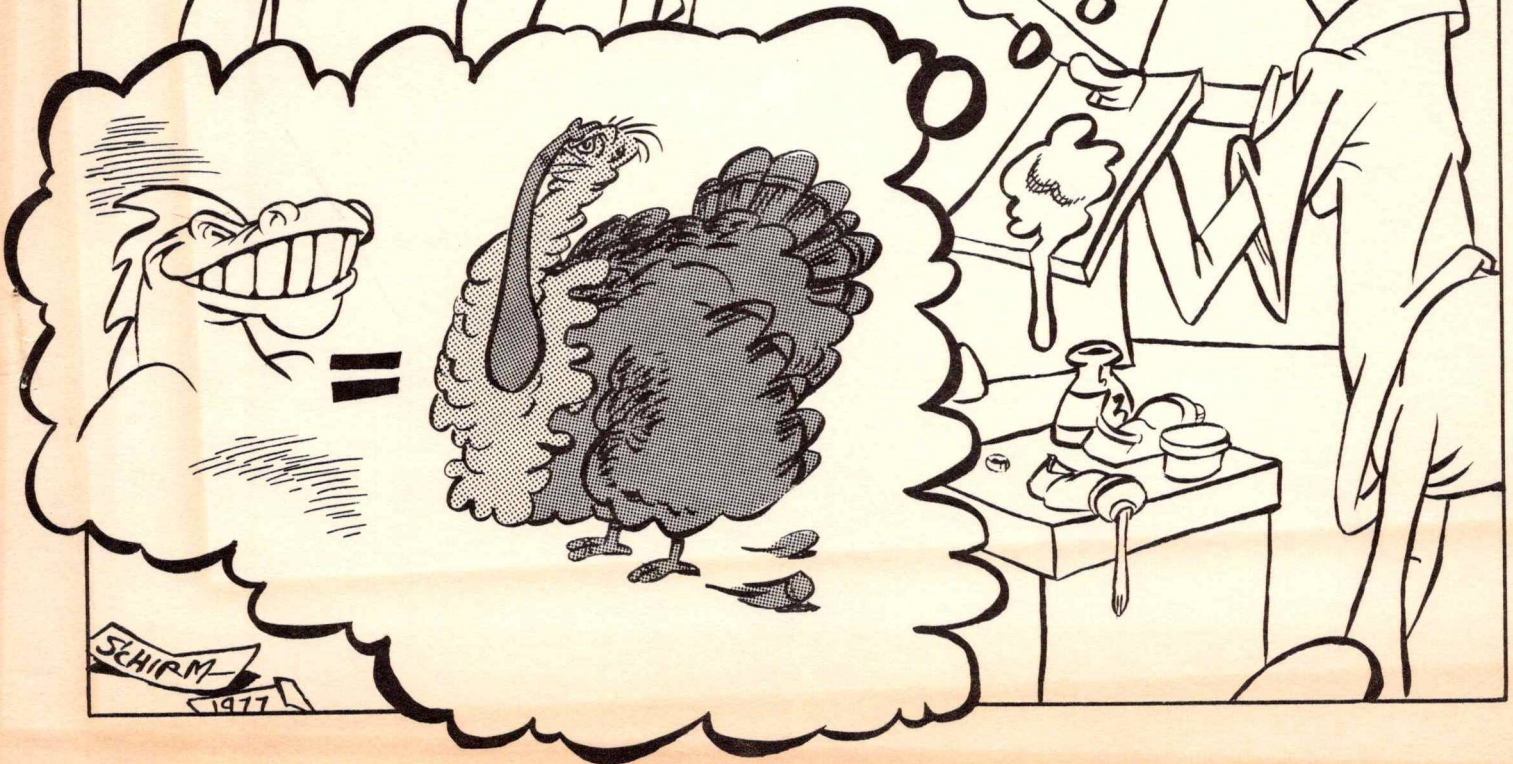
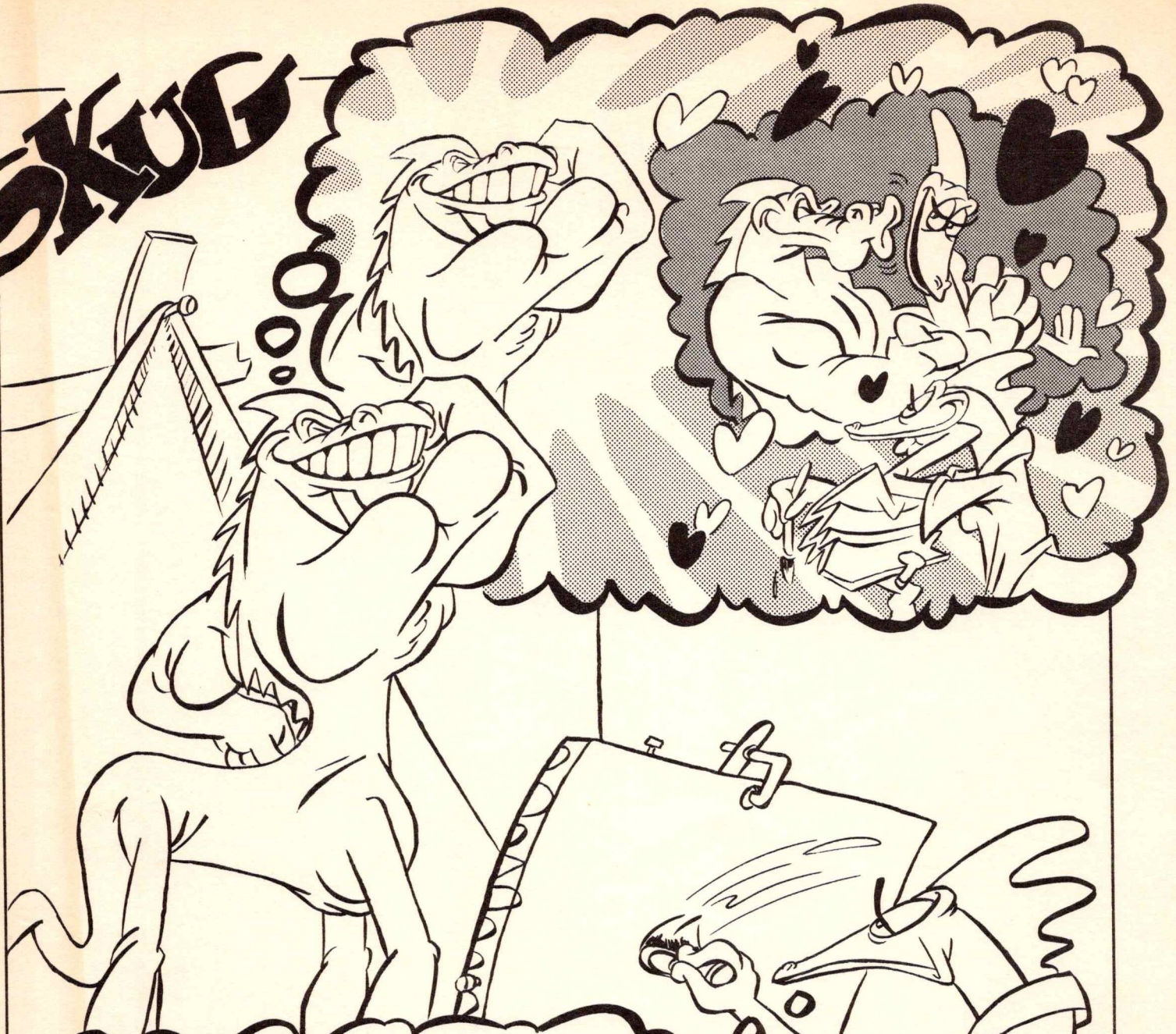
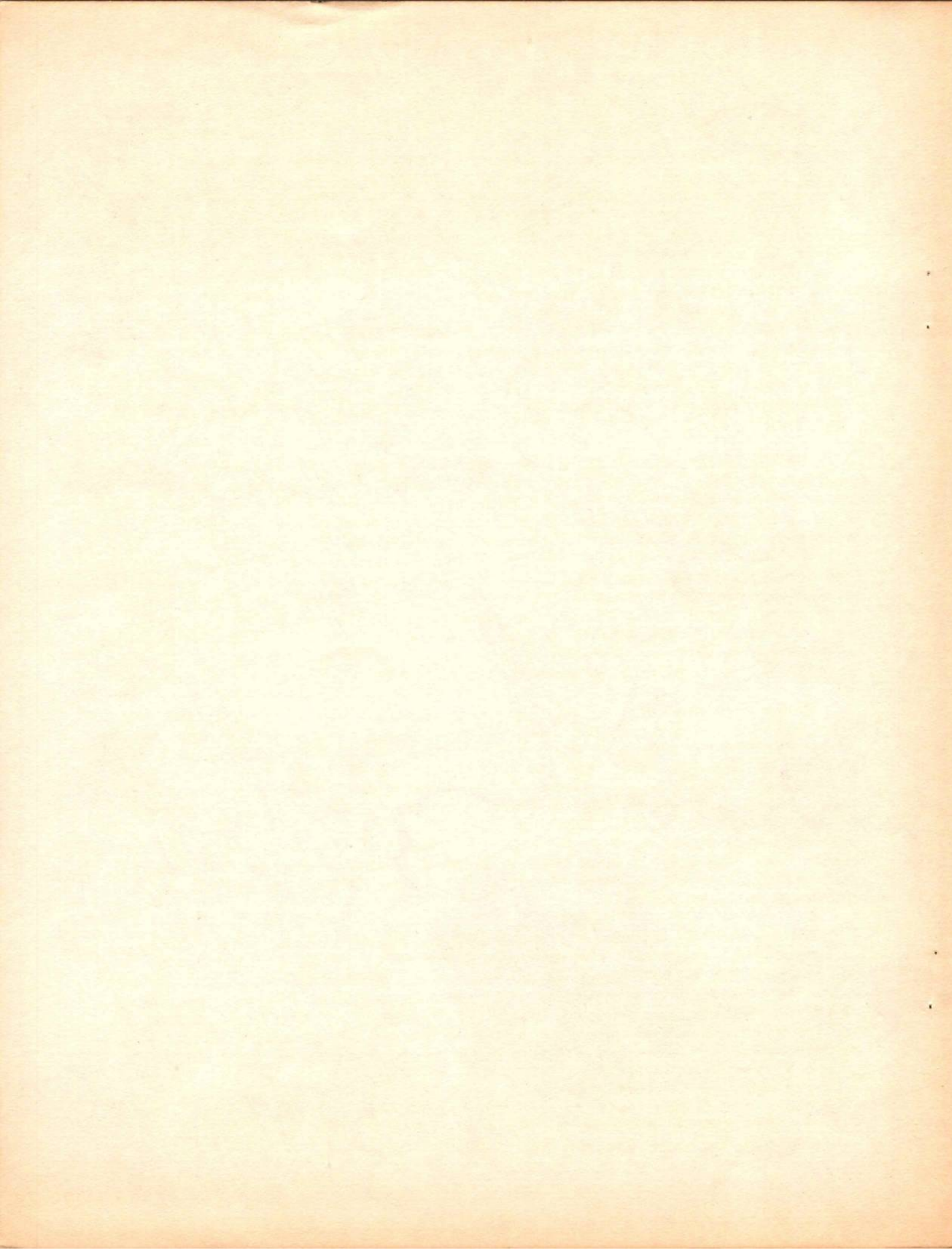


SKUG



SCHIRM
1977



SKUG 3

This is Skug 3, relocated. Zounds, gazooks, I actually see the end of this third issue in sight. This is a personalzine (sort of) by Gary S. Mattingly, 864 B Haight, San Francisco, CA 94117. The number for the telephone which resides here and plays havoc with my budget (what budget, fool?) is 415-552-9145. This should be out no later than the day it is all printed up and collated, maybe even before the the end of 1978, huzzah. The period between Skug 3 and Skug 4 should be shorter than the period between Skug 2 and Skug 3. (Don't you just hate irregular periods?) Art credits will appear near the end unless I decide to put them near the beginning. Of course, if you start in the middle I have a number of covers I can choose from and not much interior art, unless I reduce something. Come on persons, I would appreciate it if you would rectify this situation. That is to say, I would appreciate interior artwork from those willing to give (to me). I sure hope you follow that. Rambling, yes, yes, I know, boring. Oh yeah, Skug is available for innumerable reasons. You think one up. I have no back issues left, except my own, sorry

Special aside. I will in the future also publish other material from people beside their LoCs. However, the only material that I will publish will be things of a somewhat odd nature. I would appreciate any material sent to me which deals with or is in the vein of surrealism, dadaism, existentialism, mysticism, certain religious items of a nature I might enjoy, punk, music-oriented again of a nature I might enjoy, odd news items, photos, a very limited amount of faanish material, and other odd or perverse items. This can be in the form of fiction, non-fiction, or a strange sexual affair between the two. You may notice that I want things that I like rather than, necessarily, something everyone in fandom will like. That is because I want this to be special and Not A Genzine. If I send something back to you it will not be, necessarily, because it is badly written or because I hate your guts, it will be because it doesn't fit with my mind and mood.*

After that stupidity we will pass into somewhere else. We will pass into San Francisco. I moved there. Bill Waldrop, at one time in my presence, called it San Frandisco. Pleeaaase don't call it that. It does have a number of discos and chic things, but that's not why I am here. How did I get here? I requested a transfer to this place in November of 1976 and heard nothing until they told me about a year later that I have to renew my request yearly. I sent in another request on March 23, 1978. About two weeks later I received a phone call I've been here since May 9 or thereabouts. Denise arrived with her brother, Larry, within a week in a Ryder truck without relatively small amount of furniture. Larry lived with us until November 6, at which time he left for New Orleans and Southern Fried Fandom.

My job here is the same. I still work for Social Security as a claims representative. Less work per employee exists here, the view is nicer out the windows, and there's about twenty Mexican restaurants within walking distance. There are also Chinese restaurants, Philippine restaurants, Italian restaurants, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Fish and Chips, and, of course, a McDonalds, all within walking distance. There are other fast food places such as Doggie Diner, Whiz Burgers, et al. I never saw a Doggie Diner in the Midwest but there's a whole string of them here in San Francisco. Most have these lovely doggie's heads sticking out from the roof with chef's hats, bow ties, and collars. I have even eaten at a Doggie Diner twice. Their Western Burgers are okay but a little greasy. Sometimes they can be very good if you're looking for heartburn and acid indigestion. They are filling though.

I really should make notes day to day because I forget so much. Actually I think this is an excellent point for the following quote, which I particularly like,

"In the past - even a long while after she left me - I thought about Anny. Now I think of no one anymore. I don't even bother looking for words. It flows in me, more or less quickly. I fix nothing, I let it go. Through the lack of attaching myself to words, my thoughts remain nebulous most of the time. They sketch vague, pleasant shapes and then are swallowed up: I forget them almost immediately."

I think this is from Sartre, but I failed to write down the author. It was page seven. I do have that much down.

What's happened since the last Skug? We went to Windycon, Confusion, Conclave (boring and only a couple of 8 mm films), Minicon (hurrah, hurrah, hurrah), Westercon, Octocon, and I don't remember any others. A Minicon report and a one paragraph Windycon will be found in the following pages, if you seek them, yea verily. I was planning on using the Minicon report for a SAPS mailing. I was going to join SAPS but never was able to complete six pages. I believe you have to have six pages for your first SAPSzine. I decided I didn't really have the energy for MISHAP, Skug, and SAPS. Actually I think I've been dropped from MISHAP, but I do hope to rejoin, really Neicer. I am also on the waitlist for SFPA. With my other interests I really think that is sufficient. I do not want to just meet minac all the time. I have seen quite enough of some people's boring minac, especially when they are in half a dozen other apas. I may change my mind. Other things also happened since the last Skug. Denise directed Play It Again Sam for a Detroit (Harper Woods, actually) Community Theater. It had a lot of set backs and took a long time from the start of production to the actual play dates. It was excellent though. We also went to Iguanacon, Denise took off for two or three weeks in Detroit. Many people visited us.

One of the reasons I moved out of Detroit (Or away from anyplace that has ice and snow in the Winter) was, you guessed it you smart person you, snow and ice. In Detroit the city government only cleans the main streets. They don't clean the side streets. Have you ever driven down a street, which, in the Summer, two cars or more can go down, but in the Winter only one can go down with hopes of not getting stuck, down two ruts, one for each side of the car, the tires of the car that is? Then, of course, there is the salt that eats away at your car and slipping and sliding and yeuk The other main reason is, like I've said before, I'm "into" (I really don't think I like that word as it is used there) mysticism, metaphysics, consciousness, and related items. Detroit has a little. San Francisco has a lot, to put it mildly. It's everywhere, it's everywhere. One of the main items that I most hated to leave in the Midwest was, aargh, Midwest conventions, those prolific, party-filled, insane good times. And all the convention people (aargh!!)

The trip out here was a pain for the most part. I drove out first in order to find someplace to live. It took me three days to drive out, two speeding tickets, and a \$60 repair bill on the Rabbit. Hey, I was in Salt Lake City when Donny Osmond was wed. Unfortunately, they did not invite me, darn. Coming into Salt Lake City from the East at Sunset is a fantastic sight. The hills around it are really beautiful at that time of day. The motel I stayed in in Salt Lake City was the pits and I didn't even get any Erma Bombeck's. Part of Utah is very picturesque, part gets very boring after a while. I stopped outside of Reno, Nevada and lost

a quarter in a slot machine. I'm a big gambler, you can tell. Coming down from Nevada into California is interesting. There are lots of twists and turns. I was really tired on that last stretch. I stayed about a week at the house of Bill Breiding, Patty Peters, Jim Kennedy, and D. Roberts, for which a multitude of thanks to them. They were excellent hosts. Thank you, thank you. I found a place very soon though. It's only about a mile away from them. Since then Patty and Bill have moved to another place but they are still about the same distance away. The new flat I rented only costs \$95 more than the place we rented in Detroit, grumblegrumble (I decided I couldn't use aargh again). It is bigger and nicer for the most part, though. It has a built in stove and built in refrigerator. We bought a stove and refrigerator in Detroit. For a long while we had two of both. We sold the stove. We kept the refrigerator because it keeps things cooler than does the built in one. Also we don't need the money quite as badly as we did when we sold the stove. Flash, Patty and Bill are moving again, (have moved, that is) still in San Francisco though.

There are many excellent theaters here. They are primarily excellent because they only cost \$2-\$3 and they're usually double features. Since we have been here we have seen *The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T*, *Bugsy Malone*, *The Rainmaker*, *Fellini's Satyricon*, *Decameron*, *Aguirre the Wrath of God*, *Every Man for Himself and God Against All* (excellent!), *Dark Victory*, *Marked Women* (these last two had Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart and Bogart wasn't even in the starring role), *the Harder They Come*, *Smile Orange*, *Moon Men from Detroit* (a short), a Bob Marley short, and I can't remember any others right now. Wait, I saw *Eraserhead* twice along with a DEVO short, *Outrageous*, *The Seven Samurai*, *The Obscure Object of Desire*, *An Unmarried Woman*, *The Phantom Tollbooth*, *Fantastic Planet*, *Steppenwolf*, *Tom Jones*, *African Queen*, *Next Stop Greenwich Village*, *Walkabout*, *Derzu Uzula*, *The Stranger*, *Animal House*, and several Others. *Eraserhead* was very good if you like John Waters' films or *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* or similar things. It was grotesque. I loved it. I can't forget *Schlock* which was also excellent. Actually most of the films were excellent. We did walk out on *Joseph Andrews* and *Animal House* was funny but rather sophomoric. The theaters change their shows about every other day. They have so many movies I want to see and money can be such a pain. One excellent theater is the Castro Theater. It just happens to be in one of the gay districts here and the interior is so nice. There is this huge chandelier hanging from the ceiling and the cameos on the walls are exquisite. They have an organ player that plays music during intermission in the evening. It is fantastic.. Two more good ones we just saw were *Costeau's Beauty and the Beast* and *Orpheus*.

Something less than fantastic is the tale of our cars. While still in Detroit, Denise's car stopped moving and due to a couple of old people complaining to the police, it was towed off by the city. We didn't try to get it back. It really wasn't worth it. I should have taken Denise's advice last Summer and tried to sell it. I have had a number of additional repairs on the Rabbit. For instance, a semi tore off the front bumper of my car. See, I was at an intersection, the light turned green, I started forward. If I had been driving defensively and if my brain had been fully cognizant of my surroundings I would have seen the semi not slowing down. My brain was not there. I was not under the influence of alcohol and/or other drugs. I was on my way to work. The Rabbit took on a disguised identity. It shifted its front end down and to the left, dropped reverse gear, changed its temperature gauge to read vacation in the Kalahari and the battery light lit up for Christmas a little early. While standing in the road viewing this modern masterpiece of art in life, another truck goes by with an intellectual leaning out the window questioning my driving abilities and commenting on my resemblance, either physical or mental, to my anal sphincter. I proclaimed my equal love and admiration for him. By the way, the semi never stopped. It just kep' on truckin' Love it.

That was in Detroit. While here in San Francisco while stopped at a stop light an Ice Cream Truck forced its tired affections upon my car's fenders. Fortunately the Ice Cream company paid for that accident. I had to have my brake pads replaced. While parked next to my house another car hit another fender. I found this out after the fact. The driver left no notes of this love affair though. Once again I was stuck paying the deductible.

Just to keep in the same mood, just after my car was hit in Detroit, the toilet tank cracked in our flat. Fortunately my landlord paid for a new one. Then the light switch stopped functioning properly in my room in Detroit and the bedroom light was also threatening a similar arrogant attitude. My Christmas tree kept falling over so I had to buy a larger stand. I have really had a good financial year since the last Skug. I know that my problems are miniscule compared to those others far less fortunate than I, Yes, those very same starving millions in India my parents frequently told me about when I wouldn't eat my meal. I suppose I'm lucky. I do even have a pickle whistle from Burger King.

Actually I think I should rid myself of one problem, the car. I haven't really driven the car inside San Francisco very much. The buses are excellent here and will get you within two blocks of almost anyplace in the City. Bus rides are only 25¢ and transfers are free. I buy a monthly pass, good for any time and any bus in the Muni system, for only \$11. We thought the fares would go up after Proposition 13 passed. Proposition 13 was the bill cutting property taxes. The rates were not raised. San Francisco was one of the two or three places in California where Proposition 13 lost. Because of this, I believe, it received a really large chunk of surplus state funds. Some things were cut from the budget, but a lot less than opponents of the bill said would be cut. I still don't think 13 was that good of an idea for renters. For homeowners I'm sure it was a saving. I'm a renter. It didn't help me at all. Anyway, back to the car. The car gives one a feeling of freedom. It doesn't cramp your style as much as buses. I figure, though, without car payments, insurance payments, gas payments, and repair bills, I'd have enough to hire taxis, rent cars, and fly to conventions if I wanted to. It sounds like a good idea. I only have to implement it. I have to have a talk with my credit union.

Let's get back to good things. There are excellent restaurants in San Francisco. We ate at a place called Cliff House. It has an excellent view of the ocean. I believe there have been four Cliff Houses. Some of the early ones were really magnificent. The meal at Cliff House was pretty and only moderately expensive. A better place for seafood was Castagnola's. It was fantastic but very expensive. A not so hot place for seafood was Connie's Why Not? It supposedly features New Orleans' style seafood. I had creole gumbo. It was okay but no where near the price I paid for it (or actually what Larry paid for it. Thank you any way Larry.) We've eaten at several good and inexpensive Chinese restaurants. I have been told I must eat at the Hunan restaurant. They supposedly serve very good hot food. I cannot wait. My budget and my stomach keep me from eating at too many places. It would be quite easy to become a glutton here. Oh, Hippo Burgers has a great menu, decent food, but high prices.

Back to some bad things. Denise has not found a job here yet that she likes. She's had several. She really liked her last job back in Detroit. She's trying to find another one like it but no luck yet. She keeps looking. Denise has frequently been depressed out here. She misses everyone, friends and family, in Detroit a lot. Larry was also depressed quite frequently, though not as much as Denise. They pulled out of most of it, but every once in a while. . . . say, instigated by certain phone calls They were dwelling on their depression

a lot. Is it better to express these feelings, dwell on them, do something else, or what? I figure different things for different people (Brilliant, aren't I?). I thought we ought to get out and do stuff. It was sort of rough at times to get these two moving. They're usually pretty lively at parties, whereas I just stand/sit back and watch usually. Due to years of not talking I have lost the ability to carry on lengthy conversations. I'm sure Denise thinks this fits right in with my emotional handicap though. I'm not very emotional either. Some mistake this as an attribute of a boring personality. I beg to differ. I find myself very interesting, at times. I have convinced a few but it is difficult, especially when they won't listen to me not talking. Actually most walk away from my non-conversations. Or is it I that walk away? Oh well. Maybe I have a poor concentration span. Anyway, my lack of emotion did not help Larry and Denise very much at all. Visits from friends did.

Now we're back to good stuff. Since we've been here Neicer Hudspeth stayed with us for a little while. Course Denise was back in Detroit then, but I enjoyed Neicer's stay here. David Emerson was here for a while although he spent most of his time at Elizabeth Lynn's place. We had a good time with David too. Alica Madarasz was here. She's always a lot of fun and cheered up Denise immensely. She went down to Westercon with us. Neil Rest stopped by although he was staying some place in the area (uh, some other place, that is). We even got to meet Robert Anton Wilson while Neil was here. Robert Anton Wilson has a very nice house in the hills of Berkeley. It has an excellent view. Garth Danielson was here. Hurrah, hurrah. We had a really great time while Garth was here. I hope everyone comes back to visit again. Now Fred Haskell is here.

Not so good stuff. I see a lot of strange people at work. Take for instance, "I wan take dese peepul to cout. Dey du ones what caused all dis truba. Dey trew me into da street. A blindman. A blind man! What I wan know is what I gon do. Tell me what I sposed to do!"

"I'm so rY sir. You signed your name to the check. If they cashed it and used the money themselves, there's nothing we can do. You'd have to take that to the police to see what they could do."

"But wut I wan know is what you gon do bout them. They threw me out into de streets. They used my money. \$647 they took."

"Sir, please. Could you lower your voice, there are other claimants in the office."

He continues rambling. The woman he's with looks away, with a look stating he does this all the time, he's crazy, there's nothing that can be done. She's on ADC and just trying to help him out. He's in his 70's and zoned away probably for the rest of his life. There are representatives at my office who have become so distant from the claimants they shriek away at the touch of certain claimants in disgust. "Ooh, she touched my hand. I almost vomited." Admittedly some of the people's cleanliness and personal hygiene is questionable, but they're still human. I really have to get another job.

That was in Detroit. San Francisco is a little bit different. I think there is a higher percentage of strange people on welfare than in other sections of the community, maybe even science fiction, although it's hard to tell. San Francisco has more strange people on welfare than Detroit. Not all welfare recipients are strange. More people here in San Francisco were willing to pay back overpayments that they had received than in Detroit and less frantic about it. Claims representatives seem friendlier to the public here and little more understanding usually. At my present office I go to the city/county hospital once a week to take claims. Most people in a city/county hospital have no money to go elsewhere. They have one floor for psychiatric patients, one ward for city/county jail inmates that need medical attention, and many patients who are in there directly or indirectly due

to alcohol and heroin. Mental patients are confused and confusing. Sometimes I wonder if the staff is going to let me out. Heavily sedated people look a lot like zombies and sleep a lot. Sorry, that is a broad statement and not always true. However, I would not like to be on lithium or thorazine, No Way! Many of the patients pace back and forth and talk a lot to people that aren't there. They can't remember yesterday let alone the work they did last year. I have had people tell me they're Christ or people and dogs are conspiring against them. Sometimes I wonder if any part of what they say is true. Are we sedating modern mystics with divine inspiration? They cannot all be divinely inspired, though, can they? Some of the people at work are hardasses. I was talking about a claimant and saying some of the problem's causes could be due to his parents and his heredity. Not all of it but part of it. (What I meant was environment and heredity) She came back with he's over 18 and he can make his own decisions. Sometimes I wonder who is sicker. This city or maybe just the job has lead me more and more into questioning what is worthwhile. If I had no debts or something manageable on a smaller salary, I would quit today. I hope I would quit today. How much is a person's word valued after they've been in a psychiatric ward. We have Senators who had nervous breakdowns. They seem to get along okay. I have an aunt and uncle who have been in mental institutes. They're doing okay as far as I can tell. I don't see them very much, but I also wonder what other type of job would satisfy me. I keep telling myself that I should force myself to write. It never happens to any great extent. What about a publishing company? Teaching at the university level? Being a mailman? Becoming a mercenary in South America or Africa? (HOhohohohohohoho) Ha, I think I've found another spot to put something.

GOALS

I have decided to do something extraordinarily well, that thing must be your goal. Take for example, a corporate president, what is his goal, if not to gain power or money or somesuch? He follows this goal with very little if any relief. He has very few strong opposing forces pulling at him. This is not based on strong empirical research. It would seem to be this way, to my cluttered mind at least. I think my goal should be cohesiveness or at least the ability to push forward without constantly wavering, aka the young Ebenezer Cooke syndrome. Society has a fairly strict goal group. This is a good goal, that is foolish. People my father's age or older would be considered crazy in most states if they quit a well-paying job, traveled in Europe, and then went back to school.

Actually I think people that do that have realized that they are being suffocated. Those around them who are actually dead from this mind suffocation call them insane, put them away, do not let them endanger their stable death. They are separated from anything but their single-minded job. As crazies, the odd group wish to seek more, find more. Don't die without living. One must gather all things together in mind and see their unity, their interrelatedness, the whole being, each facet, combining, cohesing into one.



Like I said in the last Skug I really have to quit my job just before the worldcon in '79 and then maybe take off to England, Europe, and ? for a while. After that, back to school and work on a Masters, and, just maybe, a Ph.D., in a multitude of subjects. I'll probably start with philosophy, religion, or maybe English. I'd also like to study computer science, mathematics,

electrical engineering, chemistry, physics, sociology, art, and more. Not learning and not growing is Not satisfactory. My present job leads nowhere in my value scheme. Insanity crouches on the edge ready to tear me away or give me a lollipop and lead me gently by the hand. Too much order stagnates, suffocates.

BOOKS

Books are one way of trying to keep on the edge. I do not have a television and because of that I am not tempted to while away my hours in idle mind rot. Not all of television is terrible or sterile. However all of that terrible stuff is something to which I easily succumb. So on with the books. Lots of people list the books they read in their fanzines or apazines so why shouldn't I (other than it can be very tedious and boring). Should I write them all in this long sentence or should I list them.

The Stranger by Camus	The Teachings of Don Juan by Castaneda
Exile & The Kingdom by Camus	A Separate Reality by Castaneda
Naked Lunch by William Burroughs	Journey to Ixtlan by Castaneda
The Castle by Kafka	Tales of Power by Castaneda
The Doors of Perception by Aldous Huxley	The Second Ring of Power by Castaneda
Eyeless in Gaza by Huxley	The Cosmic Trigger by Robert A. Wilson
The Tao of Physics by Fritjof Capra	The Crack in the Cosmic Egg by J.C. Pearce
Zen in the Art of Archery by E. Herrigel	Exploring The Crack ITCE by Pearce
A Heritage of Stars by Simak	Beneath Wheel by Hermann Hesse
Mastadonia by Simak	Demian by Hesse
Gertrude by Hesse	The Journey to the East by Hesse
Klingsor's Last Summer by Hesse	Knulp by Hesse
Rosshalde by Hesse	Peter Camenzind by Hesse
Nausea by Jean-Paul Sartre	Troubled Sleep by Sartre
The Reprieve by Sartre	The Age of Reason by Sartre
The Ophiuchi Hotline by Varley	In the Ocean of Night by Benford
In Search of the Miraculous by Ouspensky	The 3 Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch by Dick
First & Last Men by Olaf Stapledon	Starmaker by Stapledon
A Hundred Years in Solitude by Gabriel Garcia Marquez	A Season in Hell and The Drunken Boat by Arthur Rimbaud
The Autumn of the Patriarch by Marquez	Fun with Your New Head by Disch
The Yankee & Cowboy War by Oglesby	Camp Concentration by Disch
Mysticism by F.C. Happold	Blind Voics by Tom Reamy
Epitaph of a Small Winner by De Assis	Trout Fishing in America by R. Brautigan

I've read all of these since the last issue of Skug plus a few more that I cannot remember. I try to average a book a week but it doesn't always work. I believe the autobiography of Jung was in this time period. I forget the exact title of it though, plus I read the section from his, is it 19 volumes, surely not, on synchronicity. The science fiction books usually help out the average because I can usually finish one of those in a couple of days while I'm working. The Stapledon books were not finished in a couple of days. They took a long time and a great deal of perseverance. They have some very interesting material but they are written in a deadly boring manner. The same goes for the two books by Pearce. The Stranger in movie format was quite close to the book and just as good. Denise did not particularly like it. I don't think Denise appreciates existentialism, well tough. It doesn't really matter. Everybody knows, I think therefore I am. I cannot always agree with that. Of course in my thoughts I must be. Who else would be there thinking them, I would like to ask. Yessir. However, does my thought prove my existence. How can I possibly say, "I don't think so." It is hard to say. I picked up a non-fiction called Existential Phenomenology and started to read it. Denise picked it up at the library she used to work at. I

stopped after about a dozen pages. Maybe another day. I read Steppenwolf in that time period too. I think I've said it before but the movie based upon the novel was just as excellent as the book and quite true to it. If you liked the book, you'll love the movie. It is a must see, or is this only for the fucking bourgeois intellectuals who will not forsake all that for the proletariat. Do I know? Do I care? Ha, remembered another couple of movies that I saw, The Conformist and the Magus. Both were excellent although the Magus was a little hard to follow. The magic Theater in Steppenwolf was handled very well. Beneath the Wheel by Hesse had a depressing ending and I really consider it one of his lesser works. Of course it was only his second published novel. I think I will reread it after I read Magister Ludi again and see if my feelings have changed at all. I started Dhalgren a couple of years ago but never finished it. My mind was a little different then. Maybe I'll try it again soon also. By the time Skug 3 is out I will have finished The Sot-Weed Factor by John Barth which is excellent. (It was finished.) Then I read Tout Fishing in America for a breath just before thrusting Ulysses by Joyce upon myself. I'm almost half way through with it now. I will have to throw a couple lighter novels into the melee (Is my milieu a melee?) after Ulysses, then I may do something I've been meaning to do for a while, read the Bible. I read the Koran a number of years ago and bought one new version of the entire Bible and another new version of the New Testament. I don't know if I'll get through both New Testaments this time around, probably just one. Course after I bought these several people told me I really should read the King James' version because of the fantastic use of the English language, well it'll just be another on my long reading list. There are really so many books to read it is hard to figure out what to put next. Why don't I break things up again and do a con report.

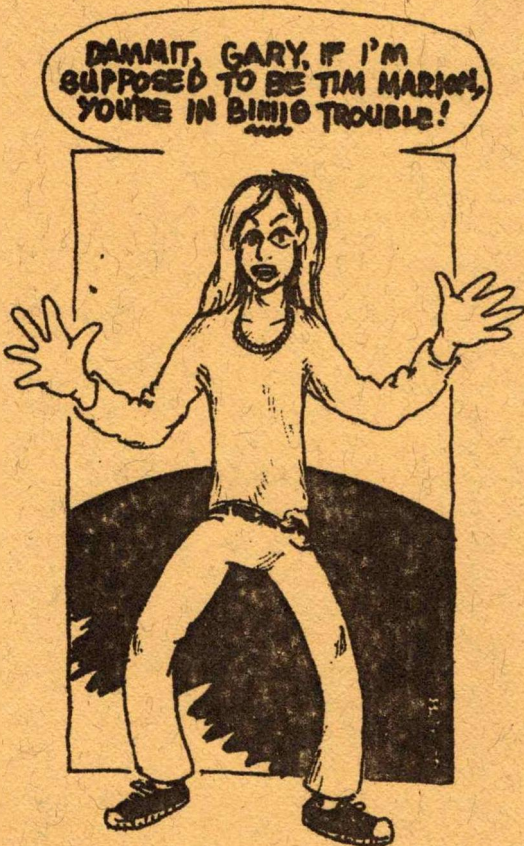
CONVENTIONS

First a short one:

We went to Windycon. It was excellent. That was Windycon, October, 1977. I know there was another one this year, but I just couldn't make it, unfortunately. I recently read that this year's Windycon had 1200 in attendance. That is hard to imagine. I would have liked to have been there. Are all of these new con fans going to be assimilated into fandom? Is this too many? Anyway . . .

 Special mention, special mention. Tim Marion was not there but I knew I had to mention Tim someplace in here. That's it.

Back to Windycon. The rooms last year were huge. Lots of good people, strange people, & I-don't-know-these people were there. We were there the whole weekend and not there for 6-8 hours. (This is supposed to be cryptic.) Neil Rest was there. I enjoyed the convention. However, it was a while ago and my memory is not too great. The buffet restaurant was too expensive but the food was good. The hotel was a fair distance from



cheap places to eat, especially for those who had no car. Jerry Kaufman introduced Denise and I to several interesting people. Joe Wesson sat around with us for those 6-8 hours - Alex Vitek sat and watched us a couple of those hours. Sarah Prince was there. Hello Sarah. Sarah's great and I like her pottery and artwork too. Garth had a can of Lard Spray, if I remember correctly. Just like all the other conreports there were lots of people there and we had a good time. Oops, one more thing about Windycon. I really meant to talk more with Meade Frierson at Windycon. You know one of my favorite convention memories is sitting around a table at MidAmericon, the first one, in the ballroom, drinking, and listening. I was amazed at the quantity of alcohol he bought. Birmingham was a good time too, just before Suncon. I'm glad Meade was picked as a GoH. I think he is a good person.

There were many good persons at Minicon, for which we left Detroit on Thursday night at about 10Pm. We included Denise Mattingly, Joe Wesson, and Larry Downes. We rode in my VW Rabbit for about 11 hours. We passed by many things, but due to the darkness had great difficulty seeing them as we normally would. We reached Minneapolis the next morning in our normal convention state, physically tired, but very close to ecstasy to be at yet another con. We saw Garth Danielson's car and said hello to it. After repeating only 3 or 4 times that we were students (if only part time) we got the student rate for the hotel room. The room which Denise and I had was not too large, plus in order for two people to sleep on the bed, it had to be pulled out. Truly lovely. You bet. The maid never made up our room on Saturday morning, but we didn't really care, so we really didn't have much trouble with the hotel, personally. (A week and a half sure causes a loss of memory (which is when this was originally written)) We saw lots of people. I think the attendance was somewhere over 700. The committee ran out of liquid refreshments Saturday night and they also ran out of program books. There was a convention sponsored party Friday, Saturday, and Sunday night (convention committee sponsored). Windycon/Winnipeg/Autoclave sponsored a small party. Most of the refreshments were furnished by Windycon and Winnipeg. This was due to my quick ability to make decisions and get things done. I'll work harder on the next party we (Autoclave) help sponsor. (Course I'm not exactly on the Autoclave committee anymore since I'm in San Francisco and Autoclave is in Detroit, but I really hope they can hold the next Autoclave in the Radisson Cadillac in downtown Detroit. There are so many more places to go and see down there than in the suburbs. Unfortunately the RC wasn't open for the 1978 Autoclave and the hotel we used in 1976 and 1977 closed.) I did help carry a whole tub of ice from the basement (whizzoweee). They had a lot of rickety machines down there. I would hate to be their maintenance person. A new Winnipeg person, Alissa, was there. She was very nice and a good person. Fit right in with our strange group. The WWA party was on Saturday night, I think. About a dozen or so strange people tried to exit to Circuit VII during the daytime part of Saturday. I read the Cosmic Trigg and loved it. These two sentences are related, believe it or not. David Emerson seems to be full of energy and ready for adventure. I was sorry that I wasn't quite as energetic as he was. I think if Southern Fried Fandom had been there, things would have gelled a lot better. There were some interesting Wisconsin (?) people there, but there wasn't as much exchange in the Minicon group as there was with the floating Suncon group. Admittedly Suncon was longer and we had seen many of the participants the weekend before in Birmingham, AL. Well, gee. I guess we'll just have to go to a conveniently located con just before Phoenix to make it (?) come off terrifically as it did as Suncon. (Insert: We didn't and it didn't come off in Phoenix as well as it did in Suncon for me either) Several people watched Marlon Brando in some movie on the tube, but I could only take so much of that (This was at Minicon) (Remember) We wandered around downtown Minneapolis a little Saturday and Sunday afternoon. In certain aspects, defined by our perception, Minneapolis is not like Detroit. Minneapolis is extremely "white", or would you prefer Caucasian. They also had classical music playing in the downtown mall area. Detroit does not

have classical music playing in the downtown area. You might hear somebody's radio or tape player playing a little soul, or funk, or disco, but I really haven't noticed classical at all. The racial mix in downtown Detroit is decidedly of different proportions. I like Minneapolis. Why does it have to be so cold in the Winter? Couldn't they move it a little toward the South? Many good people live in Minneapolis, fans in particular. The fannish mix is fantastic. Jim Young is a good person who lives there. I was in my normal "I'm not saying a word in this conversation" mood and he got me to come along with a bunch of people Sunday afternoon to Arby's. That was nice! I even said a few words. For people that see me at cons, try not to think of me as snobbish or not friendly. I just have problems conversing. I can't think of that much to say. I like to be around people, but I don't like to push myself on anyone. I just sort of stand around and watch, usually. Anyway, I did do a little talking at Minicon. I sat around with some of the Winnipeg people (Garth, James Hall, Mike Hall, etc.) and Ben Zuhl after the WWA party had died down and just talked there in the hall. Course, I probably mainly listened there too. I sort of forget.

I saw most of STage Wars which I thought was excellent. I also highly recommend Hardware Wars, which is also fantastic. We saw Meatloaf on Saturday Night Live there. He was a little toned down from the concert he gave in Detroit, which we saw in the week just before Minicon. I liked it anyway. Let's see, saw quite a bit of Neil Rest and his friend Karen Trego also. Neil talked a lot about his trying to get money and promote his space project. Um, I can't really explain, but if you ask I'm sure Neil will tell you all about it. I spoke briefly with him also about the Cosmic Trigger. He went wild (or so I was told) about the back of the Autoclave flyer (first edition). One of these days I'll have to talk more to him about that and related things. I really don't know Margie Lessinger too well, but we went into her room for a while. There were quite a few people, coming and going and the atmosphere in there was really nice. They were playing soft music, talking quietly. Denise said it reminded her of a court (medieval), with people sitting at Margie's feet, laughing, talking quietly. Like I said, I thought it was nice. Well, what about the panels? I attended one. That was the panel on Minneapolis fandom, its history, dwellings, and the part where they (MinnStf) changed officers (rotation of the guard?). That was a very good panel. They have a couple of slant shacks in Minneapolis. Seems to work out pretty well.

I wandered ((I have to stop here for a moment. Denise is reading this as I type along and she just mentioned that I had said that I had read The Cosmic Trig. Well, folks, that's supposed to be Cosmic Trigger, really. And I am not a racist. However I am bigoted against dumb people. Well, maybe not bigoted against, but frequently exasperated by . . .))(and it's Trout not Tout)(?) in and out (remember me wandering at the beginning of this paragraph) of the art show and huckster's room a lot. I finally saw Joan Hanke-Woods (spelling?) and true to what everyone told me, she is very attractive. Her art is fantastic too. I don't pay too much attention to art shows, primarily because I never buy anything. Not knowing what you cannot buy is much easier than knowing what you cannot buy, if that makes sense. I didn't pay that much attention to what was in the huckster's room. Actually I noticed the people more. I did look around for books related to The Cosmic Trigger, Castaneda, mysticism, and related items. I didn't find much, but I didn't really expect to find much either. Denise bought two books in the Neustrian Cycle. She had one of them already. (While looking for those books, to figure out the titles I happened upon the Blood Oranges, which I've heard mention of several times. The blurbs on the outside look interesting. Maybe I'll have to read that) Denise also bought me, while wandering the streets of Minneapolis, the Psychedelics Encyclopedia and the newest issue of the Bullwinkle and Rocky comic book.

I can't remember too much more about the con. Maybe I'll remember more later. We left Monday morning. I took the back highways to Crystal Lake, Illinois. I'd

lived there about 13 years ago and really wanted to see it again. I'd lived there about two years with my parents and sister. I was even able to find the two houses we'd live in and the two elementary schools I had gone to. Nostalgic.(?) Much to the displeasure of everyone else, this delayed us a couple of hours getting back to Detroit. It took an hour or two just to follow the back highways in to Chicago and find the freeway again. This was primarily due to stop and go traffic. Denise, who started driving after we left Crystal Lake, was especially displeased. So it goes. Our passengers changed by one on the way back. Larry left us and got another ride down to Iowa City and back to school. Candace Massey came back to Detroit with us. She'd flown to Minneapolis. Luck her.

Tuesday Denise and I returned to work and Joe slept until 4:30 PM in the afternoon. (PM - afternoon, makes sense). Lucky him. We went to see Eric Clapton in concert that night. We were in the top row all the way back. The music was fantastic, but that was just too far back to sit and Denise and I were just too tired. Such an exciting con report. Cough, cough.

Another special note: **Jamaicon may be transferred to Venezuela or Peru, probably the latter, because of their lighter enforcement of marijuana laws. I don't look forward to viewing the squalor of the poor in Peru, for they are truly poor and downtrodden there, or so I am told. I hear they do have nice ruins though.

MUSIC

I could jump into some stuff on music. Let's see. For instance, what is this thing with jazz? I like jazz and have since junior high, but only as an occasional complement to my musical meals (Eat it.) My mainstay is rock and roll, then blues (or rhythm and blues). Lots of people grow older and say, "I just can't take rock and roll anymore, now I mainly listen to jazz." Does age lessen your ability to listen to rock? Or do people come into this jazz thing? All jazz is not soft, but it is, for the most part, softer than hard rock. Is it people's ears? Is it an inability to cope with the changing rock picture? Can't you cope with punk rock or the Stranglers? Now once every third or fourth time I exit into distant space I cannot take punk rock. I can still take rock, just not things like the Stranglers, or the Stooges, or the MC5 Actually things similar to punk rock have been around before, not quite the same but close. What is all of this neo Nazi stuff, though? Ha, again, I wrote this paragraph a long time ago, but I recently read the words to California Uber Alles by the Dead Kennedys, a punk band (really great, however it is a pain having your glasses knocked off when you're standing up front & the lead singer throws himself into the crowd.), plus I have read several punk (new wave?) newspapers like Search and Destroy and NO magazine. At the present it seems they are decrying the movement of the masses toward this ultra-conservative and, yes, to a certain extent, Fascist state of mind. Although I have read only a small amount about Germany in the 30's, Right now in the U.S. reminds me of that setting, in a vague sort of way. Anyway, getting back to the music, British punk rock really hasn't hit Detroit's airways to any great extent. There are bars in Detroit that feature/headline punk rock. In San Francisco, the Mabuhay Gardens has punk nightly. The Cafe Flora frequently plays punk as background music. Strange people seem to congregate there. It is also right next to a gay section of town. More punk is played on the West Coast. Four or five stations play it occasionally or have special time slots for it here. Al Salyer in Detroit, along with Paul Madarasz, were among the first in Detroit fandom to really pick up on it. Al seems to pick up a lot on music on the edge, which I think is fantastic. I really should keep up a lot closer contact with him to learn these new things. What do you know about punk rock? Have you aged and does loud musci give you ulcers? Do you boogie til you puke or do you just puke when punk comes on? Puking actually could signify two entirely different attitudes.

I get off a little, at times on soul and disco. Not literally get off, you know, my jeans are clean, no stains. Watching dancers dance to the music is especially moving. let me emphasize, American Bandstand dancing is not what I am talking about. It's that stuff you see on Soul Train. That gyratin' is fascinatin'. Having no TV, frequently causes me to turn on Soul Train on Sundays at cons in my motelhotel room, much to Denise's consternation. I am not an afficianado of the dance, nor an active and lithesome participant, but I can wish, eh? I'm not talking about the bourgeois scene per se, in discos, but the body feelin', the beat, drivin'. Those inhabitants of the lower continents do not dance for days for no reason. Power-packed, emotion-filled catharsis, or bringing it up to a fullness, a sing high praises or let's beat the other guy to shit feeling, magnified, intensified, pushing you to a soul experience, out of control, don't give a damn ecstasy. A search for yet another Orgasm. Dig it. Or maybe, Oneness.

Odd asides: Why do some double albums number the first record side one and side two, the second record side three and four, while others number the first record side one and four, the second record side two and three. It would seem the latter expects people to play the records on an automatic turntable on which, gasp, the second record drops, on, oh my ghod, the first record. In my opinion albums of the former type have a producer with much better taste or at least greater care for his records.

ANOTHER REASON I CAME TO SAN FRANCISCO

Mysticism and consciousness groups abound in SF. One group in San Francisco along these lines is the Gurdjieff-Ouspensky group. They lean primarily toward Ouspensky here. Ouspensky says we're not really awake most of the time. In the group one of their exercises to try to stay awak (Are you awake, really awake, right now, gentle reader?) is to not use certain things in their speech. These items are contractions of words, any form of the verb "to get", up, oh, well, and so. They said they do not consider these words bad, they just picked certain ones not to say. They also try to not express negative emotions. If another member notices it he or she politely raises their finger slightly to remind you. You then thank them. There were four new people when I attended my three free introductory meetings. After those three you have to pay \$100 per month or 10% of your gross income per month, whichever is greater. Most of the current members in attendance were fairly young, mid-20's I'd say. The meeting was in a larger house in a wealthier neighborhood. Some of the women there look like one might see them at a disco. They were young, slender, attractive, and had an air of wealthiness, whatever that may be. Two even came up and talked to me during the break. I've read stories where wealthy men or women pick up people who interest them and let them live in their mansions, feed them, etc., as long as the interest holds. Denise probably wouldn't appreciate that unless she got invited along. Hmm. Before I went to the first meeting they suggested I read Psychology of Man's Possible Evolution by Ouspensky. It is shorter and easier to read than some of Ouspensky's other books, such as Tertium Organum, The Fourth Way, et al. It was an interesting group. Most were clean cut, dress conservatively, and not really mundane (?).

Another not so mundane group attended the one Eckankar meeting I attended. The two people presenting it did not know how to operate an 8 mm projector and seemed to have forgotten how to read the instruction booklet which was right out in the open. One of the audience of a dozen or so had to help them out. The film centered primarily upon the Eckankar Masters and their achievements. These two items made me decide not to return for a while. I will, no doubt, check it out at a future date.

A lot of groups could be checked out at once at the New Age Awareness Fair that was held here in San Francisco. It featured innumerable booths on mind raising

methods (such as elevators) (that was a joke, haha) psychics, psychic healers, astrologers, Tarot readers, camps to go to get enlightened, records and tapes to soothe your mind or feed you knowledge, natural food, devices, pyramids, schools, and much, much more. There will be another New Age Awareness Fair within a week or two in San Jose. Several of the groups sponsor radio programs on different stations. I think it is fantastic.



Another fantastic, although not necessarily believable, group is in Detroit. It is the Lawsonian church. Actually I believe there are four or five other churches in other cities. It is a church based on the teachings of Alfred Lawson. It is very strange. If you get a chance you really ought to read about Lawson's menorgs and disorgs and suction and pressure being the prime forces of the universe. Most of the group were older. The church was started around the time of the depression and they don't get too much new blood. They were elated to see John Benson and I one sunday. They changed the words in several songs used by regular "Christian" churches to talk about Lawson and his principles. They were odd. Lawson started the idea of air passenger service I believe. He was a very inventive person.

I know this is taking off a little but other interesting groups back in Detroit were the Hare Krishna and the Alpha Omega group. The Alpha Omega group was trying to bring different occult/psychic/consciousness ideas to the Detroit area. They were relatively new when I left and I hope things worked out for them. Also, did you know that the Continental Head of Technocracy was residing in Detroit? You're too late though. He moved someplace else and I forgot where. It's surprising that Technocracy is still around.

Nobody ever sent me any definitions of Panentheism. So from the Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church we have:

"Panentheism: The belief that the Being of God includes and penetrates the whole universe, so that every part of it exists in him, but (against pantheism) that his being is more than, and is not exhausted by the Universe."

So we have pantheism (all God) which means, strictly, the view that God is everything and everything is God vs. Panentheism (all in God) which says that God is more than that.

Don't tell me the Universe is everything and therefore how can God go beyond that. You've said it yourself, every thing. This extra is not a "Thing". However do not ask me what that quantity, that undefinable, unsayable quality is. Don't ask Don Juan either. Another thing about certain religions or, for that matter, morals, is that it is prefaced on dipolarism. Let us turn to a quotation, the source of which I failed to write down.

"First, and basically, dipolarism is self-contradictory. The idea of the infinite by definition excludes the idea of the finite; the idea of the eternal by nature excludes the idea of the temporal; the idea of absolute necessity by nature excludes the idea of dependence."

Therefore monism would seem to be unquestionable, eh?

Another change, but still related to consciousness. When I went to see the author of the Tao of Physics I was surprised to hear that he had not read The Cosmic Trigger. Also, for those interested, he should have a second book out in 1980 from Simon And Schuster. Reminds me of another quote,

"The intrinsic nature of time is that every moment is in all time and all time is in every moment. Hours unending and nonexistent. Side by side and interwoven as one without a binding except each other."

That was by me and probably means absolutely nothing. Does the Heisenberg (?) Uncertainty principle really make the future, and the past for that matter, indefinite and always open to change? That's really weird if that's true. Actually I think it sounds great.

Here I am throwing in other odd bits and pieces. I read an article in High Times on Vincent Titus. He was a very interesting character. Anybody else read it? It sounds like this guy has either been around a lot or has an interesting imagination. This means absolutely nothing to anyone who has not read it. It's in the August '78 High Times though. Keep it in mind, though. And now for something totally off the wall.

LUXURIATING

For the past ten minutes I tried luxuriating. I know, ten minutes isn't long enough to really get started luxuriating, but I figured it would give me a hint. I was in Pier One Imports and bought this packet of bubble bath powder, cinammon-scented. Smelling like cinammon could be an enjoyable experience plus every once in a while I see people luxuriating in bath tubs full of suds and seeming to enjoy the sensation. I put about 6-8 inches of water in the tub along with the powder. Suds there were but no even the tiniest hint of cinammon aroma lingered. Well, I thought, maybe if I sit in here a while, these salts will impregnate themselves in my skin and I'll come out smelling like cinammon. No such luck. I almost always (99.9% of the time) take a shower. I guess a bath just isn't my thing or maybe I need a larger tub, say 4' x 8'. Actually, dry saunas and steam baths are excellent ways to luxuriate, except I couldn't take it over ten minutes. It's too hot, but it does feel really good, especially when I take a cool shower immediately afterwards. I have been told you can gradually increase the time in a steam bath or sauna, though. On the bath, I still have a packet of strawberry-scented powder, so I think I'll go out, buy three or four more, and try that in one bath.

ODDS AND ENDS

Fillers, notes, insane moments are not easy to fit together into a digestible pulp. I like strange newspaper articles, things a little odd, or sometimes grotesque. Take for instance the reply a woman got when she wrote a multitude of letters to Congress for an Elvis national holiday from a non-existent representative:

"Ever since I was just a little boy I have liked Elves. Why, I used to have an imaginary Elf for a playmate when I was 4. His name was Gondolfo. Boy, Gondolfo was a swell Elf. Say, Miss Cryle, one thing bothers me. Why don't you folks also have a bill to have a national holiday for Trolls? I never had an imaginary Troll for a friend, but I read about one once. They live under bridges, you know. Now be sure and lett all your people in my state know I like Elves

and I'm going to vote for your bill. Long live Elves."

Or you might find more digestible the dormice offered at a restaurant in High Lane, England. The founder, nay, the commercializer, of this rare delicacy first had them at a French wedding reception. The dormice were braised with honey and wine and then lightly fried in butter. The dormice are carefully bred and tastiest when six months old. However, \$51 per 2½ ounce animal is a little expensive for my taste. I do think they would go well and a bit cheaper with those delights sung of in Hamster Love, a song with a tune quite reminiscent of Captain & Tenille's Muskrat Love. I love to hear about the various ways hamsters can be cooked and served. Crackle, crackle.

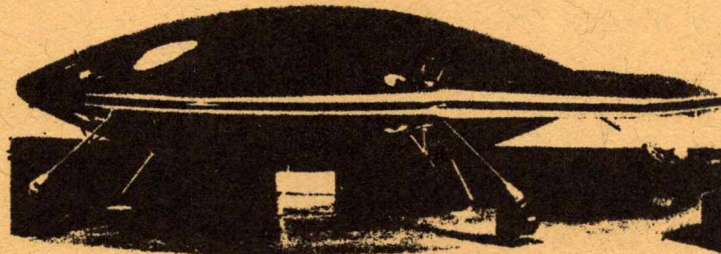
I especially loved the article about one of my true loves. Professor Paul L. Ziemer, radiological control officer at Purdue said, "Hearing, vision, and skin health all may suffer from the sound and light of a discotheque." Unfortunately all of the things he mentions which cause these dreaded health problems may also occur at a rock concert.

Speaking of disco, let's move on to other high level entertainment. There was a fantastic article brought to my attention by Larry, my brother-in-law, I believe. Did you know that beans affect you approximately four hours after leaving the dinner table? I bet you haven't even checked the clock on that one, dearhearts. Well, Dr. Louis B. Rockland of the Western Regional Research Laboratory of the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture in Berkeley, CA, did. He also put together the following list of beans in order of their flatulence production. Number 1 being the biggie. He warned that "the state of the art is not very advanced."

1. Soybeans,
2. Pink beans
3. Black beans
4. Pinto beans
5. California small white beans
6. Great northern beans
7. Lima beans (baby)
8. Garbanzos
9. Lima beans (large)
10. Blackeyed peas.

I couldn't see taking up the space to put those all one below the other like the newspaper article. (Maybe I should put that the newspaper article noted the following: From "The People's Almanac Presents the Book of Lists," published by William Morrow & Co. Copyright by David Wallechinsky, Irving Wallace, and Amy Wallace. Distributed by New York Times Special Features.)

Just below this I hope to stick in two pictures of "Skyship", an aircraft being developed by John West Design Associates of Epsom, Surrey UK. David Hastie sent me the article on it. The article goes into greater detail about it.



One of my favorite articles was the one entitled "Bullwinkle Isn't Just for Kids, It's Got the Best Humor on TV". How could I possibly disagree?

And then Neil Rest thought up this great song to the tune of Tipperary when he heard about the Winnipeg in 1994 bid:

It's a long way to Manitoba,
It's a long way from here,
It's a long way to Manitoba,
If you are anywhere

I also subscribe to Science News, although ever since I've moved to San Francisco its delivery to my doorstep has been anything but regular. Anyway I was glad to read the following response to another letter in a prior issue of Science News. This was from Science News, March 11, 1978, Vol. 113, #10, P. 158:

" I feel a word of support for Mr. Gitchell is needed. Admittedly, he can't speak of the velocity of an object 'relative to the natural universe' if he wishes to retain relativity, but that doesn't mean he is ridiculous to look at it from a different viewpoint. Gitchell's observed velocity of separation is an absolute in his coordinate system which is anchored at the center of his natural universe.

The critics, Mann and Drake, seem to regard relativity as some sort of natural law which explains the way things are, whereas, in reality, it is merely an artifact of the way we observe ('see') and, instead of explaining the way things are, it merely explains the way we are constrained to perceive things to be.

If we could not perceive electromagnetic waves our universe would still obey Newtonian physics, but relativity would not exist.

Robert E. McDaniel
Las Cruces, N.M."

Larry Downes sent me a great article on the Sleazy World of John Waters' from the Daily Iowan, no less. Just last week another article from a gay newspaper was pointed out to me by Kent Johnson. It was even better. This man, John Waters, needs to be recognized for his great cinematic ability or, at least, his grossness. I love it. Denise could do without it. As a matter of fact, most of the world could do without it. If I had my choice between John Waters' films and the Pentagon, guess which I would choose. That is a ridiculous choice. So what? Anyway, titles of Waters' classics are *Hag in a Black Leather Jacket* (1964), *Roman Candles* (1966), *Eat Your Makeup* (1967), *Mondo Trasho* (1969), *The Dianne Linkletter Story* (1970), *Multiple Maniacs* (1970), *Pink Flamingos* (1972), *Female Trouble* (?), and *Desperate Living* (1977). I've only seen (and loved) PF and DL. I must see them all, must. Another thriller, in equally good taste I have been informed is *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. I'm not sure that is the exact title. Another entry into this hall of classics, but I must admit, of a higher grotesqueness, is *Eraserhead*. I've seen this twice. It's done on a low budget but is tremendous. It's in black and white. I loved it. It's playing opposite Rocky Horror on Midnights on Saturday here, at a different theater. Esoteric remark, no matter what Waldrop says I still don't think *Phantom of the Paradise* is up to any of these great films.

How queek eez the leetle rabeet what hops from leef to leef.

I haven't too much else to type in this section. I have fannish things to

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type up and some fiction/poetry. Actually I think I'll talk about typing now. Typing with a typewriter sometimes intimidates me or puts me into a visual trip rather than a writing trip. Words are strange things. Putting them together in an interesting manner is difficult for most, a game for a few, I would suppose. I can get A's on an English paper or a paper that just requires general rambling say, on why I am what I am for Childhood and Adolescent Psychology, but can it be of interest to others. I usually cannot stand dissections of stories or sometimes, music. What grabs fandom's eye? A multitude of things, yes? I prefer the insanity which lies therein, whether it be real or fantasized. How do you write those things, kid? Many people who write such things are very quiet and retiring in public, for the most part. Others are not. But then, what of Mulla Nasrudin? I can't continue this. Maybe I should get a topic say Dope Smoking in Fandom, Drugs and Life, Indiscretion, Hot Sex and You, World Traveling, Searching for the Truth Which is Just Around the Corner, what else?

FICTION

Most of my fiction of late is not complete stories just scenes, descriptions of places, like:

Reflections in the golden mist of time wake me, blindingly, a groan, roll over. Floating suddenly another space I look

Down into the miasma of insanity I fall, suffocating, eyes shielded by my hand, stumbling. A street lamp greets me through the cool embrace of a London fog, fuzzy, detached, black and white stiffness overcoming my limited

Self-portrait mine hangs on the wall of the Art Institute of Paris, silent crowds passing by, quiet comments, a woman stops, stares, stands back, I walk forward touch a lock of her hair. She turns to see

A boat, morning mist on the water, wide hat, brim down a non person paddles by slowly, feeling the current of the river, heading to the

Unknown.

ROCKS

Ma and Pa were bored that Sunday afternoon. Things were right quiet around the old homestead. They'd just finished up a nice young chicken with a nice crisp crust, mashed potatoes and gravy, some corn, and a couple of biscuits with butter and honey, just sitting around digesting. They figured it would be nice to see some interesting sights, so they got in their pickup and headed out. They drove up to the hill with the old well on it, sat down, and looked at all the other hills around them.

"Lot a hills, you know, ma."

"Hills, yep, lot of 'em."

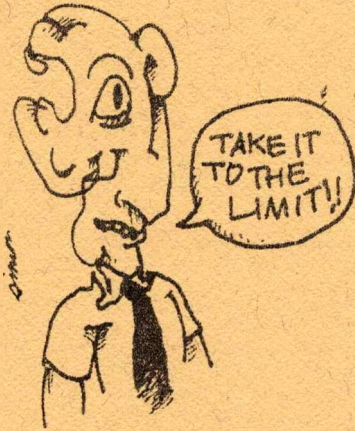
"Lot a trees, too."

"Yep, trees, nice lookin ones, too."

Well, they walked on down the hill. Between the hills a narrow river flowed. They sat down on the bank to watch the water ripple down over a line of rocks, making little rapids that kids liked to play in on a hot Sunday afternoon. Saturdays weren't bad either, of course.

They sat there for a long time and finally turned into rocks. We visited them frequently but usually just sat around thinking about those hills.

THE PERCEPTION OF REALITY



Somewhere in the High Sierras a lone guacomole sat. At least today he thought he was. Silent, unmoving, unmoved, his eyes focused on a point between his eyebrows. He considered the flow, the coextensiveness of all, of reality today, or tonight, he was not certain for he frequently lost track of the time point where his present existence seemed to anchor. There was a tenseness in the air, the feeling that things would soon be in motion, in action, in change. A cusp. Death had pursued him in a recent dream, quite similar to an old silent film it seemed, expressions exaggerated and more. He breathed the night air, remembered he was a guacomole, and forgot about thinking.

In a serious attempt to calm himself he proceeded to take 37 valium. He found out what death was. Calm. Such startling accidental discoveries are often a boon to mankind. In this particular case, however

POETRY

I write poems occasionally. james a. hall thinks he writes better poems. Actually I haven't talked with him at any great length on my poetry. If anyone would like some poems I would gladly send you some. If you don't like my poems you might write james a hall. I, personally, will not hold my breath waiting for request.

To give back at last
the sharp, precise sound of a saxophone note

Setting Sun
Mindblown
littered
Across the skies.

Eyes entreating
within enquiring
as to the nature
of Insanity
& let us not forget
Nothingness.

But then
blame
En Rico hip
Chic sheep
Baa
Gonzo

To give back at last
(cont)

Flip it on
Motherly tossing
in an air
of Tranquil
Tornados

Fly away
Mindling
Plaything of touch me nots
Alone
in Eternity

Butterfly unfolding
Drying wings

in the

Setting sun.

The following is closer to the lyrics of a song. I haven't figured out the melody yet. I know it's simplistic folks, but I'm working on it.

No One

Walking down the bridge
To see my honey
Walkin down the bridge
Just one more time.

Gon' see her tonight
for the last time you know
Gon' see her tonight
Don't even let it show.

Walkin in the moonlight
Thinkin about her warm inside
Walkin in the moonlight
Gon take one last ride.

Tastin the wandrin' breezes
Caressin my mind
Tastin the wandrin breezes
No *one* can bind.

I hope some of the words in the last poem or upcoming ones don't offend anyone. Actually the whole poem is about lepton interactions.

TRYST

With gentle embrace
in quiet garden paths
with sunbeams playing
their darting games.

I see my love
I taste her golden beauty
I hold her warmth near mine.
No words are spoken
No tears are shed.

DISCO

Abominal, she cried.
Ugh, he replied.
Star like circular ray glintings ablaze
Fled from the light
 into the maze
Of their entwined, enmeshed
 Love Machines.

TENEMENT SHADOWS

Say baby
why me?
Hightight flight
into the night before she wakes
Tenement shadows
Street corners
 light bright
 Ablaze
 with vulgarities.
Shit, Jive, Dig (I related to it)
Cats so cool
 They are ice.
While rats eat
their bastard
 offspring.

MOUNTAINS

Stony droppings on sheer mountainsides
White, red, but rough and hard
Are mountains
 God's piles of
 constipated excrement?

CYCLES

Efforts to praise god
are many,
Profuse,
Sometimes obtuse.

Why does man seek anew
each life
something
defining, describing, explaining,
His birth?

Science builds upon itself, supposedly.
Does religion?

DEPRESSION

In selfish desperation
turned in upon itself
He found
Depression.

Well, the end of boring you there. Now to find among all this debris and imploded bombshells upon my desk the last section (hurrah hurrah).

FANDOM

Or should I really talk about hugging?

No, no, wrong beginning. I was greatly displeased to read and hear about the in groups in Phoenix around the time of Iguanacon. There is nothing wrong with ingroups, except when they're particularly abrasive. Saying things like "Go away Ellison doesn't like you . . ." or "Go away you're trying to take control . . ." displeases me when I know the remarks are either stupid or not a good reason for going away. It just perturbed me. No one wanted to hear my two cents worth about this, probably, but I wanted to say it anyway, so there

There are many in groups in the Bay Area. There is the Little Men, who are very sercon. I only went to one of their meetings. I am not sercon. There is Pennsfa. I don't know if I am spelling that right. I know very little about that group since I've never attended their meetings. There is an upper elite. I haven't been to any of their parties, collating or otherwise either. One person I know who attends such things say they can be quite boring. Well every group has its boring moments. (says)

Break. Speaking about upper elites, let's talk about Westercon. One item that particularly disturbed me about Westercon was that it had one convention

committee sponsored party. That would be fine in most cases, except that it was invitational only and you had to be a GoH, or an author, or a BNF, or well, you know, in the upper elite. I DO NOT LIKE MY CONVENTION MEMBERSHIP FUNDS PAYING FOR A FUCKING ELITIST PARTY!! Of course I don't know that my funds paid for it, necessarily, but I didn't see any other convention committee party and when I asked the front desk where the convention party was they told me that it was in the same room as the aforementioned party. Any bets they got the room free because of the number of rooms rented out by convention members, which included me. I did see through their door. They did have a really nice big window with a really nice view. That's all I saw before the door was slammed in my face. I really hope someone chastises me severely and tells me it was TOTALLY PAID for from privatefunds.

Anyway back to the Bay Area. There is SF² (that's (SF)²) which is open to all comers. It is okay but there are a number of people there (well, say 2-5) in whom I am not interested or, at times, make me want to leave their presence quite rapidly. This does not make them any less a fan than I, simply not of the same interests and inclinations. Oh, by the way, since this was written this has lessened plus there's this process called, um, socialization (is that it?) and most of the people know how to get a long with everyone else in the group, usually.

Why don't I talk about individuals, eh? There is Rich Coad. Many people know Rich Coad. He likes punk rock and authors and books that I find particularly interesting. Hey, two points in his favor. (Oops, this is starting to feel pre-tentious, I better tone it down.) We've gone to the Mabuhay Gardens, the local punk rock bar at night. We were going to see the Nuns, a supposedly very good local group, one week end night. Denise and I even bought tickets in advance for it. Drinks are expensive at the Mabuhay and Denise and I thought it would be a good idea to start loosening up a little in advance. Denise and I never made it to the Mabuhay. Everyone else did. I don't drink alcohol very often. After that night I think I will drink it even less often. Why did I tell that story? It has nothing to do with Rich. Anyway, Rich can be quite vocal if he does not like groups as can Larry, my brother-in-law. This reminds me of Joe Wesson. It also reminds me of Tom Spilker. Only about two people I send this to will know who Tom Spilker is. I mention these names because I wish to point out that I seem to associate myself with equally vocal people frequently. This seems odd because I am particularly un vocal. Maybe I have a hidden urge to become quite vocal. Denise talks a lot with Rich. Actually Denise talks a lot with most of the people we know. Tony Cvetko calls up from Detroit. Who does he talk to? Denise, right. Tony has been known to tell me to get off the phone and put Denise back on. Such manners (Did I ever say I was an interesting conversationalist?) (Course Tony usually just called us up to tell us he was really stoned while we were back in Detroit)

Also in San Francisco Are Patty Petters, Bills Breiding, and Kent Johnson. They all live together at the present. We see a lot of them also. They are very interesting. Bill is quieter than I. This can be particularly frustrating if you think a person is interesting. Patty is not quieter and talks to Denise a fair amount. I really should talk more. These people try to start conversations and I let my end lag quite terribly. Alcohol and one certain controlled substance (not marijuana) do case me to talk. I hate to use crutches. Would psychoanalysis help? Oh yeah, Patty Peters is also a transplanted Detroit person, well actually suburban Detroit person, as is Kent, but close enough.

These people are in no particular order. An aside.

Bill Kostura is a transplanted Texas fan. I did not know Kostura was in San Francisco at first. The first week I was here I was walking along to my

place with Bill Breiding and I see this person at the bus stop. This person looks like Bill Kostura. I am amazed and astounded. It is Bill Kostura. He is amazed and astounded. The strangest things do happen. It is entirely possible that if that had not occurred I might still not know that Bill Kostura resided in SF. He is very into a certain group, who wishes to remain unmentioned. It does odd things like climb the Golden Gate Bridge, play strange games in abandoned building, on rooftops, and sewers, jump off bridges not quite as high as the Golden Gate Bridge, shoot each other with suction dart guns in the lobbies of high class hotels, and many other strange things. I keep thinking I will join that club. Denise worries about me at such times.

Two people that reside outside of San Francisco are Cheryl Cline and Lynn Kuehl. They live in Martinez but frequently come to San Francisco for the punk music and the odd fans. We've gone to the Mabuhay with them too. Lynn talks and sometimes puts ear plugs in his nose (I hope he doesn't kill me for writing that) (Course I could talk about the person at the Mabuhay, who we do not know who wrapped himself in masking tape, sticking it on his face and other parts of his body and the wall while pogoing to the music) (Weird). We all find him quite entertaining. Cheryl doesn't say much either but she writes interesting articles and fanzines. Well, she did talk to Larry several times. Course Larry talks back, but, nevertheless. . . . I want to talk more with them too, soon as I learn how. They listen to KFAT, the only other people in the group that I know that do. KFAT is a very strange station that plays strange progressive country music and odd things that I have never heard on any other radio station, like Moose Turd Pie, by Utah Fuzz. KFAT also has Dr. Demento on once a week, which I listen to quite faithfully. I know, some of you out there look down on the childishness of the Dr. Well, tough.

Oh, Bill Breiding has this great brother-in-law who makes great food including great Latin American food. I have only eaten it once. This is not written to get invited to future feasts, however Oh yeah, Bill Kostura cooks pretty good too. He has worked as a chef in restaurants above the Copper Kettle or whatever the name of that short order place that I cooked in back in Texas. This also is not written in the hope of future good food, but again.

Oh, and how could I possibly forget Simon Agree. The first time I saw him I thought Rich had said his name was Simon Lagree and I was amazed. Sorry about that Simon. Simon also goes with us to the Mabuhay. He owns a bookstore in Cotati which I hear has excellent books. I've been to his home but not his store. I will have to go. He also contributed a majority of the interior illustrations, for which, thank you!

I think this is sounding too chatty.

Phil Paine now lives in Cotati too. He was living in SF, but moved. I'm not sure what he is doing in Cotati. Most of you know Phil. He told me where some Moose are in Canada. I will have to go there someday.

Jim Khennedy and D. Carol Roberts also are here in SF. They host the SF² parties. D. does excellent artwork and has a mimeo. I was told and have now learned as related to you in a following page that she can work her mimeo but others can not physically do so. Jim is the OE of APA 69 and many of you already know him too.

I mention these people because they may turn up in future issues of Skug. You can refer back to issue 3 and say oh yeah. Maybe I'm just using up space. Rick Johnson (?), Matthew Tepper, R.J. (?), Lenny, a new female whose name I do not know, and a few others also go to SF². Dan Wynn, Bill Patterson, Patrick Hayden, Teresa Nielson, also live in SF but have not been showing up at SF² meetings. I hear tell they're quite involved in something called the Freedom Fellowship which I know nothing about (something Libertarian?).

One other odd thing occurred since I moved to San Francisco. I didn't really talk to Cy Chauvin that much back in Detroit. Well, he doesn't talk a whole lot in person either, you know. I actually think I've gotten to know Cy better through the mail since I've been here than while I was in Detroit. That's odd, I think. (And I owe him a letter right now, too)

I think I'm almost done with this first section. Next will be the letter of comments. I was thinking I should cut them up and put them into different subjects. Maybe next issue. Anyone for or against? I remembered another book that I had read since the last Skug, The Eden Express by Mark Vonnegut.

Skug is no longer Skug in Honkville. It's just Skug. There's always the possibility the title could change. Who knows? Who cares? Again I would really appreciate more artwork and more Moose covers and small Moose too. I hope you enjoy this issue of Skug and that you haven't been bored to death and thrown it aside in disgust. But I'm not going to get depressed if you did, hahahaha.

Are we not Moose?

Feeling the urge to blaspheme, or to shout, or to cry in loud, long wales, gales, in the night. Hey listening to some Hendrix that I've never heard. I know, I know. How long can they keep on releasing Hendrix tapes especially when some are not that good? Anyway I have to rewrite something. I have to cross out this duplicate section on the Cafe Flora, here we go, cross, scribble, scrawl, and maybe keep a few things, like its coffee isn't that great, so I'm told, but their hot apple cider is excellent, so I've tasted. Rich and Denise and I have gone there 3-4 times. I like it even though it does use up my money. I will have to go to more cafes in San Francisco.

On working on Skug I took a bus from work today in the rain to pick up ten reams of mimeo paper. I barely arrived before the store closed. Then I waited out in the rain for another bus, transferred to another to arrive home instantly ready to run something off. I restrained myself. I ate dinner, read part of the paper, listened to a little music, and then grabbed the mimeo (D's), grabbed some paper, grabbed some slip sheets and obtained three almost good copies out of maybe 100. Do you picture me at this time in a good mood, smiling, happy with the world, and at ease with myself and my environment? Uh, bullshit! Well, now I can't find Kostura's new number at the third place he's lived at since we've been here, so once again I am restraining myself, holding on gently to sanity. Grumble, murph, glarp. I may even see how much it cost to rent the sucker from Gestetner. (Yes dear, they have this great, gorgeous sucker, oh my god, such suction!) (what, what, wait?) I had a Rex Rotary that worked beautifully for me. And, Jeff May, I do not know why it did not do the same for you. I know now I just should not have sold it. Lot of good that does now. I would do the whole thing offset but I don't really have the money and I haven't become frustrated enough. Course running that page of the Enema truck put me pretty close to the edge. Those big black tires kept sticking to the stencil or just jumping off into space. (Oh, obviously I got hold of Kostura) (Machine usually works pretty great, course Kostura is now at his fourth residence, and this one only lasts a month)

And I see this note asking if I'll always feel alone as long as my ego-animation exists. The ultimate ego loss is death. Will I be able to realize togetherness at that point? Will I know that I have realized it? Will I care?

oh and here's my great new poem

HORSE FUCKING
A pogo song

Jumping higher
In man made desire.

You will only understand that if you know how to pogo. Even then you will probably not appreciate it. Tough. Eat polyethylene, dull mundane pig. And another poem:

MEMORIES OF

Tangled depression enmeshed in wine
and you
In soft evenings
gone.

Twilights pressed between pages of
Hustler
Between the thighs
of my chair.

Lost memories drowning
in their looking glass
eyes.

Flowers dropping in
a crying wind.
Silhouettes
backs turned
A million miles apart.

Maybe I told you about the title of my new book, In Search of Ancient Moose Clones in Guyana while listening to Dan White and Anita Bryant talk about Love? No?

I also mentioned that (no, no noticed, not mentioned) I hadn't mentioned that Joe Wesson was here just before Iguanacon and drove down with us (Larry, Denise, and I). We had a good time with Joe when he was here too. Interesting notes about work. Someone in our office took the claim for survivors' benefits on George Moscone, former San Francisco mayor, and we took our first death claim on a person who died in Guyana. Someone told me a wonderful "claimant" story yesterday. Seems this guy had tried commit suicide by cutting his wrists. He failed. He was so depressed by his failure that he tried to commit suicide again. He took a huge quantity of Sominex and slept for 2-3 days. Still didn't kill himself. He went to one psychiatrist, who dropped him because he already had too many people (patients). He went to another psychiatrist, who again dropped him, this time because he was going for a vacation in the Caribbean or somesuch. He still hasn't found a new psychiatrist. He's working at an unemployment office but filing for disability because he's not making as much money as the other people he graduated from college with (from Columbia or Harvard or some equal college) who are averaging over \$40,000 a year. Obviously he's not going to get disability checks. You have to be 100% disabled. Unfortunately his story does not end. It just keeps on

Oh, I made a mistake. Neil Rest wrote me and asked who had ordered Rocky Horror picture show for MidAmericon, where RH really got started in fandom. I told him I thought it was Tom Reamy but wasn't sure. Well, he went on that and it got published. I wrote Ken Keller in the meantime and found out that actually Jim Loehr had ordered it. Sorry folks (specifically Jim). I jumped a little too quick this time. Sorry to Neil to. I'll get it right next time.

I also note that I stuck in the thing on cogito ergo sum with some existentialist stuff. Well, I just read that old cogito goes with Cartesian philosophy. I don't think Cartesian philosophy is that close to existentialism. They have this section on it in Existential Phenomenology so I will try to read that by next issue and tell all of you interested people out there. That does explain the odd feeling every time I read Camus or Sartre and tried to relate cogito to the book. Really didn't seem to fit, but I thought it was just because of my stupidity. Well, I guess it was, wasn't it? (Delta 9? Delta 9?)

I was going to write this long Iguacon report but I forgot to do it right away when I got back and it's December now. We saw Linda Karrh and Sperhawk and the other friends that were with them a lot. As to group gatherings I think every one should use the same vehicle at these gatherings. I don't just mean the same thing like a car, a motorcycle, or a bus, but more specifically, a 1978 Ferrarri. Unnerstan? (I also cannot spell Ferrarri properly?) We also saw Rich Coad a lot at Iggy. He took the same vehicle, but then departed on an elevator and immediately went to sleep. It seemed quite odd. I saw Neicer and Brian too. Neicer came home with us for a while. I saw the great Neil Rest / Mitch Thornhill time warp switch. No I'm Mitch Thornhill, no I'm Idi Amin, no I'm paranoid, schizophrenic, psychotic, wait, wait, not related, different track. Um, oh yeah. I saw Harlan Ellison tried to turn a crowd into a lynch mob and come real close to it. Who's exaggerating? Who's exaggerating, Ellison did, that's who. Went to the fan awards. rode the elevator and saw the flat city/suburb at night. arrived at 2 AM in Phoenix and met a totally deserted downtown area with various nice fountains and concrete. Then there was Annie Eisenberg running off with Mitch's Barqs and Larry and Joe running after her (for hours it seems). Saw too many Logan Runners, too many Star Wars' characters, and way to many Rocky Horror characters. Met some green Moose Milk and drank a draught thereof. (And now there playing Away In a Manger on KFAT, country Western version) Shoot I saw a lot of people just like any other convention. Saw Sarah Prince again and a bunch of Detroit people and Gil Gaier (hughug, hughug) (No, not me, I saw others though and I sorta wandered off. I'm not much into body touching) (Boy, there's another question you can ask Denise). Hey, you already read all those other Iggy reports. I had a good time anyway. I like wandering around with David Hastie. I like wandering around with Garth too. Cept Garth wasn't there. Or was he? Then Mr. Bloom walking into the room and remembered the soap

FANAC? NAAAW.... IT'S
TIME FOR A BEER!



REFLECTIONS ON A DERANGED MOOSE

LETTERS OF COMMENT

Laurine White *//These are comments on SKUG 1//* For the last couple of years I've
5408 Leader Ave been wondering if you are related to Steve Mattingly. *//Nope//* He
Sacramento, CA published several issues of a fanzine called EPOCH and still owes
95841 me two copies of #5. All my underground comix are under a pile of
 regular comics, too much trouble to get to. So I'm not sure about
the name of that drooling moose on the cover of your zine. Myron? Mervin? Melvin?
*//There is an underground comic called Myron the Moose, but the cover wasn't really
supposed to depict him.//* He would look more obscene than Bullwinkle as a Cosmopoli-
tan centerfold. I've heard that Arnold Schwarzeneger, the future Conan, will also
be a Cosmo. Centerfold.

The bacover is ... strange. Except for that sole human in the lower left corner,
it isn't easily identifiable as a Todd Bake cartoon. I met him in an elevator at
MAC and discovered it's really true that Cy Chauvin can impersonate an elevator wall.

Fan politics don't exist in Sacramento (except in STAR) because our groups are
run by anarchy. Any plans to throw an sf con here don't get beyond the "Wouldn't
it be nice if ..." state. Glenn Goodknight has been shafting one local fan in the
Mythopoeic Society. As a result, the whole local Mytho. chapter shares an intense
dislike of Goodknight. He doesn't consider Tolkien worship as part of sf fandom,
so that's not fan politics.

Your name is familiar. Leah Zeldes was at DisCon and MAC. Sid Altus I don't know
from John Stanley. Aside here: Last Saturday after noon I got a phone call. "Hi,
this is John Stanley. Do you know where to get a good lid? I want to get high
tonight." "John Stanley? Uh... Your name sounds familiar, but ... Are you sure you
have the right number?" "Yes." (Who's this guy? Here's one way to get rid of him
quick.) "No, I don't know where to get a good lid. Good-buy." Nobody at the Mytho.
meeting that night was named John Stanley and no one knew a John Stanley.

Autoclave may not have been a big convention, but it made a BIG impact. From
all the fanzine fans I hear what a great con it was.

Exercise does great things for you. It makes you feel good, it makes you look
good. I keep telling myself that, but it still doesn't motivate me enough to exer-
cise at night. I really admire those who have the determination, especially people
who lose the fat and keep it off. With a desk job, I've given up the donuts, sugar
in my coffee and big sandwiches for lunch and don't have a weight problem. So the
need for exercising isn't too strong. *//I think I have a very efficient digestive
tract. Anything I eat gets turned into me. Many thin people eat huge gobs, great
steaming piles of goat custards, etc. and gain absolutely no pounds in twelve easy
ways. They even lose weight sometimes. Why me?//*

FATA MORGANA got such a good review in the local paper that I made a note to
borrow it from the library. I still haven't read it yet due to lack of time. Why
else are you getting this loc 3 months late?

The following dialog is from "A Fistful of Yen", a submovie in KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE. "These are the Hartz Mountains of Asia, a terrain so rugged, so treacherous, no country will claim it." "Worse than Detroit?" "I'm afraid so."

"And as for my American friend, the CIA thinks it can infiltrate the mountain of Dr. Klon." "You can't scare me, you slant-eyed yellow bas--" "Take him to Detroit!" (Screams) "No, no, not Detroit! No, no, please! Anything but that! NO! NO! NO!"
//I saw and loved KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE. My wife, who has some taste, only thought it was okay. I think we can do better than that.//

If I were able to get high on life, I wouldn't be an sf fan. Getting high on grass hasn't worked so far for me. Ask Tim Marion. All I got out of that pipe at SunCon was a burning throat and a sleepless night. And long before SunCon, I decided never to touch LSD. Why do so many fans get high on dope anyway? What's wrong with wine or bbeer? At least the long term effects of alcohol are known. //Right, the effects are known. Why rush into dull, boring, known death when you can rush into an unknown, enthralling, exciting death? Marijuana has long been used for medicinal purposes. Studies have been done on marijuana for years and years and years. Some reports say you'll turn into werewolves in London if you smoke dope, others that you'll turn into Martin Mull. Few reports are totally conclusive. Differing views of reality create different realities, in some instances, maybe?? Personally I do not like the taste of wine and bbeer very much. I like the alcohol high. I am much more verbal and demonstrative. Some people get too verbal and demonstrative. Most people I know that smoke dope feel much more relaxed smoking. Admittedly this sometimes becomes too relaxed and turns into constant inactivity. I also usually feel just the slightest off physically when I drink. When I drink a lot of bbeer or wine I feel very off the next morning, that is to say I am sick and my GI system tells me so. With practice one's throat does not burn quite as much although I don't know too many people who can always take that perfect toke and never cough at least every once in a while. However, in most instances, you don't have to smoke and smoke and smoke to get high. I've never had a sleepless night although I have woken in a not entirely rested state, occasionally. Now acid laced with speed or strychnine will probably keep you up alllllllll night long and you will feel very, very tired the next day. Very pure acid will probably just keep you awake a long time but it won't grind. I have known people that have gone right to sleep. Different views of reality. //

A guitar will make you welcome at a filksing session. Filksingers won't rip off your clothes. //How many would listen to Ted Nugent or DEVO?//

PETER PAN is a male chauvinist cartoon.

Raisin bran, no matter what company makes it isn't worth the inflated price. Buy Corn Flakes or Bran Flakes or whatever, and a large package of raisins, and make your own raisin cereal. You can add as many raisins as you want. //Sounds great. I'll have to try it.//

"The makers of Looseners Castor Oil Flakes and Fantastic Cigarettes, Looseners for the smile of beauty, Fantastics for the smile of success, have brought you the transcribed adventures of NICK DANGER, THIRD EYE."

Laurine White //This time on Skug 2// Corn Flakes have little nutritional value. Why not add raisins to Wheaties for a more nutritious breakfast?

I do so little drinking anyway, that whatever liquor I drink occasionally probably won't do my body any damage. Hard liquor tastes so unpleasant, I never have any. //It does taste terrible, but it gets you intoxicated much quicker and at a much higher (lower?) level. Oh have you ever had Dos Equis (spelling?) beer? That's one

bheer I almost like.// A glass of wine once in a while is nice. One day between Christmas and New Years I drove up into the Sierra foothills to visit Dale Goble. He was hosting this year's Tankon, the annual Slanapa get-together. Frank, Jim McLeod, Mike Horvat, and Dale were at Dale's to relax at year's end. I brought half a bottle of red wine, something my roommate had saved from an SCA event. Different bottles of wine were being opened for dinner. I tried some Boone's Farm for the first time. Linda Bushyager recommended Lambrusco, so I asked Frank about that. He said it was pretty good. The bottles of Lambrusco at the liquor store aren't expensive, so I'll probably buy a bottle of it after the wine we have at present is gone. The rate of wine consumption in this household is negligible. My roommate has had two bottles since last summer, and only one of them is gone now. After dinner at Tankon we listened to a cassette of the adventures of Chicken-Man, the Caped Capon, the Fearless Fowl. He's a radio hero, of whose adventures I was unaware until Tankon. //I have heard Chicken Man in Kansas City and Denise said he was also in Detroit. Personally I prefer Roto the monster from somewhere out there, or something like that. Great stuff that Ksan used to have here in San Francisco.//

That isn't a new piece of McLeod Artwork you had on page 4. //Right// He isn't drawing as much as he'd like to, but if you want to ask him for more recent art, his present address is in North Highlands, CA. Marc Schirmeister is a cartoonist whom I hadn't noticed until a couple of years ago. His cartoons are so much better now than that thing on your bacover. //Ah gee, I liked it a lot.// Sorry, but I just don't care for it. //Well, I didn't put it there for you.// If all his artwork was like that 7 years ago, no wonder I didn't remember his art. The Sacramento SF group, SASSFRASS, had a drinking contest with LASFS at the 1975 Westercon. Two Sassafrassans were able to hold their bheer longer than anyone on the LASFS team, so the group won a piece of original Schirmeister art. I've got the original art right now. Maybe if I don't say anything about it, the rest of the group will forget it, so I'll have an original Schirmeister in my collection.

I'm not much of a talker either, but I keep a sociable roommate around. //You keep your roommate around, eh? I'd read that slavery was on the rise around the world. That's the news across the nation. I think there was a foreign couple in Florida that had a young (grade school age) girl they were keeping as a slave.// We both are invited to parties, but she's the one most likely to be remembered. She washes the dishes and does the cooking, and I pay more of the rent. //Oh, a kept woman. . . // //My witticisms (?) may cause me to vomit.// //Cute//

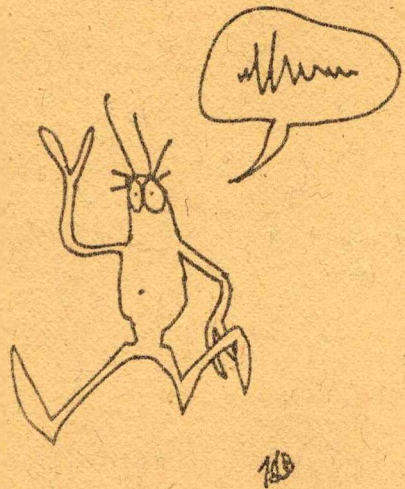
Whatever happened to RUNE with Dave Emerson as the editor? It's been a long time since the mailman brought a copy. //Dave stopped being editor. a new Rune just came out with new editors. The new editors being Carol Kennedy and Lee Pelton, 1204 Harmon Place #10, Minneapolis, MN 55403. It was enjoyable.//

Looking the cover picture over carefully, I finally found the moose by its antlers. //From Grasping and Fondling a Moose, ch. 2, pp. 54-57// This specimen definitely looks too hostile to be Myron Moose or Billwinkle //sic// or Thidwick. Did you hear about the AWOL soldiers arrested for possession of illegal moose meat in Maine? //I'll never understand the perverted obsession, by some, for moose under the legal age, but your referral to it as "meat" I find particularly callous. Really.//

A group of fans signed up with a travel agency for a pre-Suncon tour that included Disney World, Cypress Gardens and Kennedy Spaceport. We had all of the Monday before Labor Day Weekend to walk around Disney World. River Country is one place I mis_sed entirely. We rode on Space Mountain, a rollercoaster ride in the dark. The People Mover took us inside while the lights were on, so we got to see what the inside of the building looked like without the films of meteors and comets being projected on the ceiling. The first two hours of that morning the Space Mountain ride

needed repairs. Later we stodd in line for the ride, just like everyone else. Our hotel was near Orlando, and all we saw of the Disney World Hotel was the view as the monorail train passed through the lobby.

My best memories of the Suncon Banquet were of the Wookie walking through the room and being the center of attention of eager femfans, who wanted pictures of themselves standing next to him. I heard about the mother ice machine in the bowels of the hotel from Jim Madden, also of Baton Rouge. I made one foray into the back corridors of the hotel, my mission being to find a way from Filthy Pierre's filksinging corridor to the other wing of the hotel, all on the fourth floor level. There were kitchens and storage areas, but no through corridor. The super-efficient air conditioning wasn't working in the back corridors, and it was much warmer.



Frank Denton also mentioned that he enjoys Williams Kotzwinkle's books, so I put in a request at the library for FATA MORGANA. Usually I'm too busy reading pbs to have time also for hardbacks from the library. I read a lot of the new sf in paperback, and other stuff like ASIMOV'S GUIDE TO THE BIBLE and MONKEY, a Chinese classic. (No, not in Chinese, since I can't read that. This was the translation by Arthur Waley.) *//Kotzwinkle has a new book out which I hope to purchase very soon//*

Howard will remain a duck, but he won't look like his original self. That is the deal Marvel Comics made with Disney Studios to avoid a lawsuit. How did you like "Star Wauugh"? *//I liked it, but since it's still not really in my memory it must not have been a classic. I still remember SOOFI, but I really wouldn't call that a classic either. Howard still looks like he used to, doesn't he?//*

I'm one of those "smaller name fans" who hasn't heard of Sid Altus until you mentioned him in the last issue. Your name has appeared in quite a few con reports, and I remembered it, primarily because of that Comics fan Steve Mattingly. He lived in Indianapolis. *//To be remembered because of debt not even my own, how demeaning. I'd prefer to be remembered by association with the astronaut, Thomas Mattingly, I believe. I'm not any more related to him than I am to Steve, but There was also a fairly well known historian named Mattingly.//*

At Tankon someone played a Coasters album. Mike Horvat and I were grooving on "Little Egypt", "Along Came Jones", "Yaketty-Yak". The best thing about the Fifties was the music. *//No, no, the McCarthy Era is much more memorable. There's a great record called "The Investigator" from a radio show, I believe, about that true American.//*

Jim McLeod brought the latest issue of National Enquirer to Tankon, so we could all laugh over the staff psychic's predictions for 1978. Like Elizabeth Taylor would have a major role in the peace negotiations between the Arabs and Israel.

You can Keep your bananas and cornflakes on pizza. *//Remember, if you run out of croutons or crackers for your soup and sandwich in the afternoon, a nice piece or seven of crisp lettuce can add that special crunch to your soup. Also a new taste treat for me was fried banana and ice cream. It is really excellent.//*

//I was going to start another letter down here but it turned out to be too low so I'll type this in go get a glass of iced tea and then start it out on the next page. Such startling new, I know. . . . // //News, news, and it's wails not wales.//

Ross Pavlac
Apt. C-2
4654 Tamarack Blvd.
Columbus, OH 43229

Lou doesn't mind if you just pay him. The fannishness of Mid-westcon is reinforced by fans who weren't around when member-ships were actively being sought out and who then give the money to Lou on the last day of the con.

To get to know Southern fen, why not join a southern apa? I can supply addresses of one or two. South fans are strange -- they don't party like us midwestern fans (who, by my observation, are the hardest partiers in fandom), but they are interesting nonetheless. *//I am on the waitlist for SFPA and I beg to disagree. There are some Southern fans who are very hard partiers. I know these Louisiana fans, well actually there's this group called Southern Fried Fandom . . . Crisp//*

Yes, the sound was corrected later on during the banquet speeches. Only one of the many foulups wrought upon the Suncon committee by the Fountain blah. *//sic//*

No, the hotel security did not appreciate your "foray into the upper regions". They were more concerned with you breaking your necks than with you doing any damage to anything.

You will not meet many southern fans at Mardi Gras. To meet southern fans, go to Rivercon, DeepSouthCon (in Atlanta this year), or Kubla Khan, which are the three major southern cons. *//You should talk to Linda Karrh and Mitch Thornhill about Mardi Gras.//*

The slaveboys were one east coast, one midwest, and one west coast fan, so you won't run into them down South.

ahem Autoclave ain't the only group wishing to get in touch with Dave Carldon. The reason for which you want to get ahold of him has occurred in three other cities, notably at Rivercon. Possibly more, but the other three are the only ones I know of via the grapevine. *//I hear he resurfaced again at East Coast cons. Truly amazing. Then there was the great stuff he pulled at Iguanacon. Dear folks, do not accept any (ANY) checks from . //*

Cy Chauvin
610 Gladstone
Detroit MI 48202

Wow, well that was something. I went out to my car during my lunch hour and read SKUG, then fell asleep in the car. No comment on your zine, I was just extremely tired.

I intended on writing you a loc on SKUG 1, but kept procrastinating until the point came where I thought you weren't going to do another issue. I'm glad you did. Most people may not think of you as the sort of person who initiates things, but I've come to think that you're more of a self-starter than say, Denise, who seems generally more exuberant than you. You're laid back . . . ~~some of the~~ *prose*. But I think Denise, Bill Waldroop, Paul Madarasz (I'm mentioning last names because this is a loc, to be read by strangers) tend to talk up the things they plan to do while you just do them. And surprise. I like to be secretive, myself, a sort of exaggerated over-reaction to the show offs I have known. I'm glad to see more people in the Wayne Third do some writing, that's what a fan club should encourage, as well as partying & reading. *//I'll definitely agree with the partying and, by the way, when is the next Seldon's Plan coming out?//*

My Suncon was very different from yours. Maybe I'll even give you a copy of my zine inspired by it WONDEROUS STORIES. Well, I know Ted White's and Frank Lunney's, uh, secret; not everything you keep in a peanut butter jar may be peanut butter. (But Denise told me.) I once thought that mind-altering drugs might be helpful, that people learn important and rare truths from taking them, but from associating

with the people who take them, I see this is a myth, *sigh*. I mean, even Dave Romm. . . Does it really help people? //Who knows, not I? I don't know if I've really been helped by any of it but I have had some really Fantastic experiences that I don't think I would have wanted to miss. That is to say, I'd do it all over again, probably.//

Whether we have control over our lives or whether someone else or something else (if only Cause-And-Effect) is largely an attitude. There certainly isn't much you can do about it. It's hard to alter another's belief system.

This may sound strange, but I don't find most people sexy (or "foxy", as we were just saying a couple years ago) until after I've gotten to know them. Personalities can be as sexy as bodies. Like Diane Drutowski, who is crazed. The relationship between love/sex/friendship is still something that puzzles me a lot; it's not a pattern that is fixed at all, and it seems that you can only take each individual case as it comes. Maybe that's just as well.

"I think Cy's brain works very well". . . . Well, sounds like a compliment. I don't remember disagreeing with you about music. Of course, I'm not as fond of C&W as you (though I did buy one lp by Jonathan Edwards, HONKY-TONK STARDUST COWBOY), but I'll tolerate anything. At least you don't run things into the ground, like Paul. Of course, maybe you don't like YES. This could be a problem. I'm not sure I could work on a Worldcon concomm with someone who didn't like YES. How can anyone not acknowledge the sheer brilliance of Jon Anderson's toe-work on stage, I mean, transcendence. . . //Transcendence? I like YES, maybe not as much as say, jimi Hendrix, or Talking Heads, but //

Your jerky, fragmented manner of writing is catching. Don't you lose yourself on the fast curves? //I haven't hit those yet. I'm still going pretty slow.//

Ay, and Gomorrah
continued on next rock.

John Robinson Yes, the personalzine is not dead. I'd like to see more of them:
Box 33 and so if you print my letter personalzine editors should remember
Schenectady, NY me when they make out their mailing lists.
12301

Has Alex Vitek thought of changing his name to Alex Vathek?

SunCon seems to have been mostly a Southern and Eastern con. Though there were Midwesterners there, I have been told that very few showed from the West. The original idea was to hold a southern convention. The major mistake was not holding it in Atlanta. One of these years there will be a Worldcon in Atlanta to make up for that error. The chief reason for passing by Atlanta was (supposedly) high room rates, but I suspect it would have been more popular with old timers. We only need 15-25% neos at the Worldcon anyway. //Who's "we"?//

Arthur Godfrey Boulevard? Was Dave Romm pulling my leg? //Nope// If attendees paid lower room rates they paid more for food. I heard there wasn't a cheap eatery for over a half mile. //Close to that// And the staff was almost up in arms because fans won't tip!

Oh well, I'm going to try to make it to Phoenix. Good luck on your Worldcon bid. You won't win on the underdog vote as happened in 1958.

That's right! Back in '58 the competitors were Chicago and Detroit. It had been almost twenty years since Chicago held a Worldcon but Detroit was the new kid

on the block and wor easily. Chicago bounced back to hold the Worldcon in '62.

So it would be difficult to show any difference as far as past history of Worldcons is concerned. Detroit might argue that it has more experienced people (this because Chicago fell apart after that last Worldcon it held and has only recently returned to holding cons of any size). Though I'm leaning toward Chicago at the moment, there's plenty of time for minds to be swayed, mine included.

I'm getting close to buying that phone-answering device so as to start up the SF Line. The few I've priced so far run over \$500. I'd like to find one for under that price so as to keep costs down. I'm not thinking in terms of more than two years, and so, if it works out, I'd simply buy a more expensive, heavy duty machine, if the SF Line runs over two years duration.

In talking this over with Albany State SF Society, Continuing Encounter Group, James Branch Cabell Branch Cabal P.O.E.E. and Secret Comedians of Fandom (SCOF), it was decided that when the Famous SF Line comes along it will probably be located in either Washington, Toronto or Detroit and I'll be a fannish footnote.

To reiterate the SF Line: the idea is to set up a telephone-answering device and put on a five minute tape of news, views, and reviews each week. This would create (hopefully) a network of new fans and give armchair critics an opportunity to find an audience. The device could answer eleven point something calls an hour with a five minute tape (there would, of course, be ups and downs in numbers of calls). The local area already has Dial-A-Bird (where to go to see unusual wild birds in the area), Dial-A-Poet (middle school and junior high kids reading their stuff), Dial-A-Sermon (self explanatory), and Telamed (items of interest mostly to women -- gynecology, child raising, etc., medical).

Henny Youngman went over big when he did a one-minute routine for New York Telephone. DC Comics received over 60,000 calls when they had their line set up (less than three months) and did a lot of promoting for the Superman Film. I see this as a high potential area for advertising on the part of publishers and dealers. Why comics dealers haven't caught on to this is beyond me. It's a low cost method that will get your name around as fast as any. I even suggested it to a guy in San Diego, but he says he's too busy thinking about moving to LA. Too bad. Del Rey books should work on this one. A monthly report on new releases, with brief interviews with writers and artists, could draw a couple hundred calls a day in New York City alone.

Seth, as if "Seth Speaks", is a Ouija board personality revealed by Jane What-hername (I forget) in a series of books. That's right, she spoke via a Ouija board. And the results ramble on philosophically for book after book after book.

Last I saw Dave Carldon was at either Boskone or Lunacon. He was bemoaning his problems with the welfare department and the necessity to continually qualify for benefits. The first time I ever saw him was back in '72 at Boskone. He wanted to use our shower, but we hadn't checked in yet and didn't even have a room. I later learned that his interpretation of "Using a shower" is using it for a place to sleep throughout a con.

The new growth item in fandom is the East Lansing Slan Shack. There were attempts to coax some of the Toronto folk to NYC but they fled to either E. Lansing or parts West, the ones who fled, I mean. Toronto still has a goodly-size group of fans. //Nomad fans?//

But I do detect a decline in the Eastern Great Lakes Fandoms (Detroit east to Albany, including Toronto). I'm waiting to see what happens in Cleveland, Buffalo,

and Rochester, and, oh yes, Syracuse. I have to get the SF Line going to bring back Albany because the entire group will have graduated by June 1978. I had hoped that more would stay around after graduation but that didn't work out. Among other things, Will Norris is now in Austin, Texas (so's Don Markstein and the combination is mindblowing). *//Course, now Markstein is in Arizona.//* Will sold, among other things, porno books in the store he managed, and we all know about Markstein the porno czar of New Orleans. What will happen to Austin?

Speaking of porno czars: I'm wondering what will come out of Syracuse next. They had two cons already this year. Paul Mayer shows promise. Now if he can only sell enough SF to start his own store and get away from feelthy stuff. Oh yes, the reason Syracuse had two cons was that Paul's girlfriend won't let him out of the city to attend other cons, so he had to put on his own.

You missed the highlight of DaveRomm's SunCon adventures. The car he was in on the way back was in an accident. Steve Tesser sustained a concussion and was in a hospital somewhere in Virginia. Dave somehow made his way back to Albany in time for classes but was still in some kind of mild shock for about a week.

I'm getting out of the apa scene. It doesn't generate the mail I'd like to receive and requires about as much work as producing a perszine. So I'll probably produce a perszine soon. *//So where is it?//*

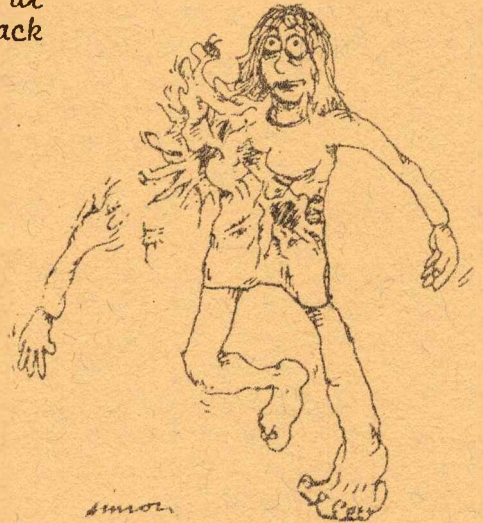
Mike Glicksohn Got the second SKUG here and I actually read it (CONCLAVE
141 High Park Ave. had several good things going for it but high among them would
Toronto, Ontario have to be that I was given but one fanzine the entire weekend;
Can M3P 2S8 now that's what I call a convention with consideration for its
 attendees) when things got a little slack at school yesterday.
Now I'll look at it again and see if there's anything in it that is so obviously right
or wrong that it needs to be commented on. *//You don't like to receive fanzines at
conventions?//*

The first time I'd ever encountered the work of your cover artist Bill Bryan was when he spread that sheet on the mezzanine floor at ConClave and started to illustrate it. To put it mildly, I was crogged at the things he drew on that piece of bedding. His cover for SKUG 2 isn't quite up to that standard but it's certainly a competent piece. Too bad you can't get the sheet, though, for a future cover: but I expect since Tom Barber bought it the reproduction rites are taken.

Not much to say about your trip report except that you write in an entertaining fashion and your natterings are fun to read. Disneyworld wasn't exactly a disappointment to me (two years ago) but after Disneyland I found it somewhat repetitious. I was hoping for a larger percentage of new rides/exhibits. Still, there are enough things duplicated that are well worth seeing for the second (third, fifth, eighth) time that it's still a great place to visit. Of course, I was in a pup tent a few miles away from the site itself and the one night we tried to spend there we found we were sharing the tent with a few hundred biting red ants and ended up not-sleeping in the car so that might have put some what of a pall on my memories. Couldn't afford their fancy hotel then. Still can't. (Or won't, I guess.)

I think you're correct about the structure of the masquerade at SUNCON. It seemed to be one of the worthwhile innovations at the con. Naturally it was the idea of someone not on the committee and not at the con! But Joni Stopa's set-up for the ball certainly reduced the time it took drastically and eliminated much of the tedious waiting around typical of most masquerades. I hope future conventions adopt that basic structure but organize it more effectively beforehand so that a motley crew

of inexperienced neophytes doesn't get called on at the last moment to run things. // I did not like the ticket thing at Phoenix At All. I also thought their almost total lack of thought for photographers was terrible. I also did not like standing out in the heat. I'm not sure how they could have run it better but I don't think enough forethought went into it. Things at times seemed more jumbled than normal. Admittedly their whole committee had been jumbled up not that long of a time before the convention. Maybe they did as well as could be expected. I heard from too many people too many rumblings/grumbings. Was there a "Peacekeeper" type person on the committee, someone who could control everyone's heated insanity? I wonder. //



I thought SunCon had its moments (and certainly had its more than fair share of good people) but as a con I thought it was mediocre. Too disorganized, too rambling. Maybe after eleven worldcons I'm just getting blase?

On the other hand I thought that as a con the second Autoclave was every bit as good as the first. (If it was a less frenetic overall experience that was because I wasn't as personally involved in as many extra-conventional activities as I was the year before.) Different strokes for different con freaks, I suppose. // I'd really like to hear your impressions of Autoclave 3!!!

I hadn't noticed women fans avoiding married male fans but on the other hand I haven't been a married male fan in many years so I'm probably not qualified to comment on such matter. Still, I'm rather inclined to think your conclusions are more likely to be based on personal considerations than on any general trend among fannish females. // That's possible. //

I guess I don't know any fans who dress in middle-class bourgeoisie fashion (when you wear Lee's jeans and rotting Converse All-Stars into work as well as at play you tend not to have many fashion plates among your friends!) so I've never been confronted with having to rationalize such an appearance against my conception of fannishness. I do tend to stick with people I know, avoiding pros who aren't friends and strangers, and most of my fannish friends are as poverty-prone as I am so this undoubtedly explains my failure to have run across the same dichotomies you describe. It may be insular as all hell but it's fun. // Due to my limited concentration span I tend to wander from group to group. I mainly just watch rather than participate. It might be more fun to participate, but I frequently feel like I'm intruding with a not too enlightening conversational unwitting. //

Lots of stuff in the letters one might answer but somehow it all seems vaguely redundant. For example, no one ever suggested that non-BNFs are "the scum of the earth" but it's definitely true that BNFs (rightly or wrongly) are more likely to sway uneducated fans than equally capable people without large reputations. It's like all advertising: the average man-in-the-street is more likely to be impressed by Sir Lawrence Olivier suggesting he buy a Polaroid than by Gary Mattingly offering the same inducement. Quality has nothing to do with it; it's all a matter of effectiveness, that's all.

That's enough. It's drinking time again. Stick in there.

Cal Johnson It doesn't sound as if the Fountainwhateveryacallit was the
803 N 37th greatest of hotels. Have you heard some of the conreps on Philcon,
Corsicana TX though? It seems that hotel had a few quirks too. No one was allowed
75110 to use the stairways (there were alarms rigged from the doorways to
the desk) and the elevators ran extremely slow. Other than the
ballroom, and the huckster's room there were no central meeting places, and the
hotel kicked people out of the ballroom at 6:00 in the evening -- among other very
uncooperative things.

Hmm, fannish politics. Well, I entered fandom for the fun of it, and to have
other people to talk about SF and fantasy and other such stuff too. I am not too
interested in the political side of it. However, the thought of the bossy, Greater-
Than-Thou Smoffing type bothers me -- I would try not to pay too much attention to
them. Cliques, be they fannish, or not, usually are just small people banding
together to keep insecurity away -- the bad thing about it is, they often gain
some measure of real sway. That's one of the bad things about being in high school,
too many cliques.

David John Hastie
6520 Chesterfield Ave Answer to Skug 2 page 3, paragraph 5, sentence 8: Life just
McLean VA 22101 is.

John Thiel Thanks a lot for the MOTOWN MOOSE, but what gives? I expected to
30 N 19th St see some respectable commentary on boss sounds and good jive.
Lafayette, IN Where's the stuff about Martha Reeves, and the Supremes, and some
47904 of the other Soul Brothers you have up there in that good city?
Man, I can still remember hits like "You Talk Too Much" and "Motor
Baby" from the Automobile City, the home of the good G.M.

Just a few minor criticisms of what is otherwise a good, stable product. I'm
sorry, too, that you didn't mention the Autoclave more. I was there -- were you
one of the people I met? I ask because I'm no good at names, unless I've seen a
zine. And now I have, and slip me some skin, there, brother. You may talk a
little advanced, but why not -- you are advanced. //?//

Garth Danielson I will quote from Oscar Wilde's poem Panthea. Hall is
322 North 25th Ave a pantheist.
Minneapolis, MN
55411 Hall seems to think the two stanzas are very good in describing
it. Oscar Wilde's Panthea.

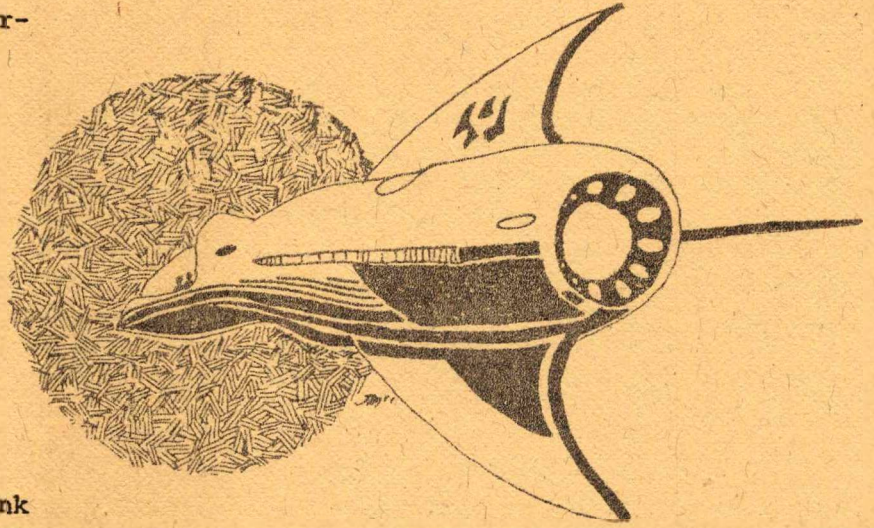
"We are resolved into the supreme air,
we are made one with what we touch and see
With our hearts blood each crimson sun is fair,
With our young lives each spring-impassioned tree
Flames into green, the wildest beasts that range
The moor our kinsmen are, all life is one, and all is change.

With beat of systole and of distole
One grand great life throbs through earth's giant heart,
And mighty waves of single Being roll
From nerveless germ to man, for we are part
Of every rock and bird and beast and hill,
One with the things that prey on us, and one with what we kill.

I'm not too sure that I understand it 100% because he talks about things that I am unfamiliar with but the meaning is rather evident.

//More from Garth on Skug 2//

On cars. I thought that I would like to have a turret mounted machine gun on the top of my car. This would be belt fed through the roof and hand controlled with a camera for sighting down the barrel. I think it would come in handy for driving, especially with some of the drivers that we have in Winnipeg. I thought that the drivers in Detroit were very good compared with the drivers in Winnipeg. After I had gotten back from Autoclave it bothered me to drive around Winnipeg with the terrible drivers. Mike Nichols feels the same way about this city and it's worse for him because he is a cab driver. Ah well. . .



We thought of several ideas for Rostafarian merchandising. You could have Rostaman clothes that never need washing. A Rostaman doll that comes prefilthy or a Rostaman wig that is made from a cow pie.

I don't think that we have all that much control in our lives. There are too many variables in the air for things to always go the way that we want to. If we were in control we'd all have our cake and eat it too. And believe me if I were in control I wouldn't have a flat cake right now.

Since I wrote that letter Hall and I have decided that everything we do in fandom is only for fun. Our bid is for fun. Winnipeg in '94 will be a fun bid. I thought of calling it FunCon, with 24 hours of beer and Rocky Horror.

Tim Roaix Your views on predestination make you sound like some off shoot of J.P. Sartre. I take it you've read Being and Nothingness. I've gone up to page 400 but pulled out cause I knew I was going mad. He South Window done that to you. Keep away! *//I started it but never finished it.* Conn. 06074 *I received as a gift the first two of his trilogy around WWII and have since read them. You should read Naked Lunch by William Burroughs.//*

Being 17 and somewhat the atypical sf fan stereotype, I have not as of yet, entered into any sexual liasons. To be frank, I haven't found a girl yet whom I have considered worth the courting and shit. Sure, some beauties I wouldn't mind going at, but shit, a person has to have some sense of respect.

The only thing I fear dying from is starvation, and diabetes. It sort of runs in the family. Both.

This Moose cover wasn't quite as good as the last one, but I love the expression on his face.

The Primary reason for big cars in Detroit is that the assembly line workers get paid so god-damn much for putting the red wire in the red socket and rivetting

the rivet in the hole. Real hard mind work.

I can't tell you about street life in Detroit, having never been there, but from what you describe, it sounds like my trip to Washington D.C. in '74 ('73?). We went to a McDonalds (right next to Ford's Theatre) and I saw this girl who couldn't have been more than 17 with a roll of bills large enough to choke the proverbial horse. She wasn't begging over the afternoon. Then there was the guy that got shot ten minutes before my father and I walked down the street. Later we were parked at a stoplight and some toothless drunk stuck his head in the window and asked for a quarter. Typical street life. Fifteen minutes after we left Nixon resigned. We heard it on the radio and saw it when we were home. *//You must have heard it at the same time Brad and Janet did.//* Nothing like that to influence the mind of a 14 year old.

Fish look boring, but actually one can get quite attracted to them. I started out with one and ended up with four aquariums and about 20 hundred fish, 150 of which were guppies. I have none now. The heater in the guppie tank fried itself and the guppies (I cried for quite a while. I used to love watching them dashing around between the long plants and the ornaments), and I decided it would be best to not replace them. The others died of old age. They're much better pets than gerbils. *//I disagree.//*

Alan Prince Winston IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, YES, imagine it, when I discovered, crum-
95CO Zelzah, Rm 357A pled in my mailbox, a manila envelope containing SKUG 2.
Northridge, CA 91324 (Imagine my dissatisfaction with a typer that has an ir-
 regularly working space bar, for that matter.) I immediately
read the zine, marvelling at the wonderful mimeo and nice art repro, and wondering if
it is indeed mimeo. I resolved to write an LoC instanter, or even sooner.
//Nope, offset. Now this is mimeo, except for the covers which are offset.//

I then proceeded to lose the thing under a pile of textbooks. I just dug my way out of a similar pile and got to fanac. (I ought to be studying for my midterms, but wotthehell, arch, wotthehell. toujours gai is what I always say.)

"Millions for defenestration, but not one cent for tribute!"

An amplification: I am not merely "from the West coast." I am, in fact, from the Greater Los Angeles area, and am a member of the notorious LASFS, known as a haunt of evil all over the country, and in the halls of fandom.

I too went through Disneyworld, and thought it enjoyable. I OD'd on Disneyland a couple of years ago, since both my father's company and my mother's had company nights at Disneyland, and I was going there twice a year. I went through and the flames turned to Mylar. I bought some nice postcards at the Disneyworld Emporium, to keep rather than to send. I liked the 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea ride, because I love the Nautilus design and I like the idea of a fleet of them. (It has inspired me to a plot for a new James Bond movie, based on "Octopussy". There's this villain who calls himself Captain Nemo, see, and he's menacing shipping with this fleet of atomic powered submarines of nineteenth century design. . .)

Your section On Cars is actually frightening, especially to one in the automotive culture of Southern California, where the car is not only a religion, but a way of life. (I know three people who get along without a car in the family, out of an acquaintance of a couple of hundred altogether. This may prove something.)

"All I want is to be happier than anyone else . . ."

I suspect that it would be less disturbing if you cut into letters with something more obviously an intrusion ***** like a row of asterisks, say ***** rather than the unobtrusive double slashes you use now. Just my opinion, though. //How about the double slashes with the script type?//

When I was much younger, I was involved in a turkish little theater, which put on plays there were totally deadly. The intended audience was the relatives of the players, and even they didn't think the jokes were funny. At one point the plot required my character to trip, lose a wig, and announce "I am discovered. Woe is me." (I played the villain.) The instigator of this gem gave me a sudden, completely unexpected, shove, and I actually did trip and fall on the stage. The wig stayed on. I mopped my brow, cleverly knocking the wig off. By then I'd gone up completely on my lines, and announced, "There goes the old ball game." That line, puny as it was, was the only laugh in the (supposedly) funny show. I got chewed out for adlibbing, and for using slang. I have not been involved in amateur theatricals since. (A little bit of profession television, but no amateur theatrics.)

DIE BEFORE I GET OLD? MATE, YOU SHOULD DIE BEFORE I GET OLD!



"Turtle lovers arise! Come out of your shells!"

I have no intention of ever having children, myself. I don't even intend to have any with help. I think it's a rotten thing to have kids and not be prepared to take care of them, and I'm not so prepared. In fact, I don't even like the little things. Probably comes from having been one myself.

Ah well. Might as well close with a comics' reference. As the New Gods might say: "May the Source be with you."

Buzz Dixon MOTOWN MOOSE/SKUG 2 bounced into our mailbox yesterday but I've
111-B Meyer Ave. been unable to get around to it until today due to a terrific
NBU-51-0 backlog of writing. There was an explosion and fire across
Ft. Huachuca, AZ the street from us, a family of three which we knew (though not
85613 very well) was killed, and I spent most of my weekend trying to
 help my wife, Soon-ok, cope with the depression and shock she
felt after the tragedy.

Still, I'm glad I waited, the few letters I dashed off yesterday were in no way representative of my normal writing/thinking habits. I've recovered somewhat since then and hopefully this missive will be filled with typically nonsensical digressions and merily dancing typewriter keys of which I'm notoriously liberal with.

Loved the cover by Bill Bryan. Are you aware of QUACK comix, an underground funny animals comic book of the Howard the Duck vein? -/Yes, vaguely.// That's what Bryan's cover reminds me of. (Classy joint, too, I see. Middle class and above.

The bars I've frequented have been dives for the most part -- more fun, that way.)

As for the contents of MOTOWN MOOSE/SKUG2, I was delighted. Your style is witty and marvelous, the subjects were delightful and interesting (digression: Howabout sending me issue #1 of SKUG as I'd like to more fully understand what the brouhaha was between you and Sid. It'll also give me a complete run of SKUG -- both issues!) *//I'll try to send you a photocopy of SKUG 1 with this issue. I'm all out of original copies except my own.//*

Allow me to assault a damn fine fanzine page by page. Ah, lucky, lucky man that you are, to have a fannish wife. Soon-ok doesn't care much for science fiction. She liked STAR WARS but that's about the extent of it. I took her to a con a year or so back but she stayed in the motel room for most of the con -- Yang-mi, our daughter, was too rambunctious for her.

Yang-mi, at age three, is promising to become a jim-dandy fan, however. She's nuts about Spider-man comix, Popeye, Donald Duck, Bugs Bunny, MAN FROM ATLANTIS, KING KONG (the original, mind you, not the Dino de Laurentis shit), Star Trek, Ray Harryhausen movies, and -- of course -- STAR WARS. I'm hoping to take her up to Tucson around Christmas to see Close Encounters of the Third Kind which she should eat up.

Next time we go to a convention I'm sure Yang-mi will be there not as a taga - long but as a full fledged member.

"On Car (No In Cars)" is a fascinating glimpse into the private sex life of motor city. I knew a guy from Detroit when in Korea who told me about the city's fetish with the automobile (I mean, the whole country's in love with the damn things, and LA's positively maniacal about cars, but nothing I've heard ever equals what I've been told about Detroit). *//With me it's more a love/hate relationship. The initial cost, insurance, and repairs have caused me to think more and more of selling my present car and work things out sans auto.//*

The "Seth" of whom you ask is some pseudo-religious Edgar Cayce type who made numerous predictions in a manner vague enough to make one prophecy cover much varied and sundried events. Several of his followers have published books supposedly dictated via spiritualism from the dear, departed Seth to his loyal cult. Pantheism was already answered, I see. *//I've seen the Seth books but haven't been able to get around to reading them yet. I will, though, someday.//*

Check out the most recent issue of SATURDAY REVIEW, their science issue. Ray Bradbury has an article on science fiction and religion in it. *//Another thing I haven't gotten to yet.//*

THE MANTICORE has been completed as a film and is due for release in spring, in case you're interested. *//I am, I am, but I haven't seen it around yet, maybe I missed it in the paper, though.//*

So Disney's cohorts will be going after Howard, eh? I'd not be surprised at all. Disney torpedoed scuttled Ron Neil's AIR PIRATE FUNNIES which parodied Disney characters. Neil argued in court that the Disney characters were sufficiently in public notoriety to warrant lampooning (citing Al Capp's Fearless Fosdick parody of Dick Tracy), that other cartoonists had lampooned Disney characters (citing MAD magazine), and that the price, format, and retail outlets of AIR PIRATE FUNNIES would insure no one would mistake them for the Disney genuines. The Federal courts listened to both arguments and decided overwhelmingly in Disney's favor, going so far as to order the destruction of all existing copies and plates of AIR PIRATE FUNNIES. *//I haven't seen anything else about Disney going after Howard. Howard changed to*

a human for a while then became a duck again. I think he looks the same. All of this occurred a while ago so I guess nothing is going to come of it. That's fine. Howard, to me, has gone downhill anyway and I've stopped buying the comic.//

DC did the same with rivals of Superman, forcing one character, Wonder Man, out of business, and challenging Captain Marvel (contrary to popular legend Captain Marvel didn't fall to legal attacks from DC -- the good captains' lawyers pointed out that while DC claimed Captain Marvel copied from Superman, Superman copied from Popeye! They threw in the towel when sales dropped).

It would be just the kind of shitty trick the Disney thugs are notorious of for them to attack Howard the Duck. Knowing that Disney is four-square gospel, cleanliness and light (saccharine shit -- how do you think the ultra-conservative right wingers would react if somebody pointed out that every cop -- every single cop -- ever portrayed in a Disney movie has been stupid, corrupt, brutal, or a combination of the three?) and that Marvel Comix deals with taboo, nasty subjects nice little kiddees shouldn't read. If it comes to a lawsuit Disney would probably win.

Comments were made throughout the zine re sex, love, and marriage (though not in that order). Soon-ok and I have been pretty lucky, we love each other very much and respect one another's feelings. Due to a rather shitty childhood, Soon-ok has stated rather emphatically that she can't stand the idea of infidelity. As for me, personally, I could live in an arrangement that you describe. Indeed, I wouldn't mind in the least a little sexual experimentation. Such experimentation is a threat to Soon-ok, however, and I love her enough not to ever want to threaten her security. So I refrain from suggesting more exotic forms of sex (such as Seth McEvoy's ill-fated arrangement) because I love her. Like you, I feel closeness, that is love and communication, is most important in a love affair (and I think of our marriage as a love affair). Soon-ok and I have the openness and compassion needed for a successful marriage. I'm certain ours will be a long and happy one.

Sounds like you've got interesting neighbors. The grandmother reminds me of a rather strange lady who lived in Tennessee when I was going to high school there. She was a big, hefty woman, about 160 lbs., who wore a simple cotton print dress, went barefoot, and shaved her head. At age 48-50 (this was in the late 60's, early 70's) she was quite a spectacle to behold. She lived in a tiny shanty somewhere in the mountains and would periodically make a 2-3 day pilgrimage to the big, wicked city (Maryville, pop. 22,000) and stalk the street, crying out against wickedness, for salvation, and sang old country hymns in a beautiful operatic voice. The cops would pick her up, take her to her shanty in the mountains and drop her off. After a week or so in religious retreat she'd make her pilgrimage again.

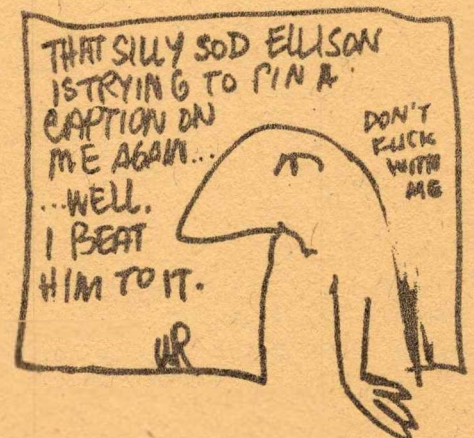
Most of the letters were good but they mainly covered points already mentioned in this zine.

Dave Szurek's experiences remind me of how I won the best High School Actor of 1972 award for the state of North Carolina -- playing a rat who wanted to bit a Harlem baby!

Well, I'll be forcibly terminating this letter now.

Linda Karrh
1608 Abadie Ave
Metairie, LA 70003

Sorry It's taken me so long to answer your letter and especially so long in sending a LoC



on your Skug. Living a teacher's life is a big schizoid - prim proper efficient educator by day - wild partying hippy by night - on weekend I rest.

Now to comment on Skug. First of all I love your moose. I'm not at all familiar with Midwest fandom (yet) so can't say much about that. New Orleans fans have earned a grand reputation for feuding - that's why I refused to get involved with fandom for so long. It wasn't til SunCon and B'hamacon that I was made aware not only of fans out-side-of-the-South but of fans who actually have fun and don't spend their time gossiping or back stabbing (two favorite local fan-activities). Thus the creation of Southern Fried Fandom! Our Motto: PARTY!

I did have something to say concerning a comment you made - something about male fans being less apprehensive about approaching married female fans than female fans approaching married male fans. You theorized that this may be due to the imbalance of male to female in fandom. Well, that may have something to do with it but if you don't mind my feminism showing I'd say that it's probably due to the archaic social pressure that many people still suffer through. The old double standard routine! Several male fans I've met at cons had, have and will have the idea that female fans, especially the married ones, come to these "wild week-ends" to screw around. Now granted, sex can be fun and it's not beyond me (or any other female fan that I associate with) to partake in such activities if so inclined, however I'm not there for the single purpose of satisfying some guy's horny delusion of grandeur. I don't think it's true that fewer females approached married males - percentage wise it's probably the same for female as males - it's just as you said, there is that imbalance in fandom. Most femfans I know are fairly aggressive (assertive if you will) and would not let something like a man's marital status stop them from making advances unless this happens to be against their personal philosophy or something. I've yet to decide my philosophy on married men - having been married myself I know a wife's point of view on this matter which may be why I've never fooled around with someone marrried (that I know of).

. . . . Take care and keep up the good work (in the name of the Stone that binds us) .

THE END OF THE LETTERS OF COMMENTS AND THE LAST PAGE. IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT AND I WILL FILL IN ARTISTS' NAMES AND LAST MINUTE STUFF TOMORROW. GOODNIGHT.

DATELINE SAN FRANCISCO, DEC 17, 1978: Hey, wow, I have all of the other 43 pages all run off. Gee, it only took me about a year and a quarter between issues. Damn is that all? Anyway, Art Credits: (THANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOU!!!)

Marc Schirmeister - Front Cover
Simon Agree - Pages 6, 8, 13, 19, 27, 37, 41, 43
(Please note page 43 is not by Rotsler)
Garth Danielson - 17
Tom Bardoni - 28
James McLeod - 39
Todd Bake - 32
Bill Bryan - Bacover

Special thanks to Fred Haskell for showing me how to glue an electrostencil into a regular stencil and certain esoteric things about a Gestetner Mimeograph. (TAFF?) Special thanks also to Kostura (he knows why), Denise (for putting up with me), the collators (where are you?), D (briefly), and me. WAHF - Irvin Koch. Too bad about the demise of Quakecon with Robert A. Wilson, Tim Leary, and Paul Sirag. (AARGH) BYE