to fanac.

I went off to Gestetner Company to pick up the original art I'd left with them back before we got our own electrostenciller, and Gestetner had moved. Without a forwarding address. Luckily, Shay was a good sport about having to redo the drawings she'd already spent a week doing for me, by special request. Also luckily, it was only her artwork I lost. But you see what I mean about this issue being doomed.

Just watch. The post office will manage to burn or drown every copy I mail.

* * * * *

OGHU, CORFLU!!

By now, I imagine most of you have at least heard of CORFLU, the convention for fanzine fans.

There seems, however, to be some confusion as to just what CORFLU is, and who it's for.

About two and a half years ago, Shay and I began tossing ideas back and forth about just how one would go about putting together a con for fanzine fans. People seemed to want one -- there is just never enough (if any at all) fanzine/fan-oriented programming at "regular" cons -- but no one was doing anything about it. By ourselves, though, we just didn't know quite where to begin.

Then Lucy Huntzinger arrived in our midst, bubbling over with neo-fannish enthusiams. We suddenly found ourselves putting together a committee. I rescinded the vow I'd taken after Westercon 30 (my own introduction to fandom) never again to work on a convention, and somehow ended up being made Chair of CORFLU.



Once we announced that we were Really Going To Do It, people began popping out of the woodwork with offers to help, most notably, Terry Floyd, Bill Patterson, Kent Johnson, Karl Mosgofian, Patty Peters and Jim Kennedy. Not all wanted to be on the "core" committee, but all have been more than generous with time and ideas in the initial planning stages, and plan to stay with us right through the convention itself.

Well, we got our first progress report (Twiltone Zone 1) together and sent it to everyone we could think of, even franking it through five apas, though some of you did get missed in the initial mailing. We apologize for that.

We took flyers to conventions and talked the thing up to everyone who would listen. We wrote letters to faneds. Basically, we did everything we could to get the word out and to encourage all of you to attend.

Recently, however, word has come back to me that some of you still have the idea that this is a West Coast "invitational" con. It's not. Some of you have commented that you thought that mailing out the PR was not enough; that mailing should have been followed by a personal letter from me.

Now, I truly do regret that I don't have the time or stamina to write personal letters to everyone on my mailing list (which exceeds 500), but to my way of thinking, a personal letter, or even a form letter, would imply that CORFLU *is* an invitational.

Oh, my, we do want you at CORFLU, but it's not *our* party, it's *yours*. And who needs a *personal written invitation to his or her own party*?

We the committee are doing the groundwork, true, but none of us has ever thought of CORFLU as anything but your convention. How involved you wish to be in the proceedings is up to you, but we do, we really do, want each and every one of you at CORFLU.

In our planning sessions, we have steered away, so far, from panels, focusing instead on discussion group and demonstration/workshop type programming. However, we would be just thrilled to death to have your input. What type of programming do you want? Will you lead a discussion group, or a workshop or demonstration? Please?

We're also hoping that some one (or more) of you will pick up the CORFLU ball and run with it; we're bound to make a mistake or two, we're bound to do something you don't like or that you think you could do better. Well: We're also planning a business meeting during the con. We think it would be real nifty if someone were to offer to do CORFLU 3 in 1986. Think about it. I'd really like to attend one of these things as a member instead of Chair. Yeah?

I'm enclosing a flyer that tells about CORFLU, in this issue. Do join. Do come. We'll all have a good time, we will.

CORFLU: the convention exclusively for fanzine fans

JANUARY 27-29, 1984

CLAREMONT HOTEL, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

TOASTMASTER: TERRY CARR

MEMBERSHIP: \$24.31 (includes banquet); \$9.95 supporting

WRITE: SF Small Press Association/CORFLU; 1827 Haight St., Suite 8;
San Francisco, CA 94117

THE DAY AFTER APRIL FOOL'S DAY

by JIM BENFORD

It was raining when the plane headed south for L.A. I'd been traveling for four days and had just come in from the East thenight before. I was tired. I'd been looking into electromagnetic guns. Things were coming along fast: Technology was pushing back the foreskin of science again, but somehow I didn't like it. Electromagnetism's ok; I guess I just don't like guns.

Rain spotted the window as I looked out on the pastel chaos of L.A. sprawl and wondered when the quicky construction jobs would fall down. They'd been there 30 years and they looked as tired as I felt.

The rain had cleared by the time we landed and I caught the shuttle over to theHyatt. The hotel staff were wearing little badges on their uniforms and were hustling to check people in. They had my reservation and the room I'd asked for, so I took the elevator up. Outside the window on the tarmac the Friday night planes were dropping down like seats on a Ferris wheel. The week before, one hadn't quite made it, but that didn't seem to be stopping anybody.

I'd brought along a bottle of strong Zinfandel so I opened it and watched the night come on. I was here for the First Annual Conference on Space Development, run by the L-5 Society. It was held the day after April Fool's Day. The big cheeses were Bob Heinlein, Fred Haise and Hans Mark. The whole thing had been organized around quotes from old Heinlein stories like, "If This Goes On," "Blowups Happen," "The Long Watch."

When I felt a little more like a human being, I went downstairs. The Hyatt looked the same as always: a rat's warren of big and little rooms built to encourage circulation. The rats were out in force. People lined up before unsteady-looking tables to register, plonk down their dollars, get their unreadable name badges and commit themselves to the cause.

They weren't a particularly interesting crew, but then convention types usually aren't. I headed for the bar to look for dropouts. As I came down the escalator, I knew who I was going to find there. Jerry Pournelle was holding forth, buttonholing people and generally hosting the celebrities of space. He introduced me around. There was a





Daniel Graham, a retired army general who runs a pressure group called Project High Frontier. Like most generals, he had a tan, an executive look and a politician's eyes. Everyone was wearing long silver ribbons with "Speaker" printed on them. I was glad I wasn't going to be on any panels. I just love to walk around with a big label so that people I don't know can buttonhole me. The people I was talking to seemed to like being the center of attention. Old G. Harry Stein was there, looking older and rather officious. Somebody from the great unwashed asked him a question about getting a quote on rates for shipping cargo into space, and Stein said, "That, sir, is my business" in a prissy way that made me sure it wasn't. I remembered the flatfooted gadget stories in *Astounding* in the 50s. He was now making a play in the space business as an early prophet. Too bad Willy Ley wasn't still around.

In the lobby, there was a guy talking to a few people from behind a desk. He had cheap twill pants, an unwashed shirt with a washed-out look, sandy hair which was clean yesterday and glasses with smears on the inside where his eye-lashes hit. He looked a little behind on protein, but he was getting his own back on carbohydrates. He was huckstering for one of the small space lobby groups in the L.A. area. Space was where it's at, he was telling his listeners in a voice that sounded like he really believed. Or at least he would as soon as they agreed. As his audience turned away, he sat back, job accomplished. He coughed as he lit up a cigarette. I didn't think he was going to make it into space.

I saw two women who worked in the same company as me. They'd come down for the sheer thrill of it all. They were the liveliest people around, but a bit reserved. They didn't know anybody, but on the other hand, they didn't see anybody they especially wanted to know. There were always the Speakers, of course.

There was an introductory cocktail party in the main meeting room. A sea of people stewed around in the featureless halls. I circulated, looking for interesting faces. Pournelle introduced me to some people connected with the Connestaga effort. They had been having problems with some valving, but were optimistic. Turned out they were right. I talked to Ray Thackett about single-stage boosters to low earth orbit. Seems you can do it if you make it big enough, but with billions riding on each launch, nobody would take the risk.

The introductions began, with Pournelle making much of the Speakers. I remembered I hadn't eaten for about 12 hours, so I left for a long slow dinner in a sushi bar. The fish were barely dead and I was coming back to life.

In the morning, I did a few dozen laps in the big hotel pool. The sun dried me quickly as I lay on the large circular drying fixture made of springy woven plastic. There were no space people there; I guessed they were busy plotting the future.

There were two sessions running in parallel. The technical session was accessible, but the general session seemed to be mostly politics. It was held down at the end of a long corridor with small rooms branching off it. It wasn't for the claustrophobic; maybe political people liked it that way.

A lot of the sessions were canned talks about the Shuttle, how you make spacesuits, plans for orbital stations. Most of the speakers were from the design departments of aerospace companies. The best session was the last on Saturday: Exotic Space Transportation. Arthur Kantrowitz described using a ground-based laser to drive ships around the solar system. Somehow it didn't seem right to me: It's intuitively better to have the propulsion system in the ship. But that would rule out the old sailing ships. And light sails, too. In fact, a light sail is just a photon-driven ship with a lower density photon flux, a correspondingly larger area and a lower acceleration. Eric Drexler talked about a variant on the old Skyhook idea, one of which was used in Clarke's *Fountains of Paradise*. You anchor an elevator at geosynchronous orbit and on the Earth and run things up and down.

I love the way people present conceptual ideas in a totally positive fashion, ending on a note of amazement that the establishment hasn't issued a contract to build the proposed scheme. I asked Drexler what the failure modes of his scheme were and how such potential energy was associated with the principal mode. He didn't seem to want to answer the question, so I suggested that if it broke and fell, it might cause some damage. He claimed it would burn up in the atmosphere. I wasn't satisfied. Certainly the first 20 miles or so aren't going to burn, they're going to fall straight to the ground. Considering there's thousands of miles of elevator support and cable, and that the Coriolis force would deflect the falling object so that the footprint would stretch across the landscape, there might be some colossal damage. Maybe this failure mode can be stabilized. Maybe good engineering can mitigate the consequences. Maybe Drexler or others have taken care of all this. Maybe pigs can fly.

Finally Bob Forward covered some really sporty concepts for interstellar travel, which I won't try to describe without the sequence of drawings he used. Bob's ideas are as striking as his clothes. White ties are bound to come into fashion someday.

In the political sessions, there was a lot of talk about the "slow death" the space program was going through. You'd never know that several billion was being spent every year on the shuttle. Most people pay attention to planetary probes; building on the basic infrastructure for getting us



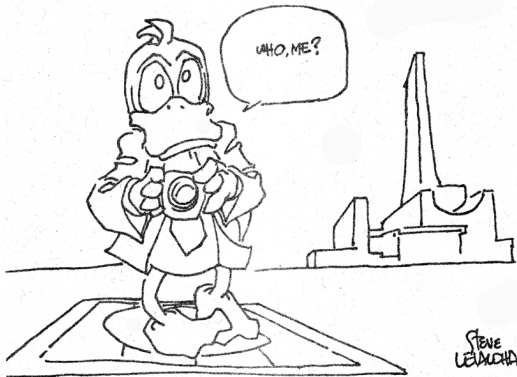
in and out of that environment isn't as exciting for scientists who want to put instrumentation as far out as they can. We needed Lewis and Clark, sure, but eventually we needed the railroad, too.

The meeting went on like that for two days. I learned some things, met a few people, fished a couple of interesting ideas out of the pile. And I finished off the Zinfandel. And I never saw anybody else at the swimming pool while I was doing laps. By the end of the weekend, I was getting back in shape.

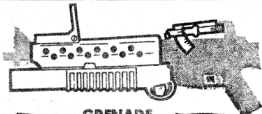
On the flight back, we passed over Vandenburg, where the Air Force is building the second shuttle launch facility, a Spaceport, actually. The big buildings of the Launch Complex are going up pretty fast.

Paul Turner, an old-time L.A. fan, was down there working as an engineer on the Instrumentation system of the Orbiter. He hopes to be able to qualify to go up in the Orbiter if he can learn enough to be useful up there. He didn't have time to go to the meeting I'd been to. I had the feeling he'd made the right choice.

By the time we landed in the Bay Area, the rain had cleared and the sun was coming out.



OPERATOR'S MANUAL



40mm GRENADE LAUNCHER M203

31 JULY 1974

TM9-1010-221-10

WARNING:

DO NOT FIRE THIS LAUNCHER UNTIL YOU HAVE READ THIS MANUAL.
USE AMMO MANUFACTURED TO U.S. SPECIFICATIONS ONLY.



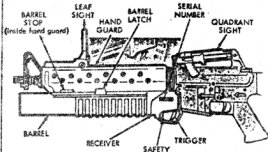
I SAID!

KEEP THAT SAFETY ON UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO FIRE AND KEEP THAT WEAPON POINTED DOWN-RANGE ALWAYS.

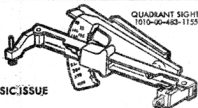
OBSERVE ALL THE WARNINGS IN THIS MANUAL. THEY CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE AND YOUR BUDDIES.

ONLY YOU CAN GUARANTEE THE WEAPON WILL SHOOT. TAKE CARE OF IT.

WHERE IT'S ALL AT....



LAUNCHER WEIGHT - 3 lbs., + M16A1 Rifle = 9.5 lbs.



BASIC ISSUE

QUADRANT SIGHT
1010-00-483-1155



(BORE) BRUSH
1010-00-474-5466

TROOP AUTHORIZED

THONG
1010-00-474-5465



Look it over good

CHECK IT FOR CRACKS, BURS, WEAR, DENTS, RUST, DIRT AND CORROSION. ALSO, FOR LOOSE OR PROTRUDING BREECH INSERT AND FOR MISSING OR BROKEN PARTS. Notify NCO for repairs.

WARNING: Be sure weapon is NOT loaded.

INSPECT BORE FOR DIRT, WATER, OIL AND FOREIGN MATTER.



CHECK FOR LOOSE BREECH INSERT.



CHECK "SAFE" AND "FIRE" POSITIONS.



CHECK BARREL STOP AND LATCH.

FIELD STRIP

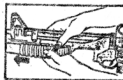
To pass inspection, your grenade launcher must be spotless.



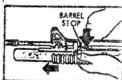
1. THE QUADRANT SIGHT (IF USED) IS REMOVED BY LOOSENING THE KNUBBLED SCREW ON THE RIGHT SIDE.



2. PULL BACK SLIP RING. LIFT UP ON HANDGUARD AND PULL TO REAR TO REMOVE.



3. PRESS BARREL LATCH AND MOVE BARREL FORWARD TO STOP.



4. PRESS BARREL STOP TO RELEASE BARREL FROM RECEIVER AND REMOVE.

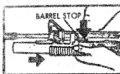
NO UNAUTHORIZED DISASSEMBLY ALLOWED!!!

Your orderer is the man to see for further disassembly. Save yourself a headache and "statement of charges".

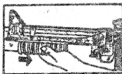
MOORE

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

INSPECT WEAPON FOR WEAR, DAMAGE AND MISSING PARTS. CLEAN AND OIL BEFORE ASSEMBLY.



1. PRESS BARREL STOP, SLIDE BARREL ONTO RECEIVER.



2. MOVE BARREL REARWARD TO CLOSE.

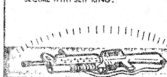
MORE →



3. INSTALL HANDGUARD AND SECURE WITH SLIP RING.



4. INSTALL QUADRANT SIGHT.



PROBLEMS? Ask your N.C.O.



FUNCTIONAL CHECK

Now that you have it back together, check to make sure everything functions properly.

- ✓ CHECK PROPER OPERATION OF SEARS. COCK LAUNCHER AND PULL THE TRIGGER. FIRING PIN SHOULD RELEASE. HOLD TRIGGER TO REAR, COCK LAUNCHER. RELEASE TRIGGER, THEN PULL. FIRING PIN SHOULD RELEASE.

WARNING: THE LAUNCHER COULD FIRE WITHOUT PULLING THE TRIGGER IF THE SEARS DO NOT FUNCTION PROPERLY.

- ✓ CHECK SAFETY IN BOTH "SAFE" AND "FIRE" POSITIONS WITH TRIGGER. LAUNCHER MUST BE COCKED BEFORE SAFETY CAN BE PLACED IN "SAFE" POSITION.

- ✓ CHECK LEAF SIGHT-WINDAGE ADJUSTMENT SCREW FOR PROPER OPERATION. DO NOT MOVE ELEVATION ADJUSTMENT SCREW, IF THE WEAPON HAS BEEN ZEROED.

- ✓ MOVE BARREL FORWARD AND BACK TO BE SURE STOP AND BARREL LATCH FUNCTION.

TROUBLESHOOTING

PROBLEM	CHECK FOR	HOW TO FIX IT
FAILURE TO FIRE	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Too much oil or water in back of breach insert. Dirt and/or residue in firing pin hole. Dirt in locator slot. Faulty ammunition. Casing stuck in barrel. 	<p>Poist weapon up 10-15 seconds and hand-function. Clean</p> <p>Clean</p> <p>Replace</p> <p>Remove with rifle cleaning rod.</p> <p>Replace ammo or clean bore and chamber.</p> <p>See your N.C.O. or ARMORER.</p>
FAILURE TO EXTRACT	Faulty ammo or dirty chamber.	Replace ammo or clean bore and chamber.
FAILURE TO CHAMBER	Faulty ammo or dirty chamber.	Replace ammo or clean bore and chamber.
FAILURE TO LOCK	Dirty follower or receiver cavity.	See your N.C.O. or ARMORER.

A little preventive maintenance helps.

LOVE IT

Caring for your launcher is simply good insurance. A little preventive maintenance on your part will prevent malfunctions.

1. CLEAN ALL THE DUST AND CRUD FROM THE WEAPON.



KEEP LOCATOR SLOT CLEAN AND LUBED

2. LUBE BARREL TRACKS AND ALL METAL SURFACES WITH A LIGHT COAT OF OIL.



3. WITH BARREL ON, APPLY A FEW DROPS OF OIL THRU FIRING PIN HOLE. KEEP

& LUBE IT

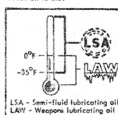
WEAPON POINTED UP 10-15 SECONDS. CYCLE WEAPON AND PULL TRIGGER TO SPREAD THE OIL.



4. TURN LAUNCHER UPSIDE DOWN AND LUBE THE SAFETY DETENT. IT'S IN THE RECEIVER IN FRONT OF THE SAFETY.

DON'T FORGET, KEEP THE WEAPON CLEAN AND LUBED, EVEN WHEN IT WILL BE UNUSED FOR A PERIOD OF TIME.

The temperature will determine which oil to use.



LSA - Semi-fluid lubricating oil
LAW - Weapons lubricating oil

UNUSUAL CONDITIONS



Under unusual conditions, it will need cleaning and lubricating more often.

RAINY, HUMID AND SALT AIR.

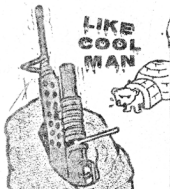
INSPECT DAILY
These conditions contaminate the tube and cause corrosion. DRY, CLEAN AND LUBRICATE.

HOT CLIMATES
Oil frequently becomes heat dissipates the oil rapidly.

DUSTY OR SANDY CONDITIONS

Keep it clean and dry.

LIKE COOL MAN



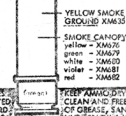
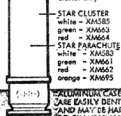
BELOW FREEZING TEMPERATURES

Keep weapon wrapped in a parka or blanket, when it's brought in from a cold to a warm area, and allow to reach room temperature gradually. If condensation forms, dry and lube at room temp. before taking it out again into cold weather, otherwise ice will form in the mechanisms. KEEP ICE & SNOW FROM OPERATING PARTS.

40-mm AMMO PYROTECHNIC SIGNAL & SPOTTING ROUND

mixed letter denotes color
5 dots on star cluster only

NOTE: None of these rounds contain a mechanical type fuse.

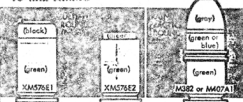


40 mm AMMO HIGH EXPLOSIVE (HE) SERVICE



WARNING: The danger radius of the HE grenades is 130 meters. The M381, M386, M388, M333, M397 and M351 rounds arm within 10 to 30 meters (33 to 99 ft.).

40-mm AMMO



NOTE: The two multi-purpose rounds contain no mechanical type fuse.

WARNING: When firing XM576E1 or XM576E2 Cartridges, be sure to aim head high on the target. The danger radius of practice grenades is 20 meters. DO NOT destroy ammo by mechanical means. The practice round XM07A1 or M382 Fuse arms between 14 to 27 meters (45 to 90 ft.) same as the M736.

RANGE

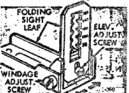
Successful target engagement depends upon your ability to determine range.



WARNING WHEN YOU FIRE HIGH EXPLOSIVE (HE) GRENADES AT TARGETS WITHIN 60 METERS (263 FT.), BE IN A PROTECTIVE POSITION. TARGETS IN A TRAINING SITUATION SHOULD NOT BE ENGAGED WITHIN 80 METERS. TARGETS IN A COMBAT SITUATION NO CLOSER THAN 31 METERS.

RIGHT ON

The point is to hit what you are aiming at. So, let's get familiar with this LEAF and QUADRANT sights.



WARNING: The 50 meter mark on the leaf sight blade is marked in red to emphasize that this range is not to be used in zeroing procedures.

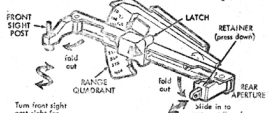
The LEAF SIGHT is used in conjunction with front sight post of the M16A1 rifle and provides range selection from 50 to 250 meters in 50 meter increments.

Turning windage screw of objective moves sight leaf to left for left wind. Counterclockwise adjusts for right hand wind. One increment equals 1.5 meters at 200 meters range.

The elevation adjustment screw compensates for distance correction. Raising leaf sight increases range and lowering leaf sight decreases range. One increment equals 10 meters at 200 meters range. The rim of a used 40mm cartridge can be used to turn the screw.

The QUADRANT SIGHT attaches to rifle handle/sight and loc range from 50 to 400 meters in 25 meter increments. Elevation adjustment 1 notch = 5 meters at 200 meters.

The rear aperture slides in or out for windage correction by depressing retainer. Vertical line denotes center. One notch equals 1.5 meters at 200 meter range.



Turn front sight post right for less elevation and left for more elevation.

Slide in to move strike of projectile right; Slide out to move strike left.

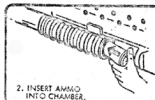
LOADING

WARNING: KEEP MUZZLE DOWN-RANGE AND CLEAR OF ALL TROOPS.

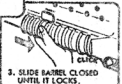
CAUTION: PRIOR TO LOADING, WIPE BORE AND CHAMBER CLEAN AND DRY WITH A CLEAN CLOTH.



WARNING: MAKE SURE YOU HAVE THE RIGHT AMMO. NEVER LOAD AIRCRAFT AMMO M384 (HE) OR M385 (PRACTICE) ... YOU MAY BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF.



IS AMMO DRY, CLEAN AND UNDATED?



FIRING

WARNING: MAKE CERTAIN THERE ARE NO OBSTACLES (SLING, BRANCHES, ETC.) IN LINE OF FIRE.



1. DETERMINE TARGET DISTANCE AND SELECT RANGE.
2. MOVE SAFETY TO "FIRE" POSITION.
3. AIM AND SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER TO FIRE.

Practice breath control as when firing the rifle.

WHEN FIRING LONG RANGE FROM PRONE POSITION, PLACE STOCK OF WEAPON ON THE GROUND. FOR ALL OTHER POSITIONS HOLD STOCK FIRMLY AGAINST YOUR SHOULDER.

HANGFIRE

HANGFIRE IS A DELAY IN THE PROPELLANT CHARGE IGNITING.

WARNING: KEEP MUZZLE ON TARGET AND CLEAR ALL PERSONNEL FROM THE AREA (AT LEAST 80 METERS) WAIT 30 SECONDS BEFORE REMOVING ROUND.

UNLOAD THE ROUND AND CATCH IT, OR UNLOAD CLOSE TO GROUND FOR A SHORT FALL. STORE THE ROUND AT A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY FROM SERVICEABLE AMMO, UNTIL IT IS DETERMINED WHETHER THE ROUND OR THE WEAPON IS DEFECTIVE.

MISFIRE

MISFIRE IS A FAILURE TO FIRE AND WILL BE HANDLED SAME AS A HANGFIRE.

WARNING: KEEP MUZZLE TRAINED ON TARGET.

IF THE PRIMER IS NOT DENTED, THE FIRING MECHANISM IS FAULTY.

A DENTED PRIMER IS A HANGFIRE. HANDLE ACCORDINGLY.

IF THE MECHANISM IS REPAIRED, THE ROUND MAY BE RELOADED AND FIRED.

SEE YOUR NCO OR ARMORER.

ZERGING



WARNING: DO NOT ZERO IN UNDER 100 METERS.

Select a target at 200 meters and fire a round. If the round does not fall within 5 meters of target, **ZERGING PROCEDURES ARE CALLED FOR AND SIGHT ADJUSTMENTS MUST BE MADE FOR MORE OR LESS ELEVATION.** Windage adjustments must be made for each firing. After each round fired make necessary adjustments until 3 consecutive rounds land within 5 meters of aiming point.

FIRING TECHNIQUE

USING MULTI-PURPOSE ROUNDS
SM576E1 or XM576E2

USE RIFLE SIGHTS, PLACE LEAF SIGHT DOWN

ESTIMATED DISTANCE TO TARGET

AIM HEAD HIGH ON THE TARGET



If a first round hit is not made, determine where rounds landed in relation to target (basing) and adjust to bring next round on target.

UNLOADING

PRESS THE LATCH AND MOVE BARREL FORWARD.



THE CASING AUTOMATICALLY EXTRACTS AND EJECTS.

GOT A HANG UP? STUCK CASINGS NEED A LITTLE HELP.



REMOVE BY TAPPING WITH RIFLE CLEANING ROD.

AFTER FIRING

After firing, be ready to fire again

CLEANING ROD SECTION



1. PRESS BARREL STOP AND SLIDE BARREL OFF.

2. WIPE INSIDE OF BARREL WITH CLOTH SOAKED IN RIFLE BORE CLEANING COMPOUND (RSC)

3. CLEAN BORE AND CHAMBER WITH BORE BRUSH.



4. APPLY LIGHT FILM OF LSA TO BORE AND OUTSIDE OF BARREL.

5. CLEAN AND LUBE THE REST OF THE WEAPON.

ANY QUESTIONS?
ANY SUGGESTIONS?

If we can help you, or if you can help us, drop us a line. We would like your comments.

P.S.
Use
DA FORM 2028

if you have it.

Write:

COMMANDER
U.S. ARMY ARMAMENT COMMAND
ATTN: AMSAR-MAS
ROCK ISLAND, IL 61201

TM 9-1010-221-10



TWENTIETH CENTURY

by DAVID VERESCHAGIN

Robert rams right into Sue as if he hadn't seen her coming.

"Fuck," he says as he dies.

"Don't swear, Robert," I say.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," he replies.

"Robert, there are children here."

"Two dots left."

It is embarrassing to die on the first screen. Robert is embarrassed.

READY!

Blinky heads down after leaving the cage. That means I head up. I begin to work one of my three starting patterns.

"Watch the yellow one," Robert says.

I eat the cherries as they come out of the exit.

"Orange. She's orange."

Inky, Pinky and Blinky are right behind me. I go up and over and eat a vitamin.

200.

400.

800.

Eyes are flying all around the maze.

Blue Sue is heading for the exit. I go to the other side and get her as she comes out.

1600.

This is all fairly routine, except that I've been slipping lately and losing players on the beginning screens. Losing a player early is depressing, but I can't figure out what I've been doing wrong. I'm playing exactly as I've always played.

Perseverance. Perseverance.

Ding-ding-ding-ding.

My extra player appears on the screen.

"Watch out for the yellow one."

"I see it."

I eat the last dot.

2UP. 14,600.

"Perfect score," I note.

"Yeah, yeah."

"Oh, excuse me."

The only difference between the first screen and the second is the speed.
Concentration.

Don't slip up.

Wiggle by the left exit.

Wiggle by the right exit.

"Come on, come on. In a bunch."



Up and over and eat and eat and eat.

200.

400.

800.

1600.

Strawberries. 200 points. I ask myself whether it's really worth the bother, chasing fruit around the screen for only 200 points.

"Look at that bear over there," Robert says.

"Don't distract me."

Gulp.

200.

I finish the second screen.

2UP. 25,600.

Not a perfect score.

Act One. They Meet.

The monsters clunk their heads together.

READY!

Right, down, right, up, right, up, left, up, right, up, left, up, left, down, right, down, right, up, right up and out.

"Warriors needed to defeat alien robots," Zektor says.

Oranges. 500.

Pretzels. 700.

Apples. 1000.

"Augh! Where am I going?" Relying too much on reflex, I have taken a wrong turn, into disaster.

"Don't go in there!" Robert advises.

Too late.

"Don't bug me." I work the handle furiously to get away from Blinky and Pinky.

"Ha-ha!" I am free.

The apple is getting away, but if I hurry....

"It's a trap!" Robert warns, and I die.

ZUP. 40,610.

Robert eats his last two dots.

"This isn't going to be any fun," he says. "Let's unplug it and start over."

"No!" I say.

Blinky has gone down instead of up and Robert is dead again.

He rolls over and expires.

"Fuck."

"Robert!"

Normally, Robert is a better player than I am. But tonight, it seems, is abnormal.

READY!

I have a few dots and one vitamin left. The apple will not be returning. I go for a walk while waiting for Inky, Pinky, Blinky and Sue to come out of their cage.

Up, down, around, in, out and about.

I lead them to the top and come down the other side and do a little fillip to get them together and I eat them all up.

"Is he still there?" I ask Robert.

"Who?"

"Who? Who? Your bear."

"Oh. Oh, yeah."

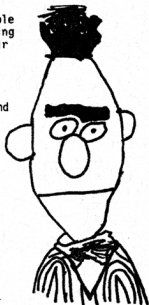
READY!

Concentration.

Pear. 2000.

I mustn't let it distract me.

Jungle King yells from over in the corner.



Eat.

I get both pears, partly by accident, partly by design.

Banannas.

5000.

"You're going to do High Score," Robert says.

"I can always do High Score," I reply, a bit smugly. (It's not really true.)

I eat a banana.

"Ooh, yeah. What a stud. We should be lovers. Will you marry me?"

"No, Robert."

Random fruit one. I will die again, very soon now. I know.

"You haven't got to 10,000 yet," I say, looking at IUP.

"Shut up and play."

Cherries. How useless. I am not going to go after 100 points.

Random fruit two.

Won't be long now, I think.

Any minute.

I have dots left in the middle at the top. I know I won't be able to get them.

I try. I fail. I die.

"My turn," says Robert.

"So where's the bear?" I ask.

"Over there, by Dig Dug."

I turn around to look. "Oh." Robert has very ordinary tastes in men.

"You'd like to play with his handle?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Is your waiter here?" I ask.

"I haven't seen him for a few weeks."

"Maybe he got a new job."

"Maybe."

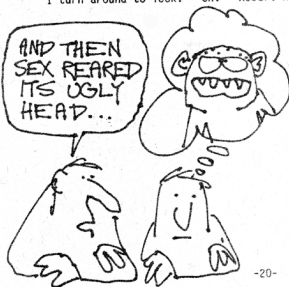
Again, Robert bumps into Sue.

"Robert! You have to watch out for her."

"But she's so stupid."

"That's why you have to watch."

Me.



"You're going to go to Act Three," says Robert, a bit excited.

"No, I'm not," I say. "I've never done it."

READY!

I take a look at the screen. I have three dots left in the bottom left corner. No problem. I am on random fruit two.

I'm going to go to Act Three.

"I'm going to have a baby!" I exclaim.

"Alarm! Alarm!" says Sea Command.

"Well, I don't think so, David," says Robert.

Junior.

I have never done this before.

My heart is beating very fast. I can feel my ears beginning to burn. My hand is shaking on the handle.

People have heard the music for the third act. A small crowd has gathered around me and Robert. Robert is being very cool. He can afford to be. He's not playing anymore.

READY!

Eat dots.

I know the monsters' personalities. I know how they react. That will have to get me through. If I can at least get through this screen, it will be enough. I can die happy.

But I don't die. I don't understand it, but I don't die.

"He's good," says one of the spectators.

"You bet," says Robert.

My eyes are constantly moving around the screen. I can make very few assumptions here. I don't know (like I do on the other screens) where the monsters will be, given a certain set of circumstances.

I feel very lost.

The first Junior screen is over. I lean back and stick out my tongue.

"Bleh," I say, "this is hard work."

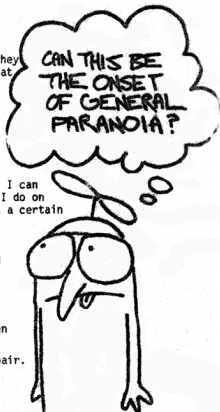
READY!

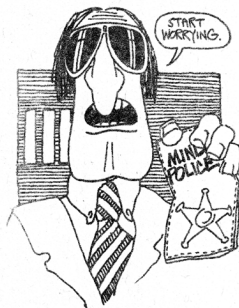
Oh, no! I eat no more than a dozen dots and I run straight into Pinky. Disaster. Game over.

My audience gives a long, collective moan of despair.

But then I'm up again. I'm confused. Then I remember.

READY!





"You didn't get 10,000!" I say to Robert as I start eating.

"You said that already."

"You didn't get your extra."

"No. Shut up and play."

Now I'm thinking clearly again. Robert has died for good. This is my last player.

There seems to be a lot of talking around me, about me. About me. But I don't hear exactly what people are saying. The world is blurry around the edges. I look up at Robert and he is talking to the Bear and gesturing at me and the screen.

I really don't know how long I can hold out. I am eating vitamins and I am eating monsters and I am eating dots and I am clearing screens and I am on the third screen, or the fourth. I really don't know.

I feel drained and exhilarated at the same time. It's an adrenalin high. I've figured it all out before. I'm getting so nervous I can't keep this up. What is happening?

"What's my score? What's my score?" I say to Robert, unable to take a look myself.

"Don't yell," says Robert.

Was I yelling? I didn't think I was yelling. I didn't sound like I was yelling. I guess I was yelling.

"What's my score?"

"99,400," says Robert.

"WHAT?" I yell.

"Don't yell," says Robert.

99,400. It can't be. It's impossible. Well, no, not impossible. I've seen scores like that. High Scores. Very High Scores.

My hand is sweaty.

Inky and Pinky are in front of me. Blinky is coming up from behind.

I have about six or seven dots left in the other corner of the screen. I take the nearest opening up and narrowly miss an advancing Sue, who blithely ignores me, going on about her own way.

I head out an exit and back into the other side. This doesn't look like it's going to work. I'm heading for my dots, but Blinky is coming fast from the other direction.

"I'm dead," I proclaim, as I rush toward my dots and eat them and kiss Blinky.

The game pauses for a second.

"You're not dead," says Robert.

"I'm not?" I say, astonished.

The screen blinks.

"I'm not."

I am back on The Chase.

"I wrapped the machine." I don't believe it.

Now something strange happens. The crowd around me, the audience, my audience, actually applauds. They're clapping, for me. I have never seen this happen before. I doubt that it is happening now.

"Warriors needed to defeat alien robots," Zektor says.

READY!

Right, down, right, up, right, up, left, up, right, up, left, up, left, down, right, down, right, up, right, up and out.

I laugh. I laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh.

Oranges. 500.

Pretzels. 700.

I feel tired now. In fact, I'm exhausted. What time is it? How long have I been playing? What's my score?

I look.

111,260.

I think: And then I awoke. It was all a dream.

"I'm tired," I say.

Inky and Blinky are right behind me. The apple is in front of me and I eat it and go through the bottom left exit to get away from my pursuers and I run right into Sue and I die.

"You're not supposed to be there!" I tell Sue. But she's gone.

1UP
9,850

HIGH SCORE
112,560

2UP
112,560

Being a page of words:
THE DO-IT-YOURSELF ARTICLE

e-lec-tro-lyt-ic-a-ly-sis (i-lék-tró-lyt-ik-á-sis) *n.* **pl.** -ses (-séz). Dissolution at a rate speeded by the application of an electric potential across the electrolytic cell. Used especially to remove electrolytes from a colloidal suspension.

e-lec-tro-dy-nam-ics (i-lék-tró-dí-nám-ik-s) *n.* Plural in form, used with a singular verb. The physics of the relationship between electric, magnetic, and mechanical phenomena. —**e-lec-tro-dy-nám-ik** *adj.*

e-lec-tro-dy-nám-ic-ef-fect (i-lék-tró-dí-nám-ik-é-fék) *n.* An instrument that uses the interaction of the magnetic fields of fluid and moving sets of coils to measure current, voltage, or power.

e-lec-tro-cath-o-de (i-lék-tró-kát-ó-dé) *n.* **pl.** -odes (-ódéz). **1.** Also: **EBG** *n.* A graphic record of the electrical activity of the heart as recorded by the electrocardiograph. Also called "morphologram."

e-lec-tro-ceph-a-log-raph (i-lék-tró-ds-éf-á-lóg-ráf) *n.* **pl.** -s (-séz). An instrument that records the electrical activity of the brain. —**e-lec-tro-ceph-a-log-raf-ic** *adj.* —**e-lec-tro-ceph-a-log-raf-ic** *adj.* (i-lék-tró-ds-éf-á-lóg-ráf-ik) *adj.* **1.** Directed, **deriving, forming.**

e-lec-tro-form (i-lék-tró-fórm) *n.* **pl.** -s (-séz). **1.** Directed, **deriving, forming.** To produce or reproduce by electrodeposition in a mold. [**ELECTRO** + **FORM**.]

e-lec-tro-graph (i-lék-tró-gráf) *n.* **pl.** -s (-séz). **1.** Any electrically produced graph or tracing. **2.** Equipment used to produce such graphs or tracings in facsimile transmission. [**ELECTRO** + **GRAPH**.]

e-lec-tro-kin-etic (i-lék-tró-kín-ét-ik) *n.* Plural in form, used with a singular verb. The electrodynamic of heating effects and of current distribution in electric networks.

e-lec-tro-lyt-ic-mis-cer-ence (i-lék-tró-lyt-ik-mís-ér-én-s) *n.* **1.** The direct conversion of electric energy to light by a solid phosphor subjected to an alternating electric field. **2.** The emission of light caused by electric discharge in a gas. —**e-lec-tro-lyt-ic-mís-ér-én-s** *adj.*

e-lec-tro-lysis (i-lék-tró-ly-sis) *n.* **1.** Chemical change, especially decomposition, produced in an electrolyte by an electric current. **2.** Destruction of living tissue, as of hair tissue, by an electric current. [**NEW LATIN** **ELECTRO** + **LYSIS**.]

e-lec-tro-lyte (i-lék-tró-lyt) *n.* A substance that dissociates into ions in solution or when fused, thereby becoming electrically conducting. [**ELECTRO** + **LYTE**.]

e-lec-tro-lyt-ic (i-lék-tró-lyt-ik) *adj.* **1.** Of or pertaining to electrolysis. **2.** Produced by electrolysis. **3.** Of or pertaining to an electrolyte.

electrolytic cell. *n.* A cell containing an electrolyte through which an externally generated electric current is passed by a system of electrodes in order to produce an electrochemical reaction. **2.** A cell containing an electrolyte in which an electrochemical reaction produces an electromotive force.

e-lec-tro-lyse (i-lék-tró-lyt) *v.* **trans.** **1.** To decompose by electrolysis. [**ELECTRO** + **LYSE** + **transitive**.]

e-lec-tro-magnet (i-lék-tró-mág-nét) *n.* A magnet consisting essentially of a soft-iron core wound with a current-carrying coil of insulated wire, the current in which produces the magnetization of the core.

e-lec-tro-mag-net-ic (i-lék-tró-mág-nét-ik) *adj.* Of or exhibiting electromagnetism.

electromagnetic field. The field of force associated with electric charge in motion, having both electric and magnetic components and containing a definite amount of electromagnetic energy.

electromagnetic spectrum. The entire range of radiation extending in frequency from radioactivity from 100 cycles per second to 10 cycles per second (or, in corresponding wavelengths, from 10⁻¹ centimeter to infinity) and including, in order of decreasing frequency, cosmic-ray photons, gamma rays, x-rays, ultraviolet radiation, visible light, infrared radiation, microwaves, radio waves, heat, and electric currents.

electromagnetic unit. *Abbrev.* **any.** Any of a system of units for electricity and magnetism based on a system of equations in which the permeability of free space is taken as unity and by means of which the ampere [see] is defined as the fundamental unit of current.

electromagnetic wave. A wave propagating as a periodic disturbance of the electromagnetic field and having a frequency in the electromagnetic spectrum.

e-lec-tro-mag-net-ism (i-lék-tró-mág-nét-izm) *n.* **1.** Magnetism arising from electric charge in motion. **2.** The physics of electricity and magnetism.

e-lec-tro-met-al-lysis (i-lék-tró-mét-á-líz-ís) *n.* The use of electricity to purify metals or to reduce metallic compounds to metals. —**e-lec-tro-met-al-lyt-ic** *adj.* (**eléctro-met-al-lyt-ik**) *adj.*

e-lec-tro-met-er (i-lék-tró-mét-ér) *n.* An instrument for detecting or measuring potential differences, electric charge, or, indirectly, electric current by means of mechanical forces exerted between electrically charged bodies. [**ELECTRO** + **METER**.]

e-lec-tro-mot-ive (i-lék-tró-mót-ív) *adj.* Of, pertaining to, or producing electric current.

e-lec-tro-neg-a-tive (i-lék-tró-nég-á-tív) *adj.* **1.** Having a negative electric charge. **2.** Tending to attract electrons to form a chemical bond, especially in a covalent bond.

electron gun. An electron-emitting electrode and associated elements, especially in a cathode-ray tube, that produce a beam of accelerated electrons.

e-lec-tron-ic (i-lék-tró-ník, í-lék-) *adj.* **1.** Of or pertaining to electrons. **2.** Of, pertaining to, based on, operated by, or otherwise involving the controlled conduction of electrons or other charge carriers, especially in a vacuum, gas, or semiconducting material. **3.** Pertaining to electronics. —**e-lec-tron-ic-ly** *adv.*

electronic music. Music produced entirely or in part by manipulating natural or artificial sounds with tape recorders or other electronic devices.

e-lec-tron-ics (i-lék-tró-ník-s, í-lék-) *n.* Plural in form, used with a singular verb. **1.** The science and technology of electronic phenomena. **2.** The commercial industry of electronic devices and systems.

electron lens. Any of various devices that use an electric or a magnetic field to focus a beam of electrons.

electron microscope. A microscope made by an electron microscope. Any of a class of microscopes that use electrons rather than visible light to produce magnified images, especially of objects having dimensions smaller than the wavelengths of visible light, with linear magnification up to or exceeding a million (10⁶).

electron multiplier. A vacuum tube in which a single electron produces a large number of secondary electrons by collision with an anode, the process generally being repeated through a number of stages to achieve great amplification.

electron optics. The science or the control of electron motion by electron lenses, in systems or under conditions analogous to those involving or affecting visible light.

electron pair. *n.* Two electrons functioning or regarded as functioning in concert; especially, two electrons shared by two atoms joined by a covalent chemical bond. **2.** The combination of an electron and a positron as produced by a high-energy photon. Also called "pair."

electron tube. A sealed enclosure, either highly evacuated or containing a controlled quantity of gas, in which electrons can be made sufficiently mobile to act as the principal carriers of current between at least one pair of electrodes, often under the control of one or more additional electrodes.

electron volt. *Abbrev.* **e.v.** A unit of energy equal to the energy acquired by an electron falling through a potential difference of one volt, approximately 1.602 x 10⁻¹⁹ joules. See **measurement**.

e-lec-tro-pho-r-ic (i-lék-tró-fó-r-ik) *n.* The motion of charged particles, especially colloidal particles, through a relatively stationary liquid under the influence of an applied electric field provided, in general, by immersed electrodes. Also called "cataphoresis." [**NEW LATIN** **ELECTRO** + **PHOROSIS**.]

e-lec-troph-o-rum (i-lék-tró-fó-r-um, í-lék-) *n.* **pl.** -a (-á), -a (-á). An apparatus for generating static electricity, consisting of a disk that is given a negative charge by friction and a metal plate that is charged by induction when in contact with the disk. [**NEW LATIN** **ELECTRO** + **PHOROSIS**.]

e-lec-tro-plate (i-lék-tró-plét) *v.* **trans.** **1.** To coat, plate, or cover with a thin layer of metal by electrodeposition.

e-lec-tro-pos-itive (i-lék-tró-pót-ív) *adj.* **1.** Having a positive electric charge. **2.** Tending to release electrons to form a chemical bond.

e-lec-tro-scope (i-lék-tró-skóp) *n.* An instrument used to detect the presence, sign, and in some configurations the magnitude of an electric charge by the mutual attraction or repulsion of metal balls or plates. [**ELECTRO** + **SCOPE**.]

e-lec-tro-shock (i-lék-tró-shók) *n.* A form of shock therapy [see] in which an electric current is passed through the brain.

e-lec-tro-static (i-lék-tró-stát-ik) *n.* **1.** A form of or pertaining to stationary electric charges. **2.** Produced or caused by such charges. **3.** Of or pertaining to electrostatics. —**e-lec-tró-stát-ic-ly** *adv.*

electrostatic generator. Any of various devices, including the electrostatic or Wimshurst machine, and especially the Van de Graaff generator [see], that generate high voltages by accumulating large quantities of electric charge.

electrostatic precipitation. The removal of particles suspended in a gas by electrostatic charging and subsequent precipitation onto a collector in a strong electric field.

e-lec-tró-stát-ics (i-lék-tró-stát-ik-s) *n.* Plural in form, used with a singular verb. The physics of electrostatic phenomena.

electrostatic unit. *Abbrev.* **any.** Any of a system of units for electricity and magnetism based on a system of equations in which the permeability of empty space is defined as unity and by means of which a fundamental unit of charge is defined.

e-lec-tró-thér-a-py (i-lék-tró-thér-á-pí) *n.* Plural in form, used with a singular verb. Electrotherapy.

e-lec-tró-thér-a-py (i-lék-tró-thér-á-pé) *n.* A medical therapy using electric currents.



electrocardiograph

ALMOST DESERT ISLAND DISCS

by TED WHITE

INTRO: When Malcolm Edwards started up his TAPPEN in 1981, he introduced a feature called "Desert Island Discs." During the summer of 1981, while wretchedly sick for several months, I wrote one thing: a contribution to that feature.

Unfortunately, mine was not the first such contribution Malcolm received. When he accepted mine, he mentioned that he'd been overwhelmed with contributions to "Desert Island Discs" and he ended up publishing only three more before giving up on the idea. When he returned the piece to me, he apologized: "Sorry, I think it's fine as such, so I don't see any problem over publishing it elsewhere. But, believe me, the idea was beginning to devour me!"

By sheer coincidence, Allyn was here for a visit the weekend the piece arrived back in the mail, and had only hours earlier told me that she wanted something from me, "on jazz or something," for GENRE PLAT. Who am I to argue with the workings of fate?

You know, people have been doing this kind of thing for many years now: The Ten Records or Ten Books or Ten Something which in theory they'd take with them into exile on a desert island, and on each occasion when I've been asked for a list of the Ten Things I'd take, I'd throw up my hands and mumble something about "Ten? Just *ten*?" To understand this response better, you'd have to visit my house and view for yourself the incredible clutter which my instinct for Saving Things Which Have Given Me Pleasure has led to. There are shelves of books in nearly every room, and my living room is dominated by something over 5,000 record albums. Ten? I could pick out ten almost at random.

But when I thought about this particular question, I stopped dead on the injunction that "the choice should tell you something about the person you didn't know before." And I realized that of course I'm never going to be forced to

THE COLLECTOR OF FISH OF THE SEA



take ten -- only ten -- records to a desert island; this whole exercise isn't actually for that purpose at all.

With a great sense of relief, it came to me that *no one was going to force me to go through with it* (how many records can you think of which, if you were forced to hear only those ten, you could put up with for the rest of your life, after all? Sooner or later, even the best will have lost its thrill...), and I could actually ignore that small voice in the back of my head that kept saying, "Yes, but do you really like it that much better than _____?" and opt for an entirely different set of criteria.

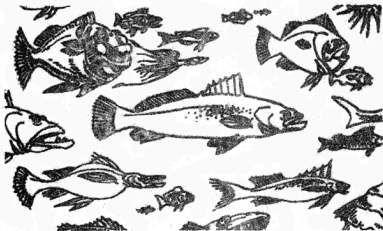
The one I've chosen is historical -- from my personal history. These are ten of the records which have meant A Lot to me in the course of my career of listening to music.

1. SAUTER-FINEGAN: *New Directions In Music*
.....

This one originally came out as a 10" lp in 1952 or 1953 on RCA-Victor, and was reissued with four more tracks as a 12" lp in 1956. Sauter and Finegan were big band arrangers who'd met in 1939 and who, between them, scored for most of the big bands of the thirties and forties, from Glenn Miller to Woody Herman. In 1952, they formed their own band which essentially revolutionized big band recording concepts and set standards yet to be met or exceeded.

It was the dawn of "high fidelity," and they took advantage of it, scoring for piccolos to bassoons, exploring sonic extremes well beyond anything previously attempted (not until synthesizers came along would their range be bested), and doing so with the cream of New York's session musicians. I had a chance to see the band live once in the mid-fifties and one of the things I noticed was that each musician was individually miked, and Sauter (or Finegan) mixed them directly from his own control board in front, as he led the band.

The music was a mixture of avant-big-band (they'd arranged for Boyd Raeburn's avant-bop band only a few years earlier), light classical (Prokofiev), and standards like "April in Paris" (long a Count Basie show-stopper), and they put out nearly a dozen albums in the fifties before disbanding and going on to other things (Sauter being best-known for his arrangements for



Stan Getz with strings in the sixties). None of their albums covered the same ground twice, making each a unique experience (and some disappointing to me at the time, when I wanted More of the Same). They played with the medium, putting out an "Extended Play Suite" on ep 45s; they also released a single (never included on any of their albums) called "Science Fiction," which wasn't embarrassing at all, although a bit angular and odd.

But *New Directions* (with or without the added four tracks) remains my favorite. I used to play my original copy at the top volume my tiny Webcor portable could attain, over and over again. "April in Paris" is still, all these years later, a transcendental experience, especially when the wordless female vocal rises over the orchestral crescendo -- sublime! This was music beyond category, music so perfectly textured, with such sophisticated harmonies, that when I had heard the whole record, I had no choice but to play it again because it was unique and it made me want to hear more and this was it! This was all there was!

2. LES PAUL: *The New Sound*

The first Les Paul and Mary Ford single I ever bought was "Tiger Rag," on 78, and I wish I still had it, even though I no longer have a 78-rpm player. I think I bought it before I discovered Sauter-Finegan, probably when I was eleven or twelve. It was my second record, and I discovered that when I played it on my father's Stromberg-Carlson console at 45 rpm, it sounded good at that speed, too, although Mary Ford sounded like a male baritone.

Les Paul invented the electric guitar. He also invented overdubbing. *Rolling Stone* discovered him ten years ago, but most guitarists have known about him all their lives. In the late forties, he experimented with overdubbing via home-disc-recorders, using his bathroom as an echo chamber. In the early fifties, he had Ampex build him the very first multi-track tape recorder. He supplied whole orchestras with his guitar, speeding it up or slowing it down as was appropriate. Later, he added his wife, Mary, on multi-dubbed vocals, building her into whole choruses. I saw him play a few years ago, and now he can do the whole thing live, standing on a stage with his guitar plugged into the "Les Paulverizer." A fucking genius, and one with an ear for catchy licks, too.



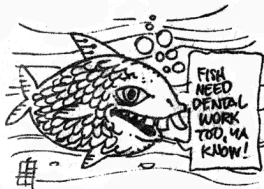
The New Sound was his first album (10"), released on Capital around 1951, just before he added Mary to the act. (There are earlier Les Paul recordings, including a 10" Les Paul Trio album on Decca, as well as the famous duet with Nat King Cole, on Jazz At the Philharmonic, from the early forties, but this was the first to present "the Les Paul sound," some of it recorded before he had access to tape.) *The New Sound* is all instrumental and proves that there's nothing new under the sun: The sounds he coaxed from his guitars are unbelievable. The music is basically hillbilly blues, but up-tempo for the most part, and includes standards like "Brazil," "Caravan," "Lover," and "What Is This Thing Called Love."

Damn, I'm sorry I gave away all my 78-rpm singles! A lot of them were never put on albums.

3. CHARLES MINGUS: *Pithecanthropus Erectus*

Well, now, here's one that is still, I think, in print. It was released by Atlantic around 1956, and was the first Mingus album I ever bought, although I believe I had picked up the Debut sampler (for \$1.98) a little earlier. (Debut was Mingus' own label in the early fifties, and most, but not all, of the material on the sampler was either by Mingus or used him as a musician. That sampler has, for instance, Paul Bley's earliest recording, a jazzy version of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," with Mingus on bass.) I graduated high school in 1956, and I recall working a series of nowhere jobs that fall, playing in my head all the while the melodic strains of "Pithecanthropus Erectus," the album's title track.

Hearing Mingus changed my life. Yes, it did, actually and literally. Three years later, I moved to New York City to become A Jazz Critic, and I hung around Mingus and his groups whenever I could. I never got very close to the man -- I was white, and he was paranoid about things like that -- but we did reach the point, finally, where he'd sometimes call me up for information he'd forgot about his own songs. I have everything he's ever recorded, including the bootlegs of AM radio broad-



casts from Birdland and the Public TV appearances, with the sole exception of the 78's he recorded around 1946 and 1947 for obscure Los Angeles labels as "Baron Mingus & His Octet." But I'll get those, too -- the Smithsonian is collecting them to be issued soon as a two-record set.

In the early sixties, a French label recorded a new version of "Pithecanthropus Erectus" (released here later on Prestige), but it was a pale and soulless shadow of the original.

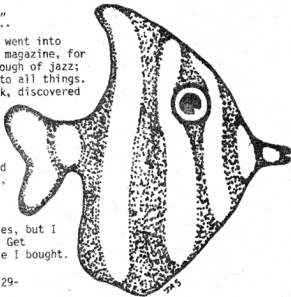
Mingus is, I believe, the most important figure in jazz to follow Duke Ellington. Like Ellington, he *composed*, and like Ellington he drew upon his musicians' individual capabilities in his compositions. No one has followed Mingus, although Carla Bley tries.

In the late forties and early fifties, Mingus wrote "experimental jazz" (among other things; he also wrote symphonies and songs), but he saw where that would lead and, with this album, he changed his tactics. Nothing on this album is "written" in the sense that it existed on paper to be read. Instead, he taught each musician his own lines, and restored to his music the staggering capabilities of jazz for spontaneity and immediate forcefulness of expression, while sacrificing none of the compositional strength in his music. Nowhere can that be better experienced than in the brooding title piece, nearly eleven minutes long.

Working with alto-saxophonist Jackie McLean, tenor-saxophonist J.R. Monterose, pianist Mal Waldron, and drummer Willis Jones, Mingus (who played virtuoso bass) built an elegy to primal man which was also his ode (one of several) to Charlie Parker, who had died only a year earlier. The music builds steadily through a succession of perfect, organically-conceived solos, never for a moment relenting in its power. (When it was rerecorded years later, the musicians -- different musicians -- treated it as a blues theme with solo intervals, and there was nothing left of its original power.) This is jazz at one of its highest moments: It transcends the genre.

4. THE BEACH BOYS: "I Get Around"

In the early sixties, Mingus went into temporary retirement and *Metronome* magazine, for which I wrote, folded. I'd had enough of jazz; Sturgeon's Law applied to jazz as to all things. I started listening again to Bartok, discovered Poulenc and Janacek, and generally relaxed. I caught up on the latest recordings of electronic and tape-recorder music ("musique concrete," et al), discovered that Stockhausen was a sober-sided fraud (which he remains to this day) and, in 1964, I started listening to New York's AM radio stations, whereon I found the Beatles and the Beach Boys. I liked the Beatles, but I liked the Beach Boys far more. "I Get Around" was the first "rock" single I bought.



I wrote an analysis of "I Get Around" for a Boston magazine called *Folkin' Around* (to which Paul Williams and I contributed as columnists, making me just possibly the first "rock critic" to be published; Paul wrote about the blues), in which I pointed out that it did not follow *any* popular-song form then extant. But that wasn't why I liked it so much. I liked it for the rich, expressive vocal harmonies and the sheer delight in life which they, and the song, conveyed. It just *sounded* so good! It was a record I could play and replay, which I did, to the dumbfoundment of my sophisticated friends who were far more used to hearing atonalities issuing from the speakers of my music system.

You'll have noticed by now that I don't have a lot to say about the lyrical content of the music I've mentioned here, much of which lacks lyrics anyway. I rarely listen to the meaning of the words; I absorb that as part of a song or record's gestalt. It's the *sound*, the use of texture to convey melodies and harmonies, to which I listen. And if the sound is complex, I will listen to the piece many times, following different aspects, different instrumental lines, whatever, on each time through. I like to explore the ways in which each part relates to all the others, and as long as I can keep finding new things to hear in a piece, it will remain fresh for me.

Obviously, "I Get Around" is not "deep," nor particularly subtle, but it is complexly structured, especially for such a deceptively simple "car song." And it's joyous. It makes me feel good -- to this day.

Still, I didn't really get into the Beach Boys until their album, *Pet Sounds*, was released. Then, excited by what I was hearing, I went out and bought all their earlier albums (including the now-rare Christmas Album and *Stack o' Tracts*), tracing Brian Wilson's evolution as a song writer. Paul McCartney recently credited *Pet Sounds* as the inspiration for *Sgt. Pepper*, and I was glad to see it made public at last. Brian and Carl led the Beach Boys through a lot of fine music up through *Holland*; it's a shame their legend overwhelmed them after that, but I keep hoping.

5. VAN DYKE PARKS: *Song Cycle*



Brian Wilson led me to Randy Newman and Van Dyke Parks. Newman, I think, had it in his hands to be the Charles Ives of the sixties, but veered off in the seventies. Parks made the Charles Ives album of the sixties in *Song Cycle*.

It's amazing to look back at the revolution popular music underwent in the sixties at the hands of the Beatles, the Beach Boys, Parks et al, becoming for a time the art music of the decade -- and sad to see how readily it sank back into formulaized trash in the seventies as all the young adventurers gave up and retreated into their comfortable middle-ages. I once asked Paul Kantner why this was, and he had no good explanation -- for himself or anyone else -- but I see it as a failure of ambition on the part of some very bright post-adolescents who just didn't know how to keep going past their initial successes, more's the pity. For a time, there was a cutting edge to popular music; now it is to be found elsewhere, if at all.

Song Cycle is a complete work. It does for rock in the post-Sgt. Pepper sixties what Sauter-Finegan did for Big Band music in its last days. It uses the production studio as an instrument, carrying Brian Wilson yet another step further. It is full of clever puns, both lyrical and musical (and usually intertwined), and at the same time, it's very listenable. The original liner notes were by fringe-fan Paul Robbins (then-husband of Trina, whose cartoons used to pop up in Terry Carr's fanzines before she broke into the underground comics and out again). The sound is just a bit thin by current standards, but hardly objectionably so. Van Dyke Parks never made another album like it. It stands alone, unique.

6. KING CRIMSON: *Lizard*

What to say about King Crimson? *Lizard* was their third album. I find a lot to like in all their albums, but *Lizard* remains my favorite. It sums up the original concept of the band (*Islands* was a postscript before *Larks' Tongues* took a new direction, away from programatic rock into more abstractly pure music), makes better use of Jon Anderson than Yes ever did and, in passing, comments on the breakup of the Beatles.

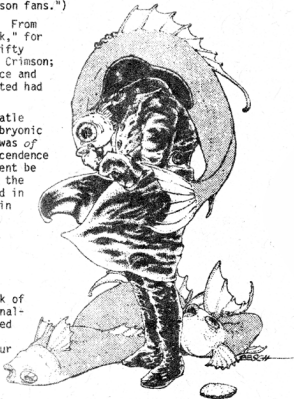
Robert Fripp disbanded King Crimson in 1974. He reformed it, to tour the U.S. in the fall of 1981, seven years later. I never thought he would. (But he told me a couple of years ago that he thought he could do something contemporary that would satisfy "the Crimson fans.")

King Crimson created a genre. From King Crimson comes "progressive rock," for both better and worse. More than fifty Italian bands drew inspiration from Crimson; dozens of bands in Germany and France and all over Europe could not have existed had not Crimson existed.

King Crimson was what post-Beatle rock had to evolve into (see the embryonic *Giles, Giles & Fripp*): music that was of rock and also beyond rock. A transcendence of genre. Music that could one moment be sweet and soothingly beautiful, and the next ugly with rage, music unlimited in its emotional scope. Nothing else in rock has ever touched King Crimson; nothing else has even come close... except....

7. McDONALD & GILES

People forget, when they think of King Crimson, that it was not originally "Fripp's band;" Fripp simply ended up with it by default as the others dropped out after the first U.S. tour and between the first two albums. But, in fact, much of the original



conception was Ian McDonald's, and it was Ian who wrote or co-wrote virtually all of the first Crimson album.

I met Ian shortly after the formation of Foreigner (whose first dates were played in Washington, D.C.) and had a chance to talk with him about Crimson, which he had been about to rejoin when Fripp folded it, and his "solo album," *McDonald & Giles*. He told me he had written more than a hundred pieces in the interim (virtually none of which were used by Foreigner, a slick formularized band in which his talents were wasted, as it turned out), and that *McDonald & Giles* had taken "an awful lot" out of him, leading to his collapse for a time thereafter.

The "Giles" of the title was in fact both Giles brothers, originally the "Giles, Giles" of *Giles, Giles & Fripp*, playing bass and drums; McDonald played the keyboards (save a guest shot by Steve Winwood on one track), guitars and saxes. There is considerable musical overlap with Crimson (including a melody originally intended for a song on the second Crimson lp), but the effect is more music-hall, and less menacing than Crimson. Still, there is a similar breadth of musical and emotional range. The second side, the "Birdman Suite," with lyrics by Peter Sinfield (the man who gave King Crimson their name) is at once as far-reaching and yet more dreamlike and wistful, as anything Crimson ever recorded.

McDonald went on to produce others' albums -- T Rex (yes!), Fruupp (an Irish progressive band), Fireballet -- adding just a brief touch of his own saxes somewhere on each album to remind us of his own musical vitality (often outshining the rest of what was on those albums), before confounding Foreigner, from which he was summarily dropped a year or so ago. He was on the first and final (first incarnation) Crimson albums, and now he's at loose ends again. Jeeze, I wish Fripp would bury the hatchet and ask him back. McDonald is Fripp's perfect foil.

8. *ROBERT WYATT: Rock Bottom*

There's a whole genre of British rock which borrows well from jazz, without making the "fusion" mistakes, usually known as the Canterbury School, and descending out of Soft Machine and Caravan. Hatfield & The North was probably the finest hour for most of these musicians, and since then they seem to have fallen into eclipse.

But Wyatt, the original drummer in the Soft Machine, a man who once sang Charlie Parker solos note for note, seems always to have maintained his integrity, although his career too seems to have peaked in the early seventies with *Rock Bottom*.



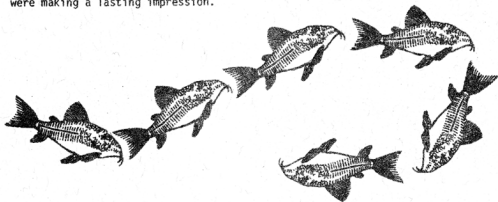
I'm fascinated by the way various musicians have interacted. Wyatt "guest-sang" on the first Hatfield album, which is contemporary with *Rock Bottom*. Earlier, after leaving the Softs, he made a solo album, *End of an Ear*, which was not fully successful, then formed a group, Matching Mole, whose name was based on a pun on the French pronunciation of "soft machine." Matching Mole drew for its personnel in part from Quiet Sun, a group in which Phil Manzanera played before joining Roxy Music. Matching Mole made two excellent albums (one produced by Fripp) and then Wyatt took a drunken fall out of a window during a party and broke his back. Some of the others in the group went on to Hatfield, and when *Rock Bottom* came out from the paralyzed Wyatt, it was based in part on material originally intended for the third (never made) Matching Mole album.

It's an intensely personal album, based on Wyatt's idiosyncratic voice and lyrics, a very personal use of the mellotron, and dedicated in large part to his wife, Alfreda Bengé, who drew the cover. To hear it is to hear music never heard anywhere else: melodic, whimsical, mournful, cajoling. Wyatt followed it with *Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard* and several collaborations with Eno and Manzanera, then sank into a long period in which he sang for Carla Bley on her Watt releases (the latest released as *Nick Mason's Fictitious Sports*, an ersatz Pink Floyd solo album entirely written by Bley), and most recently released some singles for Rough Trade. *Rock Bottom* remains the peak.

9. BRIAN ENO: *Here Come The Warm Jets*

Brian Eno is probably the most intelligent man in rock. When we saw him pictured inside the first Roxy Music album, most of us thought him a faddish poseur -- actually a role closer to Brian Ferry, as it turned out. (I remain convinced that of all the original members of Roxy Music -- those who made the first two albums -- Ferry was the least talented, if the most egocentric.) When Ferry booted Eno out of Roxy, Eno went home and wrote "Baby's On Fire," one of several songs on this, his first album, which stand head and shoulders over most contemporary rock.

I have all of Eno's recordings, including the most ambient, but his first album remains my favorite. Never again would he bring together such a strong, if eclectic, group of songs on an album. Fripp's contributions are at the top of his form, too (his solo on "Baby's On Fire" is the most searing he's ever put on record). My attention was originally drawn to the effect-heavy songs, like "Driving Me Backwards," and the Ferry-put-downs, like "Dead Finks Don't Talk," but after a while even the subtle, simple ones like "Cindy Tells Me" were making a lasting impression.



People don't think of Eno as a song-writer, nor as a singer, but he proves himself excellent at both. He was also very good at drawing from others what he wanted in his music. *Here Come The Warm Jets* came out in 1973, and hasn't dated at all.

10. SAHARA: *Sunrise/For All The Clowns*
.....

So I cheated; I could not decide between Sahara's two albums, each of which is so good and yet so different. Both were originally issued (in 1973 and 1976, respectively) by German Ariola (although the first was on Ariola's Pan subsidiary), and reissued in the U.S. in minute quantities by the Peters Cosmos label. Peters is a major importer of European classical and ethnic music (*The Sounds of Greece*, et al) who briefly had a rock division and were responsible for most of the progressive imports from Italy and France distributed here. This seemed to be doing so well that Peters began its Cosmos label to repress a dozen or so albums domestically. *Sunrise* was Cosmos' sixth release and *For All The Clowns* its 17th and probably last. Both are wretched pressings; the 27-minute-long second side of *Sunrise* is almost unlistenable on the U.S. pressing. Eventually I tracked down the original German pressings, which, typically for their period, are excellent. If Sahara have made a third album, I'm not aware of it.

It's hard to accurately characterize Sahara as a group. In some respects (only some), they are like the Beatles, in that their "style" is not an overall mold into which all their music is forced, but adapts itself to the individual needs of each song. Everything on each album is well nigh perfectly crafted: When a guitar solo is called for, it is an excellent guitar solo, completely and organically within the context of that piece. Yet no two pieces on either album are alike or even necessarily of a similar genre.

On *Sunrise*, for example, the first side opens with "Marie Celeste": A needle is dropped on the record and bounces into a classical warhorse (Wagner? A gap in my classical education covers most of the 19th century) filtered to sound like a 78, but within only a few bars, this turns into an (unfiltered) heavy rock riff with honking saxes, which in turn transmutes itself into an organ-synthesizer fanfare that introduces the actual melody and vocals. On first listening, one's impulse is to run and check the needle: "Did I do that?" The second track (of three), "Circles," opens with harmonica and a loping, cowboy rhythm, but mutates after a few bars into something else entirely, circling from a western lament into something closer to Crosby, Stills & Nash. The vocal harmonies, with English lyrics, are very rich. The side closes with "Rainbow Rider," the most overtly "psychedelic" of the pieces. All three pieces are well-realized songs, each with its own distinctive mood and character.

The second side, however, is a side-long suite (27:20), "Sunrise," divided into two major sections and subdivided into four and three subsections, which is programmatic in nature and follows what appears (from the titles -- there are no lyrics here) to be a day in the desert of an Indian mystic, and includes a very realistic thunderstorm (which sounds like shit on the American pressing). Parts of "Sunrise" are very Crimsoid.

For All The Clowns is a somewhat more homogenous album. There are less stylistic tricks (no scattering needles), and no side-long suites, but the material is, if anything, stronger. The title track (which closes side one of

the German pressing, but opens side one on the American version) is stunning, a genuine conversation-stopper, in which, after the vocal statements have been made, a synthesizer drops bombs which test a good sound system (on my four-speaker Dynaquad system, the sounds *whoosh* around the room in circles), up out of which rises a *magnificent* guitar solo that segues beautifully into the closing keyboard statement. It isn't that what Sahara have done is really in any respect unique, but rather that they have done it so well, so perfectly. One cannot, listening to this record, imagine any way to improve upon it.

A damned pity that Sahara never overcame their obscurity. Each album would have to rank high on any list I made for its year's best, and 1973 and 1976 were both fine years for albums.

Obviously this list only scratches the surface. Where, you might ask, if you knew my tastes, are the Duke Ellington albums (I have over a hundred!), to say nothing of the Italian progressive albums I love, even albums by groups like Pink Floyd? Well, that's why I intend never to get trapped on a desert island with only ten records. I love 'em all.

=====

exerpt from a letter from Avedon Carol



...I see by the lettercol that there's been an article by Jessica on women's music, which puts me in mind of the recent review in the *Unicorn Times* (or the Uniformed Times, as we call it around here) of the album by Sirani Avedis, *Tattoos*.

As an ex-musician, I know a couple of things about trying to be a woman and a musician at the same time, and one of them is that the same guys who breathlessly moan and pant and cream in their jeans over what a great singer you are will suddenly forget you exist when they are looking for a singer for their own group because, after all, chicks are such a drag, you dig?

So, out of necessity, you put together your own group, made up of women, because (a) they'll work with you, (b) you can stand working with them

and (c) whether they are gay or straight, there will always be far fewer sexual demands and internal tensions due to sexuality between you.

And then what happens? Some middle-of-the-road liberal gets on your case about how you are being separatist. So Sirani, fed up with the whole "normal" music scene, got a bunch of her friends together, people like Shelly Jennings,

who has been a knockout guitarist for years and years, and people she has a lot of respect for, who've worked with Laura Nyro and Sister Sledge and David forkrissakes Bowie, and makes this record and does most of the art and production and vocals and piano and such *herself*, and the reviewer complains that all of the art and production and vocals and piano are handled by women, and isn't this a terrible example of sexist separatism. (You realize, of course, that if a guy had done this, they would have been raving about how versatile he is.)

I happen to know that there is a distinct difference between working with women and working with men, and male musicians are, by and large, far more difficult to work with. This is largely because the whole music scene encourages men to take a certain attitude toward women, which is intolerable for any intelligent woman to work with. Unfortunately, simply going out and trying to "work within the system" doesn't work.

Sooner or later, you get sucked right into it, and you find that, sure enough, you are getting the old "chick musician" label applied to you, you are getting the "chick" treatment, and it makes you sick to your stomach.

When you work with women, especially if you work in the women's music scene, you are removed from all the bullshit that makes it a chore to produce your art. It is such a blessing to be working with and for women, it is such a privilege to be treated like an artist instead of a cunt, it is such a relief not to be in competition with bleached blonds in red satin dresses and fishnet stockings, and it is such sheer joy to have an audience that notices that the woman who has been playing these astonishing licks on the guitar is *not just* "a good singer": As an artist, it just isn't worth it to work with men and lose all that.

You can't be producing worthwhile art when all your energy is being absorbed by finding ways to avoid playing patty-cake with your band, and trying to pretend you don't notice that you can do something fantastic with your guitar all night and all you hear in the reviews is what a nice *voice* you have. You find yourself so involved with being the glue that holds a band together: The second guitarist is so paranoid no one can talk to him, the lead player is so spaced he's on the floor chanting mantras while you pay \$200 an hour for studio time, the drummer can't keep the beat, the keyboard player doesn't ever seem to know the song.

In every band, it's always something like that; there's always one guy who just can't keep it together. And then you hear some guy saying, "I'll never work with a chick. Chicks are such a *drag*."

You have to wonder why you bother trying to make music. After all, you could have been an accountant. You're bound to lose your art and your *mind* if you don't run for the nearest women's music scene in a hurry. Shit, it sure beats hell out of the Jeff Beck clones and the Keith Moon understudies who are out there making life impossible while saying that *women* are "unprofessional."

Probably most of us will still be working with men, since, among other things, there's more money in it. But you guys don't play fair, you know?

29 May 1980

COLLATION



RON SOLOMON Allyn, MA stands for Massa-
Framingham, MA chusetts. Maine condenses
down to ME. OK is ~~OK~~ *OK*.
~~Wheest~~. And an office worker who is an EST
graduate, and treks west twice a year,
claims a guy named Dwight Wheest has a
rival but similar group going, but there
is no chance (re)conciliation can take
place because EST is EST and Wheest is
Wheest. I used to think GP was named after
Charles' wife. But now I feel better, and
now know that Marty Cantor is not the
reincarnation of Herbie.

((Someday you'll all get this right:
Now, please repeat after me, in unison,
"Genre Plat is named after a box of tooth-
picks." Got it? Good. Pass it on. I'm
grateful for the enlightenment re Marty;
and also enjoy muchly locs, pocs, etc.,
directly pertaining to the contents of the
most recent GP -- I also get locs and stuff
for space junk and skug, which is amusing.
Really, I'm not either Gary Mattingly or
Rich Coad. They're both figments of Cheryl
Cline's imagination.))

CANDI STRECKER Note to Ron Solomon:
Monster Island "Kitty-corner" is mid-
west talk, too, a term
I've heard all my life. In fact, there's
a very tiny town or townette a bit north
of Chicago (I've seen it on maps only)
called Kitty Korner (or maybe Kitty Cor-
ner. How's that for oblique data?)

More specific comments? OK. Liked
your piece on the Deaf Club (I'd heard
of it before, but never knew that the
name actually signified anything). The
paragraph about the people at the club
all looking aggressive and scowly until
smiled at, at which point they smile
back: it suddenly occurs to me that this
is one of the most perceptive things
I've ever seen written on punk rock.

DOUG BARBOUR i mean, i laughed a lot.
Edmonton, Alta. is that ok? & i really
thought it important
that you did such a neat profile of Har-
lan Ellison, so thank that Feldperson
person for going to so much trouble on
our behalf--cosmic insights only hit
fanzines once in every 55 new moons,
which means we'll have to wait a while
for another one in GP--but then again

that may only be till next ish. the old Poul Anderson & the new Bill Gibson were both fine examples of the kind of anecdotal journalism that is fannish writing at its best. the lettercol is up to par, except for Brian Earl Brown's misapplication of editorial duties for SF COMMENTARY to John Bangsund when it is, of course, poor Bruce Gillespie he is referring to. ((I really should have caught that myself. Sorry, John; sorry Bruce. Thanks, doug.)) oh yes, & my leaving everyone in the dark as to what book on Isis i was referring to. It's R.E. Witt. Isis in the Graeco-Roman World. London: Thames & Hudson, 1971. there. oh, yeah, great cover & illos, too.

AVEDON CAROL Thank you for sending me Silver Spring your terribly sercon fanzine. It certainly is a relief from this sudden run of disgustingly faanish stuff that's been polluting the mails lately. I am quite impressed with your serious discussions of earth-shattering and important subjects, and particularly the carefully researched footnoting. And it's about time we had the kind of sensitive, in-depth interviewing of Harlan Ellison which we are given by Ms Feldperson. I hope this is an indication that Fandom is getting back on the right track. ((Me, too! No one else noticed the footnotes, by the way.))

ROBERT J. WHITAKER Enclosed find a pic-
Wilmington, DE ((?)) ture of two amoebas
interested in obscene
activities. I haven't drawn a climax for
it. ((Thank you. It's at the bottom of
the next page.)) Enjoyed the issue, mostly
"Getting Down With Harlan Ellison," which
I believe is 100% true, and there should be
a sequel to it called "Getting Up With Har-
lan Ellison."

You might tell Rich Coad I'm still alive.
((Sure. Richard, as of June, 1980, Robert
was still alive. I couldn't tell you what
he's doing now.))

URSULA LE GUIN As soon as I opened your
New Jersey magazine it totally fell
apart. As soon as I read
the interview with Harlan Ellison, I did.
Since I am not shy and retiring, like Harlan
is, I sure wish Ms Feldperson would come
here to New Jersey and interview me, too.
The reason I don't give interviews is nobody
ever asks me about how I made up the Three

Laws of Robotics, or why I write Sci Fi,
or where I get my ideas from, or anything
like that. I bet Ms Feldperson would.
Please send her to New Jersey, quickly.
With some staples to keep things from
falling apart.

((And what, you're undoubtedly wondering,
did the actual subject of Angela's inter-
view have to say about it? Read on.))

HARLAN ELLISON I was rilly glad to get
Sherman Oaks, CA back from Europe, like
you know France and
England, and New York, you know, which
is not in Europe (it has to be accompanied
by an adult when it goes) and find this
rilly heavy issue of Jean Pratt, your
periodical, with (finally!) the rilly
smoooooth piece about my secret life and
stuff done by Agnes Moon Feldperson who
I've been wondering where she was because
after we got it on like she sort of you
know vanished! Well, imagine my surprise!
But there it was, rilly heavy and rilly
accurate, too, so I just want to like you
know lay some good vibes and comic con-
sciousness on you over there at Gyn Plans
and thank you for sending Agnes to find
me because apart from being just a rilly
keen and aware person with a rilly ter-
rific sense of humor and insight and
good stuff, she had rilly great tits.

This is the best and most accurate
interview about me ever.

Rilly.

-Herman Nelson



ALAN LANKIN Sherry Gottlieb's article, Philadelphia PA "How Science Fiction Changed My Life," may have seemed well-written and amusing to some, but I was only saddened that she had wickedly chosen to present only the rare positive side-effects of sf ingestion, completely ignoring the true and horrible facts of sf addiction.

If only it wasn't true, O Woe! Yes, I am an sf addict. I started slowly--occasionally browsing through the sf section of the local bookstore or accidentally watching part of a Star Trek episode, but now I'm up to a two-book-a-day habit--and even that's not enough.

I've had to quit my job to have enough time to read books and watch sf movies. I'm being evicted from my house. I've quit school and now spend all day hanging around used bookstores, begging readers more fortunate than I for 50¢ to buy a used copy of Amazing. I'll read anything that's sf! Gor books, Roger Elwood anthologies, the latest Heinlein novel.

But that's not the worst--and it may be too late. Someone has to stop me before I take that last desperate step and "gasp" write a science fiction story!

Send your contributions to:
Mainstream Literature Maintenance Program
c/o 225 S. Milville Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19139

((Even worse than writing stories, you could find yourself supporting your habit by working at one of the digest-size pro-fic mags, and stealing copies of fanzines sent to the editor--and locking them.))

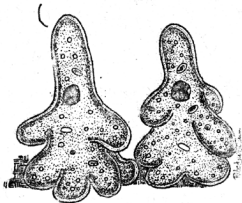
HARRY WARNER, JR. One item makes me think Hagerstown, MD of good old Hagerstown because it's so different from Dan's shack. Dan decided to catch the bat, permitted it to pose for pictures, and then let it go. Life in that simplicity is so different from the dizzying course of events in metropolitan Hagerstown. Several weeks ago, a three-year-old boy began to play with a bat. His parents weren't sure if it had bitten him, but were worried about rabies. The family doctor thought he might be able to get the newly developed rabies serum which avoids the long series of painful injections in the belly, and he succeeded. Immediately reporters and photographers from Baltimore and Washington and even more loathsome cities came swarming over Hagerstown because this was the first use of the new shot-in-the-arm rabies serum

in this area. Worse, all over Hagerstown other people began to catch bats and fear the bats might have bitten their dog or cat. The Health Department's refrigerator started to bulge with bats awaiting tests for rabies. At this point, the SPCA, which picked up the dead bats, revolted and demanded the new serum for its employees as a preventive measure, since rabies can be spread from bats to humans without a bite occurring in certain circumstances. The state health department said it didn't have enough of the new serum for that purpose, and the SPCA workers decided not to pick up any more dead animals anywhere unless they were flown to France, where there's an ample supply of the new serum. Just then, someone looked up the facts about preventive rabies shots and discovered that they require only a few painless injections in the arm with an old-fashioned serum, not the 21 jabs in the belly. What happened next, I don't know, but I wouldn't be surprised if the Health Department makes arrangements with the Baltimore Orioles to supply the materials for a different sort of Bat Day later this summer.

LEE CARSON

I've caught two bats (out of three). One in a rag and one in a bag and one in a cellar door. The bats I've met had the unnerving habit of emitting a sudden loud chittering the second you lay a glove on it, momentarily thwarting my groping efforts with shock! Visions of rabies

HEY BABE, WHAT YOU
SAY WE GO SOMEWHERE
AND FUSE OUR NUCLEI?



treatment (legendarily worse than the disease)! My main protestations ignored ("that bat warn't frothin' at no mowf, Doc")! Choruses of shrieking female supporting cast ("get it out! get it out!")--or, in the case of the one that got away, shrieking nervous male musician from Battle Creek. The caught ones we let go (right away), without ado, back into the night. ((Oh, the rabies shots aren't so bad--read Harry's letter, the one right before yours))

GARY DEINDORFER Bill Gibson has a knack for conveying the atmosphere of exotic foreign places, as here, and in the new Space Junk. ((Actually, that Space Junk was only new when Gary wrote this, two years ago. Don't get excited. However, Coad has confided to me in utmost secrecy that he's doing another SJ over the spring break.)) Very mysterious indeed, the glass breaking like that. Not

so much that it could have been stressed all those years, but the timing of it, that it exploded into fragments at that particular moment, with Bill Gibson as witness, so that eventually he could make a Plat article out of it. From the other Gibson pieces I've read, articles and logs, I begin to get the idea that Bill Gibson seems to have a lot of strange things happen to him. I think of him as fandom's William Burroughs. ((It's a clause he has in all his travel contracts--he only has to pay for the trip if something interesting happens that he can later turn into a fanzine article.))

GARY S. MATTINGLY Bill Gibson's article San Francisco, CA is particularly amusing. I must travel so that I might come up with equally thrilling anecdotal stories.

HARRY WARNER This is the first I've seen Paul Anderson's wonderful paen to the Burma Shave signs. The only thing I can think of to add to such an all-inclusive essay is the notation that those signs seemed to fit into the environment. You hardly noticed the posts and boards on which the words were painted, just the jingle itself. This leads me to wonder if the Burma Shave people removed the equipment after the advertising campaign ended. Maybe there are millions of those posts and boards all over the nation's landscape, and nobody ever sees them because the words are no longer there, and the equipment itself is so perfectly camouflaged by the way it was designed to be unobtrusive.

CANDI STRECKER The Burma Shave piece Lisle, IL coulda been a tad more succinct, but it brought back my childhood: I remember those signs too. When I was a kid, my parents raised gladiolias (as a source of income, not for fun) and I came to associate the names of the different varieties with colors. There was one purply-mauve variety called "Burma," the same color almost as the Burma Shave signs. I always thought that the two had something to do with each other, but this now seems highly unlikely.... ((Personally, I reprinted the article because it reminded me of many happy motor-ing hours in my own childhood. I also



learned to read by perusing copies of Silver Screen, the Encyclopedia Britannica, and Burma Shave signs.

By the way, Poul asked me to append the article with the following, which I forgot to do, and for which I apologize.

"Since this hypothesis was first published, there has appeared a book, *The Verse by the Side of the Road*, by Frank Rowsome, Jr., which offers an official history of the Burma Shave signs. I recommend it since, even if its text isn't quite as colorful, its collection of the jingles themselves is more so.")

HARRY WARNER I'm not quite sure I believe every word of your narrative about the Deaf Club visit. But I put full faith in most of it. ((Just goes to prove that truth can be stranger than fiction...))

You really should file a copy of this article away somewhere safe. Around 2000, a television network will decide to put on its fall schedule a new series, *Return to Happy Days*, reviving the old series but setting it in 1980 when young persons enjoyed the simple, wholesome things like punk rock instead of the alarming sort of music that the first year of the new century (or the last year of the old century, depending on who wins that argument) suffers from. You can identify yourself as author of this article which captures the essence of how it was two decades ago, and you'll be signed on as technical advisor for the new series at a salary so large that you'll be able to use 5/8" staples when you publish the 7th issue of *Genre Plat*. ((I think I'll start pubbing shorter zines instead, Harry.))

MICHAEL BISHOP "Do Your Parents Know Pine Mtn., GA You're Ramones?" has an extremely tantalizing final line. I once knew a person named Frank Mahavolich, by the way. He taught math. He proved that 97% of all hockey games end in 2-2 ties. His formula saved me a lot of money on game tickets. Especially since I was living in Raton, New Mexico, at the time. They did have a lacrosse team, though. I believe they were called the Sangre de Cristo Rats. It was usually a toss-up between going to one of their games or playing the dogs. Their goalie was a greyhound, and

it was sometimes hard to decide at which sporting event you had actually shown up. Things improved considerably when we moved to Calgary. I met the fellow who has just bought the Atlanta Flames, and he told me on the Q.T. that 97% of all ice hockey games end in a 2-2 tie. Such were my thoughts as I read "Do...Ramones?"

Who drew what in the dan steffan/grant canfield collaboration on your back cover? The fellow with the WIN button is my banker.

((Since that illo, like all my illos, was drawn 27 years ago, neither Grant nor Dan can any longer remember who did what. They think that perhaps the guy with the WIN button did it all.))



JOHN THIEL Dear sirs: ((I beg your
Lafayette, IN pardon)) GOLLY! A FANZINE
after all this time! I
thought I'd been cut off, professionally
cut off, from receiving them, for reasons
best known to those who do it...yet I per-
ceive that I was mistaken; no sooner do I
go two weeks without fanzines, than GP
arrives, just in time to be reviewed in the
next issue of my NSF fanzine, IONOSPHERE,
where I'd reported the information that
fanzines have stopped arriving, but just
mailed out the advance four copies today.

But soft! What is this on the cover?!
You say the so-called "Tenderloin" is
coming back to life? ((Actually, no, I don't
recall saying anything even remotely like
that.)) Hey, that's great; as you point out,
that's like no other District in the world.
If they're not being celebrant about it,
there's something wrong with them. ((There's
certainly something wrong somewhere. I've no
idea what you're talking about.))

I can't tell whether you would or would not
wear a sport coat on fisherman's wharf, but I
know where you're headed.... Do you think Robert
E. Howard's ghost inhabits San Fran, like, Worms
of the Earth...it couldn't be Howard DeVore,
could it, Mattingly? ((Ah, Gary, do you know
what he's talking about? And why he's talking
to you in a letter to me? This is a letter to
me?))

Your mistake about the postal costs was
apocalyptic. In the first place, I'm surprised
you could get out of San Francisco, but if you
actually got down to New Mexico along those
highways, you're lucky to have come back with
any money at all, because they were really
fleecing people down there. ((I give up. I've
never been to New Mexico. Does anybody know what
he's talking about?)) Anyway, Sherry Gottlieb's
reminiscences about the contents of Science Fic-
tion Five Yearly #2 don't seem based on having
seen the issue, just having heard about it from
someone. I hope she doesn't convince anybody
that she is Lee Hoffman writing under a pen
name. Could you have tipped the baggage clerk
at Greyhound? ((I get it--you're on drugs,
right?)) How do you guys find out you're not
supposed to be in Berkeley? They haven't found
a guy to work posting those orders, have they?
Maybe they tell you after you've had a battle
with the telephone. ((Ah, it's a new wave loc.
Very clever, John. Who are you and how did you
get on my mailing list? Have you been helping
Alan Lankin steal copies of George Scithers'
Genre Plats? Don't do it anymore, ok?))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Taral, Harry Bell, Robert
Runte, Luke McGuff, Ralph Silverton, Jerry
Kaufman, Clifton Amesbury, Sheryl Birkhead,
Leigh Edmonds, Jerry Baker, Ben Indick,
Denise Rehse, Darroll Pardoe, Arthur
Hlavaty, Buck Coulson, Dae Goble, Don
Fitch, Daevid Allen Howard, Graham England,
Andy Andruschak, Poul Anderson, Aljo
Svoboda, Colin Greenland, Tarkas, Mike
Keltner, Jean Holmes, Steve Petrella, Rhea
Edeiman, Don Hampton, Paula Lieberman,
William Miller, William Gibson, Jerry
Collins, and I'm sure there must have been
others, but this is enough padding for one
issue.



NOW ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS FILL
IT IN...



