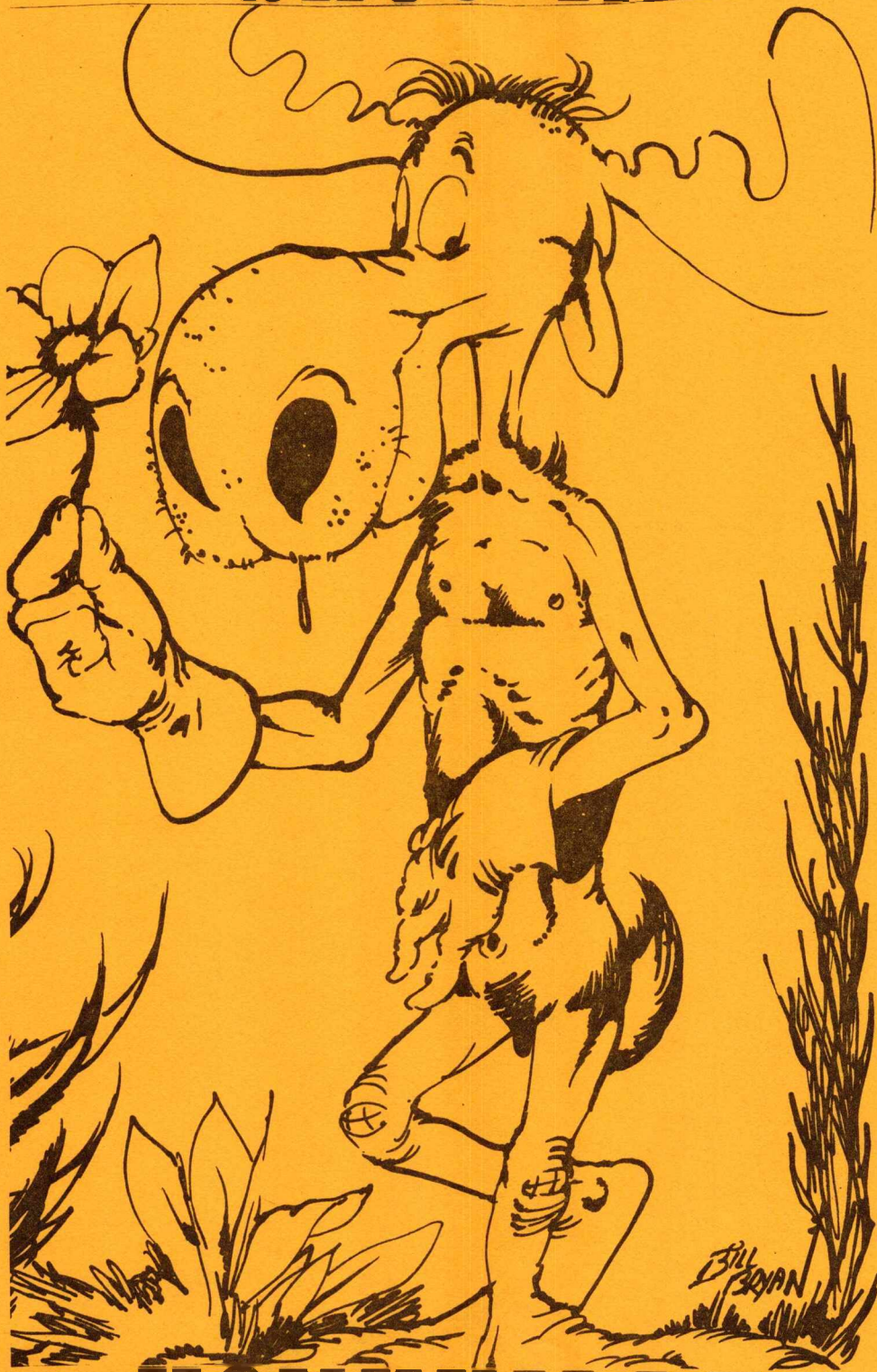


SKUG IN



HONKVILLE

SKUG 1

This is the first of a possible series of personalzines with possibly varying names being perpetrated upon you by Gary S. Mattingly, from 11761 Flanders, Detroit, MI, 48205. Tel#313-521-7230. This should go out about June 6th or 7th, 1977. Art credits will appear on the last page, not that there's that much art, but....

Well, shit, I have a headache, but I wanted to start this out anyway. This is a personalzine dedicated to me and the totality of it all (one and the same, eh?)(Read this as pantheism, not superego). This zine has no schedule and if you send me material it could be in a zine tomorrow or three years from now, so keep that in mind. Course, it may not appear at all. At the moment I'm at a rehearsal for a play. It's a play for children in which I am a dollmaker. Actually I would have made a better policeman. I'm a much better emotionless Sargeant Friday type than an emotion-filled dollmaker in love with his dolls. My display of emotions in reality is almost nil. Well, I was just up, a little more emtion, but screaming **is** really bad for a headache. I don't remember my lines too well in the second act either, ah, rambling. This may be my second and last play (Just a community play group, ultra minor league, not even a league), then again, maybe not.

I may not appear in another apa. My concentration over extended periods of time can be found to be rather lacking. (Aside to Sid Altus, my concentration could be carried through on a worldcon bid, nyaa, nyaa)

//SHIFT// Fannish politics are bizarre. Some fans play them like real politics and real politics can and does suck -- See pal, I got all these BNFs, power figures, etc. behind us. I've smoffed with 'em at bars, in halls, in smoke-filled rooms and told 'em how great we are. No, no, we can't tell all of fandom, can't let it out of the bag 'til the biggies are with us, eh, eh? Know what ah mean, know what ah mean. -- Bullshit. Maybe it's the way fannish politics are, but that doesn't mean I have to like it or play it that way. I have also been told that you have to give some people positions on the concommittee to get their vote or to get them to sway their friends. Some of these people have run certain programs a number of times. They may have done it well in the past, but I don't know why that would/should necessitate their placement in that same position again. Other people have ideas and would probably do well as heads of committees. Those people who were the heads before could be consulted, could be on the committee, and could help to a great degree, but why do it the same every year. If you're going to do it that way, you might as well have the same "great" people every year do the same things, shoot, why not the same hotel every year, the same setup, everything? That's why we have Worldcon votes, to get the same people year after year? Right? Maybe I'm confused.

Maybe next issue I'll alienate some more people and talk about fannish cliques and some of the BNF/author/editor cliques. Actually I'm not trying to alienate people, I'm just trying to talk out some things and get some responses on things I don't agree with in fandom.

Another person I'm not trying to alienate but seem to have already alienated immensely is Sid Altus. I don't know Sid Altus well, hardly at all as a matter of fact, and he doesn't know me that well, either, even though he thinks he does or thinks those who have told him things about me do. I am not trying to cast aspersions on Sid. He may be a great person or, atleast, a great con chairman (I personally think these

two should be one and the same although it doesn't always work out that way). I know people who like him and those who dislike him. I don't like it when people form opinions about my character on very little substance. Sid Altus has formed one of the worst opinions of me I have ever known and my ego (which he thinks is huge) doesn't appreciate it. I hope he doesn't turn others against me. I don't think my work on Autoclave was bad. Leah (Leah Zeldes, one of the other conchairpersons) got pissed once at about 2 or 3 in the morning because she called me (I was in the room next to the con suite) and wanted to put the mimeo Gestetner had lent us in the room that I was occupying. She thought somebody might rip it off and I wasn't too worried about it, especially since Denise, my wife, and I were otherwise occupied. I don't recall the incident too well, but Leah said I got a little perturbed with her, well Denise wasn't too happy either. Leah may have been right in her thinking but I still think it wasn't catastrophic and I don't think Leah thinks it was catastrophic (Leah, correct me if I'm wrong.). However, Sid got word of it and told me I should not have been doing what I was doing at 2 or 3 in the morning, because I was a conchairperson and had responsibilities to look after. Sid made this a major argument when he talked with me. I will make a bet that there are a great number of conchairmen and women who have been similarly occupied during their conventions or would have been if they had had the chance. Autoclave 1 was a relatively small convention and I believe the importance Sid placed on this is ridiculously large. Comments?

My activity in fandom has not been too large the last couple of years. I got my B.S. and got out of college, got a full time job, got married, and my life's setting changed quite a bit. If I get deeper into fandom again, it won't be like it used to be. The world is much larger than just fandom. I'm interested in religions and the mind, music, death, and the stupid way things are going in the world. Of course, I've got this view in the back of my mind of every action everything and everybody makes as being predetermined by all the chemical and physical reactions that came before it and that surround it. So really, what's going to happen will happen not because I want it to or because I or someone else is the mover, but because everything moves toward or brings about every action or reaction or inaction (course an inaction could be considered an action). You push this button and this orange pops out but on an infinitely more complex scale. Does anybody follow that? Does anybody agree? I already know lots that disagree. Can anyone explain panentheism to me?

Another thing that's been on my mind is sex/relationships/emotions (alltogethernow). Actually sex has been on my mind a long time. However, I always used to think of myself as being rather dwerpy (?), that is not very good looking, not that sexually interesting. I never got very involved or tried very hard to get involved until about age 20. My first involvement was poor. I was using someone for a selfish reason. I was developing a relationship for one thing only and not being honest about it. The one thing occurred, the relationship went downhill fast. This was during college. I got out of college, got a job, moved to a super small town and proceeded to go a little out of my mind. At Discon I met somebody, fell in love with her, moved to where she lived, and got married. I still love the same person. That's Denise, formerly Rehse, now Mattingly. Then I found out something, I was attractive to other females too. I've come to the conclusion that it is not wise for me to follow

these attractions to their obvious ends. I've seen a number of marriages, fannish and otherwise, break up due to one or both partners going outside of the marriage. I don't want mine to break up. I assure you that I do get very confused sometimes. I wish people would have told me this before I married so that I could have satisfied my curiosity. So friends, pardon my innuendos in conversation, for I'll probably grow into a dirty old man, in word, if not in deed.

Lately I've been doing some body building. I keep feeling and still feel that certain parts of my body are underdeveloped and that other parts have lost the battle. Food is wonderful, stomachs hanging over belts are not. Heart attacks and strokes take a huge amount of lives in America. Although I'd rather not die at all, if I do die (dodiedodiedodie) I don't want it to be from a weak heart being overloaded. I can do something to decrease the likelihood of that and that's exercising. So I exercise for two reasons, body ego (admittedly) and fear of an early death. It does feel good to work out. It feels good not to feel continually or at least frequently bloated. I don't want to see my friends die early either. I work out 3 or 4 times per week. I think I've become much more flexible, physically, since I started working out. It does take a little drive to keep it up. You don't have to exercise that much to keep in shape. I'm not in shape yet, though. Weight (would you believe fat?) goes to my stomach very easily. This is a distinct pain. So it goes. Now I've got to convince myself to start running.

Here's a reading suggestion: William Kotzwinkle, author of FATA MORGANA (His latest), Swimmer in a Secret Sea (excellent), Elephant Bangs Train (a collection of short stories), Hermes 3000 and Night Stories (2 books with short stories interwoven amongst one another), and Fan Man (My favorite). He has one other book, Doctor Rat, which I have not read. Kotzwinkle tries different methods, settings, and subject matter in his books, but I found them all enjoyable. For my crazier friends, you must read the Fan Man (MUST). Woody Allen should make it into a movie. His movies get better and better, which is fantastic since I thought his first ones were great. "Annie Hall" is GREAT!!

"Star Wars" is GREAT. It started here last Wednesday and I saw it for \$.50 at the matinee this past Saturday. It's space opera at its best. The filme, the ships, the photography, everything was spectacular, but ray guns that recoil like artillery on sea-going ships or on land? There has to be a sequel.

Suncon should prove interesting. The hotel is in receivership, as you all must know by now. It's too bad they aren't going to have their swinging single weekends with nude sunbathing or whatever. I was looking forward to that.

//Shift Again// Kids are perverse. I'm still trying to figure out if I want one or two around or not. Some are near angels, others are whining, egotistical little almost-monsters. I'd like to have a big house and a big back yard if we have a kid. Course, we'd also need dogs, cats, gerbils, fish, and other various and sundry animals. Wish I could make enough money on a 20 hour per week job or by working part-time some other way so that I could stay with the kid a lot. I don't know whether I'd want to raise a kid here in Detroit, though.

Detroit isn't a bad city. You know, crazies concentrate in big cities. Or maybe it's just that cities propagate crazies. Oh, crazies of what type you ask? Well, I'm mainly speaking of those from mental institutes. I really don't know how wise it is to keep only those per-

sons who are mentally disturbed and hurt others or are violent in the state mental institutes. I talk to a number of them who seem to have a number of problems coping with the city. Mental institutes may not be the place for them, but what about small towns or the country. It probably is easier to disappear or fade into the background in cities. So too are most artists, poets, and authors, in all probability. I am not equating any of these groups with one another, but maybe they have some things in common besides just the city. Lot of poor people congregate in cities too, and de rich folk move out.

Lots of vacant houses here in Detroit, what with so many of these aspiring people moving out. Number of older people try to move out, but with good reason, I'm afraid. Too many times I read about old couples getting beat up, robbed, and killed in their own homes. Course the super toughs get away with maybe even up to \$100, but usually it's just \$20 or \$30 or less. Bizarre. I'd like to see a lot of the abandoned houses leveled. A park or even just a flat space is nicer than a possible home for rats, insects, and other larger vermin. I don't know if many of the "bad" guys lives in these abandoned houses. Some of the crazies and people kicked out of their homes do take up residence. No, they're not vermin. It is a sad state of affairs. Cities are sad sometimes.

Sure are a lot of planes and boats full of dope that are being busted. Now two tons of dope seized and burned in an inappropriate manner is sad. Course if they're catching this many there must be lots more getting into the good old U.S. A little ray of hope brightens my grieving heart. Problem is they're still putting out scary stuff about marijuana, trying to say it's as bad as alcohol and tobacco. This is terrible. I guess I'll just have to get high on life (puke, retch, vomit), or maybe I'll try thinking about Dolly Parton and the yodeling robot or a Transylvanian transvestite time trap. Actually I like alcohol highs, but I have this strange fond attachment to my liver, kidneys (kid knees?), brain cells, and other parts of my body. How about synergy? Electric Koolaid Acid tests? And what about this new stuff they call "rocket fuel"? Then there was that mind-warping Thai stick last night, ork, aargh, splurffle (Happy Memorial Day everyone). Wading boots wrapped in greasy barbed wire, snake skin rope, and whip? Baby oh baby. (Oh, Ed Sanders did you talk to Frankenfurter? Did you, huh?) No cackling and chortling at Autoclave, hear? No standing in de halls and making strange rat faces and going splurf, splurf, eh, eh? But can I find happiness with a plastic shillelagh (did I spell that right?) or C. Kliban's new book Whack Your Porcupine? J. Geils, Kiss, and penguins in bondage. Oh heart throb, touch it, touch it, make my heart go p-i-i-n-n-g-g. Eyeballs and a six pack of happiness sully my mind with images of vampires. Steal second (No I just stole that, though). God told you, too. Ayl nitrate is a nice orgasmic attraction. Look for it in a small brown bottle labelled "Old Locker Room" or "Locker Room" Aroma or "Rush" in your local porn shop. Actually it says dibutyl nitrate on de bottle, but.....

//Shift// Does something brilliantly blinding dwell in our inner mind, our inner soul? Is there something worth passing on from generation to generation? Are our subtle and not so subtle games of power for any real purpose or merely for the continuation, the preservation of our presently static species? Are our realities, our lives, a farce? We live in our shells of self-righteousness, controlling and, at the same time controlled by that which is around us, by each other, and by ourselves.

//Shift-aside to certain people who know who they are or so they think.// -- There is no reason to die from onslaughts of words due to one's own insolence. --

How many gears do you have in this rig?!?

You know, a friend of mine, Joe, just bought himself a real neat electric guitar. You gotta say it's neat or he'll kick you in the testicles, least he said that last night. Course not all of us have the fortune or misfortune of having said testicles, but I'm sure Joe could find an appropriate spot, right Joe? Joe, you're not supposed to look really vicious when you're raising your foot that way. Joe, Joe,....

Anyway, actually 2 or 3 of my friends have guitars and one of the common ailments is stating how when they grow up (their ages ranging from 18 to 30) they're going to join/start a band, become a rock star, blues star, country star (choose one) ad infinitum. While listenin' to Harry Chapin, admittedly not one of the greater talents of our time, but I like him, I thought, gee it'd be nice to be a famous rock star. Such diseases are contagious. However, I've been thinking of this for a number of years. Not having a guitar and not knowing how to play one does place certain limitations on one, though. Doing what I want to do, the money, and yes, the power, are very attractive items. I'm not overly fond of being mobbed or having my clothes ripped off, but getting up at 10 or 11 in the morning is much better than 6:30 or 7. Maybe one day when I grow up.....(I won't grow up. I won't grow up. I don't wanna go to school. I don't wanna go to school.)-(Trying to remember those Peter Pan songs is difficult at times.)(Especially since Denise had to remember them for me)

Do high fiber foods cause greater flatulence? (I know, I know, big question, big question, front page stuff) I have been eating more foods of this variet, like raisin bran (Post Raisin Bran has more raisins than Kellogg's), oranges, apples, beans, whole wheat brea, etc., and have noticed increased flatulence. This can be embarrassing, especially while working in an office. It's not bad if they're silent and not deadly, but our luck does not always hold through. And if it sounds a little greasy you start wondering whether you should check it out or not. Accidents can be embarrassing too. Third grade is not a good year to have accidents. Just one folks, just one. We all have those looser moments, you know. You know, what you may consider normal may be a little constipated due to your diet. Those little books up at the checkout counter at grocery stores can give you a lot of interesting facts and helpful hints. Some of us do have hard times naming children or counting cholesterol or calories or whatever. And there's always that little thrill when you check out what's happening with your favorite celebrity or weird person in the National Enquirer or similar truth-seeking magazine. I woke up and found myself buried in my own coffin and clawed my way out. Wonder if I can ever get on the cover of the National Enquirer. I mean the Rolling Stone is just small time compared to big NE. (Cough, choke, oh okay they're on equal levels)(Would you believe....)

ART CREDITS: Front cover by Bill Bryan (Magnificent, I love it, a moose)(Oh, Oh) and maybe just below here Todd Bake will draw something for me (Eh, eh?) (Would you believe the next page?)

Well, I'm running out of words. Hope there aren't too many typos. In the next big issue, look forward to

blah blah blah blah

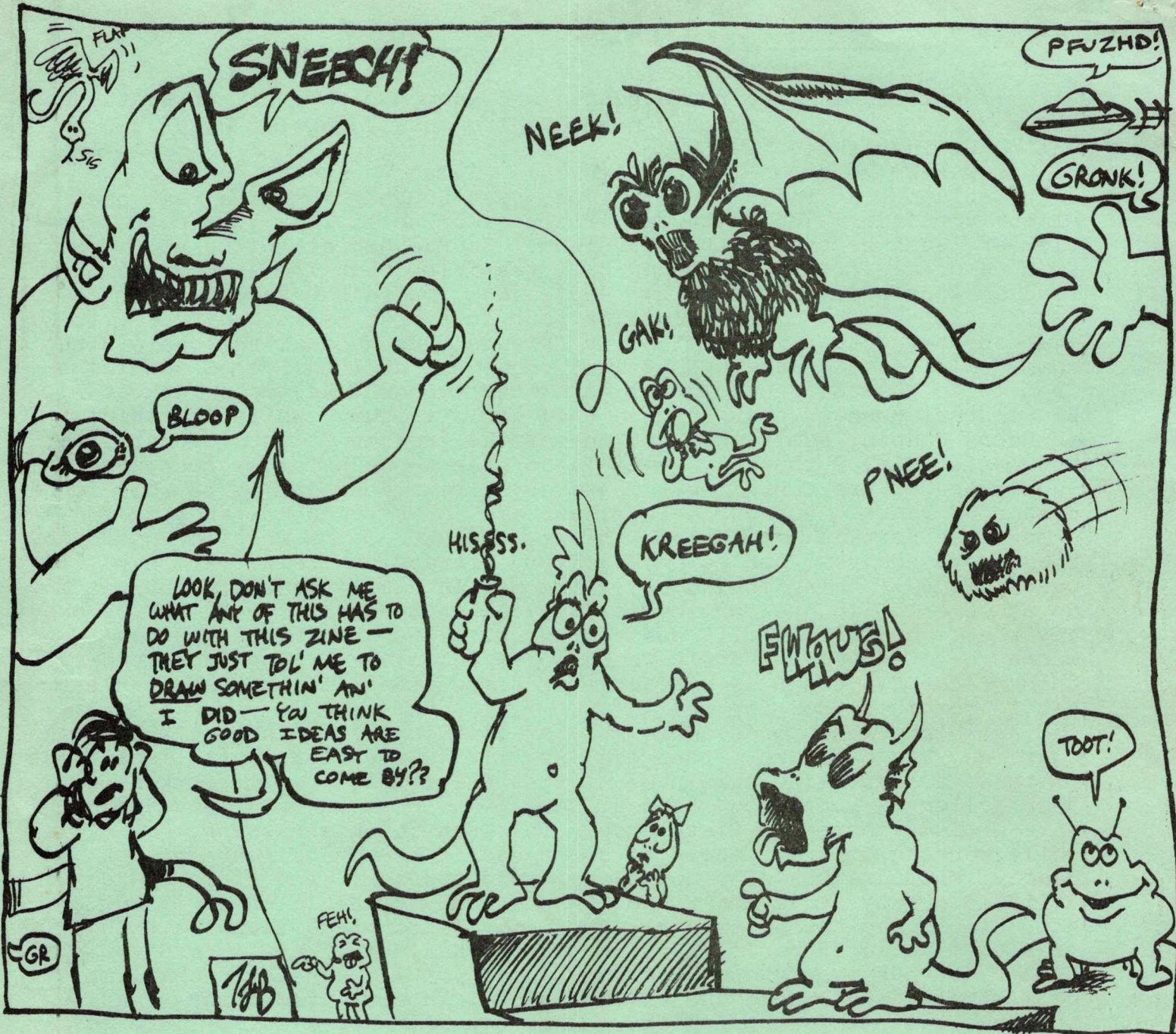
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