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SKUG COVER VERSION 2

1979-80



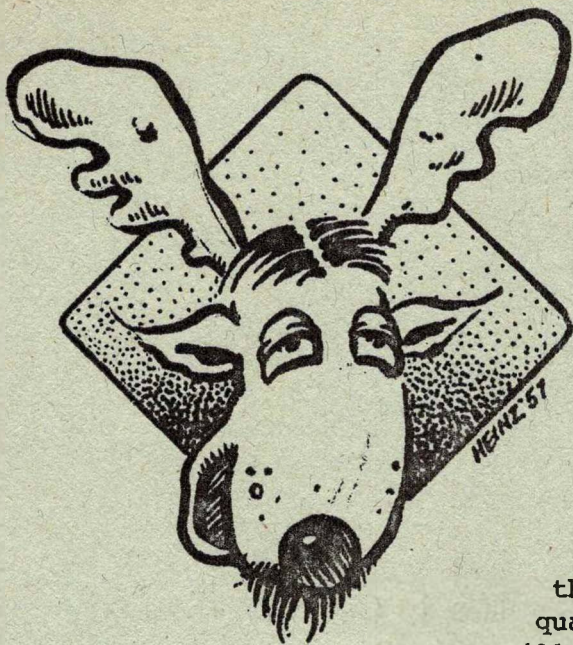
Yes, folks, believe it or not, this is SKUG 4, from Gary S. Mattingly, P.O. Box 6907, San Francisco, CA 94101. And right off I notice that I forgot to change the margins and the double spacing that Patty had it on. Oh well. .

Yeah, well, live and learn. I'm listening to Maximum Rock and Roll on KPFA and it's 9:40 PM, May 19, 1981. Factrix is on the radio. Just listened to X and the Circle Jerks from LA, two separate groups, people. Yah well, Marley died, the Pope was shot, and who knows what's next so I figured I'd better hurry up and get this out. Wow, I wonder if I can even put the electrostencils in right. Oh, this is not a Punk Fanzine. Hey, I know it's easy to tell but I just wanted to make sure you knew. Oh for complaints call (415) 864-1481. I'm drinking Beringer's Fume Blanc wine, circa 1979. These extraneous facts are just overwhelming me. ART CREDITS will appear on the last page since I presently have no idea what order they will appear in. My layout is so outstanding, so thought out. . . .

Second or third off, DO NOT send me any artwork, articles, columns, prose, poetry, covers, or mail bombs. Another SKUG will probably be produced but I don't want anybody mad at me for taking so long. So DON'T SEND ME ANYTHING, OKAY? Well, you can send me trade zines, LoCs, Pocs, and other missives. Do not, however, expect any of it to see print. DO NOT SEND ME MONEY. DO NOT SEND ME STAMPS. If you wish to continue to be on my mailing list, you MUST (I'm really overdoing it with these capital letters.) send at least a postcard with your name and current address, or call me, or inform me in some manner understandable to me that you wish to remain on the mailing list. Some may get stuff from me even if they don't respond. Don't count on it though. Let it be a surprise.

SKUG 3 was mailed out in 12/78 and 01/79. That was about 2½ years ago. That's a long time but a short time in the Cosmos (thanks to Carl Sagan and his side profile). There is still no schedule for future issues. Who knows, the name may change. My brain may change. My, well never mind, things can change. They will come out as I desire, at my whim.

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Falling asleep like a door closing behind me and not knowing that it closed.  
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Earlier this evening I was looking through old SKUGs. Obviously it was a much longer period between SKUG 3 and 4 than between SKUG 2 and 3. I was even starting to feel melancholy while listening to Eno's Ambient 2. Melancholy? Anyway, there is obviously more "art" in this issue. SKUG 1's artwork consisted of the front and back cover. There were five pages of written material between them. SKUG 2 had sixteen pages between front and back cover with three pieces of artwork within.

SKUG 3 jumped to forty-four pages between front and back cover and 12 pieces of artwork. I don't know yet how many pages will be in this issue. The interior artwork has almost quadrupled. I'm not at all sure what next issue will be like. Well it's time to turn over the Gang of Four so I'll go to something else. Before I go to something else I'll add that I hope to buy a stapler that accommodates more pages before I staple this issue.

Last issue had a tendency to fall apart and this issue will have more pages. Oh, I forgot to mention that I was going to subtitle this initial section as , "Poor Harry, I guess."

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"Communication then is the aim of philosophy, and in communication all its other aims are ultimately rooted: awareness of being, illumination through love, attainment of peace." P. 27 Way to Wisdom, Karl Jaspers.  
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1979  
A RETROSPECTIVE

Despite SKUG 3 the beginning of 1979 could not necessarily be considered a period of communication for me. About December 5, 1978, Denise said she thought she should leave after I asked her what she wanted to do. I've written this in several APAs in several ways. We agreed that separating would be best. Denise had been depressed a lot since coming to San Francisco. She wasn't satisfied with her jobs. Of course she was only satisfied with one job back in Detroit. That was in the Audio-Visual Center, or something like that, in the University of Detroit Library. She went back to the library in Detroit when she returned but was placed in a different job in the library which she did not like. During this period and frequently in the period prior to it I was not very sympathetic. Maybe I was a little bit sympathetic but quite obviously not enough. I have a very low tolerance for another person's depression, especially if it lasts for a while. Christmas and New Years didn't feel quite as jovial as they might normally have in December, 1978. Denise and I did go to Bill, Patty's, and Kent's apartment to have Christmas Dinner with them, Fred Haskell, Phil Paine, and Simon Agree, which was enjoyable. New Year's Eve came and Fred and I listened to the Grateful Dead until the next morning. Was it 5 or 6 AM? Where was Denise? Anyway Fred and I listened under appropriate conditions. There we were listening to KSAN while I drank Pepsi and we both seemed to laugh a lot (I don't think my verbs agree, oh well). The Dead weaved in and out and my mind followed right along.

January came with a greater feeling of isolation. I went to movies by myself. Denise left February 5, 1979, I believe, on a bus. Fred, Patty Peters, and I said good bye. Fred and Patty went to get something to eat. I went home, released some pent up grief, which last fifteen to thirty minutes, then took a walk in Golden Gate Park. As I've said before, it was probably the most depressing day of my life. At work I was not particularly pleasant all of the time during this period. One supervisor called me in for my "poor attitude". She was a drill sergeant in a skirt, wonderfully attractive, and treated everyone like she was God and they were peons. What did she expect? I told her she had an elitist attitude. She said that's the way she got things done. No one particularly liked her and she later quit. Anyway, after that I cooled it a bit.

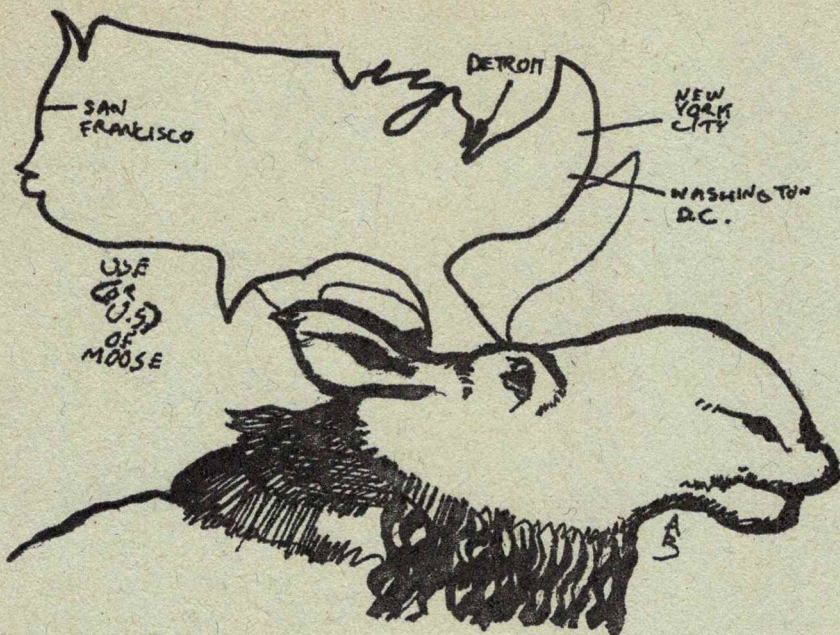
Shortly after Denise left, hm, maybe two weeks later, Bobby Sinnott was over to the flat. I think she was over to see Fred or she may have just dropped by. Anyway after ludes and wine (Hello Karen Anne Quinlan wherever you are) we struck it off quite well. I think I was more open in front of people with her than anyone else. There are pictures to prove it. As I looked at them I wondered if I really did that with someone merrily clicking away. Bobby was and I assume still is very aware of her consciousness, her Godhood, and this puts some people (read Rich Coad) off. I think that's one of the reasons I like her. We were together a lot. It became too much. Bobby was and still is very emotional, compared to me and even to Denise. There is nothing wrong in this but if I was unable to cope with Denise's emotions I was definitely unable to cope with Bobby's. I said we had to cut things down. She said we couldn't just cut down. It was something like all or nothing. After a short time it went to nothing. I've seen Bobby maybe half a dozen times in the last seven months. I did see her several times at Westercon in San Francisco. She's not a fan but people suggested she should go. I don't think that she'll go again. Bobby worked at the telephone company and also used to appear at parties and such in a chicken or gorilla costume and do strange and wondrous things for a price. Later due to some union problems her telephone company employment ended. Now I believe she's in Maryland living with her parents. I hope she finds what she wants.

Returning to Denise for a moment, part of Denise's reason for leaving was that she felt that I didn't need her. I also wasn't satisfying her libido. I also didn't like talking about our "relationship" that much and especially not when I'd just gone to bed at about 11 or 12. I was tired. I am, at times, rather irritable when tired. I've been working at getting less or not irritable when tired.

After Denise left and continuing up to Minicon, 1979, I exercised a fair amount. I seem to exercise a lot when my relationships end. During this time Larry Rehse, Denise's brother, was in New Orleans. Larry was staying up long hours. We received strange and somewhat paranoid phone calls. He talked very fast. My phone also received a call charged to a fictitious credit card number which caused the telephone company to call me four or five times and ask me about it. I don't know anything about it but I hope no one calls me on a fictitious credit card again. I don't need the hassle.



"SHE DID NOT LOOK AS THOUGH SHE COULD FLY."



How linear will this be when actually typed up? I wonder. I didn't take notes as the time passed so things might not be totally correct or complete.

Rich Coad and I went to the Cafe Flore or another bar with some frequency for two to three months. We listened to a lot of punk music and played a lot of pin-ball at the bars. We also drank a fair amount of beer. It was quite enjoyable.

I went to Minicon. I didn't even trip. Denise and some one else was there. I was rather torn between the two. It wound up with me being together with both of them during most of the time and right next to no close contact with either came about. My stomach, for some reason or another, twisted this way and that, and left me with a not pleasant feeling during much of that weekend. I had fun before and after staying with Garth and Joe, partying, seeing the crazy part of Minneapolis fandom, visiting the Bozo Bus Building, talking with Mitch Thornhill, Mike and others. Thinking about Minneapolis always brings to mind the Great and Wondrous Minneapolis Migration. It's too bad it's so cold there in the Winter because if it weren't I just might be tempted to move there myself.

About this same time, early 1979 I guess, my sister, Georganna, separated from her husband. I forget how long they were together, under nine months though. She is four or five years younger than I. Her husband was/is an artist. She's teaching Special Ed in High School and working at a part time job. She can save money much better than I can. We get along okay, even though she writes less frequently than I (hint, hint). Her divorce was final before mine and she had to pay more money for the whole thing. She also had more hassles. I filed the divorce for Denise and I. I bought a book and did all the paper work and filing myself. I think the whole thing only cost me about \$60 or \$70. I had to appear in court, read off this simple thing about irreconcilable differences and answer a few simple questions. It was final 07/27/79.

Larry and Delmonte arrived about March, sometime after Mardi Gras. They stayed in the flat for a while. Delmonte finally worked things out with the Navy, was gone a long time on some type of work project, part of which involved working with the Moonies, got hit by a taxicab, and was laid up in the hospital for a while. His right hand was hurt but I believe it's better now. His knee is still not quite right. He lived with Larry for a while but left under unpleasant circumstances. At present I believe Delmonte is living in a hotel in the city, selling records at the Mabuhay Gardens, and I don't know what else since I don't keep in touch. Oh, Delmonte was injured while the "Gay Riots" were going on. Anyway, Larry started working for the telephone company as a directory assistance operator and is still there despite occasional problems of lateness. I'm late a lot. Fortunately I can come in between 7 and 8:30 in the morning so it's not too bad.

Denise went to Detroit after leaving San Francisco and lived at 610 Gladstone with Cy Chauvin, Steve Trout, Brad Parks, Bill Bryan, and I'm not sure who else. Denise had some problems between her housemates and her cats. She and Bryan moved while Cy was visiting here in San Francisco to another apartment in Detroit. Then she moved into a household with wild and crazy Tony Cvetko and Scott, whose last name I do not recall. She lived in lovely Hamtramck in a cheap spacious apartment. Then she and Scott moved to Torrance, a lovely suburb of Los Angeles. Scott was selling some type of rug/floor cleaner door to door and I think Denise is doing secretarial work. I wonder what happens next in her life.

Around Westercon 1979 Reed Waller and Susan Ryan came to the flat from Minneapolis. Larry and Delmonte had just left about a month or so before. Reed and Susan brought their three cats and their TV. Fred left shortly after they arrived. So it became me, Reed, Susan, three cats, and a TV. I have come to the conclusion that I don't live well with people unless we have compatible degrees of neatness and hours of sleep. I have also come to the conclusion that I cannot live with cats who are in the house almost all of the time. It was still very interesting living with Reed and Susan. We had some enjoyable conversations. Well Reed and Susan moved out at the end of September and I moved out of my flat on Haight near the end of October leaving a vacant, clean, and missed flat.

Sometime in April (zigzagging back and forth a little bit, aren't I?) Patty Peters and I started seeing more of each other. We'd been casual friends before but became much friendlier. Her emotional level is much nearer my own than anyone with whom I have ever lived or been friends. Our periods of depression are short and not deep, dark, brooding, excessively pissy times. At that time she was living in a household with Bill Breiding and Kent Johnson. Our relationship grew and grew.

In the Summer my sister, Georganna, visited me again. Georganna, Patty, and I drove down the coast to Disneyland. I enjoy Disneyland a lot. We stayed at a hotel for which my sister had a discount coupon. On one of the days there Patty and I smoked on the way from the hotel to Disneyland. My sister, although she does not usually smoke such stuff, decided to try it a couple times. While waiting in line for tickets my sister suddenly went to the ground or knees or something. She said she was fine, that it had happened before, etc. I think she either did that again or close to it shortly after that. Patty and she went to a bench and sat down for a while. It might have been the heat and the dope. I was a little worried. We had a great time anyway. I think we saw the Electric Parade and the fireworks. We also drove around Hollywood, saw the Rocky and Bullwinkle statues at Jay Ward Productions and the painted statues in front of the house that the sheik's son bought. Later in the Summer, in August I believe, my sister returned with my mother for another enjoyable visit.

I think I should do this on a more regular basis so I can put things in a more linear fashion and also remember more. I could talk about going to the Fab Mab, Mabuhay Gardens, with Rich, Cheryl Cline, Lynn Kuehl, and Larry and getting knocked down while pogoing frantically up front. I get knocked down every once in a while but that was the first time ever I'd split my lip. I stopped pogoing for a while but after one song decided to go back anyway. Most people seemed to stay away from me after that. I wonder if it had anything to do with the blood coming from my lip and down my chin. After all the bands had played I went to the emergency room at a hospital near my flat. The hospital charged Blue Cross-Blue Shield almost \$45 for just looking at it and having me rinse out my mouth with water and hydrogen peroxide, all of which took about half an hour.

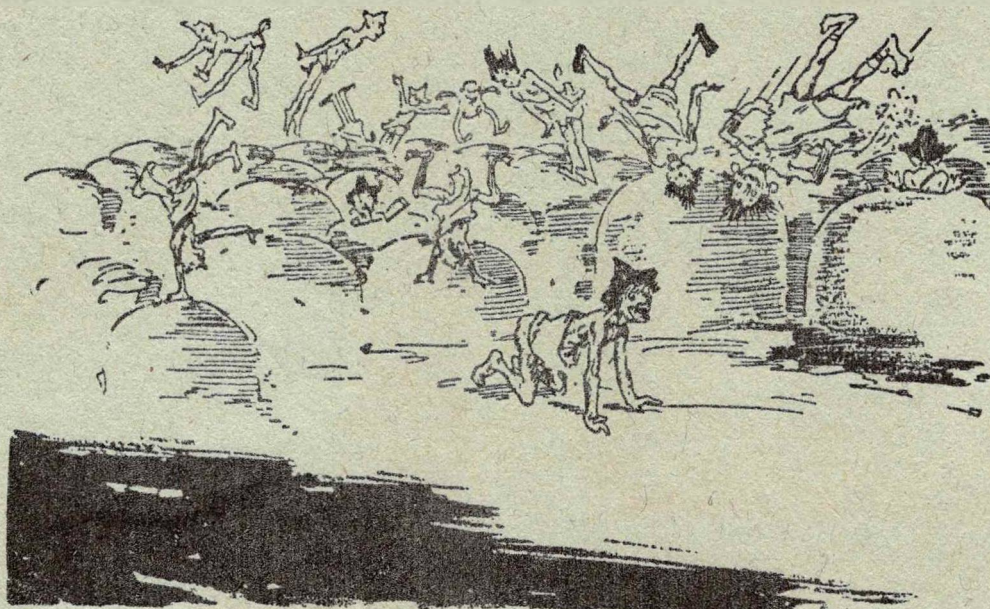
Rich Coad went to England for two to four weeks. I forget how long. He met Linda Karrh and Karen Trego there, among many others. I keep wanting to write more. However some things are just too personal. Besides various and sundry people would become pissed at me for revealing too much or telling my opinions a little too openly. Rich said he saw punk rockers with kilts and Navajo haircuts, which reminds me that I read an article in the newspaper about one principal in England who kicked out one or two students for having their hair too short. What a switch? We could also talk about not being able to tell the girls from the boys because they all have their hair so short.

I could talk about Westercon. It was better for me in San Francisco in 1979 than the one in Los Angeles. I knew more people and there were more open parties. Thank you Curt Stubbs and Phoenix people for keeping your party going so frequently and so long. You always had beer or pop when I happened by. There were other good parties. There was the one in my mind. There was one in Patty's too during one day of the convention. The hotel has great large stairwells. Going in and out of crowded areas was also very entertaining, from noise/conversation to quiet, weaving in and out of the walking, milling masses, feeling their presence, but not really them (their aura, Dora?).

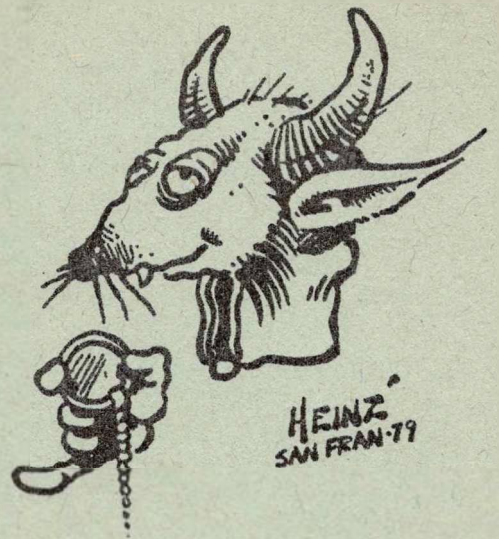
I could talk about Thanksgiving. I had a turkey TV dinner and ate almost a whole pumpkin pie with whipped cream and one piece with ice cream. I was invited by one person from work to a dinner with other work friends at their home. I just didn't feel up to it. I'm not sure why. I think I wanted to be alone or almost alone most of the day. Larry Rehse and I saw Buck Rogers and The Fish that Saved Pittsburg, both of which were pretty mediocre or lower, and later in the evening saw Sleeping Beauty with Delmonte. It was a pleasant day.

I made several trips with Rich Coad and once with Larry Rehse to the apartment of Lynn Kuehl and Cheryl Cline, first in Martinez, then in Concord. Their apartment number in Concord is 23 for the benefit of those with odd minds. We have listened to lots of entertaining punk, 60s, and other music there and browsed through their book and record shop, Eyes and Ears, which has since closed. We still visit anyway.

Oh, a quick joke from my niece: Why did the priest wear a bathing suit in the shower? Because he didn't want to look down on the unemployed!



I have pondered weeks and weeks about writing about 1980. 1980 just whizzed by me you know, just whoosh and it had passed in front of my eyes. It was speedy. I try to recollect what went by. I had a good time. I remember that. Why I even had a great time. So that there was my report on 1980. Ha, just kidding folks. It's just that I don't want to go through those apazines I did to try to get a handle on 1980, you know a handle? Like 1980 was a pan, maybe a frying pan. Ate some great food in 1980. Does it seem like I'm delaying here? Well, maybe. I hate to go through all those apazines . . . . .



In 1980 I went to a whole three conventions, Confusion, where I met Stephen and Denise Parsley-Leigh, Minicon, and Octocon in Santa Rosa, where I tarried but one evening for it so bored me and besides I wasn't invited to any of the closed parties. Confusion was excellent. The motel had a marvelous pool, jacuzzi, and sauna. It was very enjoyable meeting Steve and Denise. I arrived a few days early and stayed one night at Patty's parents' house and one night at Tony Cvetko's apartment. Patty had left San Francisco almost a month earlier to visit her parents and relatives in Detroit and Steve and Denise in Cincinnati. It was very good to see Patty again. Also at Confusion were Tony, Joe Wesson, Denise Rehse, Mitch Thornhill briefly, and many others. I seemed to spend many of the hours there in my room, the bar, or at the pool. It was a little strange being torn between the group I normally hang around with and the group Patty, Steve, and Denise hang around with.

Both Patty and I also went to Minicon where Steve and Denise were once again. Denise Rehse, Allisa McDonald, Joe, Garth, Mitch, and many other great people were there. I even got to meet Steve George of Zosma fame. There were trying moments at that convention also unfortunately. I was on one panel but was far too stoned to say much beyond four or five words. I normally have difficulty talking in front of a crowd so smoking for me wasn't a fantastic idea. Maybe I should have drunk something instead. I did have fun playing with the turtle. We arrived early at Minicon also and stayed at Joe and Garth's place for one night.

Shortly after Confusion, about February 5, Patty moved in with me. It was and still is both interesting and very enjoyable. Patty brought her TV too. I have to control myself because I frquently wind up watching it more than I should. That's okay but I feel I should read and write more. Oh well I'm not too perturbed about it really.

My sister came out for another visit which was enjoyable. We went to Marriott's Great America and had fun riding the roller coasters. I love roller coasters. Georganna, my sister, got wet on the log ride which didn't please her at all. Also while she was here we all went to see The Elephant Man, the play, which was also exceptional except that right behind us was a bitchy, noisy grandmother and her two bitchy noisy stupid grandsons.

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I'm quitting the disco, I'm almost 43.  
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I bought a dozen geckos, small lizards, which I let loose in my apartment to eat the cockroaches. One gecko immediately jumped off the record player and committed suicide. I think many died because the landlord sprayed insecticide in my apartment. One I accidentally stepped on. It was just sitting on the rug sunning itself. I walked in with my sunglasses on, having just finished work for the day, and didn't notice the poor gecko. One fell down in between the kitchen cabinets and the wall and got stuck. I guess it must have starved to death since the cockroaches surely weren't going to feed themselves to him. The others we're not too sure about. After we'd thought they'd all died one returned. Patty decided to name it Herbert. Herbert liked sunning itself on Patty's dresser next to the bed. It was at times startling to reach for something and see Herbert take off in a mad rush. Unfortunately we also later found him dead too. Maybe the apartment was too cold for them. They had been shipped from Egypt. They did keep the roach population down while they survived. My heart felt thanks go to my dear departed friends. I hope they went someplace nice and warm.

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Pardon me if I'm sentimental when we say goodbye  
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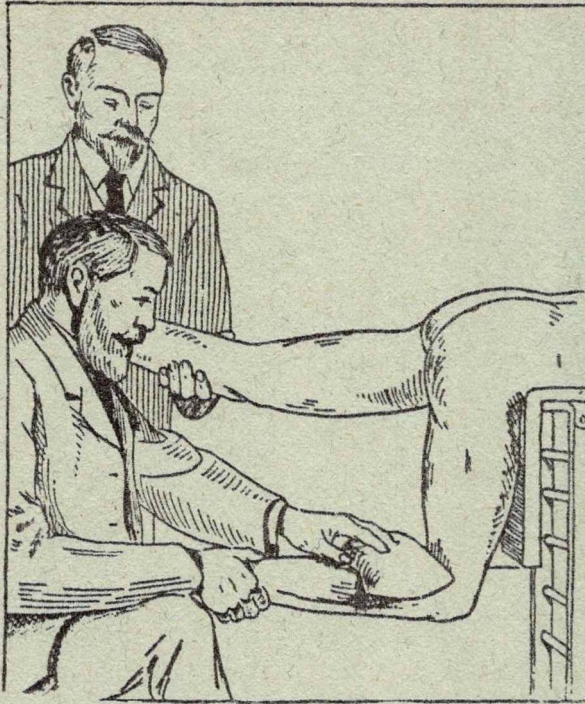
Hm, also in 1980 I took classes in Tai Chi Chuan for about three or four months. It was enjoyable but when I stopped I didn't feel I was getting enough satisfaction out of it and wanted to use the time in other ways. I may go back to it someday.

I saw a number of bands which are listed elsewhere. Saw some performance art at a place called Club Foot and a great band called the Cahunas. Oh, I also switched from Atra razor blades to Ultrex blades because they didn't cut as many holes in my face. I was certain that you'd be very interested in that fact.

I went to an isolation tank for the first and so far only time. It was in a person's house over in Berkeley. I spent an hour in the nude in the tank. If you should do this remember not to shave too soon before you go in. That salt water really stings the face you just cut holes in. No shit. It also took a while for my head and neck to adjust to such a flat position since there were no pillows in the water. I definitely enjoyed it and hope to do it again, maybe this year. Also went to the hot tubs four or five times which was also quite enjoyable. They're very relaxing and warming.

Of course my car continued to give me problems. Twice I had to replace the clutch. Once I pulled out from a parking space and another car ran into me. I did not see the car but it must have been my fault I suppose. I think I have the kiss of death for cars.

I did many exciting things with Patty however. We went horse back riding for an hour in Golden Gate Park. Went out on the ocean for eight hours looking for migratory whales. We only saw one but that was still exciting. I'd never seen a whale before. They're pretty big, you know. Saw a lot of harbor porpoises jumping in and out of the water. The cruise was sponsored by the Oceanic Society and our chartered boat was the Wacky Jacky. Patty and I went to see lots of movies also listed elsewhere and we went to the China Exhibition. The China Exhibition seemed to primarily have trade goods but it was quite large and worth the effort to walk around among the teeming, packed masses of other curious time-killers. Let's see we saw Gonad the Barbarian, as performed



by the strange and usually quite amusing Duck's Breath Mystery Theater. I recommend them. Near the end of August we made my yearly pilgrimage to Disneyland. There I met Patty's cousin, John, who had flown in from Michigan and thought he was going to bicycle around LA. Was he in for a surprise. We had a good time taking him to Disneyland and Universal Studios. The Universal Studios Tour wasn't fantastic but it was okay once. Then we drove him back up to San Francisco and he visited with us and Patty's sister and brother-in-law over in Hayward for about a week. Later in the year Patty and I saw the SF Symphony which was also entertaining.

One bad thing that occurred in in 1980 that was not entertaining was that a plumber came to fix our leaky sink and, friendly man that he was, instead of fixing the sink stole some of our cannabis, my bottle rockets, my firecrackers, and a few of my very limited number of tools. Obviously I could not report this. However he also stole money from Sutton Breiding's apartment which is right below mine and Sutton could report that. Fortunately the plumber was fired but neither Sutton nor I received any compensation and no charges were filed against the plumber.

The best thing that happened in 1980 was that Patty and I got married on December 24. Our wedding was not elaborate. We had a simple ceremony in one of the Judge's chambers at City Hall. Rich Coad and Bill Breiding were our witnesses. Have you ever been at a wedding with laughing witnesses? The judge said it was okay. Boy were we relieved that it was okay with the judge. Our hearts would have been broken then and there if he hadn't liked it. Anyway as we walked down the steps of City Hall Bill threw rice at us. We threw a little back at him too. We all then went to Roosevelt's Tamales and had delicious chimachaungas which are quite tasty fried burritos with guacamoles and sour cream on top of them. From there we went next door to the St. Francis fountain and had ice cream. It was a very enjoyable day. The following weekend Patty and I flew to Kansas City. I had a slight case of conjunctivitis when we left which soon went away. Unfortunately Patty also got it and she felt pretty miserable in Kansas. My mother drove us around to Eureka and Climax, Kansas, so Patty was really put through the wringer of relatives, all of which she could not see. She even passed out. Boy was I startled. Patty wasn't in any great shape either. Anyway after about four and a half days we flew onto Detroit and saw many of Patty's relatives. Fortunately Patty's eyes got better. I'd already met her parents and everybody there was very friendly. Also while in Detroit we went to a New Year's Eve party at the apartment of Tony Cvetko, Denise Rehse, and Scott. That was pretty enjoyable especially the part where Denise was pouring beer on people. Denise and I had an okay talk though and she didn't even pour any beer on me. On another day we went with Tony To Greek town. Unfortunately Tony's car was sick and it was also excessively cold in Detroit. Hm, another day we went with Dan Maxim, who has since moved out here, to see Stir crazy, which was

fair and had a few amusing scenes, and we also got to meet his parents and the family dog. They were all quite friendly. Phil, Patty's brother, and Sue, his wife, took us to the Renaissance Center and we got to drink and spin round and round on the top. We also ate Coney Islands with them. Coney Islands, much akin to chilidogs, are quite tasty. After about four and a half days there we returned to SF.

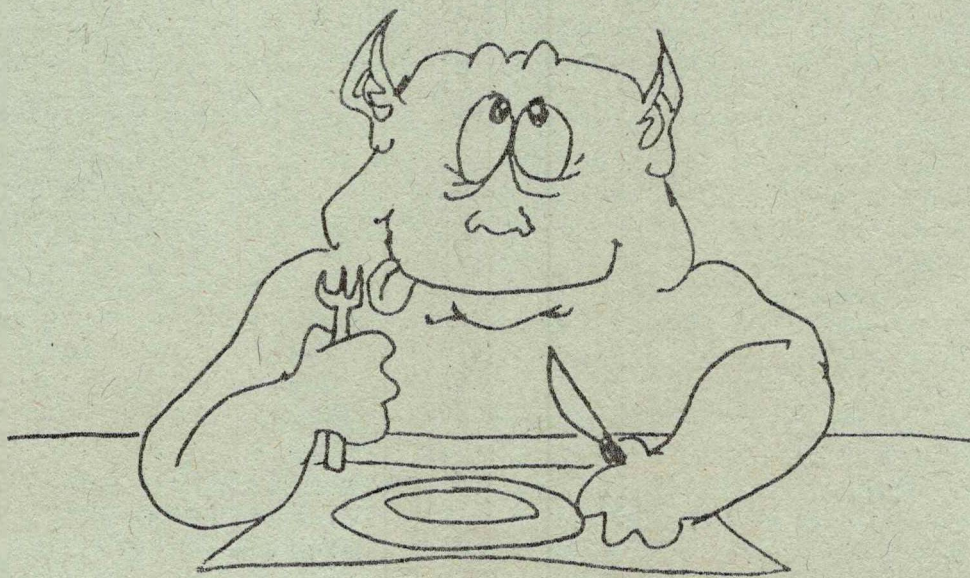
We went to a fair number of parties in 1980. Rich Coad and I got very drunk several times. We had good times with lots of other people here too like Cheryl Cline, Lynn Kuehl, Jay Kinney, Dixie Tracy, Larry Rehse, Wendy Tiner, Allison Coad, Rich's sister, Loren MacGregor, and many others.

For most of 1980 I practiced in a band with Rich Coad, Bill Breiding, Lynn Kuehl, and John. Patty played drums for a while too. I sang and then played drums. We learned 96 Tears pretty well. However my instant gratification syndrome got the best of me and I decided to quit. Since then Larry Rehse has taken over the drums. At long last they played in front of an audience on 05/30 of this year, 1981. Unfortunately Patty and I were in San Diego. They had better play again while we're here.

Hm, 1979 marked the tenth year I'd been in fandom and 1980 marked the tenth year since I'd gone to my first convention, which was Minicon in 1970. I've been to over thirty conventions in that period, which included MidAmericon, Iguanacon, Torcon, Discon, and Suncon, and many Minicons. Thirty isn't a lot of conventions for ten years but it's a fair number. I usually had a pretty good time.

I was in five APAs most of 1980. Those were SFPA, the Golden APA, MISHAP, FLAP, and APA 50. Now I'm only in APA 50. Five were too many for me.

Also before we left for Detroit we went to a Christmas party at Jay and Dixie's and they even had a little wedding cake for us. Patty still has a piece of that in the freezer.



THOUGHTS RETURNING :  
FROM MINICON, 1980

Flying home from Minicon. Why they even have a tape with the Inmates, the Pretenders, Pearl Harbor, the Undertones, and now Tim Curry on this plane. In a slightly strange mood. I said I'd be on a panel about Exploring Inner Space at Minicon. I said about ten words. I don't know if words will necessarily bring one to enlightenment. Words have to be left behind in the final part of the path, besides I don't talk that well. I tend to devalue what I know, because it may not be right. I mean I haven't found continual bliss. I can't make people that are around me constantly happy. That was more than obvious at this convention. Denise Rehse telling me that certain people thought I was crazy was entertaining, especially when she wouldn't elaborate. I wanted to know crazy in what way. How much time should I spend with one person, one group, two very disparate groups. What is light humor? What are sick puns? What is gourmet food? What is an excessive intake of drugs leading to loops without end. What end is there anyway? How many people in drug loops are real? are satisfied? How many are just placated? How many of my desiring, wanting, questioning looks generate thoughts of stupid asshole or now? How confused do I wish to be by an open relationship? Can the confusion go away? Why can't we communicate directly, telepathically? If I said what I wanted to say in words how many more people would I put off? Time leaves much to be desired. Paranoia loves the playground in my mind. Depression obviously finds fertile fields in others. What is selfishness? What is abuse? Is one happiness better than another? Can they co-exist? Mouth words into my vacuum. Maybe I need a desert. What do I want? What do I want? Maybe my constant faulting to either no decision or the easiest decision is not the best idea.

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"We cannot doubt the existence of mystical experience, nor can we doubt that mystics have always been unable to communicate what is most essential in their experience. The mystic is immersed in the Comprehensive. The communicable partakes of the subject-object dichotomy, and a clear consciousness seeking to penetrate the infinite can never attain the fullness of that source. We can speak only of that which takes on object form. All else is incommunicable. But its presence in the background of those philosophical ideas which we call speculative constitutes their content and meaning." p. 34 Way to Wisdom, Karl Jaspers.

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If someone thinks I'm crazy or strange and especially if they've known me for a while, they should say something. I'm not saying I'll do something about it, but I'd like to know.

Patty wonders about my friends' reactions to her. I may have asked one person and received a not very clear answer. Course my question may not have been that clear. I love Patty Peters a lot right now. At home I feel very good about her moving in and I work at keeping things working, not becoming slack, thinking about her. She reciprocates on that. We share dishes and decisions, bedmaking and desires, new ideas and adventures, catty remarks and good times. Her depressions are mild and short. She's done moderately well at controlling my spending, although our mutual excursion to Minicon was slightly in the opposite direction, financially.

Squirrels run up my arms and place their treasures in my brain.



If I think the world is screwed up, I could become an activist, but that might get personally boring. If I think I'm screwed up, I could search myself out, but that could become boring. (I could sit here and type and listen to George Benson. Where does that put me?)

Maybe I'll just be primarily a fanzine fan although even I question my ability. Some might have to read my fanzine for a while to figure out what I'm saying or not saying. Some might consider it a waste of time. Actually maybe I'd like to become a geisha girl. (Hohoho)

How personal can one get in a perszine? How personal can you get in a crowded airplane? Oh my god the turbine came off the shaft. Baby, baby, how many hours do you want this board planed? Let's board this plane, again, again, you say what, again? Let's talk about Tao and 1000strokes. How close can you two get? One is one is one is one. Fine, thank you, how was the service? Oil dropping in the pan. Fingertips touching silk, touching satin, touching sandpaper, soft, light, long, short.

I don't care. I don't care. Here sir, watch this TV show. Here sir listen to this radio show. Here sir listen to this worm crawling through your cold ears. Cold ground, hot ground, six feet deep, and I definitely don't care any more (Hohoho).

She cried at the pool. The tears fell into the pool. The water in the pool grabbed hold, and without her ever noticing pulled her closer and closer, closer and closer. Sir there are fish looking through my eyes, from the other side, you know. Blub, blub, Patty's remarks.

Sometimes.

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"His cry went on through the final image: the spots of raw bright blood on the earth. Blood on excrement. The supreme moment, high above the desert, when the two elements, blood and excrement, long kept apart, merge. A black star appears, a point of darkness in the night sky's clarity. Point of darkness and gateway to repose. Reach out, pierce the fine fabric of the sheltering sky, take repose." The Sheltering Sky by Paul Bowles, p. 235  
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#### THOUGHTS AFTER MINICON, 1980

I have fifteen cases I'm supposed to look at but I just finished talking to Denise Rehse and feel much better about Minicon. Now she says that people weren't really saying that I was crazy, they just didn't understand why she and I were no longer together. Why she changes things around, nope, I was about to say I'll never know, but she has told me she does it to liven things up, make it more interesting. I also think she does it for a desired reaction. I don't know if she desired it or not but it made me paranoid and ill at ease, along with everything else, to think that people I like to consider as being my friends, considered me crazy. Plus she tore up the fragment, a page long fragment, of

a story I had written for Garth. I wondered why Garth never mentioned it again. She also said that somebody I would have liked to talk to this weekend did still not have bad feelings for me. I was too distracted this weekend. I was trying to figure out how to get together with three or four people, well maybe make that seven or eight or, uh, ten, both male and female, to talk, and maybe more, and I kept being unable to figure out how to get to everybody in the time that I had. And my insecurity/confusion reared its ugly head and put me in an even weirder space. Add to this a lot of energy and I didn't even trip. I had a lot of energy, nervous and otherwise. I even amazed myself at one point. It might not have been that unusual for toher people but it was unusual for me.

Also talked to my sister who is once again/still in financial difficulties. Actually she's not that bad off. She owes not as much as probably 75 or 80% of the rest of the population but the owing part bothers her more than most. I've been owing since I got out of high school. I keep thinking I'll pay every-thing off, save money up, really be in a good position. Any day now. . .

Boy, if my various odd situations keep up I may really be able to write an extremely convoluted story (fiction). Then people won't be able to understand it at all. Everybody seems to have a pretty hard time already.

1981

Well, here it is 1981. I turned 29. Next year I'm 30 and over the hill. Well, not really but a lot of people sure do tell you that. I'm not real concerned. The past 4½ months have gone by pretty fast. Patty graduated from college. We went to San Diego to see the zoo. Saw Tijuana and were body searched on the way back. Patty started work as an applications programmed for Chevron.

We went to two church services at a Gnostic church in Palo Alto. They're in room 23 in a shopping ctr building. I guess the service is much akin to the service at a Catholic Church. Patty and I both read the Gnostic Gospels.

Patty and I had a party at the Holiday Inn where Quakecon was supposed to have been held. There were about 28 people. We had a pretty good time. We had a GREAT time while Matt Householder and Candi Strecker were here and we even went to Westercon in Sacramento. (Golly Beav')

### THE OLD MAN MEDITATES.

NAY, Maggie, let my old-style fancies be—  
I'm sorry that you interrupted me!  
'Tis sweet to press a pretty hand like this,  
And taste the flavor of a grandchild's kiss;  
I love to draw you to me tender-wise,  
And look off at my boyhood through your eye





#### PORTENTS OF THE WORLD AROUND US

There are a lot of interesting games played in the world and a lot of interesting costumes. They seem to be more prevalent in San Francisco. People help each other out a lot too. Why if you want to tell how a stranger is feeling or maybe forecast the future people walking down the street will obligingly press a finger or two against one of their nostrils and blow an offering on to the street or sidewalk. These generosityes are obviously collected deep from within a person and really show how much they care. Some are more interesting than others. You can tell they added part of the environment, truly tested the air around them. Others may be having difficult times. This can usually be observed in streaks of red in the offerings. Many people like to show you what they've eaten or drunk recently. Why if you're hungry you could even dine on these offerings. It is especially inviting since much of it is either partially or totally digested already thus causing less wear and tear on your own stomach linings and gastric juices.

The climate here is also quite an aid for meditation and deep sleep exercises. The best way to see whether or not you can really ignore the outside world is to lay down on the sidewalks or steps of a building. Why just today I observed a true devotee of this highly skilled art. He had not only picked the steps of the main post office, which sees much pedestrian traffic but also he added the temptation of lying on a food offering from yesterday. Federal Police, all around good guys and friends to the public, ever trying to build morale and help others, tested him, poking at him with sticks and talking loudly to him. They are, indeed, difficult taskmasters, and, unfortunately, our devotee did finally succumb to the outside "real" world. It is to his credit that it took them at least four or five minutes to bring him from the illuminating depths of communication with the "one". He does have hope for a sign appeared showing that he was a true adept and would one day find eternal bliss. An older gentleman, quite possibly an extension of the aware Godhead, walked by in waders and carried with him three fishing poles. Three years of sacrifice were signified rather than months, for the strides were rather long, although very obviously not decade strides. A further good sign appeared to me in the guise of a bag lady, obviously signifying that it was "in the bag". She had stopped to watch the ascetic from

a corner across the street. She was obviously no smoothly drilled automaton that one frequently finds in the hallways of businesses, no indeed, her movements poured forth a vision of the world. She jerked spasmodically continuously, without surcease, but her motions were buffered, as is the world by the multitudes. Archetypes both they were, a fisher of men and a true earth mother resplendent in her obviously bountiful breasts. And all of this passed by me in only minutes. Surely San Francisco must be an energy center of the world, mayhaps the universe, where seeming game and role playing are portents of the world around us and the one beyond.

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#### PRETENTIOUS MEANDERINGS.

In the world today I am too often taken with wondering what to do next and how to cram a million and one things into so little a space of time as life seems to be, especially considering the tremendous quantity of time put into sleeping and trying to make enough money to do all those million and one things. One could of course do things on the cuff but I despise credit for it bears heavy on my mind or one could do it on the cheap, if such a phrase exists, but more's the pity for my taste tends to run at the very least on the lines of lower middle class and am much imbued in the spirit of upper middle or, should I let it slip, in the way of those effete snobs, the bourgeois intellectuals. Alas, with tastes such as these and the continual rise in costs of all things great and wonderful I am hard put to step out of the door of my cheap abode in its rundown area of The City. Hark I hear the coins dropping more frequently in this line or that. Ah I shall be a lawyer but first I must return to school for two or three years of hard study, which, of course, requires more money. Ah I could write, but that requires time to acquire a name for oneself, if not also a certain skill or flair or elan, whatsoever might be required to titillate the masses to increase one's monetary stores. But then, alas, a question of reputation comes to mind. It is not conscionable (?) to degrade oneself to the masses' tastes although indeed a few have succeeded in titillating the masses and also retaining a certain scholarly touch. Again time is required for accruing the prerequisite skill to deal with this on that particularly thin edge whereon such masterpieces lie. Most oft I am left wondering, trudging along, falling into filthy trenches others before me have failed to fill. Indeed these greedy souls, ever selfishly in search of an increase in time and money for themselves, have left their droppings, their offal for me to besmirch myself in my quest. Perhaps, or more likely perchance, I shall take a road to fulfill my soul, to become one with the universe. It may not be a less time consuming ordeal but, at the very least, it shouldn't be as costly. Then I shall, in vision if not in the reality of most, see the beauties of the universe. Maybe I will visit a cathedral tonight and view the stained glass to possibly instill a great godliness in my oh-so-stained soul. Maybe that's how so many offering boxes were made off with. In search of godliness they found money to travel. It's a thought. But what of the starving masses in India to which these pitiful offerings go. More likely they'll go to buy finer vestings for the clergy. Have I wandered from my initial wondering, my initial thoughts, shall we say? Surely not, for they were nebulous enough to include almost anything, from that which is nacreous or pulchritudinous to the aforementioned offal.

Speaking of which, I viewed some horses this weekend. My equestrian curiosity, or more precisely Patty's equestrian curiosity, well we could say a little of mine but more of hers, but anyway, whosoever it was, it was aroused. Ah, arousal is such a marvelous word. I love to ply it most ardently upon certain friends, or lovers, of mine. Ply it this way, that way, different depths and frequencies of course, all in nature's way though. Wouldn't want to be unnatural, you know.



Returning to the equestrian delights, we decided we should return for further arousal, bounce, bounce . . . bounce, bounce, which also reminds me of one horse who had the audacity (bad taste?) of canting with me astride him or her as the case may very well have been. My inner being, or at least my intestines, kidneys, and related accoutrements, suffered greatly due to far too much jouncing and bouncing up and down, up and down, clop, clop . . . clop, clop. I certainly hope that doesn't occur again. My ardor would be greatly cooled by such rough and ungentlemanly gymnastics. But who am I to speak of gentlemanly ways, many would ask. Under this grungy exterior lurks no more gentlemanly a lad than even Prince Philip. (Why did I print this?)

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 Mutate for the State  
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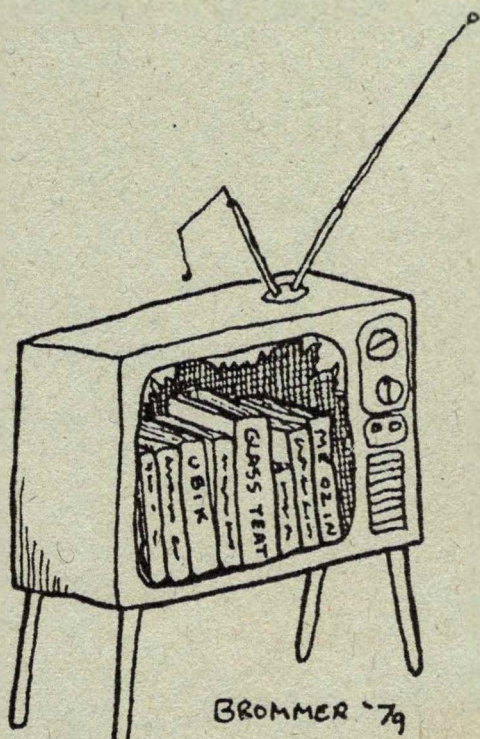
Kung Fu Gor Thoughts

Kung Fu started showing again last night. I always used to watch Kung Fu and the Waltons back to back on Thursday nights while I was going to Kansas State University living at 913 (or was it 931?) Pierre (or was it Pierce?) St. Anyway Kung Fu is on again. Course I'd already seen the show they showed, but it still kept me glued. Those kernels of wisdom, yessir, love to have 'em pass right though me like real corn. The show seemed more ponderously melodramatic this time though. It was great this morning to see a bit on the Today show on Soldiers of Fortune. Really lovely. Can't see Kung Fu on Tuesday and Thursdays because that's when I have Tai Chi. Can't miss Tai Chi. How can I become like Cain otherwise? I mean how will I ever be able to marry, uh, live with Barbara Seagull or whatever is/was her name. I know they're separated. See, my chances are even better. Such luck. Then, just like Gor, when SF raids LA I'll grab her and chain her to my bedroom floor. Boy oh boy. Did I accidentally get placed on the Alternate Earth somewhere along the line? Oh beat me, hit my ass harder, ohhhh, bind me, please. That's it, they grabbed me and took me to an updated Gor. Maybe I should check out some more women. Where's Melanie Farber? Dorothy Haversack? Betty Jo Biolaski? Nancy? (At the White House, dear.) (I could just become a Caveman.)

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ON FANAC

Although fanzines don't seem as interesting to me as they did in the past I'm very unsure what path to take now. Fanzines may not have declined in their material, their viewpoint, their manner of writing, but it does seem like almost everything I read in fanzines I've read before. What other group has so many people with so many diverse interests? Admittedly many fans do not have diverse interests. Limiting oneself to only an interest in science, math, science fiction, and fandom itself is just that, limiting. There are many who are willing to grow in or into other areas, in music, literature, art, social and psychological sciences, even



religion, mysticism, and the occult. Of course, these groups also have people who limit themselves to their own groups. It seems possible, even probable, that greater advances or more learning can be made in one field if one remains fairly tightly within that field, but that is tiresome to me. Others are far more outre, avant garde, or whatever than I but the masses interested in one particular genre seem to be the majority.

Of late it has seemed to me that I have been inundated by fandom yet the amount I receive is miniscule compared to many others I know in fandom. How one can keep up this love affair with fanac is something that is difficult for me to grasp. Possibly it is a lack of patience or will power on my part. Do I turn off interest in current affairs? Do I turn off my desire to see movies, art exhibits, the ocean, the City, and the countryside? Do I turn off my desire for maintaining a better social and sexual relationship with one person than my first attempt at a long term commitment? Well, I'll veto that last one right off. Possibly in some things I am too easily dissatisfied. I am most easily satisfied with food. Does that indicate an oral fixation? Course Freud was no God but it is interesting to speculate on such things. I know my Chi (Ki) is not flowing correctly or in an uninterrupted manner. Maybe it's bad karma from a prior reincarnation. Possibly it's drug abuse. However my mind was as easily diverted pre drug use as it is now which seems to rule that out.

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And who was the founder(s), constant spearhead(s), and cohesive element(s) of Autoclave?

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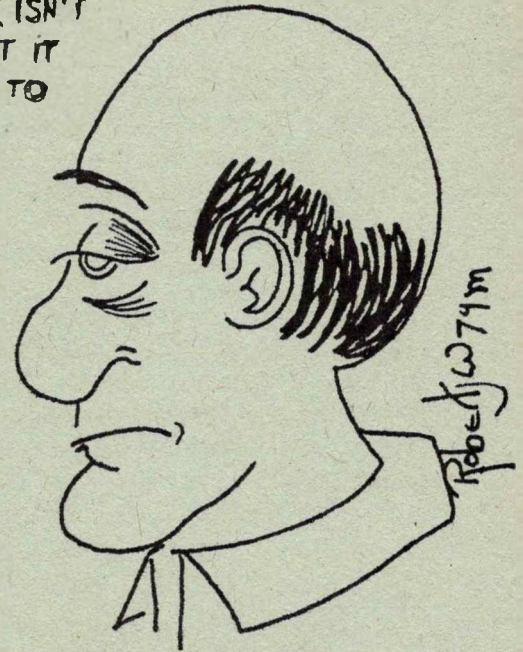
A brief comment on Last and First Men and Starmaker, which I just finished reading. First and Last Men was boring. It was full of fantastic ideas, but I had a very difficult time finishing it. Starmaker was better. I liked the ideas a great deal more. They were much closer to mysticism, much closer to things which more and more people are looking for today. Obviously Stapledon thought telepathy would come along a lot faster than it has and he did not realize the fantastic pace of scientific and technological advance that would take place, that would snowball to such a great extent over a short period. I understand Colin Wilson raved about the book or maybe he just thought a lot of it. I believe Robert Anton Wilson, John Lilly, and many others outside of Science Fiction have mentioned it. (Why did I put this in here?)

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**NURD CONTEST:** Fifty nurds, chosen from hundreds of semi-finalists, will compete for the title of "Top Nurd and Nurdette of Northern California," plus performances by Nurd Brothers rock group, 1 PM disco pavilion at Marriott's Great America, Santa Clara.

LIFE ISN'T  
WHAT IT  
USED TO  
BE

AND IT  
NEVER  
WAS.



## NEWS ITEMS

I received and personally cut out a number of little news items, some actually not that little which I had planned to include. Well as this issue grows larger and larger and more and more time passes I've decided to whittle the whole thing, well at least the news items, down quite a bit but will stick in a few as follows.

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". . . .One 'Alan' (a middle-aged married San Franciscan) breathlessly confides that 'for creative'work I find that a toot of coke for energy, a hit or two of reefer for inspiration, a big multiple vitamin B complex capsule and about 500 units of Vitamin C will usually put my consciousness at its discursive best.' He also has 'a conviction of having lived in ancient Afghanistan in a past life.'

Why do you think they call it dope?"

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"ARMADILLA OLYMPICS: Nahunta, GA. high school teacher Huey Ham for five years has had his students collecting wild armadillos because the animals annoy farmers and ranchers by tunneling through fields, and last week he held the world's first Armadillo Olympics, featuring high-and-low hurdles, slide and broad jump, 30-meters race and freestyle swim, all in 90-degree heat. After the Olympics, the students had a party -- and ate the armadillos."

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"BEEP AT FIRST SIGHT: Love could be just around the corner and a new computer device may be of some use in pinpointing its location. The Love Bug is a patented computer chip that can be worn pinned to one's clothing. The chip is designed to be programmed with the wearer's age, sex, religion, and other hard facts pertinent to true romance. When the Bug comes within 200 feet of an ideal mate, who must be similarly adorned with a Love Bug, both devices begin to beep.

The Bug, which was designed to sell for around \$50, may be quieted by the wearers if for some reason the prospective mate doesn't come up to expectations. The whole system has been patented by Carlisle Dickson, a Milwaukee inventor."

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"CROCODILES: BEWITCHING GALL BY CIA: Washington (UPI) - The CIA once considered capturing an African crocodile and, with the help of a witch doctor's secret recipe, cooking the animal's gall bladder up into a special poison, newly released documents revealed yesterday."

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"READER'S DIGEST TACKLES THE BIBLE"

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Nicholas Meyer, directed "Time After Time", and wrote The Seven Per Cent Solution and The West End Horror. "Meyer's next project will be 'Conjuring', from a book by Robertson Davies entitled Fifth Business. 'It's about things that begin with M: murder, magic, miracles, madness. I can only describe it as a mystical version of 'Citizen Kane' for want of something better to compare it to."

"BABY GIRL, GIVEN UP FOR DEAD, LIVES THROUGH BIRTH INTO TOILET"

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Things I have done  
People I have seen

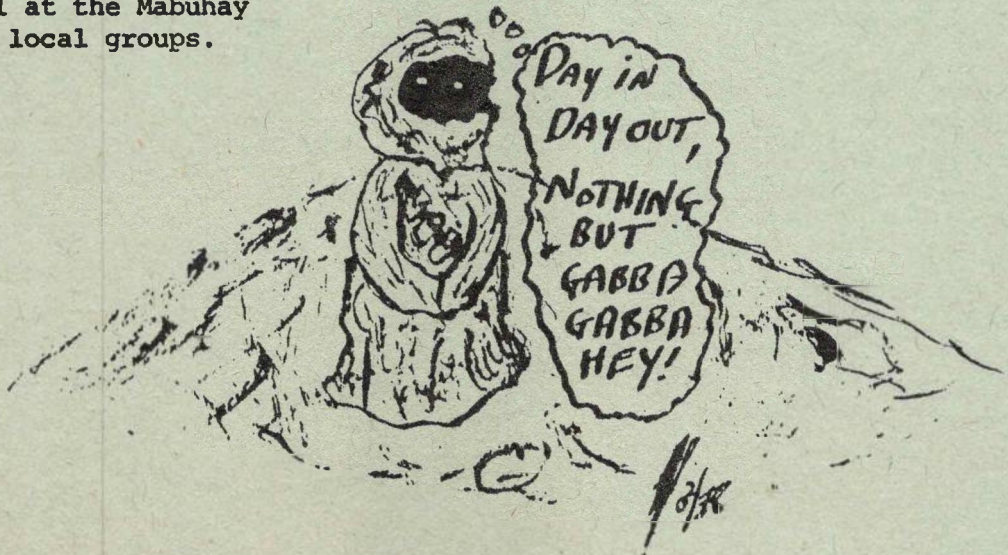
The Clash, Berkeley Community Theater, Wednesday February 7, 1979  
999, Old Waldorf, SFCA, Wednesday, April 4, 1979  
Graham Parker and The Rumour, Old Waldorf, Monday, April 9, 1979  
Los Microwaves, Kid Courage Band, Death Army, Pearl Harbor and the Explosion,  
San Francisco State Univ., Monday, April 23, 1979  
Avengers (from SF), X from LA, Zeros, 330 Grove St, SFCA, April 27, 1979  
Devo, Fox Warfield Theater, SFCA, Friday, June 29, 1979  
Harry Chapin(now deceased), Leo Kottke, Concord Pavilion, Concord, CA, Wednesday,  
July 18, 1979  
San Francisco Giants, Candlestick Park, SFCA, July 23, 1979  
Our Hitler, A film from Germany, Palace of Fine Arts, SFCA, Sat, July 28, 1979  
Pere Ubu, Old Waldorf, SFCA, Tuesday, July 31, 1979  
Beach Blanket Babylon Goes to the Stars, Club Fugazi, SFCA, August 12, 1979  
Mummenshantz, Marines' Memorial Theater, SFCA, Sunday, August 19, 1979  
Talking Heads, Fox Warfield Theater, SFCA, Saturday, Sept 29, 1979  
Lene Lovich, Pauley Ballroom, Berkeley Ca, Thursday, Feb 21, 1980  
Madness, Old Waldorf, SFCA, Wednesday, Mar 12, 1980  
SF Symphony, War Memorial Opera House, SFCA, Wednesday, May 14, 1980  
The Elephant Man, Geary Theater, SFCA, Saturday, June 7, 1980  
Victor Borge, San Jose Center for Performing Arts, San Jose Ca, June 14, 1980

\*\*Those were things I had tickets for. I also saw:

Evita  
B-52s  
The Plasmatics at The Stone  
Ultravox at The Stone  
P.S. Your Cat is Dead, a play, Bedini Theater Project  
Pylon at The I-Beam.  
Spirit at The Stone  
The Fall at the Mabuhay  
lots of local groups.

Others I can't remember  
right now.

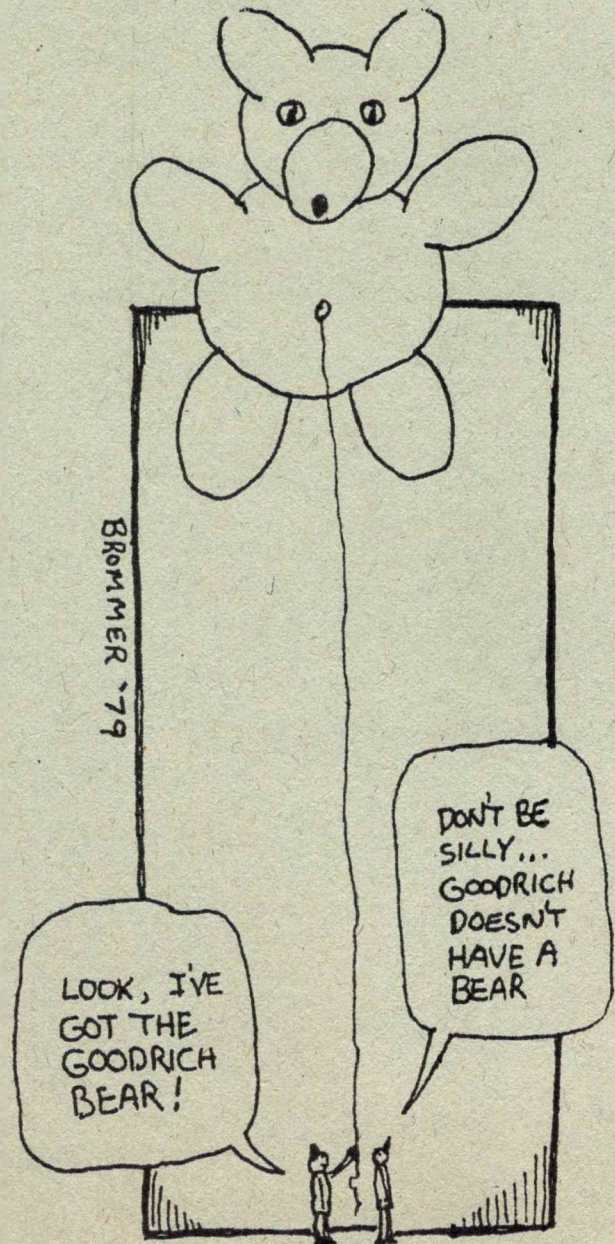
Annie



BOOKS I HAVE READ SINCE THE LAST SKUG

Ulysses, James Joyce  
 Herr Nightingale & The Satin Woman,  
 Kottzwinkle  
 Das Energi, Paul Williams  
 The Ants Who Took Away Time, Kottzwinkle  
 The Milagro Beanfield War, John Nichols  
 Zen and the Art of Motor cycle Main-  
 tenance, Robert M. Pirsig  
 The Crying of Lot 39, Pynchon  
 Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, Tom Robbins  
 Jacob Atabet, Michael Murphy  
 If You Meet the Buddha on the Road,  
 Kill Him, Sheldon Kopp  
 Blue Moose, Manus Pinkwater  
 The Myth of Sisyphus, Camus  
 Farewell, My Lovely, Raymond Chandler  
 Golf in the Kingdom, Michael Murphy  
 The Floating Opera, Barth  
 Labyrinths, Borges  
 The Oldest Man & Other Timeless  
 Stories, Kottzwinkle  
 The Cannibal, John Hawkes  
 The Glass Bead Game, Hesse  
 Lao Tzu, Tao Te Ching  
 Alien Heat, Michael Moorcock  
 The Hollow Land, Moorcock  
 The End of All Songs, Moorcock  
 The Last Days of Louisiana Red, Ishmael  
 Reed  
 The Dalkey Archives, Flann O'Brien  
 A Book of Common Prayer, Joan Didion  
 Tropic of Cancer, Henry Miller  
 Painted Bird, Kosinski  
 The World According to Garp, John Irving  
 A.K.A. A Cosmic Fable, Rob Swigart  
 Heart of Darkness, Joseph Conrad  
 Youth, Conrad  
 Typhoon, Conrad  
 V, Thomas Pynchon  
 Billy Liar, Keith Waterhouse  
 P.S. Your Cat is Dead, James Kirkwood  
 Schrodingers Cat, Robert A. Wilson  
 Flight to Canada, Ishmael Reed  
 The Genocides, Thomas Disch  
 Mumbo Jumbo, Ishmael Reed  
 Tristram Shandy, Laurence Sterne  
 Giles Goat Boy, John Barth  
 The Kin of Ata are Waiting for You,  
 Dorothy Bryant  
 A Jaime DeAngulo Reader  
 T Zero, Italo Calvino  
 The Magic Labyrinth, Philip Farmer  
 Bukowski Stories  
 City Life, Donald Barthelme  
 The Shelering Sky, Paul Bowles

Waiting For Godot, Samuel Beckett  
 Adolf Hitler, My Part in His Downfall,  
 Spike Milligan  
 Way to Wisdom, Karl Jaspers  
 Bakunin, The Father of Anarchism, Anthony  
 Masters  
 An American Romance by John Casey  
 The Gnostic Gospels, Elaine Pagels  
 Masks of the Illuminati, Robert A. Wilson  
 Schrödingers Cat II, Wilson  
 Falling in Place, Beattie  
 Distortions, Beattie  
 Secrets & Surprises, Beattie  
 The Eagles Gift, Carlos Casteneda



MOVIES I HAVE SEEN SINCE THE LAST SKUG

Small Changes,  
 Wild Child  
 Phaedra  
 Elektra  
 Foul Play  
 It's a Mad Mad Mad World  
 Putney Swope  
 Fabulous Baron Munchhausen  
 The Adventures of Prince  
     Achmed  
 Salomé  
 A Woman Under the Influence  
 Woman In the Dune  
 Four Times Daily  
 Marat-Sade  
 A Page of Madness  
 Blood of A Poet  
 King of Hearts  
     A Wedding  
 Rancho Deluxe  
 Goin South  
 Persona  
 Interiors  
 Wild Strawberries  
 Virgin Spring  
 The Ruling Class  
 The Grand Bouffe  
 Fata Morgana, Herzog  
 Even Dwarves Started Small  
 Heart of Glass  
 Signs of Life  
 Magical Mystery Tour  
 Up In Smoke  
 Quasi at the Quackadero  
 Multiple Maniacs  
 Female Trouble  
 Midnight Express  
 Zachariah  
 Coke Ennyday - The Mystery  
     of the Leaping Fish  
 Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts  
     Club Band  
 Autumn Sonata  
 Voyage to Italy  
 Bruce Conner: Cosmic Ray,  
     Take the 5:10 to Dreamland,  
     Mongoloid, A Movie  
     Report,  
     Valse Trieste,  
     Crossroads  
 Brewster McCloud  
 Harold & Maude  
 The Sorrow & The Pity  
     (#23 on Hotel Board)

Tattooed Tears  
 The Wicker Man  
 Superman  
 Five Easy Pieces  
 McCabe & Mrs. Miller  
 Eraserhead (5 times)  
 Invasion of the Body  
     Snatchers  
 Attack of the Killer  
     Tomatoes  
 Our Hitler  
 Stroscek, Herzog  
     appeared in person  
 Alien  
 The Last Wave  
 Walkabout  
 Lolita  
 Pretty Baby  
 Kings of the Road  
 Don't Look Now  
 Picnic at Hanging  
     Rock  
 Why Does Herr R Run  
     Amok  
 Satan's Brew  
 The Life of Brian  
 Northern Lights  
 Apocalypse Now  
 Time After Time  
 Land of Silence &  
     Darkness  
 Sculptor Steiner  
 La Souffrier  
 Un Chien Andalou  
 L'Age D'Or  
 Land Without Bread  
 Simon of the Desert  
 Bad  
 Jubilee  
 Buck Rogers  
 The Fish That Saved  
     Pittsburg  
 Sleeping Beauty  
 Star Trek  
 Mr. Mike's Mondo  
     Video  
 The Muppet Movie  
 Black Hole  
 The Jerk  
 La Cage Aux Folles  
 The Marriage of Maria  
     Braun  
 Tree of the Wooden  
     Clogs  
 Gizmo

Real Life  
 Quadruphenia  
 Peppermint Soda  
 Being There  
 Salo  
 Black Stallion  
 Alice in the City  
 Goalie's Anxieties  
 Everything You Know is  
     Wrong  
 The Empire Strikes Back  
 Texas Chainsaw Massacre  
 Kasper Hauser  
 Steppenwolf  
 The Shining  
 In A Year of 13 Moons  
 Airplane  
 All That Jazz  
 My Bodyguard  
 The Great Santini  
 Knife in the Head  
 Ordinary People  
 Excalibur  
 Kagemusha  
 The Stunt Man  
 Raiders of the Lost Ark  
 Dragonslayer  
 The Great Muppet Caper  
 Outland  
 Melvin & Howard  
 Breaker Morant  
 Stir Crazy  
 Atlantic City  
 Flash Gordon  
 The Elephant Man  
     Popeye

Not Movies:  
 The Anti-Choice Movement's  
 Political Hit List for 1980:  
 George McGovern  
 Morris K. Udall  
 Harold C. Hollenbeck  
 Robert Packwood  
 John Culver, Patrick J. Leahy  
 Robert W. Edgar, Joseph Fisher  
 Robert F. RDrinan  
 John B. Anderson

STUFF I WROTE, Gary S. Mattingly

Skirts slit up the front and insanity.  
And visions of sugar plums dance in my  
head.

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On sentimental journeys, mindless  
mind-filled journeys, thoughts/ non-  
thoughts crisscrossed in hives of  
splendiferous mad. Tough new blues  
in neon orgasmic polyurethane, say,  
know it, know nothing. I lived on a  
street playing street games where the  
street played city games and the  
city played games . . . but we all  
did what we wanted/didn't want to

do.

Crying on a damp corner, cars  
two-three go by, 2 AM, drunks pass me  
she by. Teardrops cascading into  
sewer drains, kneeling. . . .

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Insanity arising, a transparent pillow to lay my head upon. Shifting moods,  
moment to moment, laughing, loud crying, is this, maybe, all headed toward a  
speeded up perception of reality. Take things faster. Zoom away. Loving  
in Denise's High Speed Ektachrome, except she likes it slower. I like it fast,  
changes upon changes, but controlled, controlled, controlled. I know I'm headed  
there, I'm not falling. Leap, but what of the absurdity of it all, the inter-  
face, mysticism/existentialism, are they mutually exclusive? Is there such a  
thing as sin? Suicide, suicide, suicide.

Metal Hands grappling slapping, shit. Samurai frogs leaping into one  
another, fire erupting. Slither baby, crawl fast. Jerk, jerk, seizures out of  
control.

\*\*\*\*\*

In rapture, imparted by love and sunlight. Warmth within and without  
playing havoc with order. A priori. Decisions molded by all those things, no,  
people. Breezes beckoning, teasing in gentle reminder of light touches, tender  
caresses, joyous surrender. Bind me with thy love. Free me with thy love.  
Tongue darting, tickling ears, pressing close, pressing hard.

They came in the night. They knocked on his large thick wooden door. The  
knock resounded through the empty rooms until it found him asleep in the corner,  
wrapped in blankets, snoring. He licked his lips. He opened his eyes. He  
wondered who could be there. The moon was only a sliver in the darkness.  
Insects beckoned each other across the small meadow where his house and he  
resided. But who was knocking at his door? Untangling himself from folds  
he could not remember making, wondering if he'd fought some strange battle in  
dreams.

\*\*\*\*\*

A strain  
A Passageway  
A trial  
A portion of life, several lives

A picture, an excerpt.  
Ending as it began  
on a point (from point to  
point)



## UNTITLED 1

Trembling words dropped like raindrops from tree leaves but hitting a steel roof, echoing within the building upon which they fell. They reverberated in emptiness. Red filters put moods on the sun's rays. A green plant strove toward heaven. Allah played a solemn song. Solomon preferred his. The stock market crashed and the smell of rotten eggs made her cough, choke, but then smile and drool. A child touched the woolly dog. Blood ran in the street. Rusting automobiles housed derelicts who forgot about time. Their city played an important role. The footlights dimmed. A spotlight sprang out. The tall thin man opened his mouth and emitted silence. People in the streets opened more mouths. Sardines escaped, oil dripped, love adorned the thorn bush. Such a horse strode through the streets when I was in Maine. Its golden mane flowed at a dreamlike pace. Sun speckled grass under a tree was a haven from its all encompassing heat. Streams were left outside. She came to me in her little dress, shiny black shoes, white socks, a grin, and a jump rope. She made me tell her stories. She grew up. I touched her. Amber became the filter. Moisture formed a thin coating after heated encounters. Heated encounters came after gentle playing. Triangles reminded me of nothing, for I held on to no brass ring. She once weaved a web. Gates opened and closed. Lightning ripped the air and one another. The horse was joined by others who thundered in position.

\*\*\*\*\*

## UNTITLED 2

She sat in crimson wonder, holding court in her isolated fortress while cars noisily courted one another in the icy river below. Grey girders formed a thorned crown above her blue gold eyes and drops of blood fell on the paper before her, begging forgiveness of ancestral battles and an evening he'd forgotten, lost in vaporous amusements on a cold garage floor. She eyed the heavens, tried to make her nose a stiletto slicing the chair of the heavenly host, again, and again, then forgave him. He rose, sought her breasts, and smiled. His snout twitched, suckling, the corners of his mouth upturned in satisfaction, his tail twitching in lazy amusement.

\*\*\*\*\*

## MIND LOST WONDER

Shivering while walking on grey sidewalks in grey dusk light, clouds overhead and within, obscuring his perception of what was or was not. Grocery store passing, people laughing within, employees not customers, thinking of long lines and a day gone by. Papers blowing at his feet, smashing themselves, trying to slow his progress, ineffective, kicked aside. He thought of newsprint covering the world, spanning the four corners of the globe, then burning in kerosene aroused flames. He smiled at the obscene crushed body of a bird on the street, its calcium framework outlining what once was. The corner arrived quite timely, he stepped down, across, and was raped by the speeding 1956 Cadillac, its grille smiling, its antenna thrust upward, tense and erect. It left behind its discharge and red trails of light. A dusky ghost stepped on to the next curb.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE MIGHTY FLY

Oh the mightyfly  
has flown  
the coop.  
Buzz.



### UNTITLED 3

Say Hallelujah, brothers and sisters, for euphoria of selflessness, of the illumination of the inner Self to its Godhood and Godhead. Praise the Lord and lose your self in fleeing to him, his love entwined in yours. Can you feel it? If you can describe it, my little children, you have not found it. It is a secret which words cannot tell. Say hallelujah, and leave it all behind. Send me your \$10 and be nearer to Jesus and maybe you won't hear this but I'll pass it out to the hungry, to the poor. I don't have a Cadillac nor do I think I'll ever. Oblivion is as near as a nuclear warhead and as far away as your inner Soul, your seat of Godhead, and both are one.

\*\*\*\*\*

### RECONDITE

In strange circles, in shallow darkneses, one man fled. He was many and there were many patches of light. He would steal from one swiftly yet furtively to the next. Unending, dauntless, fleeing from blue skies and gentle winds, green grasses of other sides and a warmth near and dear and feared by him. Tasting frightened whimpers, dry tears blew a river melancholy. Cherubic faces peered in from below, from above, almost jeering in playful glee. Temptresses in hooded gowns tempted him as was their wont and he danced a strange dance in his striped and polka dotted reality. Pain flung him suddenly into a gutter. Second stories loomed and wind blew flyers saying he'd just been saved by Christ by. More waves in a silver dawn passed by and then a rocket 88 and he died.

Funny he'd never been a tire before or hadn't he, round and round and round. . .

\*\*\*\*\*

### UNTITLED 4

She wallowed in the sweat of their furious and insane lovemaking. She threw evil glances at overturned and/or smashed furniture. She suddenly jumped up, grabbed a chair, and threw it through the window which had been closed. She shoved her upper torso through the broken glass and screamed obscenities full of rage and heartbreak at the crowd that did not exist. She cried loudly, blood trickled down her breasts, twin peaks crisscrossed with blood red springs, jagged glass catching sunlight. Her lover lay in a catatonic stupor in a corner in a daze, lost in the maze of his mind and the patterns on the wall. Heaven broke apart. Lightning and thunder staged an impressive fireworks display. The building shuddered in the growing wind. The woman, the beast, pulled herself in, ran to the man, turned him around and forced herself upon his still erect documentation of seemingly lustful desire. She cried, she screamed again and again, she beat her fists upon his chest. She moved. He melted into the rhythm of her passions and they grew to be his. They rolled, they beat the wall, the bed collapsed when they leaped together as one upon it. Positions changed. He shoved and shoved and shoved ever deeper into her troubled, seeking mind. She choked. He stroked, stoking the oncoming eruption into a fever pitch. She leaped away, shoved a flashlight up her cunt and taunted him. She illuminated him in the dark by the beam ever throbbing. His eyes blazed then all white, rose up to greet her. He ripped the flashlight out of her grasp and smashed her fingers to her side on the floor. He entered her with something that could not be called pity or kindness. Possibly it was more akin to a slowed down jack hammer ripping up cement with a lunatic not quite in control. The wind grew, the building swayed. After one holocaust you've seen them all, but they desired it on

a continuing basis. No one else was left to their knowledge. Why not blaze away, throb, shove, erupt, she pulled her hands from his grasp, thrust her fingernails as far as she could into the flesh of his back, ripped them slowly down to his buttocks, shoved him deeper and deeper then grabbed at shattered glass, grasped one piece and sheered his manhood from him. He cried out. He leapt, she followed, through the window, she still holding his jade stalk, with her fist in her cunt, through the window to the concrete below.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THOUGHTS ON ARMAGEDDON

Dragging elephants betrayed their presence by screaming and shouting about good cheer. Their raucous laughter and abusive language would have offended anyone but themselves. Mirrors by the harbor's edge cried in shame. Many dove into the once still water and lay in leaden protestation of the shrieking cacophonous crowd of rowdies.

"Oh beer, beer!" cried the elephants.

They wished to partake in a rude awakening of the general masses.

"Hark, hark," they cried, "two harks there's a lark coming by the sea."

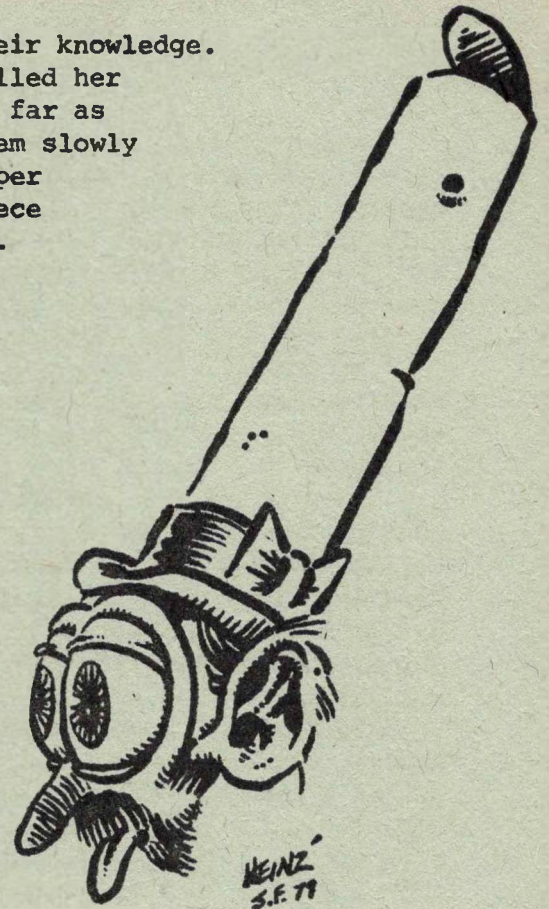
Patterns in the air created by the rising heat of the multitudes wove a conspiratorial manner.

The manor was empty of life so the elephants plunged in. Some jumped into the air and dove in. Guardian tarantulas high in banana trees within tweaked their noses as they passed by on their way to the floor. They witnessed the burgeoning clouds of dust in awe and subdued respect.

Ah, but food was in abundance and soon a feast, a great banquet, was prepared. Course after course was brought in and immediately devoured. Stomachs grew ever larger and the day passed into night and again into day and night in cycle after cycle of engorgement. Twenty-three days passed and one after the other of the elephants exploded in the morning sunlight angling in from above. Bloody dust and brown matted elephant ear hair became plastered against the walls. Ah yes, fitting justice for this rowdy crowd, out for nothing but cookies and toys. The mirrors were drawn in on fishing lines and their catch of moss and seaweed was used to clean the manor.

A lark, face hidden within the dark portals of his overcoat stole onto the scene via the gangplank of the ocean liner just docked in a deserted harbor of the Adriatic. This bird of whirring gears and silent motors passed into the now quiet interior. Suddenly at a seemingly predesignated spot the lark abruptly stopped, drew from the deep recesses of his coat a flute of sorcerous design, and threw the coat aside. Music burst forth on the scene, a sweet melodic line, but terror lay on its outskirts. The music stopped as suddenly as it had started.

The lark spoke, "A raving nevermore."  
Upon its departure dragged the end.



UNTITLED 5

A beauty fled in to my room in the night. The moon was new but the flashing neon lights were not so old that they had stopped working. Therefore I beheld her beauty, in snatches, shall we say. She was voluptuous, full, rounded, but not too full nor too rounded. She bounced and then she was still. She jumped on my bed. I threw aside the sheets and leaped up to her. We stood in the darkness, then the light, then the darkness, then the light. We held one another. We coupled and fell in heat, impassioned heat.

My engine began to overheat, the fan stopped working, the thermostat went into the red, antifreeze boiled, and the steam spewed out from under the hood. Traffic was too heavy. I pulled onto a side road, into the woods, into low lying flat lands. I stepped out of the car.

We cradled one another in our arms, tightly, then softly, then slowly we touched and caressed one another.

The wind moved the blades of grass in patterns as my eyes took in the land. Tree leaves rustled. A sudden chill touched me.

The curtains fluttered, then whipped madly, back and forth, in and out, up and down. It was 3 AM, the neon light stopped flashing. I held my pillow. I held it nearer and tighter. A tear stained my cheek, my daily complaisance.

My car exploded, swiftly, a muffled sound, flying into oblivion. Oddly though, the tires remained, the road vanished. I walked a short distance and sat on a precipice overlooking a gully cut by a nearly dry river, now a stream. Dogs began to bark in the distance. Their baying and woofing and snuffling drew nearer. What could be their prey?

I opened my door to the knocking I had heard. Two men entered quietly into my small hotel room.

"We know," one said.

"How could you?" I asked.

"We know," said the other.

I dressed myself in my best suit, my only suit. It was little large now. It hung loosely from my shoulders. We walked out quietly, I shuffling between them, down the stairs, through the once ornate, now rather shabby lobby. A car awaited us on the street, a black, bulging thing, round fenders, overstuffed seats.

The dogs suddenly were upon me, ripping my legs and arms and fingers and hair from my body. I tried to cry out but their bodies so engulfed me that no sound came forth.

One man placed a blindfold over my eyes and then gagged me. My arms did not have to be tied for I had no strength to resist, to suddenly jump up and thrust myself from the now moving vehicle.

I lay, tattered and torn, on the grass above the gully, mottled sunlight played upon my body through whispering leaves above me. It was warmer here now. Possibly it was the sun, possibly it was my own blood flowing out of the wounds in my body.

After what seemed like hours had passed, after passing over smooth roads and then quite recently, a rougher one, we stopped. The blindfold but not the gag was removed. I could hear ocean surf lapping beaches, berating rock. We walked away from the car, up a grassy incline, through small wild flowers, to the edge of a cliff. They pressed me toward the ocean, I did not resist, and the wind whistled over and around my body as it fell.

Small animals approached my body on the precipice, slowly carefully, sniffing, slowly stepping towards me, suddenly running back. Some small animal, I could not see it, held itself so close to the ground, darted forward, and nudged me with its nose. It leaped back as my body rolled over the edge into the stream.

The water caressed me, ran by me, coolness engulfed me. I flew away.

She was midnight. Joe was mad for her. She could be anything, anything at all. She looked elegant in the street now. Well, when his mind got into the gutters she was purely fuckable. She was too sweet. With sighs into the night straining to endure to continue to out last each time before. He looked at the window across the street, the bay window, like each bay window after each bay window. Crossing in front of him dumbshit after dumbshit, well, he could say human life after human life but he wouldn't. Why should he? No it was just another alley in the city. It didn't have much feeling other than a lot of things being dropped on it and picked up and ground away. Some were aimed directly at it. Possibly it was its cold reality. What reality? It was just it's cold uncaring attitude, lifeless in the sunlight and shadows that crossed it daily or the light beamed down in puddles at night like tonight. A man entered the bay window across the street. Joe had seen the guy before, dressing, undressing, talking, playing cards, sitting. Sometimes he looked quite lifeless. Sometimes others were there. Then they would all sit lifelessly. Desperation was too heavy a load for their shoulders to bear, but dullness in their minds was too easy to maintain. Streetlights reflected in the shadows. She was still walking down the alley, stoned, and walking down the alley.



The street hit them, well it just stood there and they ran right into it. Cars going by, none whizzing, with the stoplight just down the street, on, off, flashing yellow, sometimes flashing yellow to the pigeons, sometimes just to the empty streets, and the puddles. Purple Christmas tree bulbs arranged in proper punk disarray or affected disarray flashed on and off, on and off, in the window across the street, just like they were flashing on and off, on and off. Struggling against a definite down current they headed upstreet to the flashing yellow, drifting along the sidewalk, gays walking in leather. Joe often wanted to stop and see if they talked as rough as they dressed or did things as rough as they dressed but he never did. He might lose himself in something he didn't know if he wanted to lose himself in. David's House making him lick his lips for quiche, that seemed uptown, or maybe that was downtown, but more up, you must understand, anyway, quiche made his mouth water, or was it David's crepes, or his omelettes, or his, no, no, yes, onto crossing the street. Curbs, some stiff, some curved down to the road, approached, passed. Telephone booths behind him, two luring mouths in the night, tongues attached to long cords, course you could buy those too, oral erections, frequently reminiscent of La Soufriere, long evenings, lasting a fortnight, he fantasized, and more bay windows passed by. Cold chills attacked, shaking, fuck this, be mellow. Yes, hm, ah, mellow, happy non-thoughts, oh yes, Joe felt good.

She had disappeared for a while but now she was back against him, heat coming through both of their coats toward one another. He wished the cold and the coats would not be there, touching as the clouds passed across the moon and the clouds passed across the moon and the clouds passed . . . Anyway turn, another curb, another street, another flashing yellow, no that was from the other direction, in front a red, confused, to curb, to street, holding, walking, watching her shoes, her arms, her eyes, her tongue, walking, street, curb, sidewalk. They walked past the yet half-formed offices in renovated Victorian style, restaurants for the chic and elite before the opera and the symphony, another

block and the new also not quite finished arts building. It was half built.. well actually probably two-thirds built, it was definitely on its way, crane hanging out on the sidewalk, chained to the building. Joe wondered if they expected him to carry it away, or maybe, yeah, he was expected to drive it away. He'd hateto meet the moving monstrosity in an alley, squash, pumpkin, reminding him of the Thanksgiving dinner yesterday and not squash, but pumpkin, yes. Walking to the four lane, or was it six chain, where was his mind, street ahead.

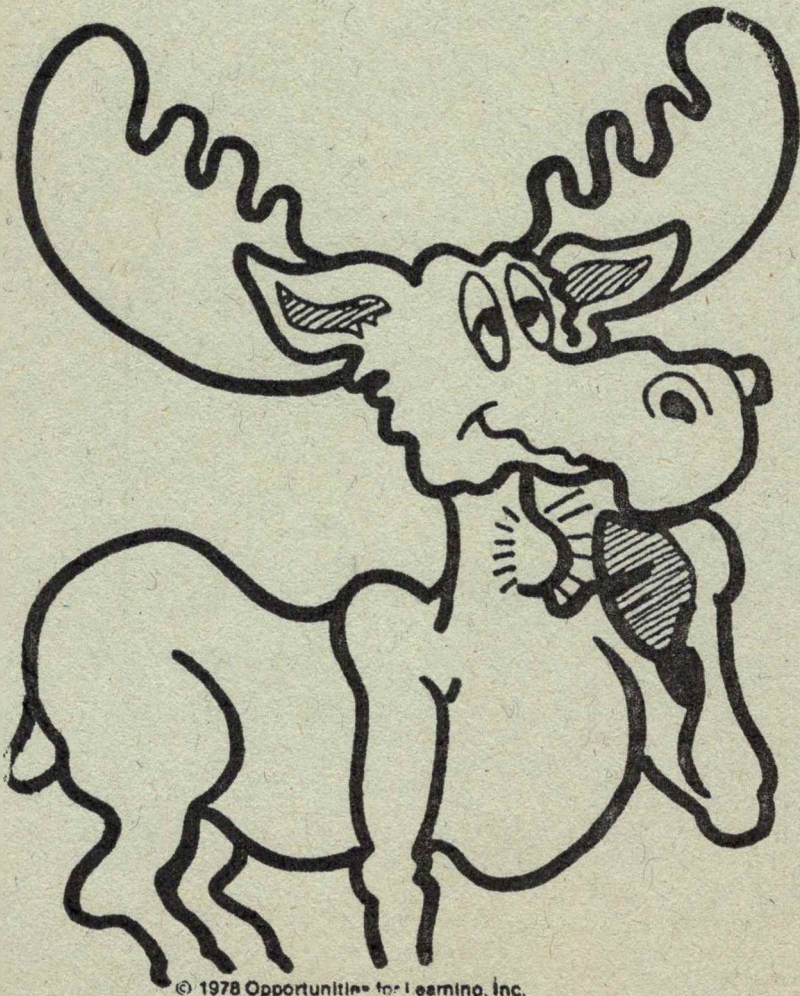
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#### LORRAINE

I love to lie with Lorraine upon my chest. I gaze into the holes where her eyes used to be. At times I have on all of the lights in my small room, at other times just a candle glows, a small patch of light reflecting off of Lorraine's lovely whiteness, shadows surrounding us, playing where her thoughts of love for me once resided. As Lorraine lies upon me I can visualize her slim, beautiful neck and full breasts coming up through my chest. My blood flows around her heart as she crouches there waiting for her next movement which never comes.

Later in the evening when no light at all burns in my room all that exists of the outside world is the flashing neon light below my hotel room. Once in great while even that light burns out and I feel her stirring, restless in her pose.

When my feelings of love and loss fully engulf me I sit lLorraine upon my cock when it is fully erect, when it stands there ready to explode. Have you ever considered coming inside of a skull? The come hits the top of the skull. Some is deflected downward, slowly flowing down the sides, the back, the front where it drips from the tops of her eyes. Some sprays out through the eyes and nose. All of it comes finally if I lie there long enough into puddles on my stomach, on my hair, on my legs. I think Lorraine hates me most of all at those times. I can feel her seething there in her crouch. She despises me now even though I love her and still do. Now I hold her captive here in my small hotel room. Or does she hold me?



## THE LINE

I have come across a line in my room. It is not a very large line, nor for that matter, is it very small. It leads out of my room and I have followed it several times. Once I followed it for two days. It might have been three days but it was quite some time ago. However or whichever the case may be the end of the line did not come into view. I met many people in following the line, some who were slower than I I passed, others, faster, who passed me. A few were sitting on benches set parallel to the line so that whoever was sitting could keep an eye on it in case it did something unusual. Of course for it to do anything at all other than simply be there, you know, would have been quite unusual. Preparedness, however, can often be quite crucial and even the deciding factor between life and death. After two, or three days, as the case may have been, I decided to return and go into training for the end of the line might be at a great distance.

\*\*\*\*\*

I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE, DO I?

Crying in endless night scenarios  
Thinking lustful thoughts of bodies entwined  
Thinking about my indifference  
to that very same thing.

Losing stability, losing concern  
Depression unstated, flatness within.  
Voids within voids  
Tears nonexistent.

Contradictions.

Sitting in a chair  
An unfixed stare  
An unfixed fixture  
in the absurdity of life.

Running toward endlessness  
Knowing death instead  
Searching for tension, or release  
Apathetically led.

Bleed for me.  
Loved one.  
Cry for my loss.

Unsympathetic, unempathetic  
I cannot cry for myself.  
Love is not there.

\*\*\*\*\*

"In fact, she was put off by any notion of mutually sustained theater in which the orchestration of feelings between two people became the end." p. 351,  
An American Romance by John Casey

CAPTAIN KANGAROO

Captain Kangaroo Captain Kangaroo  
Bounce away, bounce away  
into the skies.  
You soar you roar  
with your trains and fallen ping pong balls.

You give away carrots  
You talk to clocks  
You read children's books  
and you swing keys  
and have music coming from nowhere  
Or is that auditory hallucinations.

You must be insane.  
They put me away for such things

\*\*\*\*\*

OH MICHELANGELO

Oh Michelangelo Baby  
Ooh Ooh you send me  
Ah I come when I see you shit  
Wow you're so fucking heavy.

I wonder were you ever into drugs  
or heavy metal.  
Did you sleep with sleazy bitches?  
Damn probably not, maybe queens.  
Cough Cough.

Hey too bad you're not here today.  
We could make it  
you & I.  
We could flip out.  
Heavy.

\*\*\*\*\*

TEDDY BEARS

Teddy bears  
Crying in the night  
Relating to their bleak  
and treacherous plight.

Oh hear me out  
Jerusalem  
Oh hear me out  
Leg of lamb.

My hair/scalp is falling  
On this supposed  
pretentious  
poem.

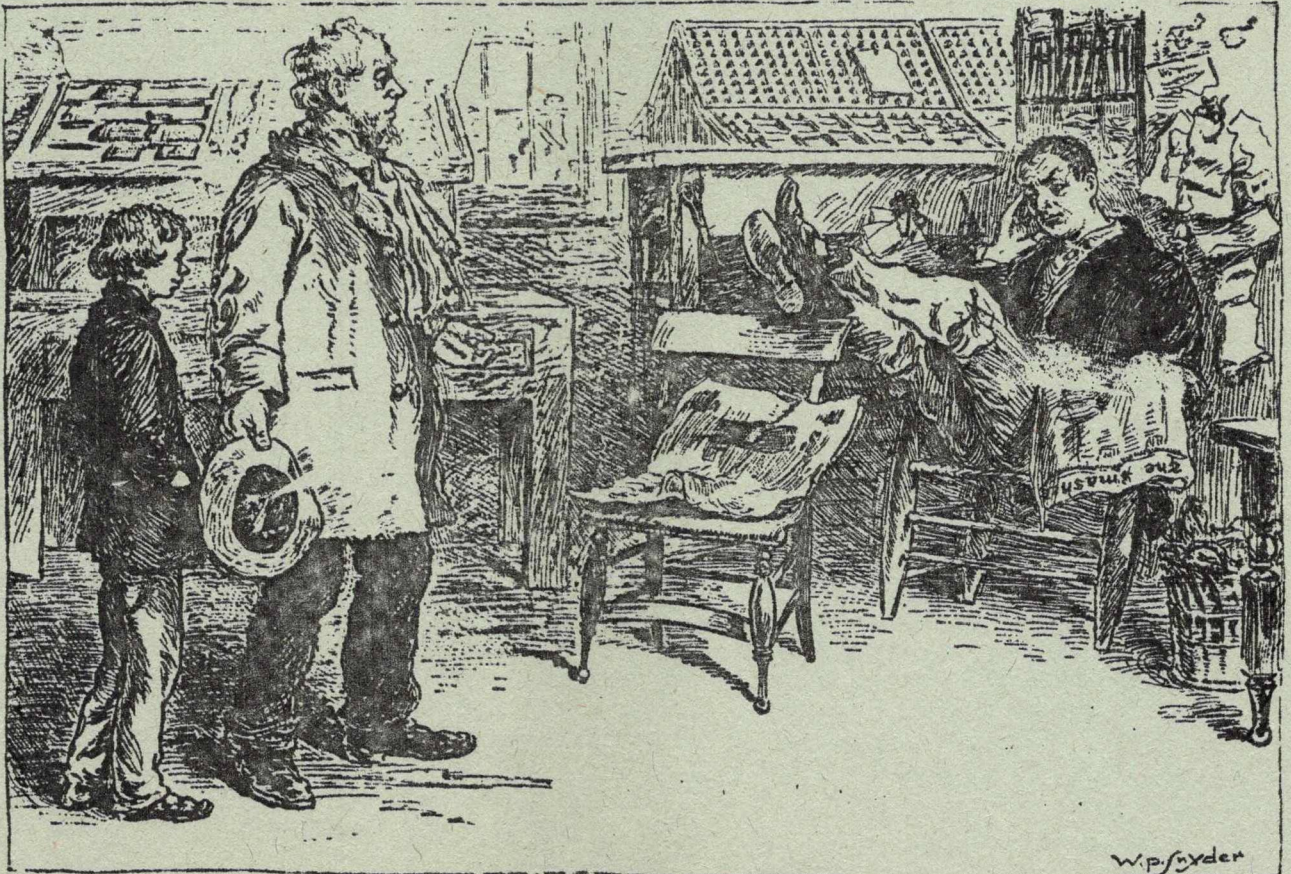
Oh pity me.  
My scalp is loose  
Not lucid.

Thinking of childhood  
Relating it to eczema or  
psoriasis

Oh cries in the night  
Oh cries of boredom  
Oh cries of fuck me  
Oh cries  
This is boring.

You hear it every day.  
Metal baby metal  
Shearing, screaming.  
Let's put concrete over it all.  
And raise nothing but  
metal  
Screaming  
metal.

Oh Teddy Bear.



"I'VE BROUGHT YOU MY LITTLE BOY JIM."



## WHISPERS OF NIGHT

by Jeremy Boggs

The room is seven foot by seven foot. The ceilings are seven foot high. There is a window in the thick wall, a narrow, horizontal slit that is so obliquely cut that little light is filtered into the room and the only view is of the sky. When I was younger, I used to spend hours kneeling on my sleeping platform peering upward out the window, contemplating the wonders of the sky and the occasional bird and God. But the sky is just the sky; and the birds, birds; and God is indifferent to such a one as I. Now my knees are too stiff for kneeling, and my back too old, so I sit on my bed and feel the light fall on my back and view my domain, the white washed walls and the white washed planks of my bed and the two white washed shelves, one of which holds my second white robe and the other, higher one which holds the black bound Bible. And I watch the crucifix nailed upon the wall. Once the wooden Christ would writhe in agony, would scream and swoon and sing in ecstasy. His wounds would bleed and I would lacerate my flesh and bleed in sympathy, sharing the glorious martyrdom, but no more. The Christ is dead, the wood is inert and there is no resurrection of the flesh. Once I would take the black bound book from its shelf and read the stories of long mythologized kings and prophets and prayers to a once worshipped god, but now the words have lost their meaning, have become black marks on the harsh white paper. The memories of those once loved stories fade.

There is a door into this room, whitewashed like the walls, which opens once a day to reveal the whitewashed corridor and the white robed novice who brings me a white glazed bowl of cereal gruel, a piece of bread, a pitcher of water for drinking and a clean white chamber pot. As he enters he genuflects out of respect for my supposed saintliness and he leaves with the previous days bowls and pots and pitchers. Once a week he brings a pitcher of warm water, a basin and a towel and a clean robe. On fast days there is neither gruel or bread, on high feast days there is sometimes an added piece of fruit. There are days when the wonder of the varied color of the fruit and the pungent odors fill my senses and my thoughts for hours before I touch the fruit to my lips and taste. When possible, the fruit is consumed whole, no rind no seed remains to be removed the following day.

I never see the face of the novice from beneath the cowl and rarely glimpse the darting hands as they emerge from the voluminous sleeves to carry away the previous day's leavings. The novices never sneak a look into my face, for to look upon the visage of an holy anchorite such as I would shatter their pretense of piety, or so they are told, as I was told before I took the contemplative path.

At times I amuse myself with thoughts of attacking the novices who daily minister to me, of forcing back their cowls and making them look into the face of a living icon. Or at least of breaking the bonds of silence that exist between us. But, such an action is unthinkable, and would besides involve a greater outpouring of energy than ever I would waste. I need my energy for the coming of the night.

At night she comes, on an errant moonbeam, or in the trail of a falling star, or on an insouciant breeze. She breathes forth perfume and her silken hair delights the touch. Whispering sweet obscenities, she strips off my robe and singing songs of sensual abandon she caresses my body with her grave-cold hands. Our lips touch in profligate abandon, her icy breath mingling

with my intemperate warmth. The night passes in dissolution, our loins meeting often, her body and mouth warming themselves on the fluids of my living flesh.

As the moon departs the skies and air become still preceding the dawn, she leaves, taking the colors and songs and odors of her most pagan presence, leaving the sterility of my saintly cell and the promise of nights of ecstasy to come. I am content.



ALIVE AGAIN: TIME IS A WOUNDED ANIMAL  
by Billy Wolfenbarger

While playing at the straight life, watching some tv as part of that life, I was helped made aware of the tenth anniversary of the Apollo eleven Moon landing scene. Wow. Last night it was Ray Bradbury co-hosting a tv special on horizons that were infinite. Then tonight, another tv special, with film clips and sound clips ten years old, and I was riding a memory train (had been all that week) of who I was and what I was doing, back then in that history. My wife Loretta said she had the measles in Illinois then, when she was 20. Our daughter Sara was born seventeen months later. But back in 1969 there was the war in Viet Nam, and the war in America. I was 25 and living in Dallas Texas. Ride the memory train.

It was evening time, and I was visiting Bill and Peggy, and we were tripping on LSD-25 and watching the Moon Landing and got into the immense spacyness of the thing. Very cosmic, no matter how you look at it. We were wowed.

And I wrote a poem.

Ten years ago, I never imagined I'd be a married man living in Oregon smoking a pipe bear shaved again out of work barefoot in my writing room study. Or writing a gothic romance novel, The Evil at Carver House, which had me bogged down for a while, then got back into a proper writing stride. No, I never thought I'd be doing such a thing -- in Oregon. What I'd much earlier figured (when living in Missouri), was that I'd be living in a cabin or a semi-funky ramshackle somewhere in the Colorado woods.

I could never guess then what I'm doing here now; I never was a science fiction writer.

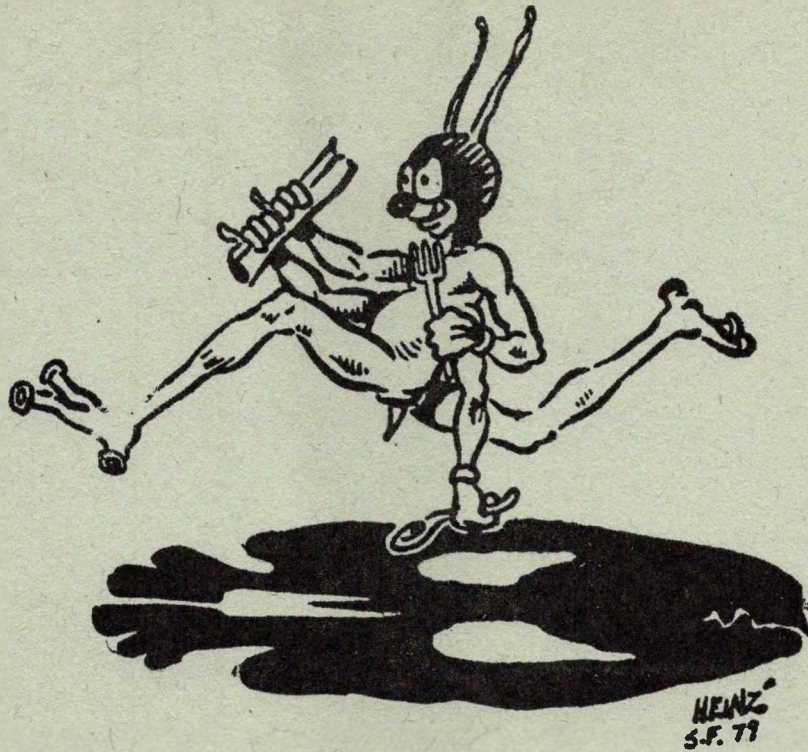
In early March of 1969 I'd hitchhiked with a couple of friends from Venice California back to Dallas. Didn't have time to dwell on Moon landings then. Later met Bill, then later met Peggy; Bill and I got on well, right from the start, just as soon as we learned we were great Bob Dylan fans. Though now we've all gone our separate ways. (I still dig Dylan's poetry).

Those days, I was doing a lot of acid and soft psychedelics, and holding for as long as I could the inhalations of those reefers.

\*\*\*\*\*

I REMEMBER KARMA WORLDS

Oh yes, I remember karma worlds,  
and of trying to glimpse a reflection  
of eternity in a mirror  
and going crazy in Kansas City  
and got sick in Joplin Missouri,  
nearly drowned in California,  
nearly got killed in Dallas  
a few times; and the fingers  
doing a poem.



#### AFTERTHOUGHTS

I wonder what the skeleton  
will wear  
When it rides out of the grave  
on a moldy charger.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### WIZARD POET

Wizard poet  
with his tongue cut out,  
deaf, intelligent,  
lonely,  
fugitive from those  
who can hear & speak.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THEY MOVE

Phantoms of forgotten thoughts,  
feelings feeble in memory,  
sleep and waken in my brain.  
They move like fog.

## YOUR MIND CAME ON

Your mind came on like rainbows,  
vibrant as flowers at birth,  
many-colored & many-leveled,  
using tears as you use sorrow,  
crying in the sunlight,  
growing, and now grown  
into womanhood  
to help me see the real  
reality of love.  
You came on like organic bliss.

\*\*\*\*\*

## RELIEF SHIFT

While wishing in your head you know how to play the piano or strum moonlight guitars or drink the last of the wine with old cronies of the mind, and in a strange and unalterable city, you might think of this: that out of the abyss grow large orange birds kcaawwing out into the outer space sky. Or you might think of this: that my reading of late has been mostly poetry and comic books. Yes I did say comic books. But comic books that aren't funny. Ones like THE WITCHING HOUR!, THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY, GHOSTS, THE HOUSE OF SECRETS, GHOST MANOER, SCARY TALES like; . . . I must be getting senile at 35. The poetry has been Sutton Breiding and William Carlos Williams, Allen Ginsberg and Frank O'Hara, James Wright, Robert Lowell, and Philip Lamantia. Tonite finished reading Lamantia's Selected Poems 1943-1966 which I got at a half-price real-good-deal sale in Eugene Oregon. . . that means I paid only 75¢ for 100 pages of his absorbing verse.

### Absorbing verse.

Many long beatnik years ago, I read one poem by Philip Lamantia, an electrifying cry called "Put Down of the Whore of Babylon". It was mind-blowingly gifted verse. It was published in a magazine called EKSTASIS in 1959. That anthology had other impressive poetry and prose, from Ole Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso (this my introduction to Corso, one of my favorite poets now long established) with "Spontaneous Requiem for the American Indian"; there was Seymour Krim's classic "The Insanity Bit", Diane Di Prima, Ray Bremser, ~~WILL~~ ~~BYLL~~ William Burroughs, Gary Snyder, Allen Ginsberg (this might have been my loving introduction to Allen with "Death to Van Gogh's Ear"), and my introduction to Lawrence Ferlinghetti plus a whole bunch of others. The anthology was called simply, THE BEATS. It's been one of my favorite and cherished books for a long time.

Philip Lamantia was born in San Francisco in October (23), in 1927, the bacover of the City Lights Books (Pocket Poets Series number 20) tells us, and first published at age 15 by something called VIEW, and was into the Surrealist movement. And what they say further on is true as well, he does ". . . has always written with the voice of revelation. . ." so on and so forth, high praise indeed; the very brief quote is by Parker Tyler, of whom in this book, Lamantia dedicates an early poem "The Image of Ardor". (There is another dedicated to Rimbaud, "The Islands of Africa" which is flawless). The poems in this book are in three major sections: "Revelations of a Surreal Youth (1943-1945)", "Trance Ports (1946-1961)", and "Secret Freedom (1963-1966)", and so range in chronological poet human time between the ages of 16 and 39.

Philip Lamantia has a clear, original voice with hip, cosmological verse and images and moods like a beatnik Clark Ashton Smith. His poems have a great music in them. A contemporary soothsayer.

I suppose all this latest reading of poetry was inspired by my compiling my own verse from the 60s, the poems still worth reading, and called Missing Link, Early Poems: 1960-1969. I time flashed strongly for a week, and felt immense sadness remembering the poems . . . . the really beautiful poems. . . lost and stolen and snuffed out in oblivion that Needed to be included. Nearly finished in the compiling of the 70s decade poetry, but 1979 has yet to be entirely eaten.

In between is a diverse collection Bill Bowers published in 1973. The Lizard Speaks -- and an 18-poem collection of verse for modern children, The Wind is My Brother which is rumored to be coming out sometime this Spring. . . And two days ago completed another small collection of 25 poems written in 3 months, Broken Bum. And am slowly compiling a collection of "fantasy verse", The Remainder of the Wine. Can't see how I'm ever going to write fantasy novels this way. It's difficult enuf writing prose again. It's taken me two months to get the better part of a 4,000 word story for THE DIVERSIFIER written, "Not Long in Arkham Country". I have writing cycles, from prose to poetry to prose to poetry to writing block to poetry to writing block, to prose, to poetry. Cycles relief shift. Sometimes there is a kind of trauma.

Sometimes there is a moon so huge, so beautiful, so powerful and glowing that there is no room for the words. Midnight rains compound their own silence and stillnesses through their voices. In some times in midnight rains the voices make the words when I am empty of mind, empty of life, and so let the hands, zombielike, move across the page.

Billy Wolfenbarger  
Harrisburg Oregon  
late nite April 1979



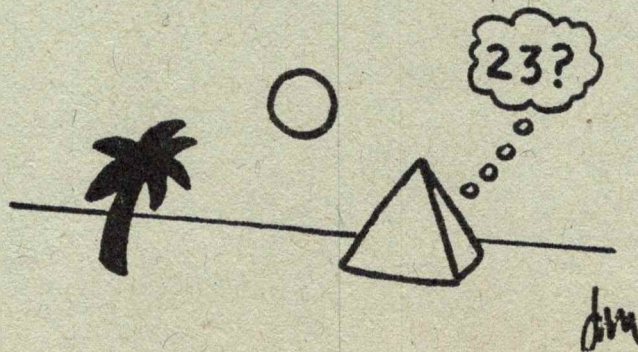
A FEW HITS

Dizzy in the head,  
like a mind dropping out  
of the apple --  
Like bemused philosophers  
dressed in pink --  
Like odes to worlds  
cultivate the brain.  
And the long sweet flowing  
of eternity,  
always there.  
Oh, for infinite peace  
& infinite dreams!  
For the love of all the worlds!  
Poets haunt America,  
same is true today  
as when I wrote of it  
in Venice West & Los Angeles in 1969.  
Name any year, any time.  
Universal factor  
Only a few hits goodnight.

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BROKEN BUM

I tried to  
I tried to borrow rainbows in the rain.  
They looked at me & knew I was insane.  
They gave me a beer  
And grew angry when I didn't leer.  
They fed me some hash  
But I wouldn't give up my mind's stash.  
I wandered sea shores:  
Didn't have money to go into stores.  
The wine was cheap  
But my leg was asleep  
I threw up the moon:  
Like a nobody-loon.



## POETS ARE HEROES

Most of my heroes are poets.  
E. A. Poe, C. A. Smith, Corso,  
Ginsberg, Breiding, F. B. Long, some dead, some living.  
Yet what I want to do  
is to be able to read the poets  
who as yet are unborn,  
whose time-thinned pages are empty.

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## CARELESS NIGHT

Not yet 2 a.m.,  
very black outside,  
cold, many lonely stars  
One of the cats  
is awake with me.  
tho my mind wanders  
too much to share company.  
Mind that doesn't settle,  
like hopping from star to star.  
What kind of man am I  
to stay awake like this?  
No murmur from other planets,  
no spark seen in oblivion.

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## ENCHANTED UNIVERSE

God's own form of magic,  
coming out of His hands,  
he put upon this universe,  
& all the universes, ever  
& forever. We forget this.  
We get lost, dumbfounded.  
We forget our original bliss.  
The Maker of Worlds made this one,  
though He did not fill it  
with neon/cars/drills  
or all the innumerable things  
we think we can't live without.  
Do you remember?  
Go Back for Real History  
to help realize  
what's really happening now.



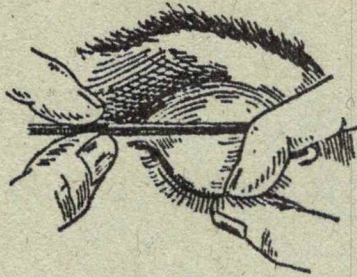


FIG. 6.

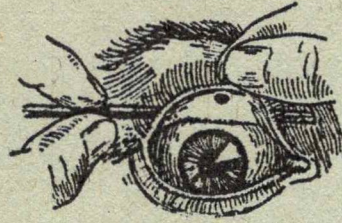


FIG. 7.

LETTERS OF COMMENT

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"But there are other people, people who *choose* to be crazy in order to cope with what they regard as a crazy world. They have *adopted* craziness as a lifestyle. I've found that there is nothing I can do for these people because the only way you can get them to give up their craziness is to convince them that the world is actually sane. I must confess that I have found such a conviction almost impossible to support." Dr. Goldman in Even Cowgirls Get the Blues by Tom Robbins

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KAREN TREGO Gee! A real fanzine in the mail! I fear, after years of insisting I was only a con fan, I'm being sucked into fanzine fandom. Worst of all, I'm enjoying it.

Joke: How many Californians does it take to change a lightbulb?

Answer: Five. One to change the bulb and four to share in the experience.

I enjoyed Skug. The covers were perhaps a mite weird (I can tell you know Joe Wesson and Tony Cvetko). If I ever write my unified field theory of metaphysics I might send it to you (one of the joys of the Tao of Physics was knowing I didn't have to devote my life to studying all that so's I could write the book myself). Ever try Alan Watt's The Joyous Cosmology (which I found in Berkeley)? )I have the Joyous Cosmology but I have not read it yet. I have read several books by Watts and enjoyed them all. He may seem rather superficial but the books can hold your interest and are definitely not dry.)

BARNEY NEUFELD Out of the blue, I got this thing in the mail that turned out to be SKUG 3. Thanks (I think). This is the first personalzine I've ever gotten, and I'm not quite sure just what to make of it. Of course, I didn't recognize your name right away (and so, couldn't figure out why I was getting this), but then I started reading and found out you came from Detroit. That explained something (just what I'm not sure, but something). Anyway, your reason (snow and ice) for leaving Detroit struck an empathic chord with me. (I made a recent move away from the snow and ice that likes to bury Cleveland, myself. I'm now sliding in the mud of a Mississippi (I always amaze myself when I actually spell that word correctly!) winter.)

Yes, the King James version of the Bible does have some beautiful English in it -- at the expense of accurate translation. I once had to compare three versions of the same Biblical verse (for a paper in college). I chose to do

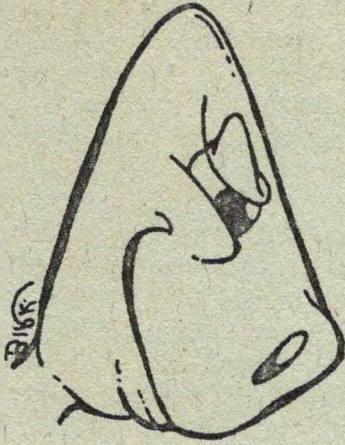
this with a psalm as translated in the Revised Standard Version, The King James version, and the Masoretic Text (the version of my own belief). (*I'll show my ignorance, what faith is that?*) The differences in meaning were startling. (Of course, the instructor didn't like this one bit. He had expected comparisons of New Testament verses, which I refused to do.)

Lan once tried cutting up his loc's by subject. It created such an uneven and disjointed letter-col that he went back to printing full letters (or excerpts) with the next issue. I think part of the problem is that cutting up letters that way causes a loss of the writer's personality coming through in what he says. (I'm not sure of this. I'm writing off the top of my head, but it seems to me that you would have to lose whatever continuity a letter of comment has if you separate its parts this way. ) (*I agree*)

LINDA BUSHYAGER Now that KARASS has folded I'm trying to write more locs. I hope to do a perszine of my own eventually. The postage can kill you though. I'm starting to wonder if fandom needs fanzine distribution centers of some sort -- say I send all my fanzines that go to the people in the LA area to LASFS, and they pick them up there, or people who know people pick them up and give them to their friends. Meanwhile, you send your Phila. fanzines to me, and I hand them to people I see at PSFS. You send your NY zines to Andy Porter who hands them out at Fanoclast meetings, and Fanoclast members distribute them to the other NY fans they see. Of course the main problem with this method is that some fans don't see other fans frequently, and no one would know which fans attend LSFS, PSFS, etc. and which don't. Also, people might forget to distribute them. Still, now that 4th class is costing 48¢ each for 1 lb., it seems something should be done. Perhaps apas are the answer. I try to hand out my zines to people at conventions (and thus tend to publish right before major cons) and I know that other people are following similar methods to lower the postage costs. (*Unfortunately, there are many people who do not like to receive fanzines at conventions. Fanzines at such times can become lost or wrinkled without too great an effort.*) If I were still publishing, I would have gotten a 3rd class bulk mailing permit, which would help things considerably. Most individuals can get them, but you need to mail out at least 200 copies of a fanzine at a time (Just in the US I believe -- I'm not sure if foreign mail is covered by the bulk mailing permit). (*200 just in the us*). There may be other restrictions as well, like publishing 4 times a year, but maybe not. (*4 times a year is not necessary.*) It is definitely something that every faned should look into.

JOSEPH NAPOLITANO I pretty much like your zine the way it is. Your philosophy that SKUG should be something special and not just another genzine is a smart choice. Too many fans make the mistake of trying to please everybody and consequently their zines die an early death. The zines that last are put out almost always by fans who publish what pleases them. If you send out enough copies you're bound to reach a corps of fans who like what you're doing. That's how reputations are made.

Speaking of Detroit, I was born there myself. But fortunately my family moved to CA. when I was very young. Still, as a child I can remember my father telling me how cold it used to get in Detroit. Sometimes the wind chill factor went down to sixty-five below zero. Who was it ath said, "It isn't a fit night out for man nor beast," must have been talking about Detroit! No I'll never leave LA. Not unless I decided to move to a place like Hawaii.



FRANK DENTON I was interested in your remarks about people growing out of rock. I find that a fascinating subject. I'll have my 49th birthday in another month and I find no one of my age that's interested in rock. My own collection of records continues to grow almost weekly, and I'm interested in a lot of rock rock' groups. Partly that is because I have a son who has a rock band, and partly it is owed to being around a lot of sf fans who are also rock fans. There is someone to talk to about contemporary rock, and from whom I get recommendations. I don't go to many concerts, but I try to stay pretty current. Right now on the turntable is Focus, and Dog Soldier is next up. I must say that what little punk I've heard hasn't done a lot for me. Maybe there is a generation gap after

all. *(I don't think that it's a matter of generation. I think it has a lot to do with one's mind, the wish or ability or need to change and to drop off some of the restrictions of one particular milieu that one has remained in for a while, or at least to let those restrictions drop back and not so control your perception or define what is "good", and I think it has something to do with security. Punk needs to be experienced in concert. A nice grubby bar that's not too large and at which you can get close to the band(s) is very helpful. I just hope I don't go deaf.)*

DANIEL SAY Nothing much that I can say about Skug 3 as I didn't see Skug 2 and you don't seem to be the same Mattingly as in Kansas. *(But I think I am, at least physically.)*

You seem to be a prime candidate with your interests in mysticism, SF cons and such for the books by William Sims Bainbridge. Read his The Spaceflight Revolution (New York: Wiley, 1976) first. Tell the library that the LC number is 76-21349. His second book Satan's Power (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978) is just out and the title is just to sell the book. But you should read his first one first.

San Francisco is a very catholic town. Even the episcopal churches are catholic. You should go to some of the better churches for a good mystic experience. Have you yet been to Filbert and Webster in the north of the city to the Vedanta society? *(I've been to the Vedanta society's new building, which is very nice, but not their old building.)* The trip is worth it just for the 1905 building in its unusual style. Have you been to the Glide Memorial Church yet? Or the Swedenborgian Church of the New Jerusalem at 2107 Lyon? Or visited 410 Precita and I'll say no more about that. *(No, no, no, aargh, all these things to see and even more. Give me time (a year isn't enough?) and I definitely will!)*

JERRY KAUFMAN I recently got Leila and the Snakes' single, "Rock 'n' Roll Weirdos" b/w "Pyramid Power". I like it, but Suzle made a terrible face, and when Jeff Frane asked her if she was expressing displeasure, she said, "Does the word 'repulsive' answer your question?" Oh well, she's lucky I like Irish Traditional and the Beatles, or

we'd have some difficulty finding music we can both listen to, happily. (Did you know that Leila and the Snakes broke up some time in the early months of the year I believe? I've seen Leila solo doing a bad comedy routine. Maybe she's become better in the last few months. I hope so. Most of the rest of the people in the band went to Pearl Harbor & The Explosion, which was an excellent group until they broke up too. Did you hear Drvin' by them? Or their version of Black Slacks? Pearl has a lot of energy!)

Your reading list is impressive, overwhelming, even. I read a lot, too, but my list would hardly have the seriousness or sparkle yours does. I can be an interesting list, though: Illness as Metaphor by Susan Sontag (short but really brilliant, concentrating on the meanings tuberculosis and cancer have had for society, in direct relation to their mysteriousness); Tomorrow Plus X and The Warlock by Wilson Tucker (one an sf novel, the other a thriller, both with longevity as irrelevant sub-plots. . . does Tucker have a hang-up in this area?)(I don't know.); To the Finland Station by Edmund Wilson (a history of historical writing done from socialist/revolutionary viewpoints and of socialism itself, showing how theory and action merged); Rocket to the Morgue by Anthony Boucher (amusing mystery in which sf pros are the suspects, and an sf fan is the victim. . . no, the fan wasn't killed over his nasty reviews) and, currently, On Pilgrimage: The Sixties by Dorothy Day (a series of newspaper columns reprinted from The Catholic Worker, the organ of a pacifist, communitarian, anarchist Catholic group: no war, no capitalism, no sex out of wedlock (those first two might be all right, but that last one has to go)).

GEORGE H. SCITHERS Skug 3 to hand -- enjoyable, especially the Schirm cover. San Francisco has long been a city with an outstanding public transit system. Back when I first knew it, all the bus lines you know now were street-car lines, with four street car tracks down Market street and a turning loop all the way down at the Ferry Building. Only problem was that the street cars belonged to two separate companies -- one the city-owned operation, the other the privately-owned Market Street Railway, with no transfers between the two systems. But then, fares were just 5¢ on one system, 7¢ on the other. (One of these days I'm going to have to buy a book on the history of San Francisco. One of the papers does print something about the history almost weekly if not more frequently. Even San Francisco's history is interesting to me. San Francisco was a weirder place than many cities and still is.)

LEE CARSON Hooks: like your little reductio on cogito -- original? (I didn't copy from anywhere but that doesn't mean that my mind remembered it from elsewhere and failed to remind me that it wasn't mine.) I was always a little put off by Descartes' famous proposition which is actually a bit of sophistry (assumes its answer). You might be interested in a harbinger of existentialism (a course I dropped 3 times in college due to onset of angst) -- Soren Kierkegaard's Concluding Unscientific Postscript. (yas) I thought that Beneath the Wheel was quite effective. . . depressing, yes -- but so much more striking than witch-burning, religious treacheries or the Spanish Inquisition in depicting the "world's" traditionally stifling effect on the sensitivity and creative vitality of life-forms. (Now God Bless You Mr. Rosewater I found unpleasantly depressing without being well-focused -- much less as lyrical as Hesse.) You may have seen a book by Miguel Serrano, Diving Thru the Wave?, on the relationship between Jung and Hesse.

As per your thoughts on time -- I was forcibly reminded of a bit from T.S. Eliot's "Four Quartets" --

(opening of 'Burnt Norton')

"Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present  
in time future and time  
Future contained in time past.  
If all time is eternally present,  
All time is unredeemable.  
What might have been  
Is an abstraction,  
Remaining a perpetual possibility  
Only in a world of speculation."

(Also the still point of the turning world-)

Were it not for the point - the still point-  
There could be no dance, and there is only the dance.

I won't get into the Uncertainty Principle. It wilts if I just look at it cross-eyed. (McDaniel's remarks about the nature of relativity are obtuse but make some sense if applied to the aforementioned U.P.)

ERIC B. LINDSAY      I keep forgetting how much people in the US have to pay for cars. I grant you that cars here cost, new, far more than they do in the US, however the fact that it isn't cold enough to use salt on the roads means that if you are located away from the sea coast, as I am, a car can last years and years. My present one, a Toyota Crown station wagon, is 14 years old. I hope to continue using it for another 5 years at least -- after all, I paid the princely sum of \$450 for it -- it had better last another 5 years. I've also been lucky about crashes, having avoided them always, except for one while I was learning to drive, and that was some 14 years ago also. Now, public transport is another thing. I got off a train here at work one day, and five minutes later a bridge fell on the train.

You read a fair load of good books; I suspect my tastes are declining as the years go by. Can't remember when I last read a good book. Unless you count Laurence Durrell's Alexandria Quartet on Greyhound buses in the US. Zen in the Art of Archery didn't impress me (it doesn't work) (Why do you say that? Did it just not work in your own case?)

Your comments on Westercon con com sponsored parties seem very reasonable. If a committee takes money from attendees, then all con functions should be open to all the members (although naturally if the party were funded by outside money, as for example, by a club, then they have the right to limit attendance). My Rex Rotary M4 has worked wonderfully for me for lo these 7 years or so. One other person used it and it broke down straight away (only time I've ever had to get it repaired).

SIMON JOUKES      Dammit, who the hell are you? (I often wonder that) Never heard of you before and get your zine. Feel honored, of course, to be selected as a reader of your marvelous zine which I devoured. Well, the taste was good, something "burger-ish", with a flavour of Chow Mein. I think I appreciated most of your ramblings, and, as

a gourmet, the nomenclature of the various restaurants in your neighborhood. Must come to San Francisco one of these days, in order to try them all, especially the Chinese ones; I really love Chinese food, as long as it is not the normal chop stuff. But, apart from French food, still the best in the world (so I think. . . ), I feel that Indonesian food is on top of my likings, particularly the Big Rice Tables, with Babi Pangang, Tahu Telor, Bumbum Bali, Babi Ketjap, Soto Ajam, and other delicious dishes. I suppose there must be an Indonesian restaurant in the San Francisco Area and I urge you to try it.

I'm very interested to know how you have gotten my address since I have been GAFIA for about two years, and therefore losing nearly all my contacts over the world. But now I'm back again; among other things, I'm editor of a new Dutch Science Series, published by Elmar B.V. in the lovely city of Delft. Some titles already published: The Forever War (J. Haldeman), Charisma (Michael Coney), Dream Snake (Vonda McIntyre), All My Sins Remembered (J. Haldeman), etc. It's already a successful series. We have had some cold wave these last days: the best Winter since 1963. Everbody is freezing and it is fine to see all these stupid people not able to start their engines. Meanwhile we take free days to skate, which is, as you know, one of our national sports, apart from soccer, of course. We hope the cold will continue, so that we might be able to organize the Skating Competition of the Eleven Cities (the roughest track in the world: a race over about 150 miles, a real nightmare!). Weather conditions must be tough since some factories along the track let go their cooling water (which is warm, of course!) in the streams, so that it is very difficult to get good ice. (Would you believe I happened onto your name in an old fanzine. I really enjoy hearing about what you're doing over there whether it deals with science fiction or skating. )

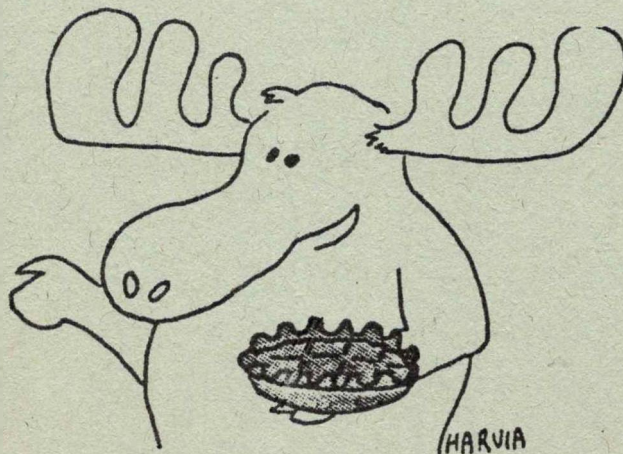
TOM SPILKER I like your style of writing. It's a conversational, casual, flow-of-consciousness style. Even when you use fairly heavy-weight words, like "existential phenomenology" or such, you get the feeling that those are the only words to use, they fit in well where placed, and they're not being used to show off a Bill Buckley vocabulary. I wrote a poem you might like.

On the Acceptability of Extended Erudite Oratory in General Communications

Eloquent verbosity  
Engenders animosity.

MARY LONG Skug  
used  
to be  
the shortened  
version of a nick-  
name (Skuggles)  
applied to a  
young British fan  
in the long ago  
. . . he's still  
active, to a  
certain degree.  
I saw him at the  
con at Manchester  
in 1975, just

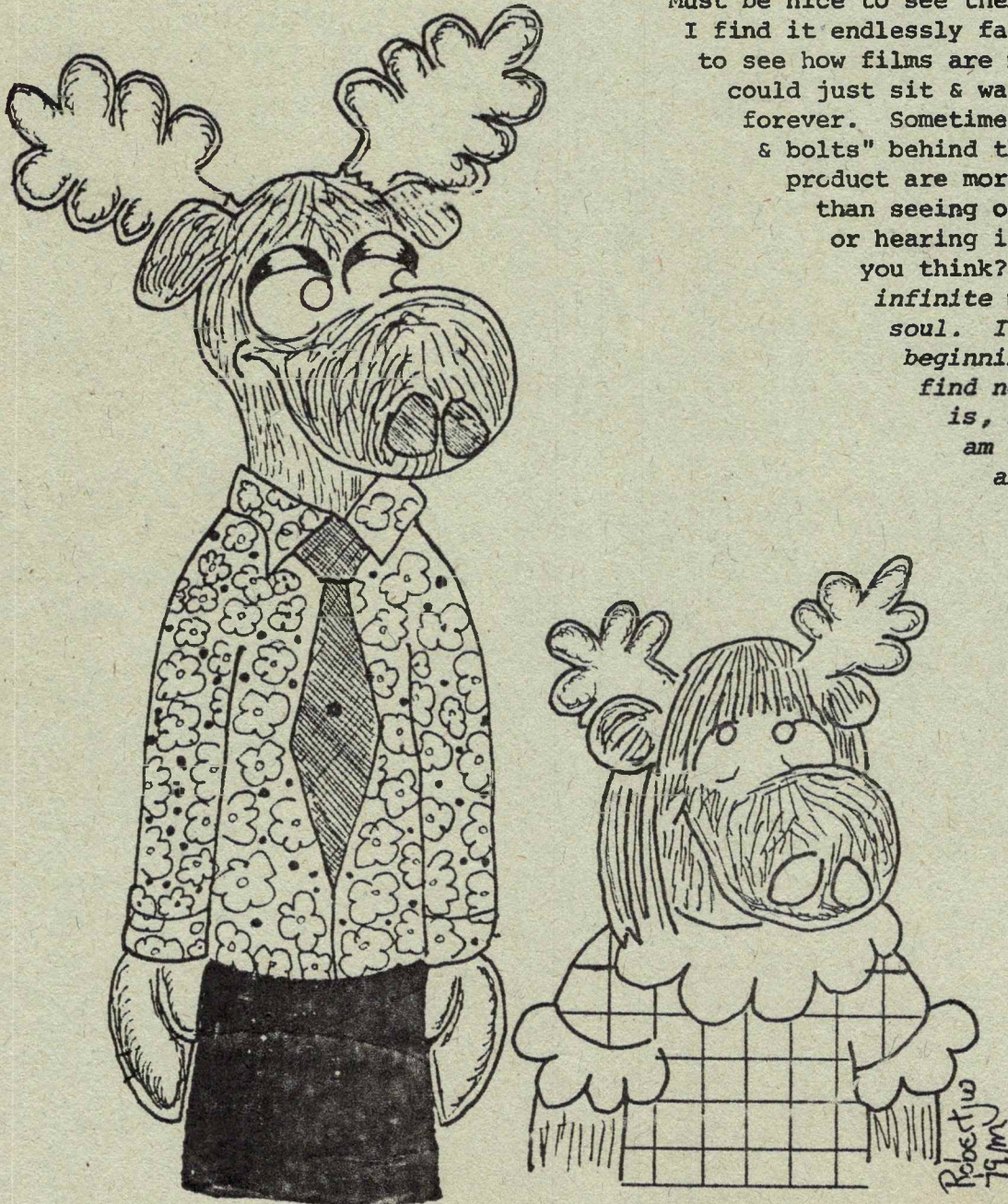
Moose Turd Pie  
ain't a bad  
song, but my  
all-time  
favorite is  
I'm an Asshole  
from El Paso.



before I left the old country. . . funny how it immediately connected with him when I saw the name of the fnz. It never ceased to amaze me, and still does not, how quickly the brain works -- it dredged up the connection in a split-second, and I bet I haven't thought of that for a good ten years now. . .  
(The name Skug for this came from a song by Ed Sanders.)

San Francisco, eh? One of the places I fancy visiting -- actually, I'd be on my way to Carmel really -- and one of those places one seems to see so much of on films etc that one feels one almost could navigate it without a map. I was told recently that on any given day you almost fall over the filmmakers in most of the streets.

Must be nice to see them - I mean, I find it endlessly fascinating to see how films are made, and could just sit & watch them forever. Sometimes the "nuts & bolts" behind the finished product are more interesting than seeing or reading or hearing it, don't you think? (I am the infinite within my soul. I can find no beginning, I can find no end. All is, I am. Blessed am I, spirit am I. I am the infinite within my soul. That cycle was just on the radio. That was really nice.



MOOSE EMBARRASSED BY MIDGET  
BLIND DATE AND MISSPELLING.

Anyway, I don't see filmmakers all of the time. I saw some once on Alcatraz when they were making the most recent Clint Eastwood film, *Escape from Alcatraz*. It may be that they're shooting in the daytime. That which is behind the movie can be very interesting, agreed.) One of my favourite bits of con programming is listening to authors telling how they got ideas, how the story evolved, and so on. The tale that Bob Shaw told about the after-dinner mints, for eg, at Windycon is a classic. I'll never be able to look an After-8 Mint in the wrapper again without thinking of Bob!

JIM MEADOWS III . . . . Were you looking for a definition of Pantheism? The only one I ever knew was C. S. Lewis', who was trying to be objective, but let people know he didn't agree with it. He made the definition in a radio talk, so it's very chatty, and deliberately simplified:

(Pantheism) is the idea that (God) is beyond good and evil. We humans call one thing good and another thing bad. But according to some people that is merely our human point of view. These people would say that the wiser you become the less you would want to call anything good or bad, and the more clearly you would see that everything is good in one way and bad in another, and that nothing could have been different. Consequently, these people think that long before you got anywhere near the divine point of view the distinction would have disappeared altogether. We call a cancer bad, they would say, because it kills a man; but you might just as well call a successful surgeon bad, because he kills a cancer. It all depends on the point of view. . . Pantheists usually believe that God, so to speak, animates the universe as you animate your body: that the universe almost is God, so that if it did not exist, He would not exist either, and anything you find in the universe is a part of God.

Lewis goes on to compare the basic difference of the Judaic-Christian-Islamic line as being a conception of God being greater and existing apart from the universe He created, and there being a definite difference between good and evil.

The American Heritage Dictionary simply defines pantheism as "the doctrine identifying the Deity with the various forces and workings of nature". Not having a copy of the last issue, I don't know exactly what the discussion is, and I still don't understand this difference you seem to have set up between big P and Little p pantheism. . . (maybe I was talking about panentheism vs. pantheism.)

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"Perhaps we can give some paraphrase of presence of God at the end of philosophical endeavour.

It is the silence in the face of being. Speech ceases in the presence of that which is lost to us when it becomes object.

This ultimate can be attained only in the transcending of all thought. It cannot itself be transcended. Before it lies contentment with one's lot and the extinction of all desire.

Here is a haven and yet no fixed home. Here is a repose that can sustain us amid the inevitable unrest of our wanderings in the world.

Here thought must dissolve into radiance. Where there is no further question, there is also no answer. In the philosophical transcending of question and answer we arrive at the limit, at the stillness of being."

p. 49 Way to Wisdom, Karl Jaspers.

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DENNIS JAROG: . . . The one blessing about my job is the absolutely insane people I work with. Example-couple of months ago walking past a desk of a coworker who squeezes in the appropriate place (this in a crowded office) and asks if I would drop my pants. Here, I retort (as an aside I have nothing against sex but I do not perform for audiences). She says yes (by the way she is old enough to be my mother) and I said sure but you would be better off with Worlee, the maintenance man, he is fixed better than I. At which point even the pretense of work is abandoned by most of the people in the office and about a half dozen repair to the john to see just how well everyone is fixed (no wonder they say America is losing its competitive edge). Never a dull moment. . .

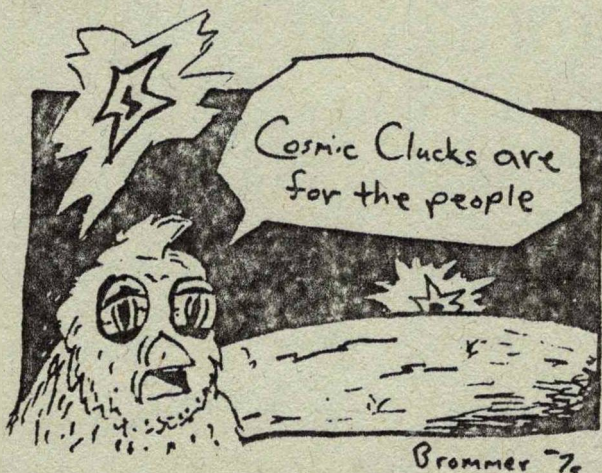
ROY TACKETT: . . . . With prices the way they are I no longer consider that there are movies I must see or books I must read. There are a number of films in town at the moment that I would like to see but with tickets at \$3.50 -- forget it. The same with books. If I can find them at the library I'll read whatever is currently of interest. If I can't, I'll read something else. And since the Albuquerque library has cut back on the acquisition of new books because of fund shortages then more often than not I end up reading something that was published ten or more years ago.

I am out of touch with whatever is current. And that doesn't bother me either. You mention a movie and a book title Steppenwolf. I have heard of neither. It's a "must see"? Nah. . . there ain't no such. From your comment about boobgeois (sic) intellectuals and the proletariat I gather that book and film make some sort of political statement. I have little interest in boobgeois intellectuals, the proletariat, or political statements.

. . . .  
Always struck me that the main thing encounter groups wanted to encounter was your pocketbook and they separate you from your money in an entirely non-mystical way.

Moose. The last time we were in Canada, up around Jasper Park, we came across a meadow containing one solitary moose. I had this weird picture of the herd telling him, "Hey, Charlie, it's your turn to go out in the meadow and pose for tourist pictures today."

In one of your comments to Laurine White you say that if you use dope you might turn into the Werewolf of London or mayhap Martin Mull. Nonsense I have it on good authority that excessive use will turn you into Tim Marion.



TIM MARION . . . "Are we not moose?"  
haha, I love it. Allow me to use that sometime, Gary. That reminds me of the very first time I ever took two hits of purple microdot. My friend Ricky and I went to go see the recent movie THE ISLAND OF DR MOREAU (with beautiful Barbera Carrera), and we divided my four hits of purple microdot between us. Before the

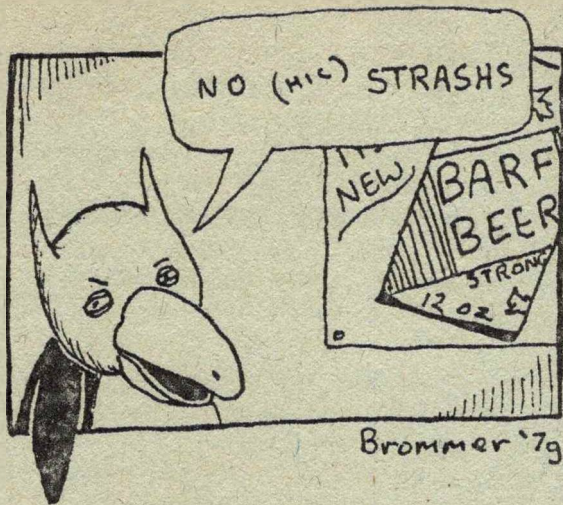
movie even started, I have a memory of looking at the blank screen sideways, and then looking back at it straight, while the screen seemed to move back in slow-motion. Incredible. As was the movie while under the influence. After the movie, we got back in my car, while I tried to calm down and let everyone else leave first. "Why is it that I kept expecting you to turn into an animal?" I asked Ricky. He looked away for a moment and then looked back at me with a bestial expression and started growling. I shook him, "Don't ever do that again!" I screamed, while he laughed. Suddenly a big, hairy arm came in through the open car window. "I've got your license!" said a male voice. (You can imagine how I felt about this.) Turned out it was Charles, who had had my driver's license ever since one day when he cashed my pay check for me at his bank in order to get some money I owed him for an ounce of dynamite black hash. I had been driving all that time without my driver's license! argh. Ricky and I headed home with some trepidation; I was rather afraid to get out into that much traffic. "You could take the backroads," he said. "No, I want to prove I can do it." I did it all right and easily enough, although the street lights looked ever so much more ceruscating than ever. "Wow, the lights are so bright and sparkly!" I exclaimed. A car passed us on the road. "Wow, look man, there's a car!" said I. How 'bout that? A car. indeed. On the road. Will wonders never cease? We made it over to his place, but it was in the middle of the summer and it was really too intense to stay inside. We saw out on his front porch until the wee hours of the morning and discussed philosophy and The Meaning of It All. It's amazing how much you can understand at such times. . . .

J. OWEN HANNER        Thanks a lot for the copy of SKUG 3. The title may sound rather like something one would say as they're choking on a piece of broccoli, but it was an interesting zine.

JOHN THIEL        (*I really wanted to print this letter John. I really enjoyed it. Rich Coad wanted me to print it. Joe Wesson and Tony Cvetko would quite probably have loved your letter. I'm sorry. I just couldn't.*)

BUCK COULSON:        . . . . Are we sedating modern people with divine inspiration? Maybe. On the other hand, have you considered the thought that Jesus might have been crazy as a bedbug? It's at least equally possible. . . .

STEVE MCDONALD:     . . . . zippo bang, California-processed dope: the ganja laws here (*Jamaica*) aren't what you'd call heavily enforced. If you're silly enough to land a DC-3 and bust two tires and have 12 tons of ganja aboard, tough shit. But Manley did happen to put an order out some while ago to let the ganja fields alone. Tosh got hassled because he's always up against the cops, so they bust his head, no matter whether he's in the money or not ("Don't Look Back" is pop stuff because it's a remake of a tune by a couple of other guys earlier this decade). Tosh was the one who challenged de Babylon dem to the best of ten rounds at the Great Peace Concert in early '78, and let Manley know what he thought about Green Bay, the live target practice that ended the war in Babylon (West Kingston to you, friend). The Rastas get hassled because they're easy. On top of all this, of course, you do have the fuzz shooting people -- it's getting like



cricket, y'know. 249 for 10. We're going to challenge New York next year. Anyway you can buy a brick or two for the vacation if you're someplace like Negril (which used to be fun when you could get laid on the beach, but now it's all fucking roasting tourists) or Bluefields (great but for the Jellyfish), though they might object to the smell at Doctor's Cave or Kaiser. . . .

I think you may have missed the point of punk: punk, like reggae, like disco, like rock, has elements of outrage (Sid Vicious killing his girlfriend, the Pistols

swearing and the like on TV) but most of it has been around before (the Stones, Alice Cooper, The Velvet Underground, Lou Reed, Bowie), but, mostly, it's the reaction of kids to the spiral of prices of records, to mass-produced, bland, conservative trash (between 1974 and 1977, there was very little music worth hearing), and even to the living style they were forced into -- the sardines-in-a-can bit of high-rises, the cycle of dole-queue, pub, home, boredom, etc. So they started playing the way they felt (the three-chord wallofnoise, remalamadolequeue), and, following Chiswick and Stiff, started producing their own goddamn records -- and ignoring the fashions of rock the way reggae did (bar Marley & Third World, both of whom use lead guitars in rock fashion). Punk projected streetfeel the way reggae does, and the way hard funk does. Something like John Cooper Clarke's "Psyche Sluts" (which is basically poetry) reacts to the whole lyrical mysticism kick by first parodying it, then abandoning it for straight street language ("Motorcycle Michael wants to buy a tank/ only twenty-nine years old and he's learnin' how to wank", while his "Suspended Sentence" get ahold of the working-man's way to obsessions and fashion and kills it dead, while "Innocents" rejects fashion, rejecting conformity, and rejecting attempts to pin labels on people. Basically, punk rejected fashion, became a fashion, and disintegrated because it had, by extension to reject its own organization. No future, recall? It couldn't have a future. Die out or degenerate into shlock that has no connection, vide American Punk. Punk is as much an English phenomenon as reggae is Jamaican; you can imitate it and steal the beat, but you can never feel it -- what you do will always be a copy of the real thing, and will generally be as cliched, ritzy, and bad as Alice Cooper is in imitating what he did. The best you can do is your version of punk, or reggae, or you risk looking foolish -- vide Andrea True with "White Witch", with a rood ridim, trying also to copy the vocal accent and coming off soo foolish that the end result is unlistenable garbage. (Wasn't Iggy Pop before punk in England?)

. . . . Strangely, it wasn't the light or sound at a disco that once caused me health problems: it was an archway. I was stoned out of my head, see, and pogoing madly (before the pogo was even invented), when I chanced to pass through an opening. I went and pogoed directly up, smack into the arch and opening my head. Yuck. Blood flowed freely. I now write SF.

The pogo centrally developed from reggae -- the only way Marley dances is either directly side to side across the stage, or up and down, shaking his head. Most of his UK audiences being young and white and into reggae then adopted his springfoot as the national dank for punk -- it's easy and doesn't take much space.

LARRY BROMMER: I haven't really thought much about Captain Beefheart lately. I was a bit surprised to see he had a new album out. At one point I had all of his records, but due to various problems in the past I lost all of my records, and no longer have any beefheart. I'm not really feeling that much loss because of that time. But I was saddened to discover that it will probably be impossible to replace any of those records. I can tell you some things about them from memory, but it's been about 4 years since I've heard a beefheart and my memory of them is rather sketchy.

The first beefheart record was called SAFE AS MILK, it came out about 1965 and I don't remember what the label was. It was a fairly straight 60s rock album, probably aimed at a commercial market. However it still had that familiar and distinctive Beefheart voice. There are a few songs I remember from it. Yello Brick road was a fairly forgettable run of the mill second rate 60s song except for the voice, which made it very strange. I could easily picture Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs doing it. There were many more like this on the record, but that's the only title I remember of the type. There was Electricity which was a crude attempt at gimmicky special effects, but then maybe not so crude for 1965. There was another song, the title of which I can't remember, except that it contained the word "baby", that the first band I was in did. That was a nice song. I can't remember much more about the record. The jacket had a circular picture on the front and back, both surrounded by a checkerboard pattern, with pictures of Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band. Not that had an album to have.

Next came STRICTLY PERSONAL. I'm not totally sure of that title, but if that's not it, it's something very much like it. This was a good album. It came out about 1966 on Blue Thumb records. It contained a song called, oddly enough, Safe as Milk, and a nice blues song called Give Me That Harp Boy, "It ain't no toy, boy". I think there were six songs all together (Safe as Milk had 10 or 11 maybe even 12). The songs tended to run into one another very nicely. I enjoyed it very much.

Then came the real classic, TROUT MASK REPLICIA. This was completely different from the first two records. It made no pretence at being the slightest bit commercial. It was very personal. It conveyed the totally honest feeling that this is what he really wanted to do. Whether it was or not, is not important. It had that intangible quality that makes people listen to yoko ono records, as much as it makes people hate disco. The songs I best like, Orange Claw Hammer, Moonlight on Vermont, The Blimp, well I guess I liked them all best.

After that he kept right at it with LICK MY DECALS OFF BABY. Same type stuff. My favorite beefheart song of all time is on this one, The Smithsonian Institute Blues (The Big Dig). I think I miss this record the most.

After that things went down hill. The next record I can't remember the title of. It was on Warner Bros records like the last two, but there wasn't that much to like about it. It had a song called Glider on it, but that's the only title I can remember.

After that was Clear Spot. I never heard it.

There was also an album, sometime after that called UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED which was on Mercury records. I never heard it either.

There's Zappa and Beefheart, which I've also never heard, but I'm willing to bet it is mostly Zappa.

Beefheart also sang on Willie the Pimp from Zappa's HOT RATS album (very nice record).

I think for me to really write at any length about Beefheart, I would have to find some of those old albums and listen to them again. If I find some I'll do that. (Just this past week up at the Underground Headshop I found a whole book on Beefheart.)



IAHF: ALEX M. VITEK,  
 HAL W. HALL,  
 BRIAN EARL BROWN,  
 LINDA ANN MOSS, DAVID  
 C. MERKEL, ANN NICHOLS,  
 ED Z, TEDDY HARVIA,  
 MARTY LEVINE, MARGARET  
 HENRY, CY CHAUVIN,  
 BRUCE TOWNLEY, GIL  
 GAIER, RANDALL D.  
 LARSON, DOROTHY JONES,  
 DONALD FRANSON, LEE  
 PELTON, LESTER  
 BOUTILLIER, BOB  
 BARGER, LAURINE WHITE,  
 CAL JOHNSON, DON  
 FITCH, BOBBIE SINNOTT,  
 GEORGE PACZOLT, BILLY  
 WOLFENBARGER, JAMES  
 HALL (who liked some  
 of the poetry I printed),  
 STEVE GEORGE, and

probably some other people too but it's difficult for me to keep track of letters over a 2 1/2 year period. I also received a number of fanzines in trade. THANKS, THANKS.

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"He had experienced the miracle that life becomes more meaningful precisely when we lose our grasp of all meanings." Hermann Hesse

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Well, wow, this is almost done, golly. This is too long. There is (are) some awful things in here too. I just thought I'd throw them in to see if somebody would actually respond and say they liked them. Let's see I had some other sorta last minute stuff I thought that I would throw in. I'm also trying to get rid of all these interlinoes and little notes I have left over. Oh, I also wish to apologize to some of the people that sent artwork that I didn't publish. You'll probably getting the original and an electrostencil back in the mail soon. And Kent Johnson, I will use the piece you gave me but later.

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"For only fulfilled knowledge can lead to authentic nonknowledge." p. 77  
 Way to Wisdom, Karl Jaspers

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#### WESTERCON

I feel that I should write more about Westercon, 1980. Eight of us rented a van. Course, it was on Matt Householder's charge card but we did pay him back. Occupying the van were Matt, Candi, Rich, Stacy, Bill Breiding, Larry Rehse, Patty, and I. It was an okay trip but a little hot in the van. The hotel was okay but too spread out. It had two nice pools. Patty and I had fun swimming in one of the pools Saturday and Sunday morning. There were far more open parties than I had ever seen at a Westercon. The best party was in the room of Lynn Kuehl, Cheryl Cline, Matt, and Candi. I had a great time and drank too mcuh. (much). We saw lots of people including Terry Floyd, Gil Gaier, John Ison, Jim Kennedy, D. Robert, Jimes, a woman from India whose name I never learned but whom I did ask many questions about Bombay, Tim Kyger, Allan Beatty, Alan Bostic,

and many others. The Indian woman was beautiful but I was 99% interested in information about India. I was also not totally sober. We met her at a party in the room of Larry from Berkeley. I also saw Grant Canfield once but he seemed occupied therefore I did not talk to him. I hope someone else isn't pissed too much at me for knocking at their door. Hm, what else. I only slept about one hour Saturday night but I had a fantastic time. Bill Breiding caught a ride back with Lynn and Cheryl. Oh yeah we also had a fantastic meal at a Korean restaurant chosen by Matt. It was hot food and tasty!

#### OTHER THINGS THAT HAPPENED IN 1981

We went to the Gnostic services with Jay Kinney and Dixie Tracy. Patty and I went with Jay to a pagan festival and saw an Ordo Templi Orientis version of the Gnostic services. A nude woman dispensed the sacrament. There were other nude women at the festival also. It was sort of interesting. I don't remember seeing any nude men. Well, maybe there was one. Oh we also played a game of miniature golf with Jay and Dixie. At a different time we played a game of miniature golf with Kathy, Patty's sister, and Kathy's two daughters, Joanna and Carolyn. Cameland miniature golf is better than Castle golf. Let's see we also went to several enjoyable parties and had some entertaining weekends at the home of Kathy and Bill, Kathy's husband. Other good parties we went to were at Rich and Stacy's, Jay and Dixie's, Jim Kennedy's and D. Robert's, Grant Canfield's, Wendy Tiner's. Oh we also sorta crashed the party at Debbie Notkin's & Tom Whitmore's (I sure hope I got his name right but my memory suddenly wasn't working quite right). See Loren MacGregor was going over there and he thought it would be all right if we all came along. We tried to stay out of everybody's way. Rich and I just couldn't help it that we got real drunk and stoned and incoherent and I didn't mean to shove him into that wall and make all that noise even though everybody blamed Rich. Haha. Rich tore his jacket and we walked around a couple of blocks looking for a store I think. And I couldn't really help myself when they were trying to get everybody to go home and I was making out. I mean I had a fantastic time! What can I say? I know I brought their cat in several times. I mean really. As the B-52s would say, "Who's to blame?" (Excuse me I gotta dance this mess around a little bit while the B-52s are on.)

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"Q: How is our rhetoric preserved against attacks by other rhetorics?

A: Our rhetoric is preserved by our elected representatives. In the fat of their heads." The Explanation by Donald Barthelme

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I have all these stupid little notes too, like Cat in Sink. See this was when there were cats in my household and I walked out one morning after getting up and there was a cat in my kitchen sink. Not as amazing as a little man in your toilet bowl I'll admit but I was a little startled. Then there's one about Peculiar child stub joke, which I don't remember. Or, instead of a mystic being a bride, why can't the universe be a she, not pretentiously. Or that Frank Zappa turned 40 on 12/21/80. Chicken Cordon Blues? Hot Dog for my Roll? Honni - Dead Baby, Husband in insane asylum, Burns over 90% of her body. Master Doc Fai Wong. Oh also one day I saw a dog with a rubber on his cock. I was amazed. He also had a kerchief around his neck. I suppose it was good that he was taking necessary precautions. Then again . . . There was a section I was going to title, Wives in Orbit. Or Devo at their concert playing the song from the Eraserhead movie, In Heaven everything is fine. Doggie Bondage, woof woof

Golly dad, it's the last page and we're listening to Grace Jones on the radio. Well, what are we going to do, Lieutenant? Yeah Lieutenant, what are we gonna do? We're going to go out there and k-k---k--k. . . .

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God don't work the nightshift anymore

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Revolution is an Act of Love, Un Committeeé

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Reading Trying to be "not two" and then thinking about Mary's Refusal to bear the son of God. Evanescent and epigrammatic. Conscience, where were you when I need you last night? Sometimes I think of Penny, slender Penny, fixing tea with cinamon sticks, fixing pheasants her father and brother had shot. . . . And my betrayal. . . .

Rick Lieder was here this year briefly. Joe Wesson was here for about a week. Bruce Townley was in town just recently for about four or five days. Oh I should do art credits:

Front Cover-John Benson  
Back Cover-Bill Bryan  
Insides:  
Delmonte, pp 1, 2, 7, 22,  
25, 35  
Unknown: 3, 6, 9, 13, 40,  
54  
Steve McDonald: 19, 27  
W.P. Snyder: 31  
Grant Canfield: 37  
Sheryl Birkhead: 42

## PACKED BY 23

Bruce Townley: 4, 12  
Todd Bake: 10  
D. Robert: 14  
Larry Brommer: 16, 20,  
48, 50, 52  
Robert J. Whitaker: 17,  
46  
Joe Pearson: 28  
Bill Bryan: 33  
Denise Rehse: 38  
Teddy Harvia: 45

SPECIAL THANKS TO PATTY  
FOR DE-SLIPSHEETING AND  
THE COLLATORS

Jeremy Boggs wrote Whispers of Night on pp. 32-33

Billy Wolfenbarger did all of the written material on pp. 34-39

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Also my new zip code is 94101-6907. Far out, huh? I showed you mine. Will you show me yours?

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"To sum up: The source of philosophy is to be sought in wonder, in doubt, in a sense of forsakenness." p. 23 Way to Wisdom, Karl Jaspers.

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Well I had other stuff that I thought about putting in this issue but I junked it all, all the stuff about those great German films, about going to the isolation tanks(?), and lots more but I decided I really had to get this thing out. Maybe I'll glue in a tip-in. (Does that make sense? Does this fanzine?) How do you End? Like this.



BRYAN