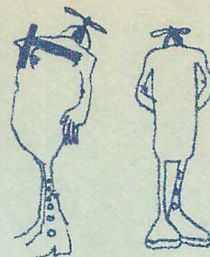


# DRIFT 2



GARY FARRER

STC



I FAIL TO SEE WHAT  
YOU **CARTOON CHARACTERS**  
GOT TO DO WITH ME!

DON'T  
LOOK **NOW**,  
BUD...



Weller  
75

Wow! What  
tasteful use  
of white space...



Weller  
75

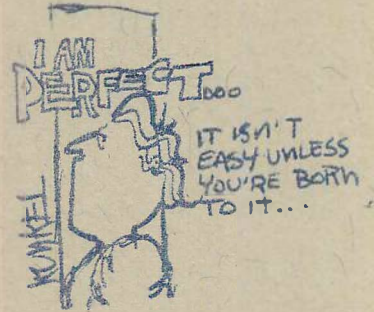




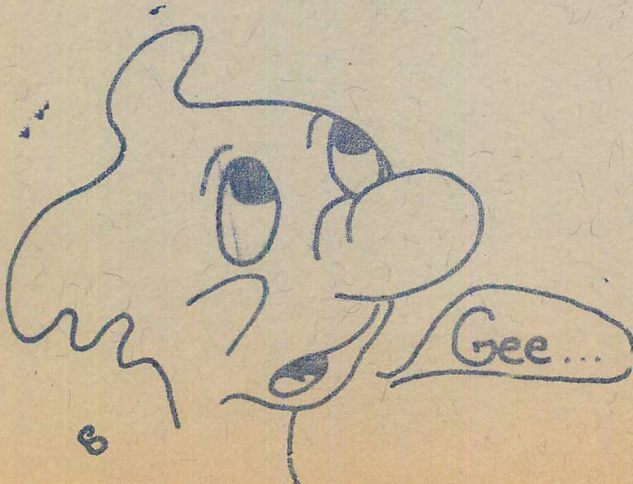


# Drift

but who really knows?  
I am Gary Farber, or so I keep telling myself. Please forgive my apparent unsurety with things, but I'm a solipsist at heart. It's probably also part of my hesitancy to commit myself to a "fact", for fear of being wrong, and not being as competent, or intellectually astute as I think I am. What an egoizer! Much more the cause of my constant qualifying is my dissatisfaction with the English language as a semantic basis for communication. I am drifting, though, and we can return to this later.



To me, here, it is 3:29 am, on Friday, November 14th 1975, and I am beginning work on another issue of my personalzine, drift. A great deal has happened to me since I have last "written in these pages", but first let me try to put a little structure into this. I doubt it can be done, but let me try. In the time between the writing of the first drift, and now, I published (relevant to this) several TAPS and Apa-Q zines of more than mailing comment substance; and a letter-substitute/catch-up perzine of 8 page length, entitled very casual thotlings, that went thru TAPS, and Apa-50, and to a few other people. After a little thought, I decided not to distribute this zine widely, and instead incorporate in the next drift, since that was where it rightfully belonged. Being composed totally on-stencil, and very casually, it suffers from many typo's, loose structure, poorly organized thought, and all the other flaws of drift #1. Yet it, and to another extent my other apa-zines give my viewpoint on certain matters from then, and such are valuable as something that can never be reproduced in retrospect. So I encorporate herein, later on, flaws and all, the whole of very casual thotlings. I'm going to try to lead up to that, and continue afterwards in semi-diary form, as best I can. A number of letters have come in, and I've wondered how to deal with them. So, locs commenting on things will be published in a seprate letter section, later on, but letters with a specific subject, or a point that I wish to discuss, will be published and talked about in the thotling section.



A few words about the last drift; I'm well aware of all it's faults. The poor repro, non-existent lay-out, wandering grammar, and general carelessness. Some of this will hopefully, be changed; the physical aspects, specifically. However, things like my smashed syntax, and wandeing mind are harder to contol, and I have less wish to,



since they're a bit 'o me, and my expression. I am, tho, attempting to keep a tighter rein on things, for now, and you may have noticed; I haven't wzndered from the subject, or stopped to indulge in endless parenthetical speculation about what I'm saying once yet!

\*\*\*||\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

The last drift (last time I looked at it) covered some isolated segments of my life from about March 1975 to July, and I was just leaving for college, at the end. I've now been living here at Brockport for about 2½ months, have traveled to NYC to visit several times; hitched to 2 cons, Phglange, and Anonycon; lived a bit; done some thinking; protested bad food; listened to some music; discovered some things in myself about love; indulged in Eviol substances; thought a lot about "goals"; and lived a bit.

I spent the last week or so in NY running around a lot, making final arrangements, collated the last few copies of drift, bought some things, and did a lot of hecticing. Then I set off, with Jerry Kaufman, Joe Siclari, Hope Leibowitz, Andy Porter for the Falls Church Non-Con, over the Labor Day weekend, to which several of us including myself had been invited. The NON\*Con was held in a small motel outside of Falls Church, and was orgainized by the Falls Church Gafiates/Fanoclasts/Monolithic Bunch, or whatever you wish to call them. I use "people". Rich brown apparently made up the list of invitations, which said on them that it was to be so informal, as to not even tell the motel they were holding a con (a nice touch, I thought), and that if you got the invitation you were free to bring whoever you want, and in turn, invite anyone. So our group set out in Joe's car, other NY attendees being Lou Stathis, Susan Palermo, and Barry Shotroff; coming in a seperate van because Susan was temporarily moving to Washington for a month, anyway, due to NARAL (for whom Susan worked)'s moving their NY office to DC, and so brought along a load of office equipment for them. Hank Davis also came by bus, since he had an Ameripass. It was a slightly strange situation, due to some rather complex fannish/social attitudes, and past feuds. There was the old split between the Brooklyn fans, and those who later moved to Falls Church, but none of us belonged to that group. Joe had had no contact whatsoever with any of the people there, having recently moved to NY from Florida, Hope certainly had no contact, not being active in fanzine fandom, I'm not exactly sure where Jerry was, aside from being somewhat paranoid, tho I know he was friendly with Terry and Craig Hughes. Andy, of course, was old friends with Ted, and I? Well, I'm not on bad terms with anyone, tho I didn't really know anyone that well, either. Terry I've had some little contact with, and rich I've talked to some number of times, and I've nodded, or said some few words to Ted, here and there, tho I'm not sure if he knows me. Annnnnnyway, the reason I'm going into this shnegilah of a synopsis, is that regardless of the individuals, there has existed for some time a slight tension, or uneasiness between certain

factions of NY fandom, and parts of Falls Church. One or two people don't get along with Certain other persons, and there is a sense of semeration. So it was with this hovering around us that we left. The other point making the con somewhat Surreal,





was that our group (and that's how we acted thruout the con, for better or worse; as a group) seemed to be on a different time schedule. We arrived late, and pretty much tumbled into bed right off, missing part of the party that night, and remained unsynchronized with the rest of the con thruout the weekend. As for what did Go Down, then; I enjoyed myself. David Emerson was in from the wilds of Minneapolis, someone whom I usually find good in seeing, and hadn't seen since Disclave. All of the Falls Church Space Gophers were present: Terry, Ed Smith, Dan Steffan, Ted White, Rich and Colleen (b) Brown, etc, etc. Plus some others (Hello, others), like Jeff Schalles, Will Straw, Robin White, Avedon Carol, some sf readers Rich had pulled in, and \*gasp\* Boyd Raeburn, previously only a Legend to me. I watched his hands carefully to see if he shifted gears while talking, but he must have been moving too fast for me to see.



Joe and I had very hastily prepared a small "Non\*Issue" of our zine Fanhistorica, thrown together in a week mainly with the help of Karina Girsdansky for the Non-Con. This Non-Issue (the first issue is due out real soon now, actually it will probably see print before this does. Won't it, Joe? Joe?) will theoretically be encompassed by everything in the first issue, and featured a reprinted cover by Steve Stiles; "After the Atom" by Joe Kennedy, reprinted from Spacewar, the Summer 1950 issue; "a Fansine Table For Six Year Olds" by Redd Boggs, reprinted Bane #9, and "The Rumble", a one-shot put out by Walter Breen and Pat&Dick Lupoff; along with illos by Stu Shiffman, Jeff Schalles, and a bacover (new) by Ross Chamberlain. Plus mine and Joe's editorials, and very brief commentary. We distributed this to everyone there, and talked to people.

The entire "con" took place in a single room that Ted had rented, and so \*surprise\*, it got a bit crowded at points, but I was never really uncomfortable. However, as I did say, I am left with a feeling of not having fully participated, I really didn't get to talk to many people, or about much. Rich Brown was the only one I spoke to at any really lengthy piece of time, looking over some old zines I had brought, and some old pictures of the Nycon that Andy had dug up. I ended up selling a copy of Stellar to Rich for \$5, but the best point was hit when Rich, in looking thru a pile of Joe's and my fanzines to buy, came across one addressed to "Rich Brown". Of course, we gave it to him, postage due. I also spoke with Terry Hughes, about Mota, drift, Fanhistorica, and Joe's and my plans for Fanhistorica. It was all somewhat Surreal, somehow, Dan Steffan rampaging around like a drunken water buffalo, John Carl calling in the middle from Montana, Jeff Schalles sitting in a chair being totally out of everything, Ted sitting in the corner of the couch, nodding hi head, \*Boyd Raeburn\* being legendary, and gesturing off in a chair, people sitting by his feet, and then a phone call saying that the police were on their way to make a drug bust there, and everyone scattered to their rooms.

So, I ended up never speaking to most of the people, not getting to say a word to \*Boyd Raeburn\*, or much to Ted even. I did buy a tee-shirt from Robin White, tho, and it's now one of my favorite costumes of attire. In addition to all else, our bunch ate dinner at a Vietnamese



restaurant, and walked about Washington quite a bit, doing a lot of talking there. It drizzled a bit, and I have very fond memories of it. Mellow, and very nice.

We left a day before the con "ended", because Jerry and Joe had to get back to work on moving, and I had to be at the airport to fly to Rochester, and then find a way to Brockport. We spent that last piece of morning at the con playing musical restaurants, trying to find a satisfactory place to eat, and then sitting in the con suite, talking a bit to Will Straw, and Jeff Schalles, both returned to life. Then I, at least, was on that long drive to the airport, walking towards the terminal slowly, bowed under by the weight of my backpack, looking towards the slowly receding figure of the car. It took a long time for it to recede.



I found the proper counter, and checked which gate my flight was leaving on. Allegeny Airlines, which Andy Porter kept muttering dire mutterings about, like: "They crash a lot". Andy has such a sense of subtle tact. I hung around for an hour, until my flight was ready, and then had to spend 20 minutes unloading my backpack, and convincing them I didn't have a bomb. First they detected my cassette recorder, then Godknowswhat, and had to keep sticking t their hands down the pack, to be sure noting was sewn into the lining. Why am I always such a suspicious character?

I arrived in Rochester, lugging a backpack, and plastic bag full of old fanzines. I wandered about for a time, taking it all in and then began the search for some kind of transportation. I found that there were no buses, and no one else going to the



college (about 35 miles from Rochester). So, being flush with money, I found a cab who would take me, and set off, to the tune of \$10. College life...

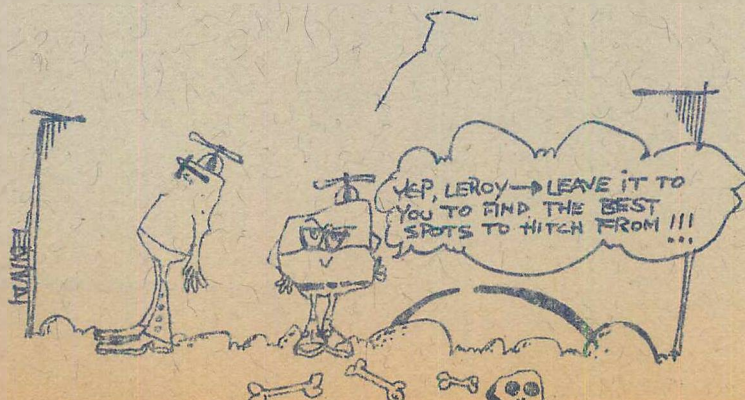
Monmentary thought: I haven't seen the ocean in over 6 months. For some of you this is nothing, but I've lived on the East Coast all my life, and that's part of living in the (almost) midwest. Things like the matter that there is now about 5 inches of snow outside, and it is fuckin' freezing! Oh, well, and I did stick my stylus in my mouth last time, saying that I'd always felt I'd rather freeze to death than burn. I am warmblooded, but...



So. About the second week here, I developed an incredible depression/down that went on for about 6 days, peaked on the third, and then (fairly) disappeared, mysterious, and masked as it had come. To quote from a TAPS Artificial Satilitte that I did at about the height-

-----  
- "As to how I'm doing....I don' know. I assumed things would go  
- alright, and anticipated various things like missing people,  
- knowing that I'd have to look to find people on my level, adjusting,  
- etc, and prepared for it. Right now, I'm rather severely depressed,  
- tho, more so than I've been in several years. Nothing particularly  
- negative has happened, but so far I'm not picking up anything  
- positive either. And, yeah, there are negatives, I realize. I miss  
- certain people I'm close too in ways I didn't think I would. I  
- haven't gotten to know anybody, or at least not on a level that I'd  
- like. I haven't found anybody to know that I want to! Put it this  
- way: How would you like to be thrown into freshman college? I knew  
- all this, but it's hitting me emotionally hard, for some reason.  
- Anyway, I haven't given up yet. We'll see. " \* --The Terrean 128, Sept.  
-----

I don't feel this way at all, now, but that was to give you an idea of my feelings then. I lasted like that for a few days, and then pulled out gradually, with a sharp transition one morning, when I woke up feeling great, and looking around at the world. I haven't had any recurrence of such a sharp "without cause" depression, although I couldn't really explicate my current feelings. I say a little something in vet's, but briefly...I'm really settled in now, I have friends. Still, no boson-buddies, no heartmates, but acquaintances, and companions. I'm fairly relaxed, and "happy", but well, I'm getting ahead of myself. next then, in it's entirty is very casual thotlings. (From the original stencils.).....





### VERY CASUAL THOTLINGS

This is something that is being done, indeed, very causually, since when I sat down to letter-guide out the title (and very pretty it would have been, too.), the point of my only stylus broke.

An auspicious start.

And yet, this is being done, or seeming to be done, by a Gary Farber, current address, good until it isn't is Box 61, Bramly Hall, SUG Brockport, Brockport NY, 14420, and my permanent address is 1047 East 80 St, B'klyn, NY 11230. Phone here is (716) 395-4429. That's used by 7 people, so ask for me, and be persistent.

---

This is being done without a firm audience in mind, and yet (I don't know what I will say here, but "and yet" seems very right), I feel pretty open, I have a lot of things to say. I want to be careful of being locked in, trapped by what I'm saying.

I OWE A LOT OF PEOPLE LETTERS, and communication, I have thots. I feel like seeing what they feel like, and if I feel like them. So I (communicate?). Ware of typo's.

I am alone in my suite, all of my other six suitemates having gone home for the weekend, the first such conjunction. What shall I do here, you and I ask? Give some recent history, I think, some thots, some observations and commentary, some messages, and perhaps, for the 'ell of it all, apa-q and/or taps comments. Onward and inward!

The music that is playing in what them two-dimensional peoples sometimes call the "background", is one of the few things I have access to at the moment; a tape I made a while back, containing a mixture from Harvest by Neil Young, Tea For The Tillerman by Cat Stevens, and Aqualung by Jethro Tull.

((Right now-(ha!)-"All in a dream, all in a dream..."))

It is late Saturday night, about a quarter after three, take notice. Previous to this, (Bullshit! It's not that linear.) I watched (watched. It sounds so passive)(forgive me for these interruptions. I find that I cannot, except by strong "will" withstand the urge to do commentary on my own words, so backtrack, sidetrack, doubleback, ~~for/for/for~~, and otherwise circle about embellishing, and demolishing my own words. This makes it hard to maintain linearity. What the hell, maintaining linearity I haven't said a thing on this page yet. Ain't it the truth!?)

To continue with what I was saying as I became trapped in Parenthesis, (Hey, Frank!), and thusly blowing format consistency as far as the wastelands of queens, I don't stay on one track when I'm writing, unless I try. Perhaps sometime I should try writing without once using parenthesis, and seeing how I wander. Or just letting myself wander and seeing how it looks. Enough for (now).

Not long ago (another way of saying "previous to this", and I never finished that, but then isn't everything another way of saying everything? Well, back at the "ago...") I watched my first television in 5 or so months, barring 5 or so incidentals of news shows, and the 4 or so Monty Python's. I was lured into this action on the promise, by rumor, of George Carlin, and Albert Brooks on NBC's Saturday Night and proceeded, actually preceded to see a few movies, a couple of series, and the news, over the two-day period of Friday-Saturday. I was thrown into this by a compounding of a series of events bringing home a curious feeling to me. One was while riding in a pickup-truck while hitching to Pittsburgh (later, I'll get to that, later maybe.) my rides only topic



of conversation was the new tv shows, others were the incidental peripheral side-glances shoved on me by the American Monster; newspaper ads from the occasional paper, reviews, and peoples mentions, all came together to confront me with a hauntingly unfamiliar set of media fantasies.

I mean, about 2½-3 years ago, once upon a time, I was familiar with american television. Watched all the popular shows (that I liked, anyway. a few.) averaging a couple hours a night. I was familiar. All these continuing people, characters, plots, stories, myths, and I knew 'em.

Now,...alienness. Shows I never heard of. Shows with new actors playing odd characters. Shows with plot twists.

The strangest part, it feels to me, is the lack of progress. They're still living out their little lives, the writing is still on the same abominable level, production values, dialogue, plotting all just the same, jokes the same, acting the same, commercials the same.

Nowhere. That's the level, where it's going, and at a backward rate...oh, I know this is all obvious, but that's the way it showed up, I have this feeling of ought to. Continuing, the commercials, the commercials are something thrown at me, they are so asinine, so constructed, so insulting, so brainwash, pushy, horrifying pieces of.... horridification. The specter of what they represent, indicate, and foreshadow? is so....I can't begin, I feel like Harlan Ellison, negative!

Q\*\*\*Q

Q\*\*\*Q

I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT of thinking recently about what I want, what I want "to do" in life, and what do I want now...what I will do. I'm facing the fact that I'm not happy where I am, college at Brockport. Not dying, not withering, standing it, but not living in joy. In the early week of so, I was extremely unhappy, and upset, due to some internal emotional adjustments, and upheavels, "right now, I'm doing fine in that sense, I'm not extremely bad-off in any way, I'm "happy", I'm just not happy,...total.

So, I think of where I would be, and doing what.

I'm not sure.

For instance, I could move back to NY, get a job, and live in the NY fanscene.....I'd have to support myself, then, and jobs for unskilled, 16-year-olds come few, and low-paying. I could transfer back to a city college in NY, and live with a parent, but with that, I'd 1. be running around with NY fans, and just doing my own things, and would have a hell of a lot harder time doing any work. In fact, I probably wouldn't do any, and I don't know if I'd get by. 2., I'd still be going to school, and I don't know if I'd be happy with it, plus, if I transfer I have to go the full 4 years, whereas if I stay here, I graduate in 3 (maybe I'll get to the Alternate College later...). I could apply for a leave of absence, or drop out, and do some traveling, which I'd like to, but I look at the practicalities: If I do it now, or before the semester ends, I don't get any credit, and all the tuition money, room&board, etc is irretrievably gone; I only have about \$300, and if I left now, its October, and I'd be getting into cold weather; if I wait till January, well, the weather still applies, harder. Ever hitch in 0, or negative degree temperatures? If I don't hitch, I bus, which I can't afford too long. If I wait till summer,...well, that's while. And I won't have any money. And in the longer run, I drop out, and what? Would I be so assured of finding a job that I loved? Or maybe just go back to school, in the long run. On the other hand, what will sticking around in school do for me?

I dunno.



What I will do, I imagine, is definitely stay till January, at least, and then probably transfer to Brooklyn College, or a city college; that, or transfer to Albany, maybe; or take a leave, work in the city a while or something, and go back later, if I want.

!!! \* !!!

Or Maybe Not.

!!! \* !!!

ACTIVITIES OF THE PAST WEEK, OR SO (tossed in for you phans)(and what does he mean by so???): Well, I'd been up at scholl about a month now, a 9-hour drive from NYC, away from all my friends and lovers, and so I was planning on going back to the city for a visit on the weekend of October 3, 4, and 5, taking in the FISTA meeting at Ross Chamberlain's, Friday night, and the combined house-warming of Joe Siclari, and Jerry Kaufman, two people I'm close to, and Libra birthday party for those NY fans having their birthdays in that period. Since the bus was about \$40 round-trip, if I had to take the bus, I would have left Wednesday night, deeming it worth it to miss 2 days classes for the trip. This was my plan if I was forced to take the bus. What I was hoping for, of course, was a ride. I had a notice up on the ride board, and one on the map, but I had no faith in getting one, since there were 400 other requests for rides, to NY, and no one going. I have an effective permanent message up looking for a ride to NY any weekend, since the difference in price is so great, \$40-\$50 to \$4-\$12.

Anyway, I had just gotten a lead on a possible ride, a friend put me in contact with someone who was going in the near-future, time uncertain. I gave him my phone, and name, and address, and he said he'd call when he knew he was going to go; probably not this weekend. It was Wednesday, September 24, the upcoming weekend was a week before the housewarming/birthday party.

Thursday, I'm working in the Anthropology office (a job I picked up from the work-study office, \$18 a week) when I get a frantic call from my roommates, I'm to call my room immediately. I race to the office, call them, and am told that my ride just called, he's leaving in an hour, he'll call before he leaves to see if I'm going. Fine. I race back to my room, throw stuff into my backpack, pick up my mail, which includes a card from Hope Leibowitz telling me that Phglange was that weekend. I wait for the call. I wait. I wait. I wait.

7 hours later, I figure that one way or another I've been screwed out of the ride, and I didn't know what to do, I was so hyped up from thinking that I was finally going back. I lost all cool while waiting, and got incredibly hyped in my head about leaving.

So I gradually came down, tho I first called Anna Vargo to see how many people would be at Phglange, and if it was worth it to take a bus to the city that weekend. No, most everybody would be in Pittsburgh, I should wait till next week. So I came down.

Next day- Friday, the 27th, and I'm sitting around with two of my roommates, and a visiting friend of one of theirs, indulging in Evald Weed. After a large amount of indulgence, I was stirred to inquiry, and asked where this friend, Mark came from...Pittsburgh, he says. Um.....How'd ya get here?.....Oh, I hitched.....hitched, ummm.....how long'di it take ya?.....oh, bout 6 hours...um, six hours...its about 2:30 now, ...if I left now, I'd get there bout 8....."Well, see ya guys!" "Where're you going?" "Pittsburgh!"

So I thru some stuff into my backpack again, grabbed my bicycle, rode into town, got out \$20 dollars, put 'em into travelers cheques,



and rode a couple of miles down to the edge of town, and the highway, pausing only to get stopped by a local cop who saw me riding a bicycle with a backpack on, and a sign in my hand saying "Ride To Buffalo" on one side, and "Ride To Pittsburgh" on the other, looking stoned, and proceed to put me up against a wall, give the combination of the lock on my bicycle, while he had his hand around it, and pull my ID card with my picture on it. After I had successfully done that and pointed out to him the sticker on the bike registering it in my name to the Brockport Police, and explaining what I was doing, he let me go.

So, I proceeded to the edge of town, and a bit past, locked my bicycle in back of a Friendly's and walked over to the highway with my sign: "Ride To Buffalo". About 4 cars had past, when a slightly battered, middle-aged middle-class type car pulled up, and a door swung open; 3 stalls, one push, and 3 miles out of his way, I was at the New York State Thruway. Good person, beard, silent. I strolled up the "rampway", a 1/2 mile road, towards the tollbooth. I could see, standing by a lamppost before the booths 3 people, all with signs to Syracuse, the opposite of the way I was going (really?). A friend had told me that they were very loose here, that last week they had been letting people past the tolls, onto the highway. It looked like they were right.

I was about 500 yards from the other people by the lamppost when a pickup truck slowed in front of them, and a door opened. "Damm", I thought, "there goes my company." I kept walking.

"Hey! This guy can give you a lift!" The cry drifted across the wind, and I broke into a run. Panting, I shouted "thanks" at the waiters, sped past them, and grabbed onto the truck, swinging myself up. He was a garrulous old gent, talking about most anything, mostly the new tv shows, and he got me 3/5ths of the way to Buffalo, dropping me just past an exit, so that I walked back to the entrance by the tolls, stuck up my sign, and 2 minutes later was 30 in a low-hung, swept back 2 inches off the ground-stereo-everywhere-type sportscar, with a young executive going home from work, changing gears every 6 seconds or so.

With the wind in my face, I wasn't more than naturally high anymore, and I again glanced at the address I had-"Piglango, Monroeville, Pittsburgh." . . . A beautiful day. It looked like it was going to rain, and it did, stopping as we approached Buffalo. I had never been to Buffalo and wondered about the best places to catch a ride. I was checking over my map, and my executive said he could drop me on the highway, and I decided it was best to do that, to stay on, and go straight down the Thruway, into Pennsylvania, and Erie. It was starting to dim out by the time I was dropped outside Buffalo, and it drizzled on and off. I had my whitesweater on, and I walked, seeking the right spot to wait. The trees are just starting to change. Changing color, or remaining the same? Changing in the continuous fashion, as all interacts. Scarlets vibrate both noisey, and noiselessly, as the sun focuses in and out. I walk on.

I was picked up, after twenty minutes, another beard, who takes me 25 miles, and it is twilight, and cool. I have two shirts with a white sweater over, and my flashlight swings in my right arm. Another twenty minutes. Another ride. A man going to Cleveland, and the airports are socked in. He is withdrawn and talkative, a trimmed beard, psychiatrist type. He speaks of frustrations at the airport, and little else, shallowly. A nice man. We ride for about 2 1/2 hours, and I think about.

It was as dark as dark is when I am dropped in some nowhere 30 miles out of Erie, and I'm nowhere near a good spot to be picked up, not near any exits, no rest stops, no lights, just endless concrete stripping of highway. Dead. It is uncomfortable, and my pack is heavy, and I'm swinging my light at cars, to my sign, but few come, and they all pass on. Pass on. Pass on. Pass on. Pass on. Pass on. Pass on...



The next person I saw, that I knew, was Suzie Tompkins, who blinked at me, and said "But...I...but...I didn't know you were coming?", and then hit me with "You look different. I don't know how, but you look different!".

I can't give a real con report, as I wasn't very real that weekend, along with the fact that I went thru some more emotional upsets, and personal instabilities during it, which helped me from talking to all the people I otherwise would have, and acting fannish. Anyway, as part of it all, I found myself lost on Sunday morning, with a ride to Buffalo, and I suddenly decided to go to NY. I couldn't think, and this probably doesn't make much sense, unless I tell you what was upsetting me, and how I was being hit, but that involves my relationships with other persons, and I'm not free to pull them into public. It bothers me, I have the urging to talk, and talk all, I don't like the constraint of a fence, a forbidden zone, it dares me to approach it, back away, and lick at it again. I'll see.

Anyway, by that time all the cars to NY were either full, or had left, and I started aimlessly, slightly broken. Jerry Kaufman found me, and a ride with Ben (exclamation!, I don't know how to spell his name.!) Zool, Zul?, and I went back to NY, stayed the week, enjoying myself, and thinking. On the whole I've gotten myself at least temporarily oriented. Christ!, I love feeling sorry for myself, and that's what part of my recent turnovers have been.

You see, it all goes back zis long way... I did a lot of locking away of my emotions a few years ago, when I had a lot of trauma, my parents got divorced, I didn't have anyone except myself and books, and I was probably very hung-up in my own way, tho it made me what I am now. Anyway, I'm getting out of that now by indulging in emotion, relishing my upset, trying to cry. I cried recently, and its about time.

So I pull myself together, for better or worse, probably not terribly bad off, I just talk about it here a lot. Part of my release, looking for a heart of gold...  
I've found other people

INTERSECTING HERE...is the Phglange. I'm typing this a few hours later, and my roommate is playing Jackson Browne. Well, Phglange would have been nice. Filthy Pierre had a device/room/area/creation set up the life of which the world has never before seen. There were thousands of signs all over saying "McFanolds, Eat under the Sign of The Golden Beanie", and a room number. These were everywhere, and I wonder how the steel-workers convention felt about them.!? Elliot Shorter, Jim Freund and I walked over to see what it was about, and found a room with apparatus apparently draped all over, bubbling obscenely, and a 12 foot list of instructions. "1. First lift frankfurter from collar at left by twisting knob, and removing with tongs in heater B.2. Deposit money in change box C, remove change. (Subnote. Dollar bill may be put in money box d and change removed from change box c.) After putting new hot dog in, remove roll from storage area, use tongs to take fresh hot dog from heater....etc.

It beat the Zero-Gravity Toilet all to hell.

Minda Bushyager arrived on the scene a few moments after we did, and while we were holding ourselves to fixins (n), she stared, and repeated in a hysterical monotone "only Pierre, onlypierre, onlypierre, onlypierre..." We also pondered the fact of was there really a person sleeping behind that curtain?

Of course the crowning touch was the sign outside the motel-  
"Welcome, Pittsburgh Lange!"

Anybody out there want to start a Boston Lange, or a New York Lange, nebbe? Tom Whitmore said that he'd start a Berkely Lange, and call it the Blanceange...



The in dark answered with wind. Recognition? Ahead, a truck was stopped on the side. A noise, near intelligibility, but drifting past. I walk towards it, backwards, waving at cars. Another sound, and I peer, looking for what? The truck is waiting for me, and I run.

One of the infinite-ton trucks, wheels like a caterpillar has legs, and the cab door is 4 feet over my head. I jump...energized with franticism...and we roar.

You had to shout to be heard, and the suspension was off, so we jolted, and bounced, sometimes feet into the air. He told me he didn't pick up girls by day since he would be fired, but at night he was himself. He spoke anyway, of his job, driving, riding, money, layoffs, the life... He was going to Pittsburgh.

So we rode, beams of sight, and realization fixed ahead of us, yet stabbing, and moving. Wetness, and hard...then soft, and just damp...out I rode, with him, for about three to four hours. He was going to the other side of Pittsburgh, so he had to drop me 20 miles out, because of a crucial turn, over a bridge. A bridge indeed. We were off the Thruway, the skirts of a dinky town, and I stopped to figure routes on the map, and then walked towards the entrance of the Pennsylvania Thruway, but 3 kids in a car offered me a ride down 19, another route towards Pittsburgh, so I rode with them, turned down offers of beer, and we were at the highway. They let me out, turned around, and rode back to town. One of the gooddest things to happen, they went totally out of the way, and they had stooped me, I was just looking at my map. Out, and I got another ride infinitesimals later, a person totally cool, college my age, looking for what to do, and there was a wonderfully full resonance set up. Empathy, I loved him, and we went thru downtown Pittsburgh, but 3 exits, the wrong way for him, dropping me in front of the Squirrel Hill Tunnel. I turned down his beer, too.

###...###

###...###

DOWNNNN...An impossible place for cars to stop. Three intersections, clover-leaves, ramps, lights, nothing. I walked. And walked, and found myself trapped by the stream of humanity(?), and the tunnel, so I walk.

Thru the tunnel. Fear, fear, FEAR!...cars rushing past, inches, inches, backback to the wall, off-balance, can't turn, no! I move to the other side, with a railing, and raised platform, and it takes me an hour. Air, air, and quiet. I am out, and it is country. I move to what should be a perfect spot, under a bright light...plenty of space to stop, long time to see me, plenty of slowing room, and an incredibly wide shoulder-stopping place. No one. I wait an hour, then move, and keep trying. Finally, a number of miles later, and 2 or so hours, I come to an exit, climb, and hike across country, and find a gas station. Phone booth. Then I note a sign- "Monroeville- 7 miles". I called information, asked hoping for the right answer...Holiday Inn in Monroeville?...Yes! A car comes to pick me up, no one from NY is there yet, or anyone I know, I reel off names. I play music and watch the station close. 1 1/2 hours later the car swings up. Out of the door swings...Alyson Abramowitz. Who else?

Two o'clock Friday night, and I am at the Phglange.

\*\*\*!!\*\*!!\*\*

\*\*\*!!\*\*!!\*\*

At the Phglange.



Yaas, yes. Better even then the sign at last years (1975) Boskone-  
"Boskones XII, sponsored by NERSPA:" Lots in a name?

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

I AM WHERE I AM, OR MAYBE NOT, which is at Brockport. I caught a bus back Sunday night, rode all night and waited in Rochester to switch buses from 4:40 to 7 am, carrying a collapsing box of books. I was staggering across campus at 7 in the morning in my Robin White-Tee shirt, backpack, and box, when a security guard decide I looked suspicious and stopped to interrogate me, pull my ID card, and check by walkie-talkie that I existed. Fun. Which ties in with my involvement in protesting the food service on campus, along with other sundries. A march on Tuesday, fun!

Not else? For all you technocrats out there I might write up a piece on the computer programs here, including a quite complicated 29-command Star Trek one. I saw the new show Space-1999, recently, and its pretty putrid. (Pretty putrid?.....?)

Recent reading, ie, last week is Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance by Robert Pirsig, worth it, and I'd be curious to hear any discussion/opinions of it?, Jerry Rubin- Do it! and We Are Everywhere, Conversations with The New Reality ed. by the eds. of Ramparts, The Swords of Lankhmar by Fritz Leiber, Woodstock Nation by Abbie Hoffman, The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams, Levels of Knowledge and Existence by Harry Weinberg, a few texts, and I'm in the middle of Castenda's Journey to Ixtlan, and Taoist Tales by Ramond van Over, and a couple of other misc. things... Oh, yeah, last week I also went thru Hunter Thompson's 3: Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail 72, and In Las Vegas, plus Hell's Angels, and 2 by Charles Bukowski- Memoirs Of a Dirty Old Man, and whatshitacallit... something or other and Other Ejaculations, I can't think of the title. Can't find any Flann O'Brien, Jerry...

Not much sf there, as you can see, but that is only a week and a half, and I've been busy. Oh, t'it, yes, Tuckers Ice and Iron, the hardcover, since I picked it up for 99c in a store here. My leaving NY, by the bye, was marred (um) by a nifty psychosomatic stomach that gave rise to great pain, and dissappeared once we were thru the Holland Tunnel. Ah, me...

I've meant to explain exactly what I'm doing (~~I/xxx/xx~~) in the program here, in the Alternate College. I did an a TAPSmailing, but that happened to be the page that Moshe Feder couldn't print because it got fucked-up in being sent across the country a few times, following.

So, basically, The Alternate College is a program set up, originally created by a seed grant from the Carnegie Foundation, to "give more options in less time", and graduate you in three years with a B.A. or B.S. Theoretically it offers all sorts of bullshit like-"a fuller realization and expression of the whole person as an intellectual, emotional, intuitive and sensuous being capable of increasing individual initiative and self-direction"etc, and other nice things. Practically, you only need 96 credits for the degree, as opposed to 120, no language, and it eliminates the necessity for the normal "core" courses generally taken. Instead, it offers what are theoretically intergrated courses that eliminate the duplication of work, and thought between the usual introductory courses.

The first term, you take three general courses in the catagories of Fine Arts, Humanities, and Math/Science for 11 weeks, along with a Mentor-Tutorial seminar, and an optional Parent College course. Within those three catagories you have a choice of about 3-4 classes each. My Fine Arts class is in Theater, f'rinstance, my Humanities is



in The Study of Man, and my math/sci is in Man and Technology. You take these three for 11 weeks, and then an Immersion Module for 5 weeks, an in-depth concentration study on something presumably spun off from something that stimulated you in one of these classes, simultaneously with a 16 week parent college course(optional) in whatever you pick, and a Mentor-Tutorial Seminar. The Mentor-Tutorial Seminar is only 1 credit, and it generally meets one hour a week to do whatever your Mentor and the class have determined. There are about 40 such offerings, and you tend to pick what you want at the beginning of the term. Your mentor is your advisor, in general and this serves as an orientation point. Myine, is basically touring the campus, and just getting straight on things. My Parent College course is in General Semantics, a very cool course, very interesting, and veering. The 3 courses mentioned earlier, by the way, are all 4 credit courses, small, about 25-25 people, and discussion based. The Humanities I find the most interesting, good leader, good talk. So, my first semesters credits come to 18.

Second semester, you take 2 general-intergrated courses in Social Science and Comparative Culturels for ~~11~~ weeks, then an Immersion Module, and a M\*Ts and 2 Parent College Courses for 16 weeks,...

I think you can see how it develops. You tend to blend into the parent college courses, with an Alternate college orientation. Also, the few Alternate college courses you are taking by the third year get pretty esoteric, and conceptual, veddy heavy in thots, philosophy and considerations.

That wasn't really very clear, but you have a general picture? It seems to suit me at least as well as college ordinarily would, I like. In its own way.

\*\*\*\*\*  
RANDOMIZATIONS: My Humanities class, a few people want to read and discuss Stranger in a Strange Land. You guessed it. I think I'll be the only one with an autographed copy...God, what egoizing... I plan on going to the Anonycon next week, at Niagra Falls, hitching. and the back to NY over Thanksgiving for a few days.

I write to communicate.....from..to. Yet, how to select, how to let out...? It is so.....so. So.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Later...It is raining again, and a roommate has been playing Red Octopus, the new Jefferson Starship album. I'm starting to get into it, a little. One of his favorites, what he swears is the best piece of music ever created is a cut from John Fogarty, "Almost Saturday Night". Plays it a few hundred times. I am regretful, a letter from an old, very close friend who has moved to France is around, and there is no return address, I can't find him. I'd like to..

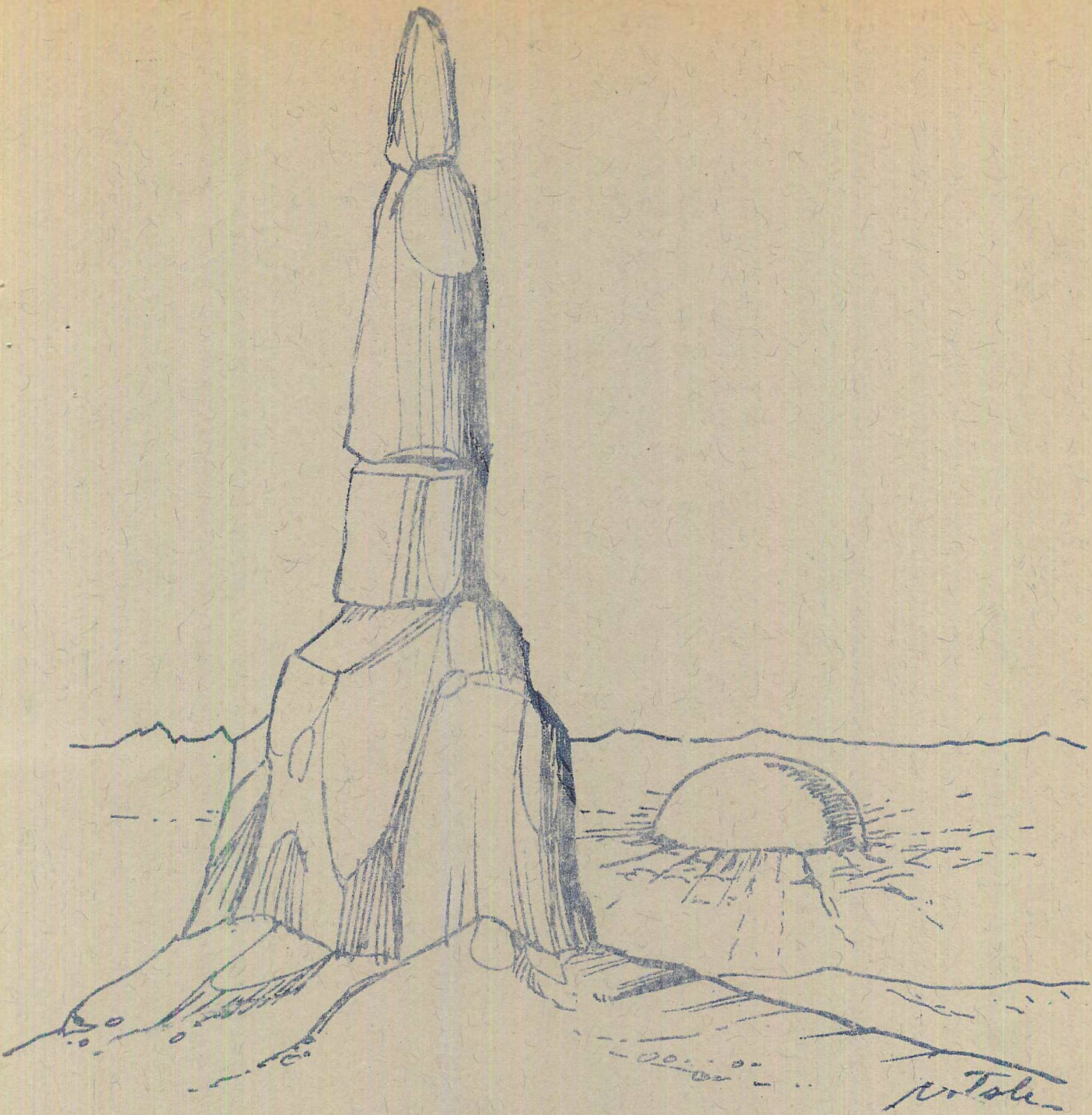
Little mail is yet on hand from drift, a poetsarc from Mike Glicksohn, a long letter from Sheryl Birkhead, a letter from Ben Miller, a few others, but I have on hand a letter from Paul Walker I might want to get into.

No. I will draw this to a semblance of a close. I'd like to hear from you. So what's happening?

I wonder if I'm too-fixed.

207 500000 13





"I want to live, I want to give. I've been a miner for a heart of gold. It's these expressions I never give, That keep me searching for a heart of gold, and I'm getting old. -- I've been to Hollywood, I've been to redwood, I crossed the ocean for a heart of gold. I've been in my mind, it's such a fine line, That keeps me searching for a Heart of Gold, and I'm getting old." -Neil Young





That's m'boy!

And now we come that much closer to the never-attainable present. An entity of reassurance; lest the impressions you pick up from herein be somewhat distorted by a concentration in one area, let me reassure: things seem to be coming together. I still

have my luck, and I trust to drift on it, to some extent.

Right now, I'm even happy at Brockport, and my plans leave me uncertain of the future, but not insecure, or unhappy with them. For now, the universe is working out, and I'm hanging in there. Why, some day, I may develop Impeccable Taste.

\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*

COLLEGIATE, THAT'S WHAT I AM, or \*maybe not\*. Life here... I'm in one of the "high-rises" here, on the third floor. The dorm is ten-stories high, 4 suites per floor in a square-like arrangement. Each suite has three bedrooms, and a bathroom attached to the big central room. Currently, residing within this central room are nets hanging from the ceiling, a tapestry on one wall, 4 lamps, 3 comfy chairs, and a double seat, along with a desk, and trunk-serving-as-table. Let me get up and check that. That is absolutely correct. Each room in the suite is supposed to hold 2 people, but they're currently running on a policy of every suite having at least one room tripled. And guess whose room gets the screw in my suite...? You betchun, yours pretty truly, unhum. So, we've got a window, and my desk is up against that, with bed alongside, posters on the wall, and 3.2 tonnes of books in boxes in the closet. I didn't bring a pittance of my collection, but an assortment of reading and rereading matter. The college is well spread out, almost all of the buildings are quite modern, circa 1967. I spend time in...the Union, which houses a lot of things, including the snack bar, ride board, all of the student offices, the bar, room where they show films, tv lounge, bullitenn boards, lounge, and other stuff that you, yes, you ! can guess at! I'm occasionally at the computer center; playing games, and picking up some BASIC by myself, or at the library, or some strange friends room doing...oh, whatever, whatever. I tend to eat dinners only, if I'm awake by then. If this gives you the impression that I'm living a life of decadent debauchery, you're probably right...





a column

OUR  
MAN  
IN

DAVID  
EMERSON

MIPPLE-STIPPLE

"Hello?"

"Hi. This is Andrew Porter, famous editor of award-winning ALGOL."

"Oh, hi, Andy."

"Did you realize your party is the same night as Lunarians?"

"No. I never keep track of what Lunarians are doing."

"Well, it is. And it's in Oradell this month."

"Yeah?"

"That's the only excuse I ever have to go to New Jersey."

"Uh." Why anyone would want an excuse to go to New Jersey was beyond me.

"And New Jersey's the only place I can get birch beer."

"Oh. Does this mean you're going to Lunarians Saturday night?"

"Yep."

"Oh. Okay, well, we'll see you around."

I hung up. "Who was that?" asked Asenath.

"Andy Porter. He's not coming."

"Waaaaaagh! What'll we do with all this birch beer?"

This took place in January 1975, just prior to a rather large and rather successful (if I do say so myself) fannish party that Asenath and I hosted at Proxima Puddle, that glorious, if somewhat small, slanshack in Greenwich Village. The Puddle, sad to say, is no more, Asenath having forsaken the city for the clean country air in the wilds of Connecticut a few months after I took off for Minneapolis to become a rock and roll star. But the memory of the Puddle Parties





we held there lives on.

Our most successful party was undoubtedly our first one there (not counting the moving party, in which a couple dozen fans helped us cart our worldly belongings from the squalid Avocado Pit, up by Columbia University, downtown to the scenic West Village). Seeing that the move was in August, it seemed appropriate to have the party the weekend after DISCON. I didn't think anything of it when Asenath started handing out invitations at the worldcon as if they were flyers for the Proxima in '74 Bidding Committee.

A week later they all came trooping in: TAFFer Pete Weston, DUFFers Leigh Edmonds and Valna Brown, fanwriter-Hugo Susan Wood, fanzine-Hugo Andy Porter (and Mike Gyler, who had picked up the Hugo for Andy's co-winner Dick Geis), pro author John Brunner, pro editor Dave Hartwell, pro agent Kirby MacCauley, several Minneapolis-St. Paul fans, and everybody who was anybody in NY fandom. There were even a couple of mundanes!

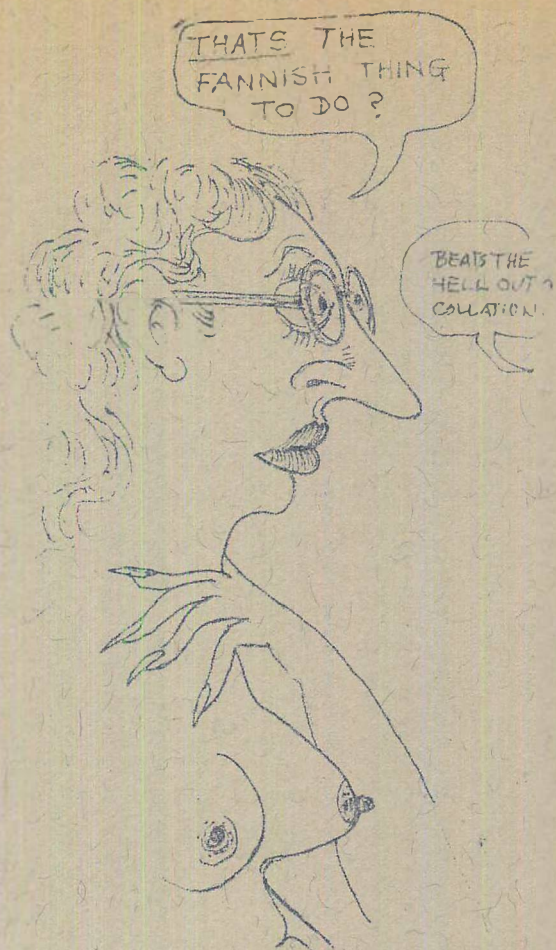
Usually we tried to keep our fannish and mundane friends separate. You know-- if you invite both sets to a party, the fans all talk to each other and the mundanes all feel left out. One bright idea we had was to hold two parties fairly close to each other: one for fans and one for everybody else.

It was at that point that I noticed something about non-fannish parties. I had gone around at work, inviting all my favorite cronies; I'd sent invitations to various other people I knew outside of fandom; and Asenath invited about as many, herself. But when the party rolled around, very few people actually showed up. Even those who had assured me they were coming. I hadn't gone out and invited everybody, since I recalled how packed the place was at that post-DISCON party, but maybe I should've. That way, we might have had a decent sized crowd.

Fans, on the other hand, love parties, and will attend with dependable regularity. And if they can't make it, they call -- like Andy Porter did at the beginning of this column. I suppose the subcultural tradition of the SF convention tends to make fans regard parties as significant events, whereas mundanes associate parties with pretentious, boring affairs that they don't know anybody at; or possibly with a singles bar/discotheque atmosphere, where you're supposed to force yourself to Meet People and Have a Good Time.

Another point: fannish parties almost invariably consist of everybody sitting around talking in small groups, and quite a bit of eating, and drinking going on. But mostly talking. Some mundanes, however, feel uncomfortable if they have to rely on their verbal skills (which may not be two well developed in the first place), and they tend to like to have Activities at their parties.





They'll clamor for dancable music to be put on the stereo, the rug to be rolled up, and partners to be chosen. They might even degenerate into party games like charades (unlike fans, who degenerate into non-party games, like Risk, Stellar Conquest, or Dungeon). But I bet you'll never see a mundane party circulating around a collating table.

Now, I don't want to go on in this fannish-snob sort of way, implying that all mundanes are dull, boring creatures. Why, some of my best friends are mundane. Sometimes you'll run up against non-fans who are as wacko as fans. Maybe more so.

That party I was talking about, the January one, featured several out-of-town fans -- Asenath had sent invitations far and wide. She'd sent one to her old friend Kevin, then living in Boston, but she hadn't really expected him to make it. After all, who would drive from Boston to NYC just for a party? (Fans, that's who.) But long about 2/3 of the way thru the evening, I answered the phone, and a voice said, "this is Kevin. Is Doctor Gonzo there yet?" I didn't know what he was he was talking about,

so I called Asenath to the phone and told her it was Kevin. She squealed in delight and gave him directions, and he said he'd be along in about an hour. He was in Westchester.

A while later, the door opened and 6 or 8 people walked in, none of whom either Asenath or I had ever seen before. But one guy said, "I'm Doctor Gonzo," so I welcomed them with open arms, seeing that they must be Kevin's friends. Asenath hadn't caught the bit about Dr. Gonzo, so she thought they must be some of my crazy computer-programmer friends

They were pretty pleasant people. A couple of them went out and brought back a case of beer, which they proceeded to imbibe; one of the others started passing joints around. I got to talking with some of them and I think it was a good conversation. It was pretty tired and I was getting late. But although these folks had showed up, there was no sign of Kevin. There was still no sign of him hours later when the party finally started to break up. Dr. Gonzo and his crew had left by then, and the only people left were the out-of-towners, who were crashing on the living room floor. At that, it was still a decent sized party: Steve Miller and Sue Nice up from Maryland; Krissy Benders and David Stever down from Boston; another of Asenath's old chums, Dianne Duprez, and her friend Pam, also down from Boston; and Rick Sternbach to round out the crew.

Days later, Asenath was in touch with Kevin. "Why didn't you come to the party?" she asked.



"I didn't get the invitation until two days afterward."

"WHAT?! I talked to you on the phone. You said you were coming. You were in Westchester. Don't you remember?"

Gradually, the story came out.

It seems that when Kevin had given Asenath his address, he had gotten the house number wrong. Instead of three hundred something, it was really nine hundred something. The post office in Boston looked at the 300 address, realized it must be wrong, and figured that the correct address should have been 800 something, since the 3 and the 8 are so easy to mistake for one another. Now, the 800 address was a house full of freaks, who slightly knew that Kevin lived at the 900 address. Being good neighbors, they made sure it got to the right place. Not, however, until after the invitation had been mistakenly opened (there was somebody else named Kevin living there) and they had noted the date and address. The day of the party, they were visiting people in Westchester, and they brought themselves and their friends down to the city because they had this invitation.....

Kevin talked to them afterwards, and reported that they thought it was a great party.

Well, I'm glad they had a good time. I sure did.

###

What has all this to do with Mpls/Stpl (or Mipple-Stipple, as it is pronounced)? Not a whole lot, except that that's where I'm living these days. But in future installments of this column I hope to bring you the thrilling adventures of those Crazy Minneapolis Fans, describing as best I can the goings-on around Twin Cities fandom. What with Minn-Stf, Nocres, the Bozo Bus crowd, MINNEAPPA and RUNE collations, and assorted miscellaneous activities, there's plenty going on around here. In fact, I could probably fill a column with the puns that Denny Lien makes in one evening, if he would write them down instead of nuttering them into his bheer. The songs that fly back and forth from SCA to Dungeoners and back have already filled two filksong books.

But I don't know when I'll have time to write about all these things. You, see, there's all these fannish parties to go to.....





# Feet of Clay



FEET OF CLAY number 243

Feet of Clay is brought to you by Stu Shiffman of 59-17 162nd Street Flushing, Dual Cities of New-York/Brooklyn. A fanzine presenting a variety of news of interest to the scientifiiction fan, personal columns and illustrations. Available for five cents plus a 4¢ stamp, or the appropriate amount in foreign currency, contributions of news or art.

\*\*\*\*\*POTSHARD MESSAGE 367\*\*\*\*\*

## COMMENTS WITH POLITICAL OVERTONES

President Harrimanhas resigned. These yellow journals in this town have attributed it to everything from senility to drunkenness. That doesn't matter, but what does matter is the fate of the American space program. The Empire of France has landed on the moon three times since Capitaine Paul Gerard made that epic journey in 1972. I'll concede that our automatic probes have gained as much data, but where is the romance or adventure in that? Certainly, our new president Robert F. Kennedy--younger brother of former president Joseph Kennedy, Jr.--and his cronies, the senior senators from Maine, Massachusetts and Manitoba, have always been opposed to all money allotted to the United States Astronautics Commission. As for me. I plan to write O'Dwyer and Goldberg, my senators, and advise them to supposrt USAC.

\*\* \*\* \*

The Dual Cities of New-York/Brooklyn are presently the hosts, as you all know, of a good portion of the French Imperial family--since the arrival of the Empress Jeanette, Charles King of England (Napoleon VI Lucius' brother and Commissaire d'Affaires), Prince Imperial Joseph, and Princess Marie-Augusta. On being asked by the reporter from the Brooklyn City EAGLE as to what he liked best about the U.S., Prince Joseph replied, "I particularly like your 'science pulps.' We get but few in Paris, but I particularly enjoy THRILL BOOK, MAGAZINE OF SCIENTIFICTION, and WONDER STORIES. I look forward to obtaining many that we never get in France, like ASTONISHING STORIES and TALES OF THE FANTASTIC."

The French Imperials will be here and in Washington for about a month, before they go on to the Viceroyalty of Louisiana Major and the Summer Festivals in New Orleans and Sainte Francis.

Among the protesters during their arrival at Winifield Scott International Airport, were Phil Farmer, First Fandomite from Peoria, Illinois and member of the Free Britian Society, and many Brooklyn fen.



page two...

## THE SCIENTIFICTION AWARD (JENKINS) NOMINEES

Andy Silverberg, chairman of the CONVENTION committee, tells me that problems that the USstfCon committee was having with their hotel in New Haven have been resolved. The hotel has promised to keep to its present con rate of \$10. for a single and \$12 for a double, rather than the outrageous \$17. and \$20. proposed.

Andy also passed along a list of the "Jenkins" nominees:

### NOVEL

NEEDLEPOINT-Verner Brown (WONDER STORIES serial)  
BITTER FRUIT-Philip Klass (GREELEY paperback original)  
TZAR OF TIME-William White (THRILL BOOK serial)  
BORN IN A BOOKSHOP-Robert Madle (SCRIBNERS)

### NOVELETTE

"Hogben Space Cadet"-Henry Kuttner (WONDER STORIES)  
"Hereafter"-Lyon S. deCamp (WEIRD TALES)  
"The Doom That Came Unto Newark"-Ronald Goulart (WEIRD TALES)  
"To Set it Off"-D.C. Thompson (THRILL BOOK)  
"The Memo"-A.W. Tucker (ASTONISHING STORIES)

### SHORT STORY

"To Plant a Seed-Henry Davis (MAGAZINE OF SCIENTIFICTION)  
"The Play's the Thing"-Allen Benjamin Dick (same mag of foregoing)  
"The Great Switch"-Verner Brown (WONDER STORIES)  
"Star Pharmacist"-James White (ASTONISHING STORIES)

### DRAMATIZATION

SPACER FROM CHICAGO (Magnafilm Inc.) prod. Irwin Allen, direct.  
Lawrence Hagman, screenplay by Ronald Goulart.  
LITTLE FUZZY, STF THEATER (CBS-TV) produced and directed by  
Roderick Serling, screenplay adaptation by Ron Hubbard.  
LENSMAN, PART II (Tampa Cinematic Co.) prod. George Pal, directed  
by Michael Nichols, screenplay by Lewis Padgett & Mark Phillips.  
THE RADIO BEASTS (ABC-TV) produced and direction by Harlan Ellison,  
screenplay by James Schmitz.

### FAN AWARDS

I couldn't get any information about these. Evidently all  
fandom has been plunged into war over the Parafaan question.

\*\* \*\*

### MIXED MEDIA OF THE FANTASTIC

The Elgin movie theatre in Manhattan has planned a special program  
for June. Here is a foreshadowing:

- a) UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS
- b) JOHN CARTER OF MARS
- c) WARLORD OF THE FOURTH PLANET
- d) CARTER ON MARS

The 1930's adaptation of ERB's  
classic Martian trilogy with  
Buster Crabbe as John Carter.

George Pal's 1950's reworking and  
synthesis of the classic trilogy,  
filmed with the permission of the  
Imperial government in the great  
South-western desert in the Louis-  
ianan province of Quivera. Robert  
Taylor as John Carter, Elizabeth  
Taylor as Dejah Thoris, and Francis  
Lathrop the Younger as Mors Kajak.

- e) Le Homme en le Castel Haut  
(French with Eng. subtitles)

The 1974 film produced by the  
Franco-Scottish director, Jean  
MacNaughton, and screenplay by  
Phillipe Quedic. Fabulous  
costuming by Mlle. Noisette Pethig.  
Medieval fantasy acted and filmed  
with a vigor not seen in Tampa.



Mesopotamaniacs like myself should not miss the special production of the ballet "Gilgamesh" at the Queens Playhouse in Flushing Meadow. It'll be performed by Le Compagnie Imperial de Ballet Parisienne from June 23 through July 1. It's really fantastically staged. I remember the first performance in Londres five years ago, when it was broadcast over American televisors.

\*\* \*\*

I note that Broadway will see yet another revival next year, this time of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Aquilonia." I've only seen the film version, with Gordon MacCrae as Conan and Shirley Jones as the Stygian maiden. I personally can't see Robert Goulet in the Cimmerical role, or Carol Lawrence in the old Shirley Jones part-- but let that be, I hear that Gahan Wilson will design the sets and costumes. That's certainly enough for me. My favorite song from the musical, after the title number, begins:

"In Stygia they have different Names,  
For gods and foreign vermin.  
The vermin's Conan--Cimmerian.  
And they call their god Thoth-Amon!"

\*\* \*\*

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has an interesting exhibition coming up in the next two months. It's "Fables of Mouse and Duck," an exhibit of the early political cartooning, later pulpzine illustration, and private portfolio work of Walter E. Disney. Disney was cartoonist for many years for the Chicago Inquirer, and soon made a lucrative entry into the field of pulp magazine illustration. His work for THRILL BOOK, WONDER STORIES and the now defunct PHANTAST will be familiar to most stf fen. Disney also pioneered the fledgeling field of animated cartooning, following the abortive effort of Winsor McCay.

A special deluxe art volume is being published by the museum in conjunction with the show. The cover will feature the 1920 Duck cartoon from the Chicago Inquirer against Navy corporal punishment.

\*\* \*\*

#### THIS AND THAT--SCIENTIFICTIONAL

Gernsback Magazines president K.M.O'Donnell implied at the 34th United States Stf Convention in Regina, Saskatchewan (SASKON), that the twenty-year editor of WONDER STORIES, Claude Degler, would soon be leaving. Degler himself confirmed this at the Brooklyn Regional Stf Conference (BKLYNference) last month. Speculations as to a replacement for this dean of Stfzine editors have included such major stf figures as D.C.Thompson, Gregory Kern, Robert Madle and Richard Lupoff. Degler has expressed no opinion on this subject.

Degler himself intends to devote the next few years rewriting his classic stf series, TALES OF THE COSMIC CIRCLE, to be published by J.D.Rockefeller in cloth, Greeley in paper, and in ~~French~~ for Louisiana and France by Libres des Phantastes. Degler is also planning an index of stf pseudonyms (particularly his own) and a travel guide for the road-tramping fan for Advent, and an autobiographical pamphlet for Mirage Press, a little known Farnish publisher and mail-order company. During this time, the beloved editor will give up his radio show with Jim Freund over WBAI-New York.

\*\* \*\*

Barry Malzberg's Fantastic Literary Corporation announces that it has bought the rights to the name of the old science pulp, ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER-SCIENCE. ASTOUNDING had been published for only two or three issues in 1929 by Clayton Magazines, and was one of the few Clayton zines not bought by Street & Smith (publishers of the highly esteemed THRILL BOOK--the stfzine). Malzberg, the wealthy



Scientifantasy publisher, hopes that "the new ASTOUNDING SCIENTIFICTION will be a power in the move away from the overly innovative and experimental sociologically-oriented stuff that one finds in WONDER STORIES or THRILL BOOK. I'd like to see some scientifiction that teaches the reader something about science. I think that it's more important than characterization or plot, really, it is." Ron Hubbard has been hired to edit this new zine.

\*\* \*\*

Howard P. Lovecraft, noted astronomer and professor at the University of Providence, died at home on April 1, 1976. Among those attending his funeral, were his colleagues: Prof. Carl Sagan of Columbia University, Louisianan scientist Comte d'Arlette, and Baron Leo de Szilard of the Sorbonne. Stf writer Buck Fuller also attended. Lovecraft's scientific reputation was based primarily on his work disproving Moriarty's classic formulas on the dynamics of an asteroid. Stf fen may remember his many excellent scientifact articles in the THRILL BOOK of Tremaine's editorship. Lovecraft was 86 years old.

\*\* \*\*

From the Winsor McCay Animation Studio: Terence Gilliam, one-time student of pulp illustration under Walter E. Disney and well-known in zinefan circles as the best fanartist since Frankie Freas was killed, has been hired as special animation director. He will be in creative control of two new televisior animated series, HAWK CARSE and MONTAGUE THE FLYING SERPENT. I have confidence that these were be worthy efforts. I remember, and many of my readers must also, those fine short films that Terence showed during the Saskon film program.

\*\* \*\*

#### SPACE EXPLORATION AMONG THE STACKS

Fingerprint on the Coprolites by D.C.Thompson. SCRIBNERS New York (1976)

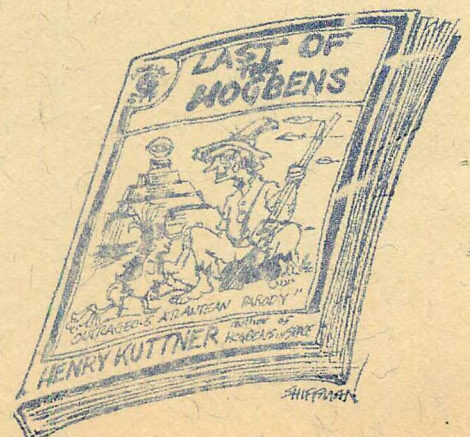
A curious time-paradox and alternate world novel, set in an archaeological dig in the Louisiana province of Quivera. Fine buildup of mood and horror when Dr. Steindelter finds the trans-probability unit of the out-time "United States Trans-Reality Craft BRION BAYARD." Thompson's characterizations of the scientists and French security officers, the Gaulish colonists at Maunatann, and of John Adams, Eighth Earl of Braintree are lifelike--not cardboard figures. Warning: this book is priced at \$2.50, so it might be best to wait for a cheap reprint edition or to watch your local library for it.

Last of the Hogbens by Henry Kuttner

GREELEY PAPERBACKS New York (1976) Fifth book of the series that has already received two Jenkins stf awards. Excellent, this one details what happens when on of the Hogbens invents a time-displacer and ends up in Atlantis. A fine spoofing of the Atlantean cults that have systemized so much foolishness. (35¢)

Ben Jolson on Murdstone by Ronald

Goulart, writing as Kenneth Robeson. POCKET BOOKS New York (1976) Standard sword-and-sorcery stuff. Psychic teleportation, were-chameleons, and the required princess. I





PAGE FIVE...

personally prefer Goulart's Max Kearny--Occult Private Eye stories in WEIRD TALES. (35¢)

Professor Moriarty-The Martian in Limehouse by John-Henri Watson, M.D. J.D.ROCKEFELLER New York (1925, 1976). The name of Dr. Watson has been in the news quite a bit lately. The widow of the late John-Henri Watson, M.D. (creator of the Master Investigator, M. Etienne Sherrinford Vernet, and the stf series about Prof. Jim Moriarty) has refused permission to American publishers--particularly J.D.Rockefeller, publishers of THE COMPLETE E.S.VERNET in English-language editions--to bring out the translations of two new volumes. These are the recently edited LETTERS OF JOHN H. WATSON, M.D., and a recently uncovered Moriarty novel, THE UMBRELLA OF JAMES PHILLIMORE, which seems to overlap the Vernet short story, "The Adventure of the Misplaced Man." Therefore, for English-language readers at least, THE MARTIAN IN LIMEHOUSE must be regarded as the last in the Moriarty series. My correspondents in Louisiana and Anglaterre have raved of it, and now I know why. Isidore Persaneau is found stark raving mad in the Limehouse district of Londres, a mere two hours after disappearing from his office in French Indo-China. Prof. Moriarty is called in by M. le Prefect Treville, the same character that appears in the Vernet stories. Jim Moriarty finds evidence of an extraterrestrial in Londres, and the action follows from there!!

Film novelizations of the stf films THE COMPLETE WEREWOLF and LENSMAN, PART TWO by Craig Rice and C.L.Moore, respectively, will be published next month by Greeley Paperbacks. They will be priced at an outrageous forty-five cents. Covers for both were done by Jeff Jones.

\*\* \*\* \*

#### FANZINE REVIEWS

PLACEBO edited by Milt Feder. Number fifteen this time. One of the few genzines to come out so regularly. This is the third annish. So-so cover by a new fanartist, named Timothy Kirk. Articles by old-time fan Ike Asimov (fan-history), critique by Lou Stathis on the novels of Robert Madle, stuff by Singer, Davis and this fool. Available for 25¢ from 142-34 North Hempstead Turnpike, Flushing, NY-Bklyn, 55, New York.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY hekto'd crudzine from up north. Edited by Sapand Sapand. Not advised.

TWO MAGICIANS edited by Frank Balazs and David E. Romm. Number two has con reports on Saskon, Bklynference, and the Disference by the former, fannish article on eating at a Szechuan restaurant with Claude Degler, fannish stuff by J.J.Pierce, and critical piece by Bobby Bloch on the writings of A.W.Tucker. Nifty for 10¢ from Disaster Area, Indian 2261, SUNY-Albany, NY.

ALIEN CRITIC a zine in French from a Richard Geis, province of Ouricon, Viceroyalty of Louisiana Major. Can't read a word, but the TOC seems to have listed work by Randall Gerard, Michel Coeurlandt, Robert Montargent, and Francois Denton. Well illustrated, a drawing on every page. 24¢ from Richard Geis, Rue de Baker, Port Terre, Ouricon, Louisiana Major. coin or international money order.

GRAND-BARSOOM Linda Bushyager's highly-interesting zine devoted to heroic fantasy and off-world swashbuckling. Number 20 has articles by Ronald Goulart on his Hurdstone series, by John Boardman on the movie adaptations of ERB, and George Scithers on the food of the centaurs. 25¢ from 1314 Evans Avenue, Prospect Park, Pennsylvania.



Gary Farber, OE of the Big Apa, has asked me to mention that they've already reached their maximum of fifty regular members. The wait-list is up to one hundred. Ike Asimov and Hank Davis are the only people who will be given associate status.

\*\* \*\* \*

Ike Asimov, known to most fans for his splendid works on fan-history, survived in the mundane world for many years by editing a trade paper for the synthetic herring industry under the name of Isaac Mavins. However, it has recently gone caput, and Ike was at a loss as what to do next. FLASH! He has decided to go back to Columbia University to get the graduate degree that he passed up to get into journalism. I for one wish him all the luck in the world.

\*\* \*\* \*

The USstfCon bid that a group of we Flushing fans are getting together has been moving very slowly. FLUSHING IN '80! Least of our problems have been these idiots who keep suggesting that we call it (in a fake Italian accent) "Upper U.S. Con!" I haven't been amused by this. Probably the Newark or Providence committees are behind it. So far, we favor "Q-Con" or "LIcon", in which case attendees would be "LIconthropes."

Our hotel would be the deluxe Sanford Hotel, on the avenue of that name and just off Kissena Blvd. and Main Street Flushing. It is conveniently close to subway and buses, the heliport in Flushing-Meadow Park, and both New-York/Brooklyn international airports (Winifield Scott and Idlewild). We are still vacillating between Kilgore Trout and A.W.Tucker for pro GoH, but the Sino-American fan from Illinois, Hoy Ping Pong, seems to be a good choice for the fan GoH.

Ah well, Flushing in 1980, if you can wait hardly (?) that long!

FARE WELL AND FANNISHLY!

\*\*\*\*\*

FROM: Stuart Shiffman  
59-17 162 Street  
Flushing, Queens  
Dual city of New-York/Brooklyn, 65, NY

PLACE  
STAMP(S)  
HERE.

GARY FARBER  
271 EAST 197th Street  
BRONX, NY-BKLYN

Higher pay for  
postmen

FIRST CLASS-Return postage guaranteed.



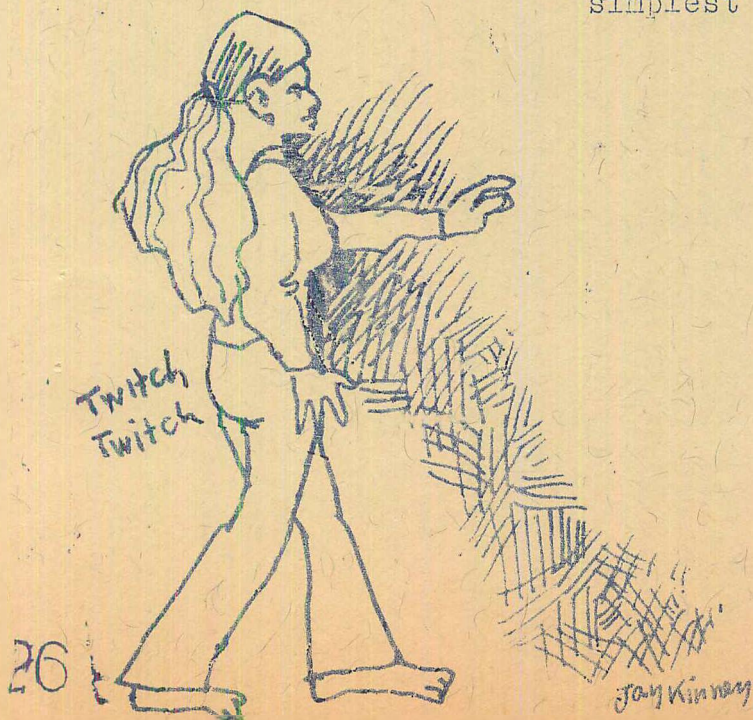
HITCHHIKE IS SOMETHING I might subtitle drift, but a certain (I don't know how certain) Other person might find himself wondering what zine he was doing then. I don't have the aggressive presumption in me that Calvin W. \*Biff\* Demmon did when upon finding out that that Georgina Ellis (The Canadian Duchess of Fandon) had done a column entitled "Grunt" a number of years before Calvin himself had done his fanzine rider Grunt, carefully (after being made aware of complaints by aforesaid mentioned Georgina Ellis) changed the name of Georgina's column retroactively to avoid any conflicts...

Nonetheless, I've been doing a lot of traveling recently (the moment of typing being 11:42 pm/ Dec.6,1975), the earliest of such taking place after I got back from NY as detailed earlier in vct, to the Anonycon in Niagara Falls.

Strictly speaking, I didn't hitch to the Anonycon. It was a traveling weekend, a slack period in between midterms and finals, and people were visiting everywhere. So, I found someone going to Buffalo, from the Ride Board, gave them a call, and arranged to leave Friday afternoon.

I had been planning on going since Pghlance, when I had met some of the people putting it on, Buffalo people mainly. Buffalo University had a large sf population, a good part due to Chip Delany's course's there, apparently. Anyway, a bunch there felt confident enough and unbalanced enough to put on a small regional at Niagara Falls, 1/2 hours ride from Buffalo. Gordy Dickson was GOH, Rick Sternbach supposedly Art GOH, and Phil Foglio and Jay Kay Klein's names were likewise scattered on their press sheet, in no particular capacity. (No comments about Rick's capacity, please..)

We made the ride to Buffalo from Brockport in an hour, hour and a half or so, with five of us in the car, all the others going home or to visit friends. I had originally planned to stick out my thumb from Buffalo, it being so close to Niagara, but it was getting dark by the time we entered the edges of the highways surrounding the city, and my ride told me that there was a municipal bus running to the town of Niagara Falls for under a dollar. It seemed to be the simplest course, so after getting dropped in town, I made my way to the bus station, in a relaxed stroll, but with no stops, since it was late. Buffalo looked interesting, full of free stores, and people's collectives, co-ops, and some used-type stores, but I didn't have the time I might have wanted, so there were no pauses. At the bus station (always the sleaziest section of town), I had to run full effort to catch the bus at it's platform, since the next one wasn't leaving for another hour or so. I paused in the front of the bus, gasping,





retrieved 90¢ for the driver, swung my backpack up to my shoulder, and fell heavily into a seat.

"Hi, Gary!"

Sitting across from me was Dave Carldon.

500 miles from where he lives, I have to travel to meet him.

Now, for those of you who know David, I need say no more. For those among us who of David's unique personality, well....Dave is one of fandom's more unique personalities.

For better or worse.

Anyway, we actually had a fairly pleasant conversation on the way (we found that the bus actually ran to within a few blocks of the con hotel), skimming over phonephreaks, how to make credit call for free, a bit of computers and other trivia.

When I first got to the hotel no one I knew was there, aside from Dave Carldon, which made for some sitting around observing. This involved sitting in the con suite (which later proved to be the hub of the convention) and making casual talk with several people.

I discovered Flahsh (not Flash; Flahsh) whose real name I dare not reveal, but whom you will know by his bellybutton lenth hair, camera, and self. Hunger making itself known to me, I grabbed Flahsh, and we quested in search of a place to eat.

Niagra Falls, United States of America, doesn't beleive in eating.

At least, that's what we thought for a while. That, and that they conspired against strangers. We had gotten directions from a hotel person to a place we thought he had called "Barney's". It turned out that both Flahsh and I thought that the other had been listening to the directions, so that didn't help much. Then, no one else had heard of the place but kept directing us to another place "Barney's Red Shoe", or something like that, which they all said was 5 or 6 miles away.

We didn't want to go there.

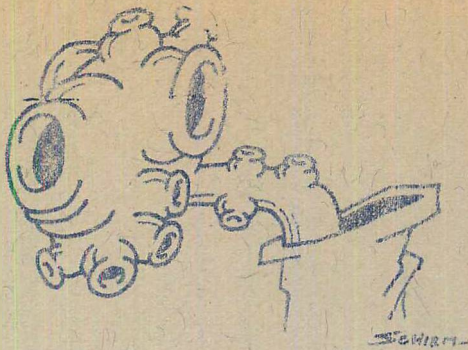
After five direction stops for anyplace to eat." "cheap!", and an encounter with 6 5-9 year old girls outside a church ("are you guys reporters?" "are you a hippie?" "Kin I use your camera?" "are you a hippie?"....) we found a place to eat, a 24 hour diner ~~at which~~ the waitress acted like they expected Marlon Brando to ride in on his motorcycle any minute, or that we would leap up and terrorize them. Flahsh took a picture of my fish, which caused fresh outbursts of giggling, and staring, but we smiled a lot, and didn't do anything else disreputable.

The fish wasn't even very good, and I couldn't picture it having ever be en swimming.

Not even a back stroke.







When we got back, I discovered, oh, joy of joys, friends!

Frank Balazs was milling about in company with Dave Romm and 2 or three other persons unknown to me, but who looked definitely fannish. It wasn't for another hour or so that these were identified to me as Patrick Hayden and Phillipe Paine, Torontofen. Somehow, neither Patrick or I had ever heard of one another, doing wonders for both our eggs. It also gave us both cause to wonder about alternate universes, and fans in such, upon gazing

upon each other's fanzines, all filled with letters from the same people.

They all knew us, but we didn't.

As Patrick said, "This is Alarming."

A large Toronto contingent turned out (or up, or Around, or something) for the con, with such noted and admirable fans as Victoria Wayne, of ~~Energymen~~ Simulacrum; Taral Wayne MacDonald of Strange, and Others.

Later that evening, rooting around at the party, and sticking together the way Us Fannish Fans do, we were scoffing at the program when I was struck with a poor inspiration. "Say, we're the only fanzine fans here." I always was gifted with a careful eye for observation and a uniquely deductive mind. "Why don't we be a fanzine panel?", I cried ungrammatically. "Yes" cried Dave Romm in merry gibberish, for he is second in babbling only to me, "No one else will be able to contradict us, and we can tell them anything we want!" "I'm not sure that's what I had in mind," I started to mumble, but Dave was too infused in his Merry Gibberish Way to notice, so we attacked the nearest committee person. "Hi, we're BNF's," I said, moving smoothly to the subject at hand. "We're the fanzine panel, what time are we on tomorrow?", glancing at my wrist. (I never wear a watch, who wants to be tied down to time...?)

So they put us on.

It was a strange panel, as might be expected. The committee was so awed by anybody who pretended to have any authority that they asked us all what other panels we'd like to be on, but I decided to stay with what I didn't know best.

Originally only Frank, Dave, and I had approached them, but we figured that naturally Patrick, Taral, Phil, and Victoria should be up there. It would have been a lot stranger to have excluded them, since most had more experience than I did. Frank and I spent some time the night before planning the general outline of what we wanted to say, and how to approach it. Basically we would talk about what fanzines are, how they figure in communication, the various types and divisions,



of fanzines, how it got started, what fandom is like today, and what people get out of it. Plus, any areas of questions that people get into. Our main problem proved to be how to stop Dave Romm from attempting to explain the difference between mimeo and ditto, and how they work, as Frank and I didn't see this as essential to the question, quite. The main thing, as we saw it, was to keep the audience interested, and go wherever they wanted to go. If we saw them getting bored, drop the subject like a sercon article.

About 20 minutes before we were supposed to go on, Frank, Dave and I found ourselves in front of the program room looking frantically for our co-panelists who had "gone to look for a bite to eat."

If I had thought about it at all, I might have realized that they might never come back.

So, with nothing else to do, Frank, Dave and I linked arms around shoulders, and began doing a kick-turn, kick-turn, high as we could, singing "We're the Fanzine Panel, we hope you'll come and see the show! We're the Fanzine Panel...", quite loudly. Then we all ran off down the hall.

Fanzine fans are so mature, and sophisticated.

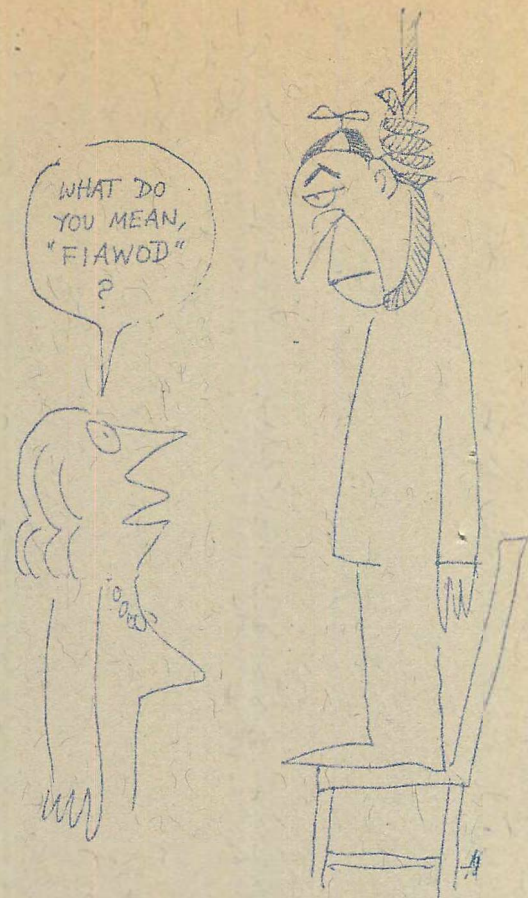
Taral, Phil, Victoria, and Patrick eventually showed up, after we three had spent some time sitting on a table lecturing to an empty hall.

It wasn't totally empty.

There was a committee person there, and a Dorsai at the door.

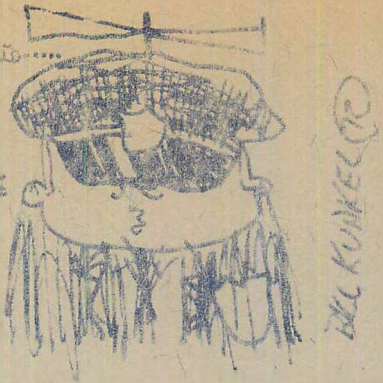
Go! we told the Dorsai. "Get audience. Bring. Kill. Go, get, bring!"

It was rather interesting, sitting with Frank and Dave on top of the table crosslegged, conversing. We didn't let the fact of no one being in the room bother us, we went ahead and had a good chat. Eventually Hope Leibowitz arrived to cheer us on, and then one by one, people straggled in. For a while it was strange, tho. Have you ever done a panel with one person in the audience? Interesting... Finally we had a total of 40 odd people sitting watching us, and the rest of the panel had arrived. We did a lot of talking to ourselves, a lot of joking, and in-joking, and occasionally Frank or Patrick would leap into a seat in the front row to ask a Surprise Question. Mostly I babbled a great deal, with Dave vying to beat me, and Patrick and Frank filling in the chinks. Phil, Taral, and Victoria also said a few comments, Taral presenting his disgust to us, and our faanish opinions by lying down on the table and pulling the cloth over his head when we bespoke faanishness over serconism.





WHEN THEY  
CALLED ME "THE  
PUZZ" I DIDN'T MIND...  
EVEN "PIG" WASN'T  
SO BAD--BUT  
LAST NIGHT ONE  
OF THOSE FUNKY  
FUNKS CALLED ME  
"SERCON" AND  
I BUSTED HIS  
SKULL...



In spite of my babbling, and all our kidding Surreality, I think we got points across, and am pretty satisfied with the panel. I do apologize if I hogged the speaking, Victoria, Taral, or whom it may concern. I get carried away I'm afraid.

Since we had discussed one-shots on the panel when we started one later in the con suite (my first in 3 months. I studiously abstained for that long, even refusing to write when they were typed in my prescence, but I was on an upswing in my fannish

enthusiasm, so I gave in), people wandered by and wanted to join in. "What the hell" we figured and threw it open, with anyone who wanted to writing in it. The Officaila BiCentennial Anonycon One-Shot was a touch strange, not the least because of that. Later Frank and I did one of our own with Dave chipping in. This was supposed to be a Quality production, and ended up being typed in each others laps with the lights out, since they decided to show the movie then.

Since there was no where to eat in the US, we found ourselves saying whenever we were hungry "Hey, lets go to Canada and eat!" (the hote l was only a few blocks from the falls). In fact, whenever we had nothing to do which was often (the con wasn't overprogramed) we found ourselves saying "Hey, lets go to the Falls!" That was the name of the one-shot, and indeed was a thrilling act.

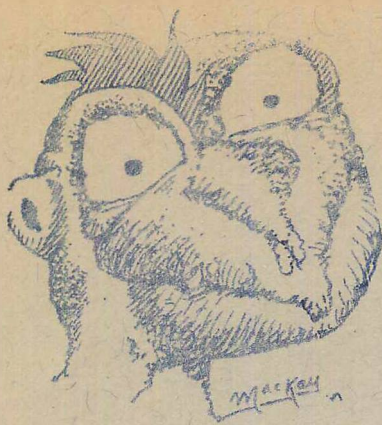
We would cross the border with no trouble on the Canadien side (smiles, waves us thru), but on coming back to the states we were growled at, stared at, interrogated with obvious disbelief and in general made to feel at home. ("How long have you been in Canada?" "About 45 minutes." "Do you have anything to declare?" "The food in my stomach.")

Frank Balazs whom we surely all know is an honorable person, on crossing back the first time honestly revealed upon being asked where he was born stated "Hungrary" (He came over with his parents when he was three.) Whooooomp!

"Where you ever a communist?" "When did you arrive?" "Were your parents communists?" "Are you a citizen?" "How long?" "Do you have a birth cirtificate?" Etc, etc. The rest of the weekend Frank surrendered to practicality and declared himself to be born in NY. We considered, when crossing in a group of 14, all chorusing "Hungary" when asked whe re we were born, but chickens are chickens, and the prospects of 40 hours in the border jail didn't appeal... I had my own problem when I realized that I didn't have any terribly valid ID on me (Social Security is no good) "Would you take a Brooklyn Public Library card?"

I always enjoy traveling in Canada, for the sheer \*Exoticness\* of it all, and I thouroughly enjoyed exploring Niagra. Even though it did prove to by one of the most anazine tourist-hype towns of the world, second only to Jackson Hole, Wyoming perhaps. There must have been at least 15 separate wax museums, (we speculated if any had a casting of the falls...) and 80-90 zillion souviner-type shops.





It was all enjoyable, even stumbling along at four in the morning, bombed out of my mind on lack of sleep, along a single-file path by the edge of the falls on Goat Island, with the clay crumbling from under my feet, hanging onto tree branches, having a briefing on the current situation in Toronto fandom, and the revival of the Deriliects (I knew I'd misspell it!).

This is only part of the night that Frank Balazs missed! We'll keep feeding him details for years to come...

TRAILING OFF COMMENTS... I'm happy for the chances I got to talk to Patrick Hayden, and Philippe Paine as much as I did, and regret not communicating with Victoria, and Tara! as much as I might have. Especially after reading a lot more of their zines... Fic on Hope Leibowitz for spreading disrespectful notes about me around the panel. My reputation will not be sullied... Fun little con, even if I don't get to be fan goh next year.

\*\*\*\*\*  
# "He would always be one for whom the return was important as the \*  
\* voyage out. To go was not enough for him, only half enough; he \*  
\* must come back. (...) You shall not go down twice to the same \*  
\* river, nor can you go home again. That he knew; indeed it was \*  
\* the basis of his view of the world. Yet (...) what is most \*  
\* changable is shown to be fullest of eternity, and your \*  
\* relationship to the river, and the river's relationship to you \*  
\* and to itself, turns out to be at once more complex and more \*  
\* reassuring than a mere lack of identity. You can go home again \*  
\* so long as you understand that home is a place where you have \*  
\* never been.--- P. 43-44, The Dispossessed -- Ursula Le Guin \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

ON THE TRACKS TO DYLAN I rode. The week after I got back from Niagara Falls, I set out in the middle of a dying Sunday to search for music. I hitched my way into Rochester for a chance to experience the Rolling Thunder Revue... Dylan. Got there by 4:30 with the show set for 5. They were doing 2 shows, one at 5 and one at 10. The Rolling Thunder had played the day before in Buffalo, 2 shows, so some tickets were still left for the 5 o'clock showing here, even tho the 10 was sold out. Moving in line at the door... \$8.50, people milling, long-hair, short, shouts of recognition, greeting. They were conducting body search's on suspicious-looking people as they passed thru, and all bags and pockets were searched. Dope?... recording devices, more likely. Still, momentary comedy in watching the people in back of me one-by-one become aware of the search, and melt out of the crowd to find a place or person to keep the stuff they were holding. ("But I've got a pound on me!" "What day do that for? Christ!... Look, go and...") Our tickets warned us that we were voiding all our rights as people, and were granting full permission to be in the movie they were making.. 13,000 capacity in the War Memorial (interesting place for a Dylan concert..), and I melted thru the crowd.







My seat was...well, not in the last row, but about the back from it. It was dead center, with a perfect view of the stage. That is, you knew the stage was somewhere there ahead of you, but it was a little hazy on the horizon, and you weren't quite sure....

So, I reconnoitered for about 10 minutes, thru the warm-up band (who actually did a few things I got into), and then Moved On.

I sort of sifted carefully thru the dark. A strange feel, people, popcorn smell left over, pot in the air, crackling sweat and tenseness waiting for Dylan, uptightness at the 1001 guards.

I moved thru the dinness, easing past guards primed to react, scanning thru the waves of people for a hole. Stood uneasily for a time with other drifters, and then could?...I slid into the seat. People made room somewhat uneasily, and I calmed. It was in the 8th or so row, right up close, not on the ground, but only up on the side about 10 seats. Beautiful...naturally it was claimed after 15 minutes.

I moved to another hole I had seen while sitting there, even better actually, and was kicked out of that in 5 minutes. So...drifting... I walked all the way around to the other side of the seatings, and found an entire section deserted. Moved in. It was all the way on the side, about 20 rows up, but only 100 feet or so from the stage, and I could read the expressions on everyone's faces on stage. I was there for the remainder of the concert.

I find I have little to actually say about the music, or myself at this point. After the warm-up band was finished, Rambling Jack Elliot came out and did 5 or six acoustic guitar pieces, and then got plugged up to an electric, obviously out of his element with it. It was almost amusing to see the way he treated the electric exactly like an acoustic, sort of leaving slung like a dead animal by his waist. One person next to me snickered "shit, he's really killing that guitar with riffs, isn't he?" at Rambling Jack's stiffness with it. Still, some decent if not extraordinary music came out. Roger McGuinn did a solo number or to, besides being backup. Ronee Blakely was introed by McGuinn as "my very good friend", and did 30 seconds talking about her in Nashville. She sang 2 songs, one of her own for which she played piano, and likewise did backup.

So many people had come out that we really expecting another when a small figure in a rounded, indented cowboy hat with a nuff on the side walked out with a guitar, and began singing. Dyland ran thru "It ain't Me, Babe", "Sara", "Just like a woman", and oh, nine or so others, including some new songs, "Isis", "Durango" and others. Then in the second half of the show, Joan Baez opened up with Dylan --- "Blowin' In The Wind", and did a number of pieces together...nuf. Joan was incredibly strong, and very vibrant/moving along with her solo pieces, including one piece for...women. They all came together for Dylan's "Hurricane", grouped about various hikes, and closed out with "This Land Is Your



Land". More-- somehow I didn't mention Land Mitchell's showing up she had been suddenly advertised to appear, two days before, and a lot of people came just to see her, and letting loose with the songs that were good, but didn't strike me as having the necessary energy. She stopped 3 lines into the first song because someone was having hysterics or something in the first row, so she enquired what was wrong. There was also a brief todo when Dylan and Baez first came out together, they were so far back on the stage that about 300 people up to the sides couldn't see them, so after repeated calling in between songs, they began a new song and then Dylan stepped forward and said "What?". After 3 minutes of shouting back and forth, Joan Baez stepped forward and asked one of the maintenance men to move the mikes up. Great cheering. People were so caught up by how good she was that night that there was an 8 minute standing ovation when she left, and the routine of holding matches was gone thru, but there was no show, except for Dylan who did his version of "Knocking on Heaven's Door". People were crazed, no, not crazed, more just into Dylan thruout, and it was fascinating just to scan the crowd, as well as stage. But then, I'm a great people watcher, anyway.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* "You're a funny boy" Denny bit on his lip a moment and then  
 \* nodded deeply. "I guess I sure as fuck am." --DHALLGREN, pp573 \*  
 \* "I'm trying to--" Kidd locked up at Bill, frowning in the pause- \*  
 \* "to construct a complicitous illusion in lingual catalysis, a \*  
 \* "crystalline and concientious alkhest". --DHALLGREN, p.709 \*  
 \* "What you look like you're doing and what you feel like you're \*  
 \* doing are disparate enough to mute any mouth that might attempt \*  
 \* description."-- --DHALLGREN, p. 438 \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

SITTEN, WAITIN', WAITIN', WAITIN', TALKING. NEW YORK CITY BLUES'n greens...  
 I'd gone travelin' to the city several times in those weeks, and found myself in the middle of a memorable hitching experience, once upon a time.

I had no money for the bus, or rather, couldn't afford to spend it there, but it had been a month or so since my last sojourn, and I very much wished to be at the Fancloast or FISTFA meeting on that Friday, and moreover, the housewarming/libra birthday party held in Jerry Kaufman and Joe Siclari's new apartment that Saturday night. I also felt an urge to try it, to test myself on hitching that distance, not to prove myself, but to experience, and keep for future reference. I made the usual preparations, made a sign, packed, etc, and got up at 6:30 am Thursday morning, showered and dressed, and slung my backpack over one shoulder, sign under my arm and went out to have breakfast with 2 friends (the first time I had breakfast in my entire stay at Brockport). Dropped a term paper under a professors door, a paper that I had worked on from 1-2:30 that night before sleeping, and walked the long walk out to the road leading to the thruway, with the cold wind blowing against my face, and under my shirt. I got to my optimum waiting spot after a half-hour, and waited about 15 minutes before walking five minutes back to a shopping center to buy a magic marker to change my sign slightly, and make the reverse side more legible. Now I had one saying: Ride Thruway on one side and Ride New York on the other. Another 15 minutes wait, and then I surfaced to awareness of a car across the road, pulling out of the bank exit, honking, waving at me?

It was a woman in her early thirties, cheerful and smalltown fresh, she told me that she had seen me when going in, and decided then that if I was still there when she left, she'd pick me up. She was going





to within a mile or so of the thruway. We talked a while, about the college (she was taking one course a year), and music. She loved classical, but hardly got to hear it because her children used the stereo all day, and her husband didn't like it at night. She, ahh, didn't like most rock because the music was too loud, and the lyrics often offended her as a firm Christian Woman. I nodded a lot. When I'm hitching, I'm polite, generally. The woman took me all the way to the thruway entrance, since we had "such a nice talk". Really did. I again made my way up the now

familiar rampway to the toll entrances, and settled down to wait by the lamppost that carried the memories of many humans intersecting along time in their waits here. Markers left their remnants with advice to travelers, curses, philosophy, and wails of waiting. I crouched with my sign, and had been there about an hour and forty-five minutes when I observed an official-looking hat striding towards me. It was a very stiff hat, and it carried a state trooper under it. Police. Fuzz....Them.

Actually, it was a him, and he was visible to me from quite a long distance off, it being a long flat straightaway. I wasn't quite sure how to act in encountering him, but I made do by nonchalantly ignoring his presence until the last 200 or so feet, whereupon I looked around at him, and waved "howdy". He was youngish, with a thin mustache, and he arrived to look me over closely. "Umm, ahh.....been here long?"

"A while." I said...He was staring at me, hard. He looked down at my Ride New York sign. "Whats your name?" "Gary Farber." "Got any ID?" "Yeah, just a second, lemme dig for it.". I got out my wallet, and showed him my SUNY at Brockport ID. "Any more ID?" "Uh, yeah." I dug thru and pulled out my soc. security card. He scruted at it, and then came out with "Any more ID?" No, not really. I thought while I wasdigging thru my wallet. "Here's a Brooklyn Public Library card."



He stood there juggling four or five pieces of identification from me, and then looked me up and down, and stared at my sign again.

"Where' ya going?"

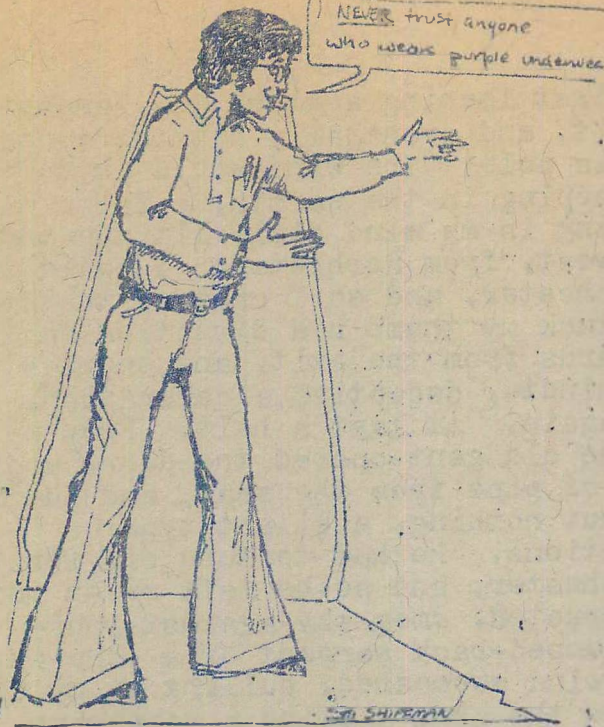
This really didn't serve to impress me with thoughts about how keen-eyed our servers and protectors of the peace are, but I replied "New York City". Keeping all my cards (which all, except for the Brockport one, had a Brooklyn, NY address on them), he nudged my backpack with a foot turning it over, revealing once more my name, and Brooklyn address.

"Got any, ahh, guns or knives with you?"

"Nope, no guns or knives on me of any kind." I said somewhat stupidly.

"You, ahh, don't have any guns or knives in any or your coat pockets, then,





do you?" This was a shell-type thin, summer jacket I was waaring, being warm-blooded. I told him that I had no guns or knives in the pockets.

"You wouldn't mind turning the pockets out then, would you?"

I turned my pockets out.

"No guns or knives in your pants, then, either?"

I had a feeling where this was leading. I started pulling things out of my front right pocket and laying them out on the grass, as he directed. Then the left front, until empty, whereupon he had me turn it out, and proceed to the back pockets. I was laying everything out, and each time we got to the next pocket he would again ask me---"Any guns or knives?". We got to the last pocket, after the slight snag of not being

able to pull out one of my pockets all the way to prove it was empty, because of a hole in it, having been re sewed to the pants leg. He patted that down, and getting to the last pocket in which I might have \*gasp\*, a, uhh, you-know, he stepped back, hand to his gun in case I....attacked him.

I think.

Anyway, once we were all assured that I didn't have a gun or knife on my bod (he patted me down, or up, or whatever), his eyes turned towards the backpack previously mentioned, lying at my feet.

"You don't have a, um, gun or--" "No," I said calmly. "knife" said he.

"Mind if I look in it?" the cop said, grunting from the exertion of moving his arm around in the depths of my backpack. "You don't have any of the, uhh, Stuff on you, do you?" saith he, wiggling his eyebrows knowingly at me. Wow, he was cunning I thought. Look at the way he's attempting to Worm His Way into my Confidence. Clever, the way they attempt to subvert Our Defenses. He laid everything out on the grass, looking somewhat dissappointed that he hadn't found anything until he spotted the pocket on the front of the pack. These disappointed little trooper eyes lit up in a flash at this caring sign from an All-Watching Radar watch in the sky. Another chance! "Any--" "NO!, no..." "guns or knives." we both chorused. He looked at me and asked me if I had a criminal record, had ever been a detention home, prison, jail, or ever murdered anyone. I thought about it. No, not to my knowledge. Had I ever kidnaped anybody? No. He proceeded to look thru my pack: "A New York City subway map?" "I might get lost." Oh. "Hmm...map of NY, map of Penn., book...The Dis-s-po-ossed..." he pronounced slowly, "Taoist Tales..." he mispronounced terribly quickly, "a Newyork Times, and...mimeo stencils?" I didn't explain, and he handed my cards back to me, wished me a good trip, and walked back towards the tolls. I picked up my carryings, and wished him a good day. It was around 10:30.



I waited there for about an hour, first leaning against the lamppost, then slumped down half sitting on it, and eventually sitting cross-legged on the ground in front of this pole. The wind would lift itself into gusts against my face, chapping in the warmth, a false warmth. Rays of the sun. A memory, flickering in my mind dimly lit the thought that this was the exit towards the west, from Rochester. I could try the other exit, 30 miles east of Rochester, and so I crossed the road tucking my sign under my arm, and stuck my thumb in a direction far from the cars. It was only a few yards from the exit, and so they would pass me going a few feet per minute, deceptive acceleration, retreating away from me, again and again. At last a halt. From an old pickup, loaded with junk. The old gent opened the door, and grunted at me while I moved a piece of pipe from the seat, and put my pack on the floor. He said just about nothing, a silent type, communicating thru his acting and actions. He had to turn off for his exit on the approach coming into Rochester, and so he left me on top of one of those hi-rise, urban constructed, smog-sky-against-your-eyes and in your throat, twisting, humped-back serpent of a thruway, 500 feet above nowhere. Shit. The wind swooshed, pulling at my sign, and my hands followed it, jumping into the air. Making a temporary claim on it. 30 minutes later, or maybe 50, a rescuer took me, a plush sporty car with a smooth, young, business-aftershave-man who sold "plastics". He told me he worked for himself now, mostly, but his main asset, his truck had totaled, and jackknifed last week, leaving him with only his old truck to transport material. Business was booming, the depression was great for plastics, and he was moving as quickly as he could, setting up advertising displays. Umm. The radio played Bob Dylan's Idiot Wind. My ride left me off on the exit, and I walked the mile and a half towards the toll booths. In the long distance, I saw another figure about a mile from the booths, and we started to talk, together. He was hitching from Georgia to Toronto, where he lived and had been waiting there for about 2 hours.

I didn't like the sound of that.

We got some really good talk going back and forth, communicating about hitching, what it's like in different areas of the country, travel, past experiences, oh, lots, mucho. The cars would come soaring along, visible for about 3 minutes beforehand, and we would both perk up, one of kicking the other, and he would extend his "Toronto" sign, and I my "Ride New York" sign. We would wave hopefully, think clean cut, and slump back as they shrunk away. This went on for several hours, with few diversions.

I walked down the hill, and into a field to relieve myself, and came back, picked up a stick and began playing with it. We sat, and peered together at the faint, vague image in the distance of what might be a service station sign, debating whether or not they might have a soda machine, and Was It Worth It? For diversion, I began falling to my knees as cars approached, and extending my arms, pleading in my face, and a general demeanor of pitifulness about me, and then just plain begging and screaming. After another two hours, I moved a thousand feet or so down the road, reasoning that someone might think we were together, and not stop for that reason. I lept and sagged, acted, and sagged as they rushed by, the wind dashing after them. Finally, I did a "I'm dying, I'm dying, migo, ya gottahelpmeohpleaseohplease" fall, and when this car too, passed by I spun, and for lack of anything else to do made a Rude gesture, and unwise action. The car spun to a halt, jerked backwards with a squel of wheels, a cloud of dust ~~and a head~~ and a face leaned out at me and started screaming, then roared off. I had had a momentary fear for the sanctity and safety of my nose,



yet I came to no harm. Such is good, I think. I waited there, and looked, and waited, occasionally waving at my friend. Another person came walking towards me from the booths, and at first I thought it was another cop, remembering my previous experience, but it was only another one of us. He had long, waist-length blond hair, tied into a flowing rope, and carried a small knapsack. We consulted a bit, and he told me that I would do best to try and make it to Syracuse because "that's where all the freaks are", and it would be easy to get picked up. And so he walked further down the road to wait, in a deep-knee bend type position, and soon I spotted, most of a mile away, another figure waiting. So there were 5 of us strung out down the road, until tow more came. **Strung out.** Waiting. WAITING...



It was around 5:00. A truck pulled up to check his tires, and I ran to ask him if he could take me, and he nodded yes. I ran forward, to the cab, and pulled myself, head over heels into the cab and road. Rode, about down and thru Syracuse, where I was dropped at a dinky exit, with enough room for only 2 cars at a time. It was getting cold, and I reflected on the cars, and the drivers. Some would wave as they passed, others shrug their shoulders, or hold up their hands to say they couldn't do anything. Others, though, you could see, could see how they would carefully turn their heads away, carefully watch the other side of the road, carefully "not see you", conveying the complete message of "Well, ahh, I, ahh, don't see you, but if I did, I'd be sure to pick you up, ya see, but I, uh, just happened to be watching my steering wheel, and ah, don't see you..." So they can't.

By the time the cold was starting to chill me badly, and just after I had put on a sweatshirt from my pack, a car swung along the prairie road, and college age kid picked me up, and road me out towards Albany. He dropped me off at another exit, about 4½ hours from Albany. I hung around, waiting, and in less than the minutes, a door swung open from a car, and twelve horns blasted while I scrambled forward and into it.

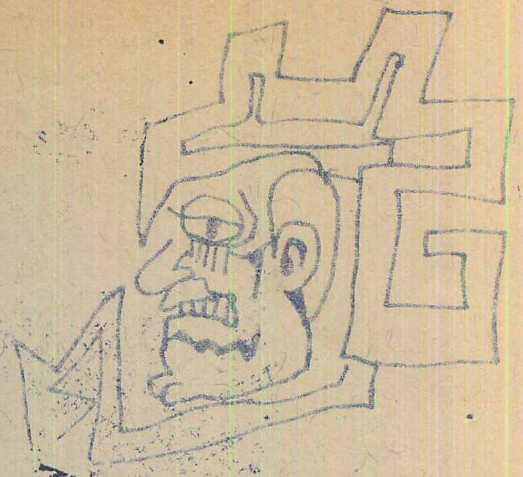
It was two stra-aa-ange freaks, who talked mostly to each other, rambling about the fight they had had in the bar last night, and the bruises left over, only now being discovered. About how they must have hit him after he was unconscious, because he couldn't remember getting hit there during the fight, and wasn't that a deep cut in his head? They went on about the fight and how it started, and how the bartender started arguing... Then about one of the man's girlfriends, and oh, all sorts of history. They said they could take me to just outside of Utica, but as we approached it, they mentioned that they'd only be able to drop me at the exit. It was now about 7:30-8:00, and pitch dark out. I decided that I didn't want to hitch in the dark, remembering previous attempts, and extrapolating to include the long waits I'd already had on this road, so I decided to take the coward's way out, and take the bus to Albany from Utica, and crash with Frank Balazs, or someone. So, when they mentioned that they would be coming back thru Utica, and could drop me off at the bus station, I agreed to go and help them.

Help them, you say?

Help them repossess a water softener, you see.

Wheeeeeee.





we rode, and got to the house, and tramped into this middle-american home, with the family just settling down to eat dinner. The wife, cooking, the gum-chewing daughter, dog, and tee-shirted husband, with a beer in his hand. He took us down-stairs to his workshop, and we started taking the water-softener apart, unscrewing the pipes, draining the salt, etc. We had to use a hack-saw on 2 of the pipes, but eventually got it out, and up the stairs, to be dumped in the street, and loaded into the backseat. With me. You see, the man decided he didn't want it, and could get a better one for a cheaper price, so... Once we had left the place, we set off in search of the bus station in Utica, tho of course my two heroes had to find a liquor store first, and by a bottle of mixed whiskey cocktail. This was after swearing thruout the previous 3 hours of driving that they had such a hangover and would never again touch drink. So we rode to Utica, polished off the bottle, and probably passed the station 4 times, in zigzagging back and forth shouting drunkenly at gas-station attendants. An adventure... We finally got to the station proper, made out fare-wells, and I tried the nono of riding straight thru to NY on the bus, since it went from Albany to NY, but didn't quite make it, and ended up riding to NY, anyway, paying for it. Oh, it was adelight. life is, it was. And maybe sometime I'll tell you how I got back.



swam dive  
a column

MICHAEL CARLSON

"RABID REDUX"

My dog is still alive, since i last wrote about him (Random 1), and if a dog can kick then i guess he's still kicking. He's a bit older now, and a lot more senile, and his eyes aren't what they were, but he's still there, as idiosyncratic as ever; and just last week this 13½ year old dog spent three days and nights out, carousing i presume, and even at that age, well, i've never yet seen a dog play shuffle board. He's developed some new and interesting habits, too, thus disproving that old canard about old dogs and new tricks. Of course the canine in that cliché wasn't blessed with my father, noted animal trainer, & benefactor to beasties of all kinds, to help him along.

Midnight (the trite, unole-given name he is saddled with) is a creature of extreme adaptability, as illustrated by his famous 45 degree walk, the result of three encounters with careless drivers. Of course Middie brings such difficulties upon himself, because he has absolutely no sense of fear, especially when he is involved in some dearer-than-life-itself activity like mating or fighting. A few days ago he was chasing me as i rode my bike, and he stopped to spar a few rounds with a much larger dog, a collie, in the middle of New Haven Avenue, a very busy street. The cars screeched to a halt, horns honked, and the collie chose discretion over valor and ran. Middie stopped in his tracks, looked around him to see what all the hubbub was about, and then noticed the car poised behind him, waiting to move. "oh, yeah, a car." He doesn't much like them, big, cold nasty animals that



they are, wasting his legs three times. So he sort of took his time and shook himself off, like a fighter at the end of a big round; then turned casually and walked to the side of the road. Of course by this point he'd forgotten just why he was there in the first place, so he turned around and headed home, and I continued on my way.

But we were talking about old dogs and new tricks. Try this one. My father is usually the first one up at home, as he leaves for work just after seven, and my mother doesn't leave till after eight. Under normal circumstances (me at work, my sibling at school) they are the only ones home. So my father makes coffee when he gets up, and eats his breakfast. And he'd have to eat it alone, were it not for one thing. The dog.

In the past couple of years my father, who used to force oatmeal, Cream of Wheat, pancakes, eggs etc, down our throats every morning, before we left for school, has become addicted to cold cereal. It may be that the winters are nowhere near so cold anymore, maybe it's just because he needs the change. But now when I return home the shelves contain Cheerios, or Life, or Country Morning, or even \*shudder\* Frosted Flakes. Each morning the old man makes his cereal and sets a small bowl on the floor, and makes a bowl for the dog, who devours it. The Breakfast Club. Next thing I know the dog will stagger into the kitchen one morning and growl frantically until his morning cup of coffee is poured into his dish. Some mornings, especially if someone else is watching, my father neglects his partner, or doesn't eat the cereal himself. I think he still feels embarrassed to have his children see him eating Frosted Flakes. But the dog will hover at the kitchen cabinet, waiting for the boxes to come out and pour themselves into his dish.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Summer is coming to Milford, and the dog catchers will be out and running. Middie has always shown a childlike attraction to dog wardens, and has been busted a ridiculous number of times. Maybe he thinks a uniform is nice; he never barks at the mailman. But we'll let the following story illustrate.

Milford has an ordinance against having dogs on the beach, which isn't always enforced, but can be. Given the fact that the beach sand is washing away, and the beach shrinking year by year, and thus getting more and more crowded on nice summer weekends, and the goverment isn't about to pump in sand like they did in the early 60's, I guess the law makes sense. Usually no one complains about the dogs anyway, as they mostly stick to themselves and bother no one; many humans seem to enjoy watching them play in the water or on the sand.

My next door neighbor has a large black Lab, named (even more tritely than Middie) Snoop. She is Middie's "best friend" and a very personable dog who eats the parts of Mid's dinner he finds beneath his station (including, once, a lime jello & cream cheese mold). Snoop has tow great joys in life, swimming & fetching. So if you walk with her down to the beach and combine the tow, she goes crazy.

Now most humans get akick out of watching her perform. But, every so often even the best acts hit a snag. One day, after an extended fetching session, Snoop and I were swimming around, dog-paddling, when an older woman, standing in the shallow water dressed in bathing sap and sunglasses and flower print bathing suit, watching her granddaughter play, caught sight of us, like the look-out high in the crows nest of a Nantucket whaler. She took one look at dog and human racing, and



ran out of the water screaming. Literally. "Get that filthy thing out of the water!" and she ran back in to get her granddaughter, like a fireman braving the flames to rescue some trapped child. All i could say was "huh?". This was Long Island Sound, not a country club swimming pool. The water is sometimes very clean, or at least clean-looking. It also has days when the sewage from New Haven drifts in, little stringy pieces of fecal matter that sticks to you, as it were. There were also regular doses of paper, cans, used condoms (skidiver's balloons) etc.

So i laughed, and this infuriated her. I thought no more about it, and soon went back to lay in the sand. Snoop took a comfortable position next to my blanket. In a few minutes the police jeep pulled and the cop came down the stairs, headed straight for me.

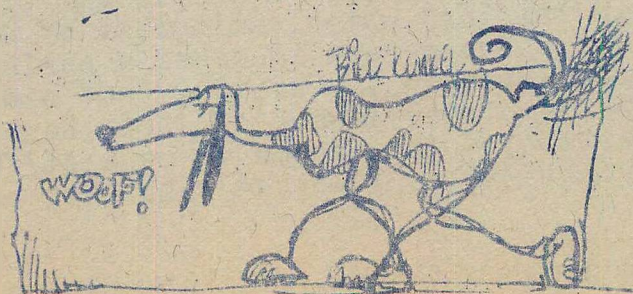
He pointed to Snoop, who had looked up with little interest at and settled back to back. "This your dog?" "No," i answered, truthfully. But he didn't beleive it. So i explained. "My neighbor's," i said. "Oh". I don't think he bought that one either, but i guess it was too hot to argue. "Look," he said, "I'll give you a break. You take him back and I don't take either of you in." Take us in? The Woodmont 2. Me and a dog. Humans were watching; it was my big chance. The revelution began here.

"OK," i said.

"Fine," he smiled, with that I-know-you-had-no-choise smile that cops must be trained to use. He turned and walked back thru the sand, his heavy black shoes sinking deep like Frankenstein's or Elton John's platform shoes into mud. As he reached the stairs he was met by my dog, plodding thru the sand, at his usual 45 degree angle, to see what was going on. He stopped by the cop and wagged his tail; the cop petted him and Middie looked for approval. The cop followed the dog's vision back to me. "This one's yours," he said; it wasn't a question. I nodded, unnecessarily. "He goes too." I nodded again. You nod a lot around cops. He left, and the people rushed up to mt to find out what had gone down. I explained briefly, and started up the hill to our house, calling the dogs to follow. They did, which was a relief. And me and my gang h headed home.

It's odd having a dog like Middie; he's not a pet; he's more an eccentric distant relative, whom everyone in the family takes for perfectly normal, because they're used to him. He's a little mangy, and single-minded, and apt to turn his back on your affection for the promise of a piece of cheese, but he's part of the family just the same.

-- Michael Carlson





# GLIMPSSES

JEFF KLEINBARD

As I look out my window, I get a distinct feeling of unreality. We've been having unusually warm weather lately so that many of our neighbor's fruit trees have entered a spring cycle and begun to flower. That they've put out these delicate, pink blossoms in the middle of what is normally a cold, northern Californian February is unusual. What is unreal is that there are these big, white flakes of snow falling softly around the trees and covering over the grass. They're not just piddling flecks of white, but big, cotton candy fluffs descending vertically from the heavens and lacing everything with white.

Last night I had the glimpse of a possibility or should I say a cornucopia of possibilities. For the past week I've been working as an experimenter for a large hypnosis project at the university. People who have been screened in a group test of hypnotic susceptibility come to me for a private session and further assessment of susceptibility before they go on to some project concerned with hypnotically induced deafness.

The procedure I use is a standardized one and everyone around here here refers to it as "form C". The first step involves a hypnotic induction via eye closure. In this step, the person stares at a thumb tack far up on the wall while they listen to me drone on about the heaviness in their eye lids, how their body is getting loose and relaxed, how they feel themselves sinking into this big, soft chair, etc. Since most of these people have already been screened in a group test as "highly susceptible" the induction always works smooth and fast.

Then there is a graded series of tests such as extending one's hand, imagining a heavy weight in it, and feeling it lower; suggestions of hands moving apart, a hallucinatory mosquito. The interesting part begins with the hypnotic dream. So far, I've used the official "form C" three times and each time people have reported vivid dreams, like night dreams in which they were almost unaware they were sitting in the room with me.

One person reported being at a country fair, watching a hypnotist show, another that he was on top of a mountain, listening to this beautiful, sun-tanned girl play guitar.

In addition to the dream, there is an age regression, various misc. suggestions like arm immobilizations, post-hypnotic amnesia, and something called "automatic writing" which reminds me of the spirit writing done by some mediums. The person is asked a series of questions to which they verbally report "yes" while writing "no" and vice versa. Furthermore, they are to be completely unaware of their hand, the pad, the pencil, or that they are writing. This seems to be a difficult item since of the three high hypnotizables I worked with only one did it satisfactorily.

All this is by way of introduction to the real interesting stuff. friend of mine, Justine, has gone thru a similar procedure, and come out in the lower range of high hypnotizability. I, myself, tested in the high, middle range. So we decided to work on each other.



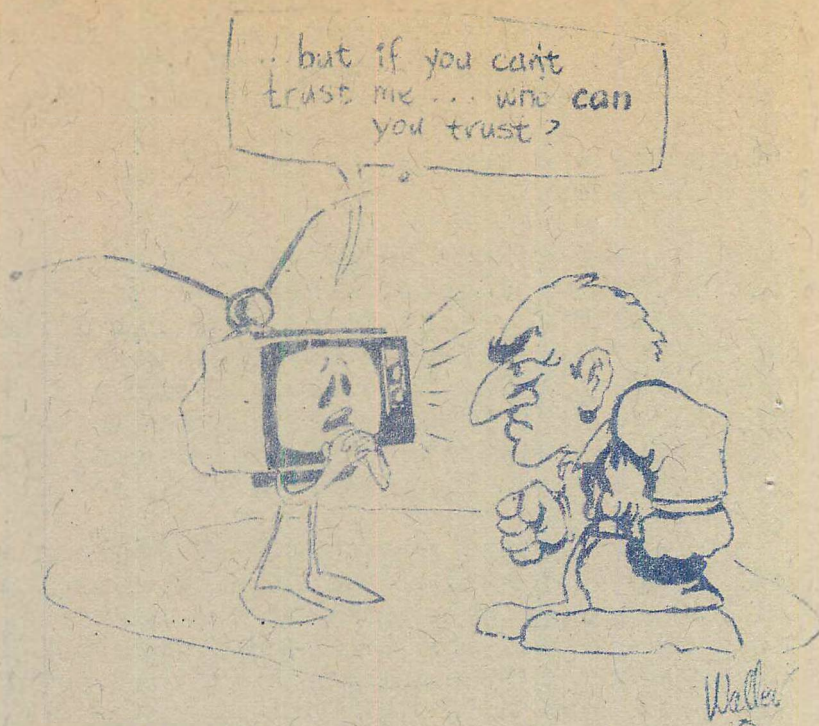
Last night I did part of the standard form with her and then improvised. Next week, we'll do the same to me. We decided that, at first, it might be best to do the procedure when we were stoned, since as anyone who has experienced stoned "PARANOIA" can tell you, suggestability is definitely increased when you're high.

She lay down on a bed, covered herself over, and I started with the eye closure. It worked fast, faster than any time this week. Possibly because she was lying down, or that we knew each other, or that she was stoned, or that she was more suggestable than she thought. I went through the imagined weight, the hands moving apart, and the hallucinatory mosquito, and she passed beautifully. Then we did the dream.

I allowed her five minutes to dream and then asked her to tell me a about this dream. She started to describe being in a doctor's office, and then stopped, unable to go on. She seemed to be experiencing some difficulty so I asked if she would rather go on to something else and she said "yes". Later she told me this dream had been so realistic that when I asked her to describe the dream, she wasn't sure what I was talking about. At times, she seemed to be lying on the bed, dreaming about the doctor, while at times she seemed to be in the doctor's office, having momentary flashes about being in bed. She wasn't exactly sure which one had been the dream, so when I asked her to tell me about the dream, I started her shifting from one frame of reference to the other, trying to decide which of the two was real and which was the dream. The question seemed unanswerable and she began to shift faster. It was like being caught in a vicious circle, positive feedback loop, double bind, Zen Koan. I am reminded of the Firesign Theater album, "How can you be in two places at once when you're no where at all?" Anyway, she found it unpleasant, so we stopped.

Previously, we agreed that I would take her down as far as she could go. Some people use a subjective, numerical scale of hypnotic depth with "0" being waking consciousness, 20 or 30 being very high, 50, sort of tripping, 70, or 80, on the very fringes of reality, and 100, completely gone. Some people have induced an astounding range of "psychedelic" effects with this procedure.

So I asked her where she was and she said "30". I asked her where she'd like to go and she said "60". Before we started, we practiced a hand signal, so that no matter where she was, she could always signal me and come back up. By this time, I was quite high, from the grass, from the hypnotic induction &/or from the hyperventilation of 45 minutes of continuous talking, so I launched into an induction which I can best describe as a sort of improvisational dance. I didn't know where we were going or what would be said but everything would be beautiful and strange.





I first began with the suggestion of warmth and tingling all through the body, almost a palpable energy quivering through the body. I dwelt on this, encouraging her to feel this almost magical tingling, vibrating and shaking loose her consciousness...



Then I went to the suggestion of feeling her body moving apart...that she was so relaxed that she lost touch with her limbs... that the boundaries of her skin were dissolving away and that the molecules of air and of the bed sheet were interpenetrating with her own. I spoke of feeling the separate parts of her body floating in a warm fluid, like islands in the Pacific, and then floating apart from each other...

Then I went to the suggestion of feeling one's body transparent and flooded with light...feeling the dome of consciousness transparent and flooded with energy...the energy of the universe. We held this for a while and then she raised her hand and I took her up. She said that things were becoming "too strange" at that point. When I asked her where she had been, she said "40"

I see the grass and the lengthy induction as being dispensed with soon, since once we get that far down it might be an easy step to suggest that we can return to that point with some simple, efficient, procedure such as imagining a blackboard and then the first letter of the alphabet, then erasing it mentally and so on all through 26 by which time you'd be back at that deep level. Next week we'll use the same procedure with me, but I see the possibilities thereafter being limitless.

We've already talked about a few. Among them is the idea of mutual hypnosis in which we would take each other down and enter a mutual fantasy. We'd also like to try living through our favorite stories when they are read to us, enhancing memory for dreams, experiencing lucid dreaming (dreams in which you are conscious you are dreaming. I've had a number of these but never when I wanted). We're also interested in trying body distortions, identity changes, sex changes, and we've spoken of spending an entire weekend going through the "Tibetan Book of the Dead".

After the hypnosis, I read, "Space Time for Springers" out loud, Fritz Leiber's sad and beautiful story about a very gifted kitten. This time, the story read like a metaphysical treatise. Fritz Leiber's uncanny, intuitive understanding of cat mentality gave us glimpses of a real world seen through the eyes of a true primitive, an intelligent creature without language.

\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*

PRESENT READING: assorted Borges. Had "The Aleph" read to me while I was very stoned on some Thai grass. Many of the plot machinations were lost on my shortened attention span but what remains is the description of the aleph, a point where all things in time and space intersect, all angles, all possible happenings, all possible moments. The images exploded across my consciousness like some cine-montage dream. They vanished as fast as they came and I can remember very little other than the sense of something infinite.

--Jeff Kleinbard



# GARY - FEBRUARY 1976

This issue has had such a prolonged production delay, it is practically a fan historical event. Actually, it's not the production that caused the delay; believe it or not, this entire fanzine has been run, and for the most part put on stencil in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  marathon days. A silly thing to do. Because of my desire to have this issue ready for distribution at Boskone, I have no time, (or spare reams of paper) to update my life for this zine.

For this is the factor that leaves me a bit more unsatisfied with this issue than I otherwise might be; I have had immense changes in my life and lifestyle since I last wrote for this zine. A more evolved person, as always happens, sits before this typewriter than before.

I am living in New York City, on a (permanent) leave of absence from Brockport, in what John Carl might lovingly refer to as "bliss and debauchery". I share the apartment with thousands of books, magazines, my fanzine collection, assorted furniture and trappings, a crazed horny cat named "Calico", and Anna Vargo. I don't think that I have the capability right now to write adequately about relationships, but I am living and dwelling and working out loving, living, and life.

In some ways I am very happy.

Meanwhile, as I said, the events I have rambled on about earlier in this zine are far, far off from me now, and I would like to have documented myself in the past 3 months, equally, and more.

I plan on going back to school in September, at Queens College in the city, continuing to live here. That's to reassure all of you who'll be writing me furious advice about the advantages of a "good education". Yes.

My plans for this zine include continuing it at a far more frequent schedule (heheheehahahoho...), and much smaller. Outside contributions are still welcomed, and art sort after. Next issue should have Jon Singer's column again, possibly the return of Mike Carlson, Jeff Kleinbard, and the advent of at least one new columnist, the allendantic Frank Balazs.

This issue: The cover is something I'm not happy with especially in comparison with last issue's beauty, but I had to make do, since no one sent me anything else.

I give immense thanks to Stuart Shiffman, not only for the art, but for <sup>his</sup> incredibly appreciated efforts at running about the city, helping me transport mimee and paper. I have no way of adequately thanking him for favors done at immense trouble to him. And Thanks to Gary Tesser, the flucky red Ace, for use of the 260.







((Double parenthesis means that it is indeed, I, Gary Farber, writing.))

Dave Romm ((I think))

Allistor 2484

SUNYA, Albany NY 12222

It is now the same day as when Drift #1 was collated. I may in fact be loccing a copy I collated, though I doubt it. The cover is nice. Drifty even. Congrats.

Growing up seems to be a traumatic time for most fans. I never had any friends (ones that lasted, anyway) til I entered college. I could talk my way out of most situations and so never had too much hostility toward me. Although I did have a few really bad experiences, which I won't go into here.

This is Brad ((Parks)) and I must say that I agree with everything that Dave was going to say, but disagree with anything he might say in the next three paragraphs, depending on thier religious or anti-senetic content. This has been a public service announcement.

((To answer Dave's unprinted query, yes this was my first loc, delivered as a paper airplane, at Crotoncon where some of the first copies were collated. And I'm not sure of Dave's address above. ))

Ben Miller

306 Stevens Circle # 1C

Aberdeen, Maryland 21001

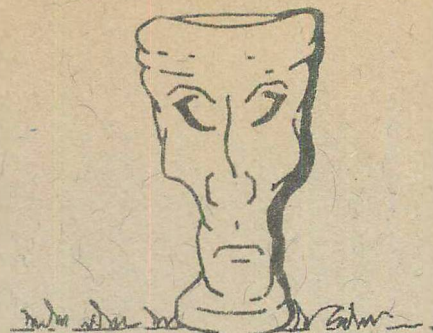
I hope you're feeling better about Brockport than you were when you wrote your Artificial Sattilite included in TT 128. Don't let it get you down.

Many of the rest of us have had to face the freshman year of college (and worse- How'd you like to be drafted?) and have survived. If there are no other fans at Brockport, look at the golden opportunity you have for nissionary work among the heathen. Maybe you'll convert the FAAn-winner of tomorrow. ((I doubt I'm fanatic enuf to be a nissionary.))

I think you gave a slightly incorrect impression of the Lunarians. Although you do have to be voted in, it's nat as exclusive as you make it sound -- in the several years I've been a member I have not heard of anyone being voted down. While your description is generally correct, I've generally found the meetings enjoyable (not so much the meetings as the opportunity to see people that I don't see elsewhere except occasionally at cons. Since I've moved out of New York, the Lunarians has become my sole personal contact with New York fans (except for cons). I can usually make it to Lunarians meetins on Saturday evenings, especially since there are four others from the Baltimore area to share expenses of driving occasionally. I will



# DRIFT



practically never be able to make it to FISTFA -- it's too much of a drive after work on Friday. Moshe ((Feder)) even attended his first Lunarians meeting last Saturday, probably because Lise ((Eisenberg)) dragged him along.

Your experiences in elementary and junior high school are similar to those of many other fans, myself included. I know what it's like to be reading at home when the rest of the class is playing football, or going to parties -- Brooklyn isn't really that different Greenville, Texas, I guess. I think I know what you mean by "I enjoyed it in my own, and a way." since I felt pretty much the same; while you want to be a part of what they have, you don't want to give up that which you alone have. ((I'm not sure if that's exactly what I meant, but then, <sup>now</sup> isn't <sup>then</sup> me. I think what I was saying was that because of everything that has happened, I am what I am <sup>now</sup>. And I was pretty happy, in my own way. There aren't exact parallels between everybody, Part of this, tho, is what makes many "fans" such nerds, or so some consider them. This is a "basic" sort of question, and one I'm willing to discuss. Anyone's thoughts? ))

I enjoyed Mike Gorra's Primer; I know people who exactly fit each of the seven categories he mentioned (and I'm sure you know who I mean in many cases) and there is a little of each of them in all of us. I agree with most of your comments on those books which I have read. I have greatly enjoyed all the Darkover novels so far and I am looking forward to Marion Zimmer Bradley's next novel in that series, although Darkover Landfall, for example, would not have been enjoyable if it had been the first book in the series I had read. ((Strangely enough, it was the first in the series that I read. I've taken pleasure in it, and then all, I'd have to reread them all to make a "considered" "judgement" (pushing aside the Tao, again), but I never really considered them the masterpieces many other people seem to, whether as a whole, or individually. Good as action-adventure, and a little more, but marred by too much poor writing early on.))

When can I expect to see your first professional sale in print? Reading your comment reminded me that I had not yet read Sandial, ((Moshe Feder's story in Orbit 16)), so I took a short break from



typing this letter and read it. The description and imagery were very good; however, I prefer stories with plots and I couldn't understand what Moshe was talking about. ((Well, certainly the story had a plot, There are very few, possibly no stories that do not have plots, story-lines. You might say that Sandial didn't have a hero running around saving a maiden, but looking back on it, it even had a hero, a protagonist. Unfortunately, I don't have the story here with me, and must rely on a four month old memory; as I extremely faintly recall, the structure of the story was as important, tho. To consider it as a gestalt. An hourglass, in shape and notion. I'll reread it, but it stimulated me, and I liked it. Consider, also that it was written over 4 years ago.))

Anyway, how about Moshe Feder for the Campbell Award for best new writer? If all of TAPS, Apa-Q, Fanoclasts, and Fista send his name in to Midamericon, that should be enough to get his name on the ballot. ((I wonder if the Trekkies would object?))

I don't know how to comment on Jon's biography of Yellow Jello-- it's insane. I am looking forward to reading the next chapter in DRIFT #2, so make sure you get it from Jon. ((Well...)) I hope you will be able to continue to go to cons from Brockport, if for no other reason than that I can continue to read your con reports. The Mineo Man performance was superb (well, almost -- the audience didn't notice all the mistakes), and you should be proud of you part even if the performance didn't get the Hugo nomination. ((Copies of the Deluxe Mineo Man Script, with cover and map offset by Ross Chamberlain, and illustrated by Stuart Shiffman are available from Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave, Flushing NY 11355 for \$1.35 by mail, and \$1 at cons. This numbered, limited edition also contains several appendices, and is annotated. ))

Norman Hollyn ((Hochberg, formerly)) You think that college life will be a change from the "sleep-during-the-day, stay-up-late-at-night, routine!?"  
69 Fifth Ave Apt. 4F  
New York, NY 10003

Hahahaheehohaheeho... ((Yes, wisdom prevails. It's only 2:25 now. Early yet!))

On Brad Parks' Heartworn #5 following Heartworn #1: the first issue of Regurgitation (my old zine) was numbered Regurgitation Six. The second one was numbered (what else?) Regurgitation Six, number 2. Dan Goodman recommended that I decrease the first number while increasing the second (i.e. Regurg 5, #2, Regurg 4, #3 etc.) This would, eventually, result in negative numbers, which he thought was well-suited to a fanzine named Regurgitation. (To this day, though, I insist that the name was Regurgitation Six and for good reason- it was. ((See why we study fanhistory, folks? To learn things like this. Of course, Norm, the time to start getting worried is when you find you're using irrational numbers. ))

Falls Church is actually quite a big place. After all, they do have a Lafayette Radio Store (though they do not to my knowledge, have a Great Eastern department store - the only store I know of where there is an unwritten law that says that all salesgirls have to wear slippers). Unlike you, I'd rather boil than freeze. I think I'd be better suited to the south except for two things - 1) I like New York, and 2) I don't have a Southern accent.







A.P. Tree  
15 Rose Court  
Albany NY 12209

Dear GARY,  
Keeper of the Corflu,

I am dazzled that you gifted me with a copy of your zine. I hadn't even located the previous issue (which was magnificent, by the way)!

I love the cover. Your choice of art is superb. How did you get such a great fanartist to do a cover for you? In fact, your pages teem with some of the best fanart I've ever seen! And the layout: This is the layout that Ivan Koch has been striving for forever.

The repro was impeccable. You have produced another spotless, correctly margined wonder. I cannot congratulate you more. Lest my praise reach too lofty heights, I must point out that your placement of the bottom binding staple was  $\frac{1}{4}$ " too high. In my copy anyway; I'm sure others were not exposed to such misplaced staples. But I must point out that the fine metallic luster of the staples was such an artistic contrast to the gloster paper. Skipping to your mailing page, I can't help but wonder how you picked such an interesting place to live: Curry Brookport indeed! Sheer poetry. The bizarre angles created by the colorful commemorative and the edge of the zine reminded me of a Franz Kline painting. The sheer dynamic tension of your script held my interest until the very end of my address.

The colophon was a wonder in structure and dialogue. Such a reasonable price for the zine! And the other ways of acquiring permanently your interesting-sounding zine are so...so...so faanish! And the name, DRIFF, you obviously chose after much discreet tautology. ((As opposed to indiscreet tautology?)) So perfect to illustrate the editorial direction/ and the layout!

The editorial is one of the most forceful statements on The Union Shorties that I have seen in all my too few years in fandom. You are definitely improving as a fanwriter; I do not regret nominating you for a Hugo. Your article on Charm 124 shows the tremendous grasp of the subject you always have for such analysis. Jerry Fournelle, watch out!!!

The rest of the articles were worthy of the zine, but not up to your own writings. The locs reflect the high quality of fans on your mailing list. The subjects discussed were so interesting that I nearly wrote a whole loc continuing the discussions, but I will write the contributors individually. Thank you for starting me off on so many new correspondents. The parts of the letters and replies to same printed show conclusively your leadership in the field. Thank you for a muchly enjoyable evenings reading.

yhos,

F.S. Feel better?

F.P.S. The eye has no tongue therefore it cannot speak.

((It isn't every faned who gets a letter like this. What can I say, um?))



Michael T. Schoenicker  
2123 North Early St.  
Alexandria, Va. 22302

This is my first loc in nearly a month and only my third in about 2½ months. I've spent all day so far reading and notating comments on Freud's The Future of an Illusion and in reading Melvilles's Billy Budd. I feel a surfeit of seriousness and need a diversion, so I reached into the stack of about ten zines here which I hope to loc. I pulled yours out because when I received it a couple of days ago I thought, after a quick glance, "Gee, I've got to loc this immediately.". Your choppy, diverse format compelled my interest probably because of the prospects of surprise that it offers. ...

Nice cover, although I imagine it would be greatly enhanced by color because it needs more differentiation of the objects.

Your reminiscences on page 4 were fascinating. I was trying to picture you as the class clown, very funny image. ((We all adjust in our own ways. That was partially one, for a stretch. Part of a way...))

There are some genuinely intelligent people who study hard in HS & make good grades, but there are a greater number who are grade-grubbers; they study what they're supposed to, get good grades, but don't know a damn (these people usually do poorly on SAT also). There are also a large number of kids who are intelligent, but very lazy. They never study what they are supposed to, and get by with solid B averages. I fell into this latter class and so did a lot of my friends. I never got better than a B or worse than a B in four years of HS English, but I will state immodestly that not one of my former classmates was as well read or knew as much literature. I feel my superiority was proven when I breezed thru my advanced Writing class with A's in my senior year (my years of fanwriting had paid off). Because of that class I was allowed to skip composition my freshman year of college and take Hist. of Eng. Lit. instead, a turn of events that I consider most fortunate. (( Yes, at the risk of my immodesty, and suffering the tremors of my insecurity, I agree with you in long noting the efforts of those who studied like crazy, volunteered for all the special assignments, and did lousy on verbal skills tests, SAT, etc. Again, I've always been exceedingly lazy, tho with very high results in verbal skills tests (from reading so much, what else?) like around 770 or so in the SAT, I think. My hs marks were always exceedingly erratic, depending on current interest and the circumstances. I mean, 97 in Physics, and 65 in





Chemistry the following term? I was most consistent in doing well in Social Studies type things, and English, taking 2 Advanced Placement courses in college-level History. I've varied in my life from utmost scorn and contempt (internally) towards those not at my level, and a total acceptance. I try to beware of intellectual snobbery in ways, because of the fallacies behind it. Why does superior intelligence (if it is there) imply "superiority", period? What is the criteria for looking askance at another person, looking down on him, or being contemptuous of him? Why is this aspect of a human worthy of delineating worth of people on a scale? Alternately, I vary my own appreciation of myself, and my intelligent position among people thruout my life. Going from a time when I was young (very) and considered myself the most brilliant person I ever met (I've been hung-up in other ways, too), to fairly insecure disbelief in my own abilities, and adventures in questing solipsism. Here I am, now, insecurely egotistical, mostly coping with people older than me (in fandom, I mean, not college), and adjusting to the world. Wheee... Thank you, Mike.))

My school experiences are somewhat like yours in that I was bookish and always tended to be a loner. But unlike most fans I've had a strong inclination towards sports and this achieved a considerable reputation for me as well as changing me in other ways. From elementary school on I was very good in basketball and I was a good fighter; both abilities were honed through years of playing, both figuratively and literally, down by the railroad tracks. Later, of course, I gave up B-ball for distance running. Anyway, by the time I reached HS I had an enormous reputation as a silent bookish person who was a deadly fighter if provoked. This was achieved primarily on the notoriety of three fights. In 7th grade I beat up some visiting HS sophomore who challenged me when I wouldn't let him cut in line. In 8th grade I beat up another HS sophomore when he and two friends tried to take over a b-ball court where some of my friends & I were playing. The capper was when I beat up a black kid on the bus in 8th grade (he later became a very good track friend). On top of this, no one was ever able to beat me in wrestling in P.E. My last fight was in 9th grade, and after that, respect for my reputation sustained me. I was also much luckier, I imagine, than most fans in that I found in HS 7 kindred spirits (actually, two were childhood friends as well) and we formed a group which came to be known as the Eight Great (I have an article on this in Godless #10). My memories of this group through these years rank with my running memories as my happiest.

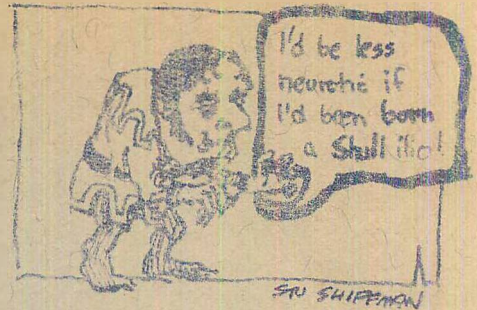
Your mention on page 14 of "weaving around the traveling shadow of yourself from a streetlamp," reminds me on an incident. I was running along the street one night when I noticed a sudden rushing movement at my side. I stopped & swung around ready to smash whoever was running up behind me. It turned out to be my shadow which had advanced rapidly from behind me to in front due to my approach to and past a light source. Very scary.

That note about Gallun is very sad. He is one of the giants of Sf in my opinion, and as Pierce demonstrated





in the article I reprinted in Oct 712.  
Sorry I made you miss a panel at  
Disclave; I didn't realize. I'm also  
sorry I monopolized so much of your time  
but when I get into a good conversation  
I get carried away.  
((So do I. Don't be sorry, I chose  
to talk. If I didn't want to,  
I would have excused myself. F'n!))



That Van Vogt article is in Prehensile  
14 which came out a couple of months  
ago. Glycer made one cut I didn't like.  
I stated that Knights criticism of Van  
Vogt's future background was not  
legitimate, but Glycer cut out my reason,  
which is the simple fact that Knight  
is not a prophet.

Page 40 is very fine. My interest in SF has declined enormously  
in the last three years. I believe now that SF has certain  
insurmountable, innate deficiencies, but I've discussed this  
elsewhere. ((SF is a publishing category, and as such suffers the  
deficiencies of what the market buys, and what the publishers  
see the market as buying. As witness Bob Silverberg's current  
feelings. And I consider Silverberg to have done some stunningly  
fine, extraordinary books. All out of print.))

As for fandom, it's a great open forum for discussion, maybe the  
best in the world, but the whole egoboo syndrome & cliquishness  
strikes me as somewhat abnormal. Further, there is no other field  
where the reputation of Big Names has such an insubstantial basis  
in reality.

((Fandom merely mirrors the world. Egoboo is just the expression  
of a need for appreciation, and a seeking of communication.  
Maybe. As for BNFDom, it has an insubstantial basis in reality  
because it's an insubstantial condition. All you need is some  
time, and the proper writing skills, etc to work your way up  
to being a Big Name to a new fan. And after you're a fan a while,  
you're friends with the "BNF's" anyway, and there isn't anything  
there at all awesome. Christ people are people, and "bnf's" just  
know a lot of people and get talked about a lot. By virtue of  
their actions, and circumstances. Except in exceptional  
circumstances of certain people, it's not something to worry  
about.))

I think we're on the same wavelength or something, I really liked the  
zine. ((Something...))  
Oct. 16, 1975 2:00 pm.

doug barbour  
10808- 75th avenue  
edmonton alberta canada  
t6e 1k2

thanks for the zine; i think youve  
invented a new form of zine, fannish  
concrete poetry/prose. as such it was  
a lot of fun to look at. i see you  
belong to the dirty, as opposed to clean,

concrete school. lots of fuzziness, blankspace, & a general air of  
typographic distress, lending an atmosphere of heady spacial  
alienation to the whole. congratulations. i only hope you didnt  
have too much to say that was either a) linear, or b) meaningful,  
because it was likely lost on any old fashioned fans who might not  
have twigged immediately to the fact that you were creating an avant

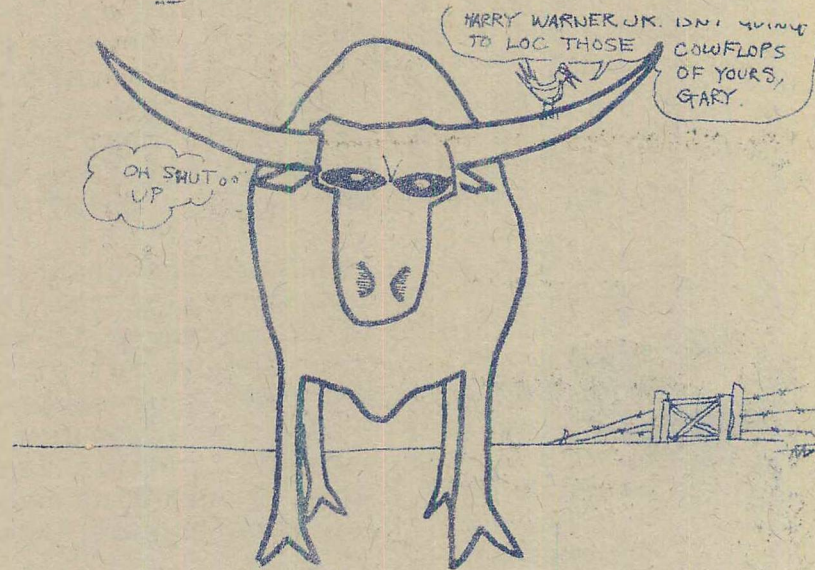


garde form of fanart, rather than a mere old fashioned fanzine. the great problem with concrete poetry, of course, as anyone who works in the genre knows, is that it's very difficult not to repeat yourself. i look forward to seeing what you can come up with next ish that will be different & still sufficiently arty to keep us concrete connoisseurs happy. good luck!

to be completely unserious for a moment, if you were trying to do a personalzine, what i could read i rather enjoyed, despite your fondness for smashing syntax in all directions. but it's sometimes difficult to relate to a lot of stuff about people you don't know that well, if at all. some of the names i know from zine contacts, others not at all. but it was a pleasant little bit of eyestrain for all that. **peace.**  
10/17/5

Alexis Gilliland  
4030 8th Street South  
Arlington, Va 22204

Mineo Man did come off well, but when i heard it in rehearsal in NY the first time, there is no term in the fannish lexicon to describe my feelings. It hadn't even come together to the point where it was bad, yet. Con Chairmen will surely get to Heaven because they must have faith. Besides, we could always cancel out at the last minute....\*



You were aware that Dolly conducted the thing on the 13 or 14 Tullamore Dews she consumed during rehearsal?

((Actually, I tended to put it down to the natural tendencies of D.C. phans. You mean Doll consumed something alcoholic??? \*Gasp\* What would Forry think? What would Burbee...?))

Mike Glicksohn  
141 High Park Ave.  
Toronto, Ont., M6P 2S3

Thanks for your recent postcard inquiring about the first issue of drift. I've just gotten back from taking 10 weeks off during the summer and have nearly 70 fanzines

waiting to be read and possibly replied to: regretfully, however, DRIFT #1 isn't among them. Guess the PO struck again. As it is, I can't tell you I consider it somewhat of a shame that all those fine Shull illos received such poor reproduction. I can't even comment on Jon Singer's article about the nefarious scientist Glick and his perverse experiments. (I won't even care to contemplate upon the possible existence in Toronto of Glick's son: some things are just too nauseating to think upon!) If the fanzine had arrive, I might have mentioned enjoying your various convention reports (I'm hoping to do a loooong report on my trip to Aussiecon and thru Australia, but time is the all important factor) even though they weren't the same conventions I attended. But so it goes.



Barrell Pardo  
24 Othello Close  
Hartford, Huntindon  
PE18 7SU, England

You make me very jealous with the account of all those fanzines you picked up at Disclave; nothing like that ever happens to me. \*Sigh\*. I have quite a few good old fanzines, but they're mostly ones I got sent personally, not other people's collections that I've

bought. In any case large collections of fantastic old fmz don't turn up very often in Britain. What makes me wish I had more fanzines is that I have odd issues of a lot of publications like VOID, FANAC, and so on, which are frustrating to read, because I realise that themany issues I don't possess must be at least as interesting as the few issues I do possess. Ah, well, I suppose it can't be helped.

Back at the first con I ever attended (in 1961) they had a big fanzine auction, with far more fmz than they had time available to auction off properly. So after a couple of hours, when they ran out of time, they piled all the remaining fanzines, a huge pile of them, into a huge tea chest, and auctioned off the lot of them at once. It only fetched 2 pounds; most people there were spent out by that time. I was sorely tempted to them, but I didn't, mostly because I couldn't think how I could get such a mound of things home with me afterwards. I've often since then regretted not buying them. Just think how much a similar lot of fanzines would fetch at a con now. There must have been at least 20 lineal feet of them ((Oh, Tucker's Bottle!)) all from the fifties and forties. Come to think of it, I wonder who did buy them?

Still, I'm glad you took the chance when your big find came up. ((So am I. I'm constantly on the lookout for old zines, tho right now I'm too broke to do anything if someone had them to sell, anyway. I've bought an immennse amount out of Andy Porter's collection, probably spending over the past 2 or so years \$200 or so dollars towards the Algol coffers. Right now a bunch of us are looking into buying Lenny Kaye's old fanzines. Lenny is lead guitarist with Patti Smith, off being a Rock Star. I was also over talking to Ed Meskys, and looking his collection, a huge amount, something like 45 boxed lining his entire basement.))

The fan-history fanzine you are thinking of editing sounds like a good idea; time-binding in fandom is a nice thing; I like all the quotes from old fmz you intersperse in DRIFT.

FIJAGH, surely. The only way to avoid burning oneself out in fandom is to take it in gentle doses. Some people come into fandom and find it a suitable substitute for something else (such as sex); these are usually the people who go all FIAWOL and hyper-active, and then when they discover women, or whatever, disappear from the scene. The people who stick around for years on end are often the ones who don't let fandom rule their lives. I worked out a suitable personal philosophy towards fandom a long time ago, which I think accounts for how I manage to go on and on, without gafiation. I have plenty of interests outside fandom; and though overall I suppose I'm quite active, I find that every so often I get a bit inactive and into temporary gafia. For a month or tow I may be largely out of fanac. But it never lasts long enough for me to drop out altogether, and I recover my fannish desires and am ready for another bout of activity. I think if I tried to be active all the time, I'd never keep up, and would gafiate permanently. 10/30/75 ((Well said))

-----  
\*?/"Nichican Fandom, doodle here"/?\*  
-----



Cy Chauvin  
17829 Peters  
Roseville, Mich.  
48066

It was a very good first perzine; I feel as though I know you. Which is a nice thought. ((Indeed, the main part of what I wish to accomplish You made some comments about fandom and sf on page 40 that I sort of want to respond to. You endorse FIJAH, and say that you don't look on sf with any fanaticism any more etc., but just something interesting to read, occasionally.. And you quote Paul Novitski/Alpagpuri's comments. I know what you all mean... though it dependson what you consider is the essence of fandom. All the excess baggage, the endless in-joke references and private language isn't the important thing about fandom; the people are. Baticularly local fans, since those are the ones you are, perhaps, most apt to become good friends with. Fandom is really grat for that reason, I think. Everything else is simply trappings, and that's it. Telephone (including long distance) has really gotten popular, instead of letter correspondence, I've found, for instance. So a tradition becomes broken, so what. But fanzines and cons, and clubs and all can really be great, and aid to intermingling, if you keep them in the proper perspective. It's odd how some can think of loccing and fanpubbing as the only "real" sort of "fanac"-- when the word only means "fan activity" which really covers just anything a fan cares to do. So, one can be a FIAWOLer, and not stay chained to a typewriter or be con-hopping every weekend. Or so I like to think.

You present a very interesting picture of the fans in NY. I was sort of surprised and disturbed by the membership limitations of the clubs you mentioned, but then things are very different in Detroit than in N.Y. ~~We don't have to worry about banks/detentioning~~ Most of the clubs are University based, and so anyone can come anytime they please. That has presented a problem recently, when one character has begun coming who is obnoxious to some of the femmefen. Because meetings are held on University property we daren't really throw him out, and he hasn't really gotten bad enough (yet!) where you could call in a Universtiy person to shove him out. And since the guy is black, the problem of being accused of racial prejudice also rears it's head...Ah, well. Things have been so peaceful for two years that perhaps that's all you can expect-- no feuds or anything, which seems incredible from what I hear from other fanclubs. ((Actually, I didn't mean to give a bad impression of NY clubs. As Ben Miller said, there is really no trouble about going to Lunarians, tho becoming a "member" can take forever because the membership committee never meets. Their main problem is the most incredibly ludicrous business meetings that have ever graced any robertsrulesoforders group. No one who's smart really wants to join. FISTFA is totally open, altho we try and shield Ross (Chamberlain) a bit. As such, it has it's share of doubtfuls, but is still mostly the same small bunch of friends. Fano-clasts is the only really hard to get into club, and I won begin to bother to describe the evolution of my status. Suffice it to say that at the moment I am attending enjoyable. ))

I really enjoyed Mike Gorra's contribution; definitely one of his better contributions. What, however, is a fan who redevelops an interest in sf? Surely that is a phenomeon that deserves classification and naming. ((In spite of all my other interests, and things waiting to be read, I'm afraid I haven't gotten away from buying selected new releases, collecting old, and reading for enjoyment. )) 11/2/75

Don Lundry  
18 Karen Drive  
Cherry Hill, N.J.  
08003

The cover is a knock-out, tho some of the repro leaves a little to be desired. I had no idea I was getting younger as the bid went on, but I want to keep it up, if I can. By the time the con comes up, I'll be about six months old...



What's more likely is that by the time the con comes around, I'll be sucking my thumb and drooling. ....But closer to 96 than 6 months.

It seems very few noticed the difference between the Orlando party and the New York one at Lunacon. At least not to the point that they realized it might make a difference in attitudes. Obviously in the long run, it did make a difference since we won, but you're the first to state it so succinctly. New York was spending lavishly and throwing large parties while Orlando was quietly roasting popcorn and just being friendly. We sldo deliberately did not have hard booze at the parties since there are too many who come only to guzzle. Tru fen need only congenial people to come alive, not artificial stimulants.

But the Olnrado ((sic. Really? I've always wanted to go to Olnrado. A con chairman who can't spell his own con, tsk, tsk, tsk...)) bid won and now I have to live up to all the expectations of fans. It's going to be real tough to put on a super con and we'll do our darndest. But if it somehow if doesn't go as well as people hoped- well, we're still all fans. ((The one key, and hidden difference between fans and SFEXPO. is that this is true. Yes. Actually, I'm part of the "our" now, since I'm now on the committee, and indeed have been appointed the ridiculous title of "fanzine fan coordinator". This should be fun, wheeee.))

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Maryland  
21740

I hope it isn't violation of the TAPS confidentiality code, to use your school address which I've only seen in The Terrian for a loc on Drift. I enjoyed this issue very much, and was particularly buoyed up by your command to remain well, ballpointed

on the inside of the last page. Unfortunately, I've got a date with my own doctor tomorrow and another with a specialist next week, and in the meantime I'm afflicted with pains, aches, numbness, ever stronger attacks of senility, and some other things that are genuinely unpleasant. I'll try not to let all this affect the comments that follow. ((I rarely know how to express myself when expressing my desires towards another person that they should be well, or any type of empathetic good wishes, but I personally hope you retain a well being.))

I never would have guessed the identity of the cover artist. I have seen only a different kind of art from Ross Chamberlain, and I'm impressed by the proof given here that he can also do fancy, complex work very well. The whole picture strikes me as being delicately balanced between humor and seriousness, in the best Rotsler tradition.

You will probably catch a few barbs and arrows of outraged fandom for the way you made the bulk of this issue a sort of semi-fan diary which was somewhat outdated by the time it appeared (((It was very late, and so this issue is more so, but I'll cover that later))). But I enjoyed reading it and I didn't have to stop even once to fight down the impulse to do some skipping, as I usually do when I'm going through a fanzine with many pages of book reviews or one that contains nothing but fiction. For one thing, even though you were frank about yourself, you also painted a quite detailed picture of how things happen in one portion of New York City fandom in the middle of 1975. After reading all these narratives of trips and gatherings and meetings, and other happenings, I could visualize things up there that formerly I could conceive only in a verbal abstract manner. One thing that I kept wondering about was: which of the people you're writing about are destined to be the big names in prodom in another eight or ten years. By the law of averages and by virtue of what fan history has taught us about the course of events, at least one or two of the people you've been running around with will become famous novelists, or celebrated editors or something equally renowned and another



Lesson of fanfiction is that it's very hard to guess whom destiny will favor before destiny swings into action.

I felt particular empathy with the dionysian emotions that emerge from your descriptions of the fanzine acquisitions, I should be jaded after all these years of piling up stuff, but I still get that very same sort of excitement when I happen across a treasure trove of something I really want. It happened just a year ago, when I bought a three-foot stack of music which the public library had turned over to a used book sale, and in lesser degree on several more recent occasions when I happened across records in good condition for a pittance at garage sales. I can arrive at a worldcon with only a mild sense of excitement which fades away within an hour or two. But when I make a big haul of something which I'll stash away in the house, the excitement lasts and lasts and days later I'll still be getting sudden warm glows as the adventure peps unexpectedly in my mind. It must be the packrat instinct, the Silas Marner syndrome.



Food Day is probably gone by now, but I undoubtedly participated in the boycott without even trying. They didn't even have Gerber baby food when I was eligible to eat it, I'm too much of a miser to buy prime-grade anything, I normally eat three or four slices of bacon a year when the waitress makes a mistake and puts it into my breakfast toast and eggs, I wouldn't know a Pringle if I saw it, I hate the taste of Coca-Cola, Wonder Bread isn't sold at the supermarket I patronize, I couldn't use table grapes because I haven't cleaned off my tadel recently enough to make it safe to use them, I'd be afraid Breakfast Squares might make me too conservative, and I bought five pounds of sugar just before the price started going up and haven't needed anymore since my brains became too addled to remember the recipe for making instant tea, I never used sugar for anything except hot tea.

Reading Jon Singer's column, I had the uncomfortable suspicion that only one out of every four in-group references and jokes was coming through to me. It seemed like a suitable preface to the Monty Python episode which I watched tonight, anyway. Like Gorra hits to choose to home to make me laugh at the way his descriptions fit other people. As far as I know, I still haven't gotten around to writing that article that Ted Dikty must have been referring to in that Fantasy Digest. But it's a baffling reference because I had published my first issue of a fanzine less than a year before that reference was printed, and I can't imagine how I could have had enough experience in fandom to get side-tracked.

Most of the interior illustrations look good, and in a few cases, even superlative. The combination of black ink on blue paper is quite restful to these overused eyes, as well as a pleasant reminiscence of (...) Warhoon.



DRIFT #2, "the far  
stillness", is published  
irregularly by Gary Farber who can  
often be contacted at 271 East 197th.  
St., Bronx, NY 10458, USA. (212)367-  
4486. It is available according to  
Editorial Whim only. However, my  
Whim may oftimes be stimulated by  
letters of comment; written or  
artistic contributions; trades; old  
fanzines; or any other positive-type  
stimuli. Be aware. 2/21/76

### BURBLE

Vey Casual Thotlings :	6
Gary Farber	
Our Man in Wipple-Stipple :	16
David Emerson	
Feet of Clay :	20
Stuart Shiffman	
Swan Dive :	38
Michael Carlson	
Glimpses :	41
Jeff Kleinbard	
Letters :	45
Driftglass: everyone	

### ART

P.1 - Shiffman, Kunkel, Birkhead;  
P.2 - Waller; P.3 - Waller; P.4 -  
Steffan; P.5 - Birkhead, Kunkel;  
P.14 - Rotsler; P.15 - Birkhead,  
Kunkel; P.17 - Shiffman; P.18 -  
Gilliland; P.19 - Chauvin; P.20 -  
Shiffman; P.23 - Shiffman; P.26 -  
Kinney; P.27 - Rotsler; P.28 -  
Shirmeister; P.29 - Gilliland;  
P.30 - Kunkel; P.31 - McKay, Kinney;  
P.32 - Kunkel; P.33 - Waller, Kunkel;  
P.34 - Shiffman; P.36 - Kunkel;  
P.37 - Kunkel; P.40 - Kunkel; P.42 -  
Waller; P.43 - Shiffman; P.44 - Waller

\*\*\*\*\*

Things flitting about my mind recently:  
Patti Smith, love, what I'm doing,  
Paul Williams, Das Energi, Pushing  
Upwards, rock, future living, Patti  
Smith, Sturgeon, old fanzines, Hitchhike,  
Amor, Brett Cox, Rich Batucci even,  
the whereabouts of Warhoun, Triton,  
this fanzine, me, everything else, and you.  
Everything else I may write about nexttime. Next time... charms, sweet angels

GARY FARBER  
271 East 197th Street  
Bronx, New York, 10458  
USA

3rd Class Mail  
PRINTED MATTER  
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED.

*Patrick Hayden*  
*206 St. George St. #910*  
*Toronto, Ont. M5R 2N6*  
*Canada*

whew