

is for AMOR. Australia.
Aussiecon.

AMOR #4 asks you to turn your attention Down Under, to the first Australian worldcon, and the DUFF race which will send a Deserving Fan to Melbourne.

John Berry and Rusty Hevelin, the two candidates whom I know, are both Deserving Persons, friendly people, good representatives of North American fandom. It happens that John asked me to be one of his nominees. I agreed instantly, and I'd like to show you why.

SCENE: November 24, 1974
Gobrin Heights, Regina,
Saskatchewan. Outside:
snow. Inside: green/gold/
brown warmth. A tiny
plantjungle, dominated by
Kermit the 5' avocado,
stands by floor-to-c^oiling
French windows by which I
sit at noon watching spar-
rows eat breadcrumbs, at
3 am watching Polaris.

An acre of greenshag car-
pet covers the entire
apartment in luxurious
grass; I wriggle toes in
it--compensation, like the

purple bathroom, for the world's most obnoxious landpersons. Furniture: late Witty Minimal, early Basic Remnant: lots of cushions, with books, records, a Hugo and an empty base (though I keep writing to John Millard...) Bright art splashes walls: Gaughan faces the abstract birds I bought to cover cushions, hung as a tapestry; in the study, a doug barbour poem-print and, above the desk, a Blake print of God in a whirlwind (appropriate); in the hall, Kirk, Healy, a Murray Long done when we both worked on the student newspaper in Ottawa-- Murray and his wife live near here now, Reg who edited the paper lives across the street, other friends are nearby.

I'm sitting on the couch: sixteen bricks, a door, a foam slab, a greengold satiny remnant, a blanket of daisies my multitalented Mum crocheted. The Band plays. Tea steams. A friend says amusing things, shares his life, makes me laugh and see the world more clearly.

The friend is John Berry. He's working in Washington, and I'm reading an 8-page loc. But John always, through his words on paper, makes me feel we're sitting on a sunny

back porch, surrounded by trees ((where the stencils don't creep! Curses and apologies for page 1)), sharing words and a pot of tea. Nothing pretentious or highpowered, just a friend dropping by.

Someone not in fandom couldn't understand this, I'm sure. I've only met John at a couple of conventions; and, in his Travelling Giant days, he stayed at fannish Maynard Avenue before catching a train that got derailed by an avalanche outside Banff. He never did write that up, either. I mostly knew him then as the bottomless pit of New York fannish fandom, the only man who could do justice to Joyce Katz' meals, and I spent alot of time wondering what to feed him--and what to say to him. ((Memo to Aussies: John is very easy to entertain!)) Since that visit, I've read FOOLSCAP and HITHHIKE, exchanged a few letters, talked-- and I feel that John, along with a very few people who touch my life in the same way, is a friend.

"I'll have you know that I've got Canadian Musick on Skip's erratic stereo for writing this letter. I just flipped Joni Mitchell's Court and Spark, and I think I'll follow it up with some Gordon Lightfoot. Will you give me academic credit if I turn the volume up during "Canadian Railroad Trilogy?"

Right, John. I've just switched to Perth County Conspiracy, a southern Ontario group. Simple, fun peoplemusic; I thought you'd like their "Tractor Song," a paeen to a 1940 John Deere. ((As a character says on Rumour, their third album: "I just love farmers. They're so organic.)

Sometimes--despite friends here-- I get the Isolated in Regina Blues. Then I'm reminded that a human being is only alone if he/she so chooses. Mae Strelkov send a loving letter, Jodie Offutt a shamrock leaf, Carey Handfield a book of Very Strange Australian cartoons. Or John Berry ambles by, caring about the world he's part of. Communicating. Sorry, John. Stop blushing. I'll let you talk from here. (Say, while you're up, flip the record. Thanks.)

HOW BERRY AND GOODHUE LOST THEIR BRAKES
WHILE DRIVING THE PUNGENT IN THE SIERRAS
--BY JOHN BERRY--

A few months ago I told my friend Tom Goodhue about your announcement that the next AMOR ((#2, which John is loccing)) was going to contain the story of "How Goodhue and Susan Saw the Elephant." Tom is a friend I've known since early in both our student careers at Stanford; he's from Southern California originally, from one of the worst of the Orange County miles-upon-miles of anonymous flat suburbs, but he's one of the most sensitive, gentle people I know, and a fine proponent of Creative Living. When he was in a seminary in Berkeley, he submitted as footnotes to one of his papers a rock, with the instructions to the professor to spend some time holding it and fondling it, and a record. When he was counseling junior highschool kids in Palo Alto, he did so mostly out on the lawn playing frisbee with them. Now he's in Union Theological Seminary in New York. He's not really the sort of person you'd expect to see in a seminary, and I'll bet you he never wears a clerical collar in his life except maybe to a costume party, but if you think about what seminaries and religions and ministers ought to be, Tom belongs there.

Anyway, over the years one of the things Tom has told me is that Goodhue is not a common name, although it sounds as if it ought to be, and that one of his relatives once traced back the family name and determined that all the Goodhues in the United States and Canada are related. So naturally, when I told him about your friend Doug Goodhue, Tom was intrigued. "We must be related somehow," he said. Then he suggested that I write you back and tell you a complementary tale, some thing like "How Berry and Goodhue Lost Their Brakes While Driving the Pungent in the Sierras." So I will.

You must understand, first, about burrito runs. Now in the Bay Area almost every cheap hamburger stand is in reality a taco stand, and it's quite common for students and other dissolute types to run out in the middle of the night with the stoned munchies to get a taco or a burrito. Another friend of mine, however, Fred Plumley, whom I had grown up with in Bronxville and who was staying with me in California that spring... this sentence is getting unwieldy... anyway, Frank and I had pioneered the truly long-range burrito run. First we took his newly-acquired 1957 Triumph TR-3 out one night and drove over the Santa Cruz mountains to Santa Cruz to get a burrito. It was just one of those things. We stopped at the first taco stand we found inside the city limits, got our burritos, then proceeded on up the coast road in the night, roaring along the open, deserted stretches at 90 mph, and finally turned up La Honda Road and crossed the lower mountains of the Peninsula and got back to Stanford maybe a couple of hours later. The whole trip, near as I can estimate it on a map, must have been about 70 or 80 miles. A long burrito run, you say.

Ah, but only a couple of weeks later we topped that. Frank and I hopped into my old Peugeot 403 one night, intent on getting something to stuff into our mouths, and we started cruising up El Camino Real. But no place was open at that time of night in the quiet suburbs, except a restaurant that I knew from experience had bad food at expensive prices. So when we got up to a good cross-route in San Mateo, we drove over on it to the Bayshore Freeway and headed up that toward San Francisco. Somehow, we never got off the freeway in the city, but continued right on over the Bay Bridge and found ourselves on the Mimitz Freeway in Berkeley, all the time heading north. Well, there was nothing in particular we wanted to see in Berkeley, so we just kept on going. Neither of us had ever been to Sacramento, so we decided to visit the state capital that night. We counted our pennies and determined that we might have enough to buy just barely enough gas to get us home again. Or maybe not. So on we rode into the Central Valley.

We reached Sacramento an hour or two later, and took the exit that led to the State Capitol Building. We drove right up to it in the middle of the night, stopped, got out, looked around and poked at the sign that said "Ronald Reagan, Governor," then got back into the car and went off to look for an all-night taco stand. As it happened, we had to settle for tacos. Then we turned around and drove back to Palo Alto. We found that our gas money would get us home after all, since there wasn't a toll on the bridge over the Sacramento River going south. And that stood for a long time as our record for a burrito run.

Then came the summer, when I was living in Palo Alto and Tom Goodhue was living and working in Sacramento. I decided I'd drive up one weekend and visit him. I got a ticket from a gun-toting Highway Patrolman on the way up for having an expired registration tag but that's another story. When I got there, Tom proposed that we drive up into the Sierras for the weekend; he had an extra sleeping bag, and we could just camp out overnight in the national forest. That sounded like a good idea to me, so we packed up and left almost immediately.

We took all the interesting-looking back roads we could find on our way into the mountains. One of them led down into a secluded valley in the silver lode country, to a tiny town called Volcano, which consisted of a few old buildings and older ruins of stone houses. We were told that the stone buildings were the original main street, but that years ago an electric power company had bought out the entire town because they were going to flood the valley and make it a reservoir. They had already knocked down the old buildings when it was decided not to flood the valley after all, so the new town grew up around the ruins of the old.

We drove up into the high Sierras, out of the foothills that look like rolling Eastern mountains and into the real rocky wilderness. As night fell, we pulled off the road

in the national forest, hopped over a barbed wire fence that was designed to keep the large animals from wandering out into the road, and found ourselves a piece of level ground to spread out our sleeping bags. We sat up for a while talking and listening to the night sounds, then we turned in. Tom went to sleep quite promptly, but I found it impossible to sleep. I guess it was the altitude, which I wasn't used to; whatever it was, it gave me aches in odd parts of my body, and I only slept an hour or two out of the whole night. I got up and walked around for part of the time, watching the stars and listening to the wind. I composed a complete sonnet to keep my mind occupied, but I didn't write it down. Finally I got a little sleep just before dawn.

We got up with the sun and set out eastward on the road, looking for a gas station and a place to eat breakfast. We found the first along the road, and the tank of my Pungent got filled from an ancient pump that looked as though it had been standing there since 1920. After that we stopped at a tiny motel and ate some eggs and pancakes.

We drove on down the eastern slope of the Sierras and decided to visit Carson City, Nevada. Another state capital, this one even less imposing than Sacramento. In fact, Tom accurately described Carson City as "a sort of shabby Southern California." We checked out the local museum, but there wasn't much else in town. I could say I'd been in Nevada, though.

Before we left town, we officially consecrated this visit as a Burrito Run by stopping in at a cheap taco stand to eat.

It was on the way back over the Sierras toward Lake Tahoe that the brakes failed. We had climbed up through the dry, desolate Nevada mountains of the eastern slope, and Tom was driving. The sunroof was open, and the sun streamed down on us from a cloudless sky. It was hot. We were coming down the last stretch into the valley of Lake Tahoe, and already the lake was spread out sparkling blue before us, when Tom told me the brakes were feeling squishy. As he said it, his foot on the brake pedal went right down to the floor. We were cresting a hill and starting down the other side.

We looked at each other.

The car speeded up.

"Try third gear!" I cried.

Tom pulled on the hand brake, but its effect was minimal, so he let it out again to save it for later. He shifted into third with a whine of the transmission, and we slowed to something under forty.

The road still stretched out before us, downhill all the way. Off the righthand edge was a cliff, and on the other side the mountain rose right next to us. The road was wide, with four lanes, and so far its slope had been gentle, its curves wide and leisurely. We prayed it would stay that way.

The car was able to maintain the same speed just by the retarding power of the transmission, and the road, for all its twists and turns, never became too steep to handle. Cars passed us going fifty and sixty, but we just toddled along in the righthand lane, watching the speedometer, listening to the transmission, and occasionally breathing.

We rolled into the town of Lake Tahoe and the only traffic light was green. The traffic was moving fast enough that we didn't plow into anybody, but the momentum was such that we nearly coasted right out the other end of town, past the last gas station. Tom

slowed the Pungent as much as he could with the hand brake, and as soon as there was a break in the traffic coming the other way, he whipped across the road and into the parking lot next to the last gas station in town. We came to a stop on the uphill slope of the parking lot, and with the aid of the hand brake we rolled back down into the station's lot.

There we determined that all that had happened was the Pungent had run out of brake fluid, and a new can of the stuff was rapidly produced. We poured it in, pumped the brakes a few times, and *voila* all was fixed. So we went on our way.

But this was not the end of the story. There were more mountains between Lake Tahoe and Sacramento, and the brake fluid ran out again on the way down those. This time we got to a gas station before the brakes were completely gone. We put in some more fluid but as I pumped the brakes it all ran ~~out~~ again. We got out and looked around back and found that the brake line had a big, fat leak in it.

It was Sunday evening after six o'clock, and I would have bet my bottom dollar that we wouldn't be able to find a mechanic to fix the brake line at that hour. I was resigned to our having to stay the night there, or else hitchhike to Sacramento and come back in another car the next day. After all my years of travelling mishaps, I was quite blase about it all; I just took the whole thing in my stride and went about doing whatever had to be done. But, as it turned out, there was a garage still open in that town, and a mechanic still on duty. I was amazed.

While the mechanic did a welding job on the Pungent's brake line, Tom and I talked to an old guy who hung around the garage with his dog Duke, and we listened to him tell us how he thought the government ought to A-bomb Russia, China and Los Angeles.

We paid the mechanic, thanked him, filled up again with brake fluid, and drove off into the sunset toward Sacramento. It was all straight driving from there, although the altitude decreases by a thousand feet or more between that town and Sacramento. We made good time and had no trouble until we got within the Sacramento city limits. Then the brake pedal started feeling squishy again. I was driving, and I worked the gears as much as I could to slow down, saving the brake until I needed it. It kept getting softer and softer, but it lasted through all the traffic as we made our way through the outskirts of the city to the house Tom was living in. I used what was left of the brake, plus the hand brake and low gear, to slow down for that last lefthand turn off the main road, and when I pulled up in front of Tom's house, and glided to a stop--exactly at that moment--my foot on the brake pedal went down to the floor.

The next day I got the brake line fixed properly, and I drove back to Palo Alto. That so far stands as the longest burrito run I've ever made.

Back to Susan, winter in Regina, frostferns growing on the windows. I haven't enough space for my DISCON report, or The Night The Poet Came to Dinner (Susan in Canlit Fandom.) Briefly: I have the Teacher Blues, mostly created by two plagiarists who figured all they did wrong was get caught. One laughed when I said she'd stolen someone else's ideas. I still believe in some sort of abstract truth; some scholarly ideal of integrity, including a respect for the power and beauty of the English language; some concept of right and wrong: but I'm beginning to feel like a freak. Or a character out of Sayers' GAUDY NIGHT-- but then, I've always respected that book.

Lit. 100 continues to prove that Basic Literacy is not a skill taught in Saskatchewan highschools (funny, Gloria Ptacek Andersson says the same of Arizona.) Still, even the engineers enduring their Compulsory Culture seem to be realizing that "literature" is



SATAN CLAUS'S ELF #1

more than mental codliver oil (unpleasant, but They Say it's "good" for you) after I hit them with Brecht's GALILEO and Brunner's SHEEP LOOK UP. Canlit class remains a joy and a delight (yes, John, they liked GRAIN). No rocks yet, but I did get a tonepoem, and a couple of accounts of growing up on a prairie farm, and an interview with an artist.

Thank you, everyone, for writing and sending fanzines. That contact means a lot to me.

^{2ba} THIS has been the Amor De Cosmos People's Memorial Quietrevolutionary Susanzine #4; written by Susan Wood at 2920 Victoria Ave., #12, Regina, Sask.S4T 1K7, Canada (address good til I leave for Australia May/June); for friends, relations, FAPA mailing 150 and apa-45 mailing 42. Gobrin Press Publication #4.

I'm running 250 copies of this wouldbe small, intimite personalzine, and would like to cut the mailing list. A ? beside your name means: "Still interested? Send me a postcard."

Artwork this issue: Sue Clarke (p.1), Freff (p.6).

Greetings. Merry Christmas. Nextish, and apa mailing comments, when I finish Chapter 7. Meanwhile, support DUFF; buy Lesleigh Luttrell's tripreport, described on the ballot-- it's fun.

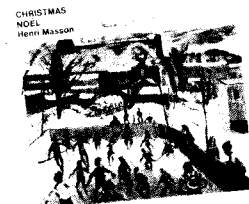
See you at V-Con IV in February, or at Aussiecon in August.

all the best, Susan.

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