



# hitch hike

Everything's coming together perfectly for me, and it seems the right moment to get to work on this issue. I've already started it once, trying to write up everything that happened to me over a summer of constant traveling and an autumn of getting settled, but after writing eleven pages that got me only as far as San Francisco, I realized that I wasn't really very interested in what I'd written. And the one principle that I follow in publishing a fanzine is to try and publish one that I'd like to read myself. So I've laid aside all that turgid prose, and here I am starting fresh, trying to keep it short, simple, and to the point. I let too much time accumulate, and too many things to write up, between the last issue and this; I'm just going to have to let it slide in order to get back my own momentum and do short, frequent issues.

It's a quiet Sunday night in Washington, DC, with a set of very nice bluegrass on the radio and the taste of fresh-brewed coffee in my mouth. The room I live in is beginning to take on the look of a home, despite the boxes still stacked over against one wall. Rugs have been laid down, I have a bed, the two armchairs were carried laboriously up



two flights of stairs to nestle in the alcove of my bay window, some of my books are shelved, and the desk on which I'm typing is planted firmly in one corner. The aforementioned bay window looks right out on an alley and the brick wall opposite, but by looking out one side you can see the street in front, and from the other you can see clear down the alley through the heart of the block. That's really quite a remarkable alley. I'd fallen in love with it at least a year before I moved into this place, just from walking around the area and digging it. This part of Washington is riddled with fascinating alleys, sometimes two to a block, and with the scores of turn-of-the-century town houses, the pattern of the rooftops reminds me of Paris or London. I got that feeling particularly from this alleyway, because it doesn't run straight like most of the streets and alleys in this planned city; the block is cut through at an odd angle by New Hampshire Avenue, so the alley runs down about half the block and then branches, to come out on both New Hampshire and S Street. It's paved in uneven bricks, and it's not flat; there's almost a trough running down the middle. All the houses on Riggs Place back on this alley, so you can watch the roof life and see into what back yards there are, and along the alley grow an assortment of trees, most of them leafless now. But the gem of the alley is a great big brick building that lies behind our house, perhaps a carriage house of some sort originally, which possesses our street number with a "Rear" attached. In the second-floor loft lives a grey-haired woman painter and her grown daughter. I haven't met them, but all the signs point to their being a remarkable pair, and they certainly have a classically peculiar home. We've got a postcard for one of them from France that was delivered to us by mistake, and maybe we'll use that as an excuse to get to know them.

As those of you who are interested in my Life and Times will have noticed already, I've moved into a new home since my summer travels. I had really expected to spend a lot more time on the road, but I found myself feeling dissatisfied with rootlessness--not with being on the road, but with the feeling that I had no place to come back to. I get awfully sick of being a guest sometimes, and, although I was made to feel completely welcome by Cathy and Grant Canfield in San Francisco, I got the urge for a place of my own after only a month or two of traveling. If I'd stayed on the West Coast, I would most likely have settled in somewhere, at least well enough to have a mailing address and a bit of territory to come back to. As it was, I came back east for the Discon at the end of August, spent September going up to Martha's Vineyard and thinking

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HITCHHIKE #22, "the ex-fan's focal point," comes to you from the amazing Dancing Typewriter and Steam Calliope of John D. Berry, 1749 18th Street NW, Washington, DC 20009. The telephone number here is (202) 387-0887. HITCHHIKE is published for a small circle of friends, but you can join that circle by being an interesting person and reciprocating in some way. In lieu of anything else, 25¢ will do it. You have to take your chances at understanding what's going on if you don't already know. This issue was begun (in its earlier version) on September 6, 1974; you'll find the closing date at the end of the issue. The contents should be obvious. The front cover was drawn by Dan Steffan while I was sitting, typing, at the livingroom table in Ted White's house, probably working on one of those pages for this that I threw out. It's the best drawing anyone's ever made of me. This issue is dedicated to Catherine and Grant Canfield, for warmth and food and shelter and friendship, and "To All Exiles and Wanderers." This is Roach Press Publication #86.



about living there for a while, and finally came back to this area with the intention of living in the city and getting a full-time job. I got the job in a matter of days, with a little help from one friend, and I moved into this house a couple of weeks later. I'd been dreading going through the whole process of looking for a place to live in and people to share it with, but I lucked out: I answered an ad posted on the bulletin board at Food For Thought (the local restaurant-cum-coffeehouse, and the closest thing in the area to a European cafe--you knew I'd find such a place, didn't you?), I decided I like both the place and the people and Alex, Bruce, and Leslie decided they liked me, and I moved in. The rent's a bit high, but otherwise it's nearly an ideal place to live, and so far we all still like each other. For the first time in my adult life (except possibly when I was living on the Stanford campus) I can step outside my door and be within easy walking distance of every place I'd like to be. Stone Soup, the local food co-op, is right up the block; Food For Thought is just over on Connecticut Avenue; various people I know and like, including Robin White and Ed Smith, live nearby; even my job is only three blocks away. In fact, since I don't have to be at work until 10:00, I've developed a very nice morning routine of waking up at nine, after everybody else has gone, going down to the kitchen and listening to some quiet morning music while eating breakfast and sitting in the sunlight at the kitchen table, then strolling the three blocks to work at my leisure. It's a hard life.

I'm working, if you've really got to know, as a secretary for the National Legal Aid and Defender Association. We'll have to see how long Berry can last at a regular office job, but I expect to be there for several months at the least. And I plan to stay in this community for a while; it's one of those neighborhoods I was talking about last issue where everything seems to be happening.

The obligation to tell you all I've been doing since last June has been hanging over my head and delaying this fanzine for weeks. I think I'll try to exorcise it by quoting a couple of paragraphs from a letter I wrote to Calvin Demmon in October, which seemed to tell the tale of my travels better than the eleven pages I tossed out did.

I walked by your old house this summer. It had been twenty months since I'd last set foot in California when I left here at the end of June, and it took me almost another month to get to San Francisco, in a journey that included hitchhiking along the old two-lane US Route 50 from northern Virginia through West Virginia, southern Ohio, southern Indiana, and south-central Illinois; a week spent in hippie squalor in Cincinnati when the only relief from the weather was in the middle of thunderstorms; another week spent very pleasantly in the West End of St. Louis; and a 2000-mile Driveaway Car trip with two breakdowns and a number of hitchhikers. The driveaway car broke down in western Kansas and caused me to get to know Colby, Kansas, much better than I would ever have considered. At least Colby is on the High Plains and consequently hot but dry; I'd been trying all month to escape the eastern humidity. I drove up into the Rocky Mountains at sunset with a thunderstorm rolling in; I would stop and get out to gaze happily at the snow-crested peaks, and God would toss a thunderbolt into my back pocket and I'd jump back in the car and drive on. In Fruita, Colorado, I stopped and tried to find my greatgrandfather's grave, but all I found was a small dog named Hippie belonging to the family of the man who runs the graveyard. All of the fruit



trees that my greatgrandfather planted, and all the other orchards that gave Fruita its name (pronounced "Froota"), have died or been cut down in the present century. Oh well. I dug the cottonwoods along the Colorado River.

In western Utah, I drove across the salt flats at sunset with the sun taking a partying shot right into my eyeballs, then I drove as long as I could into the night. We picked up a CBC radio station from southern Alberta, broadcasting a CBC Radio Theater tale of the Hubbard expedition to explore the Labrador Coast; the winds whistled in the northern snow as we drove through the Nevada desert and twiddled the dial trying to catch the end of the story. We slept outside of some town that night. (I had three hitchhikers at that point.) The next morning we were rudely awakened at the crack of dawn by the construction crew who were busy bulldozing that site. In western Nevada, almost into Civilization, I met a state cop who looked and acted like Bob Newhart. I'm sure he thought we were four meanass hippie outlaws who were going to fill him full of holes. The car wouldn't go over the Sierras the first time, but two dollars and a whole lot of hassles later, it drove right on up and over. I grinned a whole lot from the moment I crossed the California state line.

Grant and Cathy put me up for most of three weeks, broken up by a couple of trips down the Peninsula to visit people and places in Palo Alto. I carried Bev Reams's Stonehenge book, which I'd borrowed two years before, all the way west with me, only to find that she'd already bought herself a new copy. The Canfields took me to "the best hamburger joint in San Francisco," out on or near Clement in that jazzy area with the Russian Orthodox church nearby, and I took them to the cheap little ethnic Japanese restaurant near the Trade Center. We went to the Old Spaghetti Factory, but we never did get to the Basque restaurant, and I never got a chance to visit Emile's winery, either. Jay Kinney was talking about renting a house out near the ocean, right where you used to live, and for a while after I first got there I was crazy to stay and thought about moving in with him, but then I decided not to stay after all and he decided he didn't want to live that far out anyway. (Come to think of it, I don't know where he's living now.) I finally sold the tv set I'd had stored with the Canfields for two years, but I left most of my possessions in their basement storeroom.

Perhaps I should elaborate on some of that. Brad Balfour might object to my characterizing his house in Cincinnati as "hippie squalor," and it certainly doesn't convey any of the hospitality he showed me, but it is true that the neighborhood and the house itself left me with the impression of a junk heap. We had a fantastic time, though, dashing around to all the places and happenings in Cincinnati during that week, getting into many of them free courtesy of Brad's editorship of the Cincinnati entertainment paper. In fact, we got a couple of excellent free meals from Brad's touting me as the visiting out-of-town gourmet, and I actually wrote restaurant reviews that were later published in the JESTER. My career as a paid gourmet has begun. Brad kept trying to convince me to move to Cincinnati, where I could become Food Editor and eat out for free until I ran through all the restaurants in town once or twice. (Of course, I'd probably have to make my own breakfasts.)



In the swirl of visiting and digging places like the Vine Street Coffeehouse, I met Cal Guthrie, also known as Cal the Calligrapher, and listed on the JESTER's masthead as "Ruberic Quiller." Cal struck me as a country Benford brother, with a little more of a rustic air than either of the male Benfords but much the same appearance and manner. A fascinating man to talk with over a cup of coffee. He told me about a lady who owned a wealth of old printer's illustrations and borders and curlicues, and who was about to sell them as fashionable curios and take them out of the realm of the printer's art; I hope he managed to save some of them from this fate.

Eileen Corder was living with Brad and Tim Lucas in the old house at that time, although she's since moved to Michigan, and I spent a certain amount of my time talking with her. I remember one evening that I spent talking to Eileen until Brad came home and she went to bed, then talking out a lot of stuff with Brad until the sun came up.

In St. Louis I stayed with Alice Sanvito and did much the same. I indulged in two of my favorite pastimes: talking well, and digging the ambience of a good city. St. Louis is my favorite Midwestern city --partly, I suppose, because a lot of my favorite people have come from there--and it was a relief after Cincinnati. Even hotter, but airy and open, the kind of place you would walk around barefoot and dressed as minimally as possible. (As a matter of fact, on the afternoon I arrived in St. Louis after a long hot ride through the hills and wildflowers of Indiana and the flats of Illinois, when I trudged up Kingshighway from the freeway and climbed the three flights of stairs to Alice's apartment, I found her and Bill Burgdorf sitting at the kitchen table, naked in the breeze from the open back door, wondering when I would get there. I was too sticky and tired to take my clothes off-- I tend to sweat a lot, so in fact in sticky weather I prefer wear something next to my skin to absorb the sweat--but when their slow, lazy conversation became fully cognizant that I was there, they moved me into the bathroom for a cool bath and a scrub with a sponge made of the inside of some kind of squash, while they sat outside the tub on the bathroom floor and we talked and passed a pipe. A very sensual welcome.) I did such things as swimming in a pond with a fifty-foot jet of water in its center in Forest Park, visiting a German beer garden in South St. Louis complete with an oompah band, and listening to a friendly evening of migrants', sharecroppers', and mountaineers' music presented by the Missouri Friends of the Folk Arts (who incidentally publish a handsome fanzine). ("We never lose sight of water, and we never lose sight of the sky, and we never lose sight of the land, that's how we live.") Perhaps the best time was simply the evening that Alice and I spent walking around and eating out and renewing an old friendship.

The trip out was a gas, but the real heart of the summer lay in the Bay Area, in my getting back in touch with the land and the culture and renewing my California self. It was fun to walk into the Stanford Coffeehouse after almost two years and greet Ken Brubaker, still stuck in Palo Alto and still managing the place despite the many times he'd sworn he'd leave, and it was a true pleasure to see two productions of the play John Smith was directing for a street theater group, yet the most essential part of my time down the Peninsula was the day I hitchhiked up to Skyline Drive and walked on down a little-used road in the hills, where I sat on a hillside shortly after my twenty-fourth birthday and asked myself where I'd gotten to after two dozen years, then spent the night in a redwood arroyo off the road and walked and hitched back the next day. Those thirty hours or so in the hills were one of the things I'd come west to do.



I spent a little time in Berkeley (hampered a bit by an East Bay bus strike), almost entirely along a few blocks of Telegraph Avenue. I love that street. When I was living in San Francisco, I used to bop across the Bay Bridge and spend all afternoon working my way through about three blocks of bookstores, cafés, and coffeehouses, maybe ending up by eating a very cheap meal at one of the exotic small restaurants in the area. Telegraph Avenue is the only place I know of where America has its own real street culture. It's like walking through a Middle Eastern bazaar, with vendors of all sorts of wares lining the sidewalks, fragrant smells in the sunny air, and a host of colorful, varied people thronging the street. There are other street scenes in this country, but they're almost all ethnic. Berkeley is the new culture at its most Californian, creating its own liveliness, its own ethnos. I feel right at home in it. I spent some time sipping coffee on the balcony of the Mediterranean Coffeehouse and reflecting on how easy it would be for me to live in Berkeley.

In Palo Alto, while I was staying at Felice Rolfe's house and renewing my long friendship with her, I met Dave Van Arnham for the first time in six years. I'd had some correspondence with Dave during that time and had a pretty good idea of some of the changes he'd gone through, but I hadn't laid eyes on him since he left New York City for Mexico. He looked a little different, with long hair in place of his perennial crewcut, a fuller beard, a touch of gray, and he was now into revolutionary lifestyles instead of being a Nixon Republican, but he spoke of his new enthusiasms with the same energy he had given to the old, and he was still recognizably Dave Van Arnham. We spent quite a while talking, trying to catch each other up on our lives, but we had nowhere near enough time to do it. We talked of the CO-EVOLUTION QUARTERLY, the new magazine being put out by Stewart Brand and the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG people, and Brand's proposal to have different people or groups step in and edit an issue around their own areas of knowledge, and Dave spoke of his idea of doing a science fiction issue. The sf world is dovetailing enough with some of the main thrusts of the new culture that it might even make sense. Dave also talked about coming east for the Discon, but he never came. While I was there, he was in the process of moving out of Felice's and into a house in the East Bay with a woman he was involved with.

Sometimes the light's all shining on me  
Other times I can barely see  
Lately it occurs to me  
What a long, strange trip it's been"

--The Grateful Dead, "Truckin'"

This issue has sat around half-stenciled for long enough. I've got a whole slew of short notes to myself on things I might want to write about in HITCHHIKE, but I think I'll feel freer to do it, and less pressured, if I simply cut this issue off where it is and get it done, then write whatever I feel like for the next one. Ideally, I'd like to put out an issue of HITCHHIKE about every month. It wasn't that hard when this was just my contribution to a monthly apa, but then I only had to run off twenty-odd copies and didn't have to address and mail them all. Now it takes a little more work, and with a full-time job sometimes I don't have the energy to put out a fanzine in the evenings. But I have Big Plans Again, as Calvin Demmon once named a fanzine, and I intend to do another of these by the first of February. Write and tell me what a fool I am.





# DIALOG

Early last spring. I got into a dialog with my friend Tom Goodhue, a Southern Californian I knew at Stanford who was, and is, studying at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, about the differences we perceived in the ways people live in the East and in the West. I thought you might find it illuminating, and perhaps stimulating, since it's by no means a completed dialog. What follows is my letter and Tom's reply:

Now that you've spent half a year in New York City, with a couple of months in Vermont before that, have you come to any conclusions about the differences between people here and people in California? We were just talking about this last night--Skip, Darbie, and I, being three out of the five people who live in this house. Skip is a native Virginian, from Alexandria, who went to college for a while in Tennessee and later in Maryland, then spent some months, maybe a year, living in Oakland. Darbie grew up in the Maryland suburbs and went to college at the University of Maryland during the same period you and I were at Stanford, and she has also spent time living in the Bay Area; in fact, I believe she and Skip first started living together there. The two of them are both very strongly into dealing with their feelings openly and honestly --which is what our whole household is based on, the basic commitment we all made in living here. They're into various aspects of the counter-culture, but I've been surprised at times to stumble on whole areas of cultural experience that they're not familiar with or are only just getting into.

They had a friend of theirs from Berkeley, also named Tom, visiting here when I moved in. He was a big, soft-spoken guy full of Berkeley culture and mellowness, yet you could never really pin him down and have an emotional exchange with him. We were talking tonight about how many counter-cultural people in the Bay Area resemble him--particularly, from Skip and Darbie's side, the others in the commune Tom lives in and their friends. Evidently a lot of them are heavily into organic living and all the trappings of the California counter-culture, yet they aren't really very open on an emotional level and don't deal straightly with other people or each other. I started talking about my experience and frustrations with people around Stanford who could get deeply involved with you one quarter and just drift away the next--which I know I've brought up to you before. We agreed that it's awfully easy to get caught up in the outward manifestations of California counter-cultural life and to get sidetracked into all that without going any deeper, and it seems that many Californians have done that.

Of course, there are all the freaks I know around the Virginia suburbs who strike me as straight under the skin, the ones who smoke a lot of dope and buy dope pipes and listen to rock, but who are terribly sexist and ego-centered and into their own individual things, with a strong hold on private property and not much development in a communal direction. I'm not sure how, or if, these people relate to the people I'm talking about in California.

Of course, Darbie and I both agreed that underneath all the superficial ebb and flow there's a small number of really creative people in the Bay Area who've been developing their expanded consciousness and



I don't think there are great differences generally between folks East or West--"people are basically the same"--but there sure are lots of subtle and not-so-subtle differences in patterns of life. The commuter train is different from the Santa Ana Freeway. The outdoors orientation of the West seems to fit into an easier integration with the rest of one's life, while folks here of the upper-middle class focus their outdoorsiness on summer and weekend homes outside of their normal orbits. It's easier to **do sustained** intellectual work in the Northeast, I think, than in the California eclectic culture where everyone's into macramé for a week, yoga for one hour a week for six weeks, zen for 1/3 of one book, which makes people here a bit less interesting and a bit more serious than Californians. But it's harder here to be idealistic in the midst of the East Coast rip-off ethic (both material and emotional rip-offs), to develop significant relationships (a NYC friend seems to be someone you meet for lunch once every six weeks), to find people who see personal growth in terms other than psychoanalysis (God, every third person in the city must be in analysis--not that this is necessarily bad for them, but friends report that it's awfully bad for middle-age party conversations), to fit all the aspects of one's life into any kind of harmonious whole. One spends more time in California anesthetizing oneself from the ripping up of relationships through mobility, more time in NYC anesthetizing oneself from the harsh edges of the city.

[illegible]

Ikkyu, the Zen master, was very clever even as a boy. His teacher had a precious teacup, a rare antique. Ikkyu happened to break this cup and was greatly perplexed. Hearing the footsteps of his teacher, he held the pieces of the cup behind him. When the master appeared, Ikkyu asked: "Why do people have to die?"

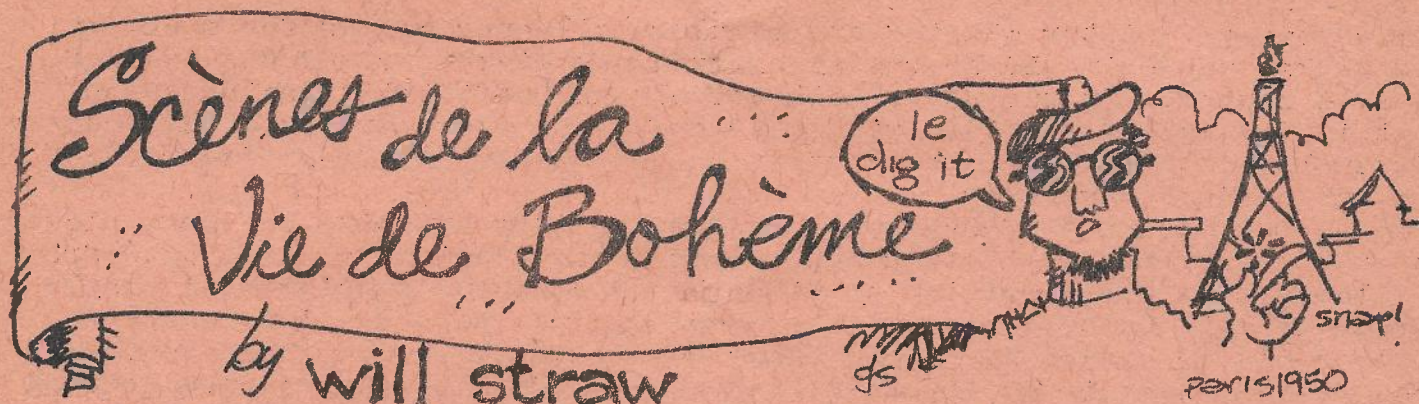
Ikkyu, producing the shattered cup, added: "It was time for your cup to die."

## II. POSSIBLE SHORT PAPERS.

3. Using an encyclopedia article and one book, write an essay defining Zen Buddhism. Include with your essay a bibliography listing five books on Zen Buddhism.

--a textbook on the Beats, whose title I forgot to write down, that Brad or Eileen had in Cincinnati





OUR HOUSE: I'm typing this to the sounds of King Crimson and much banging and moving of boxes upstairs. Dave, the person who had lived in this house longer than any of us, was delivered an Ultimatum (about Getting Out) last week, and went out that same night and found a new place to live. Hei's physically moving his possessions and self tonight, and in a few hours I'm going to become the member of the household who's lived here the longest. (Joan Barton, just back from Toronto, moved in when I did, but I decided that because she'd spent the summer back in Toronto I had Seniority.)

People were moving in and out often enough this past summer that I could sit still in the living room and feel like I was on the road, but Dave's departure is a major event. It's one more break with our Past and Traditions (which interest me enough that on rainy Sunday afternoons I think more and more of writing a house history), but, more importantly, his getting out represents the first time in years that our landlord has had his way.

131 Fifth Avenue is owned by the Carleton Students Association, one of three houses they bought in the late sixties, when co-operative housing was going to be instrumental in saving the world. Our relationship with our landlord (the supervisor in charge of student services) has always been a traditional landlord-tenant relationship, and we don't think of ourselves at all as living in a student residence, few of us having any ties with the university.

The troubles which led to Dave being kicked out go back two or three years, and a Strange and Terrible Saga it is. I remember two summers ago in Fort Erie rummaging through issues of the Carleton student newspaper from the previous year, looking for pieces I remembered vaguely that concerned the Fifth Avenue Co-op, into which I'd just been accepted. I encountered a whole slew of articles and shit-sliding letters to the editor, all revolving around a feud between a couple of the residents, and wondered what I'd committed myself to. The disagreements, the exact causes of which I've never been able to pin down, led to rocks being thrown and police being called in, and eventually the house was closed for several months. When it re-opened, a couple of those who had lived there before but remained pacifists moved back in.

I arrived in September of last year, dissatisfied with living alone, as I had in 1972-73, but a little...apprehensive about moving into a House With A Past. (Most of our neighbors, for instance, refuse to speak to us because we've acquired a bad reputation, and our only contact is through our landlord, who lets us know when they've called him up and complained about our uncut grass.)

Right away I found myself in the middle of, and partly responsible for, a controversy involving the house. I was one of three new residents, and we got the others, laid-back and lazy as they were, thinking about



improvements. After chasing our landlord all over campus for a couple of weeks, wondering if he really existed, we kicked around the idea of a rent strike. It was never collectively and officially decided upon, but in discussing the idea with a friend I was overheard by a news-hungry journalism student, who ran a story on the Threatened Co-op Insurgence in the student newspaper.

A journalism professor with an even greater appetite for news picked up the story and ran it over the campus radio station. I came back from Pchlang one Monday morning to find the house phone buzzing with people from the university wondering what was going to happen. Our landlord proved his existence by rushing over one night and desperately taking down our demands in an effort to save face. We got a lot of the desired improvements, but our relationship with the Students Association grew cooler, and they began thinking about enforcing rules which had previously been ignored.

In late fall of last year, I found that my top-floor room was holding onto too many of the bad feelings I was experiencing at the time. (I see them now as belonging in everyone's university experience, in a little box labelled Second Year Blues. I thought at the time I'd lost an enthusiasm for Life--and other, equally important things--that I'd never regain.) I spent a lot of time in the basement, and approached the house with an idea I knew they wouldn't turn down: I'd move down there, we'd rent out my old room, and the house would be richer to the tune of \$70 a month. They said yes, and I moved, discovering in the process: that jumping out of high buildings or slashing my wrists wasn't the easiest solution to my problems. I haven't laughed, smiled, or even playfully twinkled my eyes since I first heard of children starving in foreign countries, but I've not been totally unhappy in the last year, and moving had a lot to do with that.

Throughout the winter just past, we wore out two or three landlords. It evolved into a ritual: one would show up every three or four months, full of Great Plans and Ideals, and would meet with too much indifference and independence on our part to continue. We'd hear nothing more until his replacement came around with the same intentions a few months later. When we were officially visited like this, I'd remove all the things from the basement that made it look like anyone was living there, and we'd show it to him, with much winking behind his back, as our "Stereo and Party Room." I was still listed as having the third-floor room, however, which caused problems of its own. Joan Bowden, the person who moved in, was very much into cosmetics and things, and each new supervisor went back from his visit unable to remember anything else but Weird Will Straw.

Like any group of conspirators, however, we couldn't keep our stories straight, and in the spring of this year Joan Bowden decided to move out and went in and told our landlord she'd be vacating her room. What she'd forgotten was that she'd never been listed as having a room in the house, and our puzzled landlord began asking each of us, individually, just who was living in the house. When it appeared he was onto something, at last, four others decided to move elsewhere, and somewhere in the confused mass of transition that was the last five months we came out ahead once more: full, with an extra person paying rent to the house.

In a fit of responsibility the Students Association decided recently that, perhaps, a house financed by the university students should be inhabited by members of that student body only. This created another situation, as only a couple of us at the time had definite plans for returning to Carleton University. All except Dave eventually decided to do so, however, and our landlord told him he'd have to leave.





JOHN INGHAM: Above is the new address, and one that will be so for years to come. For we have become owners of the land, and joined the Middle Class in \*gasp\* Suburbia. I love it.

Your discourse on where we've been and what's happening now is quite interesting, and I figure any sane person spends most of their time trying to work that one out. I definitely agree with Part A of Alexei and Cory's theory, but I wonder about a coming together. Living in England has really made me notice the disparities in the American lifestyle and that of other countries, in particular the UK. America is basically a utopian welfare state and most people live in comfort unparalleled anywhere else in the world, and I can't think of anyone in the 'counter-culture' who starves. With this state, you create a leisure state that promotes the large hippie and beat movements that have flowered in the US. What's going to happen in the US in the next 5-10 years I couldn't begin to discern, but in the UK it seems that the only sensible thing is to prepare for the next thirty years. One is a lot closer to the reality of a major breakdown in western civilization out this way; there are a lot less buffers and distractions. It would seem to me that the likelihood of Britain surviving the next 30 years by becoming either a socialist state or a conservative police state is very strong indeed. And although it would probably be quite comfortable in a very English working class way, I don't really like the idea of being deprived of the desire to get rich. So my basic (and quite hazy apart from the basic steps involved) plan for the next ten-twenty years is to provide the means of leaving if that eventuality looks like happening. Things that Brunner talks about in Stand on Zanzibar and Jagged Orbit are rapidly coming to life in London. (I really think SoZ says it all as to what is going to happen.) The random violence quota here is getting quite heavy, and there is this amazing fashion among fifteen and sixteen year olds that gives you the feeling that they belong to this vast army. Really weird spiky haircuts and bubble toe shoes and pants that end at the calf and bomber jackets, and the girls incredibly ugly platforms and hideously obvious makeup. You get the feeling that they're another race, and I often wonder what they think of the whole London Hip Social Society and Chelsea Scene Makers. They also give me the feeling that a sub/counterculture could develop in either the 70s or 80s that was made up of teeners who combined a quite hedonistic drug attitude (à la the 60s) with quite flashy displays of random violence. Now while all that sounds quite scary, and at the moment the future ain'ts exactly as rosy as it seemed when the future was all electric and a robot in every home, it certainly does promise to be interesting. I think that one of the major lessons learnt from the 60s counterculture and all that went with it was that chaos and uncertainty wasn't that frightening and indeed had a certain appeal. So while a rational look







at what's ahead scares me silly, I'm quite looking forward to it. The only trouble is that with all this unpredictability and randomness, I may be on a receiving end. I deal with that one by not thinking about it.

Your point about ROLLING STONE is, of course, correct, but STONE serves a function quite well in that it reflects Jann Wenner at every moment. So, assuming you aren't in the same mold as Mr. Wenner, you have a rather interesting gauge as to what a segment of those hippies back in 1967 are now into and thinking about. You also get some damn good writing, even if it is as lifeless overall as a cold mackerel.

Have a good time on your travels; I quite envy you. Some eighteen months after I came back from my European jaunt it occurred to me that I had had the perfect opportunity to go on to India and even further. I had money, my possessions were all stored...I kicked myself for days, even that late afterwards. I really love the feeling of submerging myself in alien cultures, especially those that go back a few thousand years. Funnily enough, Los Angeles is one of my favorite places. I don't think I could live there anymore, but I really love visiting it. Other places of 'power' are Dorset, which has the most incredible skies, the Scottish Highlands, Mykonos, Mt. Olympus, and Paris. Half of them I've only visited once, but I have no hesitation about returning. Other places that exhibit a very strong attraction that I want to see Real Soon Now are Morocco, the Nile, a drive through Russia, and Africa.

So when are you coming back here? /No time soon, I'm afraid. Right now I'm working on Australia for next year. I hope I can get to Europe again before the likely British worldcon in '79, but just the other day I had the opportunity to examine a trans-Atlantic airline schedule, and even Icelandic is asking over \$200 one way on its slow boat to Luxembourg. -jdb/

(4a, Salisbury Road, West Ealing, W. 13, UK)

DARROLL PARDOE: Thanks for sending us HITCHHIKE 21. We really did enjoy getting it and reading about what's been happening in your part of the universe. As for us, we're still here in Huntingdon, miles from fans on any side. We don't get to see other fans too often, but manage to keep in touch pretty well through the mails. Your comments on the way ideas have diffused themselves through the community over the last five years were interesting; the same kind of thing has been going on here in England. But haven't the ideas changed in the process? The Brotherhood of Man (chauvinist idea, that) may be all very well, but most folks only pay lip-service to it, trapped in their narrow worlds. More specifically though, here in England too the last few years have seen the growth of action by people at a local, community level. Lots of people are getting tired with the old inanities of party politics and actually going out and by golly doing something for themselves, right there in their own neighborhood, instead of moaning how the government or somebody ought to do these things for them. I wonder how far such things are happening outside of the US/England?

I know what you mean about Places of Power. I have some of them myself, places which I like to go back to and experience (I almost wrote enjoy, but there's more to it than that; something of a spiritual uplift). /Right. It has something to do with places where you can connect up with your own vital energy and renew yourself; it's a very spiritual process, though just as real and concrete as getting energy from a good dinner. Some places seem to focus this kind of energy for a great many people, and perhaps by that token allow them to draw on a source of communal energy; those places become widely known and respected. -jdb/



There's the Shropshire hill country 20 miles--or so from my old home town, and more particularly a small village there--not a village at all really, just a couple of farms and an old school. Holdgate, it's called. And there's the top of the Great Orme in Wales, where I like to sit and watch the sea. I even have one or two places in the States, though I don't get any chances to see them at present (I know they're there, though, and one day I'll be back to them). Lebanon, Ohio, is one of them.

(24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU, ENGLAND)

WILL STRAW: I have the Wavy Gravy book on order, and have for some time, and all the discussion I've read of it in various places has interested me a lot. I keep reminding myself that the Seventies is half over, and it might be just a little too late to be deciding what we're going to do with this decade. (On a smaller scale, I sit around a lot deciding what my plans for this summer are going to be...what I'm going to try and experience, and how I'm going to use that, etc....and it's going to be August in two days.) I can see quite definitely where the Sixties ended, but it's pinpointing where the Seventies, with distinctly Seventies-like characteristics, began that I find impossible, and I don't really feel as if we're onto something new. I think decades should include transition periods, like the theories of numbered fadoms; for instance, I have definite color images for each of the decades of this century (though the first two kind of run together): a light brown for the Forties, a dark black for the Fifties, a bright white for the Sixties, etc., but nothing has emerged for the Seventies. (These aren't based on any pinpointable visual things from those decades, and I had established one for the Sixties before the decade ended.) /Decades are a purely arbitrary way of thinking of eras, but I like your idea of color-coding. I've long had a subconscious set of color associations like yours, but mine don't match yours at all. I think of the Forties as sort of a dark, grey-black decade, with the Thirties before them kind of brown with rounded corners, and the Fifties are pure puffy, cotton-candy clouds of white. The Sixties struck me as more of a rainbow, but now all the colors seem to be bleeding toward the center of the palette and turning into a muddy brown. -jdb/

Being younger than yourself and a lot of the people who went with the flow of Sixties culture and splintered off into the various Seventies sub-cultures has stopped me from fitting into movements and things. The last time I really felt a part of a group definable by its age in a particular period of history was in 1968, when Pierre Trudeau was running for Prime Minister, and a lot of people my age were caught up in Trudeaumania, seeing his appeal to youth (well, ok, pre-Political Consciousness Youth) as giving us importance...and I have a memory of riding on my bicycle up one of Hamilton's main streets with a Trudeau campaign convoy of cars riding beside me, and feeling a great surge forward. Since then, I've intersected the mainstream of youth culture on random occasions, but generally I've either been detached or out-of-step from it: I started experimenting with psychedelic drugs comparatively recently, for instance, when most people were starting to turn against them, and I've always been more interested in, and consequently more knowledgeable of, social culture of this whole century than my friends and more willing to place what's happened recently within a context. (Neal Cassady's The First Third finally came to a book-store from whom I'd ordered it, yesterday, and I read parts of it this morning at work, bits about driving all over America looking for sex, and laughed, remembering what someone had said when Ape 45 began, about the generation



which formed its membership being the first that had come to regard sex as a pleasure rather than a duty.) Doug, one of the people living here, is still very caught up in the feeling of being part of a particular culture at a particular point in history, and wants us and himself to leave a mark on time very much. Shortly after he moved in we went with others in the house to see a local folk-singer at the coffee house on the Carleton campus...the guy did several very fine songs about his situation at that particular time, mostly about the sea and the boat he'd built to travel on it with his old lady. I thought he came across as more individual and self-fulfilled than anyone I'd heard in a long time, and as we were leaving and discussing his songs Doug said he thought it odd that he hadn't sung much about being Canadian and essentially Canadian themes and problems. I got more peeved off and frustrated than I have in a long time with Doug, wondering what could be more meaningful and important than having finally found a private peace, and thinking the conception of specifically-Canadian themes a particularly absurd one. (But then, it's the tendency to think in terms of the Canadian border as the most important division on earth that turned me away from the part of the Canadian political scene that otherwise might have reflected my own feelings.)

Ah, well...Places of Power: well, having spent many days in the last two years beating a path between here and southern Ontario, I've noticed a wonderful feeling of returning whenever I'm riding along the Queen Elizabeth Way south of Toronto and it turns east towards Hamilton and the whole Niagara region, with five or six places I've lived in at one point or another (all my changes were there); I'm confronting most of my past with one sweep of the steering wheel. Most of my future will probably be north of there, in Ottawa or Quebec (or, perhaps, Toronto, though I can't see that for several years yet), and it's as much a dividing point of my life as any. There's also the fact that I'm usually left off there, hitching home, by long-distance travellers who have taken me most of the way: then I get a lot of small rides right through to Port Colbourne, with all kinds of local people with whom I can discuss specific aspects of that region, and it's wonderful. Yes, it certainly is.

The Toronto mall, in the summer, is one of my favourite places, also, though it gives me energy, not so much for its associations, as for the physical movement and excitement I usually find there. It characterizes the summer of 1973 more than anything else for me.

(181 Fifth Ave., Ottawa, Ont. K1S 2M8, CANADA)

ERIC LINDSAY: Putting on your sailing shoes makes a nice change from the usual run of fanzine writing; I can well see why John Bangsund enjoys getting letters from you. Reading that I feel a resurgence of the impulse to go out hiking, somewhere away from the crowds and the noise of the city and the suburbs. When I built up here there were about 3 houses in the block; now the place is almost full of them, making it into another ordinary suburban dump. I keep looking for a way out and away yet without throwing in a job and going poor. Maybe that is the wrong choice, however; maybe it is worth going poor (or maybe there is some alternative path between the "wage slave with money but no time" and the "broke hungry but happy" alternatives).

Too chilly here at the moment to really consider wandering the fields, but I keep thinking I really should repair my motorbike and get out away from everything for a while...the life of work is so damn dull and utterly useless, and yet I'm afraid to abandon the security it offers as yet. Perhaps in a few years I will be able to have both, however,



or so I tell myself.

This land here was once clear of houses. Now it is fairly full, and has a paved surface on the road; and there is a tourist museum down the road, and I wonder if it is actually still possible to get away from suburbia. And that makes me sound as if I don't like people, which in a way is true. I don't like the people who insist on asking what you are doing when you watch a sunset, or a sunrise, or listen to birds singing on the balcony. You end up at the point where you take a camera out so people can damn well see that you are doing something, and therefore don't bother you. /It's a bit depressing to hear that the suburban system that is proving itself such a stupid mistake here in the United States is being adopted in Australia and other countries around the world. How much of this is part of the subtle Americanization of the world, and how much is it an indigenous development? -jdb/

(6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, AUSTRALIA)

DAVID EMERSON: Speaking of the counter-culture, my boss George, who sports long curly hair & a walrus mustache and who's into yoga and rock music, recently went down to Tennessee for the wedding of a friend of his, out on a commune. He said upon returning that the vibes there were incredible all weekend, the best he'd ever felt on such an occasion. He was impressed with the amount of activity taking place "out there in the woods" so to speak; that is, all the left-over hippie-freaks out on farms of various sizes and social structures. He ties in the outward movement (cities to country) with the "looseness" and non-organized nature of the astrological Age of Aquarius. All very hypothetical, but sort of indicative of the direction that what's left of The Movement is moving in. Myself, I'd thought that the revolution was over and we'd lost. It certainly seems that way from deep in the middle of The City, especially when one works among all those bankers and stock brokers down in lower Manhattan as I do.

I don't know. I keep looking for the whole creative forefront that signifies Where It's At. I mean, the Bohemians were into art, the Beatniks poetry, and the Hippies rock music. But what is there now in the way of creativity? I mean new. Maybe I'm short-sighted, but I can't seem to see anything just now. The institutions of Art seem to be taken over by the phonies and the capitalists. There is nothing which identifies a certain group of people and their interests, like long hair identified Hippie, whose interests were sex, dope, and rock & roll; or like shades and sweatshirts and berets identified Beatnik, whose interests were jazz, espresso, and heavy intellectual cynicism. Except maybe the gays, tho are most of them wearing their hair short these days.

Another thing I've noticed about The Movement: it seems to have paralleled the development of an individual from the idealistic teens through the aggressiveness of early twenties to the mellowed late twenties/early thirties. See? Peace & love hippies; radical rhetoric freaks; now the whole thing sort of settling down into a more thoughtful time. Something I'm very pleased with is that the counter-culture has gone through these phases about the same time I went through mine. Makes me feel a part of it all, even if I didn't drop out or spare-change on St. Marks Place. /In my experience, it was not the same people who really created the "hippie" scene (before the coining of that term and the mediazation of it all) and who lead the Movement in radical politics. Many of us dipped into both at different times, but I don't see any general progression. In the Bay Area, quite often the two orientations were in conflict--sometimes within one person. -jdb/



On places of power: My impression of your definition is a sort of combination of (1) familiar place, and (2) cosmic place. /Sort of. -jdb/  
Visiting my home town after Disclave this year, I was completely overcome with the realization of just how much that place is a part of me, even tho I couldn't live there any more among all those terribly straight people. But then, I grew up terribly straight. While I was there, however I went to the beach one day and re-experienced the simultaneous feelings of familiarity and cosmicness--the ocean was just as I'd last seen it, just as I'd first seen it, and just as it was long before I was ever born and as it will be long after I'm dead. In touch with eternity .... So I suppose you'd call the Atlantic coast of Florida one of my places of power. Another would be the mountains of North Carolina, where I spent many summers of childhood. And for sure New York City. There are times when its sheer size awes me, yet I feel part of it and exalted. What a rush.

(64 Bank St., Apt. 14, New York, NY 10014)

HARRY WARNER: You alarmed me considerably in the opening paragraphs.

You made your situation sound as if you were in about the third chapter before the end in a Phil Dick story, the stage where things are about to start disappearing around the hero, what with the house emptying out and Mary leaving only a copy of your fanzine as proof that she had ever been there and similar frightening phenomena. Anyway, I share your perplexity over the Nin quotation. Does "transform" mean an impact on the world, some kind of revolutionary effect from the creations of the artist? Or does Nin mean simply that the artist is supposed to show people aspects of the world that they wouldn't have guessed without his words or brush or whatever? Maybe he's arguing in favor of neo-romanticism, against the realist school of painting or novel-writing, propagandizing for creativity which will make the world more interesting than the reality is. Worse yet, I am quite positive that I read another quotation from Nin in another fanzine just a day or so ago and I can't find the reference. I always get suspicious when some rarely-mentioned individual bobs up in two or three fanzines within two or three days. It makes me wonder all over again if fandom is the work of just one person who occasionally slips up in such ways. /That one person would have to have played a lot of simultaneous roles to animate all of us who were clustered around you the evening I talked to you at the Discon, Harry. (And where were you the rest of the weekend?) But have no fear, Anais Nin is not the occasional creation of a secret master of fandom, but a writer of the Thirties and later who was little-known then but is becoming a major literary figure on college campuses these days. And, although I was tempted simply to change the pronoun in your letter and not comment on it, Anais Nin is a woman. She has stepped out of the ken of only a small circle of literary names and into the American public spotlight mainly as a result of the publication of her Diary, volume by volume, which was one of those Unpublished Classics until the last decade. These days you'll find the volumes in paperback in any college bookstore. :: The quote, for any who've forgotten and hate reading comments about something from the last issue that's never repeated, read, "But the artist is not there to be at one with the world, he is there to transform it." I find it a very arguable but intriguing statement. It's rooted, I think, in the Western tradition that the artist is a sufferer not at home in his world, and that art is something unusual. But the creation of art is the most normal thing in the world. It's a peculiarly Western split, the duality between happiness and art, and one that has never seemed to apply to me. -jdb/



You made me nostalgic on another page for the dear departed times when I too used to go walking down the sidewalk looking at what people had put out for the trash collector. Unfortunately, that pastime has been spoiled in Hagerstown by the public's addiction to those plastic bags for putting out garbage. Hardly anyone puts stuff out in uncovered cans or other containers nowadays. I've tried to mend the flaw in Hagerstown life in a devious manner. In my newspaper columns, I've been campaigning quietly for a municipal ordinance against the use of plastic garbage bags, on the theory that they encourage rats which can easily chew through and on the definite fact that stray cats and dogs keep tearing them open and spilling the contents over the sidewalk and street. No success yet. /How much influence do you have on the life of Hagerstown through your newspaper columns, Harry? -jdb/

Individual houses and neighborhoods come closer to representing places of power for me than geographical features. That could result from my failure to travel great distances very often, of course. But I can get nostalgic for a couple of blocks in a city where I've never lived, just because of the atmosphere of the houses and sometimes the general attitude of the people who are visible in that area. I even found a couple of blocks in Manhattan that I liked enormously during one trip there and the next time I went back I couldn't find them again, because I hadn't taken note of exactly where I'd wandered the former time. Every time I learn that some houses are to be torn down in Hagerstown to make room for a supermarket or parking lot, I get the urge to photograph them as if they were people under sentence of death whose picture nobody owned. It's quite possible that a small house could be built, occupied fifty years or so, and razed in Hagerstown without having become the subject of a good, clear photograph showing it from top to bottom, and I somehow feel that a last-minute picture of it makes local life a bit less futile, even though the hard work of carpenters and the generations of life inside are hopelessly lost. /That's the sort of thing that it makes me glad to know someone is doing. I'll bet your photographs will be much in demand in the future when somebody wants to publish a book on forgotten Hagerstown life. -jdb/

(423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740)

ERIC MAYER: HITCHHIKE is exactly the kind of thing I go down to the mailbox hoping to find. (As opposed to the junk mail and the earnest, well-intentioned, but usually boring sercon stuff that I find there most of the time.)

Of course I can't say I'm judging the zine objectively. This morning my brother and I climbed (crawled, hopped, jumped?) into his \$200 Frankenwagon (that's a VW made from spare parts) and drove out to the Wyoming Valley Mall hoping to alleviate my unemployment complaint, which seems on the verge of becoming chronic. The bookstore had advertised for a clerk--not what I went to college for, but then my days of even modest ambition are pretty well behind me. Predictably, the position was taken already. I bought Malzberg's latest, went over to the record store, picked up a \$2.00 classical and put it down, looked at the new Lou Reed album and didn't even pick that up. The only albums I've bought in the past year have been Kinks albums. (Did pick up that 2-record Syd Barret album on sale. I can only afford to buy the DJ copies that our local store sells illegally, and that, of course, is ripping off the artists involved.) Then we came home and I started reading HITCHHIKE. Made me feel a bit better. Most of the people you read about in print (books, magazines, etc.) are wealthy, at ease with the world, on exactly the tracks they want to be on, and a different species from myself.



Can't say I'm a part of the "counterculture" though. In fact I can make out pretty clearly what I'm not a part of, but as for what I am a part of...I'm not so sure about that. The counterculture around here never amounted to much anyway. Mostly accounting majors who got stoned on weekends rather than drunk, graduated, went back to Brillcream and ties and are just generally busy climbing up the social ladder now. (Local commercial ditty for United Penn bank: "You're on the way UP... that's where you're going....") /Is Falls a college town? Just where the hell is Falls, anyway? I haven't got any kind of atlas handy to look it up in, not even a Rand McNally Road Atlas. --jdb/

Mike Gorra called me last week (only time I've ever talked to a fan), and I was going on like this. "Trouble is," I said, "everything I might be able to do with my life doesn't appeal to me." "You sound like John Berry," he said. That's a pretty farfetched comparison I think, between myself, stuck here in Falls, and someone who's been shuttling all over the country and the rest of the known universe, but that idea of trying to "make yourself at one with the world" after not being in tune at all certainly strikes a sympathetic chord, and it's probably what Mike was talking about. I seem to have spent most of my life playing someone else's game. I'd like to pick my own game, if I can ever figure one out.

You talk about what people are doing now. It's frightening. All the people I know from college (whether they finished or not) aren't doing anything. And the more ability and intelligence they have, the less they seem to be doing. If this is the way it always work--if it's always the mediocre who run things--it's no wonder the world is so screwed up. As I said before, there were a lot of really freaky-looking accounting majors at Wilkes who are now very upright and solid citizens. It's the people who were not so outwardly hippified who are, I think, going to form the new counterculture. (If it'll be coherent enough to be called a culture.) When you come right down to it, hair and drugs and all the other accoutrements mean, as you note, nothing. While a lot of folks were really making it big on the college-freak scene and still attending their accounting classes, a lot of other people were making decisions less reversible than growing their hair long--rather mundane decisions, like dropping out of the business course, or education course, or even dropping out of school altogether. I have an English degree (because I love books). No matter how you try to trim that, it still looks like hell in the job market.

And as the college freak crowd grows ever less freaky, merging into the establishment milieu, these other people, like myself, are growing more and more alienated. I don't know what's going to come out of this. Maybe nothing. But it's an interesting situation.

As for myself, I'd like to have a job. But I made certain decisions about what I would not do to make money, and that's just the way things are. I've seen too many people sell themselves out and I don't intend to go that route. (Though it all depends on the situation. I've known businessmen who were in full control of the situation and welfare recipients who'd thrown it in completely, and I'm afraid I'm getting so vague and subjective that you probably have no way of knowing what I'm talking about. But you were talking about this sort of thing. SO....)

But I could go on and on and on about this sort of thing. (And we used to when we were sitting around the college commons, cutting classes.) Places of power. None come to mind. I guess I'm not particularly attuned with nature, despite my living out in the country here. I think I felt nature most profoundly quite a few years ago, at a time when I was busy inspecting the heavens with my telescope. I'd get up before



dawn on summer mornings. It was utterly quiet. The houses were all dark. The winter constellations were in the sky and that jolted my time sense. I'd study the moons of Jupiter or Saturn's ring. (Well, I'd "look" at them is what I mean.) The images were tiny, but they were real. I was out there, in the dark, in the silence, while everyone else was asleep, looking up into the constellations that other people wouldn't be seeing till next winter--just myself and the rest of the universe.

(RD 1, Box 147, Falls, Pennsylvania 18615)

WAHF: (What you mean "we," Kimo Sabe?) Susan Wood, Bruce Telzer, Loren MacGregor, Michael Gorra, Shayne McCormack, FM Busby, John Carl, and doubtless others whose letters I've misplaced or forgotten in the intervening months. I hope this issue inspires as many intelligent, thoughtful, and entertaining responses as the last one did.

Love can be a drag,  
but it's  
never a complete drag.

--Buffy Sainte-Marie

With this issue, most of you will find ballots for the current DUFF race. As you'll notice if you look closely at this ballot, one of the three people trying to get a free trip to Melbourne next August is me. So you may discount this as the voice of a vested interest speaking (and you'd be right), but I really do hope that you'll take the ballot and use it, whoever you prefer to vote for. Do it now. My mailinglist is full of lazy people who are quite deft at losing ballots and things like that, so I suggest that if you have any feeling about the race, or just an urge to contribute to DUFF, you fill out the ballot now and send it to Lesleigh or Leigh before you forget.

Running in a competitive race like this has given me some weird feelings, since I'm not used to doing things like this and I don't really want to encourage my innate competitiveness. I know next to nothing about Jan Howard Finder, but Rusty Hevelin is someone I've known, if only glancingly, for several years, and it feels odd to be wishing him to lose. Some of the weirdness of my feelings was alleviated by talking to him at the Phillycon, which brought it all down a bit closer to common reality. Are there any other charities that are run competitively like this? I can't think of any. (COMING NEXT ISSUE: Some more stuff.)

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