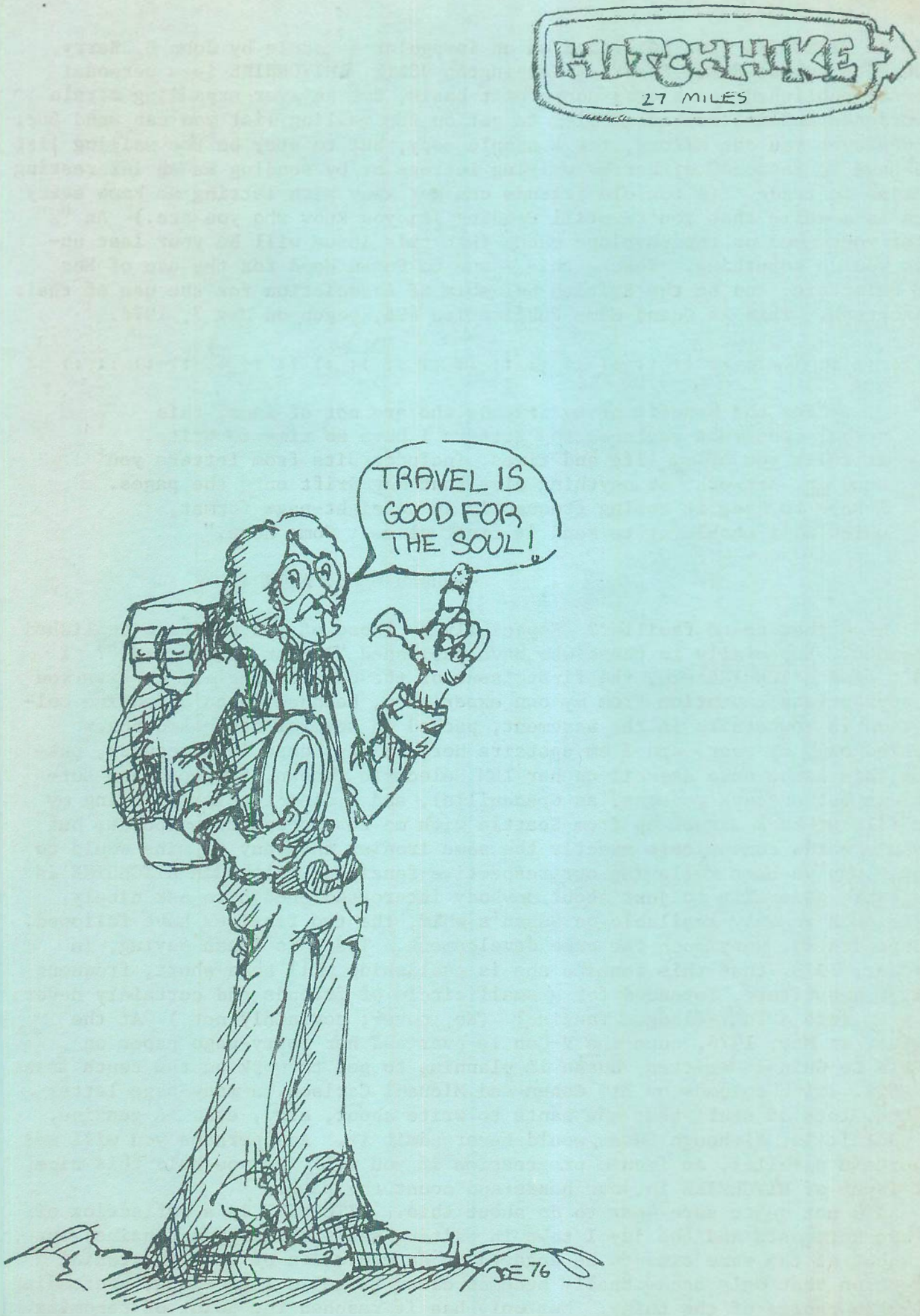
HITCHHIKE
27 MILES
TRAVEL IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL!
JE 76

This is HITCHHIKE #26, published on an irregular schedule by John D. Berry, 1000 15th Avenue East, Seattle, Washington 98112. HITCHHIKE is a personal journal published, on a very non-profit basis, for an ever-expanding circle of friends and interested people; to get on the mailing list you can send 50¢, or whatever you can afford, for a sample copy, but to stay on the mailing list you have to respond, either by writing letters or by sending me an interesting fanzine in trade. (A few old friends can get away with letting me know every once in a while that you're still reading it; you know who you are.) An "X" after your name on the envelope means that this issue will be your last unless you do something. Thanks this issue to Susan Wood for the use of her IBM Selectric, and to the British Columbia SF Association for the use of their mimeograph. This is Quand Même Publication #95, begun on May 7, 1976.

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> "For the benefit of my friends who are not sf fans, this verbal construct replaces the letters I have no time to write. It tells you of my life and times, includes bits from letters you send me, artwork, or anything else that may drift onto the pages. I hope to keep it coming frequently in an eight-page format, which will enable me to send it first class. Some hope."
>
> --Susan Wood, AMOR #1

Does that sound familiar? Especially to those of you who have published fanzines? Especially to those who have published "letter substitutes"? I can't find HITCHHIKE #20, the first issue of the current series, to give you an appropriate quotation from my own experience, because Susan's fanzine collection is downstairs in the basement, packed in several cardboard boxes labeled only by year, and I am upstairs here in her house in Vancouver, putting this issue onto stencil on her IBM Selectric (known, for good and sufficient but obscure reasons, as Grenouille), and I didn't think to bring my own file of back issues up from Seattle with me for reference purposes; but Susan's words communicate exactly the same ironies that any of mine would to people who've been following our respective fanzines. Although HITCHHIKE is available generally to just about anybody interested enough to ask nicely, while AMOR is only available on Susan's whim, the two fanzines have followed, independently, very much the same development. There is Susan saying, in October, 1973, that this fanzine she is publishing will be a short, frequent letter substitute, intended for a small circle of friends and certainly never to grow into a full-fledged fanzine. (No, never; certainly not.) At the moment, in May, 1976, once the V-Con is over and her forty-page paper on Ursula Le Guin is written, Susan is planning to get to work on the tenth issue of AMOR...with columns by Eli Cohen and Michael Carlson, a many-page letter-column, lots of stuff that she wants to write about, etc., etc. A genzine, is what it is, although Susan would never admit it. And perhaps you will see a certain parallel, an ironic progression if you will, as you hold this nice, fat issue of HITCHHIKE in your hands and count the pages.

I'm not quite sure what to do about this. HITCHHIKE is a reflection of my own interests and the joy I take in editing and publishing a fanzine, but it seems at the same time to be engaged in an evolution of its own, taking a direction that only occasionally becomes clear to me as I go along, pretending to be in charge of the thing. Not only has it reached the point of becoming a large, infrequent genzine, which seems to be the inevitable evolution of all small, frequent letter substitutes that aren't kept under tight rein (the floodgates open when you start printing letters from the people this is supposed to be a substitute letter to), but HITCHHIKE is also coming to the uneasy

interface between being a true fanzine, contained within the small, tribal community of science fiction fandom, and becoming something else, something published for a wider audience and needing to establish just who that audience is, to find (or create) its place and its context for the people who read it.

I have always had an open, inclusive concept of who I was publishing this fanzine for; from the first general issue, I have sent or given it to a lot of people who are not members of sf fandom, but who I think of as part of my "tribe," who would be in tune with what I'm doing and who might, through that, make contact with other people with whom they might have a lot to talk about. (It delighted me to hear, recently, that Alice Sanvito had made a visit to The Farm in Tennessee and had, while there, made contact with Robert Lichtman and his family, and considered the time spent with them to be the best part of her trip; although both Alice and Robert have been involved with fandom, the first contact they ever had was through the lettercolumn of HITCH-HIKE.) The discussions that have been going on in the lettercolumn, and the shared experience that underlies much of what is said, seem to have a common focus and a certain loose, natural boundary, part of which is included within science fiction fandom and part of which is not. I don't want to lose the sense of community that has given these pages more life than just my own writing and personality could; I do want to continue expanding my horizons, reaching out to include new people, to introduce them to people and ideas that I think might interest them, and creating an ever-growing, changing synthesis through the medium of this fanzine. I hope I can live on the growing edge while at the same time keeping myself strongly centered.

It seems only natural. But not easy.

With this issue I intend to start pruning the mailing list of deadwood, some of those people who haven't shown enough interest to warrant my running the stencils through the mimeograph an extra time and spending the postage on a several-ounce fanzine just for them; at the same time, I intend to expand the mailing list by sending copies to quite a few people outside the usual circle of readers who, I think, might be interested by what's going on here. If this is your first issue, relax, enjoy it, wander around in it at whatever pace comes naturally to you; if it seems as though you've come in on the middle of a conversation, you have--several simultaneous conversations--but the people are friendly and things will explain themselves as you go along. The point of a publication like this is to participate; it's two-way communication. Join in.

This issue is full of ideas, rather than narratives of my own experiences over the months since the last issue. I think I can get away with this without cries of "not enough of your own writing!" considering how much of the issue is still written by me, and the balance of personal narratives is preserved in Will Straw's and Jeff Schalles's columns. I would like to get into some new areas, related to and expanding on the center of discussion in recent issues, since some of the letters later on in this issue seem to me to reach the logical end of what we've been talking about, and without a new direction the lettercolumn threatens to become circular. There must be, in this issue, the starting points for several new directions, with attendant sideroads, alleyways, meandering streams of thought weaving outward from the center and criss-crossing and feeding into the old roads. Take your pick.

The Death and Life of Great American Cities

> "Under the seeming disorder of the old city, wherever the old city is working successfully, is a marvelous order for maintaining the safety of the streets and the freedom of the city. It is a complex order. Its essence is intricacy of sidewalk use, bringing with it a constant succession of eyes. This order is all composed of movement and change, and although it is life, not art, we may fancifully call it the art form of the city and liken it to the dance--not to a simple-minded precision dance with everyone kicking up at the same time, twirling in unison and bowing off en masse, but to an intricate ballet in which the individual dancers and ensembles all have distinctive parts which miraculously reinforce each other and compose an orderly whole. The ballet of the good city sidewalk never repeats itself from place to place, and in any one place is always replete with new improvisations.
>
> --Jane Jacobs, The Death and Life of the Great American City, p. 50

A professor who taught at Stanford-in-France, René Borius, opened my eyes to a whole new conception of what a city is supposed to be. Or rather, a very old one: the Roman ideal. It was utterly different from our conception of the modern city, and grew out of different feelings toward cities--different, especially, from the romantic vision of nature with which we tint our mirrors, so that the reflection in them of our modern industrial cities looks so ugly. To the articulate citizens of the Roman Republic, the city was the peak of civilization; it embodied all the virtues of civilized life, and it set the pattern for the rest of the world. The central city, the city upon which the plan of colonial cities and even of the Roman army's overnight camps was based, was Rome--but not just the literal Rome, which grew organically from a small village and which scattered its temples and markets at apparent random through the Forum and along the hillsides: it was, rather, an idealized Rome, a pattern abstracted from the actual city--but containing its principal elements, most especially the concept of a forum, with its mixed uses--and applied as well as it could be to new cities and sites. (The forts and towns built by the Romans from scratch in farflung parts of the Empire were remarkably symmetrical and rectangular; the already-thriving cities on which the Romans imposed their pattern tended to adapt it more to existing conditions.) Although in the late Republic there grew up a romantic notion of "getting away from it all" to a farm in the unspoiled country, this was less an escape to the untouched wilderness than an attempt to return to the ordered, agricultural virtues of the earliest Republic; the ideal was still the civilized one of man in his city, the center of order and human life.

The utter difference of this from any of the ideas held by Americans toward the modern city started me thinking about those ideas, and about the assumptions that underlie them. Of course the Roman ideal doesn't speak to the reality of modern industrial cities, but simply by its difference, it loosened up my mind, freed it of some of my preconceptions, and allowed me to turn a more open, unprejudiced eye on the cities I visited and lived in.

Alexandria, Virginia, was a thriving port on the Potomac River before Washington, DC, was even conceived. The greater part of Alexandria today is suburban, indistinguishable from Arlington or the rest of the mushrooming suburbia of Northern Virginia, but within that sprawling growth, the heart of the old colonial city still exists. It's called Old Town, and in recent years

it's been considered a historic site, and the old buildings, 18th Century in the center and 19th Century toward the fringes, have been preserved and repaired. Old Town is now an expensive, fashionable place to live, and its main street is cluttered with boutiques, restaurants, and craft shops leading down to the old waterfront. When I lived in the Virginia suburbs, I used to delight in visiting Old Town on a sunny day, walking up and down the old sidewalks, stopping in the shops, watching the people, and admiring the old architecture on the tree-lined sidestreets. And in this aimless perambulation, I tried to imagine what Alexandria must have been like when this small district of straight but narrow streets and tiny buildings was the entire city, a bustling colonial port and the focal point for the surrounding landed gentry.

The most obvious feature of the city was that everything was accessible. You could walk to anything in the city with ease, and the streets you walked along were made for people; they might be narrow, noisy, crowded, and covered with horseshit, but they were designed to be used by people on foot. The buildings were, and still are, entirely limited to two or three storeys; they face abruptly on the street, creating no illusion of distance or boundary between the streets and the interiors of the houses: the front doors of those colonial buildings are as ordinary as any door between two rooms, and you can look in the window into someone's livingroom without craning your neck--unless they have drawn the curtains. In one short block of King Street you would find, and can find again, a bewildering variety of small, individual shops catering to the walk-in trade; the shops of colonial days would have served most of the commercial needs of the city, whereas the specialty shops today sell luxuries to the visiting elite. Each building is different, but they are all small and unimposing; they are built on a human scale, not towering over the people and blocking out the sun, but proportioned to the size of a human being. And even if you're walking down a thoroughly residential street, past carefully-tended old houses jammed up against each other and bearing the plaques that designate them as historical monuments, you know that a street of shops and sidewalk bustle is only a short block away. The streets of Old Town have texture, both in their physical materials--many of the streets are still cobbled, and the sidewalks mostly uneven brick--and in the variety and color of life along them.

There's something there that brings people to Old Town, even in the face of the tourist economy; people vie to live there, and they see something more than the surface patina of fashion and age. In Old Town lies a clue to the nature of cities.

Recently I've been reading Jane Jacobs's The Death and Life of Great American Cities. (I haven't finished it yet, but that isn't important, since I consider this to be only a piece of a larger, continuing discussion and speculation. I've absorbed the basic concepts underlying the book.) Jacobs has put her finger on what I've felt for a long time, what I've felt but been unable to identify as I walked the streets of many cities.

When she wrote the book, in 1961, she was attacking the very assumptions behind every orthodox approach to city planning. I don't know how much that orthodoxy has changed in the ensuing years; I suspect that Jacobs's ideas are behind the current growing public awareness of "redlining"--that is, banks and other lending institutions writing off whole areas of inner cities as hopeless and refusing to lend money for improvements within those areas, thus in effect condemning them with no right of appeal--but from what I see of "urban renewal" and city planning in the Seventies, her influence hasn't been felt enough.

The heart of her book is an appreciation of the city as a center of diversity, of concentrated and enormously varied people and functions, all of which interact as a complex organism. The usual city planners, she says, see

the city in greatly oversimplified terms, dividing its functions in their minds and, in their plans and changes, dividing them in fact in the real city whenever they have the chance--which only destroys that complex interaction and hastens the deterioration of the city. Anyone who has seen a neighborhood change after it's sliced in two by a new freeway has seen this in action. There's a block here in Seattle, between Third and Fourth Avenues downtown, which I frequently walked up when I was working at the public library; on one side of the street are several small buildings, with their entrances, and on the other the blank, slab-like side of the main post office, followed by the front of a parking garage. Every time I walk up that block, I find myself automatically taking the more varied side of the street, in preference to walking along the side of the large buildings--even though the side I take may be in the shade and the side of the post office in the warm sun. It's the same quality that drew me to Old Town in Alexandria, or that, years before that, made me love to walk the narrow, irregular streets of Greenwich Village in New York, where in fact Jane Jacobs lived when she wrote this book.

The city planners, says Jacobs, and with them most of the bankers, politicians, and leading citizens whose ideas on the future of their city have weight, have begun not from their own observations of the city and how it functions, but from somebody else's idea of how the city ought to work. And that idea, that unspoken and unheard assumption, comes out of the synthesis of several theories about cities put forward in the 19th and early 20th centuries by people who, basically, didn't like cities.

> "The most important thread of influence starts, more or less, with Ebenezer Howard, an English court reporter for whom planning was an avocation. Howard looked at the living conditions of the poor in late-nineteenth-century London, and justifiably did not like what he smelled or saw or heard. He not only hated the wrongs and mistakes of the city, he hated the city and thought it an outright evil and an affront to nature that so many people should get themselves into an agglomeration. His prescription for saving the people was to do the city in." (p. 17)

So what Ebenezer Howard came up with was the Garden City, something entirely separate from the existing cities and meant to supplant them. "His aim was the creation of self-sufficient small towns, really very nice towns if you were docile and had no plans of your own and did not mind spending your life among others with no plans of their own. As in all Utopias, the right to have plans of any significance belonged only to the planners in charge." Howard's ideas have led directly, with much dilution and other influences, to the modern planned towns in England.

His ideas were picked up and refined and pushed vigorously in the United States by a group of people including Lewis Mumford, who saw their mission as decentralizing the American population through regional planning. (Sound familiar?) "As with Howard himself, this group's influence was less in getting literal acceptance of its program--that got nowhere--than in influencing city planning and legislation affecting housing and housing finance."

The third ingredient in the mix came from the European architect Le Corbusier. He was the one who dreamed up what he called the Radiant City, which is exactly the "futuristic city" of towering skyscrapers set wide apart among acres of green grass that gleams so radiantly in innumerable science fiction stories from the Twenties on, and that feels so oppressive and fails so miserably as a functioning neighborhood in the housing projects of New York City. The Mumford group did not follow Le Corbusier, in fact recoiled in horror from

his ideas, but he considered his conception to proceed logically out of their own precepts, and in almost everybody else's mind ever since the two ideas have blended, to create the assumptions that underlie all the orthodox city planning today. (Or at least in 1961.)

It's entirely reasonable to question the worth of great cities and to devise ways to do away with them; it is not reasonable to take those methods and apply them to running and improving the cities that now exist.

You should read at least the introduction to Jacobs's book, if you haven't already done so; she sets forth her basic ideas there in an entertaining, stimulating manner. The bulk of the book is an examination of cities as she has actually observed them, of how their different parts and functions really work, of the effects of some of the planning idiocies that have been perpetrated on them, and of the real possibilities for stimulating our cities to revitalize themselves. A simple listing of a few of her chapter headings should give you a notion of what she's talking about:

2. The uses of sidewalks: safety
3. The uses of sidewalks: contact
6. The uses of city neighborhoods
7. The generators of diversity
8. The need for primary mixed uses
10. The need for ag d buildings
15. Unslumming and slumming
19. Visual order: its limitations and possibilities
22. The kind of problem a city is.

When I started to write this, I thought I would write a long presentation of Jacobs's ideas in detail, getting right down to the streets of the city and correlating the whole thing with my own experiences, then going on to examine some of the questions left begging in her book and the assumptions that underlie her ideas. I can't do all that. I'll have to rely on you to go out and find her book yourself, if you're interested enough to talk about it. Read the introduction (it's fun!), and then delve into whatever after that looks interesting, in as much detail as you like. She wrote, after all, 450 pages (followed by a later book, The Economy of Cities), and I'm only taking a few pages in the editorial of a fanzine. All I've really done here is point a direction, and question the assumptions that we all bring to our ideas of the cities we live in or visit, and of the future of those cities.

There are a few basic questions that come to my mind as I read Jacobs's book. Her description of the complex interaction of life on the streets is founded on a small-capitalist economy; the health of the sidewalks and the neighborhoods depends partly (in large part) on the presence and diversity of small shops and other businesses, and she deals mainly with the effects of larger, more monolithic enterprises as they encroach on the small, the particular, the local. But what if the economy, and the social life of the people, is not capitalist at all? How does Peking, for instance, function as a great city? Even in the context of Western capitalist civilization, how much of what she says in particular about American and Canadian cities also applies to the great cities of Europe? I keep thinking about medieval cities, their color and their squalor, but I wonder how much of what can be said about them applies to our modern industrial cities. (My preoccupation, not hers.) Her concept of the dynamics of slums and the process of unslumming is integrally tied to the social mobility of America, and usually to the immigrant experience, but I wonder if the same process takes place in the old cities of Europe. And how, in the light of the discussion in these pages three issues ago

that engendered doug barbour's recommendation of The Death and Life, does all this apply to smaller cities, to towns, to the suburbs, to the interaction between urban centers and the rest of the country, to the complexities of ecology? Jacobs insists that much of the problem in urban planning stems from trying to apply the standards of towns to the problems of cities, and she warns against turning that around and misapplying what she says about large cities to smaller communities. But that begs the question.

At the beginning of her book, between the table of contents and the first chapter, is a page called "Illustrations." It says, simply:

> "The scenes that illustrate this book are all about us. For illustrations, please look closely at real cities. While you are looking, you might as well also listen, linger and think about what you see."

The Zen Center

Last July, when Susan and I were in San Francisco on our way to Aussiecon, I sent a copy of the latest issue of HITCHHIKE to Stewart Brand, editor of the WHOLE EARTH CATALOGs and now of the COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY, along with a letter suggesting that I turn the discussion in recent HITCHHIKEs into a long article for the CQ, in order to expand the discussion. (It seemed like a good idea at the time.) In the letter I suggested that if he wasn't interested in keeping the fanzine, he should pass it on to Andrew Main, who is working as Camera and Paste-up person for the CQ, and who would, as an ex-fan, appreciate such things. Andrew had once, almost six years ago, taken the final step in shedding his material possessions and sent me his entire fanzine collection, which arrived out of the blue one day and amazed me no end. (He later wrote and explained, and in fact he later sent a further box that he had reserved at first, containing his own file copies of his fanzines. It was a clean sweep.) I had lost touch with Andrew in the intervening years, but a few days after I mailed off the letter and the HITCHHIKE to Stewart Brand, I got a call from Andrew. The CQ wasn't particularly interested in the fanzine, but he was, and he was pleased to be in touch again. He was now living in the Zen Center, and he invited me and Susan to come over and visit.

So the next day, Susan and I visited the Zen Center. Andrew was waiting for us on the front steps, smiling, his hair only a few inches long but his beard full, on crutches because he had just broken a bone in his foot by running down the stairs too fast. He said a lot of things had been hitting him hard and fast like that since he moved into the Zen Center. He'd been practicing zazen for about three and a half years and had spent a lot of time around the Center, but he said, "When I moved in, it was like hanging out a sign saying, 'I'm ready.'" He seemed happy and centered, perfectly natural and open and friendly. I don't remember ever having felt so at ease around him, or being in such one-to-one communication instead of meeting through other people (mutual friends), unless possibly when I first met him. We had enough ideas and experiences in common to keep talking on a variety of subjects, yet when we fell silent there was no awkwardness to it.

He had asked me if I had any extra copies of some of his old fanzines, since he was getting the urge to have them once again, so I had brought with me his own box of file copies. We sat on a low step in the courtyard, eating lunch from the Zen Center kitchen, and Andrew looked through his old fanzines for the first time in five years, reminiscing and laughing. A large part of his life was in that box--parts that he had divested himself of along with his material possessions--but now he felt no need to try and cut it away, and he

was ready to take it up again. "I've got to own up to all that," he said, with a grin.

The Zen Center is very ordinary, very matter-of-fact, a wholly peaceful. The building was once a Jewish girls' home, and the big room in the basement that has become the zendo was once used for dances. From the feel of the room, I'm convinced that they must have been joyful dances, celebrations, rather than the kind of adolescent social occasions where the boys stand on one side of the room and the girls on the other. And it struck me as humorously fitting that the room once used for dancing was now used for sitting in meditation. Or--"just sitting."

About fifty people live in the Zen Center, contributing to the communal work and practicing zazen, and anybody is welcome to come and sit and to attend the services. It is a community. Each person is absolutely alone, said Andrew, but in sitting regularly together they learn how to be alone together. They are supportive of each other, not necessarily in outwardly-apparent ways, but simply by being there together.

I would like to try a week or more as a guest student sometime. I've only approached zen by myself, from books, and I'd like to try practicing it with other people.

The people there were quiet and friendly and engaged in something worthwhile--while not being engaged in anything in particular. I've never been around so many people before who shared so much of my own outlook on life.

Susan and I asked Andrew a lot of questions about the Zen Center, about the COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY, and about his life. He answered them all with equanimity, being uncertain where he was uncertain, asking questions in turn of us. He was enthusiastic when I told him that I'd been practicing T'ai Chi since the previous winter, and he took us upstairs to his room to show me the book on T'ai Chi by the master whose style I'd studied in, which was also what Andrew had studied when he'd gotten into T'ai Chi. His room was clean, bare, and simple. He showed us several magazines that struck me as the kind I might try writing for, and one of the CQs I hadn't seen. When he found out that I was looking for a copy of the first issue, which was out of print, he promised to send me one. (Which he did, after I got back from Australia.) While we talked, I felt very much connected to my own center.

It was only after we had left the Zen Center and were walking up Page Street that I realized how fine the texture of that afternoon had been. Susan compared it to the days we had spent in June on Cathryn and David Miller's farm outside Saskatoon: days of peace and calm in the midst of a hectic summer. We felt the same sense of centeredness. You need such times and such places to get back in touch.

On Traveling Without Being a Tourist

When I'm on the road and people ask me to describe myself, I'll usually use a term such as "traveler" or "wanderer." I haven't settled on a single word, nor have I worked out the idea in all its details, but I do know what it stands in opposition to: being a tourist. I am not, and seldom have been, a tourist.

The difference between being a tourist and being a traveler doesn't lie simply in money, or in the style in which you travel; there are plenty of "Student Travel Guides" that are dedicated to creating an alternative tourist trade among people who despise the image of the rich, loudmouthed American tourist in Bermuda shorts or curlers, and who think they're getting away from this by being broke, young, and footloose. The difference lies in the attitude you take with you: an attitude toward yourself as well as toward new places

and new cultures.

As an inveterate traveler, I find myself with ambivalent feelings toward most of the books and articles about travel that I read. What especially bothers me is articles, or passages in larger works, about specific countries, regions, cities, or places and their efforts to encourage "the tourist trade." When I'm reading something from the traveler's point of view, I can usually tell, if only subliminally, whether the author's approach is tourist or not, no matter how he cloaks his ideas in language, but when the discussion is of the economic health of a place that subsists largely on tourism, I don't feel on solid ground. I feel uncomfortable about the attitude toward visitors that turns them into a "trade," but I don't think it makes much sense to react against it solely out of a romantic ideal that conceives of economics as some sort of base, vulgar opposite of esthetics. I like to encourage travel; it's fun, and it broadens your outlook, often shakes up some of your preconceptions and certainly educates you about the differences in the world. At least, it does these things if you approach it with an open mind; I don't think the tourist starts off with an open mind. If you see yourself as a tourist, then you see the places you go and even the people you meet as part of the tour, as objects to be photographed, collected, bought, admired, or pointed at and laughed at; you can be a "nice" tourist ("It was all so beautiful, beautiful!") or you can be an "ugly" tourist ("The water gave me the trots and the people were all dirty!"), but either way you've already got your preconceptions firmly in place before you leave home. You have a series of boxes and labels in your mind, and as you travel you simply put each thing you see or experience into one of the boxes. It would take something truly big and shocking to shake you out of that frame of mind and show you anything new. (I keep thinking of a story by Margaret Atwood, "A Travel Piece," in the May, 1975, issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, about a travel writer whose plane goes down in the ocean and who has to face something outside the realm of travel brochures. Atwood speaks of "...tourists...those who are not responsible,... those who make the lives of others their transient spectacle and pleasure. She is a professional tourist, she works at being pleased and at not participating; at sitting still and watching.")

How long have there been tourists? I don't know. There have been travelers far longer than there has been a "tourist trade"--certainly long before it reached its modern heights as an "industry"--but the attitude may have existed in antiquity. I have a persistent fantasy of the conversation at a decadent party in Imperial Rome, at which one rich couple have just come back from a tour of Greece: "Oh yes, darling, it was marvelous...Claudius and I found the most cunning little restaurant underneath the Acropolis...we brought back a slave for the children...oh yes, he's very highly educated...." But that's just my fantasy. The modern attitude toward tourism seems to go back at least through the 19th Century, with its Baedeker's guides and Cook's tours, and into the 18th Century, but I have very little idea of its origins. (For an excellent portrait of the attitudes of late-19th Century tourists in Europe, all armed with their Baedeker's and romping through a fantasyland of first-class hotels and quaint vistas, read some of the flashback sequences in Thomas Pynchon's V.) I wouldn't be at all surprised to find that tourism, in its modern form, is entirely a European invention, with later refinements by the industrious North Americans,

There used to be a large body of literature written by travelers, about their journeys and the places they had visited. I was introduced to this through an offbeat college course I once took at Stanford, called "Europe As Seen Through Travel Literature," which was taught by a crusty old man who had

been the head of the Geography Department until it was discontinued. He resented the implication that geography was unnecessary to a modern education, and his way of trying to insinuate a little of that knowledge into the curriculum anyway was through this one strange course. Before the spread of modern communications networks around the globe, the primary means people in one country had of learning about people in another was through the tales of travelers, either told orally over a cup of ale in a tavern, or written down as books. This kind of travel writing, written to entertain but also to inform, has died out with the advent of faster communications and easier travel. Most of the world has been opened up and laid out before us like a book, but in consequence the books written about it have become shallow. What is written about travel now, in magazines and newspapers especially, has been reduced to tourist "literature"; it's entirely concerned with surfaces, with what its authors think you want to hear (and what will entice you to come and spend money), and, despite the exclamation points in the language and the exotic details, it will never expose you to anything you don't already know.

It's becoming clear to me as I write this that the motivation that distinguishes tourism from other kinds of traveling is exploitation. If you look at government publications from countries (or states!) that rely on the tourist trade for much of their income, you'll see that the tourist value of their land, their people, and their people's works is regarded as another natural resource--and you know what is done with natural resources: they're exploited. It's no accident at all that the same word is used to describe what's done to "the people" of, say, European colonies, and what we do to the minerals, metals, forests, fish, and other "resources" of our own land.

Tourism could be called, in its essence, "rape of place." But travel is not tourism, and travelers don't have to be tourists. Do the people who make a living off of visitors to their places have to be part of an exploitive system? There's a difference between "use" and "exploitation." That difference needs to be explored, not just by the people who are traveling, but by the people who stay home.

A Letter to Pete Seeger

Last winter, Susan and I went to a small concert on the UBC campus, to hear Pete Seeger. The auditorium was packed, and the audience--old folkies and new--were captivated from the very first song by Seeger's integrity, simplicity, and presence. By midway through the evening, everybody was singing. It was an experience of what folk music is all about, and an affirmation; it was also a good concert. But for me it was something more, and it moved me to write a letter to Seeger:

Dear Pete,

In January I heard you sing in Vancouver. It was the first time I'd ever heard you sing in person, although I'd heard your songs on record a few times. (Very few times--that concert made me aware of how much of my knowledge of folk music and musicians stemmed from the "folk revival" of the early Sixties, when I was just becoming aware, and how ignorant I was of its roots.) That evening's experience moved me deeply, stripped away layer upon layer of small lies and forgetfulnesses and touched me right at my center.

I was born and grew up 45 miles south of your home, in the heart of southern Westchester County (New York), in Bronxville. I spent summers away, but I lived there in the same house, amid the same trees and the same rocks pushing up through the topsoil, for the first 17 years of my life, and my mother lives

in that house still. That's a more solid set of roots than most kids growing up in a suburb get, although I've had to wander for years over the face of the land to find out the shape and size and nature of those roots. I'm still finding out, and I'm still wandering, although a bit slower now; I've moved to the Pacific Northwest just in the last few months, and I expect to stay here for a while. But three months ago, in a small auditorium in Vancouver, I felt my connection with the land where I grew up more strongly than I had for years. I'd been enjoying the concert from the beginning, feeling the energy build from song to song, and I'd been singing with the rest of the people with a little less self-consciousness each time. But when you began to sing "My Dirty Stream," about the Hudson River, my voice faltered. I couldn't sing any longer. I was crying.

That's my home, too, that you were singing about. That's the land where I grew up--a few miles south of you, between the Hudson and the Sound, but it's the same land, I know, with the same rocks and trees, only a few more bumps up your way, and fewer houses. And it's my river too. Here I'd been looking for a place to call home, and you stepped up quietly and zapped me from behind--with a voice from my home.

It was not despair that made me cry; I know how much of an uphill fight it is to try to clean up the river, and to go on and try to be human within garbage distance of New York City. But despair would just make me cynical, or angry; it might bring tears of frustration. These were tears of sorrow, and joy; tears brought on by finding something real in all the sham of American life, and finding it where I least expected.

For I had turned my back on New York long ago, and given up on it. I feel the truth of people like the writer Wendell Berry (no relative of mine, though I'd be proud to claim him as one) who go back to the land they grew up on, dig themselves in, and make their stand right there. I believe in that. But I looked back at southern New York, at the town I grew up in and the city it was intimately tied up with and the ironbound patterns of thinking, living, and feeling of the people I grew up among--and it seemed too big for me. It was just too much to go back to; I felt that if I tried to go back, it would smother me, as it always seemed to do whenever I went back for a visit and stayed too long. (I have a couple of tests of when I've truly reached enlightenment, and one of them is being able to drive a car across lower Westchester County, on a busy weekday, without losing my serentiy. That'll be a mighty hard test.) I still feel that it's too much for me, but for the first time in many years I'm not sure that it always will be.

"Someone has to live in the belly of the monster," you said at that concert in Vancouver. I've known people, and known of people, who've tried to fight that monster, but the only ones who've been able to keep themselves truly human have come from someplace else and haven't stayed long. Your voice is the first and only voice I've heard sing out from the very belly of the monster itself, from my New York heartland, and stay clear and true and human. That one person can do that is enough to give me hope. A writer I admire very much, Ursula Le Guin, has said, "True journey is return." I don't know if I'll ever return to New York, to dig in there and take on the hard job of ebing human in that land--but if I do, it'll be partly because of you, because of what I felt when I heard you sing about your--about our--dirty stream, because you're still there showing that it can be done.

Thank you, Pete, for being yourself, and by being yourself helping the rest of us to be ourselves, too.

Home-grown Music

I've been getting turned on to yet more obscure Canadian music. You'll remember (of course you'll remember!) that I've mentioned in earlier issues both Stringband, the folk trio from Toronto who manage such crispness and lightness and originality in their music, and Humphrey and the Dumptrucks, Saskatchewan's own country & western good-time band. Since I was listening to Stringband's first album, Canadian Sunset, while typing an issue of this fanzine last June, I've heard them live at a small concert in Vancouver, and they have put out another album. It's called National Melodies, "Six Favourite Folksongs of Yesteryear, Nine High Class Compositions" ("slightly higher in Canada"), and a couple of the songs demonstrate the lustier, crazier side of Stringband: "Dief Will Be the Chief Again," which enthusiastically takes on Canada's ex-Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, and "Show Us the Length," a lively anti-sexist ditty about an Embarrassing Incident connected with a high-school beauty pageant in California. The first album is available for $3.00, plus 50¢ postage and handling, from 324 St. Clements Ave., Toronto, Ontario; the second can be had for $4.00 to $5.00, "depending on your budget," plus 50¢ postage and handling.

Humphrey and Dumptrucks haven't put out a new album since I last mentioned them, but their four albums are all available from them for $5.00 each; write to H&D Musical Productions Ltd., PO Box 3028, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Their fourth album, Gopher Suite, is the first one they've produced entirely themselves.

Since coming west, I've also been introduced to similarly original group in Vancouver, called Pied Pumkin. They're a multi-talented trio, whose audiences all know them and whose records are so home-made that you can only buy them at their concerts or by mail. Shari Ulrich plays violin, flute, mandolin, and occasionally saxophone, and has a most amazing smile; Joe Mock plays guitar, piano, and straight man; Rick Scott plays dulcimer and sometimes trombone and has a rubber face. They all sing; they all have fun on stage, with a constant interplay among themselves and with the audience. (This comes across best in a small theater or club; I saw them a few nights ago at the Commodore Ballroom, which is largely a beerhall with dancing, and they had to cut out their quieter music and a lot of their give-and-take with the audience.) Both their stage presence and the way their albums are put together seem spur-of-the-moment and unprofessional, but as you listen to them you realize that they know just what they are doing and are very talented indeed. Their music is almost entirely original, often with self-mocking lyrics, and tempos and melodies tend to change and intertwine through a song. I've heard them compared to both the Incredible String Band and Perth County Conspiracy. Their two albums, The Pied Pumkin String Ensemble and ālāh mode, are available for $5.00 each from 2104 Alberta St., Vancouver, British Columbia.

With any of these Canadian records, if you're sending for them from the United States, don't send a US check.

Recommendation

The Winter, 1975, issue of the COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY contains a 10,000-word article by Jay Kinney, called "What's Left?" which is Jay's attempt to make some sense out of the many contradictory directions of current radical politics in the United States. "Primarily," says Jay in an introductory paragraph, "this article exists because I wanted to read a good survey of the current Left, couldn't find one anywhere, and decided to write one myself." It doesn't wrap the whole scene up in one neat package, but then if it did, it

wouldn't be true. It's an excellent article for people like me who have lost track of what's going on in leftist politics, but who are getting interested in sorting it out once again. In that issue, too, Stewart Brand takes most of a page to recommend and quote from Ursula Le Guin's The Dispossessed.

The latest issue (Spring, 1976) features 76 pages of reactions and responses to the 26-page presentation in the Fall issue of Gerard O'Neill's proposed space colonies. O'Neill's ideas are being taken seriously, it seems, by a lot more people than just science fiction readers: when I arrived in Vancouver a few nights ago, the driver on the city bus was discussing an article that had appeared in the Province, one of the city's daily papers, about the space colonies. There's an enormous variety of intelligent response, and it's the kind of discussion that pulls you in even if you don't think you'll be interested.

If you're not already a subscriber to the COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY, which is published by the same people who did the WHOLE EARTH CATALOGs, you can get on the mailing list by sending $6.00 (for a year's sub) to the CQ at Box 428, Sausalito, California 94965. It's hard to find in bookstores. As of June 21, the subscription rate is going up to $8.00/year.

Famous Last Words

If this issue seems a bit impersonal--at least impersonal in terms of what I've been doing and thinking since the last issue--it's simply because there were so many ideas I wanted to write about, rather than recounting a whole lot of events from the past few months. When I last published HITCHHIKE, I was recently arrived in the Pacific Northwest, staying with Paul Novitski in Oregon, and intending to look for a place to settle down somewhere in Washington state. Now I've been living for several months in Seattle, in a cozy basement apartment on Capitol Hill; I spent 2½ months this past winter doing little more than working full-time at the Seattle Public Library, in an effort to pay off the debt I accumulated by going to Australia last year, which is one reason I haven't had time to publish this fanzine sooner or to keep in very good contact with people. (It's also getting expensive to publish; there were a couple more letters I would have liked to use in the lettercolumn, and some I might have quoted from more freely, but I realized that a couple more pages would put me over the 4-ounce weight limit, and cost me several cents more to mail each copy. Already I can only afford to do this by mailing it from Vancouver and taking advantage of Canada's lower postage rates, especially for overseas copies.) As many of you may be aware, there has scarcely been an issue of HITCHHIKE go by that I haven't changed my address, whether to move across town or across the country, but this time I don't particularly intend to be moving between issues. It's nice to feel settled, to stay in one place for a while (the farthest I've been from Seattle since last fall is the west coast of Vancouver Island). The things I need to do now don't involve moving so much as cultivating where I am.

Will Straw, who wrote about his time in Yellowknife for this issue, offered to write up the other part of his summer, his hitchhiking trip across the United States, for the next issue, and he had an intriguing suggestion: make the next HITCHHIKE an "American" issue, focusing on the experience of this country, and try to publish it around July 4th. Sounds interesting. I have my doubts about publishing it that soon, by it might come about; so watch for the Great Big *Special* Non-Bicentennial Issue of HITCHHIKE, coming real soon now to a mailbox near you.

--John D. Berry

WILL STRAW:

Scènes de la vie de bohème

TRAVEL

Living and working in the Northwest Territories was an experience I stuck impulsively and a little incongruously into the middle of 1975. Like most of the major decisions of my recent life, the one which culminated in spending 10 weeks in Yellowknife was made one night over a couple of beers in Rooster's Coffee House on the Carleton University campus in Ottawa. (I am writing this there now, almost a year to the day later.) The feeling that I had been in Ottawa too long and accomplished too little was a major reason for making the trip; the other will be mentioned later. There were less obvious and dramatic solutions to each, but several friends prodded me on, and offered to go there also, and a month later I was bumping along in a rundown almost-empty bus over the long stretch of gravel that is grandiosely known as Northwest Territories Highway #3.

Rob "Pigbrick" Hambrecht and I had left Ottawa on May 2nd, hitching to Cincinnati, his home town, via Port Colborne, mine, where we were foced by the death of my grand-father to stay over a couple of days. I spent three or four days in Cincinnati, with Rob and Brad Balfour, cruising and partying and generally stock-piling enough big city experiences to last me the summer. On the morning of the 12th, a Monday, I stuck out my thumb on an even-numbered Interstate and headed West and North.

I hitch-hiked from Cincinnati to Edmonton in roughly 72 hours; except for three or four hours of interrupted sleep in a cold school yard in Wisconsin, I went without rest. The fatigue which accumulated was helped along by the fact that I had partied and gone to bed late the night before leaving Cincinnati, and increased manifold by the fact that when travelling I tend to accept, with very little discrimination, any dope or alcohol offered me--partly out of courtesy, but more, I decided with a little horror, because I delight in pushing myself to excess on these cross-country jaunts. (On the last stretch of my trip to Yellowknife, I evolved a Brand New Philosophy of travelling: no attempts at setting speed records, no long periods without sleep, and a general Be Kind To Will outlook. This remained with me, untested, until the next time I found myself on the road, two and a half months later, when I travelled from Yellowknife to Los Angeles in a little over three days.)

I arrived in Edmonton weary and worn-out, and thinking that if I couldn't find a suitable place to sleep quickly I'd look for a suitable place to die. Two inner city hotels had turned me away, and I was following directions to a third when I passed the city's bus terminal. On a hunch, I decided to check on the possibility of there being bus service to Hay River, on the south shore of Great Slave Lake (Yellowknife is on the north shore, and there are daily flights between the two). Yes, I was told, there was a 2-or-3 times weekly run; one was leaving in three minutes. I contemplated a return to a belief in God, climbed aboard, and slept.

Northern Alberta was a hazy montage of small towns allotted 5 to 10 minutes apiece, driver announcements that always just managed to wake me up, and the observation that, as we pushed north, the number of Native Canadians on the bus had approached, then over-taken, the number of non-Natives like myself.

I was not fully awake until we entered the Territories. The bus stopped

for fuel several miles south of Hay River, where a branch of the highway cuts off from the one we were on and winds around the lake to Yellowknife. My original plans called for continuing straight to Hay River and catching a plane to Yellowknife, but, out of curiosity, I asked our driver about that other, empty bus pulled over there by the gas pump.

It seems, you see, that the Mackenzie River had finally thawed enough that the ferry could begin operating, which meant the bus service to Yellowknife was opening up that day--leaving in ten minutes, in fact--and would I like to take advantage of it?

I shared the second bus with the driver and one other person, a recent arrival from Ireland who had spent two months in Toronto, working in a lumber yard, before chucking it and heading west and north in search of dollars and adventure. He fascinated me, but our energy levels were out of synch, and when I slept through our crossing of the Mackenzie, an event he placed among the most important of his life, he toned down his enthusiasm. (When I saw him in Yellowknife, two weeks later, failure to find adequate work or accomodation had brought him down to earth, and he took to spending his time with the old local drunks on the steps of the post office. Just before I left, however, he had not only found a good job with one of the mines, but was seriously considering marrying a woman he had just met.)

At roughly 11:00 PM Thursday night, I stepped off the bus into Yellowknife's central intersection, asked for and followed directions to the house where I'd been told I could stay, and received a warm welcome from a couple of familiar faces, Tina and Jennifer.

Tina Garmaise and Jennifer Irwin had grown up together in Montreal, and each had moved to Ottawa to attend Carleton University. The year I moved into 181 Fifth Avenue, Tina, whom I had not yet met, moved into a house which included among its residents Peter Gorrie, an albino journalist. Peter left Ottawa to accept a job with the weekly News of the North in Yellowknife at roughly the same time that Tina moved in with us. Into the house Peter and Tina left moved a young woman from Brooklyn, Kathy Lilienfeld, who, through a totally different connection, met most of us on Fifth. Kathy and I spent what is in retrospect a few too many 16-hour periods in early 1975 navigating around the outer reaches of the cosmos in the privacy of our own homes, and the main reason for my leaving Ottawa at this point was a desire to clear my head. Now, with Tina and Jennifer having preceded me to Yellowknife, and all of us sharing a basement apartment with Peter Gorrie, I found myself confronted with the awesome interconnectedness of the Universe. Had I not sworn off things cosmic that summer, I would have reflected on this much.

Intermission.

Yellowknife is the capital of the Northwest Territories, a large land mass that accounts for more than 1/3 of Canada. The city has a population of roughly 10,000, with wide seasonal variation either way, and combines the social coziness of a small town with the political and economic importance of a major city. What people notice immeditaely and react to most favourably is that everyone in Yellowknife is making more money than they can spend, and that, consequently, there is very little money-based snobbery.

I was in the dark as to what work, if any, I would find. The morning after arriving, I went to the Personnel Office of the Government of the Northwest Territories and asked to see a list of currently available positions. Summer outdoors work would not be opening up for several weeks, I learned, but could I type? I took a 5-minute speed test, and finished it with several people from surrounding offices looking over my shoulder, confirming that, yes, this really

was a male, and marvelling. I quickly became the Boy Wonder of the Territorial Government, and a bunch of jobs was thrust in my face with the instructions to pick one.

I ended up as personal secretary to S.W. "Sid" Hancock, Assistant Commissioner of the Territories and one of the backbones, for several years, of Northern Government. We hit it off fine, old Sid and I, after he overcame his hang-ups about asking a male to bring him coffee, and the position is, to date, the most interesting I've held.

Largely responsible for this was Tom Eagle, Sid's Executive Assistant and the most impressive person I met in 1975. Tom was a Native Canadian who had become well-known among western Canadian native groups over the past twenty years and spent several years in the Canadian Armed Forces. For someone who was overweight, continually suffering from a horrible smoker's cough, and plagued with a raspy voice that he used mostly in a bad mixture of two languages, Tom was surprisingly charismatic. He was one of those rare individuals who can simultaneously carry on a phone conversation, dictate a letter, read a report, and still make you feel that you have not interrupted anything by dropping in for a chat.

At this point in time, Tom's main project was re-organizing the Territorial Youth Association, a government-funded but refreshingly irresponsible and independent union of NWT Native Youth. I volunteered my office skills and faultless command of the English language, and was soon turning out most of the Association's written material. Old Sid was retiring at the end of September, and had relinquished most of his duties to others, so I was left with much free time.

My social life in Yellowknife bloomed slowly but fully, largely due to Peter, who introduced me to the journalists in town. (Tina had left in mid-May, accepting a position as cook with an oil research team on the Arctic Ocean; Jennifer never found suitable work, and returned to Montreal.) After supper on an ordinary working day, I would usually walk around town, check out the Gold Range Tavern for familiar faces, and, as often as not, wind up talking the evening away there. A couple of the most intensely drunken nights of my life happened in Yellowknife last summer, wild evenings, often with people just-met, when the world would spin madly the way it was supposed to when one was very drunk. Once, in a kind of frenzied ectasy, I realized that, even if this wasn't home, it nonetheless wasn't bad. Yellowknife's taverns were full of people who were fully qualified as Genuine Characters, and one night Tom Eagle introduced me to a couple of old fishermen from northern Manitoba who had been there, fishing, in the late fifties, when I was living there. We took turns tossing out names of families we knew, discovering that we had met several of the same people, and by the end of the evening the three of us were dredging up what we could remember of the Cree Indian language and semi-seriously planning a return trip.

I joined the city library and read lots of great literature, and wrote many, many letters. Weekends, I swam a lot. There is a beach 5 miles out of the city, very near the airport, that fits my definition of paradise, and I idled away many Saturday and Sunday afternoons on the sand.

Shortly after I'd arrived, Tina and I had gone to Old Town, a collection of aging shacks and cabins along the water that was now the home for a lot of the city's Young People and artists. We enquired about cabins, and, although nothing was available, we met a couple, Glen and Lynn, who rapidly became close friends. They shared a tiny, two-room shack, and had been there since the later winter, working at odd jobs and salting away enough money to buy a farm in Saskatchewan. Glen had lived in the Yukon in the late sixties, and made vast amounts of money running dope from Vancouver to Whitehorse, re-investing

the profits from each trip in more dope. One day he was busted, and now, after three years in prison, he was anxious to settle down.

The two of them planned to leave every weekend, but the inertia that makes it so easy to stay in Yellowknife just one more week kept them there. This is an actual and much talked-about feature of life in Yellowknife: the longer one stays, the less the outside world seems real, until all reasons for going back seem trivial, and one stays. I felt it, Peter had given in to it, and it was only my prodding that got Glen and Lynn into their truck and back down the Mackenzie Highway.

In mid-July, I handed in two weeks notice of termination of employment to S.W. "Sid" Hancock and made plans to leave. I had been offered a wide variety of jobs had I wished to stay, but a feeling that I had left much undone in Ottawa, and the fact that I missed my family, friends, and record stores with British Import sections, and was not ready to break with any of them, gave me the push I needed. Glen and Lynn decided they were leaving for sure, offered me a ride out, and I accepted, making sketchy plans for seeing as much of the west as possible.

Tom Eagle hastily arranged a good-bye present: a 14-day tour of the north in a plane he was chartering for the Youth Association, disguised as a field-worker assignment, that would take me as far north as the Magnetic Pole. I knew it would not get official approval, and it didn't, but I was touched by the gesture. The day before I left, the secretaries in the Executive Department took me out for a fabulous lunch and presented me with a Road Survival Kit that included most of the non-perishable items I'd need for a month of travelling.

The morning of Saturday, August 2nd, Glen and Lynn picked me up in their pick-up truck, with its newly-built cabin on the back and caribou antlers on front, and we set off. I made a point of staying awake for the ferry trip across the Mackenzie River this time, and it was, in fact, awe-inspiring. Two days later, Glen and Lynn left me on a northern Alberta highway, and I set out for British Columbia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Washington, DC, and home.

--Will Straw

((CoA: Will just sent me his new address: 248 Main St., Ottawa, Ontario K1S 1L7, CANADA. Make a note of it.))

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I have always heard that if one stayed long enough in Port Said the whole world would pass before him. This is a God damned lie. The whole world passes before you if you have a room on the 5th floor of the Muehleback Hotel, facing one of Katz's numerous drugstores.

The din that a small, corrupt city can raise between the hours of 1 P.M. and 10 A.M. is indescribable, certainly by me. Rudyard Kipling could probably do it, or James T. Farrell. Every bus, streetcar, vendor, hawker, factory whistle, blows and clangs at full blast. Every streetcar has at least one flat wheel, and every bus one flat tire. It was as close to a madhouse as I ever expect to bet, present company excepted. The concerted din that rolls past Katz's drugstore can make a 5-grain Seconal hang its head in shame. Having tried everything else, I finally crawled under the bed and rooted for the atomic bomb.

--Groucho Marx, in a letter
(courtesy Eric Lindsay)

CROSS-CANADIAN SNIPE-HUNTING REVEALED!

BY JEFF SCHALLES

Anyway, though, back to May of 1974. To recap, after having spent a fifth year hanging around my college town making up three credits, working, living alone for six months in a cabin in the boondocks, moving into an unheated room in a farm house full of students for another two, scraping up a lot of money and quitting work (as a test driver for a tire company) by mid-May, I was ready to graduate from college a second time. Actually it seemed like a third time, really, because at the end of my junior year I hung around for graduation and partied, just like the next two years, though I missed it all this year (made it to homecoming, though). The graduation exercises were fairly typical, the usual week-long bust highpointed by climbing the water tower and spray-painting "Gnossos Lives" in orange day-glow, drinking beer and swimming in the strip mines, all the usual nostalgic horse shit. But five years of Grove City College were enough (so some people, five days would have been enough) and somehow I managed to pull away, attracted to a newly formed collective living situation belonging to some friends in New Hampshire. The place itself is large, 15 acres with maybe ten buildings, hard to describe or explain, mainly because some of the inhabitants value their privacy highly, but it seemed the logical next step for me. Driving up there in my beat ford accompanied by one of my best friends' girl friend of the time (her sister, by happenstance, sort of ("it's all relative") being married to Ted Richards the San Francisco comic artist) I found myself getting tingles of strong déja vu, not to mention a feeling that I was getting younger every minute. I drove fourteen hours straight (more or less), no real feat for an ex-test driver, to find that the road from the road leading from the road leading from the Interstate, at 4:30 A.M., leapt the brink of a hillside into a dense fog bank. Had I known it, I was merely about to turn from the road up Drew Mountain into the driveway down to the valley of the Cold River, but as I motored into the swirling mists, the only sounds dripping trees and the ford's dugaduga, a time warp seemed to open before us. I spent six weeks by the river in that valley, playing softball, volleyball, watching Spring (which doesn't come till June) climb the mountainsides, swimming, partying, climbing Fall Mountain, alone, after doing peyote at 1 A.M., to see the sun rise on the first day of Summer, all sorts of wild things, you know.

But, those six weeks went by in an instant, and, somewhere along that line, I managed to get sucked into this--this thing, this--bicycle trip across Canada. I started out by getting a new ten-speed (my $50 Schwinn Continental, which I'd taken to New Hampshire with me, refused to go along), a Peugeot, and taking my car and stuff back to Pittsburgh. The closer we got to The Day the dizzier and more spaced out, unreal everything became for me. I hitched back across Pennsylvania at the end of June, finding myself in New York at the Avocado Pit, in the most humid, sweltering heat I've ever encountered in my life, whereupon, true bicyclist to the core, I rented a ten-speed from a place by Central Park and spent a day exploring lower Manhattan. I rode back from the Battery on the

abandoned West Side Highway, which was great, because someone was shooting a schlocky Science Fiction movie up there with beautiful girls in horrible masks doing something purple to this guy in a silver cloak. I never seem to cease finding ways to amaze myself, as often as possible, it might seem.

From the subways and Interstates to the New Hampshire mountains took a day and a lot of my energy, but another week found us, three Grove City graduates, pushing off on our protesting, overloaded, European touring bikes, across the Green Mountains of Vermont into New York's Adirondacks, whereupon, four heat-filled sun-maddening blasphemous days later, we met up with our fourth member, who had ridden up from Western Pa. Bicycling through mountainous terrain like this was one of the most awe-inspiring events of my life; awed mostly at how insane we were in thinking that spending four fifths of our day inching uphill was worth the one fifth we spent (lying prone with your chin on the handlebar stem, feet behind you on the panniers, brakes useless at such speeds, passing cars, banking the turns lying almost flat, with pain and broken bones but a thin patch of rubber away) going down. But the air was good, we were eating great food (would you believe brown rice and chick peas flavored with wild herbs and berries and stuff, plus hot tasty fire-baked cornbread?). Really, after living organically at the Cold River, and the fact that these other three guys were spaced out Biology majors with a mad passion for cat tail roots, milk weed greens, sheep feet, and myriad other zany things (our trip was supposed to have been living off the land and traveling light as eider down, floating over the hills and dales etc. etc.)(I know, I know--pretty spaced out, but wait till you hear the rest of this), plus we were living in the green leafy healthy out-of-doors (termed the "environment," if I recall rightly) exercising all day and sleeping all night. I tell you, I've never slept so good in my life as I did, in a tent with just a foam pad under the sleeping bag, after doing 75 miles through rolling countryside for the umpteenth day in a row.

Eventually, of course, after innumerable adventures with mosquitos and bad water and flats and cosmic happenings (a Molson bottle with a couple flowers in it waiting for us on the picnic table in a State Park, the AEP fraternity at Clarkson Tech., who turned out to be cyclists and let us crash in their nearly empty house for two days of rain, a night spent as guests of honor at a Boy Scout camp), we found ourselves crossing the Canadian border, playing frisbee at a campground at Long Sault, spending a night eating and getting drunk in Ottawa, and suddenly it hit me. We were in a foreign country. And we were going to be there indefinitely, for all I knew. I was really impressed, in all my stoned drunkenness late that night, with a walk around the Houses of Parliament. The next day, of course, though, it was back to the business of getting from one place to the next without really trying. Hunh.

We spent two days in Quebec digging the farmlands and funny talking people, nice rolling countryside, easy riding now that we were in shape. It was sort of like a training-camp on wheels, I mean, lots of people would <u>like</u> to go out and cycle every day, but it's hard if you hang around one place while trying to do it. Too many distractions. The better way is to kick yourself in the ass and suddenly wake up to find yourself in the middle of a mad trip driving from one illusion forward into a far greater unknown.

Back into Ontario and back on the Trans-Canada Highway, however, things began to get cloudy. We were running into steady headwinds, heavy unfriendly traffic (semis and Winnebagos, often passing us with inches to spare, as if we didn't exist (and probably didn't, to them), though no traffic would be coming from the other direction), clouds of mosquitos and black flies wherever we camped, not to mention a blossoming interplay of character clashes among the four of us.

Ontario was Ontario, mostly, with numerous adventures here and there, but eventually we wound up halfway around Lake Superior, four weeks of the summer used up already, having spent a night at a uranium mine, sighted the elusive Wawa Goose (who, by the way, was guarding a Gestetner 260, but that's another story, one for fannish historians to ponder), and gotten good and drunk while having a birthday party at our campsite on a deserted Lake Superior beach, aborting our trip at the 1,200 mile mark. Martin and I continued on the Canadian Pacific, still thinking of bicycling again further west, while the two Bills headed for Wisconsin, also by train. Their trip eventually paralleled ours, though far to the south and ending much sooner. We ended up in Winnipeg, Manitoba, shipped our bikes home, and, after having spent a week in the Pembina Highway Hostel (witnessing numerous fights and busts and rip-offs and also meeting some nice people; plus: the added attraction of witnessing Tricky Dick's final demise, followed that night by a huge drunken party around bonfires banging trash can lids--pretty wild stuff considering the hostel was in a residential area--the fights, incidentally, all seemed to be between Canadians and Americans), hitched west on the Trans-Canada.

Our first ride took us all the way to Medicine Hat, Alberta, which meant that we cruised right by Regina, in a rainstorm, though I wouldn't have felt quite right dropping in on Eli and Susan without our bicycles ("you see--uh--we just sort of lost 'em, ya know...."). The next day's ride got us to Calgary, drinking Calgary Export and smoking pot and riding with a crazy young oil field rigger, whereupon, late that night, we got a ride with what I'm pretty sure was a narc (certainly an asshole, anyway) into the Rockies, to the camping hostel at Banff. I'd never seen the Rockies before, and with clouds hiding the moon and stars, had to wait till the next morning to see them (though I could feel them and hear them all around me). Yow! What an amazing far fucking out place! I want to go back, as soon as I can swing it, though this time I want to go earlier in the summer. We got there near the end of August, and winter was already closing in. We spent nine days there, but most of it is a blank. Some excerpts from my journal can maybe tell it better, though:

> Day 43 ...why am I drawn to these forest places with their mounded beds of moss, sunlight patches of greenery (notice now that the beds of moss never quite see the sun? That the sunlit patches are always some other form of ground cover?), stones, fallen trees, wandering paths (lined here and there with mountain sheep fewmets), and now, for a while, huge mountains glimpsed through the trees?
>
> Day 44 ...the light isn't very good for a picture, and they're pretty small to begin with, and far away, but there seem to be 3 or 4 species of small furry animals living close together in this small ($\frac{1}{4}$ acre) alpine meadow. There is snow a couple of hundred yards upslope from here, a little spring pops up from the turf nearly at my feet, a slope of broken rock to my right, cloud veiled peaks on three sides, as I write this, the family of woodchucks, one big one has been sunning himself on a rock, a couple of others were scampering around him, two younger big ones are holding the perimeter. Meanwhile some (otters? muskrats?) have been fooling around in the rivulet, and some field mice have been carrying blades of grass to their caves. The big woodchuck is back right now, sitting upon a rock watching me. Clouds have come in and obliterated the sky, I hope it doesn't rain again, gonna move on....

Day 48 ...yeah. Just to know this is here, as it is now, or as it is anytime, must be something real I can never lose, no matter what godforsaken hole I find myself fallen into. There is the wind, and the birds, and a green mossy wet smell, and stones and meadow grass, and many kinds of small flowers, yellow cups hanging downwards, red stars facing the sky, tiny white bells all around nearly hidden, snow fields above, below and around, sparse stands of pine, grey and brown rock faces, clouds in any direction, including down, patches of blue sky, occasional patches of sun, sometimes even on me! The trail zig-zagging up from the valley is so small and innocuous, who could tell that it is still but another part of that big incredible Road sitting out there.

It's cold, I'm cold, I even have a cold, but somehow I'd much rather be out here than in that little hut. Not that the hut isn't nice; it is, very much so, especially when it's pouring rain out here in the environment. This may be my last day of this sort of thing, for a while, maybe forever. Who Knows?

Who cares?

That was it, too. The next day we climbed down out of the pass where we'd been sitting above the clouds for three days, and began to hitch toward Washington. I made a note in my journal at that point concerning all the incredibly visionary dreams I'd been having on the trip, really intense, full color (predominantly reds and oranges) dreams, some of them re-runs from years before, some frightfully new and real. That last night on the mountain I dreamed I was getting married, incredibly detailed, with people I hadn't seen in years turning up in it (and, my dream persona, somehow aware that he was dreaming, also seemed to feel as if all these people were dreaming the same dream, or something like that), but when I tried to get a look at the bride's face it all went nuts, the dream turned into a swirling, buzzing vortex, and I woke up in a cold sweat. Really. Stuff like that scares the shit out of me.

Next came one of the maddest parts of the whole trip, me and Martin picking pears and then punching cows (i.e., moving irrigation lines and bucking bales of hay (i.e., an intricate procedure for moving 80 lb. objects from a feidl and installing them in the upper reaches of a very warm barn)) on the Walking "C" Ranch on the Okanagan River, near Riverside, Washington. Whew. A totally strnage experience, sometimes fun, sometimes bringing me to the point of screaming drunken madness. While working there (we were there seven weeks) and trying to save up some cash, Martin (who doesn't know a spark plug from a fan belt) decided to buy a 1964 Dodge panel truck, for $50. Yipes. We somehow managed to scrounge an engine for it from a junkyard, somehow got it running, and somehow, then, in mid-October, drove it over the Cascades, to visit Les Sample and Loren MacGregor. Of course, I fell in love with the Seattle area, but we tore loose and headed down the coast after only one night. Had to get moving, been sitting too long. Two days later our clutch blew, on a fantastic promontory of the Oregon coast. We managed to jack the transmission down with drfitwood levers, hitched to the nearest town a couple of times for parts, got good and bummed out, but it was hard to be too bummed out along that coast. Anywhere. By then I was getting sickeningly philosophic anyway, cynical even, also a little sore at Martin for having to spend all my time fixing his fucking truck. We could have been hitching along, cheaply and comfortably.

But it kept moving, somehow, requiring major repairs at regular intervals, and we made it to the Redwoods. Nice. The same cosmic feeling I encountered

snipe hunting--v

in British Columbia, but warmer, closer to my key source of life-energy. We hit San Francisco a day or two before Halloween, and moved in for a week with an old Grove City cohort and his girl friend, two blocks from the corner of Haight and Ashbury. Rode around the city that first night on the back of a Triumph Bonneville, drunk on Dos Equis beer, first time on a motorcycle on top of first time in San Francisco; what a nuts week. Halloween! Outrageous! In one week, we saw a little bit of everything (literally...), and I decided then and there I was going to move out there sooner or later. We were wasted on Colombian and Dos Equis and Coors that entire week, and had to force ourselves out each day to make sure that we saw something. On one day, at least, I'm pretty sure we never left the apartment. I was too wasted even to try and contact any fans, high on True Gafia. It was great. Tremendous week. If only I could remember any of it.

Anyway, it was now November, and we pushed ourselves away, finally heading eastward, after four months on the road, scary, venturing into an all-too-real unknown once again. We picked up two riders through the Haight Ashbury Switchboard, Nick and Melanie, and headed for the desert. The truck, after demanding its oil pan dropped in Frisco, never gave us trouble again, thank ghu. Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, zipzip, we just cruised, with minor sightseeing tours in Flagstaff and the Painted Desert, drove day and night after leaving our riders in Santa Fe, right up the center of the Colorado Rockies, or so it seemed, to make Kansas City, where Martin has some friends. Nice people whose names I've forgotten, we stayed there a couple of days and dug the scene (so to speak) before driving on to Dayton, where yet another Grove City friend lurks, and, suddenly, somehow, we were back in Western Pennsylvania. I don't think I need to tell you how weird that was. We pulled into Grove City with a dollar between the two of us, out of gas, out of energy, out of our minds. Bleagh. Terminus.

--Jeff Schalles

:: ::

Dear Bruce ("John") D. Berry,
fanextraordinaire
101 Northwest Hikingboots Drive
Rainyday OR 97458

Dear Mr. Berry:

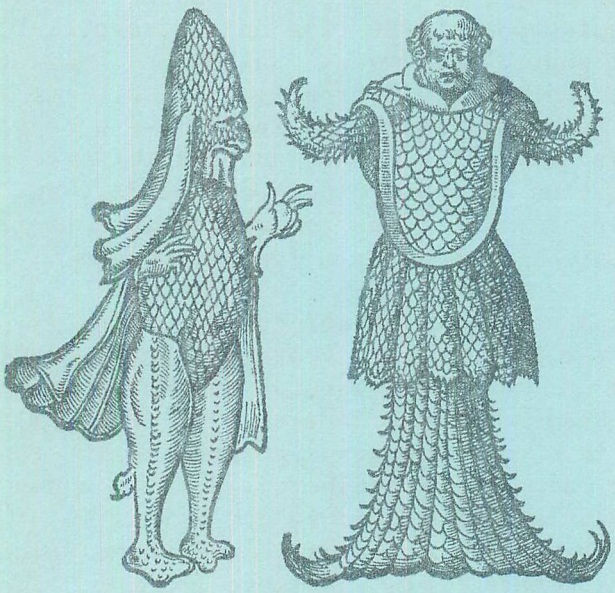
Enclosed is some stanps for your Fanzine, Hitch Hike , of which I have seen a review of in that basttion of fannish survival, the New York Times Reveiw of Books, Aug. 28, 1932. ~~xxxxx~~ I have been a footballl fan for most of my living days and always have a hand for a new ed. Welcome to the rankSand keep up the good effert.

Yhgsogabluthfgzm,

ARNOLD JAMJAR, ESQ.

Arnold Jamjar

PS: I am also enclosing a Mss for you to consider for your Hitchhike. I have been so bold, as to not include a "SSEA" figureing that you could ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ slip it into the envelop with The HithcHike, thanks, if y



LETTERCOLUMN

ALEXEI PANSHIN: It was good to hear from you that you had actually received more recognition of that letter of mine than you printed in HITCHHIKE--that letter about the private and largely invisible reordering of value that we and the people we know have been going through since the Sixties. In HITCHHIKE #25, Doug Barbour and Paul Novitski say, yes, it fits them, too --even though outwardly our lives have looked very different from each other, we have been going through the same inward changes. And Ray Nelson and Redd Boggs angrily say, no, they don't know what I'm talking about. I bug Ray. He thinks I'm a Rip Van Winkle Age-of-Aquarian living on the farm where nothing ever happens. I don't know what decade I'm living in. And Redd thinks I'm a fretter and mooner who doesn't know that the secret of change is united political action.

In the letters that you and I have just been exchanging about the Dylan piece that Cory and I had in Frank Lunney's SYNDROME, you ask us to "prove" the things we have to say. It doesn't work that way. There isn't any way that I could "prove" anything to Ray or Redd, as you well know.

What has been happening to us, and to you, and to Doug and Paul and the others whose letters you didn't print, is an exchange of one head orientation for another. The new intuitive orientation, to the extent that we are able to recognize it and to live by it, offers us insights that the old hyper-rational orientation did not. It permits us to manipulate facts and data in new ways, or to see them in new lights. This new orientation cannot be "proved." Not to an Old Head third party. It is manifested through a private and inner recognition in the individual person. In your letter, you remark: "I feel a strong sense of sympathy, empathy, perhaps just recognition, when I read what you have to say." But it is that inner recognition that is the point, and the method, and proof of itself. It is what the New Head is about. We have to learn to trust and to use our inner recognitions--in conjunction with the ordinary rational mode. Having tumbled to the fact that our inner recognitions guide us more truly than our old rationalizations ever did.

We feel that same strong sense of sympathy, empathy, inner recognition of HITCHHIKE. HITCHHIKE is John Berry's best expression of the true flame inside him, and it is a constant attempt to draw the true flame out of others. We likewise recognize the new spirit in Bob Dylan and Muhammad Ali and Lily Tomlin. No way to prove this to someone who doesn't know them, or to someone who hasn't made the shift in mental orientation. You can't prove. All you can do is point and there is either a recognition or there isn't.

It's what "do your own thing" ultimately means. We each build hearths for our own fire, and those hearths turn out to be outward creativity. Right now, HITCHHIKE for you.

Cory and I have been working in our own gardens. The ideas we talked about when you visited here were one result. The Dylan piece in SYNDROME was another. It's the second piece we've given to Frank to print. We recognize SYNDROME. It's a synergetic marvel, Frank Lunney's secret garden, and a place we want to hang out in for the same reasons we get off on being a part of HITCHHIKE.

We're all coming from different directions, bound on different errands. We don't all necessarily recognize the same things, depending on our preparation and the degree of our insight. There seem to be such limits in your ability to recognize Dylan.

Dylan isn't aesthetically winning. He has to be recognized. You say in your letter that you go into Blonde on Blonde when it was new. It's a hell of an admission for me, the great Dylan fan, but I've only gotten into Blonde on Blonde in the last three months. (I love it a lot. Did you know that "Obviously Five Believers" is "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl" in a clever plastic disguise? So blatant. I'd be ashamed of myself for not realizing this until a friend pointed it out to me if I weren't so stone delighted by it.) Not the three or four years Arnie Katz told you it could take to catch on to Dylan, but nine years after the fact. A record I've had for most of those nine years, but just never got into. We all see what we are able to see. Dylan is a fantastic protean creature, and the truths that come out of his garden are beyond the full understanding of anyone I know.

Dylan was interviewed in the November 10, 1975, issue of PEOPLE. It was passed on to me by a friendly dope dealer of my acquaintance who knows of my interest in Dylan. There are three quotes in the piece that made my heart jump:

"There is a voice inside us all that talks only to us. We have to be able to hear that voice."

And: "I didn't consciously pursue the Bob Dylan myth. It was given to me--by God. Inspiration is what we're looking for. You just have to be receptive to it."

And: "I don't care what people expect of me. Doesn't concern me. I'm doin' God's work. That's all I know."

To me, these are central and crucial statements about Dylan's head and Dylan's art. But I know that there are people to whom these statements would be totally incomprehensible or unacceptable. Perhaps Ray Nelson and Redd Boggs. Certainly my father. He can't accept the equivalent from me even when it is couched in language far less offensive to rational ears than "a voice inside us all" and "God's work."

The problem is that he is talking about innerness, and you either recognize what he is getting at, or you don't. Innerness can barely be indicated by means of something as exterior as language. The truth is larger than language. Words can only vaguely indicate and to someone who doesn't share the new perception, indications must sound like irrational nonsense or language used strangely.

When I was a freshman at the University of Michigan in 1958, I took a course called Great Books of the Near East. At this distance, I can only remember one of the books that we read. What has stayed with me all these years is the wrestlings I had with the teacher, a Lebanese, a Maronite Christian. Half-a-dozen of us around a table. I could never quite get a grip on him. Our common words didn't mean the same thing to both of us. I could see that he was using his words consistently, but I could never quite get where he was coming from. I've wondered about it ever since. Now it occurs to me that he might have been trying to talk about innerness then, before I was prepared to take it in consciously.

In your reply to Redd Boggs in HITCHHIKE, you suggested that "it does seem to me a singular commentary on the times that we must desperately look for signs and portents in some of the out-of-the-way corners of our culture that Alex Panshin was looking in." Those weren't intended to be out-of-the-way examples, but the most visible and the most sensitive signs and portents I could come up with.

It is a commentary on the fragmentation of the times that Boy Dylan, Muhammad Ali, and Lily Tomlin can be unknown and unrecognizable. Redd says that he never heard of Lily Tomlin before. You don't know Dylan well enough to be sure. You seem to be saying in your letter that you haven't seen Lily Tomlin at work in recent times. It makes me wonder how well you may have followed Ali? Or just who could serve as a signpost for the times more visible than these people?

Comic books, rock music and tv are good places to look for signs and portents. They are responsive media: work for them is done fast and appears fast. This makes them highly reflective of the social and mental climate from one moment to another. Their vulgarity means that they escape set canons of art. It is possible to do work that expresses innerness in these media, without having to meet accepted standards of seriousness.

HITCHHIKE has something of the same character. The beauty of the fan press is that it is in some sense the voice of the people. It is so humble and vulgar and out of the public eye that you can speak your mind and express your innerness. Are you an out-of-the-way corner? HITCHHIKE looks like a vital part of the leading edge of on-going change to me.

We are in a moment of radical transition. Since the Thirties and the last mass change of head state, we have been living in the most hyper-rational time in history. People may still have responded to their inner voices in this period, but they denied and repressed the fact that they had inner voices. Now all across society there is a sea-change to a new and more intuitional mode of thinking.

Here's an example. There is a new and very respectable school of psychology that takes intuition seriously. This is a quote from the cover of The Psychology of Consciousness by Robert E. Ornstein:

> "This book is an attempt to reconcile two basic approaches to knowledge, the rational and the intuitive. Central to its theme is the concept of a bifunctional brain in man. The left hemisphere of the human brain controls the right side of the body; the right hemisphere controls the left side. Modern psychological and physiological research indicates, however, that there are far more significant differences in the functioning of the two parts of the brain. In the left hemispheres of most human brains seem to be placed the functions of language, rational cognition, and time sense--functions the author describes as 'linear.' It is the right hemisphere, in most cases, that seems to be res-

ponsible for 'nonlinear' (or nonverbal) thinking--intuition, spatial relationships, and the direction of many bodily activities (including painting and sculpting)."

Clearly a rationale for the changes going on in us.

The later Seventies will be like the Thirties in being a time of transition, of outward breakdown and inward vitality. The Thirties were the period of the Golden Age of radio. Also the period in which the trivial late silent movies and early talkies gave way to James Cagney, the Marx Brothers, Mae West, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Katherine Hepburn and John Wayne--people cut to a new style. In science fiction, the Thirties were the period when the lost race stories of Burroughs and Merritt metamorphosed into the science fiction of Heinlein and Asimov. Rapid change from one headstate to another.

The years ahead are going to be like the Thirties in being a time of transition from one headstate to another, but the character of the creativity to come will be very different. And much more powerful.

A balance is shifting. The moment is coming when society as a whole begins to trust the new orientation. In the next few years we will see the first strong expressions of the new headstate. Artistic expressions. For the artist, byproduct of his own head-change. For the audience, example, suggestion and direction.

Here is what we recognize in late 1975:

Bob Dylan has made another sudden move--he has gathered a busload of musicians, many of them from the old true-speaking social-protest early-folkie days, and set off on a tour, launched with a dawn ceremony at Plymouth Rock. Dylan is playing small places (and apparently now some larger ones) in at least New England and Canada, the dates unannounced until the last moment. Named as playing with him, besides a band, have been Joan Baez, Roger McGuinn, Ronee Blakeley, Mick Ronson, Jack Elliott, Rob Neuwirth and David Blue. Not to mention Allen Ginsberg. Apparently it's a high-spirited, free-floating circus, and the number of musicians changes. Dylan has recorded another new album--having finally released the inner, mystical Basement Tapes this last summer, after eight years--which is to be issued in January. From the press reports of the tour, Dylan is doing powerful new music. The one part of it that has surfaced here in the Philadelphia area is the eight-minute song "Hurricane"--rumored to be his new single. It is musically and vocally powerful. Rhythm guitar, drums, percussion, and a scathing violin. Intricately rhythmic, in the spirit of this moment. Sung with all Dylan's incredible sense of timing and phrasing. Driving. Gutsy. The hardest, truest rock on the radio. And Dylan has two singers doing harmony on some lines. The lyrics are about Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, one-time middleweight title contender, in prison in New Jersey for three murders he didn't commit, convicted on perjured testimony. Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier led a march on his behalf to the Governor of New Jersey in October. The song has lines like these:

"While all the criminals in their coats and their ties,
Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise,
Rubin Carter sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell,
An innocent man in a living hell."

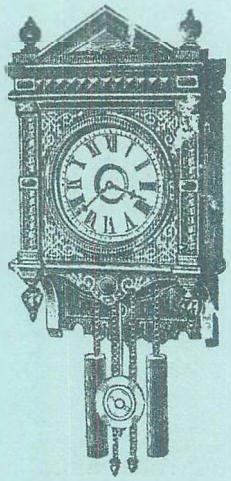
If the new album is as strong as this song, Dylan's power will be manifest again beyond any deniability. What is fascinating is that this new demonstration by Dylan involves co-operation and social acction. That dawn ceremony at Plymouth Rock was clearly an attempt to take on inner strength for the task of true-speaking, doin' God's work. They are making a movie, too. Something's

happening.

Second recognition: There is a new record out under the name of Fleetwood Mac, and it is a marvel. Fleetwood Mac first showed up in this country as one of the late-Sixties blues bands, and it has been through many incarnations and musical transformations in the years since. Through many trials: their former manager tried booking a bogus group on the grounds that he owned the name Fleetwood Mac, until he was prevented. The continuing core of the group has been the drummer Mick Fleetwood and the bass player John McVie. Last winter, their latest guitarist and lead singer split, leaving Fleetwood, McVie, and McVie's wife Christine, a keyboard player and singer. They joined forces with guitarist-singer Lindsay Buckingham and singer Stevie Nicks (a girl), Americans who had an unsuccessful record last year as Buckingham/Nicks. These two fragments joined forces before they ever played together. Three weeks later they laid down the album. All sorts of marriages in the group. Buckingham and Nicks are posed naked and friendly on their album cover. McVie and McVie are a marriage. Fleetwood and McVie are a marriage. And American and British are a marriage. And somehow the record is a synergetic miracle. If you listen to the Buckingham/Nicks album or to earlier Fleetwood Mac albums, you can see where the virtues of the new album came from. What you can't see is how it all manages to go up a level and become something so manifestly superior to what went before it.

Third recognition: Everybody says that the new tv season this year is an all-time dud. True. But there is one show I recognize with great delight. For about the last two months, except for the first weekend in the month, at 11:30 on Saturday night on NBC is a show called NBC's Saturday Night. The core of this show is a continuing company of comedy players called The Not-Quite-Ready-for-Prime-Time Players. Plus, also very notably, a segment each week with Jim Henson's Muppets, of Sesame Street fame. Only these Muppets live in the land of Gorch, a steaming, prehistoric, crater-pocked wasteland. The ruler is Plubus, a vaguely rhinocerine monster. His flunky is Scred, an unctuous reptilian with wings. They frequently consult their local god, a Mayan-looking statue face who has a cistern belly that flushes and who talks like Sheldon Leonard. The comedy players are versatile and protean. I'm only just beginning to fit the names flashed on at the beginning with some of the people. I love Gilda. I admire--I think it's John. And I'm gassed by Chevy Chase's newscast Jerry Ford jokes. He may manage to expose and discredit Ford with laughter all by himself.

There is a new guest host on NBC's Saturday Night each week. So far there have been George Carlin, Paul Simon, Candice Bergen, Rob Reiner, and Lily Tomlin, and announced for weeks to come are Richard Pryor and Candice Bergen again. Simon sang. Bergen was all right. Rob Reiner was surprisingly good. But Lily Tomlin, George Carlin and Richard Pryor have something in common. They are the three most obvious examples of a new style of comedy--New Head comedy. They don't stand up and tell one-liners like Bob Hope, or do a rigid persona like Jack Benny. They don't do imitations like Rich Little or David Freiburg. They do voices, characters, insights, and inner meanings. I've seen some other New Head comedians on tv whose names I haven't got. There is a girl who specializes in truck drivers and construction workers in bars. Oh, and I looked at All in the Family this week for the first time this year--the home of Rob Reiner--and there was Sally Struthers, eight months pregnant, making Thanksgiving dinner, and doing Lily Tomlin's Edith Ann. And doing her well. That's love. The players on NBC's Saturday Night are in this same new style. And not surprisingly, Carlin and Tomlin and Pryor fit in. Lily Tomlin has most noticeably lacked people to play with on television. None of the actors and comedians who have run into six-year-old Edith Ann's wise/innocent



truth-speaking have coped with it, related to it on its own level in innerness. Tommy Smothers could only leer and suggest ripping a dog to pieces, which Edith Ann told him was not righteous, in her own simple way. Well, now Lily Tomlin may have people to play with.

And then there's me. I'm working on a story. The first story we've done in two and a half years. It has a good feel to it. It's strange and wild, and as New Head as we know how to make it. Purely and powerfully by coincidence--which the New Head recognizes as meaningful--Putnam is supposed to be publishing our last story, a strange, wild New Head story of 19,500 words, at the end of this week--well, two days from now--in a giant anthology of original stories entitled Epoch, edited by Silverberg and Elwood.

Back to work. In the meantime, keep the home fires burning and your finger to the wind. I think the breeze is freshening.

(RR 2, Box 261, Perkasie, PA 18944)

LES GERBER: Not much of HITCHHIKE #25 hooked me (mostly because I'm coming in on the middle of discussions, I think), but I was really touched by Bob Lichtman's letter. I remember BobL as the goony teenager he once was, forgetting of course that so was I, then. Now Bob is really deeply involved in communal life (so is Calvin, of course), and here I am living in the mountains by a trout stream, caulking the roof and helping my wife plant shrubs. What a fantastic distance we've all travelled since we were kids. But that's great, just proves we're not dead yet. More power to us all.

(PO Box 281, Phoenicia, NY 12464)

JAY KINNEY: HITCHHIKE 25 came today and was immediately consumed. More time has passed since my last letter of reflections on the 60's, and in that time I've written a 10,000 word article for COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY on the current Left, which, in part, deals with the 70's as an outgrowth of the 60's. Watch for it. The winter issue is due out a couple of weeks before Xmas. The piece, which was written as much out of my own frustration at not being able to find a good survey of the current Left anywhere as out of anything, is the longest single bit of writing I've ever managed...and still I had to rein myself in and finish it off before I was really satisfied at having covered every base. If left up to my own devices, without a deadline or space limitations, I probably could have gone on for twice as long. As a COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY reader I guess you'll see it when it appears and I'll be interested in any response you might have.

A good crop of letters this time (as usual). Paul's letter was attractively reasoned and thoughtful. A few responses: I think collective households can work if there is a clear agreement from the beginning on sharing responsibilities and a fairly simple (even simpleminded) method of keeping people to the task (whether by task charts, regular scheduling of clean-up days or whatever). However, it may take several different households and years of "untogether" experiences before a group of individuals are all mature enough to make it work smoothly. Hard times ahead may help maturity to descend upon the heads of many who have been able to skip along merrily up until now. Eventually everybody will have to take out the garbage regularly. Kinney predicts.

I'm not sure to what degree our oft-noted "territorial" instincts include books, records and other such items. They certainly seem to in my own case, but it's an open question as to whether this is due to general (and specific)

cultural training, an anal-retentive personality (a popular national Fan trait), or inherent human leanings. Many such "instincts" seem to have been turned around in China these days...(at what price is another question--but the point is that they may not be totally unmalleable instincts). Likewise it is (as Paul says) hard to know what is "natural" and what is artificially inculcated in the way we perceive others and are sexually attracted to them. Appearance has more to do with it now than say 200 years ago. This is partially in response to the increasing visual emphasis in our culture (via movies and TV and mass print) and also the population boom and growth of urban areas where one comes into contact with hundreds of people in the course of a day necessitating quick "judgments" based, often, on a snap visual impression. In the past Paul might have been attracted to a woman by the size of her dowry, and she to him by the size of his farm or his religious upbringing. Which isn't to say that there isn't altogether too much emphasis on "appearance"--there is--but that this habit of ours might be of relatively recent origin. Maybe. There were probably always notions of what was a "beautiful" woman or a "handsome" man. But probably in the past such notions were more connected with people's roles in society ("She has beautiful swelling hips," i.e., she will be able to bear many children; or "He has such strong arms," i e., he'll make a good farmer and provider for my family; etc.) and less the disembodied attributes (pardon the metaphorical contradiction) they are today. However, to throw in one last aside on all this, it's clear to me that people's appearances are susceptible to their mental attitude, and there are any number of supposedly "beautiful" people around whose physical beauty is like a dead shell on a sick sea animal, while there are lots of supposedly "ugly" people who are attractive because of the engaging energy of their personalities or the sparkle of their eyes. In fact there is a strong tendency in our culture to find "energy" attractive in people. Should this be avoided as a "powerist" trait? Perhaps, perhaps. (The chinese box is endless....)

Paul's remark about most people he knows not staying more than one year with any group is, I suspect, a function of their age. Most are probably under 30 I would guess. Which would lead to the conclusion that many middle-class post-adolescents are nomadic (and can afford to be nomadic) but this generalization doesn't carry over to many other sectors of society.

I enjoyed Bob (er...Robert) Lichtman's letter about his life and The Farm. I'd been wondering how things were going for him there and it's good to hear that it's working out.

Your remarks, John, about Nostalgia strike me as sound. I would add that I think a lot of Nostalgia has been trotted out by Fashion and the Media in a methodical way (first the 30's, then the 40's, then the 50's...) because of a paucity of new ideas or new energy on the part of the Culture Barons (or centrally creative forces in the culture). Many of the Myths that America was based on have taken a beating over the past decade, and there is no unified or uncorrupted cultural base for most people to work from. Future shock is part of it. But it's also the death of an era and the transition period before a new one. Who can define what is to come? Everyone's actions will, but in the meantime, Fashion needs a "trend" or "mood" to merchandise, so Nostalgia serves that purpose. (It is, also, unifying the past with the present, as you say--but partially because the future can look so scary at times.) "Decadence" is partially a media-hype, but it is also partially the unconsciously appropriate response of the upper class (and of some segments of the middle-class who enjoy trying to emulate the upper class) to the spectre of coming social change and upheaval. Get your rocks off before the Crash. In comparison to The Farm this may well be like the Grasshopper and the ants. Of course there may not be any "crash" coming per se. But a big overhaul is overdue.

This is, I fear, running on longer than I had originally planned! I don't seem to write letters this long today to hardly anyone, much less fanzines, but then that is the virtue of HITCHHIKE I guess, that it seems more than either the average zine or person and thus the gestalt you've created elicits more response from me--when I write at all that is.

Looking for the "growing edge" may be misleading. Edges tend to be associated with the avant garde, and possibly the task of the 70's is to help the rest of the country catch up with the edge of the 60's, if that doesn't sound too pretentious.... Some of the "glitter" and "decadence" of the 70's is a product of the continued push of the limits of the acceptable or of a fascination with the trivial but decorative...and as such indicates an urban edge turning upon itself and becoming self-caricaturing. But it may be that much of where the important action of the 70's is and will be in the midst of everyday life--where it is sort of hard to think of "edges," but maybe just more of a "fleshing out of the middle." Increasing rank-and-file militance in some Unions might be an important thing in the late 70's, but it is also something very much a part of rather unglamorous daily life, and not something that lends itself to the trendiness tendency of Avant-Gardeism. I mean, I doubt whether we shall see thousands of hip youths deciding "gosh, I think I'll go to work in a factory and fight the Union hierarchy for control of the Union." Many positive things going on now (such as Food Co-ops) may be the "edge," but they are also very "un-edgey" in the sense that they are logical things less than avant-garde things.

Redd Boggs' letter actually hit me as pretty sensible, all in all, some overstatements towards the end aside. I will note that I think you interpret the statement "Make Love Not War" too narrowly, Redd (to speak to you directly...). Essentially my tongue-in-cheek support for that slogan was support for it in the sense of "Encourage person-to-person relations, not militarism." "Sex" as a cultural commodity <u>can</u> be a distracting device (though don't ask me where <u>Young Lust</u> fits into this) but I would encourage you to reinterpret the slogan with "Make Love" meaning more than just "Fuck." Likewise, we would do well to recognize that "Make Revolution" also encompasses "Love" as well as "Politics" or "Ecology." Maybe instead of "Make Revolution Not Love" we should substitute "Make Sense Not Slogans." Now I like that.

And John, I'm not so sure these days that whatever our "experience" of that amorphous "Counterculture" was in the 60's, that a large part of it wasn't just a product of a generation of middle-class youth hitting draft age at the same time they hit LSD and pot, all in the middle of a War and at the end of a period of relative economic prosperity. I'm not actually sure just what "the point" that Redd missed, <u>is</u>. It seems to me he was saying, in part, that we should look to ourselves and our own potential for changing society more than we should wait for "signs" to appear in the media or from the mouths of culture heroes.

John Smith is saying, I think, many of the same things that Redd is, and I find I agree with just about all he says. I think a key to understanding our poltical and economic life is to try and grasp the degree to which they influence our lives. Thus, while Economics and Politics may not be the be-all and end-all of our lives, nevertheless they can, if untended, rather suddenly engulf us and make their presence known. I think that many of us have felt an understandable "repugnance" towards "Politics" as a legacy of the 60's. "Politics" becomes associated with powertrips, politicians, meaningless elections, wars, and narrow governmental concerns. To which many of us said "Ugh" and turned our attention to our personal lives, to how we eat, perceive, feel, desire, and create. And this is good and essential. But I think a task before us is to realize that much of the <u>context</u> within which we live our personal

lives is a direct product of the particular Economic and Political systsms we live in, and to realize that the context is not just a "given," but should theoretically be as changeable as our personal lives...and thus to balance the inner and the outer. As you can tell John, I've been getting reinterested in the political area lately and feeling a need to rise above much of the apoliticality of my last few years. I'm still unsure of to what degree we can take part in the U.S. political system (just voting for the lesser of two evils is not good enough) but in view of the revelations that have been coming out lately about govt. intelligence and FBI abuses, it seems to me a good time to jump back in while they are on the defensive. "Economics must be seen as a small sub-branch of Ecology..." True in a cosmic sense. But Economics (in the form of vested Corporate interests which support gas-run cars or Atomic Energy over Solar or Fusion energy) can totally fuck up the Ecology...and thus if you are interested in preserving the Ecology you inevitably come back face to face with Economic realities.

As I hit the end of HITCHHIKE I see that Paul ended up saying several of the things I have run on about, in his 2nd letter. Wait, I think that's a split infinitive. Well, at any rate, it's time for me to go over to COEVOLUTION and pick up some stuff of mine there; so keep on thinkin'. Most fanzines are a pure ecological drain and a subcultural luxury. HITCHHIKE is not, and I appreciate it.

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((When I used the term "growing edge," I didn't mean it in the sense of "avant garde," with all the conscious and unconscious elitism that implies. I meant being in the midst of change and growth, rather than wallowing in things you've already done right the first time. It can be on an individual level or a cultural one. But I see the danger in that term, that it could be turned around and used to isolate a small, elite, "hip" minority--or rather, to try to isolate everybody else from this in-group. Not what I had in mind, though. I still like the term.

Why do you preface your description of our common experience of a "counterculture" in the Sixties with the word "just"?

It seems that this particular generation of people, inasmuch as you can get away with generalizing, has gone through a rough cycle of discovering that there was more to life than they had been taught, revolting against their upbringing and having boundless confidence that they could change it, then, after some failures, becoming disappointed and withdrawing to reassess and to look into themselves more deeply to see what essentials they had missed the first time around, and now, perhaps, reemerging with a more mature, integrated idea of what they're doing and a better knowledge of how to do it. (Be kind; I can already pick holes in what I've just said, but that's the nature of generalities, isn't

it?) What Redd Boggs appears to me to be missing, and what you seem to understand, is that the outward, political phase is empty --indeed, terribly destructive--without the inner, spiritual understanding that has to inform it. I take "ecology" to mean, essentially, the system of how things work, not just the natural cycles of climax forests and such when man hasn't reached them yet, and I think it's important not to get so hung up in seeing the implications of economic theories and effects that you fail to see them in perspective. What we need is not more bodies lined up under radical political banners, but more people who understand themselves and who recognize the underlying unity of the spiritual and the political. And who act from that knowledge.))

RAY NELSON: Is The Farm utopia?

It is if you are content to be a follower, if you have no need to express your own thoughts but are content to express the thoughts of The Pope, Stephen the First. The whole Farm thing puzzles and perplexes me. I've read and enjoyed their publications, and agree with most of their stands, yet cannot get rid of the nagging feeling that to live on The Farm is to be Out Of It. Henry Miller wrote wonderful things in cities, then moved to the country (Big Sur) and began to write drivel. Same thing happened to D.H. Lawrence. And Jack Kerouac. It is simply not possible to live on a farm and continue to grow intellectually. On the farm you see only people you choose to see, usually people like yourself. In the city you see all sorts of people from all sorts of backgrounds. There's no Chinatown on The Farm. There's no Little Italy. There's not even a self-respecting ghetto.

Another thing there isn't is a university.

A university pulls in all the new thought from all over the world, keeps you hip, keeps you aware of the currents of thought. It spawns bookstores, foreign film theatres, listener-supported radio and TV, etc. To live in the United States at all is to be largely ignorant of the important developments in thought and taste abroad, but to live in the United States on a farm seems to me to be like weaving a cocoon around oneself.

But cocoons can be comfortable. I don't deny that.

When I feel particularly tired, when I feel particularly future-shocked, I daydream of GAFIA. Sure I do. Like everybody does. But I get over it. I think of Jack London. He went out to Sonoma County to live on a farm. Compare "The Sea Wolf" with "The Valley of the Moon" and see what it did to him. There are various theories about Jack London's death. Here's another. One night he realized that living out there amongst all the vegetables he was turning into a vegetable himself, and he killed himself.

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((There are other ways to grow than intellectually. I grew up neither in a city nor on a farm, but in a small suburban town. I love the diversity and color of cities, as should be obvious from what I've written earlier in this issue, but at the same time I find it wearing sometimes. More important, though, I find it distracting; living in a lively neighborhood of a large city can fill in all the empty space in your life with activity, it can be fascinating, it can give you a constant sense of motion--but it's easy to get lost in all that activity. You need the empty space, too. All life is not to be found in the city, nor on the farm.

As a matter of fact, I find it ironic that Alexei Panshin, who lives on a farm, is considerably more up-to-date than I about

large segments of our shifting cultural taste. Perhaps part of the appeal of rural life to people who grew up in or near cities is that living away from the scenes of frantic activity gives you the leisure to pick and choose, to sift what's current and find what's important.))

SUSAN WOOD: Last June, I started to write a loc on the train out of Edmonton. Since you can't put a Canadian National coach through the mails, and since the mountains came up instead, I never finished the letter. Kept thinking about The Hitchhike Symposium on the Seventies, though.

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

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

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

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

I have my share of '60's nostalgia, but there comes a time when I have to stop being misty-eyed over The Time The Mounties Staked Out Wat Tyler People's Memorial Revolutionary Collective, the days when life was a simple matter of

Them vs Us and We were by definition Good. (Redd's "I've been anti-establishment all my life" strikes me as both smug and evasive. Who are you, Redd? What does the label mean? What are you anti? What are you pro?)

My nostalgia fades when I remember living defined by places where Ray and other insist that "things happen." Remember when the star of your crowd was the one who could fake a Liverpool accent in 1965, or talked strike and confrontation just like the big kids in Berkeley in 1967? The Canadian student movement always seemed weakest and least relevant when it tried unthinkingly to transplant the confrontation politics of large US schools to the different conditions of (smaller) Canadian universities. The political activity Redd Boggs recalls fondly WAS "indubitably sincere and incredibly idealistic"; I have to believe that, believe it of myself. It was also short-sighted, destructive, and confused. After you've taken over the admin building (at UBC it was the Faculty Club) what do you do? When the job market collapses, and you need a degree in commerce or law, what do you do? It was exhilirating, that feeling of power ("We can change the world, rearrange the world"), but what were we going to change it into? So we abandoned the ideals and cursed the '70's and looked for new prophets and leaders when the world didn't appear to change overnight. (Me, I've always believed in niggling from within: in the power of an infinite number of small changes. It's not a mass rallying cry, though, is it? "Workers of the world! Niggle!")

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

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

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

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

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

novels aren't focused on the spectacular events of her characters' lives, but on their search for a right way to live. Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance is the latest "in" paperback: a book about the search for quality in/of life.

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

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

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

And sure I wonder if I've been co-opted as I sit in the Faculty Club with Howard Cherniak, fan and ex-Berkeley radical, now teacher and PhD candidate in town planning, talking about how we seem to have won the trivia of education reform without the content. Misunderstood forms of "progressive" education mean that my students haven't been drilled and forced to memorize meaningless rules of grammar--but they also haven't been taught grammar as a tool of self-expression. Classes are a little smaller, but a place like UBC is still impossibly large, bureaucratic, inhuman. There's more apparent freedom of choice in course requirements, yet the structure of the university hasn't changed, and there's a strong movement back to formal exams--and entrance exams. And in this atmosphere, and in the rip-off mentality left over from the '60's, my students see nothing wrong with plagiarizing an essay, because the university is just a vast impersonal meaningless organization, right, and you're only there to get credits for an Education degree to get a soft job, right, so it's ok to get those credits by copying some book, right? And I patiently explain why it's not right, remembering what I liked least about our '60's: the way the right to freedom and self-expression became the right to be selfish, especially in emotional relationships; cool became cold and uncaring; solidarity became the right to rip off anyone, anything not-Us.

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

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

Back in my office I settle one of my failees in an empty room to write the test she missed a month before, talk with another about her paper and how she can re-write it, not just to pass but to learn about writing and organization;

we talk about the life she's living in relation to the books she's reading. In the middle of an institution which, almost by definition, is impersonal and arbitrary, I'm trying to remain human, maybe help a few other people find and celebrate their humanity. Find and share new directions. Is it ethics or politics or a cop-out or just a job or adequate? In 1965 I had answers, but they were too simplistic. In 1975, I have only the belief that the individual matters; that the community/tribe/group matters; that self-awareness matters not just as an end but as a tool to make me/you/us better members of that community.

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

Share a trip, anyone?

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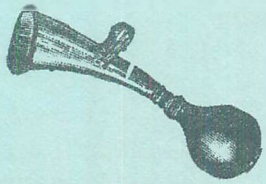
ANGUS TAYLOR: I'm enclosing two articles on women in China, from the GUARDIAN, the best daily newspaper in Britain (and probably in the English-speaking world). It's not quite radical enough for me, but it does have marvellous coverage of international events, literature, etc. Since there was some talk in HITCHHIKE about the sexual revolution, I thought these articles might be of interest to you.



I would have liked to see your comments on Saskatchewan. Ever since Grade 7, when everyone in the class had to pick a province and fill a scrapbook with clippings, articles, maps, etc., and I did Saskatchewan, I've had a kind of good feeling towards the place. (In addition to the fact that it was the birthplace and home of the C.C.F.--now watered down into the New Democratic Party.) I hope you mentioned to your readers the most important contribution of Regina to world culture--namely, the Saskatchewan Roughriders. As every Canadian knows, the life of the province revolves around this incredible football team. As Susan knows, I've at one time or another even considered writing under the name of "Taylor Field" or perhaps "Taylor Fielding" (to make it sound more literary).

I've met lots and lots of people from Saskatchewan (such as, for example, Rosemary Ullyot)--partly, I suppose, because to many of the young people leave, at least for a few years, and come east to Ontario or else go to British Columbia (God's Own Country). I suppose Joni Mitchell's "Urge for Going" says a lot about that.

I liked the letters of Ray Nelson and Redd Boggs. My own feeling is that the current nostalgia boom (the hit parade, even here, is full of old songs from the early Sixties or before) is indica-

tive of a very decadent phase in Western culture. Oswald Spengler, you old fascist, how right you were in certain respects! I'm rather fed up with all the hippie mystic karmic crap. The political energy of the Sixties wasn't wrong, but it got sidetracked through an improper understanding of how the world works and what a revolution needs to build and sustain itself. I'm all in favor of Ecology (I'm also in favor of Weather and Geography), but it's pretty silly to say "Economics must be seen as a small sub-branch of Ecology...." Either this is a trivial truism, or else it's dangerously misleading nonsense. The same applies to the idea that sexual/individual liberation goes "deeper" than politics/economics. I don't want to get into a big thing about it now, since I have to eat my granola and rush off to class, but this whole notion that we can liberate ourselves by cultivating our own private gardens of the mind (or even of the soil) is exactly where the Sixties Revolution got sidetracked. So who's it going to be for President: Ronald Reagan or Gerry Ford? Hubert All-the-Way-with-LBJ Humphrey or George Wallace?

It's significant that while we're all sitting around moaning about whatever-happened-to-1969 (not to mention 1967), incredible changes are being made in the rest of the world. History has passed us by. And it's our own fault.

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((I am becoming amazed at how many people, even among those speaking in this issue of HITCHHIKE, use the word "ecology" in the very narrow sense of the patterns of life in non-human "nature," as though this were something separate from us that can be isolated and pointed to from afar. That kind of misconception is akin to thinking of "women's liberation" as a matter of equalizing wages for men and women. It betrays no sense of the change in assumptions behind both words.

Economics is "the science that deals with the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth," to quote Webster's New World Dictionary. It's a set of theories--many different theories, not necessarily compatible with each other--that attempt to describe how one aspect of human existence works. Ecology, in its larger sense, is the whole-systems study of how life interacts with its environment. Economics is only one aspect of that study. Economic theories are useful tools in understanding how things work. The chief proponents of some of them seem convinced that their theories describe everything of importance. That conviction doesn't make it true, and it often gets in the way of their usefulness as tools.))

DARROLL PARDOE: I was taken by your phrase "home is a lot of places"--that's very, very true. Mostly, I suppose, "home" is what you make it. In the sense which is most real to me, home is where Ro and I are, wherever we happen to be living at the time. The relation between us, and the tentacles of communication and friendship spreading out from there all over the world, are the same whatever geographical location we happen to be temporarily based in. As an extension of that, home (in memory at least) is anywhere I or we have lived in the past long enough to relate to the people and fixtures in that area--for me, that would be places like London, or Columbus (Ohio). But this kind of "home" is really in the past--if we went back to the same place, the people and probably the scenery would be different. Time would have passed, and the place, and us, would have changed beyond recall. Then there's the other more permanent sort of "home"--the place where one was born and grew up. My

place is Stourbridge, Worcestershire, which may not be much of a town to look at, but which I still regard with affection (no, not affection--it's a quite different feeling than that; rootedness perhaps) whenever we go there, which is fairly often because my parents live there still. Ro is quite different in this respect--she feels no sympathy towards her childhood home in or near Oxford, and I think she's coming to feel that my home town, Stourbridge, is more "homey" than Oxford, which she regards as a cold, non-friendly place for her. I think it may be because of our respective parents. Ro's parents are twenty years younger than mine, yet they are far more mundane and "respectable"--they have all the stereotype middle-class views on things like money, sex and so on. I've come more and more in the last few years to a realization that I really had an unusual couple of parents, with qualities that I'm afraid I didn't appreciate properly when I was younger. My father was a stained-glass window artist (his little business did a lot of ordinary window-glazing to bring in the money, but his first love was always the creative stained-glass work, which unfortunately didn't provide a living income in itself). And my mother I always feel a little sad about, because she has a very keen and intelligent mind, but has never used it to its full advantage. But she's always thinking about things, and her opinions are very often way out and counter-cultureish. I suppose she could be regarded as a little old white-haired lady freak--you don't find many like her. She's always had the fundamental idea that people should be able to do what they want, provided it doesn't interfere with other people--and she's felt this since long before it became popular or common in the population as a whole. And she applied it when she came to rear me and my brother--never tried to force us into a mould of her own making. As far as she could, she treated us as human beings, not as extensions of herself, and that's not exactly universal in parents. Yes, I was pretty lucky in my parents. This letter started out talking about "home" and ended up with "mother"--I suppose there's a lesson to be found in that progression.

((from a later letter:)) We went vegetarian well over a year ago now, and in contrast to Doug Barbour have found that we've gone off meat altogether. We have no desire to eat meat even as a special treat. We don't even like the smell of meat cooking any more. One thing leads to another; we started off just not eating meat, but we're now wondering about all sorts of other things that people use all the time without a second thought. Soap, paint, dyes, toothpaste; you name it, they do toxicity and allergy tests on animals before putting it on the market. Which is something of a moral dilemma. I can see a case for animal testing of drugs (but only in as far as strictly necessary) but is animal testing for other things justifiable? Especially for things like cosmetics which are unnecessary luxuries anyway. We haven't thought this one through to our own satisfaction, but it's occupying our minds at the moment.

The regionalism business. I suspect here in Britain we are about to see a big upswing in demands for more self-government by what some people sneeringly call the 'Celtic Fringe': the Scots, the Welsh, and the Cornish (the last including Peter Roberts, who is surprisingly nationalist on the subject when he is given the opportunity). There even seems to be an 'Independent Isle of Wight' movement. Now, I'm all for regional variety in the world, and I believe that people should be self-determining on as local a level as possible, but I'm suspicious of these national movements. I think the people in those places are having their feeling for their own area manipulated for the benefit of those people seeking political power. The end result for Scotland--say--would be the replace rule by politicians at Westminster by politicians at Edinburgh, and to exchange one lot of bureaucrats for another, and no better, lot. The

system will still be there.

Redd Boggs is really wrong to think that political action is a good way of improving things: I suppose that by that he means political action in the traditional sense, not actions with political implications but outside the recognized 'system' (like squatting). The trouble with trying to change things politically is that you are thereby constrained to accept the system as it is, and work within it; and it has a huge resistance to radical change, and is more likely to absorb one's good intentions than to respond in the way one wants it to.

Several places, in the discussion of Saskatchewan regionalism, the fact that the area's population is declining is mentioned, and the assumption seems to be that this is a bad thing. I don't see that it should necessarily be so. A rising population is more of a bad thing, I'd have thought, because it means more demand on resources; more mouths to feed, more houses to be provided; more traffic on the highways. With a declining population these problems would get easier, not worse. The main problem would be that the average age of a declining population probably gets larger (if the reason is deaths exceeding births, then more people are living to older age; if people are migrating to other areas, it's more likely the younger people who go) and so demands for health services, old peoples' homes and so on increase. I suppose the ideal would be a stable population for which the right amount of services, houses and food were available. Or is that too utopian a setup to hope for?

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((As a matter of fact, since I wrote that last spring, I've found out that the population of Saskatchewan is increasing again. I gather the main reason for the increase is the discovery of oil in the north--not on the scale of the discoveries in Alberta, but on a large enough scale to give the province some wealth.

I think that as the United States gets closer to zero population growth (which it seems to be doing), the preponderance of older people is going to become more and more of a central question. The current bulk of the population is young, the product of the post-WW II "baby boom," and that fact has warped an already-susceptible culture toward a single-minded emphasis on Youth. As a commercial culture, we tend to focus on "markets," and the young population has been the prime market for most of my lifetime. But, as this unusually large bulge in the population moves through its life toward old age, unless another baby boom occurs behind it, the mass market is going to age appropriately; I expect the emphasis to shift gradually as we all age. I'm afraid that this will be used by a lot of people as a rallying cry for a return to having large families, as happened in France after the young male population was decimated by WW I; the French are still stuck with the attitudes that came out of that demographic imbalance. One hopeful outcome may be that the American culture will have to come to terms with ageing; we seem to have lost all concept of age and its meaning, except as a decline and a decay, but already a lot of younger people are trying to find an approach to age and death other than avoiding the question.))

PETER ROBERTS: ...Before I close, I'll slip in a specific comment concerning Alice Sanvito's Shock-Horror-Revelation about Dairy Farming and Vegetarianism. I was astounded to see this--astounded because I assumed everyone knew that egg and milk production involved the slaughter of old and

of male animals. What else could be expected? Did Alice Sanvito and her naif friends think that there were special pastures where surplus cockerels and bulls led a quiet life in the company of aged hens and cows? Presumably not. Presumably they just didn't ever think about it. It's quite possible in urban America--I recently got an American cookbook in which a recipe called for "two packets of cauliflower"! Good grief, it you're that far removed from the country, you could believe that eggs grow on trees.

So, what's the vegetarian answer? Well, for one thing you shouldn't go in for dairy farming; I mean, that's next door to being a vegetarian butcher --it's not a sensible combination of lifestyles. However, you could be a dairy farmer if you did indeed keep all the old and male animals alive; it's not impossible and is the only solution if you want to continue milk and egg production. You'd have to be rich though. For the consumer, there's the alternative of Veganism--no animal products at all. I've thought about this myself, but I'm really not healthy enough to take it up! Vegans have to be very careful about their diet--it has to be well-balanced at all times, or else they'll suffer from serious deficiencies. The thing is finally that I have a straightforward moral block that stops me eating any kind of animal flesh--the idea is totally repugnant and I couldn't make myself do it. But this moral block doesn't extend to dairy products, since they don't involve the slaughter of animals directly or of necessity: the animals are killed for economic reasons and not for food. It's a compromise; it isn't perfect, but then what is?

Well, I think I'll creep off to eat my guilt-ridden spaghetti & cheese.
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((You underestimate, perhaps, just how removed from all contact with the basic processes of food production most urban- and suburban-bred Americans can be. What Alice said was news to me, for the simple reason that I had never given the matter any thought. I find this removal much more repugnant than the killing of animals for human food; I want to know what I'm doing, to be able to see the beginnings and, as much as possible, the ends of the processes I'm in the middle of.))

JERRY KAUFMAN: Now, immediately, the letters. Just what were the ones that hit/hit/hit me so hard? Off the top of my head, there were several that mentioned eating/not eating flesh. All flesh is grass, right? Food for God's teeth? God is an undulant? I eat meat. I like meat. I have wondered about the rightness of it. Do I eat meat out of habit? Yes. Do I defend it from blindness or cruelty? I've never been forced to defend it at all. I could make an effort, as: If you do not eat meat so as to avoid cause of pain and death, then you must not eat plants either, as that causes pain and/or death to the plant (I think there is quite enough evidence now to assume that plants do feel pain). Eating fallen nuts and fruit is the only way to avoid giving pain. Finding this alternative absurd, I feel I cannot be more guilty eating meat than plants.

I have also idly thought that every thing that lives does so by extracting life from some other thing, whether by eating the other thing or simply by crowding it out. The creatures that live in tandem or in harmony do so either because they help each other eat yet other creatures or because they aren't interested in the same food. That is a vast complex of interactions, composing at one and the same time a single unit, Nature, and numerous individual beings and acts. I fit into that web at the same time that I observe it, even judge it. And my judgment is that I have an effect on it, as it does on me,

will I, nill I. Any refusal on my part to eat meat will affect the environment as much as a continuation of meat-eating. But I get the feeling that the moral vegetarians think that the refusal to eat meat will allow them to withdraw from the environment and love it without guilt. (Or do they think that by showing Nature love, and not outraging her with killing, she will accept them into her Mysteries?) I think I eat meat because I belong to it. I welcome the worms to eat my body when I die.

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DON FITCH: Apparently you've run into the same Problem I have in fanzine writing--there are a lot of people/fans who assume that because I've set an idea down on stencil & mimeographed it &cet it's a firmly-held Tenet. I look on fanzine writing as being part of a Process of thinking things through; my "conclusions" are (almost) always tentative, and in actuality I'm inviting contributions/comments which will lead me to change or develop them, at least somewhat. Alas, such stimulation rarely comes about.

Perhaps we're both Nostalgic for an Era which is now past--"The Counterculture" was part of about a decade of extraordinary creativity and change, and such periods seem always to be followed by a period of assimilation. I don't like "counterculture" as a description, anyhow--"Alternative Cultures" seems closer to the crux of it. Not a single thing, fighting against a monolithic Establishment, but instead a large number of possible life-style getting along, with no great insistence that there is but One True Path to Salvation.

The Great Revolution is already over, I suppose--people all over the world have discovered that just because they were born into a certain class/caste/status/culture/environment does not mean that they have to stay there. The Idea isn't new--Horatio Alger hit the jackpot pulling that lever--but the application of it to the rejection of materialism/upper-middle-class Status on a widespread basis was some time in coming.

It was probably Ray Nelson who first brought to my attention the (immediately obvious, after he mentioned it) fact that "rich people and poor people can travel around freely--it's the middle-class ones who are really Tied Down." Having always been middle-class myself (with memories of The Great Depression, yet), and quite non-adventurous, I've done more Dreaming than actual traveling. (When forced to do so ("Greetings! Your local Draft Board...") I enjoyed it immensely, and developed a taste and number of techniques for wandering alone in strange cities and countrysides, Absorbing and Discovering, and spending very little money. The couple of times we've met, I had the Feeling/Understanding that you were doing just that.

(Some years ago I went up to Berkeley, for a week or so, intending to stay with Andy Main. There was a note on the door, reading "Have decided that it's just as easy to be broke in Chicago as in Berkeley, so am hitching to ChiCon. The key is with the people in the house in back. akm" My outlook on the Universe hasn't been quite the same since.)

Sir, you have stolen my Dream (well, one of them). That's ok, though--it's big enough for many of us, and I probably will never summon the Energy and wholehearted devotion necessary to implement it. An old house, I think, would be best, comfortable, rambling, shabby but fairly clean, walls covered with shelves in most of the rooms--the smell and suppressed excitement and patience of Old Books --and maybe a few paintings &cet. Comfortable furniture--definitely overstuffed chairs--a Kitchen serving many varieties of coffees and teas and a few other foods--hearty soups and home-made breads (several of the Tassajara recipes have come out well for me) and perhaps even full-scale meals. Not Elaborate, but... with a sprig of rosemary and leaf of costmary or bay in the pot roast, for example, served in the fashion of the old Taix restaurant here in LA--if you went on

Tuesday, you got chicken. And definitely Inexpensive. Not Publicized, of course; there would not be space for Crowds, and you want Regulars--people you know. Tables out in the back yard, under the trees and grape arbour, of course, for good weather. It would have to be in a college town/area, I suppose (with some regret, since students, though their Enthusiasm and Sense of Discovery is engaging and contagious, start to seem kinda All The Same, and Tired, after a while). There would also be a few (carefully-selected) hand-made things for sale (not too Artsy-Craftsy), and records to be played, and perhaps sometimes live music (Folk is fitting in such an environment) in the evenings. Much Activity, but quiet activity.

You might color the 1940's black and white--epitomized by a skinny and delicate young Frank Sinatra, dressed in white tie and tails, standing on a white pillar in a spotlight, singing "Old Man River." Puke color? The 40's were also the War years...again, black and white, the Bad Guys and the Good Guys... since the defeat of Germany and Japan, everything has been grey. That decade was my adolescence, and I spent it Reacting against the Establishment/ Popular Culture of the era, which I thought then (and still think) was absolutely Wretched. The only glimmers of Quality I can think of were Fred Allen, WC Fields, Woody Guthrie, and an underground interest in Dixieland jazz. One might perhaps feel some Nostalgia for the sort of innocent Simplicity which suffused the times, but much association with people like that would not be bearable for us today.

Ray Nelson's predictions of the near future Styles and Movements mostly seem pretty dismal to me, and also less than probably accurate. I think there will be much less "In" and "Out" than ever before--various and often extremely different Lifestyles will manage to co-exist. There might be some Latin influence in music, but I doubt that it'll be very Deep; Exotic Ethnic music is often enjoyed on a superficial level, but getting really Into a people's music implies an understanding & sharing of their Culture far greater than most Outsiders ever achieve.

Nor do I think that the kids will fight to let illegal aliens stay. The economic situation will probably get much worse, with a continuing decline in the standard of living. Even though the energy shortage (increasingly real, though less publicized recently) will result in many more low-paying manual jobs, the aliens will be Competition, and Idealism rarely surmounts the desire for a new record album, much less Real Hunger.

If the Energy Problem gets too bad, there may be an increase of hand-made goods, which would be a Benefit. (Part of the reason I'm into American Indian cultures is the material craftwork--the Genuine Stuff, made mostly for personal use or gift or sale to other Indians.) So far, however, mass-produced things are usually much cheaper, and that counts for a lot; handicrafts (especially Good ones) are going to continue to be Luxury Items for most of us--things we can spot around in our machine-made environment, for Decoration.

Long ago I decided that human beings are omnivorous/partially-carnivorous, and are generally healthier if they eat some meat and animal products. There are prey and there are predators--it's the Way of Nature--plants and animals were put here to live, to use and to be used. Man has interfered by breeding and raising a whole lot of animals for his own use, animals which would not have lived otherwise, and I can see no Wrong in eating them. And of course it is almost Criminal, in a world in which there is Hunger, to feed chickens which no longer lay eggs, or un-needed male goats and cattle. Meat-eating can be overdone, of course, and frequently is in our culture, but this will change (gradually, perhaps, or drastically if current climatic changes continue and vast areas of marginal grain and grazing land become unproductive). My preference (partly for economic reasons) is to eat meat once or twice per week, and use it

perhaps 3 or 4 times as a seasoning, as the Hopi do, with the bulk of my diet being vegetal (mostly self-raised, until recently, in a 30x30 foot plot, with the exception of my grains). The Moral Question about meat eating is not likely to be settled (as is so often the case with Moral Questions), but I must admit to being Highly Bugged by meat eaters who get all Squeamish about killing animals. If one is going to eat meat, one should/must accept the Responsibility and Implications, and I kinda think everyone ought to live on a farm for a while, and help kill & butcher the chickens, rabbits, and larger animals they eat. There is, for those of us who Respect (but do not necessarily idolize) Life, an additional Responsibility--that of not Wasting anything.

((on Places of Power:)) I use "Power" in this sense with an upper-case initial, but it's still open to some confusion, as would be "Medicine" (as that word is commonly used in writings about AmerInd cultures), and "Awesomeness" doesn't quite fit, either.

I don't know whether the Power is intrinsic within the places, or comes from within myself. Bigness isn't really necessary, though it's often associated--Yosemite Valley, Redwood trees, whitewater rivers, Monument Valley, the Desert, almost any stretch of seacoast (all these away from human "improvement," of course). Often, in rural Japan, you'll come across a tiny shrine, and a tree or strangely-shaped rock encircled by a twisted rice-straw rope which indicates that these are objects in which people have sensed Power, and I usually (at least thought that I) sensed it also. Overwhelming Size isn't essential, by any means--I remember a year or so ago hiking up in San Gabriel canyon, picking up a small rock from the dry streambed, and looking at it closely and long...Power there. And Power in a lizard scooting into its hidey-hole, or a hummingbird feeding on the nectar of a wild tobacco blossom, or a Surfer wired into a good Wave, or many pieces of human craftsmanship made with skillful hands, thoughtful mind, and Heart. (Monstrous Dams, Big Buildings, &cet lack Power, to me, because the Heart doesn't come through, if it's there.) Right now, I'm looking around this incredibly cluttered room, searching for anything which has even a vestige of Power, and...the Books lining the walls are certainly Important, but I feel Power only from the fish swimming in the 40-gallon tank, a few surfaces of unfinished wood, some ears of dried corn, a silver & turquoise Navajo bracelet, and a crystal of quartz. Maybe Power equals Nature.

But there are Moments of Power, as well--when there's a rather high cloud cover, clearing towards the West and the setting sun shines up underneath it, reflecting back down to turn the whole world into coppery-gold for a few moments. Times when the clouds race across the full moon. Glancing up & seeing a skein of wild geese flying their age-old route. Waking up, after sleeping out in the open, just as the sky begins to lighten in the East, seeing the stars fade & the surrounding come into view, watching the sun peep out, then move gradually up until it pulls free from the horizon and begins its daily voyage. And of course the Desert Sky at night, with...The Stars. Some people radiate Power, though on closer acquaintance they may show balancing weaknesses, and sometimes it comes from within myself when I happen to say the right thing, or (Marvelously) when some fact or idea pops into mind and other thoughts and ideas suddenly snap into place and I Understand something. Power is not always Good & Happy--it may reside also in tragedy and accompany Brother Death, as well as in the sprouting of a seed.

Perhaps Power is everywhere and in everything, to some degree (where do we draw the line?), and perhaps I am in error in failing to distinguish between Power, Nature, Truth, and Beauty. Or perhaps not.

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DON ASHBY: I seem to find 'places of power' in a bewildering variety of locations

and times. Beauty and peace seem to sneak up and quietly surprise me when I am least expecting it. They are for me more situational than geographic. The natural beauty and peace generated by rural places is more obvious than the more subtle perturbations of existence that usually seem to leap out at me from shady nooks of time. The other night I was wandering around the house in a desultory fashion, wondering if I was tired enough to go to sleep even though it was 80°F and very humid. You missed out on that aspect of Aussie weather. Our house in enclosed on all quarters by fairly tall buildings and at such times the atmosphere is very close. Suddenly I heard the most beautiful sound. The beech trees that are in the centre of our street started to sigh. They sounded like distant surf. Wind. I went outside to the small courtyard and got the faintest hint of the most balmy zephyr smell. It was Boxing Day and for once the bakery over the road had stopped producing the cloying smell of baking bread that pervades the night air every other day. Suddenly I had to get more of the windsmell, feel it on my face, so I got up on the roof. That was a moment of resonance. The city spread out, most of the lights out because of the holiday and the city smell gone. I sat up there on the chimney for about an hour; everything fell away.

People are also places of power: friends you can sit with in silence or go to and cry or hold them when they do.

I have a few geographical places of power; my favorite is on an island in Western Port Bay near Melbourne. You probably flew over it coming down from Sydney. It has a stretch of really rugged rocky coves and inlets riddled with blow holes. The sea constantly pounds in, exploding into the blow holes with the sound of cannon fire. The air is full of spray and the sound of seabirds. The only way you can get around to the coves is by climbing around the rocks at low tide. When I am really down, or teaching has made me uptight and hysterical, I instinctively head down there. All worries, all tension is leeched out by the clean energy of a confrontation between mother ocean and the blunt stubbornness of rocks that refuse to flow.

I found Robert Lichtman's letter about the Farm very interesting. Cooperatives in Australia seemed to be doomed. Everyone that starts with high ideals and great energy seems to founder very quickly. It is largely I think the Australian character that is at fault. I asked a young Malaysian student who was at a conference I was attending what her first impression of Australians was; she looked me straight in the eye and said--"I,I,I,I,I." Most depressing. One of the guys that lives at the Magic Pud' (John Hamm: the bloke who played Mephistopheles at the Masque) is at present involved in a really big cooperative venture. He and about thirty other people have bought 640 acres in the hills near Melbourne for a cool 250,000 dollars Aust. It has been going for about two years and there is as yet only minimum site works and a caretaker in residence. They have big plans for setting up a number of suburban clusters and leaving the majority of the land bush. They also plan to run about 100 acres for mixed farming. All very good plans, but it looks as if the whole thing is collapsing. They are all on their own individual egotrips; each has his own vision or plan for the farm and they do not seem to be able to get together at all. The radicals want a self-contained subsistence community with everything held in common, organic farming and cooperative living. Others want separate housing, all mod cons, and only to do a minimum of cooperative activity. Most of them seem to have picked up the trendy ecofreak rhetoric and everyone has read Fritz Perls and others of that kind; they spend a lot of time talking about human sensitivity and creative relationships but don't realize that to make them happen you have to do something.

(259 Drummond St., Carlton, Vic. 3053, AUSTRALIA)

GREG BURTON: Paul's comments on sexual attraction are interesting, because there is no contradiction that I can see between being sexually attracted to people & feminism/masculism (or faggotry as it is more frequently called in some circles)--you are or are not attracted to this person or that, and it seems to be out of your control. How you react to that attraction, or lack of attraction, seems much more important. Like, does not being attracted to someone mean that you don't get to know them? Or, do you react to that attraction only when that attraction is socially acceptable & deny it the rest of the time? Do you feel guilt for being attracted to some and not others, and how does that guilt mess up both? Or, have any of these things ever occurred inside your head as questions? seem like the area and field of social change in the individual, rather than sexual attraction per se. The very act of sorting out the attraction & examining it in such a way (as to refer to "it" as 'it') is an objectification of one's self & emotions, seems sort of the same thing as objectifying others, only narcissistic. Probably less damaging, though.

In re doug barbour: Of course we think differently, if for no other reason than that we have that much more experience in being alive. I don't believe in the 'last resurgence theory' of faschism, unfortunately, because of Ronald Reagan, but more because as long as there is an 'us' there will be a 'them' or 'that.' English (who knows, maybe most languages) is built that way (except Babel-17)(which is neither).

Alice Sanvito sort of illustrates the same thing in another way: clean vs. unclean in the matter of jobs. What is 'clean' or 'unclean' is culturally determined (through feedback processes), and the language that includes them seldom has a word that means "both clean and unclean" even though that may be closer to the nature of existence.

THESIS: WORDS ARE DIVISIVE. The act of discriminating divides the world for the purpose of communication, but cannot communicate the whole perception since it is already in pieces. (This is a self-fulfilling thesis, since if anyone disagrees I can just say, "See?" and am sure someone will disagree, otherwise no one would be reading the words in the fanzine since they all saw words as divisive....)

"Capitalist/patriarchal/power-centered/sexual" social relationships, maybe, but I don't think you can put a comparative weight on the economic or sexual side of such a dichotomy. The nuclear family is a production unit/consumption unit, the assumption is that anything less than man/woman/child is 'subatomic,' that anything more or different is mere aggregation of individuals. That isn't at all what I was trying to say, which was--Sex is political, politics is sexual, economics are sexual, sex is (as practiced) economic, based on scarcity of partners enforced through cultural trips which encourage people to "consume" each other in passion...and all the words in the world from any source (including this one) can't describe that which won't be broken up into components. It can be ripped apart, but the shards don't make the whole.

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Letters also came in from: Gary Deindorfer, Grant Canfield ("Really, JD, your bunions must have bunions. Land, how that boy gets about."), David Emerson, Sheryl Birkhead, Beverly Reams, Gil Gaier, John Carl, Sandi Gerber, Shakrallah C. Jabre, Eric Mayer, Will Straw, Shayne McCormack ("You write different to your talk, you know that?"), Gregg Calkins, Eric Lindsay, Carey Handfield, Bill Jordan, and doubtless a host of others whose letters I've misplaced. Artwork in this issue came entirely from the amazing kipple file of Paul Novitski, except for the cover, by Joe Pearson, courtesy Susan Wood. Last stencil: May 17, 1976.