





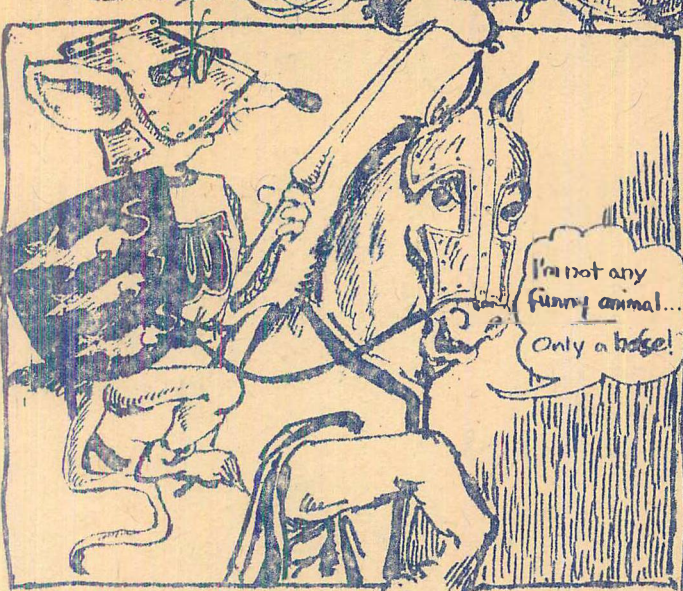


Good day, gerzies,  
this is Friar Qantas  
of the Koala  
Brothers of St.  
Dwich -- with  
the latest news  
on the chivalric  
scene...

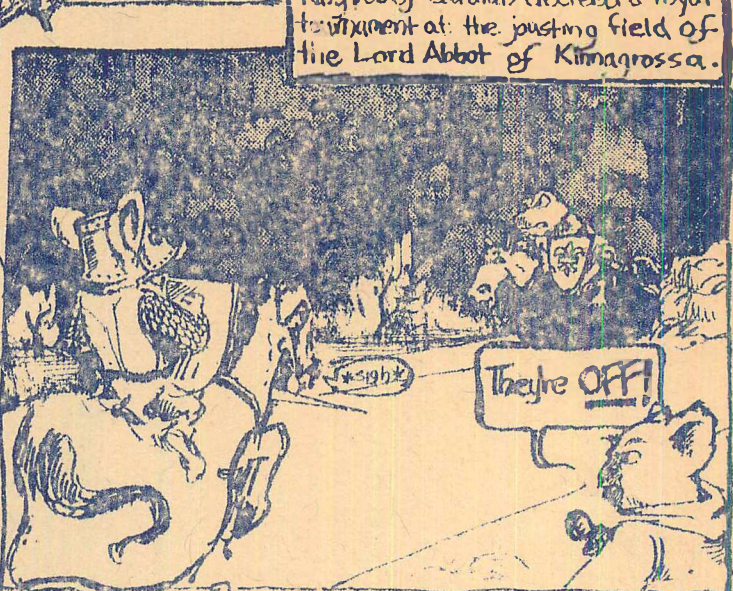


Hit the  
field!

King Leo of Cutular decreed a royal  
tournament at the jousting field of  
the Lord Abbot of Kinnagrossa.

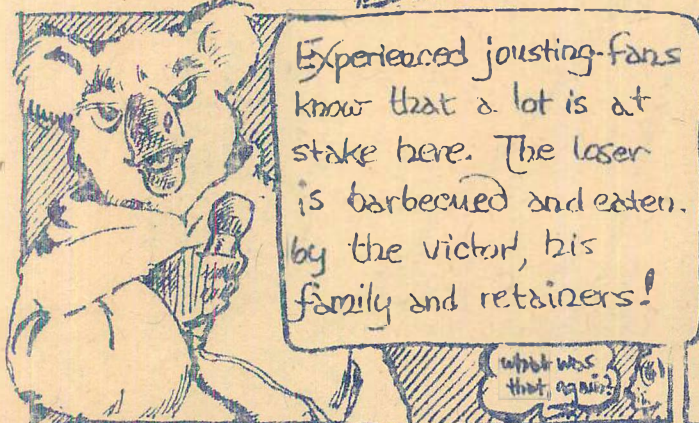


I'm not any  
funny animal...  
Only a horse!



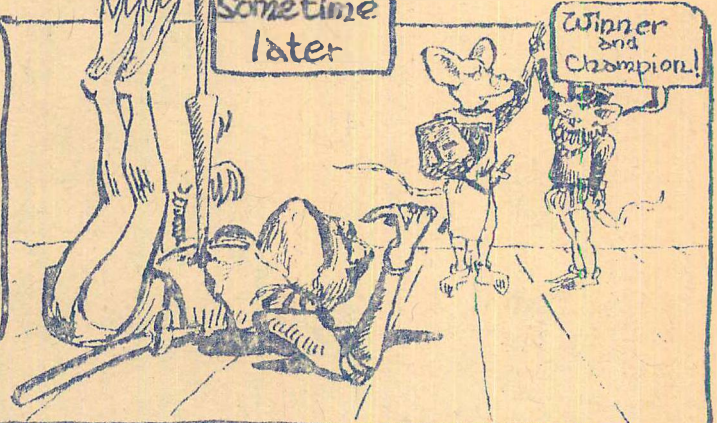
They're OFF!

Sir Peter the Whimsical for Mausylvania.



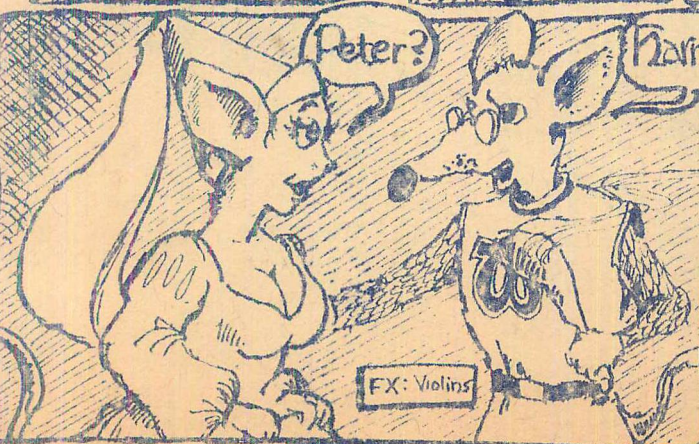
Experienced jousting-fans  
know that a lot is at  
stake here. The loser  
is barbecued and eaten  
by the victor, his  
family and retainers!

What was  
that, again?



Sometime  
later

Winner  
and  
Champion!



Peter?

Harriet!

FX: Violins



This has been a service  
of the Brothers of St. Dwich --  
a commercial Order devoted  
to TV reporting and  
smorgasbards...

Wasn't that  
supposed to be  
ration?



I've been writing a lot of love letters lately.

This was the rather pretentious beginning sentence that slithered and slipped from my subconscious writing muse into my "me" awareness, as a way of beginning the new drift. For it was true, and from that stark beginning, I could weave a path of words opening the way to putting into mimeo ink some excerpts of recent letters I've been writing, some recent letters I've been receiving, and an encompassing account of the events (and mind-events) that have been creating and surrounding my recent life.

Yes.

Alternately, an old and niggling conflict arose in my head, to slowly but consistently grow larger. It was stimulated by debates in Apa-50 on the nature and desirability (or lack of desirability) of pretentiousness. Several persons were accused (or, to make the matter as lacking in seriousness as it was, let us say that several aspects of their style were declared full) of Pretentiousness; whether in graphic layout of their fanzines, or in Writing Style. They were defended on the grounds that "Let's Pretend" is a means of creative exercise, and that all that was being done was that someone was trying to create an attractive gestalt. What this stimulated in my head was an old debate pitting formality versus informality -- it's a conflict that applies to many forms and expressions on a basic level -- in rock music there are people who can't stand the super "rough", jamming and improvisational groups like the Cream, some Rolling Stones, some Patti Smith, etc, and only adore super sweet, planned and "formal" groups like the Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel, etc; in film there are people who can't take "cinema verite", hand-held camera's and the like, as opposed to hyper-planned, tightly edited Hollywood features; some people can't work in a neat room, and others are fanatical that all the paper clips must be lined up, each one facing the right direction, etc; in art, there is again the improvisational versus the planned and formal -- so it occurs all over (and, I am fascinated to note that it seems to me that the same people, for the most part, stay on one side of the argument all the way thru -- they're consistently favoring neatness vs. messiness, or improvisation vs. anal-compulsiveness, depending on which way you look at it, all the way thru, in every discipline. Moshe Feder can't stand Bob Dylan and Patti Smith, for instance, while Bill Breiding shares my liking for Neil Young, to use a highly mystical and cryptic example. That is, Moshe is super precise and picky whereas Bill is, er, not. And so it goes.).

Bringing this river of thought round to flow over a path you know well, this division of the Universe And It's Beings into 2 Silly Divisions ("There are two kinds of people in the world; those who divide the world into two kinds of people, and those who don't." -- John D. Berry who attributes it to rich brown. How's that, John?) applies to...you guessed it! -- Fanzines! You remember the little buggers, don't you? Well, the Farber Theory proposes that there are two kinds of fanzines -- ~~the pre-planned and the~~ the improvisational, "rough" and unplanned, on-stencil creation like Tandstikkerwhoist by Don Markstein, or, to go to the 2 extremes of the type, like a Burbee one-shot down to the crud of a Boowat; as opposed to a pre-planned, neatish, more formalized fanzine all laid out in advance, etc like a Maya or Spaning (this side has it's crudzine aspects too -- we've all seen the immaculately offset crudzine, all "planned" but full of crud, nonetheless).



Now, in the year-and-two bits since the last drift ("the frequent fanzine!"), I've let one hell of a lot of possible writing slide --- gone now, it is, into the abyss, never to return. 16 or so odd cons, collating sessions at the Bushyagers, visiting the D'Annassa's, parties everywhere, Fanoclast meetings, FISTFA meetings, SunCon Committee meetings, even a Lunarians meeting or two, a Minn-stf meeting (!?!), moving three times, traveling about Canada and the US in a van on \$30 for some months, hitching and traveling by bus to the Midwest, meeting & making new friends and lovers, breaking up with the person with whom I lived for over 1½ years, starting to collect records, writing, and Learning What To Do With Myself.

oh yes, it would all read quite differently if I wrote it up every two weeks or so, and mailed it out. Why, the issues of drift that I've written, laid out, addressed and mailed are legion! #6, now that was a good one, where I wrote all about the nature of love and friendship. Or #14, where I had that account of sitting by the beach, watching the waves, and talking of the beauty in the way the seagulls fly. And #18 where I had that hilarious con-report of Midwestcon, with all the quotes preserved intact from my notes. Thanks for the egoboo on that one, people! I'll always be proud of #27 with that wrenching account of the new relationship I stumbled into and then out of, and what it all meant; and of #29 with the description of New Yawk City, what it meant to grow up in it, and why I can love it, peoples and places, combined with the comparison of the urban planning of Minneapolis, and why I found it so delightful. And my accounts of traveling thru the barren plains of Kansas in #34 -- and the free-style, stream-of-consciousness mindtrip of Midamericon, dealing with the collapse of people around me, and my own strain and bemusement building up into a rite of passage into enlightenment. Or #44's analysis of a relationships' breakup and where I was heading; and #47's discussion of society today, and of the "progress" or lack of, of the past few decades; and #53's...

If any of you are telepaths, deep reading ones, and want to read some good fanzines, well, check out my head, it'll make for some great reading you won't see elsewhere. Otherwise, those who must stick to verbal and print methods, well, you'll get new and different stuff, that's the way the stencil crumbles.

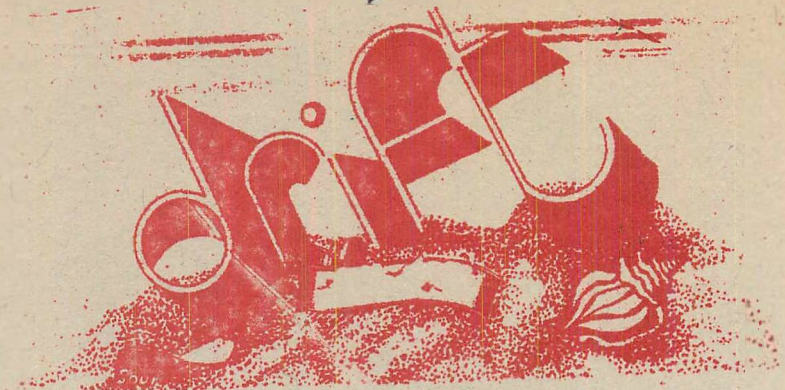
Since those issues lie only in my head, though, I've gotten very confused over just what I do want to put into this issue and this fanzine. Do I want to be a purely light-hearted, chitterchatterry faanish fanzine devoted to humor, amusement and Good Froth, or do I want to be an ultra-serious, formal zine devoted to Heavy Study of the Issues of Our Day, or a sort of Warhoon, or Kipple, or did I want to be an ultra-serious, super-small circulation (or large circulation) Deeply Revealing, Tell-All Personalzine, or What? Did I want to go with being on-stencil, and improvisational, or with first-drafting, pre-planning, and Attention to Layout?

Ooooooh, these questions rampaged thru my head for seconds, sheer seconds, (almost as much time as it takes Gary Deindorfer to "tie in" a reference to a loc) before I decided that I would be an anarcho-improvisational-planned-faanish-personal-descriptively-analytical-and-Resourceful fanzine.

That is, I would do, I would create such a fanzine -- I wouldn't actually be one, you understand. Why, that would necessitate my being sliced up into 8½ by 11 sections, and squeezed for ink, and stapled, before being



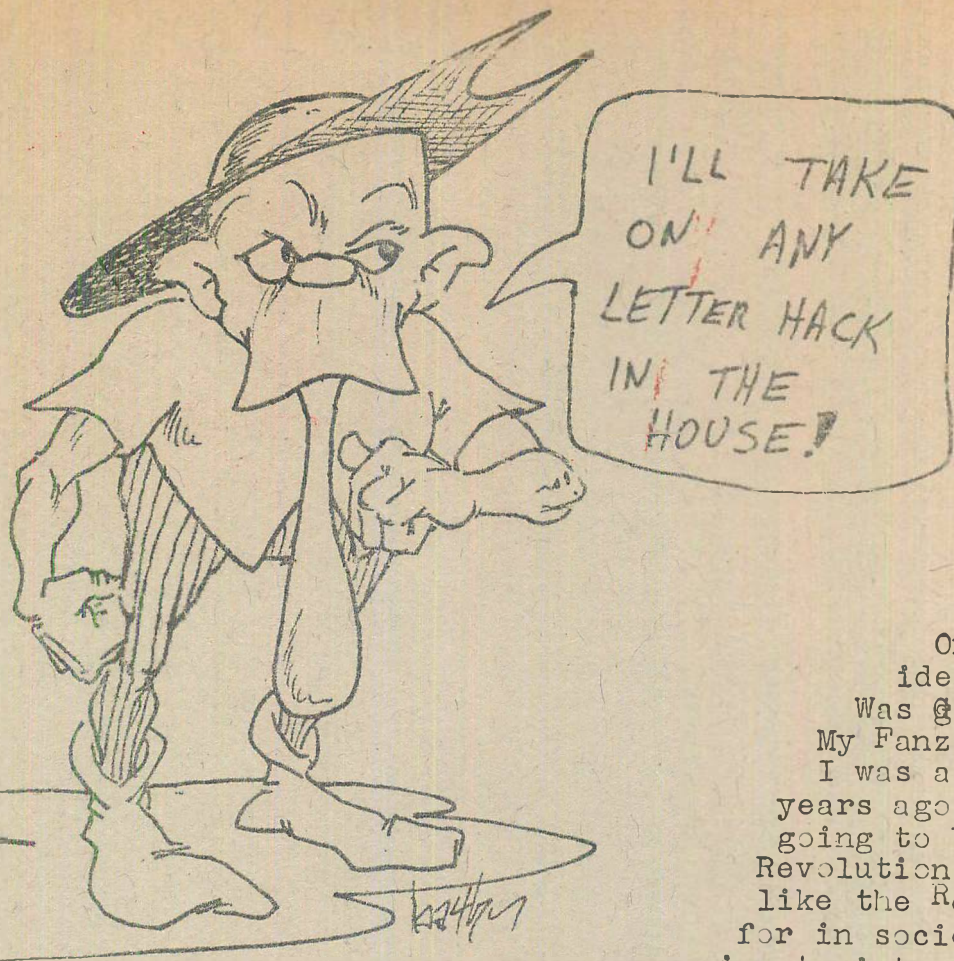
nailed out! I wouldn't want that. I might want that of some fans, but not myself. And yet, is this not a denial of the Golden Rule? For is it not said, in the later Freudian-Jung dialogues that the moral and ethical... (Fades out mumbling as we switch our consciousness' around, the music builds up, the lights flash, and we learn that this is).



or drift 3, to be more precise, and the stencils are being started on March 15th, 1977, as you read yourway into what you thought 'was a fanzine but was merely a 3 page colophon. You've got to watch yourself, with us fanhistorical fans. The bacground music that has so far glided thru my mind, about my ears, and has eased the expulsion of this creation from myself onto stencil has been Mike Oldfield's Ormadawn (highly reccommended), and, on a Beatles kick, Rubber Soul, A Hard Days Night, Magical Mystery Tour, and part of Abbey Road. We now switch to the triple Woodstock album, to keep us busy and for varieties sake. I am Gary Farber, but don't ask him who that is, because, it would take ages to explain, if it were at all possible, and besides he's just making it all happen anyway. This fanzine is Not Generally Available, but any good old fanzines will generally put you on my sloppy mailing list if I remember, and will definitely make me grateful and thankful; in addition, locs, articles you think might be wight for me, artwork, good meals (Sohewuan, Hunan, Indian, Indonesian, or anything, for that matter.), good books, fun~sex, good dope (do the last two make me "hip" or "bop", or maybe "beat", if not a "freak", dotheydothey, huhhuhhuhhuh, gee whiz, groovy?!?), large sums of money, a good fanzine, or any other fascinating material will help get you a copy. The only real way is to be an Interesting Person to me, one that I want to keep on interacting with. This fanzine is really only done for 12 or so people. A Continuous Production (one day I should number them -- real soon now). All other information is not "here", it is "elsewhere", okay?







One of my first ideas about What I Was Going To Do with My Fanzine, back when I was a snot-nosed neo, years ago, was that I was going to bring a format Revolution to Fandom (much like the Revolution we hoped for in society)! I was going to intergrate the letters with my personal writing!

Alas and alack, once I had shuffled my way about fandom a bit longer, and started coll-

ecting old fanzines, I discovered that Bruce Gillespie had done this in SF Commentary, and called it "I Must Be Talking To My Friends."

Drat.

They had already invented layout, corflu, and humor. And F.Towner Laney.

All my original ideas were gone.

So I decided that what Bruce (and others) had done was too close to what I wanted to do, for comfort (even to the beautiful title!), and went back to a conventional "lettercol" (not to be confused with a "letter-collar" which you where around your neck, or a "lettercollie" which is a spelling dog) in this, and other publications. However, since other people have gone on to use my other ideas, and I have too, there's no reason I couldn't use their's (especially if they were mine), and I decided that I would print peoples letters and articles as we go along, anyway. (Although, I did think of retroactively changing Bruce's fanz ine title to "Spelunker's Monthly", and his editorial to "How To Make Chocolate Fondue In Teeny-weeny Steps, Australian Edition Revised.". But, I was nice, and didn't. ) So, don't be surprised when here comes a letter. Here it comes. Here we go. Ready? Here we go. Er, in a second. Here...



GREAT LETTER FROM TOM BYRO: "It must be just about two months since you gave me a copy of drift at FISTFA and I am sure that at this point you must have despaired ever hearing from me again. The reason is that I have been frightfully busy looking for work and studying for school and Civil Service exams. Many of these exams are over for the moment and I am enjoying a relatively quiet and contemplative moment at home, drinking mead and getting high on percodan.

I live in something somewhere in between a house and a cabin in what must be one of the few areas of largely virgin wilderness within 100 miles of N.Y.C. A state agriculture man spotted a wild bear the next hill over, last summer. Our house had been uninhabited for several years and it is now host to a large variety of animal life. The cockroaches that moved out here with us from New York fared badly over the winter since we had no central heating and it got quite cold here sometimes. The weakened remnant that wurvived into the spring was utterly annihilated when the large black ants with whom we share the house began prowling around for food. ++ Come, sir. Genuine New Yawk roaches not able to hold their own against country ants? Surely you jest. I beleive it was T.A.Waters who said he had actually run into some people who didn't beleive that NY roaches stomp off after not finding food, but I doubt the story myself. I beleive it was David Emerson, though, who says that the way NY roaches differ from others ~~that is this roach different from all others~~ is that when you get up in the middle of the night, turn the light on, and discover the floor covered with the little buggers is that all NY roaches do is look up, wave, and ask what's for dinner. "Hi, David!". But as you were saying...++ The ants for their part seem to be trying not to be too obtrusive and after the signal service they performed, I have developed a mild affection for them. I am content with the status quo. Besides, if it weren't for the ants, who would keep the spiders down?

When we first moved here, I had thought that we had had the house entirely to ourselves. Shortly after moving in, however, we learned that we were sharing the house with a mouse family and one with marital problems, at that. Once a week or so there is a ferocious clamor and the rushing of little feet back and forth across the ceiling. After a short while this subsides and life returns to its normal tranquility. The mice are quite fearless. A few weeks ago I was looking out the open kitchen window when I noticed one of the mice on the sill calmly regarding me. I called me wife over and the two of us and the mouse exchanged curious stares when eventually the mouse ambled off. It undoubtedly had more important things to do than gawk at humans.

We also have a wasp nest by our house. I had made a sort of a half-hearted attempt at exterminating them by giving it one or two shots of insecticide which didn't seem to have had much effect on them. By the time I got around to them again, I found that a family of birds had moved in almost next door to the wasps. I am afraid of hurting the birds by spraying insecticide up there. On the other hand, the wasps have never given me any trouble. If we can maintain the relationship as it stands, I maybe content to let them remain where they are.

It strikes me that living in our house is very much like living in an apartment house in New York. We are vaguely aware of sharing the house with others, but we mind our own business and don't have very much to do with each other.

One great thing about living out here is that you can barbecue your meat anytime you like. In New York, we would have to drag everything out to some god forsaken place like Van Cortland Park in order to barbecue. Larely I have added a further refinement to outdoor cookery





which is as superior to barbecuing as barbecuing is to panfrying and that is smoke cooking the meat.

We have a large fireplace. A few weeks ago, I began climbing on the roof and suspending meat from the chimney while I built smokey fires using various woods. I finally hit on building very low fires heaped with piles of oak bark. After about three hours, the meat looks a varnished red on the outside and is still rare on the inside. The taste is incredible. << Our vegatrainians still with us?

Dave? Darroll, Rosemary? >>

I haven't been to a FISTFA meeting

since the time that I met you. I've just been too busy. I saw you sipping by at Lunacon, but you were too fast for me to catch you. I was only at the con for a few hours and found it to be very dull. We repaired to an all-night party at the Janifer's house where we had a great time, so the day was not a total loss.

I finally finished putting up almost all the bookshelves we need. As far as I know, we are the only people in the area with bookshelves on all four walls of our bedroom. << Inactive you may be, you still have a fannish mentality. That's in the complimentary sense, by the way.>> I gather that Jon Finger is connected with your fanzine? If so let me take this opportunity to say "Hi, Jon!" << Consider it taken.>>

I've been unpacking boxes and assembling my old fanzines into one coherent heap. I find that I have some duplicates such as Science Fiction Newsletter (Tucker), Science Fiction Adventuer, Inside Science Fiction, etc. I would be interested in trading. << As would I -- what are you looking for? Would you take mundane money?>>

On and off I spend time working on a 1966 mustang convertible that I picked up last November. It used to burn up a quart of oil every 50 miles. I replaced the piston rings and had the head worked on in a shop and I seem to have licked the problem (I hope). << "drift, the mechanical fanzine!">> It has taken me some time to do this. I am essentially lazy but given to great fits of energy and enthusiasm. << You just described how this fanzine gets done.>> If I can get it fixed it will be worth the aggravation. A convertible in the summer is an ultimate high.

I have been drinking a lot more beer since I left New York. My wife is just in the process of putting some finishing touches on a gallon of elderberry wine. Her next project will be to make some mead. We are fortunate in having an apiary in the area from which we get some excellent honey at reasonable prices. For my part, I have picked up some blue ribbon malt extract and am looking for a reasonably large container to brew some beer in.

When one lives in New Jersey, one must remain content with the more rustic pleasures in life. Not that these are to be despised.

Has anyone heard from Mike McInerny? I lost track of him several years back. << I have an address for him in San Francisco, but god knows how out of date that is. I'll try sending him a copy of this.>>

A dear friend, Hans Santesson, is dead for over a year now. I looked in vain in the prozines for some mention as to his passing. I wonder if I missed it? << I beleive I saw some mention. And there was



that personal obituary by Harlan Ellison in Locus)) I saw him 3 days before he died. It was at a mini-Hydra given in honor of Bertil Falk who had just come on a visit from Sweden. We met, as usual, in the Raj Mahal. Hans and Ben Bova were haggling over the length of a novel Hans was going to do for Analog, then they haggled over the length of a book Ben Bova was going to do for Han's' publisher. Camille Mirapoix was there, talking in a loud voice about her favorite subject; herself, and trying to coax her boyfriend who she always refers to as "The Professor" (He is actually a high school geography teacher.) to talk to me in German. Camille went on telling the waiter what a wonderful country Pakistan was and how great friends she was with the Mir of Hunza. The waiter gave her dirtier and dirtier looks but she went right on until I whispered to her that she was in a Bengali restaurant.

After the restaurant we all repaired to the gracious hospitality of Debbie Crawfords apt. Debby was telling us about a book she had done about Franz Kafka when her radiologist boyfriend Egon let on that he had been very close friends with Kafka's personal physician. She hadn't known this and it drove her crazy to realize how close she had been to a wealth of information about Kafka without knowing it.

Bebby passed around galley proofs from the book of the month club which we all indulged in criticizing, Bertil talked about his books and we all drank prodigious amounts of beer until, around 5:00 am we broke up. More people than possible piled into our Toyota and we drove around Manhattan dropping everyone off.

We continued on to Edgewater to bring Hans home. He was very sick and it must have taken him several minutes to squeeze himself out of our car. I watched as he laboriously pulled his way step by step to the walkway, stopping to catch his breath at every movement. I pleaded with him to let me help him, but he refused, saying he would feel embarrassed in front of the neighbors. I drove off, but reflected on how sick he looked and pulled back in front of his house again. I again offered to help him and he again refused. I gave up, wished him well and went home. We were the last people to see him alive."  
((Tom Byro))

Thank you, Tom. I suspect you'll be more surprised to hear from me after 14 months, than I to hear from you after 2, but I hope it's a pleasant one, as you're certainly was to me. Please write again, I'd love to have you do a regular column.

THE MUSIC, if anyone cares, while I was taping that was Dylan/The Band's Before The Flood, and The Byrd's Turn! Turn! Turn!. It goes on with Emerson, Lake & Palmer's Brain Salad Surgery. I should thank one person for providing me with the specific inspiration and enthusiasm to Pub My Ish once again, and that's John Berry. You see, I tend to be rather cyclical in my publishing enthusiasm -- I'll do a zine, be tired out for a while, then something will inspire me, and if enough time goes by, I'll get lackadaisical about it again, whether or not I've published. Until something fires up my energy again...

This time it was John's package of Hitchhike 20-27, Foolscap 7,8,10-12, Thirsty Boots 2,4,7, Paper Soul, Egoboo 15 & 16, a Gafiates Intelligencer, or something like that. Now, I've always been fascinated by fanhistory ever since I entered fandom -- one of the things I do is collect old fanzines, and I've put considerable time and effort into it (about 10 big crates so far). I love old fanzines for a number of reasons -- 1) there are all sorts of articles that stand on their own as fascinating and worthwhile pieces -- humor, sercon, personal, whatever. 2) Well,





it just seems to stand to reason, to my mind that if you're interested in your friends, and what they write now, you'd be interested in what they wrote yesterday, and, the day before, and a week ago, and last year, and 5 years ago, and 15, and... The overlap in fandom is continuous, and there's no escaping being fascinated in zines going back to the 1930's, if you follow the proper progression (or regression?). 3) It's intriguing to know all of What Happened Before -- there are all these neat little pieces of information that make it worthwhile. 4) It's an education in what mistakes not to make. What's marvelous is that since so much of fanzine fandom is on paper (though less and less in these days of long-distance calls, traveling giants, and personal interaction), it's entirely possible to vicariously fanatic in those bygone eras -- what does it matter if you read it now or then, it feels the same to you! Quite weird. 5) One of the things, though, is...well, let me go back a ways to preface this. Watch closely now.

One of the most impelling reason I became active in fandom, and remain active in fandom is that I saw all of these fascinating people in it. Now, I "saw" them in the sense that I would read people's locs in fanzines, and say "Hey, I like that. I could have said that, I think I like that person - s/he seems interesting to me." What made them (the ones I took an interest in) so interesting was in the ways that I would match up what they were saying with my own head, and be pleased to discover the similarities there. I was intrigued by all of these neat people saying things I agreed with, in ways I liked; unlike most people I met off the street or in (at the time) a deadly school life. I was most intrigued by those who seemed most similar to me -- whether in philosophies, observations, writing style, life-style, actions, speculations, way of thinking or what. Now, this may seem somewhat narcissistic, but I was a kid who had grown up totally asocial, and who had functioned from a basis of "I'm different. Since I'm different, and I don't like Them, I must be Better." ((I was always a positively-minded little bugger.)) This metamorphized into "To be better, I must be Different." I was a weird little kid, growing up reading sf, and most everything else -- gaining a prodigious self-education, while forgetting and ignoring all about humans. I recall going thru the school library, finishing all the sf, turning to animal stories, finishing them, turning to the biography section, reading all of them, then all of the physics books, then the encyclopedias, then the historical fiction, etc. I ran out of school library at an early age, and started to run thru the local public branch. But, anyway, I had only discovered People shortly before fandom, and was still thrilled by the idea that there were people I could communicate with, and like, love, etc. ((I hasten to add that most of this stuff about my childhood refers to 10-15 years ago, for the most part. I is quite fine now, thank you.)) And so certain names began to raise themselves into my consciousness, stimulated by the different and overlapping ways in which you people out there were me. Got that? Stumbling into fandom about 5 years ago, I



started to run across simulacra and analogs of myself...As I entered local NY fandom, in a year or two, I became very aware of my position (at the time) as Youngest Local Actifan -- I was 15-16, and was intrigued to become aware of people who held slightly analogous situations in NY fandom in their time -- Les Gerber in the 50's, Andy Main, and then in the latish 60's, John Berry. I seemed, in some way to be following in their spiritual footsteps, or somesuch. (I am further intrigued and releived to note that most of them all went on to do further interesting things in life, mostly all things that I could see myself doing in their position -- particularly Andy Main who went off to Shiner College, a small unique institution, hitchhiked across and around the country, and went on to live in San Francisco, work on the Co-Evolution Quarterly, and is now Andrew Main, living at the Zen Center (I've an almost complete run of B'shmallah, Jesus Bug, etc. Hello, Andrew Main.) -- and John Berry, who travelled about the world, worked a lot of temporary jobs, and moved back and forth from Coast to Coast, building up a network of friends, and a layering of experiences over a flow of learning, or woenething as equally silly as what I've been doing the past year or so.)

Now, John is a different person than I am; we've had different upbringings, are of different ages, different influences, etc -- I recognize all this, and know people who are much more similar to me in other ways than John is, but, reading thru his fanzines...GODDAMMIT, but I could have written so much of that! Page after page, thought after thought, quote after quote, influence after influence, interest after interest, way of thought after way of thought, fanzine after fanzine -- there are whole fanzine's that I agree, like and admire so much that I wouldn't even know where to begin to quote or reprint. It's just to much.

John's beautiful descriptions and accountings of events is in a style (and behind that style is a way of thinking; implied assumptions that I stand in full agreement with) that I wish I could equal; and his analyses, thoughts and commentaries are always of subjects of particular fascination to me (like places of power, the Meaning of the 60's, Eastern vs. Western thought, the meaning of Travel, blues, natural life-styles, And So On), saying things and making observations that I could/would of, they are so close to my way of thinking.

So getting the concentrated packet of Berryania in the mail caught me at the right moment (I had just finished a 35 page apa-zine for A Women's Apa, a 2 pager for MISHAP, and 5 letters, not to mention 8 postcards to People Who Needed Writing To, and was at a lull in Necessary Writing.) to Inspire me, pick me up with a wave of longing, and toss me on the deck of me fanzine. This fanzine is not Berry's Fault, it's Farber's, but he comes close. Is that egoboo enough, John?

Without further ado, I give you Aljo Svoboda's contribution to this literary endeavor -- (if you turn the page) --

IT'S ALL ABOUT  
GRACE  
5  
10  
4/10



# THE BROKEN TOE STRUT



Right now, I'm living at the Worldcon the way some people live at the movies in a "bad section" of town. And because the convention is a little too much for me, I find myself retreating to the written word, writing fannishly for the first time in a while, just minutes away from all of fleshly fandom. The frustration of distance, which I can't pretend is not there, is here turned into something aesthetic. It's very pretty, the way this "radical shift in perspective" occurs. I have no clear purpose in writing this piece except to be writing for a little while. Also I'd like to submit something to Gary Farber, who is a real Electrick Phann if I've ever met one. Also I'd like to write about my brief first meeting with John D. Berry, less than an hour ago, and then I'd like to try my hand at not writing about that meeting.

Wow. John D. Berry. It was his column in Amazing that brought me into fandom in 1970, and kept me away from the science-fiction part of it. Which isn't to say

that everything didn't have science-fiction aspects to it, little reversals and explosions and confusions all over the place in all the fanzines I ever saw, as well as in the shopping mall that was being built five minutes away from my home at that time; but which is to say that I didn't trust the people I read who beleived with any measure of conviction that science-fiction was what was Important. John D. Berry convinced me early on that good people and baroque humor were far more interesting and were to be pursued. I remain convinced, even from the vantage point of inactivity.

And a year or two later, I wrote a letter of comment to John D. Berry on the fabulous fanzine he co-edited with Ted White on famous looking dark green paper. What was it called? Egoboo? Yeah, I think that was it. John D. Berry wrote me a little note back, saying I think that he enjoyed my loc. And it was published in another issue, after an irregular interval had passed. Wow. If that didn't make me an initiate into the glowing realm, what ever could have?



My last connection with John D. Berry was that I realized, several months later, reading FOOLSCAP and HITCHHIKE, an early issue, that he was my favorite writer in fandom. It's terrible -- I think I may have realized this while I was reading about him looking at a waterfall, or about the division between people who pick flowers and people who leave them and look at them where they grow. Makes me sound like someone discovering Hermann Hesse or becoming enamoured of that shit-head, Rod McKuen. But I've remembered the thing about flower-pickers versus flower-watchers to this day, even though my attention to flowers has almost always been peripheral to my attention to sky or sounds or clouds. Just last week, when my sister and I stopped for a day in Portland, Maine, I was a bit disturbed at my sister's collecting weed-flowers while we walked. I'm sure this tinge of righteousness had its roots in a paragraph written by John D. Berry, before I lost touch with him and approximately everyone else in fandom.

So a couple of hours ago (words take time when writ with a BIC pen), I met John D. Berry in the flesh for the first time. And there wasn't much to it, except a moment after I said hello and he said hello and I was standing around silently grinding my teeth in embarrassment, John D. Berry, head extraordinaire, asked me if I ever got stoned back when I was writing letters to him and other fannish fans, and then, as an afterthought, whether I'd ever used dope even now. I told him no, I was never stoned back then and had only "done it" (I meant to say tried it, but pretensions to experience will out if I'm not careful and aware of what I'm saying) twice since then. He explained that some of my letters had sounded as if I'd become very stoned to write them, weird but interesting. I was honored but embarrassed by my lingual faux pas, and after a moment I drifted away. That was it.

I guess the reason I wrote weird stuff when I was thirteen and fourteen and fifteen was I liked to associate, and could move freely and naively from one topic to another, from one word to another, without worrying about continuity. Or maybe it was that I enjoyed sounding as if I was talking about something real when it wasn't more than I enjoyed talking about real things. Or maybe it was that I liked Dave Hulvey. Anyway, something.

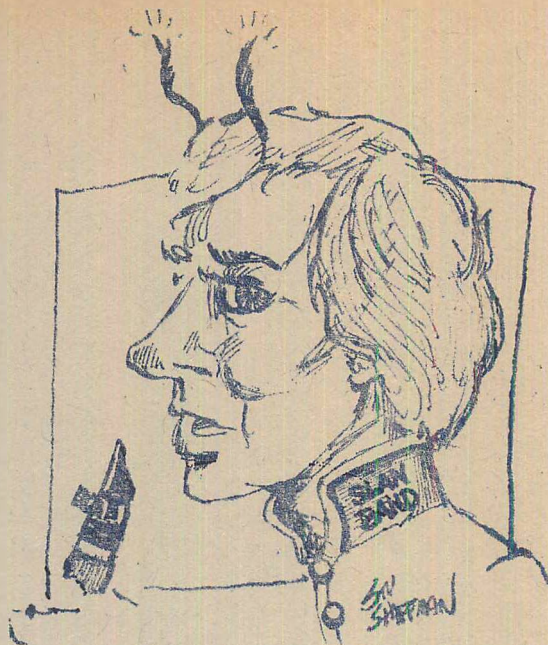
About dope, I can only say that I admire literate heads, that I like the smell of grass but can't stand the thickness of any kind of smoke in my lungs, that someday I'll use some hallucinogenics if I'm nearby to people who love me and whom I know I love. As it is, my hallucinations thus far have all been built rather than rown. And here's the roof, and here's the floor, and here's the exit.

*aljo svoboda*



THOSE OF YOU WITH BROAD MENTAL horizons will have realized from statements made within Aljo's piece that he wrote this during MidAmeriCon, on a brief retreat back to his room at the YMCA, several blocks from the hotel.

Aljo Svoboda was one of those people that I was absolutely delighted to meet at MAC, but was also taken completely by surprise at their presence there. I had long been intrigued by the weird and cryptic letters and articles of a mysterious recluse labeled "Aljo Svoboda". I'd didn't quite beleive in such a person, but a certain quality of consciousness about what he wrote, and a surreal level of analyticness kept me looking for his work.



I was curious (fannish).

Since I didn't really beleive in such a person's existence, emotionally, it was with great startlement that I said hello to the person talking to Tim Marion whose name-tag labeled him "Aljo Svoboda". It was early on in the con, probably Friday morning, or Saturday, and I walked into the huckster room looking for someone or other -- Boom, Tim and Aljo!

I didn't think that Aljo would recognize my name, since we hadn't had any previous contact, but I managed to convey the fact that I was glad to meet him, and mumbled something about loving the piece he had just had in what was then the current issue of Kratophany ("the fanzine from the tundra!") -- "Conversational Fannish", or somesuch it was called, a brilliant pin-pointing of the cliches over-used in fandom, both in language and in action (narrowness of thinking) -- superb and funny.

I never got the opportunity for a long talk with Aljo, nor am I sure what we would have said, but I would like the chance to get to know him. I did manage a glance at the huge, hundred-page manuscript of a poem-play (?) that he had written (to be set to music, I beleive, Aljo?) and loaned to Bill Brëiding, while I was staying in Bill's, Chris Sherman and Roger Sween's room, and was further intrigued by it. I hope you write, Aljo. Yes.

MIDAMERICON WAS A MOST PECULIAR CONVENTION, for me. I had been traveling about Northern Ontario and Manitoba in a van with Patrick Hayden, Phil Paine and Diane Drutowski for most of the preceding two months, trying to sort out what I wanted to do, and how to live in a couple-relationship that was developing problems -- not to mention seeing the sights. We found ourselves in Minneapolis a bare 2½ weeks before the worldcon in Kansas City -- only several hours drive away.

So naturally, after a long and highly emotional phone-call to NY with the person I was trying to work things out with, I found myself deciding that



it was necessary for me to get to New York. Then. I have already written, briefly, in drift(1)ing 2.2, of my drive with Mark Rily from Minneapolis to Chicago, where we broke down. The details of that journey, especially for those of you that know Rily, are best left to a verbal recounting. Our ostensible destination had been Toronto, but from our place of breakdown in Chicago I caught a bus to New York, using some emergency money I had received by mail the day we left, and arriving in NY absolutely flat broke, save for 10¢ for a phone call and 50¢ for a subway fare --- I bought four huge, homeade cookies from a peddler in Chicago, and this was my meal for the next day-and-a-half.

It was an awkward and transitional 2 weeks in NY --- we were both trying to adjust, and in some ways thought we had, but little basic had really changed. I didn't work, but tried to reintegrate myself into a place that no longer fit. I almost alienated several friends, and tried to adjust to the Fugghead Hordes who had invaded FISTFA while I was gone.

Things had changed while I was gone, but I was still trying to force things to fit the old mold. I didn't realize that it didn't and couldn't work.

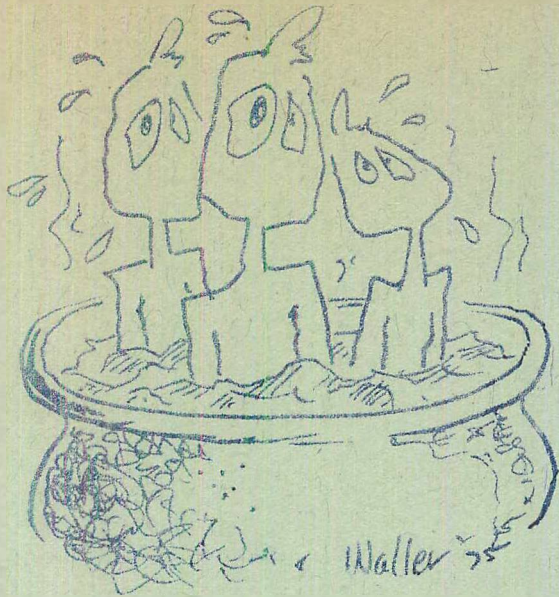
Our carload, driving out to Kansas City, consisted of myself, Elliot Shorter, denton/Thor, Genievive Steinberg, and Anna Vargo, all NY fans or fringe-fans. It was Brian Burley's car, but Brian and Judy Harrow were flying, so they loaned it to Elliot. We were jammed to the limit with Elliot's huckstering material, since Elliot had decided that he was going to starve if he didn't sell a certain amount of stuff -- we were absolutely crammed full, things sticking out windows, the rear view completely blocked, and no room for our legs. Joyous all around, and not aided by the fact that at various times most everybody wasn't speaking to somebody for some reason. Elliot was the only one who had driven the car before. Anna was only driving (the car was a manuel transmission) for the 6th time in her life, or something, and with the car being so heavily weighed down, when she turned it ended up being a turn at 40 mph with a loooonnnng screeching --- scared hell out of me.

Then we broke down.

The engine started to grind, and buck when we sped up, and then gradually the speed that we could travel at without the car trying to throw up got lower and lower --- 50 mph, 40 mph, 20 mph, 10 mph...stop. No matter what we did, it wouldn't move without pulling an earthquake act, and screaming. Before we had sat on the edge of the road for more than 5 minutes (this was in the western edge of Pennsylvania), lo, and a car pulls up in front of us and stops -- out of it steps...Mal Warob and flunky.

Mal Warob, for those of you unfamiliar with the name, is also known by his professional name of "Carter Stevens"; he makes porn movies. Mal is a fringe-fan, and comes to a lot of cons where he holds private showings of his films like "Lickety-Split" or "Rollarbabies" (Does that explain the "Rollarbabies" stickers you saw?). Anyway, he recognized Elliot, stopped and gave us a lift to a gas station where we got a tow truck to Take Us Away. The car apparently needed a lot of work -- the entire drive shaft had had an impacted tooth or something, and the drive-shaft had self-destructed. We got a hotel room, and didn't





wonder why Brian had flown.

Skipping ahead, we eventually were fixed, and got into Kansas City at around 1:00 am, a day late.

I spent almost all of MidAmeriCon with an extremely small group of people. I had been in heavy correspondence, and had gotten extremely intimate and close with a number of people, people in Apa-50. The apa at that time, was going thru a period of Personal Revelation and discussion in the extreme -- lots of hard and heavy stuff was going down, and now most of us were to meet together, many for the first time. There was an incredible amount of strain, nervousness, and tenseness being put about -- would there end up a group encounter session, would someone breakdown, would notable feudist A

kill notable feudist B, would so&so actually fall in love with so&so, etc. All of us had been writing incredibly emotion-filled stuff, and we seemed to have some weird compulsion to live it. I found myself becoming more and more upset without realizing the reasons why.

MAC was a worldcon. Not as large as Discon, but I knew a lot more people, and was a lot more well-known at MAC than 2 years before at Discon. More importantly, there were many people that knew me and that I wanted to meet. Hundreds. There were fannish fans, sercon fans, fans from the Michigan axis, fans from the Toronto group, fans from the Hitchhike circle, fans from the Title circle, fans from the Pacific Northwest, fans from down South, fans from K.C., old friends I hadn't seen in years, fans from MISHAP, from Ape-50, from Apa-Q, from Minneapa, from CAPRA, from RAPS, from Boston, and Minneapolis, and LA, and Falls Church, and Regina, and famous old fans, and young neos, and...

Endless hordes of people that I all wanted to visit with and see for several hours each! It was impossible, and it was obviously impossible, and there was never any question in advance but that it was impossible.

All this intellectual preparation, all this intellectual knowledge that I wouldn't be able to talk to incredibly dear and close friends, or people that I very much wanted to meet when they were that close didn't give me any emotional preparation for the experience, whatsoever. I spent more and more time as the con went on getting more and more nervous, jittery, upset and uncomfortable as more and more time went by. I started to pick up strange emotional feelings and vibes off of the crowds, and the people I was with.

At the time I was only aware of 3/4's of what was going on with the people around me, the apa-50 people, but I was very aware that Weird and Bizzare things were going down, and I, in my new-found emotional state of hyper-sensitivity started to get affected by everyone. I won't go into details here, for the sake of the people's privacy (which is why I'm not naming names -- although it's mostly all in the public record in the later Apa-50 mailings.), but there were people undergoing



incredible mood-swings, (one of whom later tried suicide); an over-lapping group of three that fell in love with another; people suddenly deciding they were homosexual; people being rebuffed; people being depressed; people attacking; people despairing; people crying; and a general sort of chaos.

Meanwhile, I was trying to face down my own relational conflicts; plus my own involvement with what was going on with the people previously mentioned; trying to get hold of and straighten out a relationship with another woman that I had become involved with, and hadn't seen in 3 months (she avoided me); and trying to deal with my combined irritable sensitivities and growing frustration/upset at not seeing the people I wanted to.

Is it any wonder I started to lose my ability to cope -- all this right when I didn't know what the hell I was doing with my life. I remember trying to talk to some people, and essentially finding myself unable -- I was losing all verbal ability, and everytime someone walked by I would have something to run and say to them -- but I couldn't, because another would come along and....

I recall talking with Bud Webster, and then with Bill Breiding, and then, trying to figure out what was going on, I gave up, and wanted to get away from it all -- I started to shake uncontrollably in the arms of friends (Diane Drutowski, Bill Breiding, Sarah Prince...), but it was little comfort, and I went up to the room to hide.

I was speeding, emotionally, and I didn't know how to come down, or what to do -- what catharsis was needed? I laid on the bed, and tried to calm myself, and deal with what was going on. Chris Sherman came in, and we left together to go for a walk, a walk that I badly needed. We walked some blocks, and found a small grocery store, where I bought an apple, and some cheese. We were only gone about 35 minutes, but I am very grateful to Chris, because that walk and his presence helped mellow me like little else could have. I was calmer, and went to find someone to have dinner with before the upcoming awards ceremony.

David Emerson was agreeable, but we seemed unable to put a party together on such short notice -- everytime we grabbed one person, and went to find another, the first one disappeared -- I swear that 3 people physically disappeared!

Anyway, we gave up on the idea, and I joined up with Larry Downes, Bill Breiding, Nick Polak, and Tim Marion to wait in front of the Muehlbach where Larry and the rest of us were waiting for Bowers & company. The time passed (it has a tendency to do that), and we all got more and more nervous, wondering where Bowers was





as people passed by on their way to the auditorium. Finally, bare minutes before the deadline, a cab zoomed up out of nowhere, and Bill Bowers and Randy Bathurst stepped out of it -- we moved towards the auditorium, a large building contrasting against all of the stark concrete flatness of the surrounding buildings. Inside, wide sweeping, carpeted staircases of the type usually only seen in opera-houses and movies led us upstairs, where we took seats in the last row. Gil Gafér was in front of me, and Jon Singer & Lynn Parks soon arrived in the next row. All over were familiar faces -- Jackie Franke popped up there, Glicksohn was running about taking pictures like a maniac, Ro Nagey over there, Dave Rowe over there, Diane Drutowski passed by, and so on and so on -- everywhere people I knew. Bill Breiding was next to me, on my left, and Larry to my right, Bowers to his right.

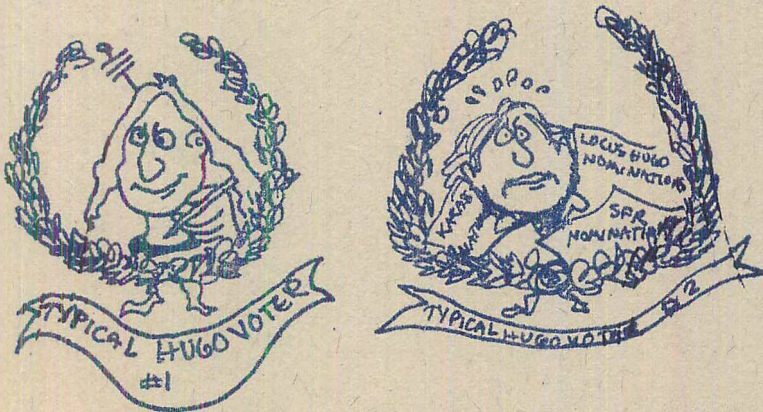
I mentioned before that I was being hyper-sensitive to people's feelings -- well, Larry was nervous as hell (he was to turn down Bill's Hugo, should Bill win for Outworlds -- sort of be the Indian to Bill's Marlon Brando) and Bower's wasn't doing to great himself. I was picking up all sorts of uncomfortable feelings from the crowd -- it felt harsh, and fake, and unpleasant. I was becoming more and more upset by my impressions of oppressiveness -- the whole thing seemed unreal, alien and fake -- was this garish Hollywood piece of ugliness truly fandom? If so, I didn't want any part of it. As the awards went on, depressing award after depressing award, my sense of alienation with the event grew. Locus nominated, Charlie Brown nominated as Best Fan-writer, SFR winning, Bova winning, Freas winning, Kirk winning... I jittered in my seat, and made a pact with Bill that I'd be okay if he'd be okay. The Event went on. As the awards went on, I dwelt more and more on What Was Going On at this convention, and decided that if this is what had come so far, I didn't need to see the rest. As soon as the intermission began I rose from my seat and left the building. Breiding was with me, but strode on ahead, as I stopped to wait for Larry and Tim, as I thought I saw them following.

We went back to the hotel, and to Billchrisandroger's room.

After a few minutes of confinement, I decided I needed to walk and think and be alone.

K.C. had, so far as I knew, no parks, no walking areas, no sites of any kind that one might be alone in, in pleasant surroundings -- I took the one alternative, and went up to the Muehlbach roof; an intricate maze-like affair of slopes, ladders, walkways and ledges. It pleased me.

It was alone, on the roof that had my catharsis, let go of the pent-up rage, frustration, depression, sadness, sorrow, and madness that had been raging in my heart, that I didn't understand. I realized what had been happening, what was going on, and what I should do. I came down, this time, not with resignation





, but with a Taoistic acceptance of the situation, and an emotional balance and understanding. I no longer needed to see the people I had to see -- I no longer had the long, deep personal conversations and connect with the people; what would come would come, what would not would not, and this is the way it was.

That was my MidAmeriCon.

CONCENTRATED EGOBOO: This is where I mention all of your names, super-fast. Quick, watch closely now, or...

I have flash frame memories of saying hello to Mike Glycer, and getting his Scientifricition & Prehensile; of a talk with Bowers, at 4:00 am by the poolside; of hugging Fred Haskell who Understood; of greeting Eric Lindsay and having no time to say anything more; of getting my Plergb Certificate from Tom Digby; of catching the last 30 seconds of the Mineo Man cast party, long enough to say hello to Eli Cohen; of chatting with John Berry, and sharing a cab to the airport with him, where he forgot to pay; of talking for over 1½ hours to Don C. Thompson, and chatting with Carolyn Thompson; of conversation with Gil Gaier; of seeing Susan Wood in an elevator, and as I stepped towards her, watching the elevator doors close, and Susan disappear for 2 days; selling Spanish Inquisitions that Jerry & Suzle had entrusted me with; meeting Jim Kennedy, er, Sheryl Smith, Tim Marion, Bob Vardeman, Roger Sween, Kathi Schaefer, David Klaus, Tom Perry, Tim Kyger, Denys Howard, etc, etc; and talking with Leah Zeldes, Jim Young, Mike Wood, Ted White, Victoria Vayne, Dan Steffan, Jerry Stearns, Lee Smoore, Sarah Prince (falling asleep in her slides), Bruce Pelz, Taral, Lesleigh Lutrell, Ken Fletcher, Linda Lounsbury, Hank Lutrell, Morris Keesan, Gordon Garb, Phil Foglio, Don Fitch, Jan Howard Finder, Cy Chauvin, Rich Brown, Brien Earl Brown, Mike Blake, Bruce Arthurs, and many others, to use an original ending. If you noticed an alphabetical tinge to the order of those names, it's because I'm using my address file to stimulate my memory -- apologies to all those left out. More regreted were those who were there, but I didn't get to talk to, or didn't get to talk to at any length. And thanks to Larry Downes, Chris Sherman, Terry Floyd, Bill Breiding. Oh, the hell with lists of names -- it was a weird bugger of a con, but it won't happen again.

LETTER FROM BERNIE PEEK: "drift 2 arrived this morning, I read part way through and decided to loc. I've eaten now so I'm feeling fit, fat, fed and fairly happy. Today is the first day of the period of total relaxation I try to get before I start exams. By the time you get this letter I'll know if I'm going to get thrown out of college or not. I don't know what the american system is, my problem at the moment is that I haven't completed enough of my term time work and so now I have to prove that I'm worth keeping on. If I don't I'm out with no second chance! ++ It sounds like our system here in the states, save that you can usually reapply, and try again -- at least at another college. ++ Meanwhile I'll just drift along...speaking of which...

It's very difficult to comment on editorial ramblings without knowing the person who's doing the rambling. It's surprising how much the occasional "pause for effect", which doesn't come across in writing affects the whole meaning of the words. Facial expressions and hand movements play a part as well. It's much easier to understand someone's writing if you have seen them speaking. ++ Obviously, this only applies if the writing is in a conversational tone, as so much of fanwriting is, of course. Yes, the inability to see facial expressions and hand-gestures/body movements is one of the reason's why some people have an extreme dislike of telephones. |7



and cannot talk comfortably on them. The reverse is also true; I know people who cannot talk without moving, and who are totally uncomfortable talking when they know a person can't see them. True, the verbalization and intonation can reverse the meaning of a sentence. >>

I'm glad I don't have your travel problems at college. << I don't, anymore.>> My college is about 20 miles from the centre of London, by british standards that's the middle of nowhere. It means that most of the students' activities have to be provided by the students at the college. If you like discos, football, booze and dope, that's fine. If, like me, you appreciate good music, value your hearing, can't stand football/cricket/tennis/swimming in a pool with 150 other people/naive ultra-left/ultra-right-wing student politice (Unless, as Michael Moorcock did, I join all the major political parties.)/lousy food/badly kept beer, college life is likely to get pretty boring.

This year (My freshman year.) I've elected to live out of college, this means that I've been out of student life but it also means that I've been able to keep up all my old friendships. Next year I should be living in the hall of residence -- if I'm not out looking for a job. By that time I'll be mobile, though, on my two-wheel death-trap.

It's a pity there aren't more british cons. When I came into fandom about 6-7 years ago there was only one. Then it doubled up. Now we have the success of the first World Fan Convention I suspect that we may end up with half a dozen. That's going to be good for me because it looks as if I'll misst the next two Eastercons because of exams.

I suspect that the college is going to produce a fine crop of fans in the next few years. One particular hall of residence in particular. There are two or three people interested in cons and about 20 who are hooked on Dungeons and Dragons. The number of people interested in D&D is rising in an apparently geometrical progression. << It seems to have hit a saturation point among fans over here, thank god. It's a frightening sight to walk past a game room at a con on Friday night, and pass by Sunday at 3:00 am to find them still playing -- the same people!>>

Minneapolis fandom sounds interesting, I know the problem of mixing fannish and mundane parties but they couldn't be as bad as a party that happened here a few weeks ago.

The house that I live in is divided off into single rooms -- all except mine are pretty small. On saturday night I was starting to do some work when someone knocked on the door. When I opened it I found the guy from the room directly above mine standing there with a nervous smile on his face. "I'm holding a party, would you like to come?" I dragged out my booze and wandered up. The last of my gin went into the punch and I put a bottle of wine in a sinkfull of water to cool. An hour later we'd finished the punch -- then about 20 people arrived. With that many people in an 8' x 10' room it was just a trifle packed.

Eventually someone said lets go back to my place. I couldn't see who it was. Suddenly everyone left, the guy holding the party, his friends, my wine. Then the rest of the party arrived!

There I sat, holding a party for 10 complete strangers in somebody else's room listening to my records piped up along cables strung out of the windows. What a party.

Conreps I like but of course it helps if you know the people that get mentioned. I hope to get over to the states next summer but unless I can get work over there I'll never be able to afford it. Anyone know where I could work for a couple of months -- July-August? Velly good, velly cheap, house trained, eats anything, loves children. More important, what chance have I got of getting a visa? I know that there's a law saying that if there's a job going US citizens got it. With a



job I'll get to the 77 worldcon, without it I won't! If anyone wants a student microbiologist/biochemist or an assistant pharmaceutical formulation chemist, just let me know.

Until a few months ago I thought Dylan was the biggest hype around. ~~He is/was.~~ As far as I was concerned he was a lousy song-writer ~~He's not.~~ and an even worse singer. ~~He's not.~~ The Dylan magic just didn't get through to me. I still don't think he can sing, but one, just one track off of his new album (Desire) Sara, that one track has made me think again. Partly about what sort of person could write a song like that, but mostly about what sort of woman could inspire a song like that. The last piece of music that made me think that was by someone even more famous than Dylan. The music was called Fur Elise.

I don't know much about hypnosis but it strikes me as being just a little foolhardy to try it when you're both high. I reckon that some-body, somewhere should be in full possession of their faculties. ~~On Jeff Kleinbard's column last-time:~~ I believe that Jeff had the situation well in hand. Certainly you couldn't lose your faculties very far on just grass. The situation is never likely to happen to me because the first and last time I tried dope I threw up. I'm a non-smoker in both senses so a young lady baked me a cake! She should have warned me. A very interesting column, anyway.

Space Time For Springers: like I said, I prefer cats -- or kittens -- ~~Famish~~ or animal sort? Or is there a difference? so apparently do Fritz Leiber and Cordwainer Smith. For cats I'd use the term intelligent but not sentient. I'd use the same expression to describe a goodly number of the species Homo sapiens, for other people sentient but not intelligent..

~~On the locs:~~ There is, in Britain, a society which tries to look after the interests of gifted children. A case they dealt with recently was of a young girl -- about four years old -- who wouldn't do as she was told, generally created mayhem and was diagnosed by her family doctor as being severely mentally retarded.. The family decided that they'd had enough when she threw a colour TV at her brother and smashed it. They called in a psychiatrist who diagnosed chronic hyper-activity. She had an I.Q. too high to be measured -- which means something over 250. In Britain she will go to school at 5, go on to a comprehensive school at 11, and from there to a university at 18, possibly going on to do a Ph.D at 21. ~~Yes,~~ that sounds pretty rigid and confining. Christ, I was in a university at 16, and while I'm swift, to use Jon Singer's term, I ain't got no IQ of 250. Not that IQ's count for very much. ~~If,~~ and it's a big if, she manages to get through that far. The educational system is set up for the people who get straight C's, D's and Z's. I don't know about you, but I got exam results of A's and F's. When they average that they get C. You then get put in with the rest of the C's. Half the time you don't want to go to a lecture because it's in a subject you're not interested in and the rest of your time you don't want to go because it's something you read up four years ago because it was interesting. ~~In the Alternate~~ College I was in, the problem didn't exist in quite the same way, because of the unusual structure I described last time around, 1½ years ago. My marks, as it happens consisted of an A (in my General Semantics class -- a senior-level seminar. This was a fantastic class because I just knew all of the material -- it seemed obvious, and thusly developed a terrific rapport with the professor, Professor Sanbonmatsu; we would sit in his office and talk for hours -- I ended up assisting him with some others of his classes. I also got an A in General Studies: Humanities class, although it went on the record as a B -- by that



time I had already dropped out, and wasn't going to bother with writing letters back and forth to hassle them about it. For the rest I got 2 B's, one Withdrawal, and a "U" (no credit) for my 1-credit Mentor-Tutorial Seminar (I never showed up -- I didn't think you had to...well...). So, my Grade Point Average, altogether was 3.20. However, I doubt that I'll ever do anything with it...)) At 11 I got interested in Chemistry -- I don't know why -- so I started reading chemistry texts. My hobby was electronics, so I read Physics texts. At 13 I could easily have done the A level chemistry and physics exams normally taken at 17 or 18. At 14 I stopped working. At 14 I lapsed into a lethargy that I'm only just breaking out of. During the last 9 years I've read a few texts on subjects that I've gotten interested in -- mainly biochemistry, microbiology, pharmacology, etc. Now I've started studying those three -- and it worries me. In some parts of the course I'm two or more years ahead of the rest of the class who are nearly all 18 years old and straight from school. )) I could probably talk about the flaws that I believe exist in the American "educational system" (and the entire "western world's" system, for that matter) for hours, but I'll spare you until I have more indication that someone else is interested in discussing the subject. Basically, the system is set up as a method of child care, as a means of keeping kids off the streets, and out of the feet of their parents -- that's the chief fault, that it's devoted to that, and has little to do with learning. Part of the rest comes from a myopic preoccupation with what is known as "teaching" -- meaning a "grown Adult" stands in front of the "children" and lectures them in what to believe -- frequently on a subject that s/he knows nothing about save the gospel text -- and no attention to Learning, to helping stimulate the students curiosity to find out about things around them. Anyone want to discuss this further?))

Talking about old fanzines, I bought a copy of a zine called Bane which I remember being interested in. Is the editor still around? Bane 9 is mentioned in drift 2. )) Bane was edited by Vic Ryan, and was indeed a good zine. It, Enclave (Joe Pilati) and Quark/Log (Tom Perry) were going to be the basis for a fanhistorical article I was going to write on 3 basically forgotten good zines of the 50/60's. Now Tom Perry has arisen again, but I may still write it. So far as I know, though, Ryan is wandering in the Glades of Gafia, and is Gone. Anyone else know?)) Mike Shoemaker had a few more fights than I had, in fact I never fought at school. The fact that I was a loner and never lost my temper worried the people who might otherwise have picked on me. )) Me, too. I'm also very good at blending unobtrusively into backgrounds when I want to.)) There was even a rumour that I had secretly studied some form of unarmed combat, which was at the time untrue. What was definitely known was that I could throw a knife -- perhaps my school was tougher than most. Later on I took up archery and small bore pistol/rifle shooting. How to gain a reputation without really trying.

I think I can sum up my immediate reaction to drift as empathic, I'm in a similar situation to yours. Admittedly, I've had a few more years experience but that doesn't make a great deal of difference. " (Bernie Peek, 34 Dongoh Rd., Plaistow, London. E13 0A3, UK)

LETTER FROM LAURIE TRASK: "What's a \*Boyd Raeburn\*?" (6D3, 1060 Morewood Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

)) Would you believe it's a sort of a giant wombat? How about a specially-large size custard-meringue pie, then? How about a quite gafiaed fan who loved jazz, gourmet food, and fast cars, as well as published A Bas, in the '50's, and was a founding member of the Toronto Derilect Insurgents? How's that, Mike Glicksohn?))



LETTER FROM CY CHAUVIN: "Hitchhiking brings out some inner fear in me; I don't know entirely why. I think because I have never tried it (or never even picked up a hitch-hiker). The loose-wandering lifestyle maybe disturbs me, since at the moment, I'm still a glutton for security. Maybe I fear the problem of having to deal with the people in the car (what to say? Can you just sit there deaf and dumb?) << Sure, although I consider it somewhat of an obligation, if someone picks me up and they want to talk, that I should talk and keep them entertained -- that way I'm "paying" for my part of the ride. Likewise, if they want silence, I keep my mouth shut. >> Or maybe I just fear the fear: the unknown. The untried. So it goes.

I did enjoy your reply to Mike Shoemaker: why, indeed, should superior intelligence imply superiority, period? I dislike comparing achievements, or putting down in my own mind the superior abilities of others ("so what if he beat me in pinball...what's that?"). I dislike it because I want to like people (desperately, I think sometimes), I want to think good of them, and you can't do that if you put down their abilities (I think people put others down largely out of envy/jealousy, the emotion for which I feel the most shame and disgust in myself). << To ignore differences and avoid comparisons is not in itself undesirable, it's the making of wrong-headed moral judgements of superiority/inferiority based on those comparisons that is wrong. To learn to put yourself down for feelings and emotions is also a bad practice -- it can lead to self-hatred, denigration, and hairy palms -- better to learn to deal with what you're feeling, and work out and adjust to the sense of it. :: I would say that what is generally classified as "jealousy" or "envy" is really just insecurity over one's own competency in whatever you're "jealous" of -- seeing another person reminds you of your own insecurity and possible lacks, and if you're a product of our society, will trigger hostility at the person reminding you.>> There is another thought: maybe "intelligence" is not necessarily knowledge, or the ability to read and interpret Kafka with ease, or do algebraic equations, or original biological research -- maybe "intelligence" is really how well you are able to cope with life. << We call it "wisdom" around here. More people are getting it every day. How many of you feel you are wiser than the same time last year?>> There are a lot of intelligent people around who are unable to do this, I fear. (On still the other hand, it may only be the really intelligent people who realize (bad word there -- it assumes the truth of the following statement) that it isn't possible to cope with life...)

Interesting comments by David Emerson on fannish parties, and especially the difference the attitudes fans have towards them vs. those of mundanes. Sometimes, I can get tired of the talk at fan parties (especially con ones), but it depends a lot on how "into" the conversation I am, and how superficial it is -- sometimes it is nice to do other things than just talk, just for a break. But obviously, it is the regularity with which fans party which makes the parties more of a fun thing. As David says, the artificiality disappears. "  
(Cy Chauvin, 320 Harper, Detroit, MI, 48202.)

"Does one really have to fret  
About enlightenment?  
No matter what road I travel,  
I'm going home. "

-- Shinsho,  
Zen Poems of  
China and Japan.



fabulous drift fanhistorical reprint

## WILD HEIR — WALT WILLIS

The other morning I was eating breakfast when the mail came. I opened it. "Ghod", I said, spreading marmalade distractedly on a crudzine from N.Carolina. "Ghod!"

"Not.....?" said Madeleine, growing pale.

"Yes, " I said, "It's from Him. Charles Burbee."

Madeleine hastily swept the floor, polished the furniture, and brought out the table napkins.

"What does He say?" she asked.

I pulled myself together, and spoke in hushed tones. "He says I have Impeccable Taste."

"Burbee says you have Impeccable Taste?" said Madeleine.

"Yes, " I said, "He says I have Impeccable Taste. He also says that one of my articles was Very Fine."

"Will you continue to live with me?" asked Madeleine humbly.

"Yes, woman," I said. "I shall not allow this to turn my head. I shall continue to mingle with ordinary people. Besides you need not feel inferior. Burbee says I have Impeccable Taste and since I chose you, you must be a very paragon among women."

"Thank you," said Madeleine, "You make me feel humble.... and sort of proud."

"That is all right," I said approvingly. "Burbee thinks well of Pogo. Your taste while not so Impeccable as Mine, is quite good."

I continued reading His fanzine, absent-mindedly proceeding with my breakfast. "Another crudzine?" asked Madeleine, passing me the marmalade.

I ignored her. My mind was on higher things.

"Ghod," I said. "I wish I could write like Burbee."

"Hell," said Madeleine, "You're always saying that. Why don't you try to write like burbee?"

"Because," I said, "for one thing I do not live in California and do not know Francis Towner Laney, Al Ashley, and similar fabulous



fannish characters. Observe that even Lee Jacobs did not write like Burbee until he went to California. My Taste is far too Impeccable to produce a travesty of Burbeeism."

"You have fabulous fannish characters here," said Madeleine. "Chuck Harris, he who is coming to stay with us tomorrow, is a fabulous fannish character. It is not essential to live in California to be a fabulous fannish character. Though it helps."

"Woman," I said, "You are right. My Impeccable Taste tells me that you are. I will suggest to Chuck Harris that we produce a one-shot for FAPA."

Next morning I went down to the docks to meet Harris. I saw his sensitive fannish face loom greenly towards me through the cattle. I ignored his greetings.

"Burbee," I said, "Burbee says I have Impeccable Taste."

"He said that?" said Harris.

"Yes," I said. "He also said that one of my articles was Very Fine."

Harris turned humbly to get back on the boat again.

"No," I said, "You may stay. With my Impeccable Taste I have decided that you are a fabulous fannish character. We shall produce a FAPA one-shot after breakfast. Do you like marmalade on your crud-zines? Or I have some books from Ackerman in JAM condition."

Harris looked doubtful.

"I am sorry," I said, "That was not worthy of my Impeccable Taste. That was not Burbee-like, that was a lousy Willis-type pun. It is my Impeccable Taste which enables me to recognize these things."

"What are you talking like Burbee for?" asked Harris.

"I am not talking like Burbee," I said, "and if you had Impeccable Taste like I have you would realize this."

Harris abased himself and beat his head on the ground.

"Never mind," I said kindly. "I am in fact talking like Lee Jacobs talking like Burbee. It would be disrespectful to Ghod to imitate Him; instead we shall imitate Lee Jacobs imitating Burbee. Lee Jacobs, though a fabulous non-fannish character and whom I have met in London and Chicago, is not Ghod."

"What shall we do first?" asked Harris.

"First," I said, "I must now address you as Randolph instead of Chuck. Then you must go out and expose homosexuals."

"Have you," he asked, "any special homosexuals in mind, or is the ability to recognize them a by-product, a facet, of your Impeccable Taste?"



I smiled kindly at Madeleine, who was cleaning my shoes in the corner. "We shall find them" I said. "We shall have no difficulty. Vinc Clarke, one of Englands fabuloussier fannish characters, has declared that Northern Irish fandom is remarkably homogenous. I am the genius, therefore the others must be homos."

"That was not like Lee Jacobs talking like Burbee." he pointed out. "That was like Willis talking like Jacobs talking like Burbee. That was a lousy Willis-type pun. Are you sure you have Impeccable Taste?"

"Burbee has said so," I pointed out reprovngly.

"I am sorry," he said humbly. "It is just that I cannot become accustomed to the honour of being a fabulous Burbee-type character. Could I not be a fabulous Harris-type character instead?"

"Very well, Randolph," I said. "I know how difficult it is to be a fabulous Burbee-like character. Even I should find it difficult were it not for the Impeccability of my Taste. After we have finished breakfast I shall go to my fabulous attic where I have Fandangoes which list the characteristics of these homos. Meanwhile I can tell you that I understand they are fans who prefer to go about with men rather than with women."

Harris went out into the morning.

Some hours later he returned. "I have found no less than three homosexuals," he said.

"Randolph," I said, "I am proud of you. What are their names?"

"Peggy Martin, Sadie Shaw and Madeleine Willis," he said.

"Randolph," I said, "I am no longer proud of you. You have made a mistake. These are not homosexuals."

"But they go about with men instead of women," he protested. "They are effeminate."

"Randolph," I said, "These are women. I fear you have been concentrating too much on your fanatic. Since you have been out I have been reading my Fandangoes. It seems that homosexuals are men who act like girls, have high voices, wear strange clothes, etc."

Harris went out into the afternoon. Some hours later he returned. "Bob Shaw wears a green corduroy jacket," he said doubtfully.

"No," I said, "Bob Shaw is a fabulous Burbee-like character like ourselves, who collaborated on The Enchanted Duplicator. He is above suspicion."

"Well," he said, "George Charters wears shirts with colored pockets."

"No," I said, "George Charters is also a fabulous fannish character. He cut the stencils for The Enchanted Duplicator and is above suspicion. That shirt is merely part of his cowboy set which he wears while reading



Max Brand."

"Well," he said desperately, "James White helps pro editors off mountains and lies on hotel corridors passing notes under their doors until walked on by chambermaids."

"Randolph," I said, "You are again wrong. The pro editor in question was a female type creature called Bea Mahaffey. James White is a fabulous fannish character too."

Harris went out into the night. Some hours later he returned. He had a distraught look on his face, like Laney finding that E.E.Evans had several stamps he needed for his collection.

"There are no more fans in Northern Ireland," he said.

"Very well, Randolph," I said. "You may finish your breakfast. Do you prefer mimeo or hecto?"

"No!" he cried, "You, with your Impeccable Taste, have declared that there must be homosexuals in Northern Irish fandom. It is my Ghod-given duty to expose them. I realize that James White, George Charters and Bob Shaw are fabulous fannish characters and above suspicion, but the others I mentioned answer your description. I shall denounce Peggy Martin, Sadie Shaw and Madeleine Willis. I shall nun them out of fandom."

"Randolph," I said patiently, "Calm yourself. I explained this to you. These fans are girls."

"No!" he said wildly. "They are men! Homosexuals!"

"Randolph," I said, "Randolph-----"

He began to roll about the floor, frothing at the mouth. "I shall expose them!" he screamed. "Perverts! That Madeleine Willis is the worst of the lot. He has been living with a man for years."

"Randolph," I said. "Randolph. She is a girl."

"NO!" he cried, "A queer! A homo! Painted and padded! Disgusting! It must be exposed!"

"Randolph," I said. "I assure you that Madeleine Willis is a girl. I am in a position to know."

He rose to his feet, a wild gleam in his eye. "Let her prove it!" he shouted. "Let her prove it to me!"

I looked at him for a few minutes.

"Very well, Randolph," I said. "You may call me Oscar."

-- Walter A. Willis  
July, 1954



GARY FARBER'S FANHISTORICAL LIVES Probably some notes are in order on the previous reprinted piece by Walt Willis -- "Wild Heire". It's rather sad to think that a piece like that needs annotating, but considering the current population of fandom, it probably does. So, for those of you unfamiliar with some of the references:

- 1) The title refers to the series of Burbee sponsored one-shots mostly run thru FAPA in the 1950's with Rotsler, Lee Jacobs, etc generally entitled "Wild Hair".
- 2) Burbee, of course, was Ghod, and if you're really dumb, and haven't caught on, this article was Willis writing in the style of Burbee. Or, er Willis writing in the style of Lee Jacobs writing in the style...
- 3) Lee Jacobs was a very well-known fan of the 50's who moved to California, and promptly fell under the Burbee Spell. It was he who started the whole "fabulous Burbee-like character" bit. He died a tragic death within a few weeks of Ron Ellick's death hit fandom, prompting The Year of The Jackpot.
- 4) Chuck, or "Chuck" Harris was a co-editor of Hyphen for a time, and one of the Wheels of IF (Irish Fandom).
- 5) Most important to the understanding of this piece (God, I feel like I'm writing a dissertation. How ridiculous.) is the knowledge that F. Towner Laney, one of the prime movers of LA fandom, acerbic writer of "Ah Sweet Idiocy!", friend and foil of Burbee's, was a well-known homo-phobe. In short, he was, as Avram Davidson once described H.P. Lovecraft, a twitch, on the subject of homosexuals. Laney was constantly seeing "them" under every bed, and in every bathroom; and was constantly making scattershot "accusations" at LASFS members and fandom at large. Of course there were gays in Lasfas, but that was news...? Actually, this article serves as a wonderful comment on the sexual repressiveness of the 40's/50's... Anyway, Willis was poking at Laney, especially with his little comments about Laney's stamp collection (Willis was always greatly amused that Laney, the great superior mind should gaffiate to collect stamps!), etc. Fandango was Laney's FAPA and general fannish zine, where he oftines raved a bit about exposing homosexuals, etc.
- 6) Peggy Martin, Sadie Shaw and Madeleine Willis, were, of course, the respective beau's and wives of James White, Bob Shaw, and Willis himself.
- 7) The rest you should pick up from context, because if you don't I'm going to have to start saying things like "This is a fanzine. The squiggly little things in it are words. No, not worns, "words". " And so on.
- 8) There is no number 8.
- 9) Go read your copies of All Our Yesterdays, or A Wealth Of Fable.
- 10) Tie your shoe laces.
- 11) Scratch your nose.
- 12) This is amazing! You really do do everything I say!

"I'm twenty-seven years  
And always sought the Way.  
Well, this morning we passed  
Like strangers on the road."

-- Kokuin  
Zen Poems of  
China and Japan.



"How can I tell what I've seen?  
Fall, stand -- it's clear at once.  
Wearing my cowl backwards, I  
Trample the old path. And the new.

Kakua,  
Zen Poems of  
China and Japan

I'VE BEEN READING A LOT OF BIG BOOKS, LATELY, both in size, and in idea content. For a while there, though, I thought that I couldn't read a book under 400 pages. First, there was Dhalgren, of course, which I thought was absolutely tremendous, and highly enjoyed -- it's the kind of book that I'll reread again, and again -- in the past year I already have, 3 times or so. I love exploring thru all the lives of it's inhabitants (the city is no less one), set there amid all that beautifully precise language.

Then there was Burr by Gore Vidal, an enjoyable romp thru the life of a fascinating man. The history is bent, in the slightest, but the historical characters are alive, they breath -- not only do they breath, but they have bad breath, and they fart. It really brings home the humanness, the frailties, and greed that the war of independence from Britain, and the subsequent events was shot thru with.

John Dean's Blind Ambition was surprisingly good (keeping my record with 404 pages), well-written, and full of fantastic anecdotes about the Nixon White House. Allow me one quote - "...my contacts with the President had been fleeting and few. The only one I could remember had been odd. An urgent call had summoned me to the Oval Office. I arrived, panting, and was ushered in. "John," said the President, "a bunch of long-haired college newspaper editors are coming in here in a minute. You and I will be discussing the budget." Aides were busy spreading budget documents out on his desk as the President fidgeted with his watch. I sat in silent bewilderment, I knew absolutely nothing about the budget.

"Oh, hi," said the President in surprise when the editors filed in. "John Dean, my counsel, and I were just discussing the budget." Then he gave a ten-minute performance on budget priorities, and the complexities of government. The editors were ushered out, and so was I.

Later I talked to Haldeman. "Bob, why was I in that meeting?" I asked.

"Because the President thinks you look hippie," he replied matter-of-factly.

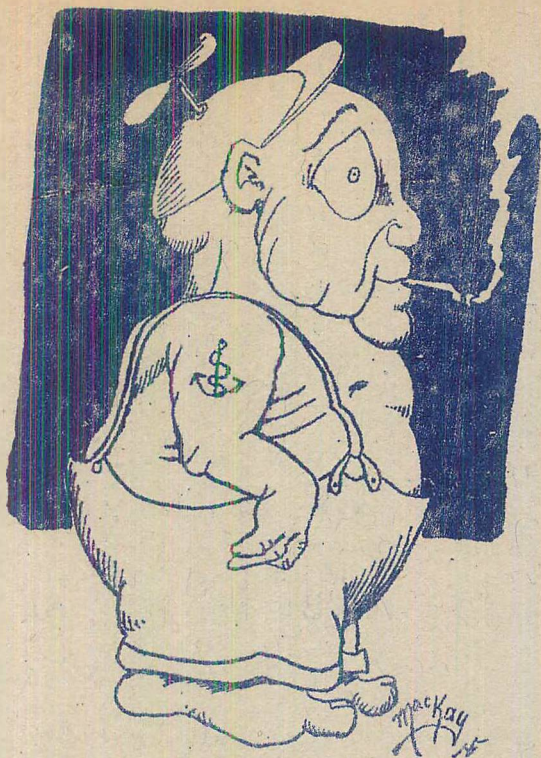
"You're shitting me!" I said, but I remembered the jokes about my Porsche and my refusal to wear an American-flag lapel-pin when everyone else had eagerly followed the President's lead.

"No, I'm not," said Haldeman. "I -- Blind Ambition.

An interesting book that manages to fill in some fascinating details.

Then there was Kinflicks, by Lisa Alther, another fascinating account of a woman's life, raised in the Old South, the various goals she bounced from and to in search of a meaning to her life, the life-styles she engaged in, ending in a rather uplifting, depressingly down-beat note -- she keeps going.





The Golden Notebook by Doris Lessing (which Cy Chauvin got me for my birthday, inscribing it "To Gary Farber, on his 18th birthday -- the new Richard Bergeron!") -- a long (666 p), slow but free-speaking book. Cy, want to write a sercon article for me, on it?

The Great Bridge, by David McCullough, is the full story (636) of the building of the Brooklyn Bridge -- at the time, the world's largest suspension bridge, linking the two separate cities of Brooklyn & NY (the 1st and 3rd largest in the country) -- one of the 8 Wonders Of The World. The book is no miracle of prose, but it manages to make the engineering (and the miraculous feats contained within theat word) intelligible, and carry (most importantly) th at sense of how important and awesome that bridge was to those built it and were around it. For the same reason's that they were awed, he manages to make me awed. The political intrigues

surrounding the maneuvers of whether to Bridge or not to Bridge are also just as intimidating and fascinating, particularly to someone with a slight interest in New York history like me, as well are the personalities involved: Tweed, head of the infamous Tammany Hall, and founder of the Tweed Ring; the mayors and councilmen; competing engineers; and most of all John Roebling, the creator of the entire project, essentially the inventor of the suspension bridge, who died in the middle of his project; and Washington Roebling, his son who was Chief Engineer for over 14 years, and mysterious hidden recluse for over 11 years of that term. The building of a bridge that size had never even been contemplated before -- it required the sinking of caissons (a caisson was a sort of huge container filled with air, open to the surface, which would be forced down to the bottom of the river so that men could work within to dig on the river bottom) the size of 4 tennis courts. The phenomenon of "the bends" was totally unknown then, but they discovered it soon enough -- tens of men died -- and the solution their doctor proposed was to pull them up faster! I wince in pain at the thought of the consequences of that ignorance. Roebling himself collapsed, and was an invalid for years, directing the building of the bridge by spy-glass from the window of his Brooklyn Heights home -- his wife Emily served as go-between 'tween him and the world to the point where it was rumoured that she was the engineer, and Roebling a mindless near-corpse. It is obvious, at least, that she became a top-notch engineer by dint of hundreds of hours of discussions and planning sessions (in the 1880's!). It's a great story, tremendously well researched here. The Bridge remains. NY fandom tends to end up walking across it at least once every 4 months.



Imaged Words & Worded Images is a strange "art"-type book that was a gift from Hal Davis when he and Laura Haney were moving -- it's a compilation of precisely what the title says: images and collages of letters and words as well as photos -- "worded images".

Equally a present from Hal was The Catalog of Fantastic Things, an absolutely delightful book of drawings and realizations by Jacques Carelman -- it's filled with "illustrations" of utterly silly things: A hand mounted on a drill for picking your nose, a "right and left-handed" scissors (scissors with finger-holes on all four ends), a twin-handled axe, a "deaf dog whistle" (your breath powers a light-bulb, "quick-game-basketball" (the basket has no hole), etc -- it really has to be seen, I'm afraid, but it's got some beautiful idea trips.

Jane Jacob's The Death and Life of Great American Cities, Feiffer's Little Murders, Herb Gardner, Paul Goodman, Tom Stoppard, Strictly Speaking by Edwin Newman, Joyce's Dubliners, oh bloody hell I haven't got the time/space to talk about them all. They always did say I read too much. I should mention that I'm almost thru John Barth's The Sot-Weed Factor, which while perhaps the trifilest bit too much, is otherwise also an utterly delightful and enjoyable period piece on the life and search for goals of a 17th century "poet" named Eben Cooke who gets involved in the most incredibly unbelievable adventures, where Everything Ends Up Neat. It's filled with gorgeous lines, though, and utterly Nifty Turns Of Events. I should mention that it's also all in period language -- a most adventuresome work. As well, I picked up a book which promises much -- The Communistic Societies of The United States: an account written in 1875 of all the communal and collective colonies and settlements that attempted to make a success of it. It's filled with primary-source material, and survey's almost all of the utopian and communal societies present in the US up until then.

Then there are three books by the same writer that I wanted to talk about -- one in front of me, and two not: Total Loss Farm, Return to Sender, and Famous Long Ago, all by Raymond Mungo. Apart from all having three word titles, another thing these books all have in common is that they are all personal naratives; fanwriting, if you will.

In chronological order, Famous Long Ago (subtiled: My Life and Hard Times With Liberation News Service) deals with the founding of that august organization by Ramond and Marshall Bloom, it's adventures, and what happened until it all fell apart; Total Loss Farm picks up where Famous Long Ago leaves off -- with Raymond & co ensconced in their communal farm in Vermont; and Return To Sender is chiefly an account of Ray and Paul Williams' trip to and stay in, Japan.

In my mind's order: Return to Sender is the brightest and prettist that turns over and over in my mind; perhaps because it is his most recent, and he has honed his writing skills to a higher pitch (I can mix metaphor's with the best of them) so that this book stands most brilliantly and conspicuously in my mind. Perhaps not; perhaps it is merely that I am a friend of Paul's and thusly take a deeper interest in a book that deals with something impinges more closely on my personal sphere of life. Or, perhaps, it was the vivid strokes that portrayed such a personal picture of Japan that moved me (but was it not a vivid picture of LNS, also a cultural group entity?). I suspect that it was a touch of all, with a dash of exoticness thrown in, and a sprig of freshness thrown in (suspense: I knew the LNS story, vaguely. I knew little of what happened in Japan, save that Paul returned with Sachiko, his wife.). But, let me leave off from drawing simplistic



dichotomies, and talk about the book(s). I wish I had them in front of me.

Return to Sender is the exhilarating and fascinating narrative by Mungo of how he and Paul Williams decided that they were crazy enough and broke enough to set out for Japan, and What They Did. Mostly that consisted of making their way over their by boat, landing and staying in youth hostels until they ran into the Japanese Youth Element, and hung out with the freaks of Japan, writing, reading and living. Personal conflicts, dealing with a strange culture, the weirdities of comprehending what both cultures meant to each side, and bridging the gap with the narrow structures of rock music, and dope are all plumbed...Raymond Mungo managed to get across the feel of what it must have been like to me, and that's what makes me like the book very much.

Total Loss Farm stands out in my mind, at this late date, not much at all; probably because it was much more remote and analytic than I would have preferred, and is lost in the contrast with the other two, more anecdotal, looser books of his that I've read.

Famous Long Ago, ah, Famous Long Ago was Raymond Mungo's first book, if I'm not mistaken, and deals mostly with the events that took place between 1967, and the end of 1969 (although it starts with him being born in 1946; and encompasses Cosmic Meaning...). The late 60's fascinate me, both in being so near to where we are now, and as the time in which a combined delusion and Dream hit a Mass: great deed were done, and dreams were sung...we're living thru the result today.

I missed out on most of whappened (I'll leave that typos; it's inspired) by being too young; I was born November 5th, 1958 at about 9:28-31 am. Nonetheless, while I was only at demonstrations in the 1960's with my parents (Washington, NY, Mayday...), my culture is formed by the events then, and my friends, associates, lovers and "contemporaries" have all been those who were active then. When I tend to think about "my" generation, it's these people that I think about, and identify with; all my friends that are now 23-30. So, I remain insatiably curious about that in which I did not participate then (but progress further on with, as we all do, now). Famous Long Ago both makes me like Raymond Mungo, (as do his other books), and captivates me with his accounts of what went on with him -- the house/commune/office on Church street; the people, and types that inhabited and encountered it (I know the heirs); the draft; the Yippie meetings; getting arrest; the hearse; traveling thru the South to California; remember Clean for Gene?: and the factionalism that developed there, like it did everywhere else (PL, SDS, Weather people, yip, diggers...). Raymond is not just present telling you this story in the book, he is talking it at you, in the most conversational way possible, and I find myself talking back to him; disagreeing, agreeing, observing, and listening some more. I like him for it, I like what he says, and I thank him for it: all.

"Tell the truth, brothers, ((and sisters, people)), and let the facts fall where they may."

-- Raymond Mungo

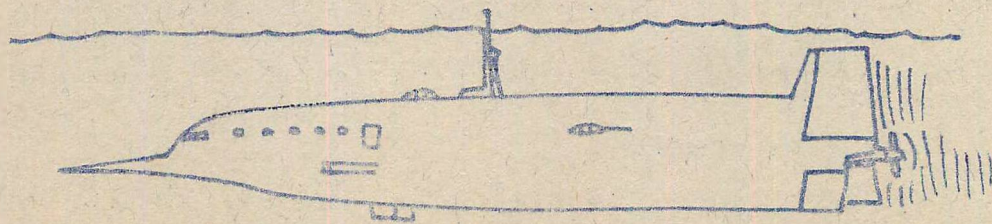


Paul Williams, is, on the other hand, a friend, and a friend whose writing I admire. I had in mind a long essay on Paul, and what he's written; what it's meant to me -- but I don't really have the time for that here & now; nor the mental energy. With Outlaw Blues, Time Between, Subject: Right to Pass, Pushing Upward, Das Energi, and most recently, Apple Bay (passing over the founding & editing of Crawdaddy!, magazine articles, & living), Paul has made statements about the way he sees life on the planet. I had wanted to write an "Open Letter to Paul", here, but I think I will save it for next time, when I have the time, eh, my good Paul?

AND THEN I READ "Orlando" by Virginia Woolf; it's a beautiful fantasy of a person who starts as a boy in the 16th century, floats thru life (drifts), becomes a woman, and continues thru the 20th century. My thanks to Catherine Madsen for the loan of her copy (I've bought two other Woolf's since then!) and Ann Weiser, for in particular stimulating my curiosity. While visiting Catherine, and Seth McEvoy, Ann-Laurie Logan, and the rest of the world (hullo, Sara!), I also managed to read Women Hating by Andrea Dworkin: now, there is a depressingly disgusting book. It's a superb analysis of certain fairy tales, and the way they institutionalize the hatred of women; other chapters cover "The Story of O", and other "books" (The chapter on Chinese foot-binding is, in particular, enough to make you throw up in horror and disgust -- the thought that this happened in our world makes one not want to face our world.) It will Change, it is Changing, isn't it? Please tell me...

A Robin Morgan anthology, Diane Wakowski, and Jill Johnston comfort me; Kate Millet's Flying leaves me floating. I've been very excited ever since I joined A Women's Apa. The sense of community, and the incredible amount of Hyper-Neat People all in one apa is fantastic -- I do get more hope when I look/think of all the Good People I know, and the joy they bring to my life. There do seem to be so many, both those I know, and those I bounce on the edges of, encountering the fringes that are their centers. All I wish to do now is gather them all into one dwelling place, all near at hand to one another, so that there will be no "missing", no regrets, no wrongs; only life -- sharing joy and life.

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"Insanity's just a state of mind."  
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DRIFTING ALONG...



DEP'T OF SILLY STATISTICS; Or  
 CON FAN VS. FANZINE FAN: After  
 discussing the subject of conventions  
 for some time the other night with  
 Patrick Hayden, Stuart Shiffman, and  
 Jerry Kaufman, I sat down and thought  
 about numbers for a while, and realized  
 that I had attended 14 cons in the past  
 twelve-month span (Memorial Day Weekend to  
 Memorial Day Weekend): Autoclave, Lunacon,  
 Philcon, Boskone, Midwescon, Symposium, Springcon, Co-  
 Confusion, Marcon, Disclave, World Fantasy Con,  
 Balticon, MidAmeriCon, Anonycon, and Pghlange. Er,  
 make that 15, up from 11 the year before. Why,  
 and I'm in a major position of authority on a  
 Worldcon committee, worked in a major position on  
 a large-sized regional (In charge of Facilities  
 for Lunacon-1976: 800-900 attendance.), not  
 to mention helping out on several smaller cons.

I think I may have been to more cons in 1976  
 than I've written straight locs.

Gary Farber, Diehard Defender of Fanzine  
 Trufandom!

David Klaus, where are you when I need  
 you...? God, I'm an old fan, and tired,  
 and before my time, too. "I'm really 18, but  
 fanzine publishing has aged me!".

DEP'T OF VALUING THINGS FOR WHAT THEY ARE, AND NOT COMPETING THEM: For  
 what

it's worth, my votes in the 1977 FAAn Awards wet along the lines of:  
 Best Fan Editor: 1-Terry Hughes, 2-Rob Jackson, 3-Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne  
 Tompkins, 4-Don D'Amassa, 6-Victoria Vayne, 5-No Award, 7-Don Brazier.

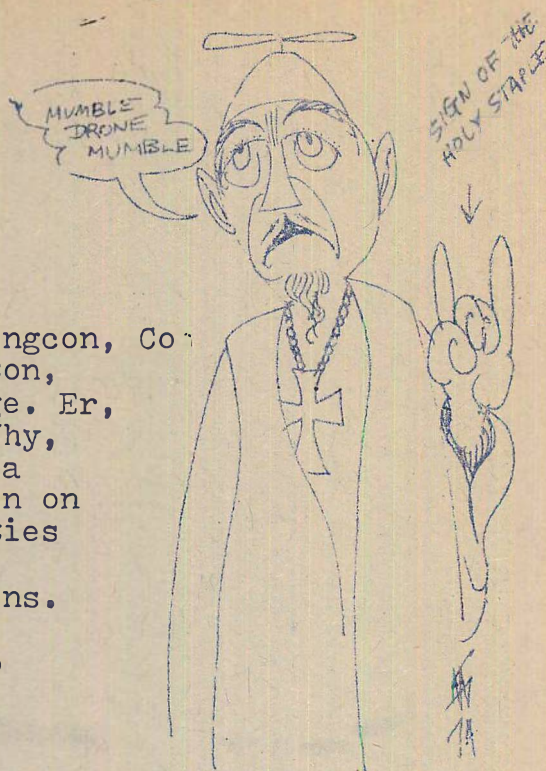
Best Fan Writer: 1-Susan Wood, 2-Bob Shaw, 3-Leroy Kettle, 4-Don D'Amassa,  
 5-Peter Weston, 6-No Award, 7-Jodie Offut.

Best Fan Artist (humorous): 1-Grant Canfield, 2-Harry Bell, 3-Dan Steffan,  
 4-Alexis Gilliland, 5-Bruce Townly, 6-Derek Carter, 7-No Award.

Best Loc Writer: 1-Jessica Amanda Salmonson, 2-Harry Warner, Jr., 3-Don  
 D'Amassa, 4-Mike Glicksohn, 5-No Award, 6-Ben Indick, 7-Jodie Offut.

Best Single Issue: 1-Maya 11, 2-SpanInq 7-8, 3-Rune 48, 4-The Hat Goes  
 Home, 5-Simulacrum, 6-No Award.

My votes are person and thusly I don't feel I have to justify them to  
 anyone, but nonetheless, since I am telling you this, a word of elaboration:  
 No Award comes ahead of Donn Braziers Title, and Victoria Vayne's Simulacrum  
 because I don't think that either of them was well edited enough this  
 year for either of them to deserve a best editor award -- there just w  
 wasn't enough inherent quality. However, next year, I fully expect  
 Victoria to fully deserve a #2 or #3 place, and possibly fully deserve  
 an Award. Certainly, this reflects nothing on them as people.





Jodie Offut, too, I just don't feel is a good enough writer; nothing personal, she seems a nice person -- it's just that somehow her style and subject matters don't tickle me the right way.

I skipped the Best Fan Artist (non-humorous) because I haven't seen much this year by Jim McLeod, or James Odbert, and just don't feel qualified to judge.

With Best Loccer, again, Ben is certainly a fine person, and I consider him a friend; he occasionally does a good piece of writing, but the image I have in my mind are that most of his locs this year have been too much the frothy, bubbly type without much substance to them. Perhaps, I am wrong -- but then, it is only my vote.

The only other comments I have about the Faan Awards are that it's a shame and a poor comment on fandom that Terry Hughes' splendid Fifth Annish didn't make it onto the ballot for best Single Issue. Certainly, if it had been on the ballot it would have been far-and-away my first choice. Tsk, tsk, fandom. The other comment is the suggestion that the best loccer category be dropped, and a Best Single Article category be inserted. There are many single pieces done in the course of the year that deserve recognition, but because the piece is the only one, or the only major one done by the writer that year, it is not really possible to honor them as the "best writer". Surely, Tom Perry's magnificent Man-Con Report in Terry Hughes' Fifth Annish deserves such acclaim

And that's the twuth. Ptthhwwuuppdâ!

LOREN MACGREGOR's HOW I HAD DINNER WITH BOB DYLAN: "Well, actually it wasn't dinner, it was breakfast. And it wasn't really with him, either, because he was in the booth across the way. But that's all right because it wasn't actually Bob Dylan.

I was heading over to Blocks for coffee, hoping to fool myself into believing I was awake. Since it was before noon the attempt normally would have been a failure, but this time Dylan and the worm in my chocolate bar conspired.

I got my coffee, sat down, and sat staring at the album cover of BLOOD ON THE TRACKS. He sat amidst a litter of cream cartons and sugar wrappers, wearing a carefully-cultivated two-day growth of beard, hefting his recorder in one hand as if wondering what the hell this was and why it was here, and looking at the other patrons of Blocks. (Blochs does not have customers; it's too plebian.) Every once in a while he'd pick out a newcomer and practise his accent: "Come over and have dinner with me." varying this with, "Kin I come over and have breakfast with you." He didn't quite have the phrasing right on that one, but the voice was good.

Eventually my eyes were almost half open, and I decided I needed some quick energy to finish the job. Blochs has a never ending supply of Ghirardelli's chocolate, due to some relationship between the founder of Blochs and the heir of the chocolate family fortune. (Don't ask me -- I just work here.) So I glommed on to some semi-sweet dark, stumbled back to my table, and peeled back the wrapper.

There, stretching in the morning light, was a tiny white worm. I took the bar back to the counter and handed it to the manager. The worm crawled off the bar and into his hand, cuddling in the warmth of his palm.



"Hmm," he said. "I guess I'd better not put any more dark chocolate out for awhile -- sometimes we get a whole case like this." I thanked him for his information, and worked my way back to my table. By this time Dylan had put on his dark glasses, to protect his eyes from the glare of the rain-slick pavement. The pile of cream and sugar around him had grown -- I don't think he drank any coffee, just cream with sugar -- and he was still attempting to decipher the function of his wooden flute.

...And I went home to start a fanzine. Small world, isn't it?"

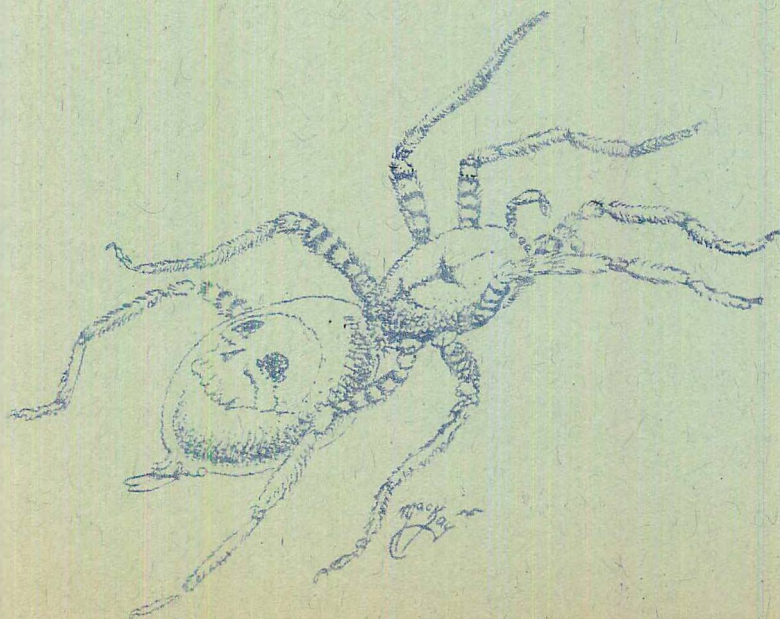
--Loren MacGregor  
February/1976.  
(Reprinted from  
Stf & Nonsense)

SIGNS OF THE TIMES      When I travel and pass thru someplace, regardless of how long I'm actually there, I like to learn about, and observe as much of, the place as I can. I particularly enjoy noting similarities in different environments, and comparing them, noting differences and "almosts".

New York City, of all the places I see, remains unique in many little ways. Now, I've been thru a lot of cities, and a lot of National Parks/Preserves in the past couple of years. Many of these have anti-littering signs. But, it remains so archetypal of NYC, that while other places will have warnings phrased like "For the convience of the Patrons, We request you do not litter." or "Please. For the children's sake -- Don't Litter.", or "We Kindly ask you not to litter.", etc, NYC has, catch it, -- "Littering is filthy and selfish, so DON'T DO IT!".

BEST ONE-LINE MAILING COMMENT OF 1976: "In that sentence 'There's Bill Bowers in Canton, of course, but he's an institution by now,' is it possible Ross meant to include an 'in'?"

-- Jeff May, MISHAP 18





(Reprinted from HITCHHIKE #26)

Outside a cold steady rain is washing Vancouver into the sea. Inside, I'm treating an attack of tonsillitis with Georgia tea and honey, while Stringband, with guitar, banjo and mandolin, proclaim that "Dief will be chief again." I interviewed Bob Bossin this afternoon for a story on Stringband and things that he's trying to do resonate **strangely** with my reactions to the last several HITCHHIKES.

Stringband, a name in HITCHHIKE #24, is Marie-Lynn Hammond of the indescribably beautiful voice, who drifted from seminars in Blake and Victorian novels at Carleton, into an art free school in Toronto, before she found her place: on stage, singing traditional songs from her French-Canadian background, her own parody of '30's love songs dedicated to her grandmother who ran off with a bushpilot, a song about her own flight to Vancouver and back looking for a home. Stringband is Bob Bossin, '60's radical journalist, author of the MACLEAN'S column "Token Radical," who says "I felt I could reach people more directly with my music than with my journalism." Stringband is also Terry King, a fine country fiddler; I didn't think anyone could survive in this country as a pro fiddle player, but Bob says "there are more of them around than you think." Stringband has spent five years on the poverty line, touring around the country and playing their own music: not becoming just another bar band, or an AM radio band, or a homogenized "international" band when the record companies praised the demo tape of their second album but rejected it as "too Canadian". They've spent 5 years and 2 records finding out and celebrating who they are, sharing it. In the process, a song like "Dief" puts me in touch with a little of the mythology that **formed** me. And besides, they sound just fine. Petunias, not pigweed, folks.

In very personal, **local** terms they're what I'd offer as part of my '70's.

OK. I agree with Redd Boggs that good restaurants and symphony concerts are pleasant (though I do not see a university as necessarily a source of Creativity and Enlightenment!). I concede, Ray Nelson, that the large cities act as foci for creative energy. In many ways I prefer life in Vancouver to life in Regina. But: I refuse to live frustrated by a longing for New York, Paris, London, and what happens there (or more accurately what the media hypes as happening). I don't want to live as a colonial in time or space, **crippled** by the assumption that I and my environment are not the real, good place, that I can't find/create/adapt title and content appropriate to me. I would've liked to **have been in the Forum in Montreal** to see Dylan's Rolling Thunder show, but that wasn't possible; should I have assumed that nothing good could happen in Vancouver, stayed home, and ignored the Stringband concert? I would, sometimes, like the exhilarations of being part of a political/social movement, too; should I reject the '70's, wish I were 19 again (what a ghastly thought!) and stop trying to find out who I am, what I as an individual in a society can do?



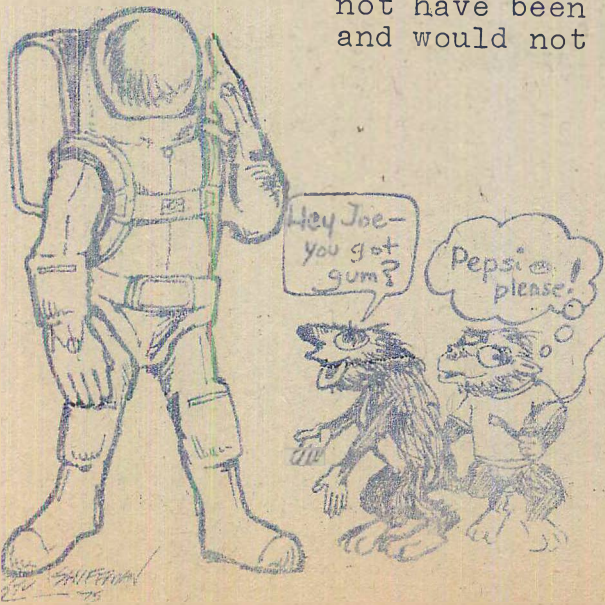
I have my share of '60's nostalgia, but there comes a time when I have to stop being misty-eyed over The Time The Mounties Staked Out Wat Tyler People's Memorial Revolutionary Collective, the days when life was a simple matter of Them vs. Us, and We were by definition Good. (Redd's "I've been anti-establishment all my life" strikes me as both smug and evasive. Who are you, Redd? What does the label mean? What are you anti? What are you pro?)

My nostalgia fades when I remember living defined by places where Ray and others insist that "things happen". Remember when the star of your crowd was the one who could fake a Liverpool accent in 1965, or talked strike and confrontation just like the big kids in Berkely in 1967? The Canadian student movement always seemed weakest and least relevant when it tried unthinkingly to transplant the confrontation politics of large US schools to the different conditions of (smaller) Canadian universities. The political activity Redd Boggs recalls fondly WAS "indubitably sincere and incredibly idealistic"; I have to beleive that, beleive it of myself. It was also shortsighted, destructive, and confused. After you've taken over the admin building (at UBC it was the Faculty Club) what do you do? It was exhilarating, that feeling of power ("We can change the world, rearrange the world"), but what were we going to change it into? So we abandoned the ideals and cursed the change overnight. (me, I've always beleived in niggling from within: in the power of an infinite number of small changes. It's not a mass rallying cry, though, is it? "Workers of the world! Niggle!")

Sixties nostalgia seems chacterized by a longing for an identity bigger than any of us as individuals. Alexei Panshin notes that we're all off on "separate trips" and laments that "so far there haven't been any Seventies that anybody in his right mind would want to claim to be part of."

I wonder. In 1965, my occupation/lifework/whatever, teaching Canadian literature, would not have existed outside maybe 6 universities (and not here). And I would not have been able to hold the position I hold, and would not have received pay equal to a male colleagues for my work.

I wonder if being part of something can't be a copout. Surrendering identity, we don't have to work to be ourselves. Eric Mayer, Paul Novitski and I have all talked of being rejected because we didn't fit an "us" polarity (I got used to the assumption that I wasn't a worthwhile person because I have asthma and can't smoke dope). Women in general got tired of the assumption that "The Revolution" justified the same old sexism in the brave new world. Etc. Etc.





I wonder if the '70's aren't manifesting themselves in our separate trips -- and our meetings to share them? The people I admire all seem to be changing little bits of self and world, trying to define and put into practice better ways of living. Grassroots and community movements of all sorts seem to be characteristic of the '70's. So does a concern, not just with "life styles" and trends, but with a personal vision of the right way to live. And the sharing of that vision.

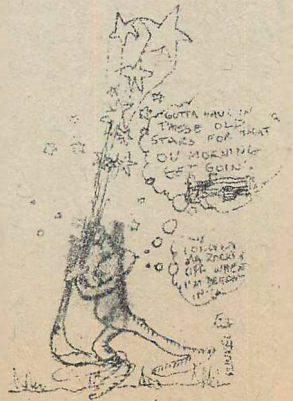
I've noticed a shift in my vocabulary. The word "political" is less important; though I view teaching partly as a political act, it's concerned with individuals and their perceptions. I'm using words like "morality" and "ethics" a lot more; not in the old sense of a received and rigid code ('moral' crusades against 'dirty' books, "moral rearmament") but in a new sense of dealing, personally, with the human values of a given situation. Within the sf community, Ursula Le Guin wins respect and readers with moral and ethical sf, concerned with the uniqueness and rights of the individual, with the human effects of actions. (What do you really do when you grandiosely set out to 'save the world'?) The article on Gary Snyder from THE NEW REPUBLIC that you lent to me praises him as "one of the two or three best craftsmen among poets under 50, and the most impressive moral thinker." I've taken to reading Margaret Drabble, whose novels aren't focused on the spectacular events of her characters' lives, but on their search for a right way to live. ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE is the latest "in" paperback: a book about the search for quality in/of life.

Alex, my signs of hope are people like you and Cory; Bob Lichtman on The Farm; Alice Sanvito confronting the effects of crummy jobs on her humanness; Stringband and Dumptruck not compromising their music: all people out there finding their own being, roots, values -- and then sharing them.

On a rainy Vancouver night, I miss the '60's, sure: I discovered fandom and Canlit and music and sex and politics and power and change: we could make a world for us. How much was in the late '60's (and Alex, it may be 1975 with few Signs and Portents, but did the '60's start 'til '65 for most of us?) and how much was in me? Did I mistake the power to be Susan for the power to be part of Changing the World? (I loved the converse of this in Peter Roberts' brilliant letter: my '50's were comfortable and North America's '50's are now nostalgia-hype, but his were turnips in rationed Britain.)

And sure I worry because the changes apparently didn't come. One of the things I knew best was environmental action. I know the energy/misuse/pollution/waste crisis dears daily, and I know my personal ethics -- brick in the toilet tank, no car, beans and broccoli instead of beef for dinner, thermostat at 68° -- aren't enough, especially when I live alone in a 2-bedroom house.

And sure I wonder if I've been co-opted as I sit in the Faculty Club with Howard Cherniak, fan and ex-Berkeley radical, now teacher and PhD candidate in town planning, talking about how we seem to have won the trivia of education reform without the content. Misunderstood forms of "progressive" education mean that my students haven't been drilled and forced to memorize meaningless rules of grammar -- but they also haven't been taught grammar as a tool of self-expression. Classes are a little smaller, but a place like UBC is still impossibly large, bureaucratic, inhuman. There's more apparent freedom of







choice in course requirements, yet the structure of the university hasn't changed, and there's a strong movement back to the formal exams -- and entrance exams. And in this atmosphere, and in the rip-off mentality left over from the '60's, my students see nothing wrong with plagiarizing an essay, because the university is just a vast impersonal meaningless organization, right, and you're only there to get credits for an Education degree to get a soft job, right, so it's ok to get those credits by copying some book, right? And I patiently explain why it's not right, remembering what I liked least about our 60's: the way the right to freedom and self-expression became the right to be selfish, especially in emotional relationships; cool became cold and uncaring; solidarity became the right to rip off anyone, anything not-Us.

And I complain to Howard because I can't understand what my students are trying to write, it's expressed so badly; and though I'm lucky because some of them are actually interested in Canlit, incoherent enthusiasm doesn't get high grades from me anymore; and I'm handing out F's to the plagiarists and not blaming what they've done on the institutions, or on me; and though I still oppose the whole grading-and-credit setup, I'm starting to feel like a reactionary.

And the student waiter removes my salad plate, and the Indian masks hang over the white upper-middle-class heads, and the mouths not chewing shrimp are talking about "a return to standards" and "requirements" and "entrance exams" and I say rather desperately: "Howard, what are we doing here? What ARE we doing?" And he says, "We're doing the best we can."

Back in my office I settle one of my failees in an empty room to write the test she missed a month before, talk with another about her paper and how she can re-write it, not just to pass but to learn about writing and organization; we talk about the life she's living in relation to the books she's reading. In the middle of an institution which, almost by definition, is impersonal and arbitrary, I'm trying to remain human, maybe help a few other people find and celebrate their humanity. Find and share new directions. Is it ethics or politics or a cop-out or just a job or adequete? In 1965 I had answers, but they were too simplistic. In 1975, I have only the belief that the individual matters; that the community/tribe/group matters; that self-awareness matters not just as an end but as a tool to make me/you/us better members of that community.

And I walk home, past the construction fence where the Revolutionary Marxist Group's spray-painted "Workers of the world -- caress!" has been painted over by an ad for "Klondike Night," a Beerfest in one of the dorms. I refuse to see that as a portent, preferring instead two statements from HITCHHIKE: "I'm not satisfied with an America that's all the same" (yours, John, from #24) and "I am able to accept a wider range of otherness in people than I could in 1965" (Doug Barbour from #25).

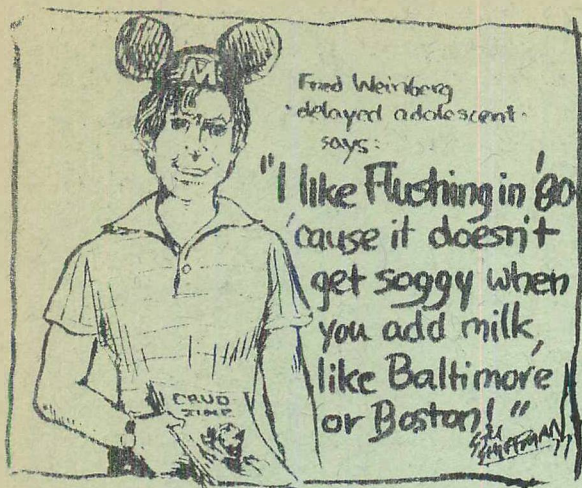
Share a trip, anyone?

-- Susan Wood, 1975 (From HITCHHIKE #26)

"We can be together,  
All, you and me,  
We should be together..."

-- Paul Kantner, VOLUNTEERS





PATRICK HAYDEN SEZ: "Of course I'm a Pogo fan. All us old and gaffiated Sixth Fandom-ites are Pogo fans. Why, as I was just telling Shelby Vick the other day in Savannah, "Shelby, old boy," I told him, "you and Lee Hoffman and I should start a fanzine. A fanzine!... I can see it now: Fort Mudge Moan, edited by Vick, Hayden, and Hoffman, and devoted to putting fandom back on the One True Path of intellectual pursuits such as horses, stick-figure drawing, and the collected works of Walt Kelly. Show those upstart phony Seventh

Fans what real fannishness oan be! Crush that young Ellison brat in his cups!" I lept up, kicking over a tray of mint juleps. Visions of fan-hish glory went streaking thru my mind. "Sought Gate in '58!" I shouted. We might even bring Willis back! Hugos! Kaymars! Kaymars, hell! This is bigger than even the mighty N3F!" I lurched back onto the verandah.

"I'm in a quandry about it," replied Shelb, wittily.

Just then LeeH herself rode up on horseback. "Too late," she panted, pantingly. "There's a fellow in New York City named Arnie Katz who just declared us Officially Gafia. Something about fifth transitions and ninth interregnums, or something." Which is all how it came to be lost. "Wittily, or course." -- Patrick Hayden,  
THE BIRD IS CRUEL 29.

#### THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

I like to talk. I like to talk because it's a method of communication, and one that is readily and easily used. Talking

can be used to get across intellectual ideas, and to give an idea of emotional meanings. It permits immediate check and feedback when the communication is not immediately sucessful, and the full use of the body and voice can be used to communicate the most incredibly detailed nuances. Talking, considered on the whole, is one of the prime methods we have of getting to know another person by learning about them, growing closer, and stronger bonds with them.

On the other hand, for there to be any kind of real communication between two people there must be two things present in both: a willingness to communicate, and common grounds (interests) for them to communicate about. Very often these are not present: two people will meet, and have nothing in common; or, one will will have no wish to talk to the other. This is no sin, and yet from the uncomfortableness and pain that sometimes arises from one person in this situation you would think there were.

I also like silences. Often in a group (or alone) I will be pensive, and quiet, thinking about something -- considering what is happening, or what has happened, or perhaps what will happen (or even what will never happen). I find the act of travel pleasant for this reason -- that I can sit and stare out a window for hours on end, thinking about things in a comfortable, socially acceptable, situation.

Yet, recently, I've been noticing the strange compulsion that Americans at least seem to have that for there to be silence between two people familiar with each other must mean something is wrong with their relationship.





People scrabble frantically for some conversational gambit, and squirm awkwardly in their seats if it is not taken.

Yet, there is nothing wrong with silence. It does not bespeak hatred, and is not revealing of dislike. It is not inherently evil, or even fattening or one of the dread spectors of psoriasis. It is merely neutral; in fact, in it's proper place, silence can be a positive method of communication -- a token that two people are comfortable enough with their relationship that they need not speak to reassure one another -- they are comfortable to trust in one another. Two people may "like" one another perfectly well, and yet merely have little in common to speak to one another about; there should be nothing wrong with them speaking little, and yet maintaining a friendly relationship -- a comfortable silence. Silence may truly be golden.

LETTER FROM BOB TUCKER:

"Your travels are the most interesting, closely folled by the various convention reports. I'm always interested in those

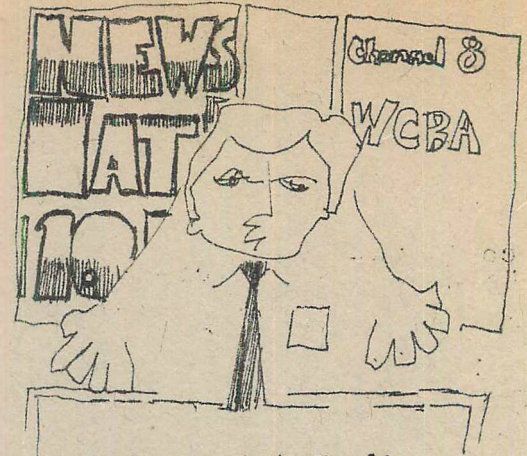
two subjects and you seem to have more adventures, per mile, than any other fan I know. You also fall into some of the damnest situations and messes of any fan I know. Do you always just stand around and let things happen to you?" (34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville, Ill. 62650)

++ Well, sort of. I like to enjoy life, and try to get every drop out of every day. I also tend to not pass up opportunities when they occur since I might not have the chance again. This means I have a lot of interesting things happen to me. Yes. I cycle from more calm to less, and back, and doubtless will settle down sometime. Meanwhile it's an interesting life. Would you like to hear about it?++;



# THE ERRORS OF MY WAYS

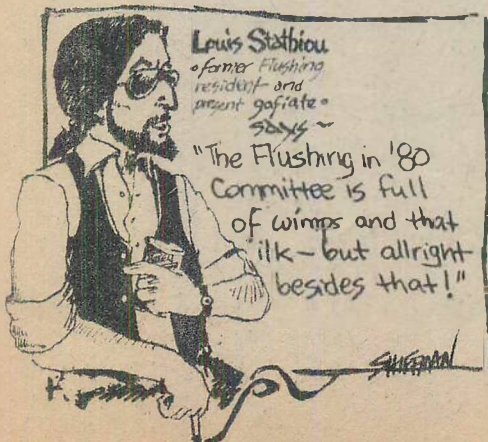
There is truly little need for anyone to point out the faint reproduction of the first 30 pages -- I am well aware of it. The reason for this is not poor mimeo (my mimeography is immaculate, Ted White!) but merely a non-functioning typewriter. With the keys cleaned it types considerably cleaner, but in the long-run I must get a new one. :: Other Major Errors in this issue include the unImpeccable mistake of leaving the "e" out of "Wilde Heir", losing the pun on Oscar Wilde. I'd also like to apologize to Bill Rotsler for the atrocious mangling of his illo on page 9; I won't attempt to hand-stencil until I'm fully competent. (Complete congratulations to Bill for Winning Duff.)



THAT'S THE NEWS FOLKS...  
AND WHAT CAN I SAY??  
TOUGH SHIT!

(MORE) As usual, I've run the page limit on this issue, and still have 60 pages of material in my head and files to use. I've recently unearthed the notebook with the Original Notes for my Hilarious conreport on the 1976 Midwescon; perhaps we shall see that soon -- sometime after the 1977 Midwescon. I also had no occasion to mention Beverly Friend's doctoral thesis on fandom ("The Science Fiction Fan Cult") which I borrowed from Andy Porter both because I was curious on General Principles and because I was a Footnote ("look, Ma!") -- basically accurate, although highly simplistic; almost anybody on my Highly Elite mailing list could have written it -- does this mean we all deserve doctorates in Sociology? Nor did I mention Ringlevio by Emmett Grogan, The Eden Express by Mark Vonnegut, Strategy for a living revolution by George Lakey, all of which I wanted to talk about; or about Yes (Relayer is playing now.), Kansas, Genesis, Vangelis and other Pretentious Art-Rock bands, or Patti Smith, Ramones, Television, Blondie, Blue Oyster Cult and other Punk Bands, not to mention older music like Cream, Neil Young, Stones, Steeleye Span, Dylan, Oldfield, Queen, Airplane, or any other creators of music that I can get involved with. :: Especially I have not talked about things happening with me - jobs, travel, loves, events, people. Most importantly, I am moving to Seattle around October 1977; the reasons for this are varied, but chiefly derive from the fact that in spite of the fact that I travel widely, I have always lived on

the East Coast and while I cannot say that I have exhausted the potentialities in the surrounding enviorns, I feel it would be nice to have a change. The West Coast opens up a whole new range of explorations; the other half of the country. Seattle in particular because of the large number of people there I already know and like, or would like to get to know; in addition is the natural geography of mountains, forests and running rivers that inspires me. So, Seattle, after Suncon. And now it is time.



TO BE OVER "We go sailing down the calming stream  
Drifting endlessly by the bridge  
To be over  
We will see  
To be over"

- Jon Anderson



**DRIFT**

could have been created by  
"Gary Farber" who is perhaps  
contactable at 1047 East 10th.  
St., Brooklyn, NY 11230 & (212)  
252-7749. **Electre-stencils** by  
Brian McCarthy and Lise Eisenberg.  
Red mimeo by Lise Eisenberg's  
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ART

Bathurst - 4  
Chamberlain - Cover  
Gilliland - 30  
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McKay - 6, 32, 36,  
Marion - 40  
Pearson - 10, 38  
Porter - 29  
Rotsler - 9  
Schulz - 3  
Shiffman - Inside Cov, 12, 34, 37  
37, 39  
Waller - 14, 15, 28.

WORDS

Aljo Svoboda - 10  
Walt Willis - 22 (Reprint)  
Susan Wood - 33 (Reprint)

Additional - Byro, Chauvin, Hayden,  
May, MacGregor, Peek, Trask, Tucker.

**DRIFT**

Gary Farber  
1047 East 10th St.  
Brooklyn, NY 11230