

October 19, 1976
Number One

Dear Friends,

If you're reading this, you're one of Quick's 35 more rabid fans. As such, you deserve special treatment. Why should you have to wait two weeks to read about Quick's meteoric ascent in the pages of Random Notes or People Magazine? Our loyal but intensely small following deserves better. Hence, this letter.

You're asking yourself, "Did I ask to be one of 35 rabid Quick fans? What will I gain by letting these little people put me on their soon-to-be-sold-to-a-smutty-magazine mailing list?" Unfortunately, we at Quick think that Quickomania is its own reward. However, we will offer you money-saving opportunities unavailable to the average stiff.

But before you run out and sign up all your friends for this mailing, one important warning: This letter and those that follow are not for your basic wimp-on-the-street. This is a correspondence between intimates. You are a select group of pure Quickophiles. We don't want you compromised. We don't even think you should intermarry with outsiders. If for some reason you have received this letter but have never heard of Quick, or you used to like Quick but gave it up after your parents complained, please send us permission to purge our list of your name. If, on the other hand, you have a friend or loved one who sincerely believes, please send us his or her name, at the address printed

at the end of this letter. We want to increase our circulation, but not with a bunch of banal scum.

Finally, we are committed to making this a multi-lateral correspondence. Your comments or suggestions will be cheerfully printed in future letters unless, of course, the comments tend to question the very existence of the newsletter, in which case they will be slightly revised to make them publishable.

And now, the news.

Name change imminent? A group of punks from England (we think) has stolen our handle and parlayed it into an actual record contract and tour, so a name-change may be forthcoming. Our plan is to hang on as long as possible, hoping that the other Quick is killed in a plane crash. In the meantime any ideas you have are welcome. We want a distinctive name with two or more meanings which is cheerful and will never have to be changed. (Some of the ideas we have rejected are: The Hairy Eyeballs; Sylvania Blue Dot Flashcubes; Kaufman, Keith, Ketcham, Rosenberg, Sherman, and Van Ness, or K³RSV, which sounded too much like a rug cleaner; the Buttered Beets; the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Band; the Agnostic Mantis.)

New Photo? The old "press" photograph was perfectly suitable for certain purposes (if you held it sideways, it looked exactly like Martin Luther King). Sometime this month we will be saying cheese to an expensive professional photographer. You, dear friends, will be the first to see the stunning results. For a small fee we will take the beautiful 8x10 glossies and cram them into tiny envelopes addressed to you.

Should we sign with Warner Brothers? That is a premature question, but not as premature as it used to be.

A medium-sized wig at that institution who heard our tape and may have like it, may come to hear us at a club date in the near future, perhaps, with contracts and lucre in hand, maybe.

Upcoming dates. We have been playing steadily since mid-August, mostly at Boston-area clubs and colleges. This week, Friday and Saturday the 22nd and 23rd, we play at the University of Lowell. This Monday and Tuesday the 25th and 26th, we play at the Speakeasy, Norfolk Street, Central Square, Cambridge. Friday is a tentative and Saturday the 30th we play a Halloween party at the Hartford College of Art.

Speakeasy Pete, who owns (surprise!) the Speakeasy, has earned the title of Quick's Most Admired Club Owner because of his continued bookings since May, often in spite of abysmal gate receipts. We realize that many of you have already planned dinner parties with Nelson Rockefeller and Paul Anka on this Monday and Tuesday. The more of the rest of you who can show your bright little faces at the Speakeasy those nights, the more convinced Speakeasy Pete will be that his investment is finally paying off and Quick is developing a following. Besides, with the decline of Jack's and some other clubs, Speakeasy is becoming one of the two best listening clubs in the area.

Speaking of Jack's, could we beg one last small favor of you, dear friends? Call Jack's at 491-7800 and ask whoever answers to ask the manager when Quick will be playing there again. We and they did very well last time we played. Since then, they

have continually hired the type of band that plays "Theme from SWAT". Admittedly, we play "Theme from the Andy Griffith Show", but our repertoire would keep Jack's from spinning further down the drain, which motive prompts us to offer our 'umble services. Please don't all of you call at the same time or the manager will start to think that we sent out a letter asking our friends to call.

Next letter? A special tape offer, instructions on how to get free beer, news of possible Band X-Quick concert, news about possible new PA, itineraries, etc. See you at Speakeasy.

To assure direct communication and to prove that beneath our extremely cool and detached exteriors lie six extremely cool and detached personalities, we are printing two phone numbers which will get you in touch with the band.

492-0027, ask for Patty or Beau.

1-922-8672, ask for Ed McMahon.

Address all your letters to Quick, Box 157, Prides Crossing, MA 01965.