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Ecce Fanno

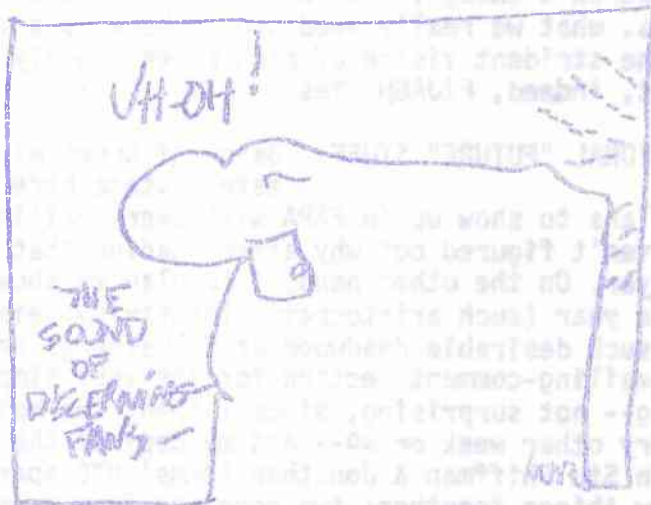
Ecce Fanno is published occasionally for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Patrick Hayden, at Annie Hall, 656 Abbott E. Lansing MI 48823. This issue, number 2 (FAPA #1) is intended for the November, 1977 FAPA mailing and limited distribution among friends of the editor. Erisian Enterprise #142, begun 20 October 1977, printed on Shulamith Firestone.

...I SEEM TO HAVE LOST TRACK OF THE TIME... or at least of the deadline. Actually, my inordinate delay in doing a Fapazine has more roots than that; as a matter of fact, the Rotsler at the bottom of this page probably comes closer to the truth than anything else. I seem to have no difficulty whatsoever in batting out ten or twelve pages in a night for any of the apas I'm familiar with and comfortable in, but Fapa is, well, *FAPA*, home of Boggs, Silverberg, Warner and too many other luminaries to list, and the thought of doing a zine to be compared with them is enough to make this fan of barely three years quail somewhat.

I hate introductions, so hopefully I can keep this one short. Those of you who know who I am, go back to your Dorcas Bagby. We'll only be a minute.

IDIOT WIND I was born January 2, 1959 of liberal-intellectual-artist-Ben-Shahn-drawings-on-the-walls parents who liked to move around a lot. As a result of this disposition on their part, I wound up growing up in a variety of places: in particular, Lansing, Detroit, Chicago, Iowa City, Tempe AZ, Portland OR, Scottsdale AZ, and after moving out on my own, Toronto, Phoenix AZ, New York City and East Lansing. Fortunately, I enjoy travel and moving, though in my more speculative moments I have been giving to wondering whether my seeming addiction to CoAs is inherent or simply the result of having pulled up stakes so often in my childhood. Not that it matters much.

Despite the fact that I had been aware, in a vague sort of way, of the existence of "fandom" for about four or five years at the time (having read such things as fanzine review column in prozines, the introductions in The Hugo Winners, and having received gift subscriptions to Locus and The Tolkien Journal in 1972 from a friend of the family), my entry into fandom actually dates to January of 1975, when I attended a meeting of the Phoenix Cosmic Circle as a result of a notice someone stuck in the free community-notice section of a local underground/alternative paper I occasionally wrote for. Remembering back

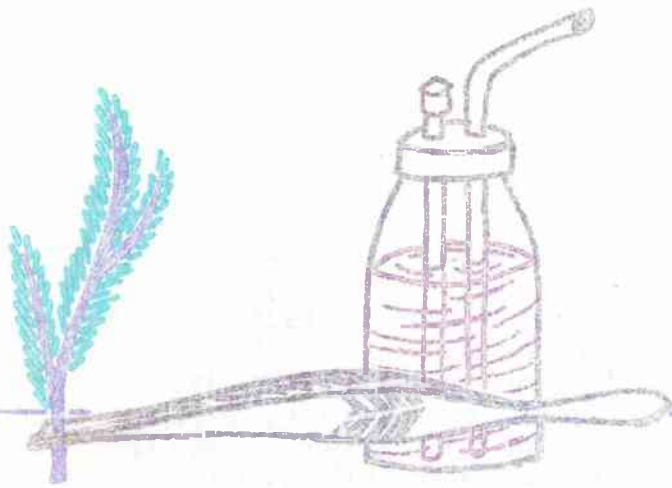


from this vantage point, it is a sobering thought that the entire course of my life for the past three years might have been totally different had Tim Kyger not dropped in to that very meeting just as I was getting bored and ready to leave. Yet the fact remains that he did, and for reasons known only to him decided to employ the full slannish force of his null-a-trained double brain to proselytise me with tales of fanzines, conventions, and suchlike, with the result that within twenty minutes I had decided in a what-the-hell spirit to take over the editorship of Twibbet, a local rotating-editorship genzine, attend three cons in the near future, and generally throw sanity to the winds. These things I did, bringing out the next issue of Twibbet in a month and $\frac{1}{2}$, attending the DesertCon and TusCon in Tucson AZ, helping with the first LapreCon in Phoenix, publishing a couple of issues of a local newszine, joining APA-L and SAPS, and founding a local apa, AZAPA, which seems to have survived thirty mailings since. And yet, despite the incredible amount of fanac I participated in in that first three and one-half months, I tend to look back on that whole period with a view tempered with some chagrin; still living with my parents and going to highschool as I was, I was what is known as a *shudder* Bright Kid, with the emphasis on the kid. Every so often, as a cure for overblown egotism, I dig back into my files and scan copies of the zines I published then. I don't recognize myself.

In May of 1975 my family moved to Toronto, where I contacted various Toronto fans, made a few lasting friendships, worked on my writing style, did a lot of thinking on what I was doing wrong, moved out from my family and into an apartment with Phil Paine, and continued to attend conventions and publish fanzines. Perusing zines written during this period, I begin to see myself emerging, and can even remember why I thought what I thought and said what I said. Since then, I have grown and changed, worked and starved, lived and travelled, publishing and interacting with a curious intensity, until, over a hundred publications of some sort or another, I find myself tiredly batting out a FAPAZine in an attempt to make the deadline. And that ain't the whole truth, but then, what is?

FANNING THE OL' AC As of now, I find myself busy on several fronts. As Richard Bergeron pointed out in a letter not long ago, entirely too much of my time is spent on apazines; currently, I am a member of AZAPA and FAPA, contribute to A Woman's Apa, belong to its invitational faannish counterpart Spinoff, and am OE of yet another six-weekly invitational group. In addition, I am attempting to put together a rather idiosyncratic genzine called Scythe (having failed to produce a general-circulation publication of any kind for about a year now), am (I think) co-editing a newsy, High Time-sort-of small fanzine with Gary Farber, Annelaurie Logan and Avedon Carol, have been asked to write columns for SoItGoze, Simulacrum and the revived Warhoon, and am getting fairly busy these days with arranging all fan programming for IguanaCon, the 36th Worldcon. *pant & gasp* And as if that weren't enough, I live in Annie Hall, a house containing five other fans. I tell you, folks, what we really need around here is a three-by-five poster on the livingroom wall with the strident visage of rich brown sternly wagging his finger at us and instructing us that, indeed, FIJAGH. Yes.

THAT THERE SCIENTIFUNCTIONAL "FUTURE" STUFF Being of sound mind, I think that I can fairly safely state here and now that I certainly harbour no grandiose plans to show up in FAPA with every mailing, or even every other mailing, and if you haven't figured out why after reading that last section, then you're a truer fan than I, meyer. On the other hand, I do plan to show up with something slightly more than eight pages a year (such aristocratic inactivity being, I should think, the exclusive prerogative of such desirable deadwood as Silverberg, Bangsund or Carr). This first offering is missing a mailing-comment section for the very simple reason that I never received the last mailing-- not surprising, since I spent the bulk of my time this summer changing addresses every other week or so-- and my copy of the mailing before that currently lives in a closet in Stu Shiffman & Jonathan Adams' NYC apartment. I have, however, managed to scrape a few things together: two reprints from recent fanzines which I doubt many FAPAns have seen, one reprint of a Willis peice from the Scottish prozine NEBULA, and a promo package Bergeron asked me to run through FAPA. And this is the end of the master, so read and enjoy. (Credits and ToC on page 15...)



TERESA NIELSEN

a twig up my nose

A true story and bizarre...

"The world's most improbable accident," according to Janet Small...

One of the two reasons I did not make it to Toronto the Good, even though I spent most of the summer on that end of the continent...

How did I get that twig up my nose?

For any readers out there who are mystified by all this buildup, let me explain. The partial story came back from Cambridge that, working in the time-honored tradition of such catastrophes as the time I demolished Curt Stubbs' toilet, or the time I nearly asphyxiated myself at a SCA event by lacing my bodice too tight, I had had to go to Massachusetts Eye & Ear to have a juniper twig extracted from my nose.

I received several requests for explanations.

Call me Ishmael...

Actually, the way it all got started was with me chewing on a green and pliant juniper twig outside the Science Center at Harvard. Juniper twigs are rather pleasant to chew on, in a class with pine needles: slightly bitter and aromatic. Somehow I coughed and breathed the twig into the back of my throat, where it stuck. Juniper twigs are gifted with one-way spines. As my luck would have it, the twig caught with its spines pointing downward. This was the basis of the whole problem.

So, there I am, choking and gagging on the mall (if you have ever been tickled in the back of the throat, you'll understand why), and the twig is feeling more and more painful. I staggered into the Science Center, into the ladies' room there, and with the help of a mirror reached back and pulled out most of the thing. At that point, I found out that, what with the motions of my throat and the orientation of the spines, a chunk of twig had worked its way up the back of my throat, past my soft palate, and was beyond my ministrations.

I went upstairs to the computer center, where of course Mike Duffy was hanging out with his friends the terminals. Michael had the grace to only laugh a little bit (considering that by this time I couldn't swallow, could barely croak out intelligible sounds, and was in tears, it was damned decent of him), and he decided that the proper thing to do would be to walk a few hundred yards to the Cambridge fire station (they had a rescue squad) and see if they couldn't fix it. We did this. The firemen had some difficulty understanding what was wrong with me. But when we did convince them that, indeed, I had a twig up my nose, they decided that the proper thing to do would be to take me to Cambridge City Hospital. Which they did, in their rescue vehicle, with the sirens and lights going. Michael loved it; he told me he'd always wanted to ride in a fire truck.

When we got to CCH, there was a small crowd gathered around the admissions desk in Emergency. The firemen had radioed ahead to tell them what the problem was, nobody

quite believed the story, and they were all waiting to see just what was coming in the rescue vehicle.

So there were forms & forms & forms, and I was turned over to a lady doctor, and she examined me and decided that the proper thing to do would be for me to get down to Massachusetts Eye & Ear. So, after arriving like the trump of doom in spades, Michael and I left afoot for the twenty-minute walk to the nearest subway station. It was an interesting trip; Mike giving me helpful comments and lectures on the advisability of living an ordered life and not chewing on strange substances, me attempting to reply in croaks, and Mike telling me to shut up for my own good. In this fashion we made our way to the hospital (where fortunately the admissions lady was absolutely unflappable and had a great sense of humour) to sit waiting for forty minutes.

The doctor was pretty nice, too, when I finally got to see him; he calmed me down, and then stuck probes and mirrors and tweezers and little suction devices and spreaders and hell, I don't know, the Holy Grail up the back of my throat and down my nose (me sitting frozen in the chair the while) and ascertained that, yes, there was something up there. He even extracted a small piece of foliage from my adenoids.

But it was necessary to anaesthetize me, so he squirted my mouth full of something that tasted like banana-flavored rhinoceros bile. I got a look at the container for the stuff; it was labeled "new, improved flavor", which is where I suppose the banana came in. Then he took what looked like a miniature paint sprayer filled with a clear pinkish liquid. I asked him what was in it, and he replied simply: "cocaine." They use a very weak solution of it to spray up your nose to numb it, which is what he did. Then he left for fifteen minutes to get his yogurt for dinner.

At one point in all these proceedings, while I was looking as though I had prosthetic tentacles installed in my nose, and could utterly not move or speak, this little nurse-tootsie came hopping in and said "Oh, what has she got up her nose?" "Twigs," the doctor replied. "Twigs?" "Twigs." "Twigs?" "Twigs." I rolled my eyes up to heaven and suffered.

(On the other hand, I suppose she was better than some old geezer who came in and asked if juniper were some sort of health food.)

Let me make it short. The doctor came back, took a long, skinny pair of tweezers and stuck them so far up me nose that I felt them in the back of my throat, then there was an odd sensation of pressure, and the doctor came up triumphantly with a little twig, a respectable little thing with branches and all, and announced that it had been stuck in my posterior nasal pharynx. I saved the twig, pressed inside a copy of "Forever War". The hospital charged me \$35, which along with some debts of extreme dishonor prevented me from affording a ticket to fabled Tronno.

Thus it happened. Just so.

--Teresa Nielsen
"A Twig Up My Nose"
AZAPA 29
September 1977

..... THE TENTH CIRCLE
(To Marty Hegelsen) "'The inexhaustibility of the infinite reality of God is one reason why eternal life will not be dull or boring.' The subject of 'the infinite reality of God' has been dull and boring in the apa for several years now. (Heaven is an eternity of making mailing comments on religious topics? Sounds more like hell to me.)" --Denny Lien, ALL LIES AND JESTS #63, Minneapa 93 (August, 1977)

FANORAMA

WALTER WILLIS writes for you—

There was once a man in America who made his living by putting small ads in large circulation magazines reading ACT NOW. DON'T DELAY. SEND \$1.00 TO ME IMMEDIATELY AT THE ADDRESS BELOW. HURRY-- TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE. Among the hundreds of millions of people in America there were always enough of the idly curious or simple minded to provide him with an adequate income. The law got after him once, but it was ruled that since he offered nothing at all he couldn't be accused of fraud.

Only slightly less startling are the people who live by selling names and addresses. I don't know if you've ever noticed their advertisements, but they read RECEIVE INTERESTING MAIL. APPLY TO... These people make lists of those who write in and sell them for hard cash to mail order firms, charity organizers, etc., rather like the mathematicians who sell lists of random numbers to research workers. The product is known as "sucker lists" and the reasoning is that people who answer such an advertisement are likely to be people who will write away for things, or who at least can read.

To want to "receive interesting mail" is a very understandable desire, but not one so easily satisfied. I suppose it all started for us as children, when about Christmas and birthday time the postman became a rich unpredictable uncle delivering surprises from all over the world into our hot little hands. But, alas, most of us have long lost the thrill of seeing the postman come up our path: we expect nothing more colourful than a Final Demand in red ink, and we almost wish we were a dog so we could bite him. This all changed for me when I became actively interested in science fiction fandom, and it's one of the most rewarding things about the hobby. Instead of lying resentfully in bed in the mornings I dash downstairs for the morning's mail-- driven, one might say, from pillow to post-- and instead of every day being a dull stepping-stone to Saturday it's enlivened by two consignments of the Unexpected. Everything comes that you can think of, and a lot that you can't, because sf fans are people with highly original minds-- complimentary copies of books, gramophone records, picture postcards from the most unexpected places, recorded tapes, quotecards, toys, novelties, souvenirs, photographs, maps and of course fan magazines and letters from all parts of the globe full of friendliness, humour, drama and sheer incomprehensibility. I've also received in my time such unlikely items as a wooden box of exotic fruit from Disneyland (that was Forrest J. Ackerman), letters with handpainted full colour illustrations in the margins, a slab of guava jelly from New York and a device for blowing bubbles from the top of your head from Damon Knight. When I was a very active fan stuff like this used to surge in by every post and when on rare occasions the postman didn't call we began secretly to suspect that the world had been plunged into atomic war and it was being kept out of the local papers. Once I didn't get any mail for a whole day and was considering digging a hole in the front garden when a red van drew up outside with my mail all tied up in an enormous bundle with a thick rope, in what I thought was a unnecessarily pointed manner.

This was all brought home to me by reading Sandy Sanderson's "Inchmery Fan Diary" in his fan magazine APORRHETA, in which he recounts day by day the variegated imports of that lively fan household. This is heady stuff and I can well imagine a newcomer being fascinated by the colourful life which active sf fans live. In which case perhaps a word

of warning might be in order. This is not quite like sending a postcard with your name and address and getting a seed catalogue. Before you can attain the dizzy eminence of receiving devices for blowing bubbles from the top of your head from Damon Knight-- and understand that I cannot positively guarantee that-- a certain amount of activity on your part is necessary. The Diary of a new fan might read more like:

"Jan. 1st. Got Nebula and read Willis's column by mistake. Remembered that out-of-date Postal Order they wouldn't cash and sent away for a sample fan magazine.

Jan. 10th. Fanzine arrived. Sent away for another.

Jan. 15th. Discharged from hospital, having promised doctor not to open staples with my fingernails again.

Jan. 25th. Second fanzine arrived. Decided to publish one of my own and show these people how it should be done. Jewel-like reproduction, tasteful lay-out, multi-colour illustrations, regular monthly schedule, mailed in envelopes. Wrote for material to Robert Heinlein, Arthur Clarke and a couple of Big Name Fans.

Jan. 28th. Still no word from Clarke. Wonder if I should have sent a stamped envelope-- that frogman stuff must be expensive. The BNFs don't answer either. the slob.

Feb. 10th. No word from Heinlein. Wonder if 'Robert Heinlein, America' was sufficient address.

Feb. 11th. Soap coupons.

Feb. 12th. More soap coupons.

Feb. 13th. Letter from Mr. Littlewood.

Feb. 14th. Letter from Mr. Vernon. Decided to give up idea of fanzine of my own for the time being. Wrote letters of comment to the editors of the two I got and to a couple of people who sounded nice from their letters in the readers' sections.

June. 12th. Haven't had time to keep up this diary but nothing much today so can catch up with my reading, just a letter from some neofan looking for material for his crudzine (some hope) and a note from Damon Knight that he's sending me a parcel."

Sandy Sanderson's address is 7 Inchmery Road, Catford, London, S.E.5, and if APOR-RHETA isn't available at the time he'll have you sent something else equally worth your money. If he doesn't, ask me for a refund. I'll bet I don't get enough requests to force me to leave for South America. Among the fascinating melange of news and views in the current issue, incidentally, are quotes from the hurried notes of Ron Bennett, Transatlantic Fan Fund winner and Bradbury worshipper, written during his hectic tour of the States. One typical one reads, "Haven shaken hands with Bradbury six times. So far."

--Walt Willis
NEBULA Science-Fiction
#36: November, 1958

.....:RIGHT, AND WASN'T JOHN D. BERRY ONCE A MONSTER FAN?:.....
Dear Shelby: I'm just itching to go to the Convention in Chicago this fall myself. This ten dollars wouldn't go very far toward taking me there, but added to what the rest of fandom can scrape up, it might go a little farther toward getting that ubiquitous Irishman there. ::: Enjoyed the little "confusion" newsheet. Can you send me some more? I've included a blurb for importing WAW on the back cover of my current GEM TONES. Manly Bannister was the person who suggested it. ::: Best wishes to you on the success of the campaign. If by any chance I should make it, I'll expect ten bucks worth of Irish wit aimed pleasantly at me! It would add ten bucks worth of fun to my convention pleasure just to meet WAW. ::: Fannishly, G.M.Carr/Secretary NFFF ::: P.S. Hope you are planning to bring his wife too. She'll want to meet Keasler! ~~##~~ --Confusion vln7, ed. Shelby Vick (1952)
.....

**Dec. 1,
1977!**

A WEALTH OF WILLIS? (newsnote from/by Richard Bergeron)

The vagrant sheet from Warhoon numbered 71 and 72 loitering nearby was an early test run to determine if the 5 year old stencils were still any good. That was two years ago. The stencils were fine and still are as another 100 have now been run but these duplicated sheets are not because the pagination has been changed a number of times! These pages are from Walt Willis' second convention report "The Harp In England" (II) -- the LonCon of 1952 (when most of us weren't even born). Already Willis was writing for the ages and he went on for pages and pages and years and years and finally my plan to publish an issue of Warhoon featuring a large collection of that writing has a publication date of Dec. 1, 1977. It includes all installments of Willis' "The Harp That Once Or Twice", "The Harp In England (I)", "The Harp In England (II)", "The Harp Stateside", "The Enchanted Duplicator", "Willis Discovers America", "The Bright Land" (Walt's report on his second journey across the United States - this time with his wife Madeleine in 1962), "I Remember Me" (100 pages of Willis autobiography and browsing through Walt's amazing correspondence files), and a number of other Willis items too humorous to mention. Also included is Harry Warner's "A Wealth Of Fable" (Harry's biography of Willis which was written for Wrhn and was Warner's first use of that title), Peter Graham's "Inside The Harp Stateside" (an analysis of Willis' writing and attitude toward fandom), a 6 page bibliography of Walt's writing and publishing, and over 50 pages of offset art in 1, 2, or 3 colors by Lee Hoffman, ATom, Bob Shaw, and Others. The WASH (Warhoon #28) runs about 550 pages at present and has no price because I don't have a quote for the hardcover binding with gold stamping at this time.

The Necronomicon of Fandom is about to appear.

ALSO: WARHOON WALKS AGAIN! (Richard Bergeron still writhing)

Through the complexities of 8X gang-ups in the offset printing of the WASH artwork I found myself with 4 blank pages on one run. So I absent-mindedly dropped in covers for Warhoon 29, 30, 31 and 32 and decided what-the-hell I might as well revive Wrhn while I'm at it. Tom Perry has agreed to resume his fine old column "Perry and the Tirades" which fan historians everywhere have fond memories of from the last issue of Hyphen (the fact that the last issue of Hyphen contained the first installment of Perry's column was totally coincidental, I hope) and Patrick Hayden has agreed to give Redd Boggs' "File 13" a run for its money by also contributing a column to the new Wrhn if he can come down from waxing that ceiling long enough. There will probably be other material in the issue as well. Publication date for Wrhn #29 is Dec. 15, 1977, and will be priced at 50¢ from Bergeron at 11 East 68th St., New York City, New York, 10021. Why not reserve your copy of the WASH at the same time?

lavish on some incredibly undistinguished paperback, like for instance the BRE of Farley's "Immortals"..... "A FIRST EDITION! THE PLATES HAVE BEEN SMASHED! ...REMEMBER, THIS BOOK WAS BANNED IN BOSTON. (At this point he would open the book at random and pretend to read a lascivious passage -- he has a wonderful talent for improvising whole paragraphs in any particular style.) AN HOUR OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT. THIS SORT OF STUFF WILL MAKE YOU INDEPENDENT OF YOUR GIRL FRIEND. DID I HEAR A SHILLING? COME OUT FROM BELOW THAT CHAIR AND SAY 1/3. WE SOLD ONE OF THESE FOR TEN BOB AND IT WAS STOLEN FROM THE PURCHASER BY AN OUTRAGED FAN. THIS BOOK WAS BURNED IN EFFIGY IN FRANCE, SMUGGLED INTO THIS COUNTRY UNDER THE GUISE OF NYLONS. WHAT, ONLY 1/3 FOR THIS HIDEOUS TRAVESTY OF HUMAN DRAMA? (Tragically) THIS IS THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS. ALL RIGHT THEN, 1/3. I'LL TAKE YOUR TROUSERS FOR DEPOSIT. AND NOW... (He pauses dramatically, holding up a copy of AUTHENTIC with his own first novel, "Alien Impact", in it. He waits statuesquely for utter silence. Then, solemnly...) THE GREATEST PIECE OF LITERATURE EVER WRITTEN...I HEARD THAT!!! COME ON NOW. DO YOU WANT ME TO COMMIT SUICIDE RIGHT HERE ON THE FLOOR? I DIDN'T HEAR THAT BID. WHAT? VERY WELL THEN, SOLD CURSE YOU. (Now, holding up some issues of FA and AMAZING and waiting for the jeers to die down...) NOW NOW, DON'T DERIDE THE LITERATURE YOU LIVE ON. WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS THICK WAD OF READING MATERIAL GUARANTEED TO LAST AT LEAST THREE NIGHTS. IN PERFECT CONDITION. THEY'VE ONLY BEEN READ ONCE I ASSURE YOU. OLD COPIES OF THE BIBLE FETCH THOUSANDS OF POUNDS AND THIS IS A RELIGION. ALL RIGHT THEN, SOLD FOR 3 SHILLINGS....NOW, WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL PAINTING? PEOPLE HAVE OFFERED POUNDS FOR IT BUT WE JUST WOULDN'T SELL. WHY, THERE MUST BE FIVE SHILLINGS WORTH OF POSTER COLOUR ON IT. PUT IT BEHIND THE AQUARIUM OR OVER THAT SPOT ON THE WALL WHERE BABY FORGOT HIMSELF. HANG IT IN YOUR DEN IF YOU'VE GOT ONE. (MY DEN HAS A CHAIN HANGING DOWN THE SIDE.)....WHAT OFFERS FOR THIS BOOK BY OLAF STAPLEDON? THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER OLAF STAPLEDON YOU KNOW -- THERE WAS ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY. LOOK AT IT. BEAUTIFULLY BOUND IN GUN METAL GREY, SHOWING UP FINGERPRINTS TO ADVANTAGE. OBSERVE THE NARROW MARGINS -- NO HUNTING ALL OVER THE PAGE FOR THE PRINT. FOR ANOTHER SIXPENCE I'LL SIGN IT FOR YOU....." And so on, inexhaustibly. It was a tour de force. Audience participation at the beginning was on the level of those humourous bids of 'one Penny', or even more wittily, one halfpenny -- on which incidentally George Charters comments in his report that "Although I have heard this hundreds of times, having worked as an auctioneers clerk for two years, I still do not think it is funny." -- but it soon began to improve and for the first time the convention became a corporate entity, a happy state symbolized by the presence in the air of delta-wing paper darts.

There is nothing like a common affliction for drawing people even nearer together, and this was provided by the film show which followed. A member of the Committee was at pains to tell me it was all the fault of the fellow that owned the projector insisting on showing his own films, so they must have felt guilty about it. They should have. It was awful. First we sat through an interminable "interest" film about sheep dogs and snake bites and fencing and ghod knows what-- all the worst afflictions of the supporting programme except talking animals and the royal family -- just to see a few rocket shots that we'd seen before and didn't want to see again. Then there were more instructional films about aeroplanes and "How Talkies Are Made" and "How Television Works" and so on and on. As yet another of these oozed its way on the screen Ken Potter shouted sarcastically "How To Talk On The Telephone" and there were ugly murmurs of "Call this a Convention?" But with a tenacity worthy of a better cause the wretched projectionist stuck to his guns and the dreary parade continued. The only item that had any interest at all was a French film about astronomical phenomena, and that was only because some rash fan -- not me, thank Roscoe -- had undertaken to translate the captions as they were thrown on the screen. Since they were very long and full of technical terms he got into serious difficulties, which were greeted by snide comments by the frustrated audience. The commentary soon developed into a cross talk exchange between the commentator and the fans. After all this the main film, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," seemed almost worth seeing. It wasn't though.

For some inadequate reason the Convention was to start next day with a repeat of the Arthur Clarke recording, so Vince and I dawdled over breakfast...I've seldom seen a meal more thoroughly dawdled over...and ambled down to the station at the crack of 11AM. On the platform I opened my wallet to put away my ticket and noticed with a sinking feeling that yesterday's return half was still there,, though I distinctly remembered having given up some ticket last night. This could mean only one thing: I had surrendered the return half of my ticket to Belfast. I shamefacedly explained the situation to Vince and we traced the ticket collector to his lair. For what seemed like hours we waded knee deep in tickets, looking for one which I vaguely remembered as having been green, but we finally had to give up. (In case you're worried the ticket collector found it himself a couple of days later and brought it round to Vince's house. I wish he had given it to me outside, because it turned out to be blue and Vince saw it and made some caustic comments about colorblind Irishmen.)

By the time we arrived at the Con we'd missed the pro-editors' session, which James tells me was the best thing at the Con. Ted Carnell and Bert Campbell were the speakers and someone had had the brilliant idea of getting them to answer questions on behalf of each other's magazines. It must have been rich. During the lunch interval, and later, members of the Con Committee kept coming to me one after another and saying they'd heard of me losing my return ticket and that the Committee would gladly advance me my fare home if I was stuck. I thought this was very nice of them -- unless it was just that they wanted to make sure I did go home -- and in fact everyone at the Con this year was very nice to everyone else. I'm not sure how much if anything I had to do with this -- last year I wasn't above exaggerating some signs of dissension which, quite unexpectedly to me, caused some discord in the London Circle -- but it makes it very difficult to write an interesting report. Apparently impossible, you will say.

After lunch there was another forum by various authors and artists, including Ted Tubb, Brian Berry, Dave McIlwain (author of an excellent sf play recently broadcast by the BBC), Dan Morgan, Bert Campbell, Alan Hunter, Sid Bounds, fluent Frank Edward Arnold, and other vile pros. I thought Bert Campbell made the best speech, but Bounds read a thoughtful and intelligent paper about where he thought the future of sf lay, throwing in a plot synopsis of "The Green Hills of Earth" only slightly longer than the story itself. After the invited pros had said their pieces John Brunner got up and came to the dais where, as Britain's most up and coming young author, he made a competent and interesting little speech. I envy him his self assurance: also the 600 odd dollars he's just got for a 21,000 word novelette sold to Astounding.

Next Les Flood introduced the International Fantasy Award, including among his descriptions of the judges one of me as the leader of 'articulate fandom'. This was the best joke of the Con, but nobody laughed. The elegant little table lighters cum space-ship ornaments were then presented to Ted Carnell on behalf of John Collier for "Fancies And Goodnights" and to Arthur Clarke's brother for "The Exploration of Space". This was followed by the second auction. Aply assisted by Fred Brown, Ted Tubb was again incomparable, but the real star this time was a stray cat that kept wandering over the glass roof and peering down at the auction through a missing pane. We onlookers at the back were vastly amused, but we never really hoped that anything would come of it, just as telephone linesmen never fall off their poles no matter how long you wait. But this was the day of days. Oh joy! To our incredulous delight the cat could finally contain himself no longer and, pausing over the broken pane, expressed his considered opinion of the Fantastic Adventures then being auctioned. He passed on it from a height. Ted Tubb uttered a terrible roar and leapt dramatically backwards as if to say "Après moi, le deluge" but some of the fans who were clustered round him poring over the books weren't so lucky. They got poured over themselves. It was a glorious moment. I would like to nominate this cat for a special award for

—gary farber—

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

I had no money for the bus, or rather, couldn't afford to spend it there, but it had been a month or so since my last sojourn, and I very much wished to be at the Fanoclast or FISTFA meeting on that friday, and moreover, the housewarming/Libra birthday party held in Jerry Kaufman and Joe Siclari's new apartment that Saturday night. I also felt an urge to try it, to test myself on hitching that distance, not to prove myself, but to experience, and keep for future reference. I made the usual preparations: made a sign, packed, and got up at 6:30 AM Thursday morning, showered and dressed, and slung my backpack over one shoulder, sign under my arm and went out to have breakfast with 2 friends (the first time I had breakfast in my entire stay at Brockport). Dropped a term paper under a professor's door, a paper that I had worked on from 1-2:30 that night before sleeping, and walked the long walk out to the road leading to the thruway, with the cold wind blowing against my face and under my shirt. I got to my optimum waiting spot after a half-hour, and waited about 40 minutes before walking five minutes back to a shopping center to buy a magic marker to change my sign slightly, and make the reverse side more legible. Now I had one saying: Ride Thruway on one side and Ride New York on the other. Another fifteen minutes' wait, and then I surfaced to awareness of a car across the road, pulling out of the bank exit, honking, waving at me?



It was a woman in her early thirties, cheerful and smalltown fresh, who told me that she had seen me when going in, and decided then that if I was still there when she left, she'd pick me up. She was going to within a mile or so of the thruway. We talked a while, about the college (she was taking one course a year), and music. She loved classical, but hardly got to hear it because her children used the stereo all day, and her husband didn't like it at night. She, ahhh, didn't like most rock because the music was too loud, and the lyrics often offended her as a firm Christian Woman. I nodded a lot. When I'm hitching, I'm polite, generally. The woman took me all the way to the thruway entrance, since we had "such a nice talk". Really did.

I made my way up the now familiar rampway to the toll entrances, and settled down to wait by the lamppost that carried the memories of many humans intersecting along time in their waits there. Markers left their remnants with advice to travellers, curses, philosophy, and walls of waiting. I crouched with my sign, and had been there for about an hour and forty-five minutes when I observed an official-looking hat striding towards

—waiting—

me. It was a very stiff hat, and it carried a state trooper under it. Police. Fuzz...
Them.

Actually, it was a him, and he was visible to me from quite a long distance off, it being a long flat straightaway. I wasn't quite sure how to act in encountering him, but I made do by nonchalantly ignoring his presence until the last 200 or so feet, whereupon I looked around at him, and waved "howdy". He was youngish, with a thin mustache, and he arrived to look me over closely. "Umm, ahh....been here long?" "A while," I said... He was staring at me, hard. He looked down at my Ride New York sign. "What's your name?" "Gary Farber." "Got any ID?" "Yeah, just a second, lemme dig for it." I got out my wallet, and showed him my SUNY-at-Brockport ID. "Any more ID?" "Uh, yeah." I dug through and pulled out my social security card. He scruted at it, and then came out with "Any more ID?" No, not really, I thought while digging through my wallet. "Here's a Brooklyn Public Library card."

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

"Where'ya going?"

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

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

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

"You, ahh, don't have any guns or knives in any of your coat pockets, then, do you?" This was a shell-type thin summer jacket I was wearing, being warm-blooded. I told him that I had no guns or knives in its pockets.

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

I turned my pockets out.

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

I had a feeling where this was leading. I started pulling things out of my front right pocket and laying them on the grass, as he directed. Then the left front, until empty, whereupon he had me turn it out, and proceeded to the back pockets. I was laying everything out, and each time we got to the next pocket he would again ask me-- "Any guns or knives?"...We got to the last pocket, after the slight snag of not being able to pull one of them out all the way to prove it was empty, because of a hole in it having been re-sewed to the pants leg. He patted me down, and getting to the last pocket in which I might have *gasp* a, uhhh, you-know, he stepped back, hand to his gun in case I... attacked him.

I think.

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

mentioned, lying at my feet.

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

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

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

I didn't like the sound of that.

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

I walked down the hill, and into a field to Relieve Myself, and came back, picked up a stick and began playing with it. We sat and peered together at the faint, vague image in the distance of what might be a service station sign, debating whether or not they might have a soda machine, and Was It Worth It? For diversion, I began falling to my knees as cars approached, and extending my arms, face filled with pleading, and a general demeanor of pitifulness about me, and then just plain begging and screaming. After another two hours, I moved a thousand feet or so down the road, reasoning that someone might think we were together and not stop for that reason. I lept and jugged, acting destitute as they rushed by, the wind dashing after them. Finally, I did a "I'm dying I'm dying my god ya gotta help me oh god help me oh please oh please" fall, and when that car, too, passed by I spun, and for lack of anything else to do made a Rude gesture, an unwise action. The car spun to a halt, jerked backwards with a squeal of wheels, a cloud of dust ~~and a face~~ and a face leaned out at me and started screaming, then roaring off. I had had a momentary fear for the sanctity and safety of my nose, yet I came to no harm. Such is good, I think.

I waited there, and looked, and waited, occasionally waving at my friend. Another person came walking towards me from the booths, and at first I thought it was another cop, remembering my previous experience, but it was only another one of us. He had long, waist-length blond hair, tied into a flowing rope, and carried a small knapsack. We consulted a bit, and he told me that I would do best to try and make it to Syracuse because "that's where all the freaks are", and it would be easy to get picked up. And so he walked further down the road to wait, in a deep-knee-bend position, and soon I spotted most of a mile away, another figure waiting. So there were 5 of us strung out down the road, until two more came. Waiting. Waiting...

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

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

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

Albany, and crash with Frank Balazs, or someone. So, when they mentioned that they would be coming back through Utica, and could drop me off at the bus station, I agreed to go and help them.

Help them, you say?

Help them repossess a water softener, you see.

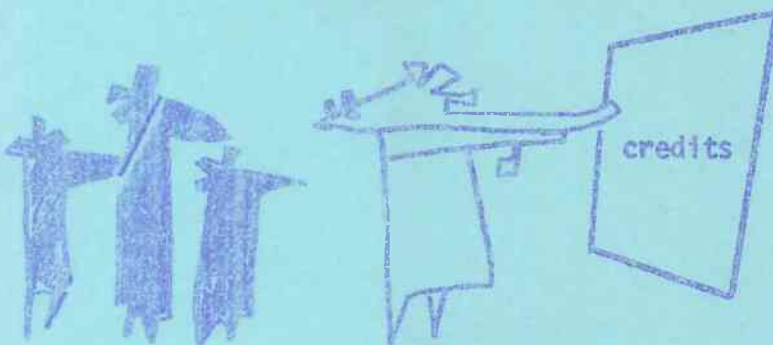
Whooooee.

We rode, and got to the house, tramping into this middle-american home, with the family just settling down to eat dinner. The wife cooking, the gum-chewing daughter, da daug, the tee-shirted husband with a beer in his hand... He took us downstairs to his workshop, and we started taking the watersoftener apart, unscrewing the pipes, draining the salt, etc. We had to use a hacksaw on 2 of the pipes, but eventually got it out and up the stairs, to be dumped in the street and loaded in the backseat, with me. You see, the man had decided he didn't want it, and could get a better one for a lower price, so... Once we had left the place, we set off in search of the bus station in Utica, though of course my two heros had to find a liquor store first and buy a bottle of mixed whiskey cocktail. This was after swearing throughout the previous three hours of driving that they had such a vicious hangover that they would never touch drink again. So we rode to Utica, polished off the bottle, and probably passed the bus station four times, in zigzagging back and forth shouting drunkenly at gas station attendants. An adventure, an adventure... We finally got to the station proper, made our farewells, and I tried the no-no of riding straight through to NY on the bus, since it went from Albany to NY, but didn't quite make it, and ended up riding to NY anyway, paying for it. Oh, it was a delight, life is, it was.

And maybe sometime I'll tell you how I got back.

--Gary Farber
DRIFT #2

section written circa October 1975



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page 1/ Bill Rotsler
page 3/ AnneLaurie Logan
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page 15/ ATom
backcover/ photo of the editor
courtesy Bob Webber

"the immature poet imitates; the mature poet plagiarizes." --t.s.eliot

"the immature poet imitates; the mature poet plagiarizes." --w.s.auden

--from some GILGAMESH or other; courtesy avedon carol...



...errata...

Comment from the author of "Waiting" that I forgot to include: "I'd like to stress that the piece which Patrick reprints here was written over 2 years ago, and I'd like to think that my writing has improved at least somewhat since then. I reread the piece, and wince at the awkward constructions, curious descriptions, poor pacing and at the rather simplistic portrait of myself that comes across..."
--Gary Farber/ October 1977

Also: Lettering on page 1 was by Pat Mueller ::: Thanks to Stuart Stinson for the loan of the Nebula and Gary Farber for the Confusion ::: Mimeography done on Robin Morgan, Ken Josenhans' Gestetner 260 ::: errata is such a pain...