



NUMBER 21

HITCHHIKE #21, "the controlled accident," is published at whatever interval seems appropriate by John D. Berry, 6614 Quinten Street, Falls Church, Virginia 22043. That address, actually, and its accompanying telephone number ((703) 534-4868), will only be good until the end of June, after which time I'll be back on the road again and mail for me should be addressed to Box 504, Edgartown, Massachusetts 02539, during the summer. By the end of the summer, I imagine I will have published another issue, with whatever random address may seem reasonable by then. I publish this rag whenever I feel like it, or whenever you send me enough Good Stuff that I just can't resist printing it. The mailing list of HITCHHIKE consists of everybody I want to send it to. If you're not sure whether that includes you, you might write me an interesting letter or send me a good fanzine. If you can't think of anything better, you can always send me some money--whatever you can afford, although a quarter a copy seems pretty fair to me. I'm particularly interested in letters telling me what you're doing and what's happening in your part of the microcosm we're all a part of. The heading above was drawn and hand-stenciled by Dan Steffan last night. Today is June 3, 1974, at least in this Time Zone; I'll put a date at the end of the issue to let you know when I finish it up. This is Roach Press Publication #85.

[illegible]

"But the artist is not there to be at one with the world, he is there to transform it."

--Anais Nin, Diary, Vol. II (1934-1939)

Well, I'm not sure what I think of that quote, but it's certainly provocative to someone like me who is trying to make himself at one with the world after a long introduction to it that didn't seem to be in tune at all. And in that phrase, "to make himself at one with the world," lies a good part of the paradox and problem of my inner life these days. How the hell can you "make" yourself be freeflowing and in tune? When I think about it, I find that I'm really in the middle of a very serious effort to focus my energies and put my life on what I consider a right track. (Not the right track; that's too restrictive.) After which I can let go and I'll move naturally in the right direction. I'm not at all sure that that isn't a complete contradiction, but it really is what I'm doing, so perhaps I'm living a contradiction.. Lots of people do.

It's June, the last month before the lease on this house runs out and I hit the road again. Although I'd like to sit tight and snug without a thought of moving until right before the final day, I find that the stability of this life is eroding away. First Mary moved her furni-

ture out, since she's going to be leaving early (in a week and a half, come to think of it) and she hates to leave things until the last minute; unfortunately, her furniture included the mainstays of the living-room--the couch and the big red chair--which left the livingroom looking bare and summery and shook up my sense of solidity. Since then, my own mind has been playing much the same tricks on me, as I start holding myself back from making commitments that might extend past June 30 and I find myself worrying about whether I'll have time to do all the things I want to get done before that date. I've got the urge for going, and I can't keep my mind on tying up loose ends.

Springtime has brought them flocking to Falls Church again. No, not the loose ends; people. While I've been preparing to leave, Richard Snead has finally come back up from Charlotte, North Carolina, to live in exotic Northern Virginia, just as his much-delayed story "The Kozmic Kid" reached the newsstands at last in the pages of FANTASTIC. He's been here for a couple of weeks or so; maybe a month. About a week ago, in the middle of the Disclave, Dan Steffan steamed into Union Station on an Amtrak train, just in time to join about thirty other science fiction fans in descending on the startled staff of the Indian Curry House in D.C. for Saturday night dinner. Dan slid down escalator dividers and explored the catacombs of the Sheraton Park hotel with the rest of us, but unlike the other visiting fans he didn't go home. He's staying here in Falls Church and hoping to move into a house with Richard and Michael and Edie Nally. (Though there is some rumor of a cross-country odyssey this summer with Dan, Richard, and Ted White heading out for a month in California. You never know; they might do it.) It's been very easy since Dan arrived to get seduced into socializing and let everything else slide until the mythical RealSoonNow. You better believe it.

My outer life has been mostly that socializing lately--that, and the usual temporary typing jobs and a few regular things like the Writers Group. Which is not that different from socializing, although we may tell you whopping lies about our great literary accomplishments. All my housemates have taken off for places like the Smoky Mountains and the Atlantic coast, but I've stuck around home, biding my time and shrugging when people ask me what my plans are. I've even bought myself a pair of boots that don't have holes in the soles, just for traveling this summer.

* * *

I've got a lot of things on my mind tonight, so you're just going to have to put up with them all falling out onto the page. That's what fanzines are all about, anyway.

I keep wishing that I could write this wonderful, fabulous piece (maybe a novel, maybe only a single, scintillating paragraph) that would capture the entirety of the counterculture at this moment, that would see all the lines of development and point out not only where they've come from and where they are now, but also where they're (and we're) heading from here on out, and that, finally, would be able to paint with a few deft strokes a coherent picture of life in 1974 and its relation to all that's gone down since the early Sixties and that's become so indelibly etched into our collective consciousness.

This sort of thinking came upon me tonight because I had been reading some more in Wavy Gravy's Hog Farm book, which Richard Snead had turned me on to and loaned me (Richard Snead is a purveyor of underground classics), and I had hyped my nerves up a bit on aromatic, caf-

feine-carrying coffee in a crowded public consumery, and after doing these things I hopped into my VW van and tooled off along a few of the Virginia back roads, twisting the wheel and zipping right along as the gas needle moved inexorably toward zero. Actually, my mission as I left the parking lot at Giacomo's was to bring to completion a several-month-long dream and buy my first new record in at least a year. (To be truthful, I must admit--as I only just remembered in the middle of that sentence--that I did buy a disc in the cheapie bins at Dart Drug only last week, but I'll somehow contrive to forget that or pretend that at \$1.69 it doesn't count.) Someone at the pizza joint had started playing "Help Me" from the new Joni Mitchell album, and before the tune had finished my quarter was on the table for the coffee and I was out the door, on my way to find out if Giant Music was still open. I scanned the contents of my wallet and determined that I probably had just enough to buy the record if it was maybe on sale. So, to the road!

I conserved gas by coasting down the long hill into Falls Church, and all the lights turned green before me--traffic lights that have never been in sync before and will doubtless never be again, much like a rare conjunction of the planets--but the outcome was predictable: when I turned into Broad Street and slowed down across from Giant Music and gazed inside, it was dead empty and closed up for the night. I'd thought as much.

There were record stores open in D.C. that late, I knew, but to reach them I'd have to spend my scanty record money on procuring gas, thus defeating the purpose of the whole expedition. Rats.

So I came home to write these thoughts.

And it was on the way home, while tooling at a much more sedate pace around a few more of those Virginia turns and curves, that I started thinking about the differences between the scenes I know now and the things people like me were doing and concerned with five years ago and more.

Five years ago--that's 1969, let's say; not a bad choice at all, the summer of Woodstock. I wasn't even in the country the weekend that the festival was held, I got back to New York just a week too late and the limousine driver on the way out to Westchester County told me all about it (that's the airport limousine, sort of a glorified and specialized bus service, not the private kind; I'm not that rich and bourgeois), but it was in the air all through the year. There was a lot more unanimity in music in those days, or at least a sense of a common center. People I knew were in various stages of political activism, too. (Was 1969 the year I got into it briefly, or was it the next spring?) There were focuses for your energy. the war waged on, and the young male population was subject to the draft. I was a student then, which I'm not now, and it's impossible to know how many of the changes I feel are just in my own life. The people who were in colleges and universities and into the drug culture in the mid-Sixties, before I was, may have then precisely the way I do now--but then why is it that so few of the people I see around me right now seem to have any more idea of where they're heading than I do?

Anyway, San Francisco was one of the centers then, and there was a sense of acceleration, or at worst a feeling that the whole cultural phenomenon was just beginning to come down.

In 1974, everything that had begun among a few handful of people a decade ago and blossomed into a subculture by 1969 has spread outward into the entire American society, pervading it and at the same time getting diluted and thinned out to a surface layer. (Pardon me while I generalize at will.) I caught a corner of this vast fabric the winter

before last, when I took my first trip beyond the fringes of the South and drove down to Florida and back: in place of all the paranoid horror stories I had heard, I found everybody friendly, young and old, and every kid along the way with hair down to his shoulders. Trouble was, when I thought about it and remembered all the people I knew with long hair and mused on some of my hitchhiking experiences (not one of the longhairs in VW vans had picked us up along the Big Sur coast the September before, and when I lived in San Francisco about half my rides came from middle-aged businessmen and the like), I realized that the long hair didn't mean a thing. At one time it denoted something special; in the early days, before I was even aware of it in my rich suburban shelter, long hair was almost a patch of brotherhood, a tribal sign by which you knew that you were among your own. (And everybody else knew that they were faced with dirty longhaired hippies.) Nowadays, all the sharp young government executives that I see on the streets of Georgetown and downtown on K Street wear their hair at least down the backs of their necks--although it is all carefully coiffed, and a real long-haired scruffy holdout from up the hill in the funky neighborhoods still stands out. (Still, it's liable to be his faded coveralls and his army jacket that first catch your eye, rather than his hair.)

The music culture is an industry, with its own executives and wheeler-dealers. It always was, of course, but there was a time when the ROLLING STONE was an underground publication. (I just picked up the ROLLING STONE REVIEW OF BOOKS today--the first time I've seen it--and it leads off with a book review by Dan Rather, CBS News's Washington correspondent.) I went to an old-time political demonstration a month ago, and it was just that: a lot of the same old faces you've seen since 1966, and a very few thousand people, many of them hardened into whatever attitudes they've stuck with over all that time and too many of them at each other's throats. Stale, that's the word for it. I was waiting around outside the Janus II theater the other night to see THE GROOVE TUBE, right along Connecticut Avenue on the edge between funk and fashion, and watching the people I finally started to believe what they've been saying for so long, that the styles of clothes today, among those who can afford to follow them, are taken straight from the New York pimps.

Where you don't see flashing orange elevator shoes and bright red lips is in most of the rural communes that have grown up across the country. I do most of my observing through books and magazines, but a glance at the plethora of people and farms and systems of living in a publication like COMMUNITIES, which exists entirely to serve the communal community, is enough to tell me or anyone that there are a lot of people putting their energy into an enormous number and variety of individual enterprises. I also just picked up today, for two bucks, the most recent publication of Stephen Gaskin's Farm in Tennessee, called HEY BEATNIK! I know one person who is a part of that community (as of the last time I heard from him, anyway) and one who has been, and back when both Stephen and I were in the Bay Area I went to his meetings a couple of times with various science fiction fans. The trouble with what he was saying for me was that it required a complete turn-around in my head, or none at all, and I wasn't ready to make any such total change. I'm still not, but some of the ideas and assumptions that I was exposed to in those days have slipped around the back way and seeped into my own assumptions and consciousness. Just the same, I feel the same trepidation at the idea of going to visit The Farm as I did when I went to Monday Night Class, and the same sense of attraction anyway.

Darbie and Skip, two of the people I live with, are planning to visit a large number of communes as they travel around the country in the next six months or so, and just listening to them talk about it I get some sense of how many different alternatives are being worked out somewhere, dedicatedly, by one group or another of kindred souls on a patch of land.

That seems to be one of the foci of what's happening now, although as a focus it's pretty scattered. (Alex and Cory Panshin have the theory that everybody's off in the woods, literally or metaphorically, digesting the whole experience of the Sixties or their part of it and getting their energies focused and their directions laid down. Part B of this theory is that they're all getting ready to come back to the middle and put it all together for an even bigger, more mature flowering of culture and consciousness. I have yet to see whether this theory works, but it certainly has appeal.) The other focus that I see is in the cities, especially in second-line cities like Washington that never became big hip centers in the Sixties and never burned themselves out. When I first got here I immediately saw the contrast with New York and the Bay Area, where I had the feeling that everything I could think of had already been done and the whole place was so big anyway that there was no way I could affect it. Here in D.C., and in St. Louis when I visited there in the spring of '73, I got a feeling of people really getting together on a local level, a level that they could deal on face to face and day to day, forming true communities and taking strength from them. It's evident here in the Adams-Morgan Organization, which attempts to give a focus and some clout to a whole neighborhood, and in the consciousness displayed in the successful popular drive to keep Gino's from opening a quick-food take-out in a family restaurant that had gone out of business in the Dupont Circle area. It may be only a stage of my own personal growth, but here and now is the first time I've felt able to get into the middle of what's happening by knowing the people who are making it happen and by starting some of it myself. A bunch of us around Washington saw a need for some sort of focus for people like ourselves who lived outside the city and could only participate vicariously in the communities developing there, and we got together this spring to try and put together either a paper or a magazine to fill that need and our own creative needs. The fact that the project seems to have failed, at least in its first form, is not the significant one: it's the fact that we all felt we could simply get together and do it.

In a way, this sort of community development is the outgrowth of what I saw in the Bay Area several years ago: you could chart the rise and fall of people's political consciousness with the headlines and the season, and I saw any number of people, including myself, go through different cycles of feeling about the war and the state of rock and the drugs we took and the force of love and flowers, but what struck me then as the most likely to last and make a difference was the small number of people who were working on a local level--within a

HELLO. I'M PART OF
THE COUNTER-
CULTURE!



range just as far as they could reach--to change their own lives and the lives of the people around them in ongoing ways. One of my friends, instead of putting his energy into organizing mass rallies and getting lost in mass generalities, spent his time counseling junior highschool kids with frisbee therapy. The mass rallies have died and sloughed off, but the people who have turned their hands to working changes in the lives right around them are still here and have wrought some of those changes.

That's about all I can put my finger on in the way of a focus for our times. The people who have any focus are mostly into one form or another of community. Yet there are so many other people who seem to have no focus at all, or only individual ones that, taken together, make a pattern like an inside-out pincushion, shooting off in all different directions at once. Or like a tangle of branches in an overgrown thicket. The only threads of continuity seem to be reflections of where we were at five years ago or more.

What's your idea of where our focus is?

Old Chinese Curse: "May you live in interesting times!"

I spent the last few minutes up on the roof, lying on the rug my mother made for me, watching the clouds roll past in the dying light. The sky was full of shades of grey, all moving in relation to each other, although the dominant direction was a slow, lazy drift northward. I could smell the rain that's coming. I've been spending entirely too much time indoors in front of a typewriter in the past few days, and it does me good to get outside, exercise my eyes by looking at distant objects, and clear my head. Actually, up on the roof my mind was still going on and on, analyzing and commenting on everything that passed within its ken, but somehow I felt detached from it. My center was somewhere else, so I just let my conscious mind ramble on; meanwhile I was watching the topmost leaves of the trees blowing in the wind. With a rest like that, and only darkness and chirruping bugs outdoors now, I feel quite prepared to tackle a stencil again.

I just wish that bottle of Liebfraumilch I bought on sale would hurry up and chill down; then I'd be really prepared.

The other night I was feeling restless after another indoor day, writing and reading and thinking about both, so at three in the morning I pulled on my boots, laced them up, grabbed a jacket, and set out for a late night walk. I set out across the stream, up the hill, and into the old streets amid the trees and big houses over the next hill. My feet just kept walking, working out all the built-up tensions of sitting around all day and living inside my mind. I quickly got beyond the area I was familiar with and found myself striding down forested streets, past veritable mansions, all in silence except for the sound of my boots on the asphalt and lit by lonely streetlights. On one street I had never been along before, in front of some new, geometric houses, I found a pile of discarded things left out for the garbagemen, and on the top of this pile was a big board with examples of a lot of fancy knots glued to it. Big and little pieces of rope in intricate patterns, one or two of which I knew or used to know when I was a Boy Scout. At the corners of the board were little metal anchors, giving it a maritime look. I held the board for a minute or so, making up my mind, then I tucked it under my arm and continued down the street. I must have walked another couple of miles before getting home, all with that silly knot display under my arm. I got home tired and pleased at around five

a.m., shortly before sunrise, and set the knot board up against the wall in the diningroom, where Skip and Rocky would see it the next day and wonder what the fuck it was. I don't know what I'm going to do with the thing, but it just seemed too good to leave sitting on somebody's rubbish pile. It's incredible the things that people throw out in a wealthy suburb. Ted White got his dishwasher off the street, and I've learned from him to have a scavenger's eye. If I don't feel like hanging a bunch of knots on my own wall, I can always sell it to a junk dealer in the city for a few bucks.

The Liebfraumilch has chilled, and it's very good. It's also on sale at \$1.69 a fifth, which is cheaper than most of the Spanish wines you find around here.

I believe I'm going to Subtly Alter the format of this fanzine for a while, because I've got a lot of short bits to get in here.

ALICE SANVITO: I got a letter from her last week, and shortly after that I was talking to her on the phone. Since nobody much has heard from Alice for months and months, I thought you'd be interested. She's been living since last fall out in the country in southern Illinois, but she finally came back to St. Louis from that just before she wrote me. Her mother called her and asked if she wanted to go on a family trip to visit relatives in New Jersey, so last week Alice was in sunny Jersey City. I don't know if she got in touch with anybody in NYC, but I called her up at her aunt's and talked until she had to go out to dinner with her family. The trip was only a week-long affair, with very little free time, and she had no money with which to travel on her own, so she left again with her family on Friday. She said she's going to find a job for a while to get some money, either in St. Louis or down in Black, Mo., in the Ozarks; I'll find out which when she writes again. She sounded great on the phone.

Alice told me that she'd developed a skill out in the country. She'd met a man who grows psilocybin mushrooms and teaches people how to do it, with two conditions, that you never sell any and that you teach at least five other people. (To be honest, it might be six or some other number; I don't remember.) It seemed like a mushrooming enterprise, as I couldn't resist saying. Alice's own first batch is in its fourth week of growing, although it's been moved around so much that she's not sure if it'll work. She offered to tell me how to grow my own, but I won't be here long enough to do it.

AMOR D'ETC.: The latest issue of Susan Wood Glicksohn's personalzine was waiting for me at the Browns' when I dropped by there yesterday. THE AMOR DE COSMOS PEOPLE'S MEMORIAL QUIET-REVOLUTIONARY SUSANZINE #2 is awfully thick this issue--twenty-four pages, plus a Tim Kirk cover painting that's almost beautiful enough to mollify me for the fact that it's on stiff paper (I detest stiff covers, especially on thin fanzines)--perhaps because it took five months to write and didn't come out until after AMOR 2.5, which was issued somewhere in that time to explain why the second issue of Susan's lettersubstitute was so long in coming out. Uh-huh. Right. Anyway, this relatively thick AMOR has done a fair job of delaying this thin issue of HITCHHIKE, because I haven't been able to put down the former since it arrived. (Well, no, I didn't sleep with it under my pillow.) It has just damned on me that this is one of the most fascinating fanzines that comes my way these days.

I can't resist giving Susan a little egoboo, even though she says that AMOR is "Not Generally Available" and only comprehensible to her

friends, because of something that she and Ted White collaborated to do to me. Actually, Susan is probably unaware that there was any collaboration or collusion, but Ted deliberately Played Sneaky. You see, I had sent Susan a copy of FOOLSCAP 9, the thick issue I published last winter and almost immediately ran out of extra copies of, and shortly after that Susan became fanzine reviewer for AMAZING. I distinctly remember sitting around in Ted's livingroom and musing, out loud, "I ought to write Susan Glicksohn and tell her not to review FOOLSCAP," it being a personalzine and unavailable and all that." Ted remembered this, too. I never got around to writing Susan about it, and in due time it turned out that she did review FOOLSCAP 9 after all--but Ted didn't tell me about it. Well, he did eventually, but not until he had already copyedited the column and sent it off to the printer. "I was afraid you'd want me to delete the review," he said. "It was a very egoboosting review."

It was, in fact, one of the nicest reviews I've ever gotten, as I found out when the proofs came back and I got to read it. It's probably just as well that Ted didn't tell me about it beforehand, since I might well have asked him not to run it, but after the fact it's hard to argue with a review that holds your own work up as an ideal. (Now you all rush right out and buy five copies of that issue of AMAZING, you understand?)

I wouldn't tell you what a great fanzine Susan publishes just because she said nice things about mine, but under the circumstances it's a pleasure to be able to say what a fine fanzine AMOR is. And I take a certain Puckish delight in publically complimenting her Not Generally Available personalzine, although I imagine that a lot of you are on her mailing list already and have no need to be told. In AMOR Susan combines descriptive writing that evokes the mood of whatever she's writing about with intellectual questions and observations that stimulate me far more than most fanzines do, and that's well nigh a perfect combination. Entertainment and stimulation--what more could you ask?

More frequent publication, maybe...and no more stiff covers...and...and....

NERVOUS: That's how I feel, as the end of June approaches. It seems silly after all the traveling I've done, but after six months or more of secure, stable living in one place--with a permanent address of my own, even!--I find that I'm nervous at the prospect of throwing it all to the wind and heading out into the unknown again. I know that once I'm on my way it'll all fall into place and I'll be glad to be on the road, but still I feel nervous.

It's beginning to feel like we're really leaving this house. Mary left from Dulles International Airport last Wednesday night on a flight to Los Angeles, en route to her summer job somewhere in central California. She left her copy of the last issue of this fanzine on the floor of her room. (Hi, Mary.) We waited around for a while in the futuristic, nearly-deserted airport, trying to catch a glimpse of the airport bus taking her out to her plane (Dulles is the most mechanized airport I've ever seen; it's like a Frank R. Paul painting), then we went home and got a pizza. Keep life prosaic, I always say.

NEAL GOLDFARB: I just got a letter from Neal Goldfarb, which solves one of the minor mysteries of modern fandom. Within a certain circle, there has been rampant speculation about the possible fate of the mysterious Mr. Goldfarb, who has been unheard of since I rode back with him from the Torcon last September and he disappeared in the direction of Boston and a second year of college. Now, at last, I have

a three-page letter before me, in which Neal Goldfarb Tells All. So here, since it's entertaining, is the heart of Neal's narrative:

"I've left school and at the end of the summer I'm moving out to Colorado. There--that's the bottom line; let me backtrack a little and start somewhere that can serve as a beginning.

"First semester of this past school year. 'We're going to San Francisco over winter vacation,' my roommate told me. 'We are?' I replied. Brandeis had just adopted a new schedule, with Christmas vacation and intersession combined into one six week vacation. While San Francisco is a very nice place, and one that I hope to return to, my primary objective for this vacation was to get some skiing done. However, as the vacation began and my loose plans fell apart altogether, I began to contemplate the prospect of spending the six weeks in Stamford. This was something that was to be avoided at all costs; I knew this through the experience of having spent the past summer here and of being bored shitless. Jon (my roommate) was just as anxious to get out of Long Island, so it was decided we would go out to Boulder with two girls Jon had gotten in touch with through the ride board, or something.

"We left around 7 am Jan 3 (this, incidentally, is the main reason I didn't go to Joyce and Arnie's New Year's Eve party; I was getting ready to leave). The ride out was miserable. Throughout the whole trip there were two teams, Jon and I on one side, and Ruthann and Leslie on the other. They were very farout and spiritual, and we were just earth-bound baloney-eaters. This division broke down for a few hours in Topeka, when they were tripping. But for the most part relations between the two groups were far from friendly.

"We were in Topeka because Ruthann wanted to visit her brother, who was a patient at the Menninger Institute. Menninger is apparently quite a good place; the guy we stayed with used to be a patient there, and was still going there on an outpatient basis, and he had nothing but praise for the place. It also brings a lot of young psychologist-type people into Topeka, and this is one reason that Topeka isn't the cultural wasteland we'd expected it to be. The people are pretty nice--we went into one headshop/boutique in search of places to crash, and within five minutes got three or four offers. One guy invited us to the bar he worked at and gave us free beer (it was 3.2 beer, but you can't have everything).

"Due to the weekend closings of gas stations and the forecast of blizzards in Western Kansas we stayed over with Larry until Monday, the six of us--Leslie had a cat--sleeping in the one room of his apartment that had heat. That room had more than enough heat, though. He had a nice pot-bellied stove. There was nothing like coming back in after driving around freezing our asses off, loading that thing up with wood, and getting warm. God, it was cold out there. I could actually feel the heat going out of my feet through the soles of my shoes if I stood on the street too long.

"We had a good time in Topeka, factional differences notwithstanding. We drove around the hills--yes, there are hills in Kansas--in Larry's VW bus that didn't have any snow tires, and zoomed down long, straight, flat dirt roads at 60. We saw the building that was the Confederate headquarters in Kansas during the Civil War. Or maybe it was the Union headquarters. Or maybe it was just the border wars that preceded the Civil War (or, as the government prefers, The War Between The States).

"Monday we drove on through to Colorado. Colorado, you see, is a very spiritual state, because Ram Dass was there once. Ruthann and Leslie were planning to do the rounds of all the holy orders in Boulder, sort of spiritual tourism. 'I think we'll go to this ashram today, and do some yoga tomorrow, and then after that we'll go over to Swatchi-

salani's place and chant....'

"As it turned out, the first holy place they visited was a church, because that's where we slept that first night in Boulder, in the chapel of the only church in town that doesn't lock up at night and that lets people crash. When we arrived there was already one person there, a down-and-outer named Phil who was on his way to New York to look for work.

"The next morning, after washing in the bathroom of the courthouse down the street, Jon and I bade goodbye and good riddance to Ruthann and Leslie, and began to ponder our next move. We were standing on a street corner trying to decide what to do now that we were in Boulder when a bearded fellow came up and asked what we were trying to find, for it was quite apparent that we were hopelessly lost. 'We're trying to find somewhere to go,' I told him. 'Well, come with me,' he said, and we walked down the street with him.

"After a short time we walked past a pottery store, and who should run out but Leslie. They had just run into one of Leslie's roommates, and John and I went in to talk with him, to see if he knew anything about Irene, a mutual friend who was also due in Boulder around this time to visit her brother. Got that? While we were in the store we half-seriously asked aloud if anyone had room to put two people up for a while. We were somewhat surprised when someone said he did. He was house sitting for some people who had just left, and the people who were living there with him weren't due to move in for a week, so he had this nice empty house.

"We spent a week or so there, relaxing, and climbing the mountain in the backyard (really). We inched out to Rocky Mountain National Park and went snowshoeing in four inch deep snow. We saw Chariot of the Gods, the movie that tells how we were visited by beings from outer space early in the beginnings of mankind. And--pay attention now, this is the part that relates to why I'm moving out to Boulder--we found out about KNRD.

"While looking through the catalogue of the Community Free School I came upon something that interested me more than Synthesystems, Beginning Ceramics, or Prepared Childbirth and Breastfeeding. 'KNRD-FM,' it said, 'located at the Community Free School, is a new non-profit community radio station which, hopefully, will be on the air in April.' Hmmm, I said. I told Jon about it, since he also works at the Brandeis station (he's assistant program director, in fact), and his reaction was much the same. We went down to the Free School to have a look at the place, to see what was going on with the radio station.

"Ever since I started listening to WBAI a lot--six or seven years ago--I've wanted to work at a station of that sort. WBRS is a start of sorts, but certainly is no gateway to fame and fortune in underground radio. Finding out about this station started me salivating like one of Pavlov's dogs. And when the person we were talking to about the station said that they could use people with some experience, I made up my mind.

"That's basically the story of How I Came to Decide to etc. I had my mind further made up when I returned to school and realized that not only did I want to go to Boulder, but I did not want to continue going to school."

Neal concluded by saying that he's taken a leave of absence from Brandeis (keep your options open) and that he's going to be working in some sort of camp in upstate New York for the summer, to get some bread before he heads out to Boulder in the fall. (The radio station can't pay anything.) He may make it to the worldcon before he leaves, but that depends on how and when he drives west. "There are times when I think I'm crazy to go out to this strange city 2000 miles away to work for a radio station that doesn't even have a license yet, but I just tell myself that I am crazy."

"It is a dream handed down right to our own time--of ecological balance, classless society, social and economic freedom. It is actually one of the possible futures open to us. To those who stubbornly argue 'it's against human nature,' we can only patiently reply that you must know your own nature before you can say this. Those who have gone into their own natures deeply have, for several thousand years now, been reporting that we have nothing to fear if we are willing to train ourselves, to open up, explore and grow."

--Gary Snyder, Earth House Hold

PLACES OF POWER: Ever since I woke up to the land I live on--a result of traveling, mostly, and exposing myself to different climates and geographies and their subtle effects on the human mind--I've been fascinated by the sense of place and my own relationship with my environment. Some of my friends would tell you that I'm overly-fascinated with this, but it's my concern, whether it makes sense or not. I spent a childhood blind to the land I walked and rode over, and I'm making up for it by an absorption as an adult; perhaps in a few years my head will shift around into another direction.

In the years I've been cultivating this appreciation, I've found or developed a number of what I can only call places of power. They are my personal places of power, and they may not correspond to anybody else's. San Francisco is one of them, not too surprisingly, and within that city a number of more specific places: Buena Vista Park, the Old Spaghetti Factory, Stearn Grove. There's a spot in the Berkeley hills from which you can look out over the entire Bay Area and watch the sun sink into the fog over San Francisco. Across the Bay, Skyline Drive is one long, winding place of power, and La Honda Road is another, crossing it. One clifftop over the beach at San Gregorio is a place I go back to again and again, one where I look forward to sitting this summer and watching the waves crash below. These are the places where I feel my spirit expand, where I am in touch with more than myself.

In the East my two principal places of power lie in the mountains and off the coast: the Catskill Mountains of New York and the island of Martha's Vineyard off Cape Cod. The Catskills are close enough, both in terms of miles and in geology/climate, to the part of southern New York where I grew up that they speak to me with an old familiarity, yet they are free of the city and its crawling culture, and they are truly mountains rather than rolling hills. I started to become acquainted with the Catskills when friends of mine moved up there from NYC, and I've still only begun to get familiar with them, for all my visits. I know, however, that I feel good when I get there. Martha's Vineyard is in my blood--I spent almost every summer of my life there before I left home, and even since then I haven't passed a summer without at least setting foot on the island--and its beaches, its hills, its heaths, its cliffs, and its old clapboard houses are clearly etched in my personality. There is, somehow, a similarity between parts of the Vineyard and those windblown heaths above the ocean at San Gregorio and on up the Pacific coast.

Closer to me now, and more recent in my experience, is of course Harpers Ferry, where this rolling countryside takes for a moment a dramatic turn, but I hardly feel I have to write about that after I've done so twice in the last year.

Do you understand what I mean by "places of power"? Do you have some of your own, either personal or communal?

THEME, THEME: Only one page left to go. What to put on it? I had some more Weighty Thoughts that I was going to write about, but they would take more room than I've got left if this fanzine is going to stay under the weight limit for a ten-cent first-class stamp. We'll just have to see if I still feel like talking about them the next time I do an issue.

The last issue was mailed out much later than either of the dates inside it, as you may have noticed. Don't get all paranoid and think that I neglected you and sent your copy out long after the rest. I did manage to run off about twenty copies just in time to distribute them at a Fanoclast party here in Falls Church and to send some to a few people I particularly wanted to get them to quickly, but after that Ted's mimeograph was malfunctioning, unable to handle a long print-run, and I found myself without the time to do a number of separate small runs. As it happens, when I finally did get around to printing the bulk of the copies, the mimeo worked fine and I got it done in two long runs, but you don't really want to hear all that. All you want to hear is that you weren't in any different boat from anybody else in getting your copy late. Well, you weren't. This time I've got to be more prompt, since I'll be leaving Virginia in just one week.

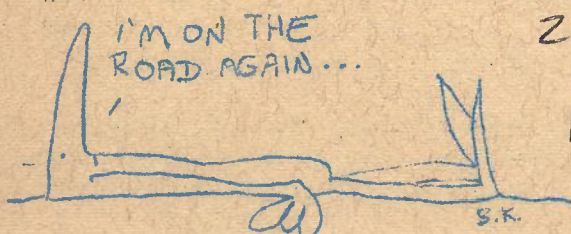
The last few days have brought in the mail a short note from Jay Kinney, a letter hand-written in the back row of a Boy's State mock political convention from Mike Gorra, a postcard from Susan Glicksohn, a letter and science fiction story from Tom Goodhue, and a Change of Address card from Bob Tucker (34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville, Illinois 62650). Not enough to make a real lettercolumn out of, but a bunch of nice things to get anyway. I've also gotten back three copies of the first issue, all marked with variations on "Return to Sender, Address Unknown," one of which was my mistake in typing a street number.

INSTANT EGOBOO: This seems an opportune moment to revive such an honorable and intermittent tradition. Among the fanzines I've received recently, I especially enjoyed (in no special order): Grant Canfield's cover on KRATOPHANY 5; the rest of KRATOPHANY 5; Ray Nelson's GARDEN LIBRARY; Joyce Katz's "Blue Jaunt" in SWOON 1; Grant's robots and his & Jay Kinney's comic strip in OUTWORLDS 19; Joe Staton's "Leapin' Lizards, Sandy!" cover on CROSSROADS 14; everything I've gotten from John Bangsund; and Jonh Ingham's travel write-up in TWAS EVER THUS 4 (which I'm sure came in the last few months, despite the dates inside). The date as I finish this page is June 23, 1974.

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